THE DIARY

OF

SAMUEL PEPYS



The Globe Edition

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OF

SAMUEL PEPYS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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PREFACE

WHEN Lord Braybrooke first let us into these secrets of Mr. Pepys he took care to remind us that the confidence must not be misused. 'An exact Diary,' he said, quoting Puritan Prynne, 'is a window into his heart that maketh it, and therefore pity it is that any should look therein but either the friends of the party, or such ingenious foes as will not (especially in things doubtful) make conjectural comments to his disgrace.' For this reason he set himself certain limits in the reprinting of these confessions, and he appears in the last and amplest edition to have it a little on his conscience that he may have made too free with the private document. Later editors and readers, on the other hand, are in such different mood, that if they have any regret, it is that they dare not go further than the most valiant have already ventured.

Fortunately, approval of Lord Braybrooke's treatment of the text of the *Diary* does not commit us to the unscholarly party of Dr. Bowdler. As no editor has as yet given us a complete version, the justification of a 'fuller,' and again of a 'yet fuller,' edition must rest entirely on the value of the additional matter. Perhaps one has no right to say that, taken as a whole, this supplement is of small account, for every tag of gossip, like every loose sheet in the stores of the British Museum, has some potential value. But we may say of it that it helps us little, if at all, to a better understanding of Samuel Pepys. Had Lord Braybrooke desired another quotation, he need not have gone further than the opening pages of the familiar *Travels of Mr. Lemuel Gulliver*. 'This volume,' says the imaginary Publisher, 'would have been at least twice as large, if I had not made bold to strike out innumerable passages relating to the winds and tides, as well as to the variations and bearings in the several voyages, together with the minute descriptions of the management of the ship in storms, in the style of sailors; likewise the account of longitudes and latitudes.' And there would

have been no reason to apprehend, as this Publisher professed to do in the case of Mr. Gulliver, that Mr. Pepys would have been 'a little dissatisfied' with the excisions. Most of these are a mere 'account of longitudes and latitudes'; and there is enough in what Lord Braybrooke has preserved to give us the true bearings of the Diarist, even in those by-courses and harbour-squalls which are to some the whole interest of the story. It may be safely said of Lord Braybrooke's text that in all essential matters, in all those passages which are of prime importance, it is not inferior to the fuller texts. Let us frankly regret the omission of some details which might be of interest to others than the literary antiquaries who have access to the larger book. Yet the main matters are intact. There is no blur on the remarkable picture of the age which Pepys has left; above all, and notwithstanding the overpassing of some bedroom small-talk, the clearest picture of Pepys himself.

We may go further and claim, as has been done in the Introduction, that the Braybrooke text gives to the general reader perhaps a truer likeness of Pepys than is presented in the larger editions or in the manuscript. For the disproportionate treatment of the accidents and lapses in the later renderings has without doubt been responsible for that popular judgement of the Diarist which is so unhistorical and so unfair. It is no matter whether it was over-niceness or superior indifference to tittle-tattle, or both, or neither, which helped the first editor to his conclusions; but it is something that the result has been so good. And let us not forget that had Pepys intended to entertain posterity, he too would have edited his Journal.

The text follows that of Lord Braybrooke's fourth edition of 1854, and of the reprint, 'the fifth,' in the same year; but two important modifications must be noted. The first is the incorporation of the corrections made by the late Mr. Mynors Bright in his revised text of 1875-79. This has been done by the generous allowance of Messrs. George Bell and Sons, the owners of the copyright of that edition. The second is the reduction of the few antique spellings to modern usage. It appeared to serve no purpose to retain such forms as 'musique,' 'foole,' 'ayre,' as the original text (with the exception of an occasional word, generally a name, in longhand) is in shorthand, and is therefore phonetic; and as other forms, such as 'musick' and 'music,' 'aire' and 'air,' occur indifferently in the transcript. But antique word-forms, especially of the verb (*e.g.* 'was spoke,' 'is took,' 'catched'), have been preserved, except in one or two cases (*e.g.* 'come,' now 'came') where modern custom would cause confusion in the syntax. The

punctuation has been revised. The Notes have been specially prepared, but many of Lord Braybrooke's have been reprinted, either verbatim or in epitome. These are marked '[B.].' The biographical notes have been made as brief as possible; in most cases, where particulars are accessible in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, only the surname and Christian name and the dates have been printed. A succinct account of Pepys's life, especially during the years preceding and following the period of the *Diary*, is offered in one of the sections of the Introduction (pp. x-xxiii). A bibliographical list of the editions of the Diary and Correspondence, and the titles of the chief books consulted will be found in the Notes to the Introduction. These books, both old and recent, are too numerous for individual acknowledgement here: but at least two of our living authorities, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Tanner, must be named with gratitude in every contribution to that other *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* which would have pleased, but not a little astonished, the book-loving Secretary.

G. G. S.

June 5, 1905.

INTRODUCTION

SUCH is the romance of authorship, that what was intended to be the most private of documents has become one of the great books. To his own generation Samuel Pepys was the dictator at His Majesty's Navy Office, patron of the Virtuosi at Gresham College, and the author of dull *Memoirs* of the service for which he had laboured surpassingly well. Posterity has taken small account of this ceremonious eminence. She knows him as the author of a diary, incomparable for its revel of small talk, for its intimacy, its confessions, its amusing impenitence. What wider recognition of his public merits may come, the fame of his Journal will never be diminished. Even to those who are on closest terms of familiarity with him—to the historians of his age, to the enthusiasts of Pepys Clubs, or to the pious of Magdalene—he is, first and foremost, the Diarist.

It is not a satisfactory explanation to say that the book has won its popularity because its publication is, in a sense, a breach of confidence. There is a certain pleasure in discovering a secret, and especially in searching, with the victim's aid, the further corners of his character. This pleasure is at bottom quite legitimate. But the same cannot be said of that Peeping Tom habit which seeks its sole entertainment in the *déshabillé* of the diarist and his companions, and by so seeking has given his record an unenviable notoriety. It is not a unique case. The contemporary *Memoirs* of the Comte de Grammont has suffered in the same way. When once a writing has come to be called 'curious' (as the booksellers have it), or to be destined to 'extra series' and top-shelves, it is difficult to put matters right with the public. Yet a sane and straightforward criticism will maintain that the *Diary* even printed in full—as has not yet been done—can never belong to this category. The question here is not whether varying degrees of incompleteness are necessary for the different classes of Pepys's readers. These editorial distinctions may be right or they may be wrong. They are certainly at fault if their purpose has been mistaken as confirming the merely frivolous reputation of the author and his book.

Nor is it more satisfactory to say that the *Diary* lives because it has found favour with historians, antiquaries, and bibliographers. The book which has given us the *locus classicus* of the Return from Holland, of the

Plague, of the Great Fire, is sure of the abiding condescension of the makers of history-books. Its details of everyday life, of costume, food, musical instruments, morning-drinks, furniture, and chariots, of the streets, churches, and playhouses of old London, have commended it for all time to the amateurs of antiquity. Our knowledge of contemporary books, of booksellers, of the production of plays, would have been poorer but for these gossipy notes: they have solved many problems, and told us all we know of certain matters which were important. These things have contributed to the reputation of the *Diary*, some with greater force, according to the bias of the reader. To command so much specialist admiration has been the lot of few books of greater literary pretension. Yet we are certain that the *Diary* has survived, and would have survived, despite the advertisement of these particular students. There is too much purpose in their devotion to the book. They are always seeking and finding for the mere sake of seeking and finding, like a museum-agent in quest of specimens, or a *raconteur* on the track of a new jest. The *Diary* is one of those books which is best taken for the sheer entertainment of the page, without thought of picking up information about the Fire, or Lady Castlemaine, or Mr. Povy.

This pleasure, let us add, is hardly literary. With one or two exceptions, notable because they are rare, the *Diary* is too formless or too disproportioned to arouse in the reader any of the sensations which he expects from a work of art. The method of a diary is unfavourable, and this one, in comparison with other classic examples, shows little or no influence of the imagination in the grouping of episode or in the tricks of phrase. And it is not less obvious to the careful reader that the *Diary*, despite its great reputation as an *étude intime*, is not autobiographic in the strictest sense, and that it was probably not intended to be so. This is brought home to us by its indifference to form. It is altogether too haphazard, too unequal in the record of events and in the emphasis of impression. In this way Pepys has been unfair to himself. His *Diary* shows how even the most actual of narratives may misrepresent history, and, above all, personal history, to the ordinary reader. He has told us more of some things than of others; of some very fully, of others, of even greater importance to us and to him, not a word. Thus the passages which have made the book a joy to the lovers of *facetiae* have assumed an exaggerated importance in nearly all the attempts towards a psychology of the overfrank author. It is possible that Pepys has magnified certain episodes unduly, perhaps that vanity in naughtiness, as in other things, has led him, it may be unconsciously, to over-elaboration. At all events, these details, whether they be absolute or not, must fall into their proper place in the complete setting of his life. It would therefore appear—apart from all questions of literary propriety in interfering with the text, or of weakness or squeamishness on the part of his editors—that the elimination of much of this matter and of other petty details may not be regrettable, but also may better help us to a true biography, and at the same time permit us to escape the charge of offering a study in whitewash. Pepys was so deficient in imagination, that he must depend more than any other writer on the generosity of his readers. We are told that a man, whether imaginative or prosaic, is not always the best judge of himself. And we must not forget that we have no warrant for believing that Pepys has in this *Diary* invited the judgement

of posterity. Why he wrote what he did, even in the secrecy of cipher, is quite another matter.

Samuel Pepys,[1] one of eleven children of John Pepys, tailor[2] in London, was born on February 23, 1633. He was the second son and fifth child, but from 1641 he was the eldest surviving member of the family. His father came of a stock long associated with Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, and the neighbourhood, and in 1661 he retired, after poor success as a tradesman, to Brampton, near Huntingdon, to enjoy the life-rent of a small property, worth £80 per annum, left by his brother, Robert Pepys. These family associations, and the fact that Samuel was for some time a pupil at Huntingdon School, have given colour to the assumption that he was born in or near Brampton rather than in London. But this is not supported by any local record; and we have, on the other hand, the testimony of the *Diary* that his early childhood was spent with his younger brother Tom at Goody Lawrence's in Kingsland, Hackney,[3] and that he had other boyish memories of the capital. A reference to an old schoolfellow at Huntingdon[4] would show that he was at that school in his ninth or tenth year. It is reasonable to think that he had been sent there after the death of his elder brother, perhaps by the interest of his uncle Robert. Of his mother, who was married in 1626, at Newington, Surrey, we have a few glimpses in the *Diary*. We know that her Christian name was Margaret, but we have no information as to her family. She died in 1667; and her husband survived her till 1680.

Pepys was removed from Huntingdon School to St. Paul's. His boyish sympathies at this time appear to have been Cromwellian, for his *Diary* records his panic in December 1660 lest an old schoolfellow should remember a saying of his on the day of the King's execution.[5] Perhaps too much has been made of this anecdote, and too little allowed for the schoolboy's merely local pride in the prowess of a Huntingdon man; though it is clear that in his later career as a royalist official he shows, in the privacy of his Journal, that he can be frankly critical.[6] From St. Paul's, for which he retained a strong affection in later years, he was elected, on June 21, 1650, to a sizarship at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Three months later, however, he obtained a like place at Magdalene College; and he went into residence there in March 1651. He graduated B.A. in October 1653. He tells us little or nothing of his Cambridge days, and the College records are almost as

[1] The pronunciation of the surname has been much in dispute; but the evidence is in favour of *peeps*, rather than *peps*, or *pep-is*, or *papes*, or *pips*.

[2] He appears, too, to have had some trade dealings with Holland. Cf. p. 367. He was again in Holland in 1656. (See the note by Mr. H. W. Henfrey in *Notes and Queries*, 5th S. v. p. 508.)

[3] p. 257. [4] p. 16. [5] p. 54.

[6] His royalist sympathies are evident early in 1660, perhaps partly under the influence of Sir Edward Montagu, whose state of mind on their journey to the Sound he did not completely understand till later (p. 55). But when so many others were preparing for a change, Pepys was not likely to be unaffected. We find him drinking the King's health when he tasted the 'most admirable' wine in the cellar of Audley End on February 27 (p. 13). Yet he does not refrain from discussing the later 'posture of affairs' with great freedom, especially in conversation with Evelyn. Cf. pp. 502, 512, 524, 534, 535, 538, 542, etc.

silent. We may infer from his obtaining a Spendluffe scholarship at Magdalene, and later a Smith scholarship there, that he had commended himself to his tutor, the ingenious Samuel Morland, and that in the society of that coming inventor and diplomatist, and of certain intimate contemporaries who were to distinguish themselves, he started fair for the working out of his ambition. His biographers have not forgotten the entry in the College books which tells that on October 21, 1653, he and another were admonished before the Fellows 'for having been scandalously overserved with drink the night before.' Perhaps there had been festival at graduation, or perhaps Mr. Peachell, who had taken his Master's degree at this time, had set a bad example—that John Peachell, afterwards Master of the College, who caroused with Pepys at the Rose seven years later, and with whom Pepys would not be seen in public because of the redness of his nose. We should have liked to hear the *Diary* on these revels, as a matter of academic history, as much as of biography. It tells us with sufficient detail about the older Pepys in his cups, and why and when he turned to sobriety. It also tells us in that narrative of the visit to Cambridge and the Rose, that at a Magdalene supper 'there was nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights.'[1] So it would appear that there were extenuating circumstances which were overlooked by the judges of the Combination-Room.

Where and how he spent his time after his going down, till his marriage on December 1,[2] 1655, we do not know. It is not improbable that he enjoyed the favour of his kinsman Sir Edward Montagu,[3] afterwards Lord Sandwich, and even that his career at Cambridge had been aided by him. At all events he and his wife went to reside with Sir Edward's family immediately after their wedding. Pepys had no private means and as yet no post, and the beautiful Elizabeth St. Michel, daughter of Alexandre St. Michel,[4] an exiled Huguenot, was a penniless bride of fifteen years.[5] Pepys appears to have acted as private secretary or steward to Montagu. His chief duties were the management of his kinsman's household,[6] but he gained some acquaintance with business, which fitted him for his journey to the Sound in the *Naseby* in June 1659, with Sir Edward Montagu and his fellow-commissioner Algernon

[1] p. 12. [2] Not Oct. 10, as stated by Pepys (pp. 283 and 427).

[3] Pepys's grandfather, Thomas Pepys the younger, sometime of Cottenham, and Edward Montagu's mother, Paulina, were brother and sister.

[4] More strictly Alexandre Marchant de St. Michel, son of the Sieur de St. Michel, High Sheriff of Baugé, in Anjou.

[5] Her mother was a daughter of Sir Francis Kingsmill. Elizabeth was born in Devonshire or Somersetshire (see p. 659), in the neighbourhood of Bideford, where her parents had settled. Later, the family removed to Paris, where, during the absence of the Sieur, the mother and daughter were forcibly interned in the convent of the Ursulines in that city. They were released on his return and retreated with him to England. The source of our information regarding Mrs. Pepys's family is a letter to Pepys from her brother Balthasar (the 'Balty' of the *Diary*) dated Deal, Feb. 8, 1674, printed in John Smith's *Life, Journals, and Correspondence* of Pepys (1841), i. pp. 146-153.

[6] The evidence is supplied by the Pepys letters (1656-1660) in the Carte Papers in the Bodleian. See Mr. C. H. Firth's article on the 'Early Life of Pepys,' based on these, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Nov. 1893. The letters contain some political references, but they are chiefly concerned with Pepys's troubles in the management of Montagu's servants. One disorder was attributed to Pepys's staying out late at night.

Sidney,[1] and for his part in his patron's more important mission to Charles II. in Holland in 1660. The only additional fact of personal interest which has been recorded of the period between his marriage and the first of these expeditions is that on March 26, 1658, he was operated on for a severe attack of stone, the successful issue of which he gratefully remembered on each anniversary. The *Diary* opens with a reference to it; he records that he has 'cause to be joyful' as each March comes round. Eleven years afterwards he writes, 'And so to bed, thinking how merry my people are at this time, Tom and Jane being to have been married this day, it being also my feast for my being cut of the stone.'[2] Recurring pain caused him alarm, yet he lived out the remainder of his threescore years and ten undisturbed by the surgeon.[3]

Soon after his return from the Sound he was appointed by Mr. George Downing, one of the Exchequer tellers, to the post of private clerk in his office. The salary was £50,[4] and the tenure uncertain.[5] Yet he thought his 'private condition was very handsome' when he removed to a house of his own in Axe Yard, Westminster, and kept a maidservant. In the after years of prosperity he recalled how his wife had played the drudge for him in their little room at Sir Edward's,[6] and was proud to know that she would do the same again if necessary. Even as master of the garret in Axe Yard he so carried himself that he was esteemed rich, though he was, as he knew, 'indeed very poor.' On the New Year's Day with which the *Diary* opens he spent the whole afternoon looking over his accounts. Four months later when he had some luck in the preparation for the mission to Scheveningen he had but forty pounds clear.[7] But his luck had turned. Before the month was out he was worth twice as much; by the end of the year he had £300, besides his goods, and all debts paid.[8] The remarkable later history of his money-balances need not be detailed. Few readers of the *Diary* have failed, if only for curiosity, to trace their triumphant progress. In other lives such an account would be of small value; but nothing is unimportant in the history of Pepys, and here the golden thread is part of the web. It might be pointed out how the language in which he records his gratitude swells, unconsciously, with his expanding fortune. At the beginning he writes simply: 'I find that I have £40 clear in my purse.' When this sum has swelled in seven years to £6900 he has reached a very high note in his long gamut of pious ejaculations.[9]

Of Pepys's life during the period of the *Diary*, which begins at this time, little beyond a rough outline is excusable in this place. For though the book is, as we have said, not in a strict sense autobiographic, it contains nearly all that we know, perhaps more than we had a right to know. Nor are the important public events which form the background to this strange personal history to be considered here.

On January 16, 1660, Downing had talked vaguely of Pepys's accompanying him to Holland in some secretarial capacity with the Embassy

[1] p. 55. [2] p. 734.

[3] His nephew, J. Jackson, informed Evelyn on May 28, 1703 (see p. xxiii. note), that a *post-mortem* examination disclosed 'in his left kidney a nest of no less than seven stones . . . weighing together four ounces and a half.' (B. xxxv.) From references in the *Diary* it would appear that several members of his family were similarly afflicted.

[4] See Jan. 30, 1660 (p. 6). [5] p. 1. [6] p. 469. [7] p. 25.

[8] p. 62. [9] Cf. pp. 25, 35, 62, 147, 151, 219, 237, 294, 451, 501.

to the Hague. Pepys does not appear to have been greatly attracted by the offer.[1] He probably suspected Downing of seeking a means to be relieved of the salary for which he was personally responsible: he says as much a few days later when he hears that Downing has obtained for him a post as Clerk of the Council.[1] Pepys very cautiously concluded that it was not safe, at this juncture, to give up his office for this public appointment.[2] Downing left for the Hague on January 28, and parted with his clerk on good terms: 'beyond my expectations,' says Pepys, 'for I was afraid that he would have told me something of removing me from my office.'[3] The clerk was not in the best of spirits, for when he dined with his friend Luellin at the Heaven tavern that afternoon the discourse was of the happiness of those that have estates of their own.[4] He had not to wait long, however, for in little over a month, that wild month when Monk came to London and royalist plans were rapidly matured, he heard the welcome news of his going with the Commissioners to Charles in Holland.[5] In the interval he was at Cambridge,[6] seeing to the matriculation of his brother, and meeting old friends. His clerkship had not disturbed his intimate relations with Sir Edward Montagu. During the latter's absence from town we find Pepys writing to him frequently and transacting private business for him, such as the acknowledgement of gifts, and we hear of Mrs. Pepys's preparing and holding feast with their friends in the house of their old host.[7] He had planned to see Sir Edward at Hinchinbroke during his Cambridge visit, but he was disappointed by the latter's sudden return to London.

After many preparations, including the making of his will and the seeing to his wife's comfort, he accompanied Montagu on board the *Swiftsure* as she lay at Long Reach.[8] He tells us that the guns went off bravely; that his cabin was of the best; that his letters were now, to his great delight, addressed 'S. P. Esq.'[9] Everything promised well, despite the sousing of his papers by a careless ship-boy and his anxiety about sea-sickness. There are few more vivid narratives of the kind than these early pages on his voyage to Scheveningen in Montagu's old flagship, the *Naseby*,[10] his doings in Holland, and his return to Dover 'in most glorious weather' with Charles II. and the Commissioners in the old vessel, now the *Charles*, with its gay convoy of thirty ships.[11] He had retained his patron's goodwill. 'We must have a little patience,' said Montagu to him in his cabin one day after the King's landing, 'and we will rise together; in the meantime I will do you all the good jobs I can.' The prophecy came partly true, and the promise was faithfully kept. For, soon after their return to London, Montagu exerted himself successfully for his secretary's nomination as Clerk of the Acts. Pepys received the warrant on June 29,[12] and on the same day Montagu received his warrant for the earldom of Portsmouth, which was changed in the patent to that of Sandwich.[13] Pepys had surrendered on the preceding day his clerkship with the 'stingy' Downing, now a knight. He had good reason to be pleased with this turn in affairs, for the salary had been raised to £350, and though he had to settle an annuity of £100 on a decrepit predecessor who had been ousted at the Commonwealth, there was the prospect of extras which would more than

[1] p. 4. [2] p. 7. [3] p. 6. [4] Ed. Mynors Bright, i. p. 28. [5] p. 14.
[6] March 24-28. [7] p. 6. [8] p. 17. [9] p. 18.
[10] They had changed from the *Swiftsure* on March 30. See p. 19.
[11] pp. 33, 35. [12] p. 39. [13] p. 41.

counterbalance the outlay. And the post was one of considerable honour, giving him, by right of his membership of the Navy Board, in addition to his secretaryship, the practical control of that important body. This power was the occasion of much jealousy, but Pepys asserted himself from the first, and soon showed his capacity for naval administration. When he began he knew nothing of naval matters beyond what he had picked up on his voyages to Denmark and Holland. When he left the King's service it could be said of him—at least it can be said of him now—that no one had better understood and met the requirements of that service at one of the most critical stages in its history. His duties concerned him in the mysteries of accounting, in the rating of ships, the fixing of contracts, the checking of timber-measurements. This was no light task to Pepys, for it was only on July 4, 1662, that he made his first attempt to learn the multiplication-table.[1] On June 26 he had received his Cambridge Mastership *in absentia*,[2] being excused, in the words of the grace, as 'apud mare adeo occupatissimus.'

By July 18 he and his wife had established themselves in one of the houses at the Navy Office, on the side towards Seething Lane.[3] Here they lived throughout the period of the *Diary*, which he 'evened' and kept in his office hard by. They had begun housekeeping earnestly, how earnestly let the pages of the immortal Journal bear witness. It is a constant tale of getting, altering, enlarging, till in a few years there was no one in the Pepys circle, unless it were Mr. Evelyn and Mr. Thomas Povy, who could make a braver show of furniture, plate, and pictures, or could dispense more noble hospitality. And not many could dress more handsomely than the Clerk and his wife, when she was not 'in dirt' after workmen had left or the rain had flooded his floors. He was probably encouraged to this expenditure by his appointment, a few days after his setting up house,[4] to a clerkship of the Privy Council, as deputy to Lord Sandwich. He had at first thought lightly of this addition, but on August 10 he gratefully writes, 'Blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seal, where I get every day, I believe, about £3. This place my Lord did give by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be.'[5] On August 2 he had drawn £40 in fees and received £10 as his share.[6] His former house at Axe Yard was still on his hands. He would have been glad to be relieved of it, had not an offer of £1000 for his clerkship of the Acts tempted him to delay.[7] This, fortunately, he did not entertain, and a short time after Axe Yard found another tenant.[8] He devoted the money which had hitherto gone in rent to the embellishing of his residence in Seething Lane. On September 24 he was made a justice of the peace for the counties of Middlesex, Kent, and Essex, and for Southampton,[9] presumably for the better exercise of his authority in the dockyards in these districts. So, when the Restoration year closed, he had reason to record that he was 'in a most handsome and thriving condition.'[10] It is well to remember that he was now but in his twenty-eighth year.

In 1661, the year of the Coronation, we find him again in the neighbourhood of Cambridge, on family business connected with the death of his uncle Robert, and at Chatham and Portsmouth making inspection of the Yards. Early in 1662 he was sworn a Younger Brother of the Trinity House,[11] and in April he was again at Portsmouth, where he was fêted and made a burgess.

[1] pp. 137, 138. [2] p. 41. [3] p. 42. [4] p. 43. [5] p. 45. [6] p. 44.
[7] Ed. Mynors Bright, i. p. 174. [8] *ib.* i. p. 188. [9] p. 49. [10] p. 62. [11] p. 117.

In August he joined the Commission for the affairs of Tangier. The foresaid Thomas Povy, who had an exquisite taste in wine, furniture, and horse-flesh, was then Treasurer of the Commission, and had tried their patience by his 'fooleries' in the management of his office. Pepys's presence had the effect of hastening his colleague's fall, and, as there was no one fitter or more willing to undertake the work, he was, after some delay, appointed Povy's successor.[1] In October 1662 he paid another visit to Cambridge. In March 1664 he was appointed one of the thirty-two members joined with the Duke of York in the Corporation of the Royal Fishery. He was glad of this, 'not only as a matter of honour, but that that may come to be of profit to me.'[2] His reputation as a naval expert was now assured; he was consulted by the King in person, and praised by the Duke of York, and he was, naturally, 'not a little proud' to be told by the Duke of Albemarle that he was 'the right hand of the Navy,'[3] a compliment which was echoed by Mr. Coventry when he nominated him on October 27, 1665, as the 'fittest man in England' for the Surveyor-Generalship of the Victualling Office.[4] About this time he appears to have had some ambition to become author.[5] Mr. Coventry had talked to him of a History of the Navy, and more pointedly of a History of the late Dutch War. Pepys received the hints with joy, the work being, as he says, 'a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if done well, may recommend me much.'[6] Though he published nothing more than the slight *Memoirs*[7] in 1690, which was but a defence of his ten years' rule at the Admiralty, there can be no doubt that he never, even to the end, lost hope of being the historian of the Navy. Evelyn tells us so distinctly—'Besides what he published,' he writes on his death, on May 26, 1703, 'he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it.' And the vast array of manuscript material in the Pepysian and Rawlinson Collections, much of it methodised[8] by Pepys, shows how thoroughly he had taken the task in hand.[9] The Dutch War had broken out, and the scandalous condition of the King's ships in the matter of victualling gave Pepys his opportunity. His assiduity justified the confidence which had been placed in him, and though trouble was in store for him when this dishonourable war was ended in 1667, no one worked so hard to make the best of a bad business and to bring order and spirit to a mismanaged service. His difficulties were made immensely greater by the disastrous sequence of the Great Plague and Great Fire in 1665 and 1666. When the former was at its height, Pepys sent his wife and household to Woolwich. He took quarters for himself and his clerks at Greenwich, and regularly joined the few colleagues who were courageous enough to venture to town for the meetings in the Navy Office. 'The sickness in general thickens round us,' he wrote to Coventry, 'and particularly upon our neigh-

[1] p. 311. [2] p. 249. [3] p. 311. [4] p. 352.

[5] About 1654, at Cambridge, he had begun a romance entitled *Love a Cheat* (see p. 241). [6] p. 264. Cf. also p. 605.

[7] *Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for Ten Years, determined December 1688.*

[8] *E.g.* volumes entitled *Naval Minutes*, *Miscellanies*, *Naval Precedents*, not to speak of several *Registers*, and the fourteen volumes of *Admiralty Letters*. See Mr. Tanner's Introduction to his *Descriptive Catalogue of the Naval Manuscripts in the Pepysian Library* (Navy Records Society, 1903).

[9] See also the correspondence with Evelyn and Sir William Dugdale (Wheatley, *Pepysiana*, pp. 185-187).

bourhood. You, sir, took your turn of the sword; I must not, therefore, grudge to take mine of the pestilence.'[1] His energy during the Fire was not less conspicuous. There is ample confirmation of this in his remarkable narrative of the *Annus Mirabilis*.

It was inevitable that the conclusion of peace with the Dutch should be the signal for fault-finding, and that the Navy Board should be the first to be called to account for De Ruyter's insult in the Medway. The attack began by the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee in October 1667, which busied itself till the next spring with continual but fruitless inquiries into 'Miscarriages,' notably the dividing of the English fleet before the fight, the bad condition of the home defences, the spending of the monies voted for the use of the Navy, and the appropriation of prizes by Lord Sandwich and his friends. It was a nasty business, and the brunt of it fell upon Pepys, who directed the defence and was the chosen spokesman of the office. He confesses his irritation at the worry of the continual summonses to the Committee. 'It makes me mad,' he writes on February 11, 1668, 'that I should by my place become the hackney of this office, in perpetual trouble and vexation, that need it least.'[2] The crisis came when the offending Office was cited to appear before the bar of the House of Commons on March 5, 1668. We have a particular account of Pepys's preparations for this ordeal, for though Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir T. Harvey were to attend with him, and Sir W. Penn would be present among the members of the House, they had left the fighting to the Clerk. So much depended on the issue that it was not wonderful that Pepys spent a restless night and was prepared for the worst. 'At last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me,' he writes, 'which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this office, and endure the trouble no longer than I can clear myself of it.'[3] Armed with a few additional notes gathered hurriedly from his clerks, he proceeded to Westminster, on the way getting some Dutch courage from the mulled sack at the Dog and Mrs. Hewlett's brandy. 'With the warmth of this,' he confesses, 'I did find myself in better order as to courage truly.' The Navy Board was now in fighting trim; and the victory was complete. For three hours the Clerk of the Acts harangued a crowded House. His speech must have been convincing (unfortunately no account of it has been preserved); the grumblers were silenced and the inquiry came to an end. Pepys was perhaps a little overvain at his success: for many pages after this entry the *Diary* is a record of congratulations. 'Good morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament House,' said Sir William Coventry. 'Mr. Pepys,' said the King, 'I am very glad of your success yesterday.' Mr. G. Montagu kissed him and told him he was another Cicero! His success was not without its effect in the business of the Navy Office, in nothing more strongly than in his preparation, on behalf of the Duke of York, of a severely critical report on his colleagues.[4] His triumph stimulated his desire to become a Parliament-man.[5] His increased reputation at the Admiralty, and his affluence, shown by his coach among other things, were favourable to this ambition, but the strain of the last five years had told upon his health, though not in the way which he had dreaded since 1658. On January 19, 1664,[6] we have the first hint that his sight was failing. Worry and

[1] B. i. p. xv. [2] p. 614. [3] p. 625.
[4] pp. 667, 671, etc. See the full account of the matter in Tanner, *Descriptive Catalogue*, *u.s.* i. pp. 28 *et seq.* [5] p. 698. [6] p. 239.

unending correspondence, aided perhaps by his immoderate pursuit of pleasure, soon weakened his sight so much that he could not see to read or write except with 'tubes,' and could not endure the lights of the playhouse. Fortunately his worst fears proved to be groundless, but not before he had disappointed posterity of an inestimable gift, for his physical distress brought the *Diary* to an end in May 1669. It but adds point to the pathos of his *Vale* to think of what we have missed from the pen of the later Pepys who saw the Revolution Settlement and was alive when Anne came to the throne.[1]

He spent the autumn of 1669 in a tour with his wife in France and Holland, which improved his health and gave him opportunities of studying the naval affairs of his old enemies. Shortly after their return to England Mrs. Pepys fell ill of a fever and died on November 10, in her thirtieth year.[2] She was buried in the neighbouring church of St. Olave's, and her memory was honoured by a monument worthy of her virtues and her husband's Latinity.

At the very time of this crisis in his private affairs he was busy answering,[3] on behalf of the Board, certain annoying reflections made by the Commission of Public Accounts during his absence. Lord Brouncker and Sir John Minnes had again made him the 'hackney.' In a separate document, defending his 'own single conduct,' he challenges, in a way more meaning to us than it could have been to his contemporaries, 'any man to assign one day from my first admission to this service in July 1660, to the determination of the war, August 1667 . . . of which I am not this day able upon oath to give an account of the particular manner of my employing the same.'[4] So near were these troublesome people to wresting from Pepys the secret of his *Diary*.[5]

Pepys's domestic sorrow interfered with his candidature at Aldborough at the beginning of 1670. He was nominated by men of the highest influence, but he did not appear before the electors, and so probably killed his prospect of success. Four years later (November 1673) his luck was better at Castle Rising. A petition against his return was presented, but it came to nothing, and he was allowed to sit while the inquiry proceeded. More vexing than this opposition was the charge of his being a 'Papist or Popishly inclined,' which had been insidiously interpolated in the discussion of his right to the seat. A committee, including Lord Shaftesbury, was appointed to take evidence. Nothing came of the wanton attack, though Pepys and his wife's memory were exposed to disagreeable comment. It seems to have arisen from some busybody who had observed the varnished picture of a crucifix, perhaps a mass-book and other antiquarian plunder, and had had some knowledge of Mrs. Pepys's family history. Pepys, as the *Diary* shows, was frequently disturbed lest his wife should become a Catholic, but his mind was set at rest, if only by her having received the sacrament on her deathbed from Mills, the vicar of their parish. Subsequent events, when

[1] On the other hand, we might have been disappointed of the vivacity and detail of the early record, if we may judge by the duller specimens of his Journals in Tangier and Spain (see p. xxi. note).

[2] Pepys had no children. An address on *The Medical History of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Pepys*, by Mr. D'Arcy Power, is printed in the *Lancet*, June 1, 1896, pp. 1357 *et seq.*

[3] Nov. 27, 1669.

[4] Jan. 6, 1670. See the account of these documents in Tanner, *u.s.* i. p. 33.

[5] They would not have been given *everything*, hardly such passages as that on Sept. 16, 1664 (p. 280).

temptation was stronger to make him a pervert, only emphasize the preposterousness of the suggestion. If the episodes show aught, it is that Pepys had already grown to that degree of eminence which made conflict with the corrupt and jarring political elements of that age an inevitable experience. In the year following his unsuccessful candidature at Aldborough, he appears to have had a serious dispute with Sir James Leyenbergh, the Swedish Resident, which threatened to end in a duel. From what we know of Pepys it is safe to conjecture that the challenge was not from him. The letter from Matthew Wren[1] in the name of the King, commanding Pepys to keep the peace, is our sole clue to the mysterious business, and it by no means implies that Pepys, rather than Leyenbergh, was, or might be, the challenger. Charles's second Dutch war had broken out, in which Pepys's old patron Lord Sandwich was slain in the fight in Southwold Bay (June 24, 1672). Pepys continued to be the soul of the Admiralty, and by 1673,[2] when, as a result of the Test Act,[3] the Duke of York surrendered his place in the Admiralty, he had been appointed Secretary for the Affairs of the Navy,[4] and his faithful clerk Thomas Hayter and his brother John Pepys now shared the honours and emoluments of his clerkship of the Acts. We may believe that the office was no sinecure, even after peace was made with the Dutch on February 19 in the following year, or rather that Pepys did not make it a sinecure. It was soon clear that more troubles were in store. His devotion to the public service made him obnoxious to the idlers, and his superior manner may have alienated others. The strength of that resentment is well shown in a retort of Sir Robert Howard's in the House of Commons to a statement by the Secretary. 'Pepys,' he said, 'here speaks rather like an Admiral than a Secretary, "I" and "we." I wish he knows half as much of the Navy as he pretends.'[5] There was envy too of the young bourgeois, now at the head of the King's Navy, who had recently added to his social repute by his Mastership of the Trinity House (1676), and of the great city company of the Clothworkers (1677).[6] With such things Pepys's astuteness might have reckoned, but no one could hold himself safe from disaster in the surcharged atmosphere of politico-religious plots and counterplots. That Pepys was in

Nov. 9th, 1670.

[1] SIR—His Majesty, having accidently heard of some dispute between you and the Resident of Sweden, to prevent any further inconvenience that may happen, has, by my Lord Arlington, Principal Secretary of State, signified his pleasure to me to require you neither to send any challenge to the said Resident of Sweden, nor to accept of any from him; but that, as soon as you receive this, you immediately attend the Lord Arlington. I am, your most humble Servant, M. WREN.

It is printed by B., iv. p. 202. B. suggests that the trouble arose over a debt of Sir William Batten's, whose widow had married Leyenbergh.

[2] June 1673 (Tanner, *u.s.* p. 40).

[3] Which received the Royal assent on March 29, 1673.

[4] More accurately Secretary to the Commission of Admiralty, which had been established on July 9 after the Duke's retirement on June 15 (see Tanner, *u.s.* p. 36). In May 1684 the Commission of Admiralty was withdrawn, and on June 10 the office, to which Pepys was appointed, became, by letters under the Great Seal, the Secretaryship of the Admiralty.

[5] Quoted by Mr. Wheatley from Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*, iv. col. 976 (ed. 1893, xxxvi.).

[6] Pepys presented a large chased silver loving-cup to the Company, which is still used at their banquets. At the interesting inaugural meeting of the Samuel Pepys Club in Magdalene College, Cambridge, in July 1904, the then Master of the Company presented a silver replica to the Master and Fellows of the College.

favour with the Duke of York, and had succeeded him at the Admiralty, were suspicious facts to prejudiced eyes; and that he had already been on trial for Popish proclivities brought conviction of his guilt. The dastardly intrigue was ingeniously carried out. A preliminary effort to implicate Pepys's clerk Atkins in the murder of Sir Edmund Godfrey having failed,[1] the conspirators (among whom was Pepys's former inquisitor Lord Shaftesbury) obtained the services of a so-called Colonel Scott, an adventurer of the worst type, whose fraudulent dealings in the Colonies and on the Continent had been exposed by Pepys after official inquiries made at the request of the Duke of York. The attack was directed by William Harbord, member for Thetford, who produced the evidence of the rascal Scott that Navy secrets had been communicated to France for the sinister purpose of overthrowing the English Government and establishing Catholicism, and the testimony of one James, an old servant of Pepys, that his former master was a Papist. The immediate effect of this was that Pepys and Deane were committed to the Tower by warrant of the Speaker on May 22, 1679.[2] After several examinations they were released on finding bail for £30,000, and were ultimately acquitted, after many vexatious postponements of trial, because Scott had refused at the last moment to stand by his lying stories. Pepys had not been without sympathy from the many influential friends who visited him in the Tower and after his enlargement. The good Mr. Evelyn, who dined with him in his prison, was convinced of his innocence.[3] This view is well borne out by the correspondence of this time, notably in the letters between Pepys and the Duke of York. On May 6, 1679, in a long letter to the Duke, Pepys writes:—'For what concerns my own particular, your Highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for; and it is come to pass. For whether I will or no, a Papist I must be, because favoured by your Royal Highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions, to express, in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your Highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make those just endeavours of mine towards your Highness inconsistent with Protestancy, neither they, nor any ill usage I can receive from them, shall, by the grace of God, make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your Royal Highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other.'[4] This is corroborated two years later by the elaborate certificate drawn up, probably at Pepys's request, by Daniel Mills, rector of St. Olave's,[5] as it was, too, by the deathbed confession of the scamp John James.[6]

Though Pepys had been jockeyed out of his Secretaryship, he had not lost royal favour. He attended the King at Newmarket for ten days in October 1680, and there wrote out, to His Majesty's dictation, the famous account of the escape after the battle of Worcester.[7] In 1682 he sailed to Scotland with the

[1] See Mr. Tanner's article on 'Pepys and the Popish Plot' in the *English Historical Review*, 1892, pp. 281-290.

[2] He had resigned his Secretaryship (his *first* Secretaryship to the Admiralty) on May 17 (Tanner, *u.s.* i. p. 56).

[3] Evelyn's *Diary*, June 4, 1679. [4] B. iv. p. 213. Mynors Bright, vi. p. 127.

[5] B. i. pp. xxxiii.-xxxiv.; Mynors Bright, i. pp. xxix.-xxx.; Wheatley, i. pp. xii.-xiii.

[6] *Life*, etc. (1841) i. p. 216.

[7] First printed by Lord Hailes in 1766. Reprinted in the *Boscobel Tracts*, ed. Hughes, 1830 (pp. 131-164), and in the Appendix in Bohn's edition of Grammont, 1846 (pp. 455-476). The original shorthand MS. is preserved in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College.

Duke of York, and after an exciting passage, in which the Duke's ship was lost,[1] he reached Edinburgh early in May. After visiting several Scottish towns, among these Stirling, Linlithgow, Hamilton, and Glasgow, he returned by road, by Berwick and Newcastle, to Scarborough and Hull.[2] The Duke of York was a sincere friend. When Pepys was a victim of the plot of 1679 he had written to his royal brother in his behalf. 'Give me leave to say,' he added, 'your Majesty is bound to do something for him that has spent so many years in your service to your satisfaction.'[3] The first outward proof of this was Pepys's appointment on Lord Dartmouth's expedition to Tangier in the autumn of 1683. His zest for public service had been somewhat dulled by his recent bitter experiences, and indications are not wanting to show that he had not outlived his old longing to escape to the country or otherwise to enjoy an honourable retirement as a virtuoso. He had probably given up the old design of retreating to Brampton to spend his time 'with plainness and pleasure, though with but little glory,'[4] but in 1681 we find him attracted by a proposal to undertake the Provostship of King's College, Cambridge.[5] Shortly after his return to England[6] he was restored to his old place at the Admiralty[7] 'by the Royal commands, neither sought for nor foreseen,'[8] at a salary of £500. In the same year he was elected President of the Royal Society, in the proceedings of which he had taken a serious interest since his admission in 1665,[9] and to the funds of which he had subscribed handsomely.[10] He delighted in the society of the Virtuosi, and during his two years' tenure, and for some time later, held a Saturday evening symposium at his house in York Buildings. During his Presidentship he was again elected Master of the Trinity House, the first under the new charter of 1685.[11] Thus to be honoured with the control of naval affairs, and of the deliberations of the learned of England (he being sponsor, let us not forget, to the *Principia* of Sir Isaac Newton),[12] and to enjoy the confidence of the King and the heir-apparent,[13] was a generous counterturn after recent misfortunes, and a combination of felicities exactly to his liking.

The succession of James in February 1685 did not fail to enhance Pepys's political reputation. His election for the towns of Harwich and Sandwich in May was an explicit compliment to his eminence. He sat as member for the

[1] See his letter to W. Hewer, dated Edinburgh, May 8, 1682. Many of the Duke's company were drowned. Pepys was aboard the yacht *Catherine*.

[2] His impressions of Scotland are unimportant, but he speaks of Glasgow as 'a very extraordinary town for beauty and trade, much superior to any in Scotland'; also of the 'rooted nastiness' which 'hangs about the person of every Scot (man and woman) that renders the finest show they make nauseous, even among those of the first quality.'

[3] Dated Brussels, May 22, 1679. B. iv. p. 216; Mynors Bright, vi. p. 131.

[4] p. 510. [5] *Life* (1841), i. pp. 265, etc.

[6] Pepys's Journal of this expedition, preserved in the Rawlinson Collection in the Bodleian, is printed in the *Life* (1841). He had visited Spain during his sojourn at Tangier. He returned on March 29, 1684.

[7] See notes, pp. xix. xx. [8] B. i. p. xxvii.

[9] p. 302. [10] p. 636. [11] Evelyn's *Diary*, July 20, 1685.

[12] As President he signed the order authorizing its publication.

[13] The degree of confidence is shown by the fact that Pepys is the source for the tale of Charles II.'s death-bed conversion to Catholicism. He had been informed of this by James II. And when William of Orange landed, James II. was sitting to Kneller for a portrait which was destined for Pepys.

former till the dissolution in July 1687.[1] The outstanding matter in this, his second, Secretaryship of the Admiralty, was the calling together of the Commission of 1686, the result of his persistent efforts to reform the administration of the Board and to restore the broken Navy.[2] Work of this kind incited opposition, and the apologetic *Memoirs*, which he published in 1690, disclose the extent of the 'strong combination' which had endeavoured to bring his efforts to discredit.[3] But the old troubles were brewing again, and the overthrow of the monarch necessarily involved his supporter. When the Convention Parliament was in the making, Pepys lost his seat at Harwich. In this he was treated no worse than had been many of his fellow-burgesses who had sat in King James's one Parliament; yet the opposition to him was wantonly exuberant. 'No Tower men, no men out of the Tower,'[4] shouted the men of Harwich, as they turned their backs upon him. Within two months of James's flight to France Pepys had demitted his Secretaryship at the Admiralty (February 1689). Then history repeats itself with an accuracy which is amusing to all but the victim. When the hubbub of the 'Revolution' is dying down[5] we hear again that Pepys has been committed to the Gatehouse at Westminster (? June 1690) under suspicion of divulging naval secrets to the French. As before, there was no proof forthcoming, and, as before, he was allowed, after appropriate delay, to remove to his home, now in York Buildings, to the care of Mrs. Fane, his estimable but bitter-tongued housekeeper.[6] He and his former fellow-sufferer, Deane, had been worried, as we learn from Evelyn,[7] by a charge of fraudulent dealing with the Navy timber; but this too had passed over.

Though his health was broken, he was not without a certain measure of happiness in his retirement. He was far from being forgotten. Indeed it would not have been surprising had he been once more called upon to direct the affairs of the Navy, for, as the political anger subsided, all parties were fain to acknowledge the greatness of his services to the nation and his unrivalled experience. The publication of his *Memoirs of the Navy* in 1690 strengthened his authority with the public. The esteem of his friends, a wide and honourable circle, including Newton, Evelyn, and Kneller, continued unabated. This reputation and this loyal support could not have failed to place him again in his old post had he been younger, in better health, and more willing to place his ease in York Buildings at the bidding of political adventurers. That ease, however, was not long enjoyed. The Saturday evenings were given up; and in 1700 he was persuaded by his physicians to remove for better air to 'Paradisian Clapham' (as Evelyn calls it), to the house of his trusty clerk, William Hewer. During his last years at York Buildings he had busied himself in the reform of the administration of Christ's Hospital. In his country retreat he devised the gift of a portrait of his friend Wallis, the Savilian professor, to the University of Oxford, and he entrusted Sir Godfrey Kneller with the commission.[8] He received the thanks of the University in October 1702 in a letter characteristically academic in compliment. We can imagine the pleasure of

[1] Pepys was examined at the Trial of the Seven Bishops, June 1687. B. i. p. xxxii.
[2] For a full account of Pepys's work in this matter see Tanner, *u.s.* pp. 66 *et seq.*
[3] *Ib.* p. 92. [4] *Diary* (ed. 1893), i. p. xlvi.
[5] A letter of Feb. 8, 1690, shows that he was anxious to 'compass an election' for Parliament. *Life* (1841), ii. pp. 246-247.
[6] *Life* (1841), ii. p. 219. [7] *Diary*, June 10, 1690. [8] B. iv. pp. 304-308.

the old secretary when he read the generous tribute to his career at the Navy Office:—'Vir ornatissime. . . . Tu certe Ligneis Muris Britanniam munivisti, et quod ad utrumque Polum (sive quiddam novi exploraturi, sive victoriam circumferentes) vela nostra explicare potuissent, sola tua cura effecit. . . . Aliorum virtuti forsan debemus, ut res magnae agerentur, sed ut agi potuissent, propria gloria est industriae tuae.' The old Cambridge man had been justified in calling the University of Oxford his 'dear Aunt.'[1] He had not given up hope of satisfaction for the past. When his old friend Deane had intimated his retreat to Worcestershire after the Revolution, and confessed the old soldier's wish for 'a little space between business and the grave,' Pepys told him that he had no 'melancholy misgivings.' 'Nor,' he added, 'shall any solicitousness after the felicities of the next world (which yet I bless God I am not without care for) ever stifle the satisfactions arising from a just confidence of receiving some time or other, even here, the reparation due to such unaccountable usage as I have sustained in this.'[2]

The later pages of the Correspondence enable us to supply the softer tones to the picture of these closing days. His old friend Evelyn, much his senior in years, had retired to Wotton for the patriarchal pleasures of his fields and flocks. So, when telling Pepys of this, on July 22, 1700, he adds: 'But can you thus hold out? will my friend say. Is philosophy, Gresham College, and the example of Mr. Pepys and agreeable conversation of York Buildings quite forgotten and abandoned? No, no! *Naturam expellas furca tamen usque recurret.*' And then he tells him that he has been arranging 'no fewer than thirty large cases of books.'[3] To this we have the following answer:—'I have no herds to mind, nor will my doctor allow me any books here. What, then, will you say, too, are you doing? Why, truly, nothing that will bear naming, and yet I am not, I think, idle; for who can, that has so much of past and to come to think on, as I have? And thinking, I take it, is working, though many forms beneath what my Lady and you are doing. But pray remember what o'clock it is with you and me; and be not now, by overstirring, too bold with your present complaint, any more than I dare be with mine, which, too, has been no less kind in giving me warning, than the other to you, and to neither of us, I hope, and, through God's mercy, dare say, either unlooked for nor unwelcome. I wish, nevertheless, that I were able to administer anything towards the lengthening that precious rest of life which God has thus long blessed you, and, in you, mankind, with; but I have always been too little regardful of my own health, to be a prescriber to others.'[4]

Two and a half years later, we find the indefatigable Evelyn, when sending to Clapham a critique of Clarendon's *History*, which had just appeared, true to the old sentiment of friendship. 'What I would wish,' he writes, 'for myself and all I love, as I do Mr. Pepys, should be the old man's life, as described in the distich, which you deservedly have attained:

> Vita senis, libri, domus, hortus, lectus amicus,
> Vina, nepos, ignis, mens hilaris, pietas.

In the meantime, I feed on the past conversation I once had in York Buildings, and starve since my friend has forsaken it.'[5]

Thus blessed in friends and honour, but grievously vexed in body, Pepys

[1] B. iv. p. 307. [2] *Life* (1841), ii. p. 238. [3] B. iv. p. 296.
[4] Clapham, Aug. 7, 1700. B. iv. p. 297. [5] Dover Street, Jan. 20, 1703. B. iv. p. 323.

passed his closing days. He died on May 26, 1703.[1] Ten days later his remains were laid in the vault at St. Olave's, beside his wife's and brother's.[2]

In all the whirligig of curiosity disclosed in the *Diary* and Correspondence, Pepys's most unabated interest, we might say passion, was the formation and ordering of his library. Proud as he was of his official successes, of the handsome appointment of his house, or of the figure he cut in silk and periwig among the fashionables, he was never more pleased than when planning a new bookcase with Sympson the joiner, or superintending his devoted household in the tedious rearrangement and cataloguing of his precious volumes. With them his heart and ambition lay; and so it was to the end. For in the multitudinous instructions of his will, the last of many, and written shortly before his death, there are none more particular than those which deal with 'the settlement and preservation' of his library.[3] These were faithfully followed, and on the decease of his nephew Jackson, to whom he had granted a life-rent, the collection was 'placed and for ever settled' in his old College at Cambridge. There, in the handsome *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*, in the inner court of Magdalene, stand the old cases, the very books in the very order, the portfolios, ready to the ghostly hand. Had he retired, as he had once hoped, to the gentler duties of a College headship and uninterrupted communion with his books, he could not have compassed his wish in better way than has been done by his successors. The fascination of the place is not ordinary. The library is not a mere monument or museum. It at once awakens feelings of generous acquaintance, even of intimacy, such as we gain from the pages of the *Diary*. But we do not intrude here as we do in the other, into the secrets of Mrs. Pepys and Mrs. Knipp, into the gettings and goings of the bustling Secretary of the Navy Office. We are welcome to Pepys's closet as heartily as were Mr. Evelyn and his circle, and we learn as accurately as they learnt the minutest details of everything therein, of his whims, his cares, his methods, his taste in verse and bindings. What other gossip, collector, or man of affairs, or, let us say, genius, aided by his Boswell, has achieved such a triumph with posterity? Pepys's zest of life has been rewarded as such virtue should be, though it rarely is, by immortality. It is a quaint thought, that had he been less commonplace in character, less careful of the trivial and ephemeral, he might have been forgotten. For to us he is the very real corporeal Samuel Pepys, Esquire, of Axe Yard, latterly of Seething Lane, not the spiritual Pepys who is shadowed forth so prettily in his motto, drawn from Cicero and strengthened with the authority of Plato and St. Paul.[4]

[1] Details of Pepys's last illness are given in a letter from his nephew, John Jackson, to Evelyn, May 28, 1703 [B. xxxv.], and in another from Geo. Hickes, D.D. (who attended his deathbed) to Dr. Charlett, on June 5 following [*ib.* xxxvi.].

[2] Several portraits of Pepys are extant; by Hayls, or Hales (National Portrait Gallery), Lely (Magdalene College), Kneller (Magdalene College and the Rooms of the Royal Society), and Verrio (in a portrait group in Christ's Hospital). Others, including another by Kneller, are in private collections. See the *Diary*, ed. Wheatley, i. lv.; *Pepysiana*, pp. 67-70; and the article by Mr. Leslie Stephen in *D.N.B.*

[3] Pepys's will has been printed in *Pepysiana* (1899), Appendix I. pp. 251-270.

[4] 'Tu vero enitere, et sic habeto, te non esse mortalem, sed corpus hoc. Nec enim is est quem forma, ista declarat; sed mens cuiusque is est quisque, non ea figura quae digito monstrari potest' (Cicero, *Somnium Scipionis*, 8). See the letter to Hewer,

The chief treasure of the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* is the original manuscript of the *Diary*, or 'Journal,' contained in a stately set of six volumes of 3012 quarto pages, bound in full calf, tooled, gilt, and stamped. The text is in 'character,' or cipher,[1] which has been identified as one of the earlier systems of Thomas Shelton, described in his *Tachygraphy*.[2] It is probable that Pepys had made himself familiar with this method at Cambridge. 'Short-writing' was one of the crazes of the period, and Pepys was doubtless attracted to it in the first instance because it suited his turn for the ingenious, rather than because it secured secrecy. There is evidence in the *Diary* that he was interested in the making of different ciphers, and the shelves of his library show that he made an extensive collection of works on stenography. He used the system for the drafting of letters and for memoranda in the business of his office. There is no doubt that by using it in the *Diary* he was tempted to record many things which he would not have written out in longhand, but his extreme concern for the safety of the manuscript shows that he had no mistaken views of the risks to which his secrets were exposed. He had little to fear from Mrs. Pepys, had her curiosity been aroused and had she discovered the copy of Shelton in his book-case, and clerk Hewer could be trusted; but other people were cunning in 'tachygraphy,' and some of the Brounckers and Penns would have been glad to see their colleague in the pillory of his own making. So he guarded these volumes painfully, giving them his first care with his money-bags.[3] He was once tempted to tell his secret to his friend Coventry, whom he had found engaged in a similar task,[4] but he has added, 'I am sorry almost that I told it him, it not being necessary, nor maybe convenient to have it known.'[5] When a few months later his eyes had so failed him that he could no longer continue his Journal, he regretfully concludes, 'and, therefore, resolve, from this time forward, to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand with my own hand.'[6]

Had some 'ingenious hand' of the eighteenth century chanced on these secret memoirs in the Magdalene collection, we should for certain have had a complete text, and much editorial worry had been saved. On one occasion, strangely enough almost immediately after the establishment of the Library at Cambridge, Pepys's secret was within an ace of being disclosed. One Peter Leycester, a correspondent of John Byrom, the Jacobite poetaster, had, during a week's visit to Cambridge in May 1728, found his way into the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana*, and had been specially interested in the books on shorthand. This he told Byrom, who was himself a stenographer; and he added, 'We found five large volumes quarto, being a journal of Mr. Pepys; I did not

Dec. 23, 1690 (B. iv. p. 250), apropos of 'the late learned descant made by some of the Admirals' on his motto, *Mens cuiusque is est quisque.*

[1] Facsimiles of the cipher are given by B. i.; Mynors Bright, i.; and in *Pepysiana* (1899).

[2] B. ascribed the 'character' to Jeremiah Rich, whose *Pen's Dexterity* was not published till 1654. See the paper by Mr. J. E. Bailey, reprinted from 'Papers of the Manchester Literary Club,' ii. 1876, in Mr. Wheatley's *Pepysiana*, App. II. pp. 270 *et seq.* The *Tachygraphy* of 1641, to which Pepys was indebted, was the sequel to several experiments by Shelton, and was in turn supplanted by his *Zeiglographia* in 1649. [3] See p. 506.

[4] He had shown it once before, in an offhand way, to a young lieutenant in the Navy (April 11, 1660, in later edd.). [5] p. 726. [6] p. 755.

know the method, but they were writ very plain, and the proper names in common characters. If you think it worth your while to make Cambridge in your way to London, you will meet with these and I doubt not several other shorthand curiosities in the Magdalen[e] Library. I had not time, and was loth to be troublesome to the library keeper, otherwise I would have deciphered some of the journal.'[1] Byrom missed his opportunity. Well could he have sung, as he had sung of the fair 'Jug' Bentley,

My Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,[2]

had he known of Pepys's story of the King's coming to his own again, and of all these Restoration doings. But, as the same ditty says,

Old Time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faster for all thou canst say.

There was a delay of a century before a serious attempt to decipher the MS. was made. It is pleasing to find this first effort associated with the name of Pepys's old friend John Evelyn. For it was the publication by William Bray in 1818 and 1819 of the Diary of the latter which prompted the Master of Magdalene, the Hon. and Rev. George Neville, to re-examine the forgotten volumes, and, by the advice of Lord Grenville, to commission the Rev. John Smith, undergraduate of St. John's College, to transcribe them. For twelve or fourteen hours a day throughout three years this honest fellow laboured at his task, not without grumblings at 'frequent wakeful nights' and the injury to his 'visual organs.'[3] From this transcript Richard Griffin Neville, third Lord Braybrooke, prepared his edition of 1825, which introduced the Diarist to the literary public.[4] We hardly grasp the fact that it is only within the lifetime of many still with us that the evergreen reputation of Samuel Pepys was begun, that before Lord Braybrooke's quartos revealed the *Diary* its author was little more than a name. He was known to the historical students of the Restoration and its Navy business, who found references to him in appendices and in footnotes. To the curious who had explored the Supple-

[1] See *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom*, ed. Parkinson (Chetham Society, 1854), I. i. 302. Leycester writes from Norwich on May 22.

[2] Quoted in the *Spectator*, No. 603.

[3] See Smith's letter, quoted in *Pepysiana u.s.* p. 76.

[4] The title-page of this edition runs—*Memoirs of Samuel Pepys, Esq., F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, A.B., of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the original short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library, and a selection from his Private Correspondence. Edited by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. In two volumes. London, Henry Colburn . . . 1825* (Quarto). A second edition, in five volumes 8vo, appeared in 1828 (London, Henry Colburn). This was followed in 1848-1849 by the *Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. . . . With a Life and Notes by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. The third edition, considerably enlarged.* (London. Henry Colburn. 5 vols. sm. 8vo.) In 1854 appeared the fourth edition, 'revised and corrected,' in four volumes sm. 8vo (London, Hurst and Blackett, successors to Henry Colburn), and in the same year a reprint, called the fifth edition, by the same publishers. Lord Braybrooke died in 1858. In 1875-1879 a new edition in 6 vols. 8vo was issued by the Rev. Mynors Bright (London, Bickers and Son), who had redeciphered the MS. He included a number of passages omitted by his predecessor and supplied some additional notes. A yet fuller edition, in eight volumes 8vo, was prepared by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley for Messrs.

ment to Jeremy Collier's *Historical Dictionary* he was 'the greatest and most useful Minister that ever filled his posts in England.' And 'besides this, he was a person of universal worth, and in great estimation among the Literati and Men of Science for his unbounded reading, his sound iudgment, his great elocution, . . . his mastery in method, his singular curiosity, and his uncommon munificence towards the advancement of learning, arts, and industry in all degrees; to which were joined the severest morality of a philosopher, and all the polite accomplishments of a gentleman, particularly those of music, languages, conversation, and address.'[1] This is not the absolute Pepys whom we think we know; and yet there is nothing in the panegyric which the *Diary* itself will not corroborate. Nor does his friend Evelyn, in his Letters, or in the encomium in *his* Diary, tell us aught of this 'very worthy, industrious, and curious person' but that he was a great public servant, did all things 'with great integrity,' and was 'universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men.'[2] Since the publication of the Braybrooke volumes we seem to have discovered another Pepys whose record does not lend itself so readily to this lapidary style; and as fuller texts have succeeded each other, the philosopher of severest morality has been sadly transformed. But it is open to question whether we are closer to the true Pepys than Evelyn was, whether we have not lost our way in the amazing digressions of the ampler versions. It is not easy to unriddle Pepys's character, and it is now only too easy to misinterpret him. For this, as we have said, he is himself responsible. It is dangerous to excuse the editorial treason of picking and choosing,[3] or to tolerate mere squeamishness in giving a man's book to men, but there may be occasions when the higher requirements of biography may be served by silence. We have no warrant for saying that this was Lord Braybrooke's real intention, but it is conceivable that he was concerned to preserve the relationship of the lights and shadows of the earlier picture, which he felt must remain the true presentment. Though the first edition is rather tentative and vexingly erroneous, the last which Lord Braybrooke saw through the press leaves little to be desired except in textual emendation.[4]

If the sequence of less and less expurgated editions of the *Diary* has helped us but poorly to solve the problem why Pepys wrote as he did, and

George Bell and Sons in 1893-1896. Two supplementary volumes, one an Index, the other entitled *Pepysiana, or Additional Notes on the Particulars of Pepys's Life and on some Passages in the Diary*, were added in 1899. Mr. Wheatley had dealt with some of this matter in an earlier book, *Samuel Pepys and the World he lived in* (1880), which had been published as a supplementary volume to the edition by Mynors Bright. The eight volume edition of the *Diary* (with the *Index*) was reprinted in eight vols. sm. 8vo in 1905.

Portions of the voluminous correspondence are given in the last volume of Lord Braybrooke's and Mr. Mynors Bright's editions, and in Smith's *Life, Journals, and Correspondence* (1841). Clues to other letters will be found in Mr. Tanner's *Descriptive Catalogue, u.s.*, and Mr. Firth's article, *u.s.*

[1] *A Continuation of Mr. Collier's Supplement to the Great Historical Dictionary.* London, 1705.

[2] Evelyn's *Diary*, May 26, 1703.

[3] After all, it is only a question of degree. For in the present case *no* edition is complete. And the most complete edition claims that no other *dare* outdo it.

[4] See the Preface to this edition.

for no one but himself, it has not lessened the fascination of that problem. Some men of artistic temperament have made free with their private moments because confession sorted with some purpose of art or gave emotional relief. Most men, imaginative or dull, edit their lives, and choose to forget what they have withheld. Yet Pepys, who was worldly wise, punctilious in convention, morbidly fearful of making a *faux pas*[1] and of having his innocent actions misconstrued, who, when he thought he should not be in a play-house, sat in a corner in dread of recognition, and who on other occasions not so innocent had less thought of repentance than of ravelling the clues to his escapades — this man has withheld nothing from this confidant Journal. Clearly he did not mean that anybody else should read it — at any time. Why, then, did he write it? It is surely a poor answer to say, as has been said, that the *Diary* is material preparatory to an intended autobiography, a reminder to him of his private business with colleagues, of the hundred worries which would have given point to character-sketches of his contemporaries. And it is scarcely to be believed, though we are forced to it logically, if we accept this view, that the voluminous supplement dealing with his broils at home, his doings in 'blind' taverns, his medical confidences, was deliberately planned as an historical aid to his future presentment of his own character! What a pity it would be to transform the master gossip into a professor of psychology! The late Mr. Stevenson, in an essay, perhaps the best which has been written on this subject,[2] inclined to the opinion that Pepys intended to 'buttonhole posterity,' though he allowed that this purpose was 'neither his first nor his deepest.' The essayist saw proof of an acquiescence in the thought of 'far-distant publicity' in two facts, that the *Diary* was not destroyed, and that the *Diarist* had taken pains to confound the cipher in the 'roguish' passages. Do these 'facts' prove that Pepys cherished a 'twinkling hope of immortality' through the good offices of the Journal? It is true that he was careful to tear up papers ('not fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly'[3]), and to burn one lewd volume — after he had read it ('that it might not be among my books to my shame'[4]); but it is by no means obvious that he preserved the *Diary*, either because it was more 'fit to be seen,' or because he hoped it would be seen in the future, near or remote. There is perhaps some measure of truth in Mr. Stevenson's view that in the recording of these egotistical minutiæ[5] the 'appeal to Samuel Pepys years hence is unmistakable.' Yet this is just as we find it in thousands of other cases, which vary in degree, because some of us are less expectant of the pleasures of reminiscence, and less concerned in cutting our names and dates on every stile we climb. And it is not always certain that we have any plans for the future when we make these little notes on our way. Pepys, we believe, had no such thought. At all events let us not confound the evidence of this universal habit in him with evidence, more or less doubtful, of a deliberate Pepysian plot for the ultimate discovery of his own secrets. One characteristic has been overlooked by those who hold the theory of his connivance. It is observable that, though the

[1] Or of being found out. Cf. the Luce episode on p. 484.

[2] 'Samuel Pepys,' in *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*.

[3] p. 295. [4] Ed. 1896, vii. p. 312.

[5] *E.g.* when he records the passing of the bellman 'just under my window as I was writing of this very line' (p. 4).

Diary maintains its astounding frankness to the end, the writer is more and more anxious to find excuses. Thus when he records the burning of the foresaid work he protests that there can be 'no wrong once to read it for information sake';[1] or, again, when he tells how his heart 'ached' to hear the loose talk of his companions one evening at Vauxhall, he adds, 'worth a man's being in for once, to know the nature of it, and their manner of talk, and lives.'[2] But the appeal here, and in other places, to a possible reader, other than himself, is only apparent. These apologies mark the growth of the influence of convention in the life of this never unconventional man. We believe that had the *Diary* been continued into the last decades of the century, its personal interest would have been greatly diminished. In it he is beginning to explain things to *himself*; in due course he would have said little or nothing requiring explanation. The tenor of his life, and of the *Diary* itself, shows a widening breach between him and his imaginary readers. It is hard to believe that he wished us to know about Bagwell, and Mercer, and Willet, or that he thought we should know because he had been so careful to preserve in the recesses of his closet the confessions of these lively years. If, with Mr. Stevenson, we marvel at that passage which tells how he took forcibly and destroyed a written complaint of his wife's, lest its disagreeable contents should get abroad, if we rub our eyes as we read the details which on his own showing it was his interest to suppress, do we not rub them more when we are told by his biographers that he had a 'twinkling hope' that *we* should some day know everything?

Something of the mystery of this matter lurks round the character of Pepys himself. We are deluded by the actuality of the *Diary*, by its crowd of facts and by its frankness, into the belief that nothing has escaped us. The book is an outstanding example of the dangers which beset the writing and the interpretation of studies in realism. In the crush of detail we lose the due proportion and correlation of the facts; and we give a false emphasis to some. For the crude popular conception of the writer's character the writer is himself responsible; that it is so crude is at once proof how easily the extremely realistic manner may be thwarted of its purpose. Yet we do know something of Pepys's spirit, and that not less clearly from some critical asides of his than from the direct narrative of his fussing and playing. He tells that, having incurred some expense over a framed print, he thought the sum 'more than is fit to lay out on pleasure,' yet, '*it being ingenious*,' he 'did not think much of it.'[3] And again, and often, he speaks of the zest of life which possesses him. 'So to sleep,' he says, 'every day bringing me a fresh sense of the pleasure of my present life;[4] and at another time, 'And I did, as I love to do, enjoy myself.'[5] Intense curiosity and the sheer joy of living, these are the main elements of his character. The *Diary* may be said to be a commentary on these; and they explain the *Diary*. He is delighted with anything new 'for information sake,' with experiments of all kinds, in ship-building, in physiology, in new musical instruments, in strange dishes, unfamiliar taverns, fresh street acquaintances, in optical toys, in head-gear and coats,—in all with infinite relish, be it the inspection of a dockyard or the taking out of the wheels and springs of a watch. Every page evinces this uncontrollable curiosity, and also the range and keenness of his love of

[1] Ed. 1896, vii. p. 311. [2] p. 656. [3] p. 435.
[4] Ed. 1896, i. p. 113. [5] p. 633.

pleasure. No man has lived so fully, or bent his mind and body so to the mood of the moment. He finds pleasure in his vows of restraint, even in rehearsing the most vexing contretemps. The whole-heartedness of this interest in everything around him has tempted us sometimes to find analogies in the ways of children. The irrepressible habit of inquiry, the bubbling delight in raree-shows, cake-feasts, and new clothes, the simple cunning, the soothing of conscience by the veriest quibbles and appeals to the letter when the desire is still unsubdued, the unreasonableness, and at the same time the honest admiration of those who excelled in any accomplishment—all these boyish traits come to mind as we read the *Diary*. Yet how strange it is that despite this impression, and the direct evidence of the book that the writer was not much more than a boy in years when he began his record, we so often think of him as a man of maturity. Indeed, the off-hand popular opinion persists in making him an old fellow.[1] It is possible that neither impression is quite correct, and that the true explanation is to be found in the adaptability of his character. His talent is of the passive kind; it assimilates, reciprocates. We catch him in different attitudes; he catches himself, and with no note of surprise, in every kind of inconsistency, intellectual and moral.[2] The enigma of his mixed life of cowardice and manliness, of genuine affection and infidelity, of public honesty and corruption, cannot be solved unless we allow that he lacked the more aggressive qualities of character, even the untamed assertion of the child, and that he was merely receptive of each and every influence which he encountered. If there be any connexion between these varied experiences, anything which binds them together and helps us to explain them, one with another, it is his vanity. To his egotism we are indebted for this sustained record of his daily mood. By it he was prompted to the frankness which has amazed posterity. *He* would have been not less amazed had he found himself convicted of a critical purpose in thus jotting down what he saw and felt, or sometimes thought he saw and felt; certainly still more amazed had he learned that he planned this cipher-tale for us, and for his own greater fame.

Speculation on his character, and on the meaning of the *Diary*, will be most profitable when it leads us to see how absolutely Pepys reflects the spirit of the England of the Restoration. For his cardinal qualities, his curiosity and his joy of life, were the humours of that age when men would be amused and would take life comfortably, and, above all things, would be done with the spiritual aggressiveness of Puritan rule. And in this record of his life we see not merely that keenness to find and to enjoy which reproduces in miniature the ardour of the Virtuosi and of the courtier-folk who aped their Merry Monarch, but the gradual transformation of the individual, as of society, to that epicurean interest in life and its problems which so distinguishes this period from all others in the national history. The *Diary* has not only displayed the tableaux of these spectacular nine years, but it has supplied the clues, as no other contemporary document has done, or done so well, to the internal process of change. It helps us to understand, partly by its own

[1] Yet in 1678, when he was forty-five years of age, he is described in the documents dealing with Atkins's Case as an 'elderly gentleman, who had known softness and the pleasures of life!' (Quoted by B. i. xx. *n.*)

[2] Cf. p. 544, 'But it is pretty to see how I look up and down for, and did spy Knipp,' etc.

inconsequence, how a young enthusiast, whose comment on the final act at Whitehall was that 'the memory of the wicked shall rot,' took fresh form in the periwigged Clerk of the Acts, to whom the sight of the royal sinner's son at dinner, or of his mistress's smocks fluttering in the palace garden, was an infinite pleasure. In it we get the accent and flush of these strange days. Great as is the fascination of this most personal document as a problem in literary psychology, not less great is its interest to us as an interpreter of an age which we people with lewd Rochesters or mere Vicars of Bray. Had Pepys had any purpose in saving it for posterity, surely this it would have been. But men do not deal thus consciously with the future; and had the Clerk of the Acts so drawn his plans we should have lost all that is most precious to us. Had he been blessed with imagination, he would have given us nothing better than another Rugge's Journal or a bourgeois Clarendon.

CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONAL NOTES

P. 1, col. 1, l. 2. *Delete* comma *after* 'year.'

P. 6, col. 2, l. 23. *For* '19s.' *read* '10s.'

P. 49, col. 2, n. 4. *Add* '*Reformado*: an officer with rank but no command; hence applied in the Navy to gentlemen's sons who served under letters from the King without being on the regular establishment.' Tanner, *Descriptive Cat. of Pepysian MSS.* (Navy Records Society), i. 190 n.

P. 73, col. 1, n. 2. *Read as in note on* p. 112, col. 1.

P. 243, col. 1, n. 3. Pepys refers, more probably, to the *Advancement of Learning*, II. 24, § 8. It may be noted that Comenius's *Faber Fortunae, sive Ars consulendi sibi ipsi: itemque Regulae Vitae Sapientis* had appeared at Amsterdam in 1657. In it we read: 'Scientiarum augmenta ingeniose perquirens illustris aevi nostri scriptor, Franciscus Baro de Verulamio . . . hanc doctrinae partem, quae de Fortuna Fabricanda est, in desideratis posuit, utpote a nemine hactenus pertractatam: quid in sapientiae studiis spectare oporteat, cum alibi tum hic sapienter commonefaciens.' Pepys refers to Comenius (see p. 394), and he may have secured a copy during his Dutch visits.

P. 410, col. 2 (also pp. 412, 483, 551). *For* 'Polichinello' *read* 'Polichinelle,' as on pp. 645 and 675. The texts give four varieties of termination: *-o*, *-y*, *-i*, and *-e*.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

1659

BLESSED be God, at the end of the last year, I was in very good health, without any sense of my old pain, but upon taking of cold.[1] I lived in Axe Yard,[2] having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other in family than us three.

The condition of the State was thus: viz., the Rump, after being disturbed by my Lord Lambert,[3] was lately returned to sit again. The officers of the Army all forced to yield. Lawson[4] lies still in the river, and Monk[5] is with his army in Scotland. Only my Lord Lambert is not yet come into the Parliament, nor is it expected that he will, without being forced to it. The new Common Council of the City do speak very high; and had sent to Monk their sword-bearer to acquaint him with their desires for a free and full Parliament, which is at present the desires and the hopes and the expectations of all: twenty-two of the old secluded members having been at the House-door the last week to demand entrance, but it was denied them; and it is believed that neither they nor the people will be satisfied till the House be filled. My own private condition very handsome, and esteemed rich, but indeed very poor; besides my goods of my house, and my office, which at present is somewhat uncertain. Mr. Downing master of my office.[1]

[1] On March 26, 1658, Pepys had undergone an operation for the stone.

[2] Axe Yard, which derived its name from 'The Axe,' a brewhouse on the west side of King Street, Westminster, was, with Duffin's Alley, transformed to Fludyer Street (c. 1767). On its site Government offices were built in 1864-65.

[3] John Lambert (1619-1683), the Parliamentarian leader; at this time member of the Committee of Safety. He was a 'Lord' of the Cinque Ports; but Pepys applies the title loosely here and elsewhere in accordance with contemporary usage.

[4] John Lawson, commander of the Fleet, 1659; knighted 1660. He died of a wound received while leading the Red Squadron in the Dutch War (1665).

[5] George Monk (1608-1670), afterwards first Duke of Albemarle.

January 1660

Jan. 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning (we living lately in the garret) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's[2] chapel at Exeter House,[3] where he made a very good sermon upon these words:—'That in the fulness of time God sent his Son, made of a woman,' etc.; showing that by 'made under the law' is meant the circumcision, which is solemnized this day. Dined at home in the garret, where my wife dressed the remains of a turkey; and in the doing of it she burned her hand. I stayed at home the whole afternoon, looking over my accounts; then went with my wife to my father's, and in going observed the great posts which the City workmen set up at the Conduit in Fleet Street.

[1] George Downing, created baronet in 1663, was teller of the Exchequer.

[2] Peter Gunning (1614-1684), afterwards Bishop of Chichester and of Ely. He achieved notoriety by his Episcopalian services during the Commonwealth.

[3] Exeter House, on the north side of the Strand, built by Lord Burleigh, and named after his son Thomas Cecil, first Earl of Exeter (1542-1622). Its site is occupied by portions of Burleigh Street and Exeter Street. The modern Exeter Hall stands a little to the west.

2nd. Walked a great while in Westminster Hall, where I heard that Lambert was coming up to London; that my Lord Fairfax[1] was in the head of the Irish brigade, but it was not certain what he would declare for.[2] The House was to-day upon finishing the act for the Council of State, which they did; and for the indemnity to the soldiers; and were to sit again thereupon in the afternoon. Great talk that many places had declared for a free Parliament; and it is believed that they will be forced to fill up the House with the old members. From the Hall I called at home, and so went to Mr. Crewe's[3] (my wife she was to go to her father's); and Mr. Moore and I and another gentleman went out and drank a cup of ale together in the new market,[4] and there I ate some bread and cheese for my dinner.

3rd. To Whitehall, where I understood that the Parliament had passed the act of indemnity for the soldiers and officers that would come in, in so many days, and that my Lord Lambert should have benefit of the said act. They had also voted that all vacancies in the House, by the death of any of the old members, should be filled up; but those that are living shall not be called in.

4th. Strange the difference of men's talk. Some say that Lambert must of necessity yield up; others, that he is very strong and that the Fifth-monarchy-men will stick to him, if he declares for a free Parliament. Chillington was sent yesterday to him with the vote of pardon and indemnity from the Parliament. Went and walked in the Hall, where I heard that the Parliament spent this day in fasting and prayer; and in the afternoon came letters from the North, that brought certain news that my Lord Lambert his forces were all forsaking him, and that he was left with only fifty horse, and that he did now declare for the Parliament himself; and that my Lord Fairfax did also rest satisfied, and had laid down his arms, and that what he had done was only to secure the country against my Lord Lambert his raising of money, and free quarter. I met with the clerk and quarter-master of my Lord's[1] troop, and Mr. Jenkins showed me two bills of exchange for money to receive upon my Lord's and my pay.

5th. I dined with Mr. Shepley,[2] at my Lord's lodgings, upon his turkey-pie. And so to my office again; where the Excise money was brought, and some of it told to soldiers till it was dark. Then I went home, after writing to my Lord the news that the Parliament had this night voted that the members that were discharged from sitting in the years 1648 and 1649 were duly discharged; and that there should be writs issued presently for the calling of others in their places, and that Monk and Fairfax were commanded up to town, and that the Prince's lodgings were to be provided for Monk at Whitehall. Then my wife and I, it being a great frost, went to Mrs. Jem's,[3] in expectation to eat a sack-posset, but Mr. Edward not coming, it was put off; and I left my wife playing at cards with her, and went myself to Mr. Fage, to consult concerning my nose, who told me it was nothing but cold. Mr. Fage and I did discourse concerning public business; and he told me it is true the City had not time enough to do much, but they are resolved to shake off the soldiers; and that, unless there be a free Parliament chosen, he did believe there are half the Common Council will not levy any money by order of this Parliament.

6th. This morning Mr. Shepley and I did eat our breakfast at Mrs. Harper's (my brother John[4] being with me) upon a

[1] Thomas, third Baron Fairfax (1612-1671), the Parliamentary Commander-in-Chief (1649).

[2] He had supported the peace party and had tried to prevent the execution of the King. He was president of the commission sent to Charles II. at the Hague.

[3] John Crewe, M.P. for Northamptonshire, created Baron Crewe of Stene, 1661.

[4] In Lincoln's Inn Fields; afterwards known as Clare Market.

[1] Admiral Sir Edward Montague or Mountagu, afterwards Viscount Hinchinbroke and Earl of Sandwich (1625-1672). Pepys had been in his service since 1656, and had accompanied him in his expedition to the Sound in 1659.

[2] He seems to have been the steward at Hinchinbroke. [B.]

[3] Jemima, eldest daughter of Sir Edward Montagu. 'Mr. Edward' was her eldest brother.

[4] John Pepys (b. 1641), afterwards in holy orders, died unmarried in 1677. He was Clerk of the Trinity House, and succeeded Samuel as Clerk of the Acts of the Navy.

cold turkey-pie and a goose. At my office, where we paid money to the soldiers till one o'clock; and I took my wife to my cousin, Thomas Pepys, and found them just sat down to dinner, which was very good; only the venison pasty was palpable beef, which was not handsome.

7th. At my office receiving money of the probate of wills.

8th. (Lord's day.) In the morning went to Mr. Gunning's, where a good sermon, wherein he showed the life of Christ, and told as good authority for us to believe that Christ did follow his father's trade, and was a carpenter till thirty years of age.

9th. I rose early this morning, and looked over and corrected my brother John's speech, which he is to make the next apposition.[1] I met with W. Simons, Muddiman, and Jack Price, and went with them to Harper's, and stayed till two of the clock in the afternoon. I found Muddiman a good scholar, an arch-rogue; and owns that though he writes new books for the Parliament, yet he did declare that he did it only to get money; and did talk very basely of many of them. Among other things, W. Simons told me how his uncle Scobell[2] was on Saturday last called to the bar, for entering in the journal of the House, for the year 1653, these words: 'This day his Excellence the Lord General Cromwell dissolved this House'; which words the Parliament voted a forgery, and demanded of him how they came to be entered. He said that they were his own handwriting, and that he did it by virtue of his office, and the practice of his predecessor; and that the intent of the practice was to let posterity know how such and such a Parliament was dissolved, whether by the command of the King, or by their own neglect, as the last House of Lords was; and that to this end, he had said and writ that it was dissolved by his Excellency the Lord G.; and that for the word dissolved, he never at the time did hear of any other term; and desired pardon if he would not dare to make a word himself when it was six years after, before they came themselves to call it an interruption; that they were so little satisfied with this answer, that they did choose a committee to report to the House, whether this crime of Mr. Scobell's did come within the act of indemnity or no. Thence into the Hall, where I heard for certain that Monk was coming to London, and that Bradshaw's[1] lodgings were preparing for him. I heard Sir H. Vane[2] was this day voted out of the House, and to sit no more there; and that he would retire himself to his house at Raby;[3] as also all the rest of the nine officers, that had their commissions formerly taken away from them, were commanded to their furthest houses from London during the pleasure of the Parliament.

10th. To the Coffee-house, where were a great confluence of gentlemen: viz., Mr. Harrington,[4] Poultny,[5] chairman, Gold,[6] Dr. Petty,[7] etc., where admirable discourse till 9 at night. Thence with Doling to Mother Lam's, who told me how this day Scott[8] was made Intelligencer, and that the rest of the members that were objected against last night, were to be heard this day se'nnight.

13th. Coming in the morning to my office, I met with Mr. Fage, and took him to the Swan.[9] He told me how high Haselrigge[10] and Morley[11] the last night began at my Lord Mayor's to exclaim against the City of London, saying that they had forfeited their charter. And how the Chamberlain of the City did take them down, letting them know how much they were formerly beholden to the City, etc. He also told me that Monk's letter that came by the sword-bearer was a cunning piece, and that which they did not much trust to; but they were resolved to make

[1] Declamation at St. Paul's School.
[2] Henry Scobell (d. 1660), clerk of Parliament.

[1] John Bradshaw (1602-1659).
[2] Sir Henry Vane, the younger (1613-1662). His expulsion from the Long Parliament was followed by his arrest, in February.
[3] Raby Castle, in Durham.
[4] James Harrington (1611-1677), author of *The Commonwealth of Oceana*. He founded the 'Rota' club in 1659, which met at Miles's Coffee-house in Palace Yard, here referred to.
[5] Sir William Pulteney (d. 1671), afterwards a Commissioner of the Privy Seal under William III.
[6] Probably Edward Gold, merchant.
[7] Sir William Petty (1623-1687), the economist.
[8] Thomas Scott, appointed Secretary of State a few weeks later. He was executed with his fellow-regicides in 1660.
[9] By the King's Mews at Charing Cross.
[10] Sir Arthur Haselrig, Bart., the Parliamentarian, who died in the Tower in Jan. 1661.
[11] Colonel Herbert Morley (1616-1667).

no more applications to the Parliament, nor to pay any money, unless the secluded members be brought in, or a free Parliament chosen. To Mrs. Jem, and found her up and merry, as it did not prove the small-pox, but the swine-pox; so I played a game or two at cards with her.

16th. In the morning I went up to Mr. Crewe's, who did talk to me concerning things of State; and expressed his mind how just it was that the secluded members should come to sit again. From thence to my office, where nothing to do; but Mr. Downing came and found me all alone; and did mention to me his going back into Holland,[1] and did ask me whether I would go or no, but gave me little encouragement, but bid me consider of it; and asked me whether I did not think that Mr. Hawley could perform the work of my office alone. I confess I was at a great loss all the day after to bethink myself how to carry this business. I stayed up till the bell-man came by with his bell just under my window as I was writing of this very line, and cried, 'Past one of the clock, and a cold, frosty, windy morning.'

17th. In our way to Kensington we understood how that my Lord Chesterfield had killed another gentleman about half an hour before, and was fled.[2] I went to the Coffee Club[3] and heard very good discourse; it was in answer to Mr. Harrington's answer, who said that the state of the Roman government was not a settled government, and so it was no wonder that the balance of propriety[4] was in one hand and the command in another, it being therefore always in a posture of war; but it was carried by ballot that it was a steady government, though it is true by the voices it had been carried before that it was an unsteady government; so to-morrow it is to be proved by the opponents that the balance lay in one hand, and the government in another. Thence I went to Westminster, and met Shaw and Washington,[1] who told me how this day Sydenham[2] was voted out of the House for sitting any more this Parliament, and that Salloway[3] was voted out likewise and sent to the Tower during the pleasure of the House. At Harper's, Jack Price told me, among other things, how much the Protector is altered, though he would seem to bear out his trouble very well, yet he is scarce able to talk sense with a man; and how he will say that, 'Who should a man trust, if he may not trust to a brother and an uncle'; and, 'how much those men have to answer before God Almighty, for their playing the knave with him as they did.' He told me also that there was £100,000 offered, and would have been taken, for his restitution, had not the Parliament come in as they did again; and that he do believe that the Protector will live to give a testimony of his valour and revenge yet before he dies, and that the Protector will say so himself sometimes.

18th. I interpreted my lord's letter by his character.[4] All the world is at a loss to think what Monk will do: the City saying that he will be for them, and the Parliament saying he will be for them.

19th. This morning I was sent for to Mr. Downing, and at his bedside he told me that he had a kindness for me, and that he thought that he had done me one; and that was, that he had got me to be one of the Clerks of the Council; at which I was a little stumbled,[5] and could not tell what to do, whether to thank him or no; but by and by I did; but not very heartily, for I feared that his doing of it was only to ease himself of the salary[6] which he gives me. I read the answer of the Dutch Ambassador to our State, in answer to the reasons of my Lord's coming home, which he gave for his coming, and did labour to contradict my Lord's arguments for his coming home. Mr. Moore and I went

[1] He was Resident at the Hague in 1657, 1659, and 1660.

[2] Philip Stanhope, second Earl of Chesterfield (1633-1713), had already fought two duels, for which he had been sent to the Tower in 1658. His victim, on this occasion, was a son of a Dr. Woolly at Hammersmith, with whom he had quarrelled about a mare. The duel was fought at Kensington, 'on the backside of Mr. Colby's house.' The Earl fled, but was pardoned by Charles II. in 1660.

[3] See Jan. 10, 1660.

[4] *I.e.* property.

[1] See July 1, 1660.

[2] Colonel William Sydenham (1615-1661) had championed the army against the Parliament. He was the elder brother of Thomas Sydenham, the physician.

[3] Richard Salwey (1615-1685). He had been Ambassador at Constantinople, and latterly (1659) a member of the Committee of Safety.

[4] Cipher.

[5] *I.e.* put out.

[6] See Jan. 30, 1660.

to the French Ordinary, where Mr. Downing this day feasted Sir Arthur Haselrigge and a great many more of the Parliament, and did stay to put him in mind of me. Here he gave me a note to go and invite some other members to dinner to-morrow. So I went to Whitehall, and did stay at Marsh's with Simons, Luellin, and all the rest of the Clerks of the Council, who I hear are all turned out, only the two Leighs; and they do all tell me that my name was mentioned last night, but that nothing was done in it.

20th. In the morning I met Lord Widdrington[1] in the street, going to seal the patents for the Judges to-day, and so could not come to dinner. This day, three citizens of London went to meet Monk from the Common Council. Received my £25 due by bill for my trooper's pay. At the Mitre,[2] in Fleet Street, in our way calling on Mr. Fage, who told me how the City have some hopes of Monk. This day Lenthall[3] took his chair again, and the House resolved a declaration to be brought in on Monday, to satisfy the world what they intend to do. At Westminster Hall, where Mrs. Lane[4] and the rest of the maids had their white scarfs, all having been at the burial of a young bookseller in the Hall.[5]

22nd. (Lord's day.) To church in the afternoon to Mr. Herring,[6] where a lazy, poor sermon. This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes.

23rd. This day the Parliament sat late, and resolved of the declaration to be printed for the people's satisfaction, promising them a great many good things. In the garden at Whitehall, going through to the Stone Gallery,[7] I fell in a ditch, it being very dark.

24th. I took my wife to Mr. Pierce's,[1] she in her way being exceedingly troubled with a pair of new pattens, and I vexed to go so slow, it being late. We found Mrs. Carrick very fine, and one Mr. Lucy, who called one another husband and wife, and after dinner a great deal of mad stir. There was pulling off Mrs. bride's and Mr. bridegroom's ribbons,[2] and a great deal of fooling among them that I and my wife did not like. Mr. Lucy and several other gentlemen coming in after dinner, swearing and singing as if they were mad, only he singing very handsomely. There came in also Mr. Southerne, clerk to Mr. Blackburne,[3] and with him Lambert,[4] lieutenant of my Lord's ship, and brought with them the declaration that came out to-day from the Parliament, wherein they declare for law and gospel, and for tithes; but I do not find people apt to believe them. This day the Parliament gave orders that the late Committee of Safety should come before them this day se'nnight, and all their papers, and their model of Government that they had made, to be brought in with them. Mr. Crumlum[5] gave my father directions what to do about getting my brother an exhibition, and spoke very well of him.

25th. Coming home, heard that in Cheapside there had been but a little before a gibbet set up, and the picture of Huson[6] hung upon it in the middle of the street. I called at Paul's Churchyard, where I bought Buxtorf's *Hebrew Grammar*; and read a declaration of the gentle-

[1] Sir Thomas Widdrington (d. 1664), Serjeant-at-Law; Speaker 1656. He was a Commissioner of the Great Seal, and Lord Chief-Baron of Exchequer.

[2] *I.e.* Dr. Johnson's Mitre Tavern in Mitre Court, Fleet Street, originally Joe's Coffee-house; *not* the earlier 'Mitre' of Ben Jonson's time.

[3] William Lenthall (1591-1662), Speaker of the restored Long Parliament.

[4] See Jan. 10, 1661.

[5] A portion of Westminster Hall was for long let out (to the profit of the Warden of the Fleet) to booksellers, milliners, and smallware dealers.

[6] See August 17, 1662.

[7] The Privy Garden (now Whitehall Gardens) was hidden on the river-side by the Stone Gallery.

[1] James Pierce, surgeon to the Duke of York, husband of Mrs. Pierce, referred to *passim*; not Pierce the Purser, named in the entry of August 27, 1660.

[2] An old custom at marriage festivities, from which the modern practice of giving wedding favours is derived. At the marriage of Charles II. and the Infanta, 'the Bishop of London declared them married in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and then they caused the ribbons her Majesty wore to be cut in little pieces; and as far as they would go, every one had some.' (Lady Fanshawe's *Memoirs*, quoted by Lord Braybrooke.)

[3] Robert Blackburne, Secretary to the Admiralty.

[4] *I.e.* Lieutenant, afterwards Captain Lambert. See Oct. 4, 1660, etc.

[5] Samuel Cromleholme (1618-1672), headmaster of St. Paul's School from 1657.

[6] John Hewson, the 'one-ey'd cobbler,' Commander of Cromwell's Foot in Ireland. At the Restoration he fled abroad, and died in 1662, at Amsterdam.

men of Northampton which came out this afternoon. To Mr. Crewe's about a picture to be sent into the country, of Mr. Thomas Crewe, to my Lord.

26th. Called for some papers at Whitehall for Mr. Downing, one of which was an Order of the Council for £1800 per annum, to be paid monthly; and the other two, Orders to the Commissioners of Customs, to let his goods pass free. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner: viz., a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and two dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner, his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom. The news this day is a letter that speaks absolutely Monk's concurrence with this Parliament, and nothing else, which yet I hardly believe. I wrote two characters[1] for Mr. Downing, and carried them to him.[2]

28th. I went to Mr. Downing, who told me that he was resolved to be gone for Holland this morning. So I to my office again, and dispatch my business there, and came with Mr. Hawley to Mr. Downing's lodging, and took Mr. Squib from Whitehall in a coach thither with me, and there we waited in his chamber a great while, till he came in; and, in the meantime, sent all his things to the barge that lays[3] at Charing Cross stairs. Then came he in, and took a very civil leave of me, beyond my expectations, for I was afraid that he would have told me something of removing me from my office; but he did not, but that he would do me any service that lay in his power. So I went down, and sent a porter to my house for my best fur cap, but, he coming too late with it, I did not present it to him; and so I returned and went to Heaven,[4] where Luellin and I dined.

29th. (Lord's day.) In the morning I went to Mr. Gunning's, where he made an excellent sermon upon the 2nd of the Galatians, about the difference that fell between St. Paul and St. Peter, whereby he did prove that, contrary to the doctrine of the Roman Church, St. Paul did never own any dependence, or that he was inferior to St. Peter, but that they were equal, only one a particular charge of preaching to the Jews, and the other to the Gentiles. Casting up my accounts, I do find myself to be worth £40 and more, which I did not think, but am afraid that I have forgot something.

30th. This morning, before I was up, I fell a-singing of my song, 'Great, good, and just,' etc.,[1] and put myself thereby in mind that this was the fatal day, now ten years since, his Majesty died. There seems now to be a general cease of talk, it being taken for granted that Monk do resolve to stand to the Parliament, and nothing else. I took my £12 : 19s. due to me for my last quarter's salary.

31st. After dinner to Westminster Hall, where all we clerks had orders to wait upon the Committee at the Star Chamber that is to try Colonel Jones,[2] and to give an account what money we had paid him; but the Committee did not sit to-day. I bought the answer to General Monk's letter, which is a very good one, and I keep it by me. Thence to Mrs. Jem, where I found her maid in bed in a fit of the ague, and Mrs. Jem among the people below at work, and by and by she came up hot and merry, as if they had given her wine, at which I was troubled, but said nothing; after a game at cards, I went home. Called in at Harper's with Mr. Pulsford, servant to Mr. Waterhouse,[3] who tells me that whereas my Lord Fleetwood[4] should have answered to the

[1] Ciphers.

[2] This sentence belongs to the entry for the 27th, in later editions.

[3] *I.e.* lies.

[4] A tavern partly under Westminster Hall, on the site of the Committee Rooms of the House of Commons. By it stood 'Hell,' a low pot-house, originally a gaol for debtors. Both places are frequently mentioned. Cf. Ben Jonson, *Alchemist*, V. ii. See Nov. 12, 1660.

[1] The verses on the execution of Charles I. are by the Marquis of Montrose. Pepys may have written the music.

[2] Colonel John Jones, one of the regicides executed in 1660. He was Cromwell's brother-in-law.

[3] Probably Edward Waterhouse (1619-1670), a miscellaneous writer, chiefly on heraldic subjects.

[4] Charles Fleetwood (d. 1692), member of the Cromwellian House of Lords and commander-in-chief (1659). He led the army-party against Parliament.

Parliament to-day, he wrote a letter and desired a little more time, he being a great way out of town. And how that he is quite ashamed of himself, and confesses how he had deserved this, for his baseness to his brother. And that he is like to pay part of the money, paid out of the Exchequer during the Committee of Safety, out of his own purse again, which I am glad of. I could find nothing in Mr. Downing's letter, which Hawley brought me, concerning my office; but I could discern that Hawley had a mind that I would get to be Clerk of the Council, I suppose that he might have the greater salary; but I think it not safe yet to change this for a public employment.

February 1660

February 1st. Took Gammer East, and James the porter, a soldier, to my Lord's lodgings, who told me how they were drawn into the field to-day, and that they were ordered to march away to-morrow, to make room for General Monk; but they did shout their Colonel Fitch[1] and the rest of the officers out of the field, and swore they would not go without their money, and, if they would not give it them, they would go where they might have it, and that was the City. So the Colonel went to the Parliament, and commanded what money could be got, to be got against to-morrow for them, and all the rest of the soldiers in town, who in all places made a mutiny this day, and do agree together.

2nd. To my office, where I found all the officers of the regiments in town waiting to receive money, that their soldiers might go out of town, and what was in the Exchequer they had. Harper, Luellin, and I went to the Temple, to Mr. Calthrop's chamber, and from thence had his man by water to London Bridge, to Mr. Calthrop, a grocer, and received £60 for my Lord. In our way we talked with our waterman White, who told us how the watermen had lately been abused by some that had a desire to get in to be watermen to the State, and had lately presented an address of nine or ten thousand hands to stand by this Parliament, when it was only told them that it was a petition against hackney-coaches; and that to-day they had put out another, to undeceive the world, and to clear themselves. After I had received the money, we went homewards; but over-against Somerset House, hearing the noise of guns, we landed and found the Strand full of soldiers. So I took up my money and went to Mrs. Johnson, my Lord's sempstress, and giving her my money to lay up, Doling and I went upstairs to a window, and looked out and saw the Foot face the Horse and beat them back, and stood bawling and calling in the street for a free Parliament and money. By and by a drum was heard to beat a march coming towards them, and they all got ready again and faced them, and they proved to be of the same mind with them; and so they made a great deal of joy to see one another. After all this, I went home on foot to lay up my money, and change my stockings and shoes. I this day left off my great skirt suit, and put on my white suit, with silver lace coat, and went over to Harper's, where I met with W. Simons, Doling, Luellin, and three merchants, one of which had occasion to use a porter, and so they sent for one; and James the soldier came, who told us how they had been all day and night upon their guard at St. James's, and that through the whole town they did resolve to stand to what they had begun, and that to-morrow he did believe they would go into the City and be received there. After this we went to a sport, called selling of a horse for a dish of eggs and herrings; and sat talking there till almost twelve at night.

3rd. Drank my morning draught at Harper's, and was told there that the soldiers were all quiet upon promise of pay. Thence to St. James's Park, back to Whitehall, where in a guard-chamber I saw about thirty or forty 'prentices of the City, who were taken at twelve o'clock last night, and brought prisoners hither. Thence to my office, where I

[1] Thomas Fitch, colonel of a regiment of Foot in 1658, M.P. for Inverness: he was also Lieutenant of the Tower. [B.]

paid a little more money to some of the soldiers under Lieut.-Col. Miller (who held out the Tower against the Parliament, after it was taken away from Fitch[1] by the Committee of Safety; and yet he continued in his office). About noon, Mrs. Turner[2] came to speak with me and Joyce, and I took them and showed them the manner of the Houses sitting, the doorkeeper very civilly opening the door for us. We went walking all over Whitehall, whither General Monk was newly come, and we saw all his forces march by in very good plight, and stout officers. After dinner I went to hear news, but only found that the Parliament House was most of them with Monk at Whitehall, and that in passing through the town he had many calls to him for a free Parliament, but little other welcome. I saw in the Palace Yard how unwilling some of the old soldiers were yet to go out of town without their money, and swore if they had it not in three days, as they were promised, they would do them more mischief in the country than if they had stayed here; and that is very likely, the country being all discontented. The town and guards are already full of Monk's soldiers. It growing dark, to take a turn in the Park, where Theoph. (she was sent for to us to dinner) outran my wife and another poor woman, that laid a pot of ale with me that she would outrun her.

4th. All the news to-day is that the Parliament this morning voted the House to be made up four hundred forthwith, Discourse at an alehouse about Marriott, the great eater;[3] so I was ashamed to eat what I could have done. I met Spicer in Lincoln's Inn Court, buying of a hanging-jack to roast birds upon. My wife killed her turkeys that came out of Zealand with my Lord, and could not get her maid Jane to kill anything at any time.

5th. (Lord's day.) At church I saw Dick Cumberland,[4] newly come out of the country from his living. In the Court of Wards I saw the three Lords Commissioners sitting upon some action where Mr. Scobell was concerned, and my Lord Fountaine[1] took him up very roughly about some things that he said.[2]

6th. To Westminster, where we found the soldiers all set in the Palace Yard, to make way for General Monk to come to the House. I stood upon the steps, and saw Monk go by, he making observance to the judges as he went along.

7th. Went to Paul's School, where he that made the speech for the seventh form in praise of the Founder,[3] did show a book which Mr. Crumlum had lately got, which he believed to be of the Founder's own writing. My brother John came off as well as any of the rest in the speeches. To the Hall, where in the Palace I saw Monk's soldiers abuse Billing and all the Quakers that were at a meeting-place there; and indeed the soldiers did use them very roughly, and were to blame. This day Mr. Crewe told me that my Lord St. John[4] is for a free Parliament, and that he is very great with Monk, who hath now the absolute command and power to do any thing that he hath a mind to do.

9th. Before I was out of my bed, I heard the soldiers very busy in the morning, getting their horses ready when they lay at Hilton's, but I knew not then their meaning in so doing. In the Hall I understand how Monk is this morning gone into London with his army; and Mr. Fage told me that he do believe that Monk is gone to secure some of the Common Council of the City, who were very high yesterday there, and did vote that they would not pay any taxes till the House was filled up. I went to my office, where I wrote to my Lord after I had been at the Upper Bench, where Sir Robert Pye this morning came to desire his discharge from the Tower; but it could not be granted.[5] I called at

[1] See Feb. 1, 1660. [2] *Née* Jane Pepys.

[3] John Marriott, called 'Ben Marriott,' notorious for his gluttony. His feats are described in a tract *The Great Eater of Gray's Inn* (1652). He died in 1653.

[4] Richard Cumberland (1631-1718), afterwards Bishop of Peterborough.

[1] Sir Thomas Widdrington and Serjeants Thomas Tyrrell and John Fountain had just been appointed Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal. [B.]

[2] See Jan. 9, 1660.

[3] John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's.

[4] Oliver St. John (d. 1673), Solicitor-General in 1643 and afterwards Chief-Justice of Common Pleas (1648). He went abroad in 1662.

[5] Sir Robert Pye, the younger (d. 1701), colonel of Horse under Fairfax, had been committed to the

Mr. Harper's, who told me how Monk had this day clapped up many of the Common Council, and that the Parliament had voted that he should pull down their gates and portcullises, their posts and their chains, which he do intend to do, and do lie in the City all night. To Westminster Hall, where I heard an action very finely pleaded between my Lord Dorset[1] and some other noble persons, his lady and other ladies of quality being there, and it was about £330 per annum that was to be paid to a poor Spittal,[2] which was given by some of his predecessors, and given on his side.

10th. Mr. Fage told me what Monk had done in the City; how he had pulled down the most part of the gates and chains that they could break down, and that he was now gone back to Whitehall. The City look mighty blank, and cannot tell what in the world to do; the Parliament having this day ordered that the Common Council sit no more, but that new ones be chosen, according to what qualifications they shall give them.

11th. I heard the news of a letter from Monk, who was now gone into the City again, and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House; and it was very strange how the countenance of men in the Hall was all changed with joy in half-an-hour's time. So I went up to the lobby, where I saw the Speaker reading of the letter; and after it was read, Sir A. Haselrigge came out very angry, and Billing, standing at the door, took him by the arm, and cried, 'Thou man, will thy beast carry thee no longer? thou must fall!' We took coach for the City to Guildhall, where the Hall was full of people expecting Monk and Lord Mayor to come thither, and all very joyful. Met Monk coming out of the chamber, where he had been with the Mayor and Aldermen; but such a shout I never heard in all my life, crying out, 'God bless your Excellence!' Here I met with Mr. Lock,[3] and took him to an alehouse. When we were come together, he told us the substance of the letter that went from Monk to the Parliament; wherein, after complaints that he and his officers were put upon such offices against the City as they could not do with any content or honour, it states that there are many members now in the House that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety. That Lambert and Vane are now in town, contrary to the vote of Parliament. That many in the House do press for new oaths to be put upon men; whereas we have more cause to be sorry for the many oaths that we have already taken and broken. That the late petition of the fanatic people presented by Barebones,[1] for the imposing of an oath upon all sorts of people, was received by the House with thanks. That therefore he[2] did desire that all writs for filling up of the House be issued by Friday next, and that in the meantime he would retire into the City, and only leave them guards for the security of the House and Council. The occasion of this was the order that he had last night to go into the City and disarm them, and take away their charter; whereby he and his officers said that the House had a mind to put them upon things that should make them odious; and so it would be in their power to do what they would with them. We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them; and that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried, 'God bless them!' and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp,[3] and so we went to the Star Tavern (Monk being then at Benson's). In Cheapside there were a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it

Tower for presenting a petition to the House of Commons complaining of the want of a settled form of government.

[1] Richard Sackville, fifth Earl of Dorset.

[2] Sackville College for the poor, at East Grinstead, founded by Robert Sackville, second Earl of Dorset, who died in 1609.

[3] Matthew Locke (? 1630-1677), the composer.

[1] Praise-God Barebones, or Barbon, the fanatical leather-seller, who, as member of the Parliament known by his name, opposed the Restoration.

[2] *i.e.* Monk.

[3] Sir Nicholas Crisp (d. 1666), merchant, was a keen royalist, who had raised a regiment for Charles I. He had been in trouble with the Parliament on account of certain monopolies. After the Restoration he was one of the Farmers of the Customs.

being about ten at night. But the common joy that was everywhere to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dustan's[1] and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge[2] I could at one view tell thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight; and all along, burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps,—there being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the Maypole in the Strand[3] rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of the spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.

12th. (Lord's day.) In the morning, it being Lord's day, to Whitehall, where Dr. Holmes[4] preached; but I stayed not to hear, but walking in the court, I heard that Sir Arthur Haselrigge was newly gone into the City to Monk, and that Monk's wife[5] removed from Whitehall last night. After dinner, I heard that Monk had been at Paul's in the morning, and the people had shouted much at his coming out of the church. In the afternoon he was at a church in Broad Street, whereabout he do lodge.[6] Walking with Mr. Kirton's[7] apprentice during evening church, and looking for a tavern to drink at, but not finding any open, we durst not knock. To my father's, where Charles Glascocke was overjoyed to see how things are now; who told me the boys had last night broke Barebones' windows.

13th. This day Monk was invited to Whitehall to dinner by my Lords; not seeming willing, he would not come. I went to Mr. Fage from my father's, who had been this afternoon with Monk, who did promise to live and die with the City, and for the honour of the City; and indeed the City is very open-handed to the soldiers, that they are most of them drunk all day, and had money given them.

14th. My wife, hearing Mr. Moore's voice in my dressing-chamber, got herself ready, and came down and challenged him for her Valentine. To Westminster Hall, there being many new remonstrances and declarations from many counties to Monk and the City, and one coming from the North from Sir Thomas Fairfax. I heard that the Parliament had now changed the oath so much talked of to a promise; and that, among other qualifications for the members that are to be chosen, one is that no man, nor the son of any man, that hath been in arms during the life of the father, shall be capable of being chosen to sit in Parliament. This day, by an order of the House, Sir H. Vane was sent out of town to his house in Lincolnshire.

15th. No news to-day, but all quiet to see what the Parliament will do about the issuing of the writs to-morrow for the filling up of the House, according to Monk's desire.

17th. To Westminster Hall, where I heard that some of the members of the House were gone to meet some of the secluded members and General Monk in the City. Hence to Whitehall, thinking to hear more news, where I met with Mr. Hunt, who told me how Monk had sent for all his goods that he had here into the City; and yet again he told me, that some of the members of the House had this day laid in firing into their lodgings at Whitehall for a good while, so that we are at a great stand to think what will become of things, whether Monk will stand to the Parliament or no.

18th. Drank with Mr. Wotton, who told a great many stories of comedies that he had formerly seen acted, and the names of the principal actors, and gave me a very good account of it. This day two soldiers were hanged in the Strand for their late mutiny at Somerset House.

19th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Gunning's

[1] In Fleet Street.

[2] A bridge crossing the Strand, near the east end of Catherine Street, under which a stream from St. Clement's Well passed to the Thames, by the old Strand Lane, near Somerset House.

[3] Near the site of the later church of St. Mary-le-Strand.

[4] Nathaniel Holmes (1599-1678), puritan divine, afterwards ejected by the Act of Uniformity. He was a voluminous writer of millenarian tracts.

[5] Anne Clarges.

[6] At the Glass House, once famous as a factory of Venetian glass. It was burnt down in the Great Fire.

[7] Joseph Kirton, bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard.

and heard an excellent sermon. Here I met with Mr. Moore, and went home with him to dinner, where he told me the discourse that happened between the secluded members and the members of the House, before Monk, last Friday. How the secluded said that they did not intend by coming in to express revenge upon these men, but only to meet and dissolve themselves, and only to issue writs for a free Parliament. He told me how Haselrigge was afraid to have the candle carried before him, for fear that the people, seeing him, would do him hurt; and that he is afraid to appear in the City. That there is great likelihood that the secluded members will come in, and so Mr. Crewe and my Lord are likely to be great men, at which I was very glad. After dinner there was many secluded members come in to Mr. Crewe, which, it being the Lord's day, did make Mr. Moore believe that there was something extraordinary in the business. Mr. Mossum[1] made a very good sermon, but only too eloquent for a pulpit.

20th. I went forth to Westminster Hall, where I met with Chetwind, Simons, and Gregory.[2] They told me how the Speaker Lenthall do refuse to sign the writs for choice of new members in the place of the excluded; and by that means the writs could not go out to-day. In the evening Simons and I to the Coffee Club[3] where I heard Mr. Harrington and my Lord of Dorset and another Lord talking of getting another place at the Cockpit,[4] and they did believe it would come to something. The Club broke up very poorly, and I do not think they will meet any more.

21st. In the morning I saw many soldiers going towards Westminster Hall, to admit the secluded members again. So I to Westminster Hall, and in Chancery I saw about twenty of them who had been at Whitehall with General Monk, who came thither this morning, and made a speech to them, and recommended to them a Commonwealth, and against Charles Stuart. They came to the House, and went in one after another, and at last the Speaker came. But it is very strange that this could be carried so private, that the other members of the House heard nothing of all this till they found them in the House; insomuch that the soldiers that stood there to let in the secluded members, they took for such as they had ordered to stand there to hinder their coming in. Mr. Prin[1] came with an old basket-hilt sword on, and had a great many shouts upon his going into the Hall. They sat till noon, and at their coming out Mr. Crewe saw me, and bid me come to his house and dine with him, which I did; and he very joyful told me that the House had made General Monk General of all the Forces in England, Scotland, and Ireland; and that upon Monk's desire, for the service that Lawson had lately done in pulling down the Committee of Safety, he had the command of the Sea for the time being. He advised me to send for my Lord forthwith, and told me that there is no question that, if he will, he may now be employed again; and that the House do intend to do nothing more than to issue writs, and to settle a foundation for a free Parliament. After dinner, I back to Westminster Hall with him in his coach. Here I met with Mr. Lock and Pursell,[2] Master of Music, and went with them to the Coffee-House, into a room next the water, by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two till Captain Taylor came and told us that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City[3] that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir G. Booth's[4] case be brought into the House to-morrow. Here we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made on these words, 'Domine salvum fac Regem.' Here out of the

[1] Robert Mossom (d. 1679), preacher at St. Peter's, Paul's Wharf, London, and afterwards (1666) Bishop of Derry.

[2] Mr. Gregory was, in 1672, Clerk of the Cheque at Chatham. [B.]

[3] *I.e.* Miles's.

[4] In Whitehall Palace.

[1] William Prynne (1600-1669), author of *Histriomastix* (1632).

[2] Henry Purcell, father of the composer of the same name, at this time a boy of two years.

[3] Richard Brown, William Wilde, John Robinson, and William Vincent. [B.]

[4] Sir George Booth (1622-1684), a 'New Royalist,' then a prisoner in the Tower. In 1661 he was created Baron Delamer.

windows it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to the other with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere. Mr. Fuller, of Christ's, told me very freely the temper of Mr. Widdrington,[1] how he did oppose all the fellows in the College, and feared it would be little to my brother's advantage to be his pupil.

22nd. Walking in the Hall, I saw Major-General Brown,[2] who had a long time been banished by the Rump, but now, with his beard overgrown, he comes abroad and sat in the House. To Whitehall, where I met with Will. Simons and Mr. Mabbot at Marsh's, who told me how the House had this day voted that the gates of the City should be set up at the cost of the State; and that Major-General Brown's being proclaimed a traitor be made void, and several other things of that nature. I observed this day how abominably Barebones' windows are broke again last night. Mr. Pierce told me he would go with me to Cambridge, where Colonel Ayres' regiment, to which he is surgeon, lieth.

23rd. Thursday, my birthday, now twenty-seven years. To Westminster Hall, where, after the House rose, I met with Mr. Crewe, who told me that my Lord was chosen by 73 voices to be one of the Council of State. Mr. Pierpoint[3] had the most, 101, and himself the next, 100.

24th. I rose very early, and taking horse at Scotland Yard, at Mr. Garthwayt's stable, I rode to Mr. Pierce's; we both mounted, and so set forth about seven of the clock; at Puckridge we baited, the way exceeding bad from Ware thither. Then up again and as far as Foulmer, within six miles of Cambridge, my mare being almost tired; here we lay at the Chequer. I lay with Mr. Pierce, who we left here the next morning, upon his going to Hinchingbroke,[1] to speak with my Lord, before his going to London, and we two came to Cambridge by eight o'clock in the morning. I went to Magdalene College, to Mr. Hill,[2] with whom I found Mr. Zanchy,[3] Burton,[4] and Hollins, and took leave on promise to sup with them. To the Three Tuns, where we drank pretty hard and many healths to the King, etc.; then we broke up, and I and Mr. Zanchy went to Magdalene College, where a very handsome supper at Mr. Hill's chambers, I suppose upon a club among them, where I could find that there was nothing at all left of the old preciseness in their discourse, specially on Saturday nights; and Mr. Zanchy told me that there was no such thing nowadays among them at any time.

25th. My father, brother, and I to Mr. Widdrington, at Christ's College, who received us very civilly, and caused my brother to be admitted.

26th. (Sunday.) My brother went to the College Chapel. At St. Botolph's Church we heard Mr. Nicholas, of Queen's College, who I knew in my time to be Tripos[5] with great applause, upon this text, 'For thy commandments are broad.' To Mr. Widdrington's to dinner, where he used us very courteously. Found Mr. Pierce at our Inn, who told us that he had lost his journey, for my Lord was gone from Hinchingbroke to London on Thursday last, at which I was a little put to a stand. I went to Magdalene College, to get the certificate of the College for my brother's entrance there, that he might save his year.

27th. Up by four o'clock. Mr. Blayton and I took horse and straight to Saffron

[1] Dr. Ralph Widdrington of Christ's College, Cambridge, brother of Sir Thomas, *supra*.

[2] Richard Brown, a general of the Parliament forces, afterwards of the King's party. He was knighted, and later made baronet, after the Restoration.

[3] William Pierrepont (? 1607-1678), second son of Robert, first Earl of Kingston.

[1] Hinchinbroke House, an Elizabethan mansion, about half a mile to the west of Huntingdon.

[2] Joseph Hill (1625-1707), Fellow of Magdalene College, afterwards English Presbyterian minister at Rotterdam. He edited Schrevelius's *Lexicon* (1663).

[3] Clement Zanchy, or Sankey, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, 1654. [B.]

[4] Hezekiah Burton (d. 1681), Fellow of Magdalene College.

[5] The Tripos was the person who made the disputation on Ash Wednesday, otherwise called the Bachelor of the Stool. He was generally selected for his skill and readiness in the disputation, and allowed great licence of language, an indulgence often abused; and hence statutes were passed 'de auferendis morionum ineptiis et scurrilibus jocis in disputationibus.' [B.]

Walden, where, at the White Hart, we set up our horses, and took the master of the house to show us Audley End House,[1] who took us on foot through the park, and so to the house, where the housekeeper showed us all the house, in which the stateliness of the ceilings, chimney-pieces, and form of the whole was exceedingly worth seeing. He took us into the cellar, where we drank most admirable drink, a health to the King. Here I played on my flageolet, there being an excellent echo. He showed us excellent pictures; two especially, those of the four Evangelists and Henry VIII. In our going, my landlord carried us through a very old hospital or almshouse, where forty poor people were maintained; a very old foundation; and over the chimney-piece was an inscription in brass: 'Orate pro anima Thomae Bird,' etc. They brought me a draught of their drink in a brown bowl, tipped with silver, which I drank off, and at the bottom was a picture of the Virgin with the child in her arms, done in silver. So we took leave, the road pretty good, but the weather rainy to Epping.

28th. Up in the morning, and had some red herrings to our breakfast, while my boot-heel was a-mending; by the same token the boy left the hole as big as it was before. Then to horse for London, through the forest, where we found the way good, but only in one path, which we kept as if we had rode through a kennel all the way. We found the shops all shut, and the militia of the red regiment in arms at the old Exchange, among whom I found and spoke to Nich. Osborne, who told me that it was a thanksgiving-day through the City for the return of the Parliament. At Paul's I light, Mr. Blayton holding my horse, where I found Dr. Reynolds[2] in the pulpit, and General Monk there, who was to have a great entertainment at Grocers' Hall. I found my Lord at dinner, glad to see me.

29th. To my office. Mr. Moore told me how my Lord is chosen General at Sea by the Council, and that it is thought that Monk will be joined with him therein. This day my Lord came to the House, the first time since he came to town; but he had been at the Council before. My cousin Morton gave me a brave cup of metheglin,[1] the first I ever drank.

[1] Then the residence of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk (1619-1683).
[2] Edward Reynolds (1599-1676), afterwards Bishop of Norwich (1661).

March 1660

March 1st. Out of the box where my Lord's pamphlets lay I chose as many as I had a mind to have for my own use, and left the rest. I went to Mr. Crewe's, whither Mr. Thomas was newly come to town, being sent with Sir H. Yelverton, my old schoolfellow at Paul's School, to bring the thanks of the county to General Monk for the return of the Parliament.

2nd. I went early to my Lord at Mr. Crewe's, where I spoke to him. Here were a great many come to see him, as Secretary Thurloe,[2] who is now by the Parliament chosen again Secretary of State. To Westminster Hall, where I saw Sir G. Booth at liberty. This day I hear the City militia is put into good posture, and it is thought that Monk will not be able to do any great matter against them now, if he had a mind. I understand that my Lord Lambert did yesterday send a letter to the Council, and that to-night he is to come and appear to the Council in person. Sir Arthur Haselrigge do not yet appear in the House. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again[3]; for the last of which, my Lord St. John[4] is said to speak high. Great also is the dispute now in the House, in whose name the writs shall run for the next Parliament; and it is said that Mr. Prin, in open House, said, 'In King Charles's.'

3rd. To Westminster Hall, where I found that my Lord was last night voted one of the Generals at Sea, and Monk the other. I met my Lord in the Hall, who bid me come to him at noon. After dinner I to Warwick House,[5] in Holborn, to my Lord,

[1] A variety of mead: a sweet mixed drink, brewed from honey.
[2] John Thurloe (1616-1668).
[3] Charles Stuart, George Monk, Richard Cromwell.
[4] Oliver St. John; see Feb. 7, 1660.
[5] On the north side of Holborn, near Gray's Inn: on the site of the later Warwick Court.

where he dined with my Lord of Manchester,[1] Sir Dudley North,[2] my Lord Fiennes,[3] and my Lord Barkly.[4] I stayed in the great hall, talking with some gentlemen there, till they all came out. Then I, by coach with my Lord, to Mr. Crewe's, in our way talking of public things. He told me he feared there was new design hatching, as if Monk had a mind to get into the saddle. Returning, met with Mr. Gifford, who told me, as I hear from many, that things are in a very doubtful posture, some of the Parliament being willing to keep the power in their hands. After I had left him, I met with Tom Harper; he talked huge high that my Lord Protector would come in place again, which indeed is much discoursed of again, though I do not see it possible.

5th. To Westminster by water, only seeing Mr. Pinkney[5] at his own house, where he showed me how he had always kept the Lion and Unicorn, in the back of his chimney, bright, in expectation of the King's coming again. At home I found Mr. Hunt, who told me how the Parliament had voted that the Covenant be printed and hung in churches again. Great hopes of the King's coming again.

6th. (Shrove Tuesday.) I called Mr. Shepley, and we both went up to my Lord's lodgings at Mr. Crewe's, where he bids us to go home again, and get a fire against an hour after; which we did, at Whitehall, whither he came, and after talking with him about our going to sea, he called me by myself into the garden, where he asked me how things were with we. He bid me look out now at this turn some good place, and he would use all his own, and all the interest of his friends that he had in England, to do me good; and asked me whether I could, without too much inconvenience, go to sea as his secretary, and bid me think of it. He also began to talk of things of State, and told me that he should want one in that capacity at sea, that he might trust in, and therefore he would have me to go. He told me also that he did believe the King would come in, and did discourse with me about it, and about the affection of the people and City, at which I was full glad. Mr. Hawley brought me a seaman that had promised £10 to him if he get him a purser's place, which I think to endeavour to do. My uncle Tom inquires about the Knights of Windsor, of which he desires to be one. To see Mrs. Jem, at whose chamber door I found a couple of ladies, but she not being there, we hunted her out, and found that she and another had hid themselves behind a door. Well, they all went down into the dining-room, where it was full of tag, rag, and bobtail, dancing, singing, and drinking, of which I was ashamed, and, after I had stayed a dance or two, I went away. Wrote by the post, by my Lord's command, for J. Goods to come up presently; for my Lord intends to go forthwith into the *Swiftsure* till the *Naseby* be ready. This day I hear that the Lords do intend to sit: a great store of them are now in town, and, I see, in the Hall to-day. Overton[1] at Hull do stand out, but can, it is thought, do nothing; and Lawson, it is said, is gone with some ships thither, but all that is nothing. My Lord told me that there was great endeavours to bring in the Protector again; but he told me, too, that he did believe it would not last long if he were brought in; no, nor the King neither (though he seems to think that he will come in), unless he carry himself very soberly and well. Everybody now drinks the King's health without any fear, whereas before it was very private

[1] Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester (1602-1671).

[2] Sir Dudley North (1602-1677) became the fourth Baron North on the death of his father in 1666.

[3] This may be either John or Nathaniel, sons of the first Viscount Saye and Sele ('Old Subtlety'), who were both members of Cromwell's House of Lords.

[4] George, thirteenth Lord Berkeley of Berkeley, created Earl of Berkeley 1679. There were at this time two Lord Berkeleys, each possessing a town-house called after his name. The Peer here spoken of lived at Berkeley House, in the parish of St. John's, Clerkenwell, which had been in his family for three generations, and he had a country-seat at Durdans, near Epsom, mentioned by Evelyn and Pepys. His death took place in 1698. The other nobleman, originally known as Sir John Berkeley, afterwards Baron Berkeley of Stratton, filled many high offices in the State. He died in 1678. He built a splendid mansion in Piccadilly, called also Berkeley House, upon the site of which Devonshire House now stands. [B.]

[5] Probably Leonard Pinkney, who was Clerk of the Kitchen at the ensuing Coronation Feast. [B.]

[1] Robert Overton, Parliamentary General; friend of Milton. See *Defensio Secunda*.

that a man dare do it. Monk this day is feasted at Mercers' Hall,[1] and is invited one after another to the twelve Halls[2] in London. Many think that he is honest yet, and some or more think him to be a fool that would raise himself, but think that he will undo himself by endeavouring it.

7th. Ash Wednesday. Washington told me, upon my question whether he knew of any place now void that I might have by power over friends, that this day Mr. G. Montagu[3] was to be made Custos Rotulorum for Westminster, and that I might get to be named by him Clerk of the Peace; but my Lord he believes Mr. Montagu had already promised it, and that it was given him only that he might gratify one person with the place I look for. Going homeward, my Lord overtook me in his coach, and called me in, and so I went with him to St. James's, and G. Montagu being gone to Whitehall, we walked over the Park thither, all the way he discoursing of the times, and of the change of things since the last year, and wondering how he could bear with so great disappointment as he did. He did give me the best advice that he could what was best for me, whether to stay or go with him, and offered all the ways that could be, how he might do me good, with the greatest liberty and love that could be. This day, according to order, Sir Arthur[4] appeared at the House; what was done I know not, but there was all the Rumpers almost come to the House to-day. My Lord did seem to wonder much why Lambert was so willing to be put into the Tower, and thinks he has some design in it; but I think that he is so poor that he cannot use his liberty for debts, if he were at liberty; and so it is as good and better for him to be there than anywhere else. My father left my uncle with his leg very dangerous, and do believe he cannot continue long. My uncle did acquaint him that he did intend to make me his heir, and give my brother Tom something, [and to leave] something to raise portions for Joh. and Pall.[1] I pray God he may be as good as his word. This news and my Lord's great kindness makes me very cheerful within.

8th. To Westminster Hall, where there was a general damp over men's minds and faces upon some of the Officers of the Army being about making a remonstrance against Charles Stuart or any single person; but at noon it was told that the General had put a stop to it; so all was well again. Here I met with Jasper, who was to bring me to my Lord at the lobby; whither sending a note to my Lord, he comes out to me and gives me directions to look after getting some money for him from the Admiralty, seeing that things are so unsafe, that he would not lay out a farthing for the State, till he had received some money of theirs. This afternoon some of the Officers of the Army and some of the Parliament had a conference at Whitehall, to make all right again; but I know not what is done. At the Dog[2] tavern, Captain Philip Holland, with whom I advised how to make some advantage of my Lord's going to sea, told me to have five or six servants entered on board as dead men, and I give to them what wages I pleased, and so their pay to be mine; he also urged me to take the Secretary's place that my Lord did proffer me. Then in comes Mr. Wade and Mr. Sterry, secretary to the plenipotentiary in Denmark, who brought the news of the death of the King of Sweden[3] at Gottenburgh, the 3rd of last month; and he told me what a great change he found when he came here, the secluded members being restored.

9th. To my Lord at his lodging, and came to Westminster with him in the coach; and Mr. Dudley and he in the Painted Chamber walked a good while; and I telling him that I was willing and ready to go with him to sea, he agreed that I should, and advised me what to write to Mr. Downing about it. This day it was resolved that the writs do go out in the name of the Keepers of the Liberty, and I hear that it is resolved privately that a treaty be offered with the King; and that

[1] In Cheapside, between Ironmonger Lane and Old Jewry.
[2] Of the Twelve Great Companies.
[3] George Montagu, fifth son of Henry, first Earl of Manchester, afterwards M.P. for Dover, and father of the first Earl of Halifax. He was youngest brother of Lord Manchester, mentioned *supra*. [B.]
[4] Haselrig.

[1] John and Paulina Pepys, Samuel's brother and sister.
[2] A house in Westminster, not identified.
[3] Charles X., Gustavus.

Monk did check his soldiers highly for what they did yesterday.

10th. To my father in his cutting-house,[1] and told him my resolution to go to sea with my Lord, and we resolved of letting my wife be at Mr. Bowyer's.[2]

12th. Rode to Huntsmore[3] to Mr. Bowyer's, where I found him, and all well, and willing to have my wife come and board with them while I was at sea. Here I lay, and took a spoonful of honey and a nutmeg, scraped for my cold, by Mr. Bowyer's direction.

13th. At my Lord's lodgings, who told me that I was to be secretary, and Crewe deputy-treasurer to the Fleet; at which I was troubled, but I could not help it. This day the Parliament voted all that had been done by the former Rump against the House of Lords to be void, and to-night that the writs go out without any qualification. Things seem very doubtful what will be the end of all; for the Parliament seems to be strong for the King, while the soldiers do all talk against.

14th. To my Lord's, where infinity of applications to him and to me. To my great trouble, my Lord gives me all the papers that was given to him, to put in order and to give him an account of them. Here I got half a piece of a person of Mr. Wright's recommending to my Lord, to be Chaplain of the *Speaker* frigate. I went hence to St. James's, to speak with Mr. Clerke,[4] Monk's secretary, about getting some soldiers removed out of Huntingdon to Oundle, which my Lord told me he did to do a courtesy to the town, that he might have the greater interest in them, in the choice of the next Parliament; not that he intends to be chosen himself, but that he might have Mr. G. Montagu and my Lord Mandeville[5] chose there in spite of the Bernards.[6] This done I saw General Monk, and methought he seemed a dull, heavy man. I did promise to give my wife all that I have in the world, but my books, in case I should die at sea. After supper I went to Westminster Hall, and the Parliament sat till ten at night, thinking and being expected to dissolve themselves to-day, but they did not. Great talk to-night that the discontented officers did think this night to make a stir, but prevented.

15th. Early packing up my things to be sent by cart with the rest of my Lord's. At Will's[1] I met Tom Alcock, one that went to school with me at Huntingdon, but I had not seen him these sixteen years.

16th. To Westminster Hall, where I heard how the Parliament had this day dissolved themselves, and did pass very cheerfully through the Hall, and the Speaker without his mace. The whole Hall was joyful thereat, as well as themselves, and now they begin to talk loud of the King. To-night I am told that yesterday, about five o'clock in the afternoon, one came with a ladder to the Great[2] Exchange, and wiped with a brush the inscription that was on King Charles[3] and that there was a great bonfire made in the Exchange, and people called out, 'God bless King Charles the Second!'

17th. This day, before I went out with my wife, I did seal my will to her, whereby I did give her all that I have in the world, but my books, which I give to my brother John, excepting only French books, which my wife is to have.

18th. (Lord's day.) I gave Captain Williamson his commission to be Captain of the *Harp*, and he gave me a piece of gold, and 20s. in silver. To Mr. Mossum's, where he made a very gallant sermon upon 'Pray for the life of the King, and the King's son.'

19th. Early to my Lord, where infinity of business to do, which makes my head

1 John Pepys was a tailor.
2 Mrs. Pepys's stepfather.
3 Bucks.
4 William Clerke, knighted later; mortally wounded off Harwich 1666.
5 Robert, son of Edward, second Earl of Manchester, afterwards third Earl.
6 Robert Bernard, created a Baronet in 1662, served in Parliament for Huntingdon, before and after the Restoration, and died in 1666. His son and successor, Sir John Bernard, the second baronet at the time of his death, in 1669, was one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Huntingdon. [B.]

1 Not the Coffee-House, unless Pepys's reference on Feb. 3, 1664, be a slip. Probably William Bowyer's, where Mrs. Pepys was to reside during his absence.
2 So called during the Commonwealth.
3 *Exit tyrannus, Regum ultimus, anno libertatis Angliae, anno Domini* 1648. *Januarie* xxx.

full; and, indeed, for these two or three days I have not been without a great many cares. After that, to the Admiralty, where a good while with Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was much to be feared that the King would come in, for all good men and good things were now discouraged. Thence to Wilkinson's, where Mr. Shepley and I dined; and while we were at dinner my Lord Monk's lifeguard came by with the Serjeant-at-Arms before them, with two Proclamations; that all Cavaliers do depart the town, but the other, that all officers that were lately disbanded should do the same. The last of which, Mr. R. Creed,[1] I remember, said, that he looked upon it as if they had said, that all God's people should depart the town. All the discourse nowaday is that the King will come again; and for all I see, it is the wishes of all; and all do believe that it will be so. My mind is still much troubled for my poor wife, but I hope that this undertaking will be worth my pains. This day my Lord dined at my Lord Mayor's, and Jasper was made drunk, which my Lord was very angry at.

20th. I took a short melancholy leave of my father and mother, without having them to drink, or say anything of business one to another. At Westminster, by reason of rain and an easterly wind, the water was so high that there was boats rowed in King Street, and all our yards was drowned, that one could not go to my house,[2] so as no man has seen the like almost, and most houses full of water.

21st. To my Lord's, but the wind very high against us; here I did very much business, and then to my Lord Widdrington's from my Lord, with his desire that he might have the disposal of the writs of the Cinque Ports. My Lord was very civil to me, and called for wine, and writ a long letter in answer.

22nd. To Westminster, and received my warrant of Mr. Blackburne, to be Secretary to the two Generals of the Fleet. Strange how these people do now promise me anything; one a rapier, the other a vessel of wine, or a gun, and one offered me a silver hatband to do him a courtesy. I pray God to keep me from being proud, or too much lifted up hereby.

23rd. Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. W. Montagu,[1] for him to keep for him. My Lord, Captain Isham,[2] Mr. Thomas, John Crewe, W. Howe, and I to the Tower, where the barges stayed for us; my Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I, etc. in the other, to the Long Reach, where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor (in our way, we saw the great breach which the late high water had made, to the loss of many £1000 to the people about Limehouse). Soon as my Lord on board, the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson, and seemed very respectful to my Lord, and so did the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. We were late writing of orders for the getting of ships ready, etc.; and also making of others to all the seaports between Hastings and Yarmouth, to stop all dangerous persons that are going or coming between Flanders and there. The cabin allotted to me was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord.

24th. At work hard all the day writing letters to the Council, etc., Mr. Creed[3] came on board, and dined very boldly with my Lord. The boy Eliezer flung down a can of beer upon my papers, which made me give him a box of the ear, it having cost me a great deal of work.

25th. (Lord's day.) About two o'clock in the morning, letters from London by our coxswain; so they waked me, but I bid him stay till morning, which he did, and then I rose and carried them into my Lord, who read them a-bed. Among the

[1] Major Richard Creed, who commanded a troop under Lambert when that General surrendered to Ingoldsby: see April 24 following. He was imprisoned with the rest of the officers, but his name does not recur in the *Diary*, nor is it known whether he was related to John Creed, so frequently mentioned hereafter. [B.]

[2] In Axe Yard, *u.s.*

[1] William (? 1619-1706), son of the first Baron Montagu of Boughton. He was afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer.

[2] Sir Sidney Montagu, the father of 'my Lord,' had married for his second wife one of the Isham family, of Lamport. [B.]

[3] *I.e.* John Creed of Oundle.

rest, there was the writ and mandate for him to dispose to the Cinque Ports for choice of Parliament-men. There was also one for me from Mr. Blackburne, who with his own hand superscribes it to S. P., Esq., of which God knows I was not a little proud. I wrote a letter to the Clerk of Dover Castle, to come to my Lord about issuing of those writs. Mr. Ibbott[1] prayed, and preached a good sermon. At dinner, I took place of all but the Captain. After that, sermon again, at which I slept, God forgive me!

26th. This day it is two years since it pleased God that I was cut for the stone at Mrs. Turner's in Salisbury Court; and did resolve while I live to keep it a festival, as I did the last year at my house, and for ever to have Mrs. Turner and her company with me. But now it pleased God that I am prevented to do it openly; only within my soul I can and do rejoice, and bless God, being at this time, blessed be his holy name, in as good health as ever I was in my life. This morning I rose early, and went about making of an establishment of the whole Fleet, and a list of all the ships, with the number of men and guns. About an hour after that, we had a meeting of the principal commanders and seamen, to proportion out the number of these things. All the afternoon very many orders were made, till I was very weary. At night, the Captain[2] came, and sat drinking till eleven, a kindness he do not often do the greatest officer in the ship.

27th. This morning the wind came about, and we fell into the Hope; and in our passing by the Vice-Admiral, he and the rest of the frigates did give us many guns, and we him, and the report of them broke all the windows in my cabin. I sat the first time with my Lord at table since my coming to sea. All the afternoon exceeding busy in writing of letters and orders. In the afternoon Sir Harry Wright[3] came on board us, about his business of being chosen a Parliament-man. My Lord brought him to see my cabin, where I was hard a-writing. At night supped with my Lord too, with the Captain.

28th. This morning and the whole day busy. At night there was a gentleman very well bred, his name was Banes, going for Flushing, who spoke French and Latin very well, brought by direction from Captain Clerke hither, as a prisoner, because he called out of the vessel that he went in, 'Where is your King? we have done our business: Vive le Roi!' He confessed himself a Cavalier in his heart, and that he and his whole family had fought for the King; but that he was then drunk, having been taking his leave at Gravesend the night before, and so could not remember what it was that he said; but in his words and carriage showed much of a gentleman. My Lord had a great kindness for him, but did not think it safe to release him, though he had a supper in the master's cabin. But a while after, he sent a letter down to my Lord, which my Lord did like very well, and did advise with me that the gentleman was to be released. So I went up and sat and talked with him in Latin and French; and about eleven at night he took boat again, and so God bless him. This day we had news of the election at Huntingdon for Bernard and Pedly, at which my Lord[1] was much troubled for his friends' missing of it.

29th. We lie still a little below Gravesend. At night Mr. Shepley returned from London, and told us of several elections for the next Parliament. That the King's effigies was new making to be set up in the Exchange again. This evening was a great whispering that some of the Vice-Admiral's captains were dissatisfied, and did intend to fight themselves, to oppose the General. But it was soon hushed, and the Vice-Admiral did wholly deny any such thing, and protested to stand by the General.

30th. I was saluted in the morning with two letters from some that I had done a favour to, which brought me in each a piece of gold. This day, while my Lord and we were at dinner, the *Nazeby*

[1] Edmund Ibbott (d. 1677), afterwards rector of Deal. [B.]

[2] Cuttance, afterwards Sir Roger Cuttance.

[3] M.P. for Harwich; created a Baronet by Cromwell, 1658, and by Charles II., 1660. He married Anne, daughter of Lord Crewe, and sister to Sir E. Montagu's wife. [B.]

[1] Sir E. Montagu had set up his eldest son and G. Montagu as candidates. [B.]

came in sight towards us, and at last came to anchor close by us. My Lord and many others went on board her, where everything was out of order, and a new chimney made for my Lord in his bed-chamber, which he was much pleased with. My Lord, in his discourse, discovered a great deal of love to this ship.[1]

April 1660

April 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning, I gave Mr. Hill, that was on board with the Vice-Admiral, a bottle of wine, and was exceedingly satisfied with the power I have to make my friends welcome. Mr. Ibbott preached very well. After dinner my Lord did give me a private list of all the ships that were to be set out this summer, wherein I do discover that he hath made it his care to put by as much of the Anabaptists as he can. By reason of my Lord and my being busy to send away the packet by Mr. Cooke of the *Nazeby*, it was four o'clock before we could begin sermon again. This day Captain Guy came on board from Dunkirk, who tells me that the King will come in, and that the soldiers at Dunkirk do drink the King's health in the streets. I made a commission for Captain Wilgness of the *Bear*, to-night, which got me 30s.

2nd. Up very early, and to get all my things and my boy's packed up. Great concourse of commanders here this morning, to take leave of my Lord upon his going into the *Nazeby*. My cabin little, but very convenient, with two windows and a good bed. This morning comes Mr. Edward Pickering,[2] like a coxcomb as he always was; he tells me that the King will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it.

3rd. There came many merchants to get convoy to the Baltic, which a course was taken for. They dined with my Lord, and one of them, by name Alderman Wood, talked much to my Lord of the hopes that he had now to be settled (under the King, he meant); but my Lord took no notice of it. This day came the Lieutenant of the *Swiftsure*, who was sent by my Lord to Hastings, one of the Cinque Ports, to have got Mr. Edward Montagu to have been one of their burgesses, but could not, for they were all promised before. My heart exceeding heavy for not hearing of my dear wife.

4th. This morning came Colonel Thomson with the wooden leg, and General Pen, and dined with my Lord and Mr. Blackburne, who told me that it was certain now that the King must of necessity come in, and that one of the Council told him there is something doing in order to a treaty already among them. And it was strange to hear how Mr. Blackburne did already begin to commend him for a sober man, and how quiet he would be under his government, etc. The Commissioners came to-day, only to consult about a further reducement of the Fleet, and to pay them as fast as they can. At night my Lord resolved to send the Captain of our ship to Weymouth, and promote his being chosen there, which he did put himself into readiness to do the next morning.

5th. We set sail at noon, and came in the evening to Lee roads and anchored. To the castles[1] about Deal, where our fleet lay, and anchored; great was the shoot of guns from the castles, and ships, and our answers.

6th. Under sail as far as the Spitts.

7th. The wind grew high, and we, being among the sands, lay at anchor; I began to be dizzy and squeamish.

8th. (Lord's day.) The lieutenant and I looked through his glass at two merchantmen, and at the women on board them, being pretty handsome.

9th. In sight of the North and South Forelands. This afternoon I first saw France and Calais, with which I was much pleased, though it was at a distance.

10th. Most of the commanders in the

[1] His flagship in the Sound.

[2] Younger brother of Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart., born 1618, and bred to the law. He died in 1698. Roger North (*Life of Lord Keeper Guildford*, 1742, p. 58) has drawn a very unfavourable picture of Edward Pickering, calling him a subtle fellow, a money-hunter, a great trifler, and avaricious, but withal a great pretender to puritanism, frequenting the Rolls' Chapel, and most busily writing the sermon in his hat, *that he might not be seen*. [B.]

[1] Walmer, Sandgate, Sandwich, Deal, and Dover.

fleet came on board, and the Vice-Admiral to us, who sat and talked, and seemed a very good-natured man. Lord Goring[1] returned from France, and landed at Dover.

11th. A gentleman came from my Lord of Manchester to my Lord for a pass for Mr. Boyle,[2] which was made him. All the news from London is that things go on further towards a King. That the Skinners' Company the other day, at their entertaining of General Monk, had took down the Parliament Arms in their Hall, and set up the King's. My Lord and I had a great deal of discourse about the several Captains of the Fleet and his interest among them, and had his mind clear to bring in the King. He confessed to me that he was not sure of his own Captain[3] to be true to him, and that he did not like Captain Stokes.[4] Came two letters from my dear wife.

12th. Weather bad.

14th. This day I was informed that my Lord Lambert is got out of the Tower, and that there is £100 proffered to whoever shall bring him forth to the Council of State. My Lord is chosen at Weymouth this morning; my Lord had his freedom brought him by Captain Teddiman of the port of Dover, by which he is capable of being elected for them. This day I heard that the Army had in general declared to stand by what the next Parliament shall do.

15th. (Lord's day.) To sermon, and then to dinner, where my Lord told us that the University of Cambridge had a mind to choose him for their burgess, which he pleased himself with, to think that they do look upon him as a thriving man, and said so openly at table. At dinner-time Mr. Cooke came back from London with a packet which caused my Lord to be full of thoughts all day, and at night he bid me privately to get two commissions ready, one for Captain Robert Blake to be captain of the *Worcester*, in the room of Captain Dekings, an Anabaptist, and one that had witnessed a great deal of discontent with the present proceedings. The other for Captain Coppin to come out of that into the *Newbury* in the room of Blake, whereby I perceive that General Monk do resolve to make a thorough change, to make way for the King. From London I hear that, since Lambert got out of the Tower, the Fanatics had held up their heads high; but I hope all that will come to nothing.

17th. All the morning getting ready commissions for the Vice-Admiral[1] and the Rear-Admiral,[2] wherein my Lord was very careful to express the utmost of his own power, commanding them to obey what orders they should receive from the Parliament, etc., or both or either of the Generals. My Lord told me clearly his thoughts that the King would carry it, and that he did think himself very happy that he was now at sea, as well for his own sake, as that he thought he might do his country some service in keeping things quiet. My Lord did give the Vice-Admiral his commission.

18th. Mr. Cooke returned from London, bringing me this news, that the Cavaliers are something unwise to talk so high on the other side as they do. That the Lords do meet every day at my Lord of Manchester's, and resolve to sit the first day of the Parliament. That it is evident now that the General and the Council do resolve to make way for the King's coming. And it is clear that either the Fanatics must now be undone, or the gentry and citizens throughout England and clergy must fall, in spite of their militia and army, which is not at all possible, I think. Mr. Edward Montagu came on board, making no stay at all. Sir R. Stayner, Mr. Shepley, and as many of my Lord's people as could be spared went to Dover, to get things ready for the Election to-morrow.

19th. At dinner news brought us that my Lord was chosen at Dover.

20th. This evening came Mr. Boyle on board, for whom I writ an order for a ship to transport him to Flushing. He supped with my Lord, my Lord using him as a person of honour. Mr. Shepley told me that he heard for certain at Dover that

[1] Charles, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Norwich. He had been banished eleven years before by the Parliament for heading an army, and keeping the town of Colchester for the use of the King. [B].

[2] Robert Boyle (1627-1691), youngest son of the first Earl of Cork.

[3] Cuttance, *n.s.* [4] John Stokes.

[1] Sir John Lawson.

[2] Sir Richard Stayner (d. 1662).

Mr. Edward Montagu did go beyond sea when he was here first the other day, and I am apt to believe that he went to speak with the King. This day one told me how that at the election at Cambridge for knights of the shire, Wendby and Thornton, by declaring to stand for the Parliament and a King and the settlement of the Church, did carry it against all expectation against Sir Dudley North and Sir Thomas Willis.

21st. This day dined Sir John Boys and some other gentlemen, formerly great Cavaliers, and among the rest one Mr. Norwood, for whom my Lord gave a convoy to carry him to the Brill,[1] but he is certainly going to the King; for my Lord commanded me that I should not enter his name in my book. My Lord do show them and that sort of people great civility. All their discourse and others are of the King's coming, and we begin to speak of it very freely; and heard how in many churches in London, and upon many signs there, and upon merchants' ships in the river, they had set up the King's arms. This night there came one with a letter from Mr. Edward Montagu to my Lord, with command to deliver it to his own hands. I do believe that he do carry some close business on for the King. This day I had a large letter from Mr. Moore, giving me an account of the present dispute at London that is like to be at the beginning of the Parliament, about the House of Lords, who do resolve to sit with the Commons, as not thinking themselves dissolved yet, which, whether it be granted or no, or whether they will sit or no, it will bring a great many inconveniences. His letter I keep, it being a very well writ one.

22nd. (Easter Sunday.) Several Londoners, strangers, friends of the Captains, dined here, who, among other things, told us, how the King's Arms are every day set up in houses and churches, particularly in Allhallows' Church in Thames Street, John Simpson's church, which, being privately done, was a great eyesore to his people when they came to church and saw it. Also, they told us for certain that the King's statue is making by the Mercers' Company (who are bound to do it[1]), to set up in the Exchange.

23rd. I had 40s. given me by Captain Cowes of the *Paragon*. In the evening, for the first time, extraordinary good sport among the seamen, after my Lord had done playing at ninepins. That being done, he fell to singing a song upon the Rump, to the tune of 'The Blacksmith.'

24th. To dine with the Vice-Admiral on board the *London*, which had a state-room much bigger than the *Naseby*, but not so rich. After that, with the Captain on board our own ship, where we were saluted with the news of Lambert's being taken, which news was brought to London on Sunday last. He was taken in Northamptonshire by Colonel Ingoldsby, at the head of a party, by which means their whole design is broken, and things now very open and safe; and every man begins to be merry and full of hopes.

25th. Dined to-day with Captain Robert Clerke on board the *Speaker* (a very brave ship), where was the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and many other commanders. After dinner, home, not a little contented to see how I am treated, and with what respect made a fellow to the best commander in the Fleet.

26th. This day came Mr. Donne[2] back from London, who brought letters with him that signify the meeting of the Parliament yesterday. And in the afternoon, by other letters, I hear, that about twelve of the Lords met and had chosen my Lord of Manchester Speaker of the House of Lords (the young Lords that never sat yet do forbear to sit for the present); and Sir Harbottle Grimston, Speaker for the House of Commons, which, after a little debate, was granted. Dr. Reynolds preached before the Commons before they sat. My Lord told me how Sir H. Yelverton (formerly my schoolfellow) was chosen in the first place for Northamptonshire, and Mr. Crewe in the second; and told me how he did believe that the Cavaliers have now the upper hand clear of the Presbyterians.

27th. This morning Pim[3] spent in my

[1] The town of Brielle.

[1] As trustees for Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange. [B.]

[2] Probably Thomas Danes, at that time one of the Admiralty messengers. [B.]

[3] 'My Lord's' tailor.

cabin, putting a great many ribbons to a suit. After dinner came on board Sir Thomas Hatton and Sir R. Maleverer, going for Flushing; but all the world know that they go where the rest of the many gentlemen go that every day flock to the King at Breda. They supped here, and my Lord treated them, as he do the rest that go thither, with a great deal of civility. While we were at supper, a packet came, wherein much news from several friends. The chief is that that I had from Mr. Moore, viz., that he fears that the Cavaliers in the House will be so high that the others will be forced to leave the House and fall in with General Monk, and so offer things to the King so high on the Presbyterian account that he may refuse, and so they will endeavour some more mischief; but when I told my Lord it, he shook his head, and told me that the Presbyterians are deceived, for the General is certainly for the King's interest, and so they will not be able to prevail that way with him. After supper the two knights went on board the *Grantham*, that is to convey them to Flushing. I am informed that the Exchequer is now so low, that there is not £20 there, to give the messenger that brought the news of Lambert's being taken; which story is very strange that he should lose his reputation of being a man of courage now at one blow, for that he was not able to fight one stroke, but desired of Colonel Ingoldsby several times to let him escape. Late reading my letters, my mind being much troubled to think that, after all our hopes, we should have any cause to fear any more disappointments therein.

29th. (Sunday.) After sermon in the morning Mr. Cooke came from London with a packet, bringing news how all the young lords that were not in arms against the Parliament do now sit. That a letter is come from the King to the House, which is locked up by the Council till next Thursday, that it may be read in the open House when they meet again, they having adjourned till then to keep a fast to-morrow. And so the contents are not yet known. £13,000 of the £20,000 given to General Monk is paid out of the Exchequer, he giving £12 among the tellers' clerks of Exchequer. My Lord called me into the great cabin below, where he told me that the Presbyterians are quite mastered by the Cavaliers, and that he fears Mr. Crewe did go a little too far the other day in keeping out the young lords from sitting. That he do expect that the King should be brought over suddenly, without staying to make any terms at all, saying that the Presbyterians did intend to have brought him in with such conditions as if he had been in chains. But he shook his shoulders when he told me how Monk had betrayed them, for it was Monk that did put them upon standing to put out the lords and other members that come not within the qualifications, which Montagu did not like, but, however, Monk had done his business, though it be with some kind of baseness. After dinner I walked a great while upon the deck with the surgeon and purser and other officers of the ship; and they all pray for the King's coming, which I pray God send.

30th. Mr. Shepley and I got my Lord's leave to go on shore, it being very pleasant in the fields; but a very pitiful town Deal is.

May 1660

May 1st. It being a very pleasant day, I wished myself in Hyde Park. At supper, hearing a great noise, we all rose, and found it was to save the coxswain of the *Cheriton*, who, dropping overboard, was drowned. To-day, I hear they were merry at Deal, setting up the King's flags upon one of their maypoles, and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets, and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened, but durst not oppose.

2nd. Mr. Donne from London, with letters that tell us the welcome news of the Parliament's votes yesterday, which will be remembered for the happiest Mayday that hath been many a year to England. The King's letter was read in the House, wherein he submits himself and all things to them, as to an Act of Oblivion to all, unless they shall please to except any; as to the confirming of the sales of the King's and Church lands, if they see good. The House, upon reading the letter, ordered £50,000 to be forthwith provided to send to His Majesty for his present supply; and a

committee chosen to return an answer of thanks to His Majesty for his gracious letter; and that the letter be kept among the records of the Parliament; and in all this not so much as one No. So that Luke Robinson[1] himself stood up, and made a recantation for what he had done, and promises to be a loyal subject to his Prince for the time to come. The City of London have put out a Declaration, wherein they do disclaim their owning any other government but that of a King, Lords, and Commons. Thanks were given by the House to Sir John Greenville,[2] one of the bedchamber to the King, who brought the letter, and they continued bare all the time it was reading. Upon notice from the Lords to the Commons, of their desire that the Commons would join with them in their vote for King, Lords, and Commons, the Commons did concur, and voted that all books whatever that are out against the Government of King, Lords, and Commons should be brought into the House and burned. Great joy all yesterday at London, and at night more bonfires than ever, and ringing of bells, and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But everybody seems to be very joyful in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day came Mr. North[3] (Sir Dudley North's son) on board, to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at, but he seems to be a fine gentleman, and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight.

3rd. This morning my Lord showed me the King's declaration and his letter to the two Generals to be communicated to the fleet. The contents of the letter are his offer of grace to all that will come in within forty days, only excepting them that the Parliament shall hereafter except. That the sales of lands during these troubles, and all other things, shall be left to the Parliament, by which he will stand. The letter dated at Breda, April $\frac{4}{14}$, 1660, in the twelfth year of his reign. Upon the receipt of it this morning by an express, Mr. Philips, one of the messengers of the Council from General Monk, my Lord summoned a council of war, and in the meantime did dictate to me how he would have the vote ordered which he would have pass this council. Which done, the Commanders all came on board, and the council sat in the coach[1] (the first council of war that had been in my time), where I read the letter and declaration; and while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which, being offered, they passed. Not one man seemed to say No to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders, and there read both the papers and the vote; which done, and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, 'God bless King Charles!' with the greatest joy imaginable. That being done, Sir R. Stayner, who had invited us yesterday, took all the Commanders and myself on board him to dinner, which not being ready, I went with Captain Hayward to the *Plymouth* and *Essex*, and did what I had to do, and returned, where very merry at dinner. After dinner, to the rest of the ships quite through the fleet, which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships, and to be received with the respect and honour that I was on board them all; and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men; not one through the whole fleet showing me the least dislike of the business. In the evening as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral, the General began to fire his guns, which he did all that he had in the ship, and so did all the rest of the Commanders, which was very gallant, and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boats. This done, and finished my Proclamation, I returned to the *Nazeby*, where my Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him, and another from the Duke of York, in such familiar

[1] Of Pickering Lyth, in Yorkshire, M.P. for Scarborough; discharged from sitting in the House of Commons, July 21, following. [B.]

[2] Sir John Grenville, created Earl of Bath, 1661.

[3] Charles, eldest son of Dudley North, afterwards fourth Lord North.

[1] A room in the stern of a man-of-war, by the captain's cabin.

style as their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monk. And among the rest that had carried these letters Sir John Boys is one, and Mr. Norwood, which had a ship to carry him over the other day, when my Lord would not have me put down his name in the book. The King speaks of his being courted to come to the Hague, but do desire my Lord's advice where to come to take ship; and the Duke offers to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them. This was very strange to me, that my Lord should carry all things so wisely and prudently as he do, and I was over-joyful to see him in so good condition, and he did not a little please himself to tell me how he had provided for himself so great a hold on the King. After this to supper, and then to writing of letters till twelve at night, and so up again at three in the morning. My Lord seemed to put great confidence in me, and would take my advice in many things. I perceive his being willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick-skulled fool. So that I do believe there is some agreement more than ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monk carry on the business, for it is he that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it, if he be not flattered and observed. This my Lord will hint himself sometimes. My Lord, I perceive by the King's letter, had writ to him about his father, Crewe,[1] and the King did speak well of him; but my Lord tells me that he is afraid that he hath too much concerned himself with the Presbyterians against the House of Lords, which will do him a great discourtesy.

4th. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of war I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be to it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, enclosed in this letter:—

'Sir,

'He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud "Vive le Roys!" echoed from one ship's company to another, he, and he only, can apprehend the joy this enclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

'Your humble servant.'

About nine o'clock I got all my letters done, and sent them by the messenger that came yesterday. This morning came Captain Isham on board with a gentleman going to the King, by whom very cunningly, my Lord tells me, he intends to send an account of this day's and yesterday's actions here, notwithstanding he had writ to the Parliament to have leave of them to send the King the answer of the fleet. Since my writing of the last paragraph, my Lord called me to him to read his letter to the King, to see whether I could find any slips in it or no. And as much of the letter[1] as I can remember is thus:—

'May it please your Most Excellent Majesty,' and so begins.

That he yesterday received from General Monk his Majesty's letter and direction; and that General Monk had desired him to write to the Parliament to have leave to send the vote of the seamen before he did send it to him, which he had done by writing to both Speakers; but for his private satisfaction he had sent it thus privately (and so the copy of the proceedings yesterday was sent him), and that this came by a gentleman that came this day on board, intending to wait upon his Majesty; that he is my Lord's countryman, and one whose friends have suffered much on his Majesty's behalf. That my Lords Pembroke and Salisbury are put out of the House of Lords. That my Lord is very joyful that other countries do pay him the civility and respect due to him; and that he do much rejoice to see that the King do receive none of their assistance (or some such words) from them, he having strength enough in the love and loyalty of his own subjects

[1] Montagu had married the daughter of John Crewe, afterwards Baron Crewe of Stene (1661).

[1] See the letter printed in Lister's *Life of Lord Clarendon*, vol. iii. p. 404. [B.]

to support him. That his Majesty had chosen the best place, Scheveling,[1] for his embarking, and that there is nothing in the world of which he is more ambitious than to have the honour of attending his Majesty, which he hoped would be speedy. That he had commanded the vessel to attend at Helvetsluce[2] till this gentleman returns, that so if his Majesty do not think it fit to command the fleet himself, yet that he may be there to receive his commands and bring them to his Lordship. He ends his letter, that he is confounded with the thoughts of the high expressions of love to him in the King's letter, and concludes—

'Your most loyal, dutiful, faithful, and obedient subject and servant, E. M.'

After supper at the table in the coach, my Lord talking concerning the uncertainty of the places of the Exchequer to them that had them now; he did at last think of an office which do belong to him in case the King do restore every man to his places that ever had been patent, which is to be one of the clerks of the signet, which will be a fine employment for one of his sons.

In the afternoon came a minister on board, one Mr. Sharpe, who is going to the King; who tells me that Commissioners are chosen both of the Lords and Commons to go to the King; and that Dr. Clarges[3] is going to him from the Army, and that he will be here to-morrow. My letters at night tell me, that the House did deliver their letter to Sir John Greenville, in answer to the King's sending, and that they give him £500 for his pains, to buy him a jewel, and that besides the £50,000 ordered to be borrowed of the City for the present use of the King, the twelve companies of the City do give every one of them to his Majesty, as a present, £1000.

5th. All the morning very busy writing letters to London, and a packet to Mr. Downing, to acquaint him with what had been done lately in the fleet. And this I did by my Lord's command, who, I thank him, did of himself think of doing it, to do me a kindness, for he writ a letter himself to him, thanking him for his kindness to me. This evening came Dr. Clarges to Deal, going to the King; where the townspeople strewed the streets with herbs against his coming, for joy at his going. Never was there so general a content as there is now. I cannot but remember that our parson did, in his prayer to-night, pray for the long life and happiness of our King and dread Sovereign, that may last as long as the sun and moon endureth.

6th. (Lord's day.) Dr. Clarges and a dozen gentlemen to see my Lord, and after sermon dined with him; last night my Lord told me that he was a man of small *entendimiento*.[1] It fell very well to-day; a stranger preached here for Mr. Ibbott, one Mr. Stanley, who prayed for King Charles, by the Grace of God, etc., which gave great contentment to the gentlemen that were on board here, and they said they would talk of it, when they came to Breda, as not having it done yet in London so publicly. After they were gone from on board, my Lord writ a letter to the King, and gave it to me to carry privately to Sir William Compton,[2] on board the *Assistance*, which I did; and, after a health to his Majesty on board there, I left them under sail for Breda. I find that, all my debts paid and my preparations to sea, I have £40 clear in my purse; and so to bed.

7th. My Lord went this morning about the flagships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be as to the arms and flags. He did give me orders also to write for silk flags and scarlet waistcloths; for a rich barge; for a noise of trumpets, and a set of fiddlers. Very great deal of company came to-day, among others Mr. Bellasses,[3] Sir Thomas Leuthropp,[4] Sir Henry Chichley, Colonel Philip Honiwood, and Captain Titus,[5] the last of whom my Lord showed all our cabins; and I suppose he is to take notice what room there will be for the King's entertainment. Wrote a letter to

[1] Scheveningen. [2] Hellevoetsluis.
[3] Thomas Clarges, Monk's brother-in-law.

[1] Understanding, judgement.
[2] Third son of Spencer Compton, second Earl of Northampton, Master of Ordnance (1660). He died in 1663.
[3] Henry, eldest son of Lord Bellasis. [B.]
[4] Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, Bart.
[5] Silas Titus, wrongly identified by some as the author of *Killing no Murder* (May 1657).

the French ambassador, in French, about the release of a ship we had taken.

8th. After dinner came several persons of honour, as my Lord St. John and others, for convoy to Flushing, and great giving of them salutes. My Lord and we at ninepins: I lost 9s. Mr. Cooke brings me news of my wife. He went to Huntsmore to see her, and brought her and my father Bowyer to London, where he left her at my father's very well, and speaks very well of her love to me. My letters to-day tell me how it was intended that the King should be proclaimed to-day in London, with a great deal of pomp. I had also news who they are that are chosen of the Lords and Commons to attend the King; and also the whole story of what we did the other day in the fleet, at reading of the King's declaration, and my name at the bottom of it.

9th. Up very early, writing a letter to the King, as from the two Generals of the fleet, in answer to his letter to them, wherein my Lord do give most humble thanks for his gracious letter and declaration; and promises all duty and obedience to him. This letter was carried this morning to Sir Peter Killigrew,[1] who came hither this morning early to bring an order from the Lords' House to my Lord, giving him power to write an answer to the King. This morning my Lord St. John and other persons of honour were here to see my Lord; and so away to Flushing. As we were sitting down to dinner, in comes Noble with a letter from the House of Lords to my Lord, to desire him to provide ships to transport the Commissioners to the King, which are expected here this week. He brought us certain news that the King was proclaimed yesterday with great pomp, and brought down one of the Proclamations, with great joy to us all; for which God be praised. This morning came Mr. Saunderson,[2] that writ the story of the King, hither, who is going over to the King. He calls me cousin, and seems a very knowing man.

10th. Came on board Mr. Pinkney and his son, going to the King with a petition finely writ by Mr. Where, for to be the King's embroiderer; for whom and Mr. Saunderson I got a ship. Lord Winchilsea[1] and a great deal of company dined here. Mr. Edward Montagu, my Lord's son, came on board, with Mr. Pickering. The child[2] was sick. At night, while my Lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale[3] and Sir John Greenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail presently for the King, and was very glad thereof. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed.

11th. This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's. There dined here my Lord Crafford[4] and my Lord Cavendish,[5] and other Scotchmen, whom I afterwards ordered to be received on board the *Plymouth*, and to go along with us. After dinner, we set sail from the Downs. In the afternoon overtook us three or four gentlemen; two of the Berties,[6] and one Mr. Dormerhay,[7] a Scotch gentleman, whom I found afterwards to be a very fine man; who, telling my Lord that they heard the Commissioners were come out of London to-day, my Lord dropped anchor over against Dover Castle (which gave us about thirty guns in passing) and upon a high debate with the Vice- and Rear-Admiral whether it were safe to go, and not stay for the Commissioners, he did resolve to send Sir R. Stayner to Dover, to enquire of my Lord Winchilsea whether or no they are come

[1] Of Arwenack, Cornwall, M.P. for Camelford, 1660. [B.]

[2] William, afterwards Sir William Sanderson (? 1586-1676), author of Histories of Mary Queen of Scots, James I., and Charles I.

[1] Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchilsea (d. 1689).

[2] Referred to in subsequent passages as 'my boy.'

[3] John Maitland, second earl, and first Duke of Lauderdale (1616-1682).

[4] John, seventeenth Earl of Crawfurd (1596-1678).

[5] William, Lord Cavendish (1640-1707), afterwards fourth Earl and first Duke of Devonshire; the builder of Chatsworth.

[6] Robert and Edward Bertie, two of the surviving sons of Robert, first Earl of Lindsey, killed at Edgehill. Their mother was Elizabeth, only child of Edward, first Lord Montagu of Boughton; they were, therefore, nearly connected with Sir E. Montagu, and with Pepys, in some degree. [B.]

[7] For Dalmahoy; probably Thomas Dalmahoy, who had married the Duchess Dowager of Hamilton.

out of London, and then to resolve to-morrow morning of going or not; which was done. It blew very hard all night; came the boats from Deal, with great store of provision.

12th. My Lord gave me many orders to make, for direction for the ships that are left in the Downs, giving them the greatest charge in the world to bring no passengers with them, when they come after us to Scheveling Bay, excepting Mr. Edward Montagu, Mr. Thomas Crewe, and Sir H. Wright. Sir R. Stayner told my Lord that my Lord Winchilsea understands by letters that the Commissioners are only to come to Dover to attend the coming over of the King. So my Lord did giver order for weighing anchor, which we did, and sailed all day. In the afternoon at cards with Mr. North and the Doctor.[1] By us, in the *Lark* frigate, Sir R. Freeman and some others, going from the King to England, came to see my Lord, and so onward on their voyage.

13th. (Lord's day.) To the quarter-deck, at which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C. R., and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms, which after dinner was finished and set up. This morn Sir J. Boys and Captain Isham met us in the *Nonsuch*, the first of whom, after a word or two with my Lord, went forward; the other stayed. I heard by them how Mr. Downing had never made any address to the King, and for that was hated exceedingly by the Court, and that he was in a Dutch ship which sailed by us, then going to England with disgrace. Also how Mr. Morland[2] was knighted by the King, this week, and that the King did give the reason of it openly, that it was for his giving him intelligence all the time he was clerk to Secretary Thurloe. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags, it being very offensive to the King. Mr. Cook brought me a letter from my wife, and a later letter from my brother John, with both of which I was exceedingly pleased. No sermon all day, we being under sail; only at night prayers, wherein Mr. Ibbott prayed for all such as were related to us in a spiritual and fleshly way. Late at night we writ letters to the King of the news of our coming, and Mr. Edward Pickering carried them. Captain Isham went on shore, nobody showing of him any respect; so the old man very fairly took leave of my Lord, and my Lord very coldly bid him 'God be with you,' which was very strange; but that I hear that he keeps a great deal of prating and talking on shore, on board, at the King's Courts, what command he had with my Lord, etc.

14th. In the morning the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his nightgown[1] into the cuddy,[2] to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, etc., to get money by us. Before noon some gentlemen came on board from the shore to kiss my Lord's hands. And by and by Mr. North and Dr. Clerke went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands, from my Lord, with twelve attendants from on board to wait on them, among which I sent my boy, who, like myself, is with child[3] to see any strange thing. After noon they came back again, after having kissed the Queen of Bohemia's[4] hand, and were sent again by my Lord to do the same to the Prince of Orange.[5] So I got the Captain to ask leave for me to go, which my Lord did give, and I, taking my boy and Judge Advocate with me, went in company with them. The weather bad; we were sadly washed when we came near the shore, it being very hard to land there. The shore is, as all the country between that and the Hague, all sand. The rest of the company got a coach by themselves; Mr. Creed and I went in the forepart of a coach, wherein were two very pretty ladies,

[1] Clerke.

[2] Samuel Morland (1625-1695), the inventor, Pepys's tutor at Magdalene College, afterwards employed in several embassies by Cromwell, while in secret communication with Charles. See August 14, 1660.

[1] An upper garment, like a dressing-gown.

[2] The officers' mess-room under the round-house.

[3] 'With child,' *i.e.* eager.

[4] Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and widow of Frederick V., Elector Palatine. She returned to England on her nephew's restoration.

[5] Afterwards William III.

very fashionable, and with black patches, who very merrily sang all the way, and that very well, and were very free to kiss two blades that were with them. The Hague is a most neat place in all respects. The houses so neat in all places and things as is possible. Here we walked up and down a great while, the town being now very full of Englishmen, for that the Londoners were come on shore to-day. But going to see the Prince,[1] he was gone forth with his governor,[2] and so we walked up and down the town and court to see the place; and by the help of a stranger, an Englishman, we saw a great many places, and were made to understand many things, as the intention of maypoles, which we saw there standing at every great man's door, of different greatness according to the quality of the person. About ten at night the Prince comes home, and we found an easy admission. His attendance very inconsiderable as for a Prince; but yet handsome, and his tutor a fine man, and himself a very pretty boy. This done, we went to a place we had taken to sup in, where a sallet[3] and two or three bones of mutton were provided for a matter of ten of us, which was very strange. The Judge and I lay in one press bed, there being two more in the same room; my boy sleeping on a bench by me.

15th. We lay till past three o'clock, then up and down the town, to see it by daylight; where we saw the soldiers of the Prince's guard, all very fine, and the burghers of the town with their muskets as bright as silver. A schoolmaster, that spoke good English and French, showed us the whole town, and indeed I cannot speak enough of the gallantry of the town. Everybody of fashion speaks French or Latin, or both. The women many of them very pretty and in good habits, fashionable, and black spots. We bought a couple of baskets for Mrs. Pierce and my wife. The Judge and I to the Grande Salle, where the States sit in council. The hall is a great place, where the flags that they take from their enemies are all hung up; and things to be sold, as in Westminster Hall,[4] and not much unlike it, but that not so big. To a bookseller's, and bought for the love of the binding three books: the French *Psalms*, in four parts, Bacon's *Organon*, and Farnab. *Rhetor.*[1] By coach to Scheveling again, the wind being very high. We saw two boats overset, and the gallants forced to be pulled on shore by the heels, while their trunks, portmanteaus, hats, and feathers were swimming in the sea. Among others, the ministers that came with the Commissioners (Mr. Case[2] among the rest) sadly dripped. Being in haste, I lost my Copenhagen knife. A gentleman, going to kiss my Lord's hand, from the Queen of Bohemia, and I hired a Dutch boat for four rix-dollars to carry us on board. We were fain to wait a great while before we could get off from the shore, the sea being very foul. The Dutchman would fain have made all pay that came into our boat besides our company, there being many of our ship's company got in, but some of them had no money, having spent all on shore. Coming on board, we found all the Commissioners of the House of Lords at dinner with my Lord, who after dinner went away for shore. Mr. Morland, now Sir Samuel, was here on board, but I do not find that my Lord or anybody did give him any respect, he being looked upon by him and all men as a knave. Among others, he betrayed Sir Richard Willis that married Dr. F. Jones's daughter, that he had paid him £1000 at one time by the Protector's and Secretary Thurloe's order, for intelligence that he sent concerning the King.[3] In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine clothes which are now come hither; and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them; only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse: as religion, wherein he is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, saying, that indeed the Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatics: he likes uniformity and form of prayer: about State-business, among other things he told me that his

[1] Of Orange. [2] Tutor. [3] Salad.
[4] See note to Jan. 20, 1660.

[1] The *Index Rhetoricus* (1625) of Thomas Farnaby (? 1575-1647).
[2] Thomas Case (1598-1692), member of the Westminster Assembly: on this occasion the Presbyterian representative sent to congratulate the King.
[3] See August 14, 1660.

conversion to the King's cause (for I was saying that I wondered from what time the King could look upon him to become his friend) commenced from his being in the Sound, when he found what usage he was likely to have from a Commonwealth. My Lord, the Captain, and I, supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but, I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

16th. Came in some with visits; among the rest one from Admiral Opdam,[1] who spoke Latin well, but not French nor English, whom my Lord made me to entertain; he brought my Lord a tierce of wine and a barrel of butter, as a present. Commissioner Pett[2] was now come to take care to get all things ready for the King on board. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edward Pickering coming from the King, brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him; but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day; which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waist-cloths out and silk pendants; but he did not come. This evening came Mr. John Pickering[3] on board, like an ass, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. My Lord very angry for his staying on shore, bidding me a little before to send for him, telling me that he was afraid that, for his father's sake, he might have some mischief done him, unless he used the General's name. This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them.[1] And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Greenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal[2] and Duke of York to look upon it, as it lay in the portmanteau, before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

17th. Dr. Clerke came to tell me that he heard this morning, by some Dutch that are come on board already to see the ships, that there was a Portuguese taken yesterday at the Hague, that had a design to kill the King. But this I heard afterwards was only the mistake upon one being observed to walk with his sword naked, he having lost his scabbard. Before dinner Mr. Edward Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy, to Scheveling, where we took coach; and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London), and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined at a French house, but paid 16s. for our part of the club. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seemed to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him, English, very rich in habit. From the King to the Lord Chancellor, who did lie bedrid of the gout; he spoke very merrily to the child and me. After that, going to see the Queen of Bohemia, I met Dr. Fuller, whom I sent to a tavern with Mr. Edward Pickering, while I and the rest went to see the Queen, who used us very respectfully: her hand we all kissed. She seems a very debonair, but

[1] The 'foggy Opdam' of Lord Dorset's ballad, 'To all you ladies now at land.'

[2] Peter Pett (1630-1699), then one of the Commissioners of the Navy, afterwards knighted.

[3] Eldest son of Sir Gilbert Pickering, whom he succeeded in 1668.

[1] Cf. Andrew Marvell:—

'At length, by wonderful impulse of fate,
The people call him back to help the State;
And, what is more, they send him money too,
And clothe him all, from head to foot, anew.'
(*An Historical Poem*, ll. 5-8.)

[2] Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I., mother of William III.

a plain lady. In a coach of a friend's of Dr. Cade, we went to see a house of the Princess Dowager's, in a park about a mile from the Hague, where there is one of the most beautiful rooms for pictures in the whole world. She had here one picture upon the top, with these words, dedicating it to the memory of her husband —'Incomparabili marito, inconsolabilis vidua.'

18th. Very early up, and, hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took waggon for Scheveling, leaving the child in Mr. Pierce's hands, with directions to keep within doors all day. But the wind being so very high that no boats could get off from shore, we returned to the Hague (having breakfasted with a gentleman of the Duke's and Commissioner Pett, sent on purpose to give notice to my Lord of his coming); where I hear that the child is gone to Delfe[1] to see the town; so we took a schuit,[2] very much pleased with the manner and conversation of the passengers, where most speak French; went after them, and met them by the way. We got a smith's boy of the town to go along with us, and he showed us the church where Van Tromp lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph is concluded thus:—'Tandem Bello Anglico tantum non victor, certe invictus, vivere et vincere desiit.' There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed that ever I saw in my life. From thence to the great church, that stands in a fine great market-place, over against the Stadt-house, and there I saw a stately tomb of the old Prince of Orange, of marble and brass; wherein, among other rarities, there are the angels with their trumpets expressed as it were crying. Here were very fine organs in both the churches. It is a most sweet town, with bridges, and a river in every street. In every house of entertainment there hangs in every room a poor man's box, it being their custom to confirm all bargains by putting something into the box, and that binds as fast as anything. We also saw the Guest-house, where it was pleasant to see what neat preparation there is for the poor. We saw one poor man a-dying there. We light by chance of an English house to drink in, where discourse of the town and the thing that hangs up in the Stadt-house like a bushel, which is a sort of punishment for offenders to carry through the streets over his head, which is a great weight. Back by water, where a pretty, sober, Dutch lass sat reading all the way, and I could not fasten any discourse upon her. We met with Commissioner Pett going down to the waterside with Major Harly,[1] who is going upon a dispatch into England.

19th. Up early and went to Scheveling, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no. By waggon to Lausdune, where the 365 children were born. We saw the hill where they say the house stood wherein the children were born. The basins wherein the male and female children were baptized do stand over a large table that hangs upon a wall, with the whole story of the thing in Dutch and Latin, beginning, 'Margarita Herman Comitissa,' etc. The thing was done about 200 years ago.

20th. (Lord's day.) Commissioner Pett at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another, we all bid adieu to the shore. But through the badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship. This hath not been known four days together such weather this time of year, a great while. Indeed, our fleet was thought to be in great danger, but we found all well.

21st. The weather foul all this day also. After dinner, about writing one thing or other all day, and setting my papers in order, hearing, by letters that came hither in my absence, that the Parliament had ordered all persons to be secured, in order to a trial, that did sit as judges in the late King's death, and all the officers attending the Court. Sir John Lenthall[2] moving in the House that all that had borne arms against the King should be exempted from pardon, he was called to the bar of the House, and after a

[1] Delft. [2] A kind of swift sailing-boat.

[1] Edward, afterwards Sir Edward, Harley (1624-1700), Governor of Dunkirk; father of Robert Harley, first Earl of Oxford.

[2] Sir John Lenthall (1625-1681), son of Speaker Lenthall, Governor of Windsor Castle (1660).

severe reproof, he was degraded his knighthood. At Court I find that all things grow high. The old clergy talk as being sure of their lands again, and laugh at the Presbytery; and it is believed that the sales of the King's and Bishops' lands will never be confirmed by Parliament, there being nothing now in any man's power to hinder them and the King from doing what they had a mind, but everybody willing to submit to anything. We expect every day to have the King and Duke on board as soon as it is fair. My Lord does nothing now, but offers all things to the pleasure of the Duke as Lord High Admiral, so that I am at a loss what to do.

22nd. Up, and trimmed by a barber that has not trimmed me yet, my Spaniard being on shore. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board; which, by and by, they did, in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them; the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered, we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that, they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry,[1] and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full; the two Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabin below, and dined with him in state along with only one or two friends of his. All dinner the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner the Dukes and my Lord to see the Vice- and Rear-Admirals, and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them, and came into his own boat, and General Pen and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him, which, in the end, fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but, holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but going of guns almost all this day. In the evening we began to remove cabins; I to the carpenter's cabin, and Dr. Clerke with me, who came on board this afternoon, having been twice ducked in the sea today, and Mr. North and John Pickering the like. Many of the King's servants came on board to-night; and so many Dutch of all sorts came to see the ship till it was quite dark, that we could not pass by one another, which was a great trouble to us all. This afternoon Mr. Downing (who was knighted yesterday by the King) was here on board, and had a ship for his passage into England with his lady and servants. By the same token he called me to him when I was going to write the order, to tell me that I must write him Sir G. Downing. My Lord lay in the roundhouse to-night. This evening I was late writing a French letter by my Lord's order to Monsieur Kragh, Ambassadeur de D[a]n[e]mark à la Haye, which my Lord signed in bed.

23rd. In the morning came infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing his Majesty into the boat, I hear that his Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on

[1] Sir William Coventry (? 1628-1686), a younger son of Thomas first Lord Coventry, the Lord-Keeper, was Secretary to the Duke of York 1660-67. In 1662 he was appointed a Commissioner of the Navy. Pepys pays many tributes to him throughout the *Diary*.

board, where I, in their coming in, kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the royal company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz., the *Nazeby* into *Charles*;[1] the *Richard*, *James*; the *Speaker*, *Mary*; the *Dunbar* (which was not in company with us), the *Henry*; *Winsly*, *Happy Return*; *Wakefield*, *Richmond*; *Lambert*, the *Henrietta*; *Cheriton*, the *Speedwell*; *Bradford*, the *Success*. That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester, the *Swiftsure*.[2] Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarterdeck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place, at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other. In the evening I went up to my Lord to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edward Pickering. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. About bedtime my Lord Bartlett[1] (who I had offered my service to before) sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex, in the great cabin below; but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties; as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor boy's pocket; how, at a Catholic house, he was fain to lie in the priest's hole[2] a good while in the house for his privacy. After that, our company broke up. We have all the Lords Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

24th. Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons[3] that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day.

[1] 'The *Naseby*, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in *Charles* his name.'
DRYDEN, *Astræa Redux*, ll. 230-31.

[2] 'The *Swiftsure* groans beneath great Gloster's weight.'
Ib. l. 235.

[1] A mistake for Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley, who had been deputed, with Lord Middlesex and four other Peers, by the House of Lords, to present an address of congratulation to the King. [B.]

[2] A secret recess in the wainscoting, etc., of country houses, used as a refuge.

[3] Canons or canions, ornamental rolls, round the ends of the legs of breeches.

There dined with me in my cabin (that is, the carpenter's) Dr. Earle[1] and Mr. Hollis, the King's chaplains; Dr. Scarborough,[2] Dr. Quarterman,[3] and Dr. Clerke, physicians; Mr. Darcy,[4] and Mr. Fox[5] (both very fine gentlemen), the King's servants; where we had brave discourse. Walking upon the decks, where persons of honour all the afternoon, among others, Thomas Killigrew[6] (a merry droll, but a gentleman of great esteem with the King), who told us many merry stories: one, how he wrote a letter three or four days ago to the Princess Royal, about a Queen Dowager of Judæa and Palestine that was at the Hague *incognita*, that made love to the King, which was Mr. Cary a courtier's wife, that had been a nun, who are all married to Jesus. At supper the three Doctors of Physic again at my cabin; where I put Dr. Scarborough in mind of what I heard him say, that children do, in every day's experience, look several ways with both their eyes, till custom teaches them otherwise; and that we do now see but with one eye, our eyes looking in parallel lines. After this discourse, I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name, and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship *Charles*. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

25th. By the morning we were come close to the land, and everybody made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went; and there being set some ship's diet before them, only to show them the manner of the ship's diet, they ate of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. I had Mr. Darcy in my cabin; and Dr. Clerke, who ate with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine that Beale made was there ready to carry him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land at Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the gallantry of the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town came and give him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took, and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat, and so into his barge, and we back to the ship, seeing a man almost drowned that fell into the sea. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten[1] and the Vice- and Rear-Admirals. At night I supped with the Captain, who told me

[1] John Earle (? 1601-1665), Dean of Westminster, afterwards Bishop of Worcester and of Salisbury, author of *Microcosmographie* (1628).

[2] Charles Scarborough (1616-1694), principal physician to Charles II. (1660).

[3] William Quarterman, another of the King's physicians. [B.]

[4] Marmaduke, fifth son of Conyers Lord Darcy, one of the companions of Charles's exile, whom the King was wont to call '*Duke Darcy*'. [B.]

[5] Stephen, afterwards Sir Stephen, Fox (1627-1716), controller of Charles's household in Holland.

[6] Thomas Killigrew, the elder (1612-1683), wit and dramatist.

[1] Sir William Batten (d. 1667), admiral, originally a Parliamentarian, but later with Charles in Holland.

what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a Crown and C.R. to be made at the head of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height; which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done, as is to be seen.

26th. Mr. North and Dr. Clerke and all the great company being gone, I found myself very uncouth all this day for want thereof. My Lord dined with the Vice-Admiral to-day (who is as officious, poor man! as any spaniel can be; but I believe all to no purpose, for I believe he will not hold his place), so I dined commander at the coach table to-day, and all the officers of the ship with me, and Mr. White of Dover. After a game or two at ninepins, to work all the afternoon, making about twenty orders. In the evening, my Lord having been ashore, the first time that he hath been ashore since he came out of the Hope (having resolved not to go till he had brought his Majesty into England), returned on board with a great deal of pleasure. The Captain[1] told me that my Lord had appointed me £30 out of the 1000 ducats which the King had given to the ship.

27th. (Lord's day.) Called up by John Goods to see the Garter and Herald's coat, which lay in the coach, brought by Sir Edward Walker, King-at-Arms, this morning, for my Lord. My Lord had summoned all the Commanders on board him to see the ceremony, which was thus: Sir Edward, putting on his coat, and having laid the George and Garter, and the King's letter to my Lord, upon a crimson cushion (in the coach, all the Commanders standing by), makes three congees to him, holding the cushion in his arms. Then, laying it down with the things upon it upon a chair, he takes the letter, and delivers it to my Lord, which my Lord breaks open and gives him to read. It was directed to our trusty and well beloved Sir Edward Montagu, Knight, one of our Generals at sea, and our Companion elect of our Noble Order of the Garter. The contents of the letter are to show that the Kings of England have for many years made use of this honour, as a special mark of favour, to persons of good extraction and virtue, and that many Emperors, Kings, and Princes of other countries have borne this honour; and that whereas my Lord is of a noble family, and hath now done the King such service by sea, at this time, as he hath done, he do send him this George and Garter to wear as Knight of the Order, with a dispensation for the other ceremonies of the habit of the Order and other things, till hereafter, when it can be done. So the herald putting the ribbon about his neck, and the Garter on his left leg, he saluted him with joy as Knight of the Garter. And after that was done, he took his leave of my Lord, and so to shore again to the King at Canterbury, where he yesterday gave the like honour to General Monk, who are the only two for many years that have had the Garter given them, before they had honours of Earldom, or the like, excepting only the Duke of Buckingham, who was only Sir George Villiers when he was made Knight of the Garter.[1] The officers being all on board, there was no room for me at table, so I dined in my cabin, where Mr. Drum brought me a lobster and a bottle of oil, instead of vinegar, whereby I spoiled my dinner. Late to a sermon.

28th. Called up at two in the morning for letters for my Lord from the Duke of York. The Captain did give every one of the men (not the boys) a ducat of the King's money that he gave the ship; and the officers according to their quality. I received in the Captain's cabin, for my share, sixty ducats.

29th. The King's birthday. Abroad to shore with my Lord (which he offered me of himself, saying that I had a great deal of work to do this month, which was very true). On shore we took horses, my Lord and Mr. Edward, Mr. Hetly, and I, and three or four servants, and had a great deal of pleasure in riding. Among other things, my Lord showed me a house that cost a great deal of money, and is built in so barren and inconvenient a place that my Lord calls it the fool's house. At last we came upon a very high cliff by the seaside, and rode under it; we having laid great wagers, I and Dr. Mathews, that

[1] Cuttance, *n.s.*

[1] In 1616.

it was not so high as Paul's; my Lord and Mr. Hetly, that it was. But we riding under it, my Lord made a pretty good measure of it with two sticks, and found it to be not above thirty-five yards high, and Paul's is reckoned to be about ninety. From thence toward the barge again; and in our way found the people at Deal going to make a bonfire for joy of the day, it being the King's birthday, and had some guns which they did give fire to at my Lord's coming by, for which I did give twenty shillings among them to drink. While we were on the top of the cliff, we saw and heard our guns in the fleet go off for the same joy; and it being a pretty fair day, we could see above twenty miles, into France. Being returned on board, my Lord called for Mr. Shepley's book of Paul's, by which we were confirmed in our wager. This day, it is thought, the King do enter the City of London.

30th. I did eat a dish of mackerel, newly catched, for my breakfast. All this morning making up my accounts, in which I counted that I had made myself now worth about £80; at which my heart was glad, and blessed God.

31st. Captain Sparling, of the *Assistance*, brought me a pair of silk stockings of a light blue, which I was much pleased with. This day the month ends. I in very good health, and all the world in a merry mood, because of the King's coming. I begin to teach Mr. Edward, who has a very good foundation laid for his Latin by Mr. Fuller.

June 1660

June 1st. Of the money that the Duke of York did give my Lord's servants, 22 ducatoons[1] came to my share. I did give Mr. Shepley the fine pair of buckskin gloves that I bought for myself five years ago. Many Dover men come and dine with my Lord. My Lord at ninepins in the afternoon. Mr. Shepley tells me how my Lord hath put me down for 70 guilders among the money given to my Lord's servants, which my heart did much rejoice at. Sir R. Stayner told us how some of his men did grumble that no more of the Duke's money do come to their share, and so would not receive any; whereupon he called up those that had taken it, and give them three shares apiece more, which made good sport among the seamen. At night Mr. Cooke comes from London with letters, leaving all things there very gallant and joyful; and brought us word that the Parliament had ordered the 29th of May, the King's birthday, to be for ever kept as a day of thanksgiving for our redemption from tyranny, and the King's return to his government, he entering London that day. My poor wife has not been well: she would fain see me and be at her house again, but we must be content. She writes how there was a talk that I should be knighted by the King, which they (the Joyces) laugh at; but I think myself happier in my wife and estate than they are. The Captain came on board quite fuddled; the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral, and he had been drinking all day. My Lord being now to sit in the House of Peers, he endeavours to get Mr. Edward Montagu for Weymouth, and Mr. George for Dover.

2nd. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his cabin, I took occasion to give thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majesty's money, and the Duke's. He told me he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King; but, says he, 'We must have a little patience, and we will rise together; in the meantime, I will do you all the good jobs I can.' Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord. All the morning with the Captain, computing how much the thirty ships that came with the King from Scheveling their pay comes to for a month (because the King promised to give them all a month's pay), and it comes to £6538, and the *Charles* particularly £777. I wish we had the money.

3rd. (Lord's day.) Captain Holland is come to get an order for the setting out of his ship, and to renew his commission. He tells me how every man goes to the Lord Mayor to set down their names, as such as do accept of his Majesty's pardon, and showed me a certificate under

[1] A silver coin, worth from 5s. to 6s. sterling. The silver ducat was worth about 3s. 6d.; the gold about 9s. 4d

the Lord Mayor's hand, that he had done so.

At sermon in the morning; after dinner into my cabin, to cast my accounts up, and find myself to be worth near £100, for which I bless Almighty God, it being more than I hoped for so soon, being, I believe, not clearly worth £25 when I came to sea, besides my house and goods.

4th. This morning my Lord went on shore with the Vice-Admiral a-fishing. The *Assistance* being to go to Middleburgh for the King's goods, I sent my Dutch money, 70 ducatoons and 29 gold ducats, to be changed for English money, which is the first venture that ever I made, and so I am afraid of it. The King's proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery was read to our ships' companies in the fleet, and indeed it gives great satisfaction to all.

5th. My Lord called for the lieutenant's cittern, and with two candlesticks, with money in them, for cymbals, we made barber's music,[1] with which my Lord was well pleased.

6th. In the morning I had letters come, that told me, among other things, that my Lord's place of Clerk of the Signet was fallen to him, which he did most lovingly tell me that I should execute, in case he could not get a better employment for me at the end of the year, because he thought that the Duke of York would command all; but he hoped that the Duke would not remove me but to my advantage.

My letters tell me that Mr. Calamy[2] had preached before the King in a surplice, (this I heard afterwards to be false); that my Lord, General Monk, and three more lords are made Commissioners for the Treasury; that my Lord had some great place conferred on him, and they say Master of the Wardrobe; that the two Dukes do haunt the park much, and they were at a play, *Madam Epicene*,[3] the other day; that Sir Anthony Cooper,[4] Mr. Hollis,[1] and Mr. Annesly,[2] late President of the Council of State, are made Privy Councillors to the King.

7th. After dinner came Mr. John Wright and Mr. Moore, with the sight of whom my heart was very glad. They brought an order for my Lord's coming up to London, which my Lord resolved to do to-morrow. All the afternoon getting my things in order to set forth to-morrow. At night walked up and down with Mr. Moore, who did give me an account of all things at London. Among others, how the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst, but they will not be able to do anything. Most of the commanders on board, and supped with my Lord. Laid out all my things against to-morrow, to put myself in a walking garb.

8th. Out early, took horses at Deal. Dined at Canterbury. I saw the minster, and the remains of Becket's tomb. To Sittingborne and Rochester: the ships and bridge.[3] Came to Gravesend.

9th. Landed at the Temple. To Whitehall with my Lord and Mr. Edward Montagu. Found the King in the Park. There walked. Gallantly great.

10th. (Lord's day.) At my father's found my wife, and to walk with her in Lincoln's Inn walks.

11th. With my Lord to Dorset House,[4] to the Chancellor.

12th. With my Lord to the Duke of Gloucester. The two Dukes dined with the Speaker; and I saw there a fine entertainment, and dined with the pages.

13th. By water with my Lord in a boat to Westminster, and to the Admiralty, now in a new place,[5] and to the Treasurer of the Navy.

14th. To my Lady Pickering, with the plate that she did give my Lord the other day.

[1] Like the 'music' in barbers' shops, where some instrument, commonly a cittern, was provided for the entertainment of the customers waiting their turn.

[2] Edmund Calamy, the elder (1600-1666).

[3] *Epicœne, or the Silent Woman*, by Ben Jonson.

[4] Afterwards first Earl of Shaftesbury.

[1] Denzil Holles (1599-1680), one of the five members impeached in 1642; created first Baron Holles, 1661.

[2] Arthur, created first Earl of Anglesey (1661).

[3] *I.e.* at Chatham and Rochester. This entry is much condensed in B.

[4] Dorset House, in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, once the residence of the Bishops of Salisbury; alienated by Bishop Jewel to the father of Lord Buckhurst (and Dorset) the joint-author of *Gorboduc*.

[5] Duke Street, Westminster.

15th. My Lord told me how the King had given him the place of the Great Wardrobe.

16th. To my Lord, and so to Whitehall with him about the Clerk of the Privy Seal's place, which he is to have. Then to the Admiralty, where I wrote some letters. Here Colonel Thompson told me, as a great secret, that the *Naseby* was on fire when the King was there, but that is not known; when God knows it is quite false. Got a piece of gold from Major Holmes[1] for the horse I brought to town.

17th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Mossum's; a good sermon. This day the organs did begin to play at Whitehall before the King. After dinner to Mr. Mossum's again, and so in the garden, and heard Chippell's father preach, that was page to the Protector. By the window that I stood at sat Mrs. Butler,[2] the great beauty. Mr. Edward and I into Gray's Inn walks, and saw many beauties.

18th. To my Lord's, where much business. With him to the Parliament House, where he did intend to have made his appearance to-day, but he met Mr. Crewe upon the stairs, and would not go in. He went to Mrs. Brown's, and stayed till word was brought him what was done in the House. This day they made an end of the twenty men to be excepted from pardon to their estates. By barge to Stepney with my Lord, where at Trinity House we had great entertainment. With my Lord there went Sir W. Pen,[3] Sir H. Wright, Hetly, Pierce, Creed, Hill, I, and other servants. Back again to the Admiralty, and so to my Lord's lodgings, where he told me that he did look after the place of the Clerk of the Acts for me. Murford showed me five pieces to get a business done for him, and I am resolved to do it.[4]

19th. Much business at my Lord's. This morning my Lord went into the House of Commons, and there had the thanks of the House, in the name of the Parliament and Commons of England, for his late service to his King and country. A motion was made for a reward for him, but it was quashed by Mr. Annesly, who, above most men, is engaged to my Lord's and Crewe's families. Lady Pickering told me the story of her husband's case, and desired my assistance with my Lord, and did give me, wrapped up in paper, £5 in silver. With my Lord to Whitehall, and my Lady Pickering. My Lord went at night with the King to Baynard's Castle[1] to supper, and I home. My wife and the girl and dog came home to-day. I found a quantity of chocolate left for me, I know not from whom.

20th. With my Lord (who lay long in bed this day, because he came home late from supper with the King) to the Parliament House, and, after that, with him to General Monk's, where he dined at the Cockpit. Thence to the Admiralty, and despatched away Mr. Cooke to sea; whose business was a letter from my Lord about Mr. G. Montagu to be chosen as a Parliament-man in my Lord's room at Dover; and another to the Vice-Admiral to give my Lord a constant account of all things in the fleet, merely that he may thereby keep up his power there; another letter to Captain Cuttance to send the barge, that brought the King on shore, to Hinchingbroke by Lynn.

21st. To my Lord; much business. At the Dog Tavern, Captain Curle, late of the *Maria*, gave me five pieces in gold and a silver can for my wife, for the commission I did give him this day for his ship, dated April 20, 1660. With my Lord to the Council Chamber, where he was sworn; and the charge of his being admitted Privy Councillor is £26. Thence to the Parliament door, and with my Lord to see the Great Wardrobe, where Mr. Townsend brought us to the governor of some poor children in tawny clothes, who had been maintained there these eleven years, which put my Lord to a stand how to dispose of them; but he may have the house for his own use. The children did sing finely, and my Lord bid me give them five pieces in gold at his going away. To Whitehall, where, the King being gone abroad, my

[1] Afterwards Sir Robert Holmes (1622-1692), admiral. He had seen service under Prince Rupert in the Civil War.

[2] Frances Butler, sister of Mr. Butler ('Monsieur L'Impertinent'), referred to in the *Diary*.

[3] Sir William Penn (1621-1670), admiral. He had served under Blake in the first Dutch War. At the Restoration he was made a Commissioner of the Navy.

[4] This sentence under '19th' in later editions.

[1] On the riverside, below Thames Street.

Lord and I walked a great while, discoursing of the simplicity of the Protector, in his losing all that his father had left him. My Lord told me that the last words that he parted with the Protector with (when he went to the Sound) were, that he should rejoice more to see him in his grave at his return home, than that he should give way to such things as were then in hatching, and afterwards did ruin him; and that the Protector said that whatever G. Montagu, my Lord Broghill,[1] Jones, and the Secretary would have him to do, he would do it, be it what it would. To my father's, where Sir Thomas Honeywood and his family were come of a sudden, and so we forced to lie altogether in a little chamber, three stories high.

22nd. To my Lord, where much business. With him to Whitehall, where, the Duke of York not being up, we walked a good while in the Shield Gallery. Mr. Hill (who for these two or three days hath constantly attended my Lord) told me of an offer of £500 for a baronet's dignity, which I told my Lord of in the balcony of this gallery, and he said he would think of it. My dear friend Mr. Fuller[2] of Twickenham and I dined alone at the Sun Tavern,[3] where he told me how he had the grant of being Dean of St. Patrick's, in Ireland; and I told him my condition, and both rejoiced one for another. To give order for horses to be got to draw my Lord's great coach to Mr. Crewe's. Thence to my Lord's, and had the great coach to Brigham's, who give me a can of good julep, and told me how my Lady Monk deals with him and others for their places, asking him £500, though he was formerly the King's coachmaker, and sworn to it. To bed the first time since my coming from sea, in my own house, for which God be praised.

23rd. To my Lord's lodgings, where Tom Guy came to me, and there stayed to see the King touch people for the King's evil.[4] But he did not come at all, it rained so; and the poor people were forced to stand all the morning in the rain in the garden. Afterward he touched them in the Banqueting House. With my Lord to my Lord Frezendorfe's,[1] where he dined to-day. He told me that he had obtained a promise of the Clerk of the Acts place for me, at which I was glad.

24th. (Sunday.) Told Mr. G. Montagu from my letters he was likely to be chosen at Dover.

25th. With my Lord at Whitehall all the morning. I spoke with Mr. Coventry about my business, who promised me all the assistance I could expect. Dined with young Mr. Powell, lately come from the Sound, being amused at our great changes here, and Mr. Southerne, now Clerk to Mr. Coventry, at the Leg in King Street. Thence to the Admiralty, where I met Mr. Turner, of the Navy Office, who did look after the place of Clerk of the Acts. He was very civil to me, and I to him, and shall be so. There came a letter from my Lady Monk to my Lord about it this evening, but he refused to come to her, but meeting in Whitehall with Sir Thomas Clarges, her brother, my Lord returned answer that he could not desist in my business; and that he believed that General Monk would take it ill if my Lord should name the officers in his army; and therefore he desired to have the naming of one officer in the fleet. With my Lord by coach to Mr. Crewe's, and very merry by the way, discoursing of the late changes and his good fortune. Thence home, and then with my wife to Dorset House, to deliver a list of the names of the justices of peace for Huntingdonshire. I met [there] Mr. Kipps, my old friend, now seal-bearer to the Lord Chancellor.

26th. My Lord dined at his lodgings all alone to-day. I went to Secretary Nicholas, to carry him my Lord's resolutions about his title, which he had chosen, and that is Portsmouth.[2] Mr. Watts, a merchant, offered me £500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place. I pray God direct me in what I do herein.

[1] Roger Boyle (1621-1679), Lord Broghill, created Earl of Orrery, 1660.

[2] William Fuller (1608-1675), afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

[3] In Fish Street Hill.

[4] Scrofula. The practice held till 1714; the office for the cure appeared in the Prayer-Book till 1719.

[1] John Frederic de Friesendorff, Ambassador from Sweden to Charles II., who created him a baronet in 1661. [B.]

[2] The patent was changed to 'Sandwich.' See July 10, 1660.

With Mr. Townsend to Backewell,[1] the goldsmith's, and there we chose £100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas.

27th. With my Lord to the Duke, where he spoke to Mr. Coventry to despatch my business of the Acts, in which place everybody gives me joy, as if I were in it, which God send. Dined with my Lord and all the officers of his regiment, who invited my Lord and his friends, as many as he would bring, to dinner at the Swan at Dowgate,[2] a poor house, and ill dressed, but very good fish, and plenty. By coach to the Speaker's, where my Lord supped with the King, but I could not get in.

28th. To Sir G. Downing, the first visit I have made him since he came. He is so stingy a fellow I care not to see him; I quite cleared myself of his office, and did give him liberty to take anybody in. After this to my Lord, who lay a-bed till eleven o'clock; it being almost five before he went to bed, they supped so late last night with the King. This morning I saw poor Bishop Wren[3] going to chapel, it being a thanksgiving day for the King's return.

29th. Up and to Whitehall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerk of the Acts. Also I got my Lord's warrant from the Secretary for his honour of Earl of Portsmouth and Viscount Montagu of Hinchingbroke. So to my Lord, to give him an account of what I had done. Then to Sir Geffery Palmer,[4] who told me that my Lord must have some good Latinist to make the preamble to his Patent, which must express his late service in the best terms that he can; and he told me in what high flaunting terms Sir J. Greenville had caused his to be done, which he do not like; but that Sir Richard Fanshawe[5] had done General Monk's very well. Then to Whitehall, where I was told by Mr. Hutchinson at the Admiralty, that Mr. Barlow, my predecessor, Clerk of the Acts, is yet alive, and coming up to town to look after his place, which made my heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof, and he bad me get possession of my Patent; and he would do all that could be done to keep him out. This night my Lord and I looked over the list of the Captains, and marked some that my Lord had a mind to put out.

30th. By times to Sir R. Fanshawe, to draw up the preamble to my Lord's Patent. So to my Lord, and with him to Whitehall, where I saw a great many fine antique heads of marble, that my Lord Northumberland[1] had given the King. Meeting Mr. De Cretz,[2] we looked over some of the pieces in the gallery, and he told me [by] whose hands they were, with great pleasure. With Sir Edward Walker for my Lord's pedigree. To Whitehall with Mr. Moore, where I met with a letter from Mr. Turner, offering me £150 to be joined with me in my patent, and to advise me how to improve the advantage of my place, and to keep off Barlow. This day came Will,[3] my boy, to me; the maid continuing lame, so that my wife could not be longer without help.

July 1660

July 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it. In the afternoon to the Abbey, where a good sermon by a stranger, but no Common Prayer yet.

2nd. Infinite of business; my heart and head full. Met with Purser Washington, with whom and a lady, a friend of his, I dined at the Bell Tavern in King Street,[4] but the rogue had no more manners than to invite me, and to let me pay my club. All the afternoon with my Lord,

[1] Edward Bakewell, an Alderman of London and opulent banker, ruined by the shutting up of the Exchequer in 1672, when he retired to Holland, where he died. [B.]

[2] Near Swan Stairs. There was a well-known Swan Tavern at Charing Cross.

[3] Matthew Wren (1585-1667), Bishop of Ely. He had been in the Tower since Laud's impeachment (1642).

[4] (1598-1670) Attorney-General; created a baronet at the Restoration.

[5] Sir Richard Fanshawe (1608-1666), Latin Secretary to Charles at the Hague, translator of *Il Pastor Fido* and the *Lusiad*.

[1] Sir Algernon Percy (1602-1668), tenth Earl of Northumberland.

[2] Son of John De Critz the younger, serjeant-painter.

[3] William Wayneman.

[4] On the north side, where Great George Street now runs.

going up and down the town; at seven at night he went home; and there the principal Officers of the Navy, among the rest myself was reckoned one. We had order to meet to-morrow, to draw up such an order of the Council as would put us into action before our patents were passed. At which my heart was glad. At night supped with my Lord, he and I together, in the great dining-room alone by ourselves, the first time I ever did it in London.

3rd. The Officers and Commissioners of the Navy all met at Sir G. Carteret's[1] chamber, and agreed upon orders for the Council to supersede the old ones, and empower us to act. Dined with Mr. Stephens, the Treasurer of the Navy, and Mr. Turner, to whom I offered £50 out of my own purse for one year, and the benefit of a Clerk's allowance beside, which he thanked me for; but I find he hath some design yet in his head, which I could not think of. In the afternoon my heart was quite pulled down, by being told that Mr. Barlow was to inquire to-day for Mr. Coventry; but at night I met with my Lord, who told me that I need not fear, for he would get me the place against the world. And when I came to W. Howe, he told me that Dr. Petty had been with my Lord, and did tell him that Barlow was a sickly man, and did not intend to execute the place himself, which put me in great comfort again.

4th. Up early, and with Commissioner Pett to view the houses in Seething Lane,[2] belonging to the Navy, where I find the worst very good, and had great fears that they will shuffle me out of them, which troubles me. To Mr. Backewell's, the goldsmith, where I took my Lord's £100 in plate for Mr. Secretary Nicholas, and my own piece of plate, being a state dish and cup in chased work for Mr. Coventry, cost me above £19. Carried these and the money by coach to my Lord's at Whitehall, and from thence carried Nicholas's plate to his house and left it there, intending to speak with him anon. So to my Lord's, and walking all the afternoon in Whitehall Court, in expectation of what shall be done in the Council as to our business. It was strange to see how all the people flocked together bare, to see the King looking out of the Council window. At night my Lord told me how my orders that I drew last night, about giving us power to act, are granted by the Council, at which I was very glad.

5th. This morning my brother Tom brought me my jackanapes coat with silver buttons. It rained this morning, which makes us fear that the glory of this day will be lost; the King and Parliament being to be entertained by the City to-day with great pomp. Mr. Hater[1] was with me to-day, and I agreed with him to be my clerk. Being at Whitehall, I saw the King, the Dukes, and all their attendants go forth in the rain to the City, and it bedraggled many a fine suit of clothes. I was forced to walk all the morning in Whitehall, not knowing how to get out because of the rain. Met with Mr. Cooling,[2] my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who took me to dinner among the gentlemen waiters, and after dinner into the wine-cellar. He told me how he had a project for all us Secretaries to join together and get money by bringing all business into our hands. Thence to the Admiralty, where Mr. Blackburne and I (it beginning to hold up) went and walked an hour or two in the Park, he giving of me light in many things in my way in this office that I go about. And in the evening I got my presents of plate carried to Mr. Coventry's. At my Lord's at night comes Dr. Petty to me, to tell me that Barlow was come to town, and other things, which put me into a despair, and I went to bed very sad.

6th. In the afternoon my Lord and I and Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret went and took possession of the Navy Office, whereby my mind was a little cleared, but my hopes not great. From thence Sir G. Carteret and I to the Treasurer's Office, where he set some things in order. At my Lord's in the

[1] Sir George Carteret (d. 1680).

[2] Adjoining the Navy Office (see note to July 9). Here Pepys lived during the period covered by the *Diary*.

[1] Thomas Hater [or Hayter]. He remained with Pepys for some time; and by his assistance was made Petty Purveyor of Petty Missions. [B.]

[2] Richard Cooling (d. 1697), afterwards Clerk of the Privy Council.

dark. William Howe and I did sing extempores.

7th. I took an order for the advance of the salaries of the officers of the Navy, and mine is raised to £350 per annum.

8th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good music, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life. The Bishop of Chichester[1] preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that the clergy should meddle with matters of State. Dined with Mr. Luellin and Salisbury at a cook's shop. Home, and stayed all the afternoon with my wife till after sermon. There till Mr. Fairbrother[2] came to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy,[3] which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys[4] was the other day persuading me from it.

9th. To the Navy Office,[5] where in the afternoon we met and sat; and there I began to sign bills in the Office the first time.

10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodius's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib[6] to Mynheer Roder,[7] which was kept at Goring House[8] with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in Whitehall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the despatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earl of Sandwich,[1] Viscount Hinchingbroke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet; not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to the Navy Office, where we met, and despatched business. And that being done, we went all to dinner to the Dolphin, upon Major Brown's invitation. After that, to the office again, where I was vexed, and so was Commissioner Pett, to see a busy fellow come to look out the best lodgings for my Lord Barkley,[2] and the combining between him and Sir W. Pen; and, indeed, was troubled much at it.

12th. Up early, and by coach to Whitehall with Commissioner Pett, where, after we had talked with my Lord, I went to the Privy Seal, and got my bill perfected there, and at the Signet; and then to the House of Lords, and met with Mr. Kipps, who directed me to Mr. Beale to get my patent engrossed; but, he not having time to get it done in Chancery-hand, I was forced to run all up and down Chancery Lane and the Six Clerks' Office, but could find none that could write the hand that were at leisure. And so in despair went to the Admiralty, where we met the first time there, my Lord Montagu, my Lord Barkley,[2] Mr. Coventry, and all the rest of the principal Officers and Commissioners, except only the Comptroller, who is not yet chosen.

13th. Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlet coat with silver buttons. To Mr. Spong, whom I found in his nightgown[3] writing of my patent. It being done, we carried it to Worcester House,[4] to the Chancellor, where Mr. Kipps (a strange providence that he should now be in a condition to do me a kindness) got me the Chancellor's 'recipe'[5] to my bill;

1 Henry King (1592-1663).

2 Dr. William Fairbrother, of King's College, Cambridge.

3 The Grace is dated June 26, 1660. [B.] See also Aug. 14. 1660.

4 Roger Pepys, son of Talbot Pepys, a barrister, M.P. for Cambridge, 1661.

5 The Navy Office in Seething Lane, but with its chief entrance in Crutched Friars. It was removed later to Somerset House.

6 Sister of Samuel Hartlib, Milton's Polish friend. See Aug. 7, 1660.

7 Afterwards knighted, Aug. 5, 1660, as Sir John Roder. See Aug. 7, 1660.

8 Goring House, the town residence of Lord Norwich, afterwards Arlington House. Buckingham Palace now stands on its site.

1 See *ante*, June 26. The title of Portsmouth was given, in 1673, *for her life* to Louise de Querouaille; and, in 1743, to John Wallop, Viscount Lymington.

2 Of Stratton.

3 See May 14, 1660, *note*.

4 In the Strand on the south side, on the site of the later Beaufort Buildings.

5 Later editions print 'recepi.'

and so carried it to Mr. Beale for a docket; but he was very angry, and unwilling to do it, because he said it was ill writ (because I had got it writ by another hand, and not by him); but by much importunity I got Mr. Spong to go to his office and make an end of my patent; and in the meantime Mr. Beale to be preparing my docket, which being done, I did give him two pieces, after which it was strange how civil and tractable he was to me. Met with Mr. Spong, who still would be giving me counsel of getting my patent out, for fear of another change, and my Lord Montagu's fall. At the Navy Office I got leave to have a door made me into the leads. After that to Worcester House, where, by Mr. Kipps's means, and my pressing in General Montagu's name to the Chancellor, I did, beyond all expectation, get my seal passed; and while it was doing in one room, I was forced to keep Sir G. Carteret (who by chance met me there, ignorant of my business) in talk. To my wife, whom I had left in a coach, and presented her with my patent, at which she was overjoyed; so to the Navy Board, and showed her my house,[1] and both mightily pleased. I to my Lord's where I dispatched an order for a ship to fetch Sir R. Honywood home, for which I got two pieces. Late writing letters; and great doings of music at the next house, which was Whally's; the King and Dukes there with Madame Palmer,[2] a pretty woman that they had a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold. Here at the old door that did go into his lodgings, my Lord, I, and W. Howe did stand listening a great while to the music.

14th. Comes in Mr. Pagan Fisher,[3] the poet, and promises me what he had long ago done, a book in praise of the King of France, with my arms, and a dedication to me, very handsome. Took Mr. Butler[4] to see my house, and did give him a glass of wine at Rawlinson's, and was trimmed in the street.

15th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I mightily pleased with our new house that we hope to have. My patent has cost me a great deal of money; about £40. In the afternoon to Henry the Seventh's Chapel, where I heard service and a sermon. Dined with my Lord, whom I find plainly to be a sceptic in all things of religion, but to be a perfect stoic.

17th. This morning (as indeed all the mornings nowadays) much business at my Lord's. There came to my house before I went out Mr. Barlow,[1] an old consumptive man, and fair conditioned. After much talk, I did grant him what he asked, viz. £50 per annum if my salary be not increased, and £100 per annum in case it be £350, at which he was very well pleased to be paid as I received my money, and not otherwise; so I brought him to my Lord's bedside, and he and I did agree together. Will,[2] Mr. Blackburne's nephew, is so obedient, that I am greatly glad of him.

18th. This morning we met at the office; I dined at my house in Seething Lane.

19th. At the Dog Tavern. We did talk of our old discourse when we did use to talk of the King, in the time of the Rump, privately; after that to the Admiralty Office, in Whitehall, where I stayed and writ my late observations for these four days last past. Great talk of the difference between the Episcopal and Presbyterian Clergy; but I believe it will come to nothing.

20th. I sent my wife to my father's, and he is to buy £5 worth of pewter.

21st. To Mr. Barlow at his lodgings at the Golden Eagle, in the new street[3] between Fetter Lane and Shoe Lane. Dined at a club, where we had three voices to sing catches. About business of my Lord's concerning his creation.[4]

[1] In Seething Lane.

[2] Barbara Villiers (1641-1709), daughter of William, second Viscount Grandison, and wife of Roger Palmer, created Earl of Castlemaine, 1661. She became the King's mistress in 1660, and was in 1670 made Duchess of Cleveland.

[3] Payne Fisher (1616-1693), who styled himself Paganus Piscator, of Hart Hall, Oxford, and Magdalene College, Cambridge. He wrote several poems in Latin praising Cromwell and his friends, and some books on heraldry and antiquities.

[4] Known as Monsieur L'Impertinent.

[1] See June 29.

[2] William Hewer, Pepys's chief clerk. He became afterwards a Commissioner of the Navy, and Treasurer for Tangier; and was the constant companion of Pepys, who died in his house at Clapham. [B.]

[3] Still known as New Street. Another 'New Street' close by is now known as Chancery Lane.

[4] As Earl of Sandwich.

22nd. (Lord's day.) After dinner to Whitehall, where I find my Lord at home, and walked in the garden with him, he showing me all respect. I left him, and went to walk in the inward Park, but could not get in; one man was basted by the keeper, for carrying some people over on his back through the water. Home, and at night had a chapter read; and I read prayers out of the Common Prayer Book, the first time that ever I read prayers in this house. So to bed.

23rd. Mr. Barlow and I signed and sealed our agreement. After dinner to my Lord, who took me to Secretary Nicholas;[1] and before him and Secretary Morris,[2] my Lord and I upon our knees together took our oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and the Oath of the Privy Seal, of which I was much glad, though I am not likely to get anything by it at present; but I do desire it, for fear of a turn-out of our office. Mr. Barlow by appointment came and dined with me, and both of us very pleasant and pleased.

24th. To Whitehall, where I did acquaint Mr. Watkins with my being sworn into the Privy Seal, at which he was much troubled, but did offer me a kinsman of his to be my clerk. In the afternoon I spent much time in walking in Whitehall Court with Mr. Bickerstaffe, who was very glad of my Lord's being sworn, because of his business with his brother Baron, which is referred to my Lord Chancellor, and to be ended to-morrow. Baron had got a grant beyond sea, to come in before the reversionary of the Privy Seal.

25th. I got my certificate of my Lord's and my being sworn. This morning my Lord took leave of the House of Commons, and had the thanks of the House for his great service to his country.[3] We met Mr. L'Impertinent[4] with his mother and sisters and father coming from the Gatehouse, where they lodge, and I did the first time salute them all, and very pretty Madam Frances[1] is.

26th. Early to Whitehall, thinking to have a meeting of my Lord and the principal officers, but my Lord could not, it being the day that he was to go and be admitted in the House of Lords, his patent being done, which he presented upon his knees to the Speaker; and so it was read in the House and he took his place. T. Doling carried me to St. James's Fair,[2] and there meeting with W. Symons and his wife, and Luellin, and D. Scobell's wife and cousin, we went to Wood's at the Pell Mell (our old house for clubbing), and there we spent till ten at night.

27th. I find myself worth about £100 after all my expenses. We got a coach, but the horses were tired, and could not carry us farther than St. Dunstan's.

28th. A boy brought me a letter from Poet Fisher, who tells me that he is upon a panegyric of the King, and desired to borrow a piece of me; and I sent him half-a-piece. To Westminster, and there met Mr. Henson, who had formerly had the brave clock that went with bullets (which is now taken away from him by the King, it being his goods).

29th. (Lord's day.) With my Lord to Whitehall Chapel, where I heard a cold sermon of the Bishop of Salisbury's, Duppa's;[3] and the ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them. My Lord went to dinner at Kensington with my Lord Camden.[4]

30th. This afternoon I got my £50, due to me for my first quarter's salary as Secretary to my Lord, paid to Thomas Hater for me, which he received and brought home to me, of which I am full glad. At the Rhenish wine-house,[5] drinking. The sword-bearer of London (Mr. Man) came to ask for us, with whom we sat late, discoursing about the worth of

[1] Sir Edward Nicholas (1593-1669), Secretary of State to Charles I. and II.

[2] Sir William Morris or Morice (1602-1676), Secretary of State, 1660-1668. He was related to Monk.

[3] In the Journals this is stated to have taken place on July 24. [B.]

[4] Mr. Butler. See p. 37, *note*.

[1] Mr. Butler's sister. See June 17, 1660.

[2] This Fair had been suppressed during the Commonwealth, and was finally discontinued towards the end of Charles II.'s reign. It was held in Westminster, near St. James's Palace, on or about July 25.

[3] Brian Duppa (1588-1662), successively Bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester.

[4] Baptist Noel (1611-1682), third Viscount Campden.

[5] In Cannon Row. It was entered from King Street by a narrow passage.

my office of Clerk of the Acts, which he hath a mind to buy, and I asked four years' purchase.

31st. To Whitehall, where my Lord and the principal officers met, and had a great discourse about raising of money for the Navy, which is in very sad condition; and money must be raised for it. Mr. Blackburne, Dr. Clerke, and I to the Quaker, and dined there. I back to the Admiralty, and there was doing things in order to the calculating of the debts of the Navy and other business, all the afternoon. At night I went to the Privy Seal, where I found Mr. Crofts and Mathews making up all their things to leave the office to-morrow to those that come to wait the next month.

August 1660

August 1st. In the afternoon at the office, where we had many things to sign; and I went to the Council Chamber, and there got my Lord to sign the first bill, and the rest all myself; but received no money to-day.

2nd. To Westminster by water with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen (our servants in another boat) to the Admiralty; and from thence I went to my Lord's to fetch him thither, where we stayed in the morning about ordering of money for the victuallers, and advising how to get a sum of money to carry on the business of the Navy. From thence W. Hewer and I to the office of Privy Seal, where I stayed all the afternoon, and received about £40 for yesterday and to-day, at which my heart rejoiced for God's blessing to me, to give me this advantage by chance, there being of this £40 about £10 due to me for this day's work. So great is the present profit of this office, above what it was in the King's time; there being the last month about 300 bills, whereas in the late King's time it was much to have 40. I went and cast up the expense that I laid out upon my former house[1] (because there are so many that are desirous of it, and I am, in my mind, loath to let it go out of my hands, for fear of a turn). I find my layings-out to come to about £20, which with my fine will come to about £22 to him that shall hire my house of me.

[1] In Axe Yard.

3rd. By coach with my wife to Dr. Clerke's to dinner. I was very much taken with his lady, a comely proper woman, though not handsome, but a woman of the best language I ever heard.

4th. To Whitehall, where I found my Lord gone with the King by water to dine at the Tower with Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant. I found my Lady Jemimah[1] at my Lord's, with whom I stayed and dined, all alone; after dinner at the Privy Seal Office, signing things and taking money all day. I could not go to the Red Bull playhouse[2] as I intended. So to a committee of Parliament (Sir Heneage Finch,[3] chairman), to give them an answer to an order of theirs, 'that we could not give them any account of the Accounts of the Navy in the years '36, '37, '38, '39, '40, as they desire.'

5th. (Lord's day.) After dinner to St. Margaret's; the first time I ever heard Common Prayer in that church. At Westminster stairs a fray between Mynheer Clinke and a waterman made good sport.

6th. This night Mr. Man offered me £1000 for my office of Clerk of the Acts, which made my mouth water; but yet I dare not take it till I speak with my Lord to have his consent.

7th. Mr. Moore and myself dined at my Lord's with Mr. Shepley. While I was at dinner in came Samuel Hartlib and his brother-in-law,[4] now knighted by the King, to request my promise of a ship for them to Holland, which I had promised to get for them. After dinner to the Privy Seal all the afternoon. At night meeting Samuel Hartlib, he took me by coach to Kensington, to my Lord of Holland's; I stayed in the coach while he went in about his business.

8th. To Mr. Butler's, to see his daughters. We found them very pretty,

[1] Lady Jemima Montagu, daughter of Lord Sandwich, afterwards Lady Philip Carteret.

[2] The Red Bull Theatre stood at the upper end of St. John's Street, on the site which was known later as Red Bull Yard, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell. Killigrew's players played here till their removal to the new theatre in Drury Lane.

[3] Created Earl of Nottingham, 1681.

[4] See *ante*, July 10.

and Colonel Dillon[1] there, a very merry and witty companion.

9th. With Judge-Advocate Fowler, Mr. Creed, and Mr. Shepley, to the Rhenish wine-house, and Captain Hayward of the *Plymouth*, who is now ordered to carry my Lord Winchilsea, Ambassador to Constantinople. We were very merry, and Judge-Advocate did give Captain Hayward his Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy.

10th. With Mr. Moore and Creed to Hyde Park by coach, and saw a fine foot-race three times round the Park, between an Irishman and Crow, that was once my Lord Claypoole's[2] footman. (By the way, I cannot forget that my Lord Claypoole did the other day make inquiry of Mrs. Hunt concerning my house in Axe Yard, and did set her on work to get it of me for him; which methinks is a very great change.) Crow beat the other by above two miles. Unable to think of anything, because of my constant business, not having read a new book or inquiring after any news. Many people look after my house in Axe Yard, to hire it, so that I am troubled with them. But blessed be God for my good chance of the Privy Seal, where I get every day I believe about £3. This place my Lord did give me by chance, neither he nor I thinking it to be of the worth that he and I find it to be.

12th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord, and with him to Whitehall Chapel, where Mr. Calamy preached, and made a good sermon upon these words, 'To whom much is given, of him much is required.' He was very officious with his three reverences to the King, as others do. After sermon a brave anthem of Captain Cooke's,[3] which he himself sung, and the King was well pleased with it. My Lord dined at my Lord Chamberlain's.[4]

13th. My father tells me that he hath propounded Mr. John Pickering for Sir Thomas Honywood's daughter, which I think he do not deserve for his own merit. I know not what he may do for his estate.

14th. To the Privy Seal, and thence to my Lord's, where Mr. Pim, the tailor, and I agreed upon making me a velvet coat. From thence to the Privy Seal again, where Sir Samuel Morland came with a baronet's grant to pass, which the King had given him to make money of. Here we stayed with him a great while; and he told me the whole manner of his serving the King in the time of the Protector;[1] and how Thurloe's bad usage made him to do it; how he discovered Sir R. Willis, and how he had sunk his fortune for the King; and that now the King had given him a pension of £500 per annum out of the Post Office for life, and the benefit of two baronets; all which do make me begin to think that he is not so much a fool as I took him to be. I did make even with Mr. Fairbrother for my degree of Master of Arts,[2] which cost me about £9:16s. At night good sport, having the girl and boy to comb my head.

15th. To the office, and after dinner by water to Whitehall, where I found the King gone this morning by five of the clock to see a Dutch pleasure-boat[3] below bridge, where he dines, and my Lord with him. The King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising since he came.

16th. My Lord took leave, and so for Hinchingbroke. My Lady Jemimah and Mr. Thomas Crewe in the coach with him.

17th. At the Half Moon I saw Mr. Creed show the strangest emotions to shift off his drink I ever saw.

18th. Towards Westminster by water. I landed my wife at Whitefriars, with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and my father persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth, of 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5; but she doing it very innocently, I could not be angry. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpit[4] play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, *The Loyal*

[1] Frances Butler's suitor. See July 25, 1660, and Dec. 31, 1662.

[2] John Claypole married, 1646, Elizabeth, second daughter of Oliver Cromwell, to whom he was Master of the Horse. He had been a member of the Protector's House of Lords.

[3] Henry Cooke (d. 1672) had served in the Royal army, and obtained a captainship. At the Restoration he became Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal; he wrote the music for the Coronation.

[4] The Earl of Manchester.

[1] See May 15, 1660.

[2] See July 8.

[3] See Nov. 8, 1660, and Jan. 13, 1661.

[4] In Drury Lane.

Subject,[1] where one Kinaston,[2] a boy, acted the Duke's sister,[3] but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life. After the play done, we went to drink, and, by Captain Ferrers' means, Kinaston and another[4] (that acted Archas the General) came and drank with us.

19th. (Lord's day.) This morning Sir William Batten, Pen, and myself went to church to the churchwardens to demand a pew, which at present could not be given us; but we are resolved to have one built. So we stayed, and heard Mr. Mills,[5] a very good minister. Home to dinner, where my wife had on her new petticoat that she bought yesterday, which indeed is a very fine cloth and a fine lace; but that being of a light colour, and the lace all silver, it makes no great show.

20th. This afternoon at the Privy Seal, where reckoning with Mr. Moore, he had got £100 for me together, which I was glad of, guessing that the profit of this month would come to £100. With W. Hewer by coach to Worcester House,[6] where I light, sending him home with the £100 that I received to-day. Here I stayed, and saw my Lord Chancellor come into his Great Hall, where wonderful how much company there was to expect him. Before he would begin any business, he took my papers of the state of the debts of the Fleet, and there viewed them before all the people, and did give me his advice privately how to order things to get as much money as we can of the Parliament.

21st. I met Mr. Crewe and dined with him, where there dined one Mr. Hickeman,[7] an Oxford man, who spoke very much against the height of the now old clergy, for putting out many of the religious fellows of colleges, and inveighing against them for their being drunk. To the Brazennose tavern. It being post-night, I wrote to my Lord to give him notice that all things are well; that General Monk is made Lieutenant of Ireland, which my Lord Roberts[1] (made Deputy) do not like of, to be deputy to any man but the King himself.

22nd. In the House, after the Committee was up, I met with Mr. G. Montagu, and joyed him in his entrance (this being his 3rd day) for Dover. Here he made me sit all alone in the House, none but he and I, half an hour, discoursing how there was like to be many factions at Court between Marquis Ormond,[2] General Monk, and the Lord Roberts, about the business of Ireland; as there is already between the two Houses about the Act of Indemnity; and in the House of Commons, between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian men. Walked with Mr. Herring, the minister of St. Bride's.

23rd. By water to Doctors' Commons, to Dr. Walker,[3] to give him my Lord's papers to view over, concerning his being empowered to be Vice-Admiral under the Duke of York. With Sir W. B. and Sir W. P. to dinner at a tavern in Thames Street, where they were invited to a roasted haunch of venison and other very good victuals and company. Thence by water to Whitehall, to the Parliament House, where I spoke with Colonel Birch,[4] and so to the Admiralty chamber, where we and Mr. Coventry had a meeting about several businesses. Amongst others, it was moved that Phineas Pett[5] (kinsman to the Commissioner), of Chatham, should be suspended his employment till he had answered some articles put in against him, as that he should formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a strumpet. Ate a musk melon, the first I have tasted this year.

25th. This night W. Hewer brought me

[1] By John Fletcher (*lic.* 1618; *pr.* 1647). The frequent reference to plays by Beaumont and Fletcher is valuable corroboration of Dryden's statement in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* that two of their plays were acted for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's.

[2] Edward Kynaston (? 1640-1706), one of the last actors who played female parts. Cf. Jan. 3, 1661.

[3] Olympia. [4] Unidentified.

[5] Daniel Milles, D.D. (d. 1689), rector of St. Olaves, Hart Street. [B.]

[6] See July 13.

[7] Henry Hickman (d. 1692), fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford (1648-1660). He retired to Holland and died at Leyden.

[1] John Robartes (1606-1685), second Baron Robartes, afterwards first Earl of Radnor.

[2] James Butler (1610-1688), twelfth Earl of Ormond, created Duke in 1661. He had been created Marquis in 1642.

[3] William, afterwards Sir William, Walker, one of the Judges of the Admiralty.

[4] John Birch (1616-1691), a Presbyterian colonel, who took a leading part in the Restoration.

[5] Perhaps a son of Phineas Pett the Commissioner of the Navy (1630), and therefore a brother of Peter Pett the present Commissioner.

home from Mr. Pim's my velvet coat and cap, the first that ever I had.

26th. (Lord's day.) To the parish church, where we are placed in the highest pew of all. A stranger preached a tedious long sermon. To church again in the afternoon with my wife; in the garden and on the leads at night.

27th. Came a vessel of Northdown ale from Mr. Pierce, the purser, to me, and a brave Turkey-carpet and a jar of olives from Captain Cuttance, and a pair of fine turtle-doves from John Burr to my wife. Major Hart came to me, whom I did receive with wine and anchovies, which made me so dry, that I was ill with them all night, and was fain to have the girl rise and fetch me some drink.

28th. Colonel Scroope[1] is this day excepted out of the Act of Indemnity, which has been now long in coming out, but it is expected to-morrow. I carried home £80 from the Privy Seal, by coach.

29th. My wife discovered my boy Will's theft, and a great deal more than we imagined; at which I was vexed, and intend to put him away.

30th. To Whitehall, where I met with the Act of Indemnity (so long talked of and hoped for), with the Act of Rate for Poll-money, and for judicial proceedings. This the first day that ever I saw my wife wear black patches since we were married. My Lord came to town to-day.

31st. With my Lord to the Duke's chamber. He is ordered to go suddenly to sea.

September 1660

September 1st. All this afternoon sending express to the fleet, to order things against my Lord's coming; and taking direction of my Lord about some rich furniture to take along with him for the Princess.[2] And talking after this, I hear by Mr. Townsend that there is the greatest preparation against the Prince de Ligne's[3] coming over from the King of Spain, that ever was in England, for their Ambassador.

2nd. Sunday to St. Margaret's; heard a good sermon upon 'Teach us the right way,' or something like it, wherein he[1] ran over all the new tenets in policy and religion, that had brought us into all our late divisions.

3rd. Up, and to Mr. ——, the goldsmith, where I bought my wedding-ring, and there, with much ado, got him to put a gold ring to the jewel which the King of Sweden did give my Lord; out of which my Lord had now taken the King's picture, and intends to make a George[2] of it. About noon, my Lord, having taken leave of the King in the Shield Gallery[3] (where I saw with what kindness the King did hug my Lord at his parting), I went over with him and saw him in his coach at Lambeth, and there took leave of him, he going to the Downs. I am to get my Lord a toilet-cap, and comb-case of silk, to make use of in Holland, for he goes to the Hague.

4th. Looking over the joiners, flooring my dining-room.

5th. I put away my boy,[4] and tore his indenture. Great news nowaday of the Duke d'Anjou's[5] desire to marry the Princess Henrietta. Hugh Peters[6] is said to be taken. The Duke of Gloucester is ill, and it is said it will prove the smallpox.

6th. Sir W. Batten told me how Commissioner Pett did pay himself for the entertainment that he did give the King at Chatham at his coming in, and 20s. a day all the time he was in Holland, which I wonder at. I am unwilling to mix my fortune with him that is going down the wind. Sent all my books to my Lord's, in order to send them to my house that I now dwell in.

7th. My Lord set sail from the Downs for Holland.

8th. Drinking a glass of wine late and discoursing with Sir W. Pen. I find him

[1] Colonel Adrian Scrope (1601-1660), regicide. He suffered at Charing Cross.
[2] The Princess of Orange.
[3] Claude Lamoral, Prince de Ligne, had commanded the cavalry in the Low Countries; he was afterwards Viceroy of Sicily, and Governor of Milan. He died at Madrid in 1679. [B.]

[1] The preacher.
[2] A George-ring: a ring with the image of St. George in it.
[3] At Whitehall.
[4] See Aug. 29, 1660.
[5] Brother of Louis XIV., afterwards Duke of Orleans.
[6] Hugh Peters (1598-1660), independent, executed at Charing Cross.

to be a very sociable man, and an able man, and very cunning.

9th. (Sunday.) Major Hart came to see me in the garden, who tells me that we are all like to be speedily disbanded, and then I lose the benefit of a muster.

10th. News of the Duke's intention to go to-morrow to the fleet for a day or two to meet his sister.

11th. Landing at the Bear at the Bridge foot,[1] we saw Southwark Fair, I having not at all seen Bartholomew Fair. I caused the girl to wash the wainscot of our parlour, which she did very well, which caused my wife and I good sport. The Duke of York did go to-day by break of day to the Downs. The Duke of Gloucester ill. The House of Parliament was to adjourn to-day.

12th. Looking after my workmen, whose laziness do much trouble me.

13th. My wife went to the burial of a child of my cousin Scott's; and it is observable that within this month my aunt Wright was brought to bed of two girls, my cousin Stradwick of a girl and boy, and my cousin Scott of a boy, and all died. Mr. Hawley did give me a little black rattoon,[2] painted and gilt. This day the Duke of Gloucester died of the smallpox, by the great negligence of the doctors.

14th. My mother very ill, at which my heart is very sad.

15th. To Westminster, where I met with Dr. Castles, who chid me for some error in our Privy Seal business; among the rest, for letting the fees of the six judges pass unpaid, which I know not what to say to, till I speak to Mr. Moore. I was much troubled, for fear of being forced to pay the money myself. Called at my father's going home, and bespoke mourning for myself, for the death of the Duke of Gloucester.

16th. (Sunday.) My Lord of Oxford, I am told, is also dead of the smallpox; in whom his family dies, after 600 years having that honour in their family and name.[3] To the Park, where I saw how far they had proceeded in the Pell-mell, and in making a river through the Park, which I had never seen before since it was begun.[1] Thence to Whitehall Garden, where I saw the King in purple mourning for his brother. A gentleman in the Poultry had a great and dirty fall over a water-pipe that lay along the channel.

17th. I did give my wife £15 to go to buy mourning things for her, which she did.

18th. This day I heard that the Duke of York, upon the news of the death of his brother yesterday, came hither by post last night.

19th. To the Mitre tavern, in Wood Street (a house of the greatest note in London),[2] where I met W. Symons and D. Scobell, and their wives, Mr. Samford, Luellin, Chetwind, one Mr. Vivion, and Mr. White,[3] formerly chaplain to the Lady Protectress[4] (and still so, and one they say that is likely to get my Lady Frances[5] for his wife). Here some of us fell to handicap,[6] a sport that I never knew before, which was very good.

20th. To Major Hart's lodgings in Cannon Street, who used me very kindly with wine and good discourse, particularly upon the ill method which Colonel Birch and the Committee use in defending of the army and the navy; promising the Parliament to save them a great deal of money, when we judge that it will cost the King more than if they had nothing to do with it, by reason of their delays and scrupulous inquiries into the account of both.

21st. Upon the water saw the corpse of the Duke of Gloucester brought down Somerset House stairs, to go by water to Westminster, to be buried to-night. To the Hope[7] Tavern, and sent for Mr. Chaplin, who with Nicholas Osborne and one Daniel came to us, and we drank off two or three quarts of wine, which was very good; the drawing of our wine causing a great quarrel

[1] 'The Bear at the Bridge Foot,' a tavern at the Southwark end of Old London Bridge.

[2] A rattan stick or switch.

[3] Aubrey de Vere, twentieth Earl of Oxford, who succeeded in 1632, survived till 1703, when the title became extinct. Robert Harley, the first of the second creation became Earl of Oxford in 1711.

[1] The canal in St. James's Park.

[2] See July 31, 1665. Not the Mitre of Jan. 20, 1660. See note, p. 5.

[3] Jeremiah White (1629-1707), domestic chaplain to Cromwell.

[4] Oliver Cromwell's wife.

[5] Frances Cromwell.

[6] It appears to have been an old game (the 'Newe Faire' of Piers Plowman) and known in other countries. See the description in the *New English Dictionary*.

[7] *I.e.* Hoop.

in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best, which caused a great deal of noise and falling-out till the master parted them, and came up to us, and did give a long account of the liberty that he gives his servants, all alike, to draw what wine they will to please his customers; and ate above 200 walnuts. Nicholas Osborne did give me a barrel of samphire,[1] and showed me the keys of Mardyke[2] Fort, which he that was commander of the fort sent him as a token when the fort was demolished; and I will get them of him if I can.

22nd. I bought a pair of short black stockings, to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and I met with The. Turner and Joyce, buying of things to go into mourning, too, for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in town. This day Mr. Edward Pickering is come from my Lord, and says that he left him well in Holland, and that he will be here within three or four days.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Came one from my father's with a black cloth coat, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in. To the Abbey, where I expected to hear Mr. Baxter or Mr. Rowe preach their farewell sermon, and in Mr. Symons's pew I heard Mr. Rowe. Before sermon I laughed at the reader, who in his prayer desires of God that He would imprint his word on the thumbs of our right hands, and on the right great toes of our right feet.[3] In the midst of the sermon, some plaster fell from the top of the Abbey that made me and all the rest in our pew afraid, and I wished myself out. This afternoon, the King having news of the Princess being come to Margate, he and the Duke of York went down thither in barges to her.

24th. I arose from table and went to the Temple church, where I had appointed Sir W. Batten to meet him; and there at Sir Heneage Finch Solicitor-General's chambers, before him and Sir W. Wilde, Recorder of London (whom we sent for from his chamber), we were sworn justices of peace for Middlesex, Essex, Kent, and Southampton; with which honour I did find myself mightily pleased, though I am wholly ignorant in the duties of a justice of peace. I went with Monsieur L'Impertinent[1] to a dancing meeting in Broad Street, at the house that was formerly the Glass-house,[2] Luke Channell master of the school, where I saw good dancing.

25th. I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drunk before, and went away (the King and the Princess coming up the river this afternoon as we were at our pay). My Lord told me how the ship that brought the Princess and him (the *Tredagh*) did knock six times upon the Kentish Knock, which put them in great fear for the ship; but got off well. He told me also how the King had knighted Vice-Admiral Lawson and Sir Richard Stayner.

26th. To the church, to consult about our gallery.

28th. All the afternoon among my workmen, and did give them drink, and very merry with them, it being my luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions.

29th. This day, or yesterday, I hear, Prince Rupert[3] is come to court; but welcome to nobody.

October 1660

October 1st. Mr. Mansell, a poor reformado[4] of the *Charles*, came to see me.

2nd. At Will's I met with Mr. Spicer, and with him to the Abbey to see them at vespers. There I found but a thin congregation.

3rd. To my Lord's, who sent a great iron chest to Whitehall; and I saw it carried into the King's closet, where I saw most incomparable pictures. Among the rest a book open upon a desk, which I durst have sworn was a real book. Back again to my Lord, and dined all alone with him, who did treat me with a great deal of respect; and after dinner did discourse an hour with me, and advise about some

[1] Sea-fennel, pickled.
[2] A fort four miles east of Dunkirk.
[3] Exodus xxix. 20; Levit. viii. 23, xiv. 14.

[1] Mr. Butler.
[2] See note, *supra*, Feb. 12, 1660.
[3] The King's cousin.
[4] Here used in the sense of a discharged officer from the royal ship the *Charles*. Generally a disbanded soldier (or one whose company has been 'reformed') or 'broken man.' Cf. Ben Jonson, *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. p. 2.

way to get himself some money to make up for his great expenses, saying that he believed that he might have anything that he would ask of the King. This day I heard the Duke speak of a great design that he and my Lord of Pembroke have, and a great many others, of sending a venture to some parts of Africa to dig for gold ore there. They intend to admit as many as will venture their money, and so make themselves a company. £250 is the lowest share for every man. But I do not find that my Lord do much like it.

4th. I and Lieutenant Lambert[1] to Westminster Abbey, where we saw Dr. Frewen[2] translated to the Archbishopric of York. Here I saw the Bishops of Winchester,[3] Bangor,[4] Rochester,[5] Bath and Wells,[6] and Salisbury,[7] all in their habits, in King Henry Seventh's chapel. But, Lord! at their going out, how people did most of them look upon them as strange creatures, and few with any kind of love or respect!

5th. Office day; dined at home to see my painters now at work upon my house.

6th. Colonel Slingsby[8] and I at the office, getting a catch[9] ready for the Prince de Ligne to carry his things away to-day, who is now going home again. I was to give my Lord an account of the stations and victuals of the fleet, in order to the choosing of a fleet fit for him to take to sea, to bring over the Queen.

7th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloak for a short one (long cloaks being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow[10] preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cooke's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, but that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, and that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinet. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not.[1] So that the thing is very bad for the Duke and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad. After dinner to the Abbey, where I heard them read the church service, but very ridiculously. A poor cold sermon of Dr. Lamb's,[2] one of the prebendaries, in his habit, came afterwards, and so all ended.

8th. At my father's about gilded leather for my dining-room.

9th. This morning Sir W. Batten with Colonel Birch to Deptford, to pay off two ships. Sir W. Pen and I stayed to do business, and afterwards together to Whitehall, where I went to my Lord, and saw in his chamber his picture, very well done; and am with child[3] till I get it copied out, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea. Our gentlemen and Mr. Prin[4] dined together. I found Mr. Prin a good, honest, plain man, but in his discourse not very free or pleasant. Among all the tales that passed among us to-day, he told us of one Damford, that, being a black man, did scald his beard with mince-pie, and it came up again all white in that place, and continued to his dying day.[5]

10th. At night comes Mr. Moore, and tells me how Sir Hards. Waller[6] (who only pleads guilty), Scott, Coke,[7] Peters,[8] Harrison,[9] etc., were this day arraigned at

[1] See June 6, 1661.

[2] Accepted Frewen (1588-1664), Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, proscribed by Cromwell.

[3] Brian Duppa, translated from Salisbury (see *supra*, p. 43).

[4] William Roberts (1585-1665).

[5] John Warner (1581-1666).

[6] William Piers (1580-1670).

[7] Humphrey Henchman (1592-1675), afterwards Bishop of London.

[8] Afterwards Sir Robert Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy (1611-1661).

[9] A ketch: a strongly-built two-masted vessel of from 100 to 250 tons burden.

[10] William Spurstow (?1605-1666), Puritan preacher, one of the authors of *Smectymnuus*.

[1] See the 24th, and May 6, 1661.

[2] James Lamb (1599-1664), the orientalist.

[3] Cf. *supra*, p. 27, note.

[4] William Prynne, *q.v.*

[5] Prynne's tale of the mince-pie was probably, though Pepys does not seem to have seen it, a Puritan's joke at the expense of his neighbours.

[6] Sir Hardress Waller (?1604-?1666), tried as a regicide and imprisoned for life.

[7] John Cook, barrister, whom Parliament had ordered to conduct the prosecution of Charles I. Executed 1660.

[8] Hugh Peters (1598-1660), the Independent.

[9] Thomas Harrison (1606-1660), regicide. See October 13.

the bar of the Sessions House, there being upon the bench the Lord Mayor, General Monk, my Lord of Sandwich, etc.; such a bench of noblemen as had not been ever seen in England! They all seem to be dismayed, and will all be condemned without question. In Sir Orlando Bridgman's[1] charge, he did wholly rip up the unjustness of the war against the King from the beginning, and so it much reflects upon all the Long Parliament, though the King had pardoned them, yet they must hereby confess that the King do look upon them as traitors. To-morrow they are to plead what they have to say.

11th. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorex[2] brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpit to see *The Moor of Venice*,[3] which was well done. Burt[4] acted the Moor; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me called out, to see Desdemona smothered. With Mr. Creed to Hercules Pillars,[5] where we drank.

12th. My Lady Sandwich came to town, and showed me most extraordinary love and kindness.

13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison[6] hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross. Setting up shelves in my study.

14th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall chapel, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill-sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princess Royal since she came into England. Here I also observed how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that part the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.

15th. This morning Mr. Carew[1] was hanged and quartered at Charing Cross; but his quarters, by a great favour, are not to be hanged up.

16th. Being come home, Will told me that my Lord had a mind to speak with me to-night; so I returned by water, and, coming there, it was only to inquire how the ships were provided with victuals that are to go with him to fetch over the Queen, which I gave him a good account of. He seemed to be in a melancholy humour, which, I was told by W. Howe, was for that he had lately lost a great deal of money at cards, which he fears he do too much addict himself to nowadays.

18th. This morning, it being expected that Colonel Hacker[2] and Axtell[3] should die, I went to Newgate, but found they were reprieved till to-morrow. The. Turner sent for a pair of doves that my wife had promised her; and because she did not send them in the best cage, she sent them back again with a scornful letter, with which I was angry, but yet pretty well pleased that she was crossed.

19th. This morning my dining-room was finished with green serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and quartered, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against to-morrow for my Lord.

20th. I dined with my Lord and Lady; he was very merry, and did talk very high how he would have a French cook, and a master of his horse, and his lady and child

[1] (?1606-1674), Chief Baron of the Exchequer and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He presided at the trial of the regicides.

[2] Ralph Greatorex, a mathematical instrument maker, friend of Evelyn and Pepys.

[3] *Othello*.

[4] Nicholas Burt.

[5] On the south side of Fleet Street, opposite St. Dunstan's Church.

[6] See October 10.

[1] John Carew, regicide.

[2] Colonel Francis Hacker, who commanded the guards at the King's execution.

[3] Daniel Axtel had commanded the soldiery at the trial.

to wear black patches; which methought was strange; but he is become a perfect courtier; and, among other things, my Lady saying that she could get a good merchant for her daughter Jem, he answered that he would rather see her with a pedlar's pack at her back, so she married a gentleman, than she should marry a citizen. This afternoon, going through London, and calling at Crowe's, the upholsterer's, in Saint Bartholomew's, I saw the limbs of some of our new traitors set upon Aldersgate, which was a sad sight to see; and a bloody week this and the last have been, there being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered.

21st. (Lord's day.) George Vine, carried me up to the top of his turret, where there is Cooke's head set up for a traitor, and Harrison's set up on the other side of Westminster Hall. Here I could see them plainly, as also a very fair prospect about London.

22nd. All preparing for my Lord's going to sea to fetch the Queen to-morrow. At night my Lord came home, with whom I stayed long, and talked of many things. I got leave to have his picture, that was done by Lilly,[1] copied. He told me there hath been a meeting, before the King and my Lord Chancellor, of some Episcopalian and Presbyterian Divines; but what had passed he could not tell me.

23rd. One of Mr. Shepley's pistols, charged with bullets, flew off, and it pleased God that the mouth of the gun being downwards, it did us no hurt; but I think I never was in more danger in my life. About eight o'clock my Lord went; and going through the garden, Mr. William Montagu told him of an estate of land lately come into the King's hands, that he had a mind my Lord should beg. To which end my Lord writ a letter presently to my Lord Chancellor to do it for him, which (after leave taken of my Lord at Whitehall bridge) I did carry to Warwick House to him; and had a fair promise of him that he would do it this day for my Lord. In my way thither I met the Lord Chancellor and all the Judges riding on horseback and going to Westminster Hall, it being the first day of the term. Carried my Lord's picture to Mr. de Cretz to be copied.

24th. Mr. Moore tells me, among other things, that the Duke of York is now sorry for his amour with my Lord Chancellor's daughter, who is now brought to bed of a boy.[1] To Mr. Lilly's,[2] where not finding Mr. Spong, I went to Mr. Greatorex, where I met him, and where I bought of him a drawing-pen; and he did show me the manner of the lamp-glasses, which carry the light a great way, good to read in bed by, and I intend to have one of them; and we looked at his wooden jack in his chimney, that goes with the smoke, which is indeed very pretty. So to Mr. Lilly's with Mr. Spong, where well received, there being a club to-night among his friends. Among the rest, Esquire Ashmole,[3] who, I found, was a very ingenious gentleman. With him we two sang afterwards in Mr. Lilly's study. That done, we all parted; and I home by coach, taking Mr. Booker[4] with me, who did tell me a great many fooleries,[5] which may be done by nativities, and blaming Mr. Lilly for writing to please his friends and to keep in with the times (as he did formerly to his own dishonour), and not according to the rules of art, by which he could not well err, as he had done.

25th. All day at home, doing something in order to the fitting of my house.

26th. By Westminster to Whitehall, where I saw the Duke de Soissons[6] go from his audience with a very great deal of state: his own coach all red velvet covered with gold lace, and drawn by six barbs,[7] and attended by twenty pages, very rich in clothes. To Westminster Hall, and bought, among other books, one of the Life of our Queen, which I read at home to my wife;

[1] Peter Lely (1618-1680), the famous portrait-painter, knighted 1679. 'This portrait was bought by Lord Braybrooke at Mr. Pepys Cockerell's sale, in 1848, and is now at Audley End.' [B.]

[1] Born on the 22nd.

[2] William Lilly (1602-1681), the astrologer and almanac-maker.

[3] Elias Ashmole (1617-1692), the antiquary, whose collections were bequeathed to the University of Oxford.

[4] John Booker (1603-1667), astrologer.

[5] Cf. Butler's reference to Lilly and Booker in *Hudib as*, iii. 1091, etc.

[6] Eugene Maurice of Savoy, youngest son of Thomas of Savoy, by Marie de Bourbon, Countess of Soissons, whose title he inherited. His youngest son was the celebrated General, Prince Eugene of Savoy. [B.]

[7] Barbary horses.

but it was so sillily written, that we did nothing but laugh at it: among other things, it is dedicated to that paragon of virtue and beauty, the Duchess of Albemarle. Great talk as if the Duke of York do now own the marriage between him and the Chancellor's daughter.

27th. I went by chance to my new Lord Mayor's house (Sir Richard Browne), by Goldsmiths' Hall,[1] which is now fitting, and indeed is a very pretty house. Coming back, I called at Paul's Churchyard, and bought Alsted's *Encyclopædia*,[2] which cost me 38s. I dined with my Lady, my young Lord,[3] and Mr. Sidney,[4] who was sent for from Twickenham to see my Lord Mayor's show to-morrow.

28th. (Lord's day.) To Westminster Abbey, where, with much difficulty, going round the cloisters, I got in; this day being a great day for the consecrating of five Bishops, which was done after sermon; but I could not get into Henry the Seventh's chapel. After dinner to Whitehall chapel; my Lady and my Lady Jemimah and I up to the King's closet (who is now gone to meet the Queen). So meeting with one Mr. Hill, that did know my Lady, he did take us into the King's closet, and there we did stay all service-time, which I did think a great honour.

29th. I up early, it being my Lord Mayor's day[5] (Sir Richard Browne), and neglecting my office, I went to the Wardrobe, where I met my Lady Sandwich and all the children; and after drinking of some strange and incomparable good claret of Mr. Rumball's,[6] he and Mr. Townsend did take us, and set the young Lords at one Mr. Nevill's, a draper in Paul's Churchyard; and my Lady, and my Lady Pickering[7] and I to one Mr. Isaacson's, a linen-draper at the Key in Cheapside; where there was a company of fine ladies, and we were very civilly treated, and had a very good place to see the pageants, which were many, and I believe good for such kind of things, but in themselves but poor and absurd. The show being done, we got to Paul's with much ado, and I went on foot with my Lady Pickering to her lodgings, which was a poor one in Blackfriars, where she never invited me to go in at all, which methought was very strange. Lady Davis is now come to our next lodgings, and has locked up the leads' door from me, which put me in great disquiet.

30th. I went to the Cockpit all alone, and there saw a very fine play called *The Tamer Tamed*;[1] very well acted. I hear nothing yet of my Lord, whether he be gone for the Queen from the Downs or no; but I believe he is, and that he is now upon coming back again. We did read over the King's declaration in matters of religion, which is come out to-day; which is very well penned.

31st. Much troubled about my walk on the leads, but we are all unwilling to anger my Lady Davis.[2] Resolving to ride to Sir W. Batten's,[3] I sat up late, and was fain to cut an old pair of boots to make leathers for those I was to wear.

November 1660

November 1st. This morning Sir W. Pen and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We came to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things, he showed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chair, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest, Mr. Christmas, my old schoolfellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much

[1] Foster Lane, Cheapside.
[2] The *Encyclopædia* of Joannes Henricus Alstedius, 7 vols., 1630.
[3] Hinchingbroke. [4] Montagu.
[5] November 9, after 1752.
[6] See Dec. 8, 1661. Probably William Rumbold, who was Surveyor-General of Customs in 1663. His brother, Henry Rumbold, the diplomatist, had been a wine merchant in Spain during the Civil War and was Consul at Cadiz at this time.
[7] Elizabeth Montagu, sister of the Earl of Sandwich, who had married Sir Gilbert Pickering, Bart.

[1] *The Woman's Prize, or Tamer Tamed*, by John Fletcher.
[2] Wife of Mr. Davis, belonging to the Navy Office. 'Lady' is used in the same sense as the French 'Madame.' [B.]
[3] His country house at Walthamstow.

afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be—'The memory of the wicked shall rot'); but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time. He did make us good sport in imitating Mr. Case, Ash, and Nye, the ministers;[1] but a deadly drinker he is, and grown very fat.

2nd. I went and saw some silver bosses put upon my Bible, which cost me 6s. 6d. the making, and 7s. 6d. the silver; the book comes in all to £1 : 3 : 6. To Whitehall, where I saw the boats coming very thick to Lambeth, and all the stairs to be full of people. I was told the Queen was a-coming; so I got a sculler for sixpence to carry me thither and back again, but I could not get to see the Queen: so came back, and to my Lord's, where he was come; and I supped with him, he being very merry, telling merry stories of the country mayors; how they entertained the King all the way as he came along; and how the country gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King, not taking his hand to kiss, as they should do. I took leave of my Lord and Lady, and so took coach at Whitehall, and carried Mr. Childe[2] as far as the Strand, and myself got as far as Ludgate by all the bonfires, but with a great deal of trouble; and there the coachman desired that I would release him, for he durst not go further for the fires. In Paul's Churchyard I called at Kirton's,[3] and there they had got a mass-book for me, which I bought, and cost me twelve shillings; and, when I came home, sat up late and read in it with great pleasure to my wife, to hear that she was long ago acquainted with it. I observed this night very few bonfires in the City, not above three in all London, for the Queen's coming; whereby I guess that (as I believed before) her coming do please but very few.

3rd. Saturday. In the afternoon to Whitehall, where my Lord and Lady were gone to kiss the Queen's hand.

[1] Thomas Case (1598-1682), *M.S.*; Simeon Ash, Presbyterian minister; Philip Nye (? 1596-1672), Independent.

[2] Afterwards Sir Josiah Child (1630-1699), author of a *New Discourse of Trade*, 1668.

[3] A bookseller. See Dec. 23, 1661.

4th. (Lord's day.) In the morn to our own church,[1] where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer, by saying 'Glory be to the Father,' etc., after he had read the two psalms: but the people had been so little used to it that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King's do give the Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster. In our way we called at the Bell, to see the seven Flanders mares that my Lord has bought lately. Then I went to my Lord's, and, having spoken with him, I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral. My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.

5th. At the office at night, to make up an account of what the debts of nineteen of the twenty-five ships that should have been paid off is increased since the adjournment of the Parliament, they being to sit again to-morrow. This 5th of November is observed exceeding well in the City; and at night great bonfires and fireworks.

6th. Mr. Chetwind told me that he did fear that this late business of the Duke of York's would prove fatal to my Lord Chancellor. To our office, where we met all, for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle[2] (the first time that ever I saw any of this kind), where I observed how they do invite one another, and at last how they all do cry,[3] and we have much to do to tell who did cry last. The ships were the *Indian*, sold for £1300, and the *Half-moon*, sold for £830. Fell a-reading of the trials of the late men that were hanged for the King's death, and found good satisfaction in reading thereof.

7th. Went by water to my Lord, where I dined with him, and he in a very merry

[1] St. Olave's, Hart Street.

[2] An old form of auction. A small candle was lighted when the bidding began; and the bidder who 'cried' before the candle went out, or when it had burned down to a mark made and announced by the auctioneer (here an inch) claimed the article. Cf. Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (near the beginning), and the advertisements in the original sheets of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* (*passim*). See also *infra*, Sept. 3, 1662.

[3] *I.e.* bid.

humour (present Mrs. Borfett and Childe) at dinner: he, in discourse of the great opinion of the virtue—gratitude (which he did account the greatest thing in the world to him, and had, therefore, in his mind been often troubled in the late times how to answer his gratitude to the King, who raised his father), did say it was that did bring him to his obedience to the King; and did also bless himself with his good fortune, in comparison to what it was when I was with him in the Sound, when he durst not own his correspondence with the King; which is a thing that I never did hear of to this day before; and I do from this raise an opinion of him, to be one of the most secret men in the world, which I was not so convinced of before. After dinner he bid all go out of the room, and did tell me how the King had promised him £4000 per annum for ever, and had already given him a bill under his hand (which he showed me) for £4000 that Mr. Fox[1] is to pay him. My Lord did advise with me how to get this received, and to put out £3000 into safe hands at use; and the other he will make use of for his present occasion. This he did advise with me about with great secrecy. After all this, he called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe and Mr. Childe did sing and play some psalms of Will Lawes's,[2] and some songs; and so I went away. To Mr. Fox, who did use me very civilly, but I did not see his lady, whom I had so long known when she was a maid, Mrs. Whittle.[3] Notwithstanding this was the first day of the King's proclamation against hackney-coaches coming into the streets to stand to be hired, yet I got one to carry me home.

8th. On board the yacht,[4] which indeed is one of the finest things that ever I saw, for neatness and room, in so small a vessel. Home at two in the morning. My wife up, who showed me her head, which was very well dressed.

9th. At the Hope[5] Tavern, dinner given us by Mr. Ady and Mr. Wire, the King's fishmonger. Good sport with Mr. Talbot, who eats no sort of fish, and there was nothing else till we sent for a neat's tongue. My Lord had an organ set up to-day in his dining-room, an ugly one, in the form of Bridewell. To wait at Sir Harry Wright's, where my Lord was busy at cards.

10th. The Comptroller[1] and I to the coffee-house, where he showed me the state of his case; how the king did owe him above £6000. But I do not see great likelihood for them to be paid, since they begin already in Parliament to dispute the paying of the just sea-debts, which were already promised to be paid, and will be the undoing of thousands if they be not paid. I bought *Montelion*,[2] which this year do not prove so good as the last was; so, after reading it, I burned it: reading of that and the comedy of the *Rump*,[3] also very silly, I went to bed. Going home, I bought a goose.

11th. (Lord's day.) To church in our new gallery, the first time it was used. There being no woman this day, we sat in the foremost pew, and behind our servants, and I hope it will not always be so, it not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal to us. I went to Mr. Fox at Whitehall, when I first saw his lady, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Whittle, whom I had formerly a great opinion of, and did make an anagram or two upon her name when I was a boy. She proves a very fine lady, and mother to fine children. I agreed with Mr. Fox about taking the £4000 of him that the King had given my Lord.

12th. To the Comptroller's house in Lime Street, a fine house, where I never was before. Agreed with Jack Spicer to help me to tell money this afternoon. My father and I discoursed seriously about my sister's coming to live with me, and yet I am much afraid of her ill-nature. I told her plainly my mind was to have her come not as a sister but as a servant,[4]

[1] The Paymaster-General, afterwards Sir Stephen Fox (1627-1716).

[2] Elder brother of Henry Lawes, the celebrated composer, and gentleman of the Chapel Royal. He was killed at the siege of Chester, 1645.

[3] Elizabeth Whittle. See Dec. 11.

[4] See Aug. 15, 1660, and Jan. 13, 1661.

[5] *i.e.* Hoop, *q.v.*

[1] Sir Robert Slingsby.

[2] *Montelion* 1660, *the Prophetical Almanack, . . . by Montelion, Knight of the Oracle*, *i.e.* J. Phillips, Milton's nephew, first appeared in 1659. There was no issue for 1660, but issues for 1661 and 1662 were published by Thomas Flatman, the poet.

[3] *The Rump, or the Mirror of the late Times* (1660), a comedy by John Tatham (d. 1664).

[4] See Jan. 2, 1661.

which she promised me that she would, and with many thanks did weep for joy.

13th. By water to the Wardrobe. A great deal of room in the house, but very ugly, till my Lord had bestowed great cost upon it. Found my wife making of pies and tarts to try her oven with; but, not knowing the nature of it, did heat it too hot, and so [did] a little overbake her things; but knows how to do better another time.

14th. Into Cheapside to Mr. Beauchamp's, the goldsmith, to look out a piece of plate to give Mr. Fox from my Lord, for his favour about the £4000, and did choose a gilt tankard.

15th. My Lord did this day show me the King's picture which was done in Flanders, that the King did promise my Lord before he ever saw him, and that we did expect to have had at sea before the King came to us; but it came but to-day, and indeed it is the most pleasant and the most like him that ever I saw picture in my life. As dinner was coming on table, my wife came to my Lord's, and I got her carried in to my Lady, who was just now hiring of a French maid that was with her, and they could not understand one another till my wife came to interpret. Here I did leave my wife to dine with my Lord, the first time he did ever take notice of her as my wife, and did seem to have a just esteem for her. To Mr. Fox, and by two porters carried away the other £1000. I had it of his kinsmen, and did give him £4, and other servants something; but whereas I did intend to have given Mr. Fox himself a piece of plate of £50, I was demanded £100, the fee of the office, at 6d. a pound, at which I was surprised; but I did leave it there till I speak with my Lord. My wife I found much satisfied with my Lord's discourse and respect to her. To Sir W. Batten's to dinner, he having a couple of servants married to-day; and so there was a great number of merchants, and others of good quality,[1] on purpose after dinner to make an offering, which, when dinner was done, we did; and I did give ten shillings and no more, though I believe most of the rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too.

[1] Female servants, at this time, were often the daughters of well-to-do merchants.

19th. I went with the Treasurer[1] in his coach to Whitehall, and in our way, in discourse, do find him a very good-natured man; and, talking of those men who now stand condemned for murdering the King, he says that he believes that, if the law would give leave, the King is a man of so great compassion that he would wholly acquit them.

20th. Mr. Shepley and I to the new playhouse near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbon's tennis-court)[2] where the play of *Beggar's Bush*[3] was newly begun; and so we went in, and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone,[4] who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King, and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England. This morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen, and Princess at the Cockpit[5] all night, where Genera Monk treated them; and after supper a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's music,[6] he bidding them stop, and bade the French music play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours. While my Lord was rising, I went to Mr. Fox's, and there did leave the gilt tankard for Mrs. Fox, and then to the counting-house to him, who hath invited me and my wife to dine with him on Thursday next, and so to see the Queen and Princess.

21st. This morning my cousin, Thos. Pepys, the turner, sent me a cup of lignum vitæ for a token. My wife and I went to Paternoster Row, and there we bought some green-watered moyre[7] for a morning waistcoat. And after that we went to Mr. Cade's to choose some pictures for our house. I to Pope's Head,[8] and bought

[1] *I.e.* Treasurer of the Navy (Sir George Carteret).
[2] Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, in Portugal Street; constructed by Sir William Davenant on the earlier tennis-court, and opened in 1660.
[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.
[4] Michael Mohun (d. 1684), who had been a major in the King's army, member of Killigrew's company.
[5] At Whitehall.
[6] John Singleton, appointed, 1660, one of the musicians of the sackbuts in place of William Lanier. From the sackbut he advanced to the violin, and lastly to the flute. He is mentioned by Dryden in *MacFlecknoe*, and by Shadwell in *Bury Fair*. He died 1686. [B.]
[7] 'Mohair.'
[8] Pope's Head Alley, named after the Pope's

me an agate-hafted knife, which cost me 5s. At night to my violin (the first time that I have played on it since I came to this house) in my dining-room, and afterwards to my lute there, and I took much pleasure to have the neighbours come forth into the yard to hear me.

22nd. This morning came the carpenters to make me a door at the other side of the house, going into the entry. My wife and I walked to the Old Exchange, and there she bought her a white whisk,[1] and put it on, and I a pair of gloves. To Mr. Fox's where we found Mrs. Fox within, and an alderman of London paying £1000 or £1400 in gold upon the table for the King. Mr. Fox came in presently, and did receive us with a great deal of respect; and then did take my wife and I to the Queen's presence-chamber, where he got my wife placed behind the Queen's chair, and the two Princesses came to dinner. The Queen a very little, plain, old woman, and nothing more in her presence in any respect nor garb than any ordinary woman. The Princess of Orange I had often seen before. The Princess Henrietta is very pretty, but much below my expectation; and her dressing of herself with her hair frizzed short up to her ears did make her seem so much the less to me. But my wife standing near her with two or three black patches on, and well dressed, did seem to me much handsomer than she. Dinner being done, we went to Mr. Fox's again, where many gentlemen dined with us, and most princely dinner, all provided for me and my friends; but I bringing none but myself and wife, he did call the company to help to eat up so much good victuals. At the end of the dinner, my Lord Sandwich's health, in the gilt tankard that I did give to Mrs. Fox the other day. To Whitehall at about nine at night, and there, with Laud, the page that went with me, we could not get out of Henry the Eighth's gallery into the further part of the boarded gallery, where my Lord was walking with my Lord Ormond; and we had a key of Sir S. Morland's, but all would not do; till at last, by knocking, Mr. Harrison, the door-keeper, did open us the door, and, after some talk with my Lord about getting a catch[1] to carry my Lord St. Albans's[2] goods to France, I parted and went home on foot.

24th. Creed and Shepley and I to the Rhenish Wine-House[3] and there I did give them two quarts of wormwood wine.[4] To my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, there being Mr. Childe and Mrs. Borkett, who are never absent at dinner there, under pretence of a wooing. From thence I to Mr. de Cretz, and did take away my Lord's picture, which is now finished for me; and I paid £3:10s. for it and the frame.

25th. (Lord's day.) In the forenoon I alone to our church; and after dinner I went and ranged about to many churches, among the rest to the Temple, where I heard Dr. Wilkins[5] a little (late Master of Trinity in Cambridge). I had a letter brought me from my Lord to get a ship ready to carry the Queen's things over to France, she being to go within five or six days.

26th. My father came and dined with me, who seems to take much pleasure to have a son that is neat in his house. I heard that my Lady Batten[6] had given my wife a visit (the first that ever she made her), which pleased me exceedingly.

27th. To Whitehall, where I found my Lord gone abroad to the Wardrobe, whither he do now go every other morning, and do seem to resolve to understand and look after the business himself. To Westminster Hall, and in King Street there being a great stop of coaches, there was a falling-out between a drayman and my Lord Chesterfield's coachman, and one of his footmen killed. To my Lord's again, where I found my wife, and she and I dined with him and my Lady, and great company of my Lord's friends, and my Lord did show us great respect. To a play, *The Scornful Lady*,[7] and that being

Head Tavern, a narrow way from Cornhill to Lombard Street. See June 20, 1662.

[1] A kind of collar or tippet.

[1] See Sept. 6, 1660, note.

[2] Henry Jermyn (d. 1684), created Baron Jermyn 1643, and Earl of St. Albans (1660).

[3] See August 9, 1660.

[4] A variety of absinthe.

[5] John Wilkins (1614-1672), Bishop of Chester, 1668. He was deprived of his Mastership in 1660.

[6] Elizabeth Woodcock, evidently his second wife. [B.]

[7] By Beaumont and Fletcher; first printed 1616.

done, I went homewards. Mr. Moore told me how the House had this day voted the King to have all the Excise for ever. This day I do also hear that the Queen's going to France is stopped, which do like me well, because then the King will be in town the next month, which is my month again at the Privy Seal.

28th. To Whitehall to my Lord's, where Major Hart did pay me £23 : 14 : 9, due to me upon my pay in my Lord's troop, at the time of our disbanding.[1] Home, where I found that Mr. Creed had sent me the £11 : 5 : 0 that is due to me upon the remains of account for my sea business; and my bill of impress[2] for £30 is also cleared: so that I am wholly clear as to the sea in all respects.

30th. Sir G. Carteret did give us an account how Mr. Holland[3] do intend to prevail with the Parliament to try his project of discharging the seamen all at present by ticket,[4] and so promise interest to all men that will lend money upon them at eight per cent, for so long as they are unpaid; whereby he do think to take away the growing debt which do now lie upon the kingdom for lack of present money to discharge the seamen.

December 1660

December 1st. This morning observing some things to be laid up not as they should be by my girl, I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely, which made me vexed; but, before I went out, I left her appeased. Went to my Lord St. Albans's lodgings, and found him in bed, talking to a priest (he looked like one), that leaned along over the side of the bed; and there I desired to know his mind about making the catch stay longer, which I got ready for him the other day. He seems to be a fine civil gentleman. There fell into our company old Mr. Flower and another gentleman, who did tell us how a Scotch knight was killed basely the other day at the Fleece[1] in Covent Garden, where there had been a great many formerly killed.

2nd. (Lord's day.) To church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon: so home to dinner. My wife and I all alone to a leg of mutton, the sauce of which being made sweet, I was angry at it, and ate none, but only dined upon the marrow-bone that we had beside.

3rd. I rose by candle, and spent my morning in fiddling till time to go to the office. Came in my cousin Snow by chance, and I had a very good capon to dinner. So to the office again till night, and so home; and then came Mr. Davis of Deptford (the first time that ever he was at my house), and after him Monsieur L'Impertinent,[2] who is to go to Ireland to-morrow, and so came to take his leave of me. They both found me under the barber's hand; but I had a bottle of good sack in the house, and so made them very welcome.

4th. To the Duke of York, and he took us into his closet, and we did open to him our project of stopping the growing charge of the fleet, by paying them in hand one moiety, and the other four months hence. This he do like. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, and Thomas Pride, should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

5th. After dinner went to the New Theatre,[3] and there I saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor* acted—the humours of the country gentleman and the French doctor very well done, but the rest but very poorly, and Sir J. Falstaff as bad as any.

6th. To my Lord, who told me of his going out of town to-morrow to settle the militia in Huntingdonshire, and did desire

1 As trained bands.
2 Money advanced for official use.
3 John Holland, secretary to Sir G. Carteret.
4 The system of tickets afterwards gave great trouble to the impoverished Admiralty.

1 The Fleece Tavern, entering off York Street, Covent Garden, which had for some time a bad reputation for feuds. According to Rugge (*Diurnal*, Nov. 1660, quoted by [B.]), Sir John Gooscall was killed there, by one Balendin (*i.e.* Bellenden, or Ballantyne), a Scot, who was committed to the Gatehouse.
2 Mr. Butler.
3 Killigrew's.

me to lay up a box of some rich jewels and things that there are in it, which I promised to do. After much free discourse with my Lord, who tells me his mind as to his enlarging his family, etc., and desiring me to look him out a Master of the Horse, and other servants, we parted.

7th. To the Privy Seal, where I signed a deadly number of pardons, which do trouble me to get nothing by. I fell a-reading Fuller's *History of Abbeys*,[1] and my wife in *Great Cyrus*[2] till twelve at night, and so to bed.

9th. (Lord's day.) Being called up early by Sir W. Batten, rose and went to his house, and he told me the ill news that he had this morning from Woolwich—that the *Assurance* (formerly Captain Holland's ship, and now Captain Stoakes's, designed for Guinea, and manned and victualled) was by a gust of wind sunk down to the bottom. Twenty men drowned. Sir Williams both went by barge thither to see how things are, and I am sent to the Duke of York to tell him. I went to the Duke, and first calling upon Mr. Coventry at his chamber, I went to the Duke's bedside, who had sat up late last night, and lay long this morning. This being done, I went to chapel, and sat in Mr. Blagrave's pew, and there did sing my part along with another before the King, and with much ease. I met with a letter from my Lord, commanding me to go to Mr. Denham,[3] to get a man to go to him to-morrow to Hinchingbroke, to contrive with him about some alterations in his house; which I did, and got Mr. Kennard. Dined with my Lady, and had infinite of talk of all kind of things, especially of beauty of men and women, with which she seems to be much pleased to talk of. With Mr. Kennard to my Lady, who is much pleased with him, and after a glass of sack there, we parted, having taken order for a horse or two for him and his servant to be gone to-morrow. Thence home, where I hear that the Comptroller[4] had some business with me; and he showed me a design of his, by the King's making an Order of Knights of the Sea, to give an encouragement for persons of honour to undertake the service of the sea, and he had done it with great pains, and very ingeniously.

10th. Up exceedingly early to go to the Comptroller, but he not being up, and it being a very fine, bright, moonshine morning, I went and walked all alone twenty turns in Cornhill, from Gracechurch Street corner to the Stocks, and back again. It is expected that the Duke will marry the Lord Chancellor's daughter at last,[1] which is likely to be the ruin of Mr. Davis and my Lord Barkley,[2] who have carried themselves so high against the Chancellor; Sir Charles Barkley swearing that he and others had intrigued with her often, which all believe to be a lie.

11th. My wife and I up very early this day, and though the weather was very bad, and the wind high, yet my Lady Batten and her maid and we two did go by our barge to Woolwich (my Lady being very fearful), where we found both Sir Williams and much other company, expecting the weather to be better, that they might go about weighing up the *Assurance*, which lies there (poor ship, that I have been twice merry in, in Captain Holland's time) under water; only the upper deck may be seen, and the masts. Captain Stoakes is very melancholy, and being in search for some clothes and money of his, which he says he hath lost out of his cabin. I did the first office of a Justice of Peace to examine a seaman thereupon, but could find no reason to commit him. This last tide the *Kingsale* was also run aboard, and lost her mainmast, by another ship, which makes us think it ominous to the Guinea voyage, to have two of her ships spoilt before they go out. After dinner, my Lady being very fearful, she stayed and kept my wife there, and I and another gentleman, a friend of Sir W. Pen's, went back in the barge, very merry by the way, as far as Whitehall in her. Mr. Moore hath persuaded me to put out £250 for £50 per annum for eight years, and I think I shall do it.

12th. To the Exchequer, and did give my mother Bowyer a visit, and her daughters, the first time that I did see them since I

[1] *Church History of Britain*, bk. vi.
[2] *Artamène, ou Le Grand Cyrus*, by Mlle. de Scudéry.
[3] John, afterwards Sir John Denham (1615-1669), author of *Cooper's Hill*.
[4] Sir R. Slingsby.

[1] He had married her on the September 3. [B.]
[2] Of Stratton.

went last to sea. My father did offer me six pieces of gold, in lieu of six pounds that he borrowed of me the other day, but it went against me to take it of him, and therefore did not. Home and to bed, reading myself asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside.

14th. The Comptroller told me, among other persons that were heretofore the principal officers of the Navy, there was one Sir Peter Buck,[1] a Clerk of the Acts, of which to myself I was not a little proud.

16th. In the afternoon I to Whitehall, where I was surprised with the news of a plot against the King's person and my Lord Monk's; and that since last night there are about forty taken up on suspicion; and, amongst others, it was my lot to meet with Simon Beale, the Trumpeter, who took me and Tom Doling into the Guard in Scotland Yard, and showed us Major-General Overton.[2] Here I heard him deny that he is guilty of any such things; but that whereas it is said that he is found to have brought many arms to town, he says it is only to sell them, as he will prove by oath. To my Lady's, and stayed with her an hour or two, talking of the Duke of York and his lady, the Chancellor's daughter, between whom she tells me that all is agreed, and he will marry her. But I know not how true yet.

17th. To the office, where both Sir Williams were come from Woolwich, and tell us that, contrary to their expectations, the *Assurance* is got up, without much damage to her body, only to the goods that she had within her, which argues her to be a strong good ship. This day my parlour is gilded, which do please me well.

18th. All day at home, without stirring at all, looking after my workmen.

19th. This night Mr. Gauden[3] sent me a great chine of beef, and half-a-dozen of tongues.

20th. All day at home with my workmen, that I may get all done before Christmas. This day I hear that the Princess Royal has the smallpox.

21st. They told me that this is St. Thomas's, and that, by an old custom, this day the Exchequer men had formerly, and do intend this night, to have a supper; which, if I could, I promised to come to, but did not. To my Lady's and dined with her: she told me how dangerously ill the Princess Royal is: and that this morning she was said to be dead. But she hears that she hath married herself to young Jermyn,[1] which is worse than the Duke of York's marrying the Chancellor's daughter, which is now publicly owned.

22nd. Went to the Sun Tavern on Fish Street hill, to a dinner of Captain Teddiman's,[2] where was my Lord Inchiquin[3] (who seems to be a very fine person), Sir W. Pen, Captain Cuttance, and one Mr. Lawrence[4] (a fine gentleman, now going to Algiers), and other good company, where we had a very fine dinner, good music, and a great deal of wine. I very merry. Went to bed: my head aching all night.

23rd. (Lord's day.) In the morning to church, where our pew all covered with rosemary and baize. A stranger made a dull sermon. Home, and found my wife and maid with much ado had made shift to spit a great turkey sent me this week from Charles Carter, my old colleague, now minister in Huntingdonshire; but not at all roasted, and so I was fain to stay till two o'clock, and after that to church with my wife, and a good sermon there was, and so home.

24th. Commissioner Pett told me that he had lately presented a piece of plate (being a couple of flagons) to Mr. Coventry, but he did not receive them; which also put me upon doing the same, too; and so

[1] Peter Buck, secretary to Algernon Percy, Earl of Northumberland, the Lord High Admiral, and afterwards knighted. [B.]

[2] See March 6, 1660.

[3] Dennis Gauden, Victualler to the Navy, subsequently knighted, while Sheriff of London. The large house at Clapham, in which Pepys died, was built by him, and intended as a palace for the Bishops of Winchester; his brother, Dr. John Gauden, at that time having expected to be translated from Exeter to that See, but he was promoted to Worcester. Sir Dennis was ultimately ruined, and his villa purchased by William Hewer. [B.]

[1] Henry Jermyn (1636-1708), nephew of the Earl of St. Albans (see Nov. 22, *supra*), afterwards first Baron Dover, Master of the Horse to the Duke of York.

[2] Afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas Teddiman (knighted in 1665).

[3] Murrough O'Brien, first Earl of Inchiquin and sixth Baron Inchiquin (1614-1674). He had been a prisoner in Algiers and had been ransomed this year.

[4] Afterwards Sir John Lawrence. [B.]

after dinner I went and chose a pair of candlesticks to be made ready for me at Alderman Backwell's. This day the Princess Royal died at Whitehall.

25th. (Christmas Day.) In the morning to church, where Mr. Mills made a very good sermon. Home to dinner, where my brother Tom (who this morning came to see my wife's new mantle put on, which do please me very well) to a good shoulder of mutton and a chicken. After dinner to church again, my wife and I, where we had a dull sermon of a stranger, which made me sleep.

26th. To my Lord's, where I found Sir Thomas Bond [1] (whom I never saw before) with a message from the Queen about vessels for the carrying over of her goods. To Whitehall by water, and dined with my Lady Sandwich, who at table did tell me how much fault was laid upon Dr. Frazer and the rest of the Doctors, for the death of the Princess. My Lord did dine this day with Sir Henry Wright, in order to his going to sea with the Queen.

27th. To Alderman Backwell's again, where I found the candlesticks done, and went along with him in his coach to my Lord's, and left the candlesticks with Mr. Shepley. This afternoon there came in a strange lord to Sir William Batten's by a mistake, and enters discourse with him, so that we could not be rid of him till Sir Arn. Breames,[2] and Mr. Bens, and Sir W. Pen fell a-drinking to him till he was drunk, and so sent him away. About the middle of the night I was very ill—I think with eating and drinking too much—and so I was forced to call the maid, who pleased my wife and I in her running up and down so innocently in her smock.

28th. Stayed within all the afternoon and evening, at my lute, with great pleasure.

29th. Several people to speak with me: Mr. Shepley for £100; Mr. Kennard and Warren [3] the merchant about deals for my Lord. Captain Robert Blake lately come from the Straits about some Florence wine for my Lord. To Alderman Backwell's, and took a brave state-plate and cup in lieu of the candlesticks that I had the other day, and carried them by coach to my Lord's, and left them there. Home with my father, he telling me what bad wives both my cousin Joyces make to their husbands, which I much wondered at. After talking of my sister's coming to me next week, I went home and to bed.

30th. (Lord's day.) Being up, I went with Will to my Lord's, calling in at many churches in my way. There I found Mr. Shepley in his Venetian cap, taking physic in his chamber. Mr. Childe and I spent some time at the lute. I to the Abbey, and walked there, seeing the great confusion of people that came there to hear the organs.

31st. In Paul's Churchyard I bought the play of *Henry the Fourth*, and so went to the new Theatre [1] and saw it acted; but my expectation being too great, it did not please me, as otherwise I believe it would; and my having a book I believe did spoil it a little. That being done, I went to my Lord's, where I found him private at cards with my Lord Lauderdale and some persons of honour, my boy taking a cat home with him from my Lord's, which Sarah had given him for my wife, we being much troubled with mice. At Whitehall we inquiring for a coach, there was a Frenchman with one eye that was going my way, so he and I hired the coach between us, and he set me down in Fenchurch Street. Strange how the fellow, without asking, did tell me all what he was, and how he had run away from his father, and come into England to serve the King, and now going back again, etc.

1661

At the end of the last and the beginning of this year I do live in one of the houses belonging to the Navy Office, as one of the

[1] Sir Thomas Bond was a Roman Catholic; Comptroller of the Household to the Queen Dowager; created a baronet in 1658 by Charles II., to whom, whilst in exile, he had advanced large sums. He died in 1685. [B.]

[2] Sir Arnold Breames, or Brahams, of Bridge Court, Kent, was son of Charles Breames, of Dover, and was knighted at Canterbury, May 27, 1660. [B.]

[3] Charles II., April 12, 1662, knighted a rich tradesman of Wapping, named William Warren. Le Neve says he was 'a great builder of ships for King Charles II.' [B.] See April 14, 1661.

[1] Killigrew's.

principal officers, and have done now about half-a-year; my family being myself, my wife, Jane, Will. Hewer, and Wayneman, my girl's brother. Myself in constant good health, and in a most handsome and thriving condition. Blessed be Almighty God for it! As to things of State—The King settled, and loved of all. The Duke of York matched to my Lord Chancellor's daughter, which do not please many. The Queen upon her return to France with the Princess Henrietta.[1] The Princess of Orange lately dead, and we into new mourning for her. We have been lately frighted with a great plot, and many taken up on it, and the fright not quite over. The Parliament, which had done all this great good to the King, beginning to grow factious, the King did dissolve it December 29th last, and another likely to be chosen speedily. I take myself now to be worth £300 clear in money, and all my goods, and all manner of debts paid, which are none at all.

January 1661

January 1st. Mr. Moore, to my great comfort, tells me that my fees will come to £80 clear to myself, and about £25 for him, which he hath got out of the pardons, though there be no fees due to me at all out of them. Then comes in my brother Thomas, and after him my father, Dr. Thomas Pepys, my uncle Fenner and his two sons (Anthony's only child dying this morning, yet he was so civil to come, and was pretty merry) to breakfast; and I had for them a barrel of oysters, a dish of neat's tongues, and a dish of anchovies, wine of all sorts, and Northdown ale. We were very merry till about eleven o'clock, and then they went away. At noon I carried my wife by coach to my cousin Thomas Pepys, where we, with my father, Dr. Thomas, cousin Stradwick, Scott, and their wives dined. Here I saw first his second wife, which is a very respectful woman; but his dinner a sorry, poor dinner for a man of his estate, there being nothing but ordinary meat in it. To-day the King dined at a lord's two doors from us. Mr. Moore and I went to Mr. Pierce's; in our way seeing the Duke of York bring his Lady to-day to wait upon the Queen, the first time that ever she did since that business; and the Queen is said to receive her now with much respect and love; and there he cast up the fees, and I told the money, by the same token the £100 bag, after I had told it, fell all about the room, and I fear I have lost some of it. Supped with them and Mr. Pierce, the purser, and his wife and mine, where we had a calf's head carboned,[1] but it was raw—we could not eat it—and a good hen. But she is such a slut that I do not love her victuals.

2nd. My Lord did give me many commands in his business: as about taking care to write to my uncle that Mr. Barnewell's papers should be locked up, in case he should die, he being now suspected to be very ill. Also about consulting with Mr. W. Montagu for the settling of the £4000 a year that the King had promised my Lord; as also about getting Mr. George Montagu to be chosen at Huntingdon this next Parliament, etc. That done, he to Whitehall Stairs[2] with much company, and I with him; where we took water for Lambeth, and there coach for Portsmouth. The Queen's things were all in Whitehall Court, ready to be sent away, and her Majesty ready to be gone an hour after to Hampton Court to-night, and so to be at Portsmouth on Saturday next. Home to dinner, where I found Pall (my sister) was come; but I do not let her sit down at table with me,[3] which I do at first that she may not expect it hereafter from me. To Mr. George Montagu about the business of election, and he did give me a piece in gold; so to my Lord's, and got the chest of plate brought to the Exchequer, and my brother Spicer put it into his treasury. I took a turn in the Hall, and bought the King and Chancellor's speeches at the dissolving the Parliament last Saturday. This day I lent Sir W. Batten and Captain Rider my chine of beef for to serve to-morrow at Trinity House, the Duke of Albemarle being to be there, and all the rest of the

[1] Fifth daughter of Charles I. (1644-1670), married soon after to Philippe Duc d'Orléans.

[1] Burnt, singed.
[2] From the Thames to Whitehall.
[3] See Nov. 12, 1660.

Brethren, it being a great day for the reading over of their new charter, which the King hath newly given them.

3rd. To the theatre, where was acted *Beggar's Bush*, it being very well done; and here the first time that ever I saw women come upon the stage.

4th. Office all the morning, my wife and Pall being gone to my father's to dress dinner for Mr. Honiwood, my mother being gone out of town. I had been early this morning at Whitehall, at the Jewel Office, to choose a piece of gilt plate for my Lord, in return of his offering to the King (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an Earl gives twenty pieces in gold in a purse to the King). I chose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and a half, and he is allowed 30; so I paid 12s. for the ounce and half over what he is to have; but strange it was for me to see what a company of small fees I was called upon by a great many to pay there, which, I perceive, is the manner that courtiers do get their estates. After dinner Mr. Moore and I to the theatre, where was *The Scornful Lady*[1] acted very well, it being the first play that ever he saw.

5th. The great Tom Fuller[2] came to me to desire a kindness for a friend of his,[3] who hath a mind to go to Jamaica with these two ships that are going, which I promised to do. Staying in Paul's Churchyard, to bespeak Ogilby's[4] *Æsop's Fables* and Tully's *Offices* to be bound for me.

6th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church this morning. To church again, where, before sermon, a long Psalm was set that lasted an hour, while the sexton gathered his year's contribution through the whole church. After sermon home, and there I went to my chamber, and wrote a letter to send to Mr. Coventry with a piece of plate along with it, which I do preserve among my other letters.

7th. This morning news was brought to me to my bedside that there had been a great stir in the City this night by the Fanatics,[1] who had been up and killed six or seven men, but all are fled. My Lord Mayor and the whole City had been in arms, about 40,000. Tom and I and my wife to the theatre, and there saw *The Silent Woman*.[2] Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes, to please Morose; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly, as a man; and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house. From thence by link to my cousin Stradwick's, where my father and we and Dr. Pepys, Scott and his wife, and one Mr. Ward and his; and after a good supper, we had an excellent cake, where the mark for the Queen was cut, and so there was two queens, my wife and Mrs. Ward; and the King being lost, they chose the Doctor to be king; so we made him send for some wine, and then home. In our way we were in many places strictly examined, more than in the worst of times, there being great fears of these Fanatics rising again. For the present, I do not hear that any of them are taken.

8th. To Westminster, where I dined with my Lady. After dinner I took my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. Sidney to the theatre, and showed them *The Widow*,[3] an indifferent good play, but wronged by the women's being much too sad in their parts. That being done, my Lord's coach waited for us, and so back to my Lady's, where she made me drink of some Florence wine, and did give me two bottles for my wife. Some talk to-day of a head of Fanatics that do appear about, but I do not believe it. However, my Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Browne, hath carried himself very honourably, and hath caused one of their meeting-houses in London to be pulled down.

9th. Waked in the morning about six o'clock by people running up and down in Mr. Davis's house, talking that the Fanatics were up in arms in the City.

1 By Beaumont and Fletcher (printed 1616).
2 Dr. Thomas Fuller, *q.v.*
3 Peter Beckford, ancestor of William Beckford, author of *Vathek*.
4 John Ogilby (1600-1676), the butt of Dryden and of Pope.

1 Led by the Fifth-Monarchy man, Thomas Venner, a cooper. He was executed in 1661.
2 By Ben Jonson.
3 By Thomas Middleton (with Ben Jonson and Fletcher).

And so I rose and went forth; where in the street I found everybody in arms at the doors. So I returned (though with no good courage at all, but that I might not seem to be afraid) and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge; and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford,[1] and with him I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way the streets full of train-bands, and great stories what mischief these rogues have done; and I think near a dozen had been killed this morning on both sides. The shops shut, and all things in trouble. Home to my lute till late, and then to bed, there being strict guards all night in the city, though most of the enemies, they say, are killed or taken.[2]

10th. There comes Mr. Hensly to me, and brings me my money for the quarter of a year's salary of my place under Downing that I was at sea; so I did give him half, whereof he did in his nobleness give the odd 5s. to my Jane. Talking of his wooing afresh of Mrs. Lane, and of his going to serve the Bishop of London. After dinner Will comes to tell me that he had presented my piece of plate to Mr. Coventry, who takes it very kindly, and sends me a very kind letter, and the plate back again; of which my heart is very glad. Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these Fanatics that are taken; and in short it is this, these Fanatics that have routed all the train-bands that they met with, put the King's life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the City gates twice; and all this in the daytime, when all the City was in arms—are not in all above 31. Whereas we did believe them (because they were seen up and down in every place almost in the City, and had been in Highgate[3] two or three days, and in several other places) to be at least 500. A thing that never was heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was, 'The King Jesus, and the heads upon the gates.' Few of them would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive; expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet. The King this day came to town.

11th. (Office day.) This day comes news, by letters from Portsmouth, that the Princess Henrietta is fallen sick of the measles on board the *London*, after the Queen[1] and she was under sail. And so was forced to come back into Portsmouth harbour; and in their way, by negligence of the pilot, run upon the Horse sand. The Queen and she continued aboard, and do not intend to come on shore till she sees what will become of the young Princess. This news do make people think something indeed, that three of the Royal Family should fall sick of the same disease, one after another. This morning, likewise, we had order to see guards set in all the King's yards; and so Sir William Batten goes to Chatham, Colonel Slingsby and I to Deptford and Woolwich. Portsmouth, being a garrison, needs none. To the coffee-house, where I met Captain Morrice, the upholsterer, who would fain have lent me a horse to-night, to have rid with him upon the city-guards, with the Lord Mayor, there being some new expectations of these rogues; but I refused, by reason of my going out of town to-morrow. So home to bed.

12th. With Colonel Slingsby and a friend of his, Major Waters (a deaf and most amorous melancholy gentleman, who is under a despair in love, as the Colonel told me, which makes him bad company, though a most good-natured man), by water to Redriffe, and so on foot to Deptford. We fell to choosing four captains to command the guards, and choosing the place where to keep them, and other things in order thereunto. Never till now did I see the great authority of my place, all the captains of the fleet coming cap in hand to us. I went home with Mr. Davis,[2] storekeeper (whose wife is ill, and so I could not see her), and was there most prince-like lodged, with so much respect and honour, that I was at a loss how to behave myself.

13th. (Lord's day.) To the Globe to dinner, and then with Commissioner Pett to his lodgings there (which he hath for the present, while he is in building the

[1] Lord Mayor of London, 1671. [B.]
[2] See Somers's *Tracts*, ed. Scott, vol. vii. p. 469.
[3] Venner took refuge in Ken Wood.

[1] Henrietta Maria (p. 62).
[2] See December 3, 1660.

King's yacht, which will be a very pretty thing, and much beyond the Dutchman's), and from thence by coach to Greenwich church, where a good sermon, a fine church, and a great company of handsome women. And so I to Mr. Davis's to bed again. But no sooner in bed, but we had an alarm, and so we rose, and the Comptroller[1] comes into the yard to us; and seamen of all the ships present repair to us, and there we armed with every one a handspike, with which they were as fierce as could be. At last we hear that it was five or six men that did ride through the guard in the town, without stopping to the guard that was there; and, some say, shot at them. But all being quiet there, we caused the seamen to go on board again.

14th. The arms being come this morning from the Tower, we caused them to be distributed. I spent much time with Lieutenant Lambert, walking up and down the yards, and he dined with us. After dinner, Mrs. Pett lent us her coach, and carried us to Woolwich, which we did also dispose of the arms there, and settle the guards.

15th. Up and down the yard all the morning, and seeing the seamen exercise, which they do already very handsomely. Then to dinner at Mr. Ackworth's, where there also dined with us one Captain Bethell, a friend of the Comptroller's. A good dinner, and very handsome. After that, and taking of our leave of the officers of the yard, we walked to the waterside, and in our way walked into the rope-yard, where I do look into the tar-houses and other places, and took great notice of all the several works belonging to the making of a cable. So after a cup of burnt wine at the tavern there, we took barge and went to Blackwall, and viewed the dock, and the new wet dock, which is newly made there, and a brave new merchantman which is to be launched shortly, and they say to be called the *Royal Oak*, Hence we walked to Dick-Shore,[2] and thence to the Tower, and so home. I perceive none of our officers care much for one another, but I do keep in with them all as much as I can. This day I hear the Princess is recovered again. The King hath been this afternoon at Deptford, to see the yacht that Commissioner Pett[1] is building, which will be very pretty; as also that his brother[2] at Woolwich is making.

16th. This morning I went early to the Comptroller's, and so with him by coach to Whitehall, to wait upon Mr. Coventry, to give him an account of what we have done; which having done, I went away to wait upon my Lady; but, coming to her lodgings, I hear that she has gone this morning to Chatham by coach, thinking to meet me there, which did trouble me exceedingly, and I did not know what to do, being loath to follow her, and yet could not imagine what she would do when she found me not there. In this trouble I went to take a walk in Westminster Hall, and by chance met with Mr. Childe, who went forth with my Lady to-day, but his horse being bad, he came back again, which then did trouble me more, so that I did resolve to go to her; and so by boat home, and put on my boots, and so over to Southwark to the posthouse, and there took horse and guide to Dartford, and then to Rochester (I having good horses and good way, came thither about half an hour after daylight, which was before six o'clock, and I set forth after two), where I found my Lady and her daughter Jem., and Mrs. Browne[3] and five servants, all at a great loss, not finding me here; but at my coming she was overjoyed. The sport was how she had intended to have kept herself unknown, and how the Captain[4] (whom she had sent for) of the *Charles* had forsoothed[5] her, though he knew her well enough and she him. In fine, we supped merry, and so to bed, there coming several of the *Charles's* men to see me before I got to bed. The page lay with me.

17th. Up and breakfast with my Lady. Then came Captain Cuttance and Blake[6] to carry her in the barge on board, and so we went through Ham Creek to the *Sovereign* (a goodly sight all the way to see the brave ships that lie here) first, which is a

1 Sir Robert Slingsby.
2 Now Duke Shore, Limehouse.

1 Peter Pett. 2 Christopher Pett.
3 Wife of Captain Arthur Browne, Sir William Batten's brother-in-law.
4 Afterwards Sir Roger Cuttance.
5 Had treated ceremoniously.
6 Captain Robert Blake. See Dec. 23, 1660.

most noble ship. I never saw her before. My Lady Sandwich, my Lady Jemimah, Mrs. Browne, Mrs. Grace, and Mary and the page, my lady's servants, and myself, all went into the lantern together. From thence to the *Charles*, where my Lady took great pleasure to see all the rooms, and to hear me tell her how things are when my Lord is there. After we had seen all, then the officers of the ship had prepared a handsome breakfast for her; and, while she was pledging my Lord's health, they gave her five guns. That done, we went off, and then they gave us thirteen guns more. I confess it was great pleasure to myself to see the ship that I began my good fortune in. From thence on board the *Newcastle*, to show my Lady the difference between a great and a small ship. Among these ships I did give away £7. So back again, and went on shore at Chatham Yard, where I had ordered the coach to wait for us. Here I heard that Sir William Batten and his lady (who I knew were here, and did endeavour to avoid) were now gone this morning to London. So we took coach, and I went into the coach, and went through the town, without making stop at our inn, but left J. Goods to pay the reckoning. So I rode with my lady in the coach, and the page on the horse that I should have rid on—he desiring it. It began to be dark before we could come to Dartford, and to rain hard, and the horses to fail, which was our great care to prevent, for fear of my Lord's displeasure; so here we sat up for the night, as also Captain Cuttance and Blake, who came along with us. We sat and talked till supper. My Lady and I entered into a great dispute concerning what were best for a man to do with his estate—whether to make his elder son heir, which my Lady is for, and I against, but rather to make all equal. This discourse took us much time, till it was time to go to bed; but we being merry, we bade my Lady good-night, and intended to have gone to the posthouse to drink, and hear a pretty girl play of the cittern (and indeed we should have lain there, but by a mistake we did not), but it was late, and we could not hear her, and the guard came to examine what we were; so we returned to our home and to bed, the page and I in one bed, and the two captains in another, all in one chamber, where we had very good mirth with our most abominable lodging.

18th. The Captains went with me to the posthouse about nine o'clock, and after a morning draught I took horse and guide for London; and though some rain, and a great wind in my face, I got to London at eleven o'clock. At home found all well, but the monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her till she was almost dead, that they might make her fast again, which did still trouble me more. Took Mr. Holliard[1] to the Greyhound,[2] where he did advise me above all things, both as to the stone and the decay of my memory (of which I now complain to him), to avoid drinking often, which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off. Took home with me from the bookseller's Ogilby's *Æsop*,[3] which he had bound for me, and indeed I am very much pleased with the book.

19th. To the Comptroller's, and with him by coach to Whitehall; in our way meeting Venner[4] and Pritchard upon a sledge, who with two more Fifth-Monarchy men[5] were hanged to-day, and the two first drawn and quartered. Went to the theatre, where I saw *The Lost Lady*,[6] which do not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office clerks, which sat in the half-crown box, and I in the 1s. 6d. From thence by link, and bought two mouse-traps of Thomas Pepys, the turner.

21st. To Westminster Hall, to the Commissioners for paying off the Army and Navy, where the Duke of Albemarle was; and we sat with our hats on, and did discourse about paying off the ships, and do find that they do intend to undertake it without our help; and we are glad of it, for it is a work that will much displease the poor seamen, and so we are glad to have no hand in it. It is strange what

[1] Holliard, Hollyard, or Hollier, probably the surgeon who had operated upon Pepys. He is frequently named in the *Diary*.
[2] Perhaps the house in Fleet Street.
[3] John Ogilby (1600-1676). See p. 63.
[4] See p. 63, *note*.
[5] Hodgkins and Oxman.
[6] A tragi-comedy, by Sir William Berkeley (?1605-1677), printed 1638.

weather we have had all this winter; no cold at all; but the ways are dusty, and the flies fly up and down, and the rose-bushes are full of leaves; such a time of the year as was never known in this world before here. This day many more of the Fifth-Monarchy men were hanged.

22nd. To the Comptroller's house, where I read over his proposals to the Lord Admiral for the regulating of the officers of the Navy, in which he hath taken much pains, only he do seem to have too good an opinion of them himself.[1] From thence in his coach to Mercers' Chapel, and so up to the great hall, where we met with the King's Council for Trade, upon some proposals of theirs for settling convoys for the whole English trade, and that by having 33 ships (four fourth-rates, nineteen fifths, ten sixths) settled by the King for that purpose; which indeed was argued very finely by many persons of honour and merchants that were there. It pleased me much now to come in this condition to this place, where I was once a petitioner for my exhibition in Paul's School; and also where Sir G. Downing (my late master) was chairman, and so but equally concerned with me. I met with Dr. Thomas Fuller; he tells me of his last and great book that is coming out: that is, the History of all the Families in England;[2] and could tell me more of my own than I knew myself.[3] And also to what perfection he hath now brought the art of memory; that he did lately to four eminently great scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; and that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his last sentence (which he never was), that then his last refuge is to begin with an 'Utcunque.'

23rd. To Gresham College (where I never was before), and saw the manner of the house, and found great company of persons of honour there; thence to my bookseller's, and for books, and to Stevens, the silversmith, to make clean some plate against to-morrow; and so home, by the way paying many little debts for wine and pictures, which is my great pleasure.

24th. There dined with me Sir William Batten and his lady and daughter, Sir W. Pen, Mr. Fox (his lady being ill could not come), and Captain Cuttance; the first dinner I have made since I came hither. This cost me above £5, and merry we were—only my chimney smokes. To bed, being glad that the trouble is over.

25th. Interrupted by Mr. Salisbury's coming in, who came to see me, and to show me my Lord's picture in little,[1] of his doing. Truly it is strange to what a perfection he is come in a year's time. This night comes two cages, which I bought this evening for my canary birds, which Captain Rooth[2] this day sent me.

26th. There dined with me this day both the Pierces[3] and their wives, and Captain Cuttance and Lieutenant Lambert, with whom we made ourselves very merry by taking away his ribbons[4] and garters, having made him to confess that he is lately married.

27th. (Lord's day.) Before I rose, letters came to me from Portsmouth, telling me that the Princess is now well, and my Lord Sandwich set sail with the Queen and her yesterday from thence to France. To church: a poor dull sermon of a stranger. Home, and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding (made me by Slater, the cook, last Thursday) without my wife's leave. This day the parson read a proclamation at church, for the keeping of Wednesday next, the 30th of January, a fast for the murder of the late King.

28th. Dined at home, and after dinner to Fleet Street with my sword to Mr. Brigden (lately made Captain of the Auxiliaries) to be refreshed, and with him to an alehouse, where I met Mr. Davenport, and, after some talk of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw's bodies being taken out of their graves to-day, I went to Mr. Crewe's, and thence to the theatre, where I saw again *The Lost Lady*,[5] which do now please me better than before; and

[1] *A Discourse touching the Past and Present State of the Navy*, Brit. Mus., Add. MS. 11,602.
[2] *Worthies of England* (1662).
[3] See Feb. 10, 1662.

[1] Miniature.
[2] Richard Rooth, Captain of the *Dartmouth*. [B.]
[3] The surgeon and the purser.
[4] Cf. Jan. 24, 1660.
[5] See Jan. 19, *supra*.

here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spit backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me; but, after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. At Mr. Holden's I bought a hat, cost me 35s.

29th. To Southwark, and so over the fields to Lambeth, it being a most glorious and warm day even to amazement for this time of the year. My Lady gone with some company to see Hampton Court; so we went to Blackfriars[1] (the first time I ever was there since plays began), and there, after great patience, and little expectations from so poor beginnings, I saw three acts of *The Maid in the Mill*,[2] acted to my great content. But, it being late, I left the play, and by water through bridge home, and so to Mr. Turner's house, where the Comptroller, Sir William Batten, and Mr. Davis, and their ladies; and here we had a most neat little but costly and genteel supper. After that, a great deal of impertinent mirth by Mr. Davis, and some catches, and so broke up, and going away, Mr. Davis's eldest son took up my old Lady Slingsby[3] in his arms, and carried her to the coach, and is said to be able to carry three of the biggest men that were in the company, which I wonder at.

30th. (Fast day.) The first time that this day hath been yet observed; and Mr. Mills made a most excellent sermon upon 'Lord, forgive us our former iniquities'; speaking excellently of the justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors. Had a letter from my brother John, a very ingenious one, and he therein begs to have leave to come to town at the Coronation. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn.

31st. This morning about getting a ship to carry my Lord's deals to Lynn;[4] and we have chosen the *Gift*. My Lady not well, so I ate a mouthful of dinner there. To the theatre, and there sat in the pit among the company of fine ladies, etc.; and the house was exceeding full, to see *Argalus and Parthenia*,[1] the first time that it hath been acted; and indeed it is good, though wronged by my over great expectations, as all things else are.

[1] Rhodes, a bookseller, who is said to have been wardrobe-keeper to the Blackfriars company, obtained a licence for acting early in 1660. See *Genest*, i. 30.

[2] *The Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher (produced 1623).

[3] Margaret, daughter of Sir William Water, an alderman of York, mother of the Comptroller. [B.]

[4] Cf. June 20, 1660.

February 1661

Feb. 2nd. Home, where all things in a hurry for dinner—a strange cook being come in the room of Slater, who could not come. There dined here my uncle Wight and my aunt, my father and mother, and my brother Tom, Dr. Fairbrother, and Mr. Mills, the parson, and his wife, who is a neighbour's daughter of my uncle Robert's, and knows my aunt Wight and all her and my friends there; and so we had excellent company to-day. After dinner I was sent for by Sir G. Carteret. Then home; where I found the parson and his wife gone, and by and by the rest of the company, very well pleased, and I too; it being the last dinner I intend to make a great while. Three dinners within a fortnight.

3rd. (Lord's day.) This day I first began to go forth in my coat and sword, as the manner now among gentlemen is. In my way heard Mr. Thomas Fuller preach at the Savoy upon our forgiving of other men's trespasses, showing among other things that we are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repair, which I think a good distinction. To Whitehall; where I stayed to hear the trumpets and kettledrums, and then the other drums, which are much cried up, though I think it dull vulgar music. So to Mr. Fox's unbid; where I had a good dinner and special company. Among other discourse, I observed one story, how my Lord of Northwich,[2] at a public audience before the King of France, made the Duke of

[1] By Henry Glapthorne (printed 1639).

[2] George, Lord Goring, was sent by Charles I. as Ambassador Extraordinary to France in 1644, to witness the oath of Louis XIV. to the observance of the treaties concluded with England by his father, Louis XIII., and his grandfather, Henry IV. Louis XIV. took this oath at Ruel, on July 3, 1644, when he was not yet six years of age, and when his brother Philippe, then called Duke of Anjou, was not four years old. [B.]

Anjou cry, by making ugly faces as he was stepping to the King, but undiscovered. And how Sir Philip Warwick's[1] lady did wonder to have Mr. Darcy[2] send for several dozen bottles of Rhenish wine to her house, not knowing that the wine was his. Thence to my Lord's; where I am told how Sir Thomas Crewe's[3] Pedro, with two of his countrymen more, did last night kill one soldier of four that quarrelled with them in the street, about ten o'clock. The other two are taken; but he is now hid at my Lord's till night, that he do intend to make his escape away.

4th. To the tavern, where Sir William Pen, and the Comptroller, and several others were, men and women; and we had a very great and merry dinner; and after dinner the Comptroller began some sports, among others, the naming of people round, and afterwards demanding questions of them that they are forced to answer their names to, which do make very good sport.[4] And here I took pleasure to take forfeits of the ladies who would not do their duty by kissing of them; among others a pretty lady, who I found afterwards to be wife to Sir William Batten's son.[5] We sat late, talking with my Lady and others, and Dr. Whistler,[6] who I found good company and a very ingenious man; so home and to bed.

5th. Washing-day. My wife and I by water to Westminster. She to her mother's, and I to Westminster Hall, where I found a full term, and there saw my Lord Treasurer[7] (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of Lords and persons of honour to attend him) go up to the Treasury Offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the Hall. I went by coach to the play-house at the theatre, our coach in King Street breaking, and so took another. Here we saw *Argalus and Parthenia*, which I lately saw, but, though pleasant for the dancing and singing, I do not find good for any wit or design therein.

7th. To Westminster Hall. And after, a walk to my Lord's; where, while I and my Lady were in her chamber in talk, in comes my Lord from sea, to our great wonder. He had dined at Havre de Grace on Monday last, and come to the Downs the next day, and lay at Canterbury that night; and so to Dartford, and thence this morning to Whitehall. Among others, Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers tell me the stories of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's and my Lord's falling out at Havre de Grace, at cards; they two and my Lord St. Albans playing. The Duke did, to my Lord's dishonour, often say that he did in his conscience know the contrary to what he then said, about the difference at cards; and so did take up the money that he should have lost to my Lord, which my Lord resenting, said nothing then, but that he doubted not but there were ways enough to get his money of him. So they parted that night; and my Lord sent Sir R. Stayner the next morning to the Duke to know whether he did remember what he said last night, and whether he would own it with his sword and a second; which he said he would, and so both sides agreed. But my Lord St. Albans, and the Queen, and Ambassador Montagu, did waylay them at their lodgings, till the difference was made up, to my Lord's honour; who hath got great reputation thereby.

8th. Captain John Cuttle, and Curtis, and Mootham, and I, went to the Fleece Tavern to drink; and there we spent till four o'clock, telling stories of Algiers, and the manner of life of slaves there. And truly Captain Mootham and Mr. Dawes (who have been both slaves there) did make me fully acquainted with their condition there: as, how they eat nothing but bread and water. At their redemption they pay so much for the water they drink at the public fountains, during their being slaves. How they are beat upon the soles of their feet and bellies, at the liberty of their *padron*.

[1] Sir Philip Warwick (1609-1683), historian and politician.
[2] See May 24, 1660.
[3] Eldest son of Mr., afterwards Lord, Crewe, whom he succeeded in that title. [B.]
[4] Apparently the game of 'Questions and Commands,' referred to in the *Tatler* (*e.g.* No. 144) and the *Spectator*; and in Wycherley, Fielding, and elsewhere.
[5] Benjamin Batten.
[6] Daniel Whistler (1619-1684), physician.
[7] Thomas Wriothesley, fourth Earl of Southampton (1607-1667).

How they are all, at night, called into their master's Bagnard;[1] and there they lie. How the poorest men do use their slaves best. How some rogues do live well, if they do invent to bring their masters in so much a week by their industry or theft; and then they are put to no other work at all. And theft there is counted no great crime at all.

9th. Creed and I to Whitefriars to the playhouse, and saw *The Mad Lover*,[2] the first time I ever saw it acted, which I like pretty well.

10th. (Lord's day.) Took physic all day, and, God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer.

12th. By water to Salisbury Court playhouse,[3] where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, and there saw *The Scornful Lady*, now done by a woman,[4] which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me.

13th. To Sir W. Batten's, whither I sent for my wife, and we chose Valentines against to-morrow. My wife chose me, which did much please me; my Lady Batten, Sir W. Pen, etc.

14th. (Valentine's day.) Up early, and to Sir W. Batten's, but could not go in till I asked whether they that opened the door was a man or a woman; and Mingo, who was there, answered a woman, which, with his tone, made me laugh; so up I went, and took Mrs. Martha[5] for my Valentine (which I do only for complacency), and Sir W. Batten he go in the same manner to my wife, and so we were very merry. About ten o'clock we with a great deal of company went down by our barge to Deptford, and there only went to see how forward Mr. Pett's yacht is; and so all into the barge again, and so to Woolwich, on board the *Rosebush*, Captain Brown's ship, that is brother-in-law to Sir W. Batten, where we had a very fine dinner, dressed on shore, and great mirth, and all things successful; the first time I ever carried my wife a-ship-board, as also my boy Wayneman, who hath all this day been called young Pepys, as Sir W. Pen's boy young Pen. The talk of the town now is, who the King is like to have for his Queen; and whether Lent shall be kept with the strictness of the King's proclamation; which is thought cannot be, because of the poor, who cannot buy fish. And also the great preparation for the King's crowning is now much thought upon and talked of.

15th. Making up my accounts for my Lord to-morrow; and that being done, I found myself to be clear (as I think) £350 in the world, besides my goods in my house, and all things paid for.

16th. To my Lord in the morning, who looked over my accounts, and agreed to them. I do also get him to sign a bill (which do make my heart merry) for £60 to me, in consideration of my work extraordinary at sea this last voyage, which I hope to get paid. To the theatre, where I saw the *Virgin Martyr*,[1] a good but too sober a play for the company.

17th. (Lord's day.) A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon, by an Irish doctor. His text was, 'Scatter them, O Lord, that delight in war.' Sir W. Batten and I very much angry with the parson.

18th. In the afternoon my wife and I and Mrs. Martha Batten, my Valentine, to the Exchange, and there upon a pair of embroidered and six pair of plain white gloves I laid out 40s. upon her. Then we went to a mercer's at the end of Lombard Street, and there she bought a suit of lutestring for herself; and so home. It is much talked that the King is already married to the niece of the Prince de Ligne, and that he hath two sons already by her; which I am sorry to hear; but yet am gladder that it should be so than that the Duke of York and his family should come to the Crown, he being a professed friend to the Catholics.

19th. Met with Sir G. Carteret; who afterwards, with the Duke of York, my Lord Sandwich, and others, went into a private

[1] A corrupt form of 'bagnio': a place of detention. [2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] In Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, at this time somewhat discredited by the removal of the Duke's Company to the new theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But see March 2.

[4] Mrs. Marshall.

[5] Sir William Batten's daughter.

[1] By Massinger and Dekker.

room to consult; and we were a little troubled that we were not called in with the rest. But I do believe it was upon something very private. We stayed walking in the gallery, where we met with Mr. Slingsby,[1] who showed me the stamps of the King's new coin; which is strange to see, how good they are in the stamp, and bad in the money, for lack of skill to make them. But he says Blondeau[2] will shortly come over, and then we shall have it better, and the best in the world. He tells me he is sure that the King is not yet married, as it is said; nor that it is known who he will have. Spent the evening in reading of a Latin play, the *Naufragium Joculare*.[3]

21st. To Westminster by coach with Sir W. Pen, and in our way saw the city begin to build scaffolds against the Coronation.

22nd. My wife to Sir W. Batten's, and there sat a while; he having yesterday sent my wife half-a-dozen pair of gloves and a pair of silk stockings and garters, for her Valentine.

23rd. This my birthday, 28 years. Mr. Hartlib told me how my Lord Chancellor had lately got the Duke of York and Duchess, and her woman, my Lord Ossory,[4] and a Doctor to make oath before most of the Judges of the kingdom, concerning all the circumstances of their marriage. And, in fine, it is confessed that they were not fully married till about a month or two before she was brought to bed; but that they were contracted long before, and time enough for the child to be legitimate.[5] But I do not hear that it was put to the Judges to determine whether it was so or no. To my Lord, and there spoke to him about his opinion of the Light, the sea-mark that Captain Murford is about, and do offer me an eighth part to concern myself with it; and my Lord do give me some encouragement in it, and I shall go on. To the playhouse, and there saw *The Changeling*,[6] the first time it hath been acted these twenty years, and it takes exceedingly. Besides, I see the gallants do begin to be tired with the vanity and pride of the theatre actors, who are indeed grown very proud and rich. I also met with the Comptroller, who told me how it was easy for us all, the principal officers, and proper for us, to labour to get into the next Parliament; and would have me to ask the Duke's letter, but I shall not endeavour it. This is now 28 years that I am born. And blessed be God, in a state of full content, and a great hope to be a happy man in all respects, both to myself and friends.

24th. (Sunday.) Mr. Mills made as excellent a sermon in the morning against drunkenness as ever I heard in my life; another good one of his in the afternoon. My Valentine had her fine gloves on at church to-day that I did give her.

25th. To Mr. Symons's, where we found him abroad, but she, like a good lady, within, and there we did eat some nettle porridge, which was made on purpose to-day for some of their coming, and was very good.

26th. (Shrove Tuesday.) To Mr. Crewe's, and there delivered Cotgrave's *Dictionary*[1] to my Lady Jemimah. To Mrs. Turner's, where several friends, all strangers to me but Mr. Armiger, dined. Very merry, and the best fritters that ever I ate in my life. After that, looked out at window: saw the flinging at cocks.[2]

27th. I walked in the garden with little Captain Murford, where he and I had some discourse concerning the Lighthouse again; and I think I shall appear in the business, he promising me that if I can bring it about it will be worth £100 per annum. I called for a dish of fish, which we had for dinner, this being the first day of Lent; and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no. My father did show me a letter from my brother John, wherein he tells us that he is chosen scholar of the house,[3] which do please me much, because I do perceive now it must chiefly come from his merit, and not the power of his tutor, Dr. Widdrington, who is now quite out of interest there, and hath put over his pupils to Mr. Pepper, a young Fellow of

[1] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint of Kilpax, near Leeds. [B.]

[2] Peter Blondeau had been employed by the Commonwealth to coin their money, and after the Restoration was made Engineer of the Mint. [B.]

[3] A comedy by Abraham Cowley (1638).

[4] Thomas, Earl of Ossory (1634-1680).

[5] See May 6, 1661.

[6] By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley.

[1] French-English (1611; 2nd edit. 1632).

[2] See Hogarth's 'Four Stages of Cruelty' (Pl. I).

[3] Christ's College, Cambridge.

the College. This day the Commissioners of Parliament begin to pay off the fleet, beginning with the *Hampshire*, and do it at Guildhall, for fear of going out of the town, into the power of the seamen, who are highly incensed against them.

28th. Notwithstanding my resolution, yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can. This month ends with two great secrets under dispute, but yet known to very few: first, Who the king will marry; and What the meaning of this fleet is which we are now sheathing to set out for the southward. Most think against Algiers, against the Turk, or to the East Indies against the Dutch, who, we hear, are setting out a great fleet thither.

March 1661

March 1st. After dinner, Mr. Shepley and I in private talking about my Lord's intentions to go speedily into the country, but to what end we know not. We fear he is to go to sea with this fleet now preparing. But we wish that he could get his £4000 per annum settled before he do go. To Whitefriars, and saw *The Bondman*[1] acted; an excellent play, and well done. But, above all that I ever saw, Betterton do the Bondman best. Sat up late, spending my thoughts how to get money in my great expense at the Coronation, against which all provide, and scaffolds setting up in every street. I had many designs in my head to get some, but know not which will take.

2nd. After dinner I went to the theatre, where I found so few people (which is strange, and the reason I do not know) that I went out again, and so to Salisbury Court, where the house as full as could be; and it seems it was a new play, *The Queen's Mask*,[2] wherein there are some good humours; among others, a good jeer to the old story of the Siege of Troy, making it to be a common country tale. But above all it was strange to see so little a boy as that was to act Cupid, which is one of the greatest parts in it.

[1] By Massinger.

[2] *Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque*, by T. Heywood, first printed in 1636. See March 11.

3rd. (Lord's day.) Mr. Woodcocke[1] preached at our church a very good sermon upon the imaginations of the thoughts of man's heart being only evil. To my Lord's, who comes in late, and tells us how news is come to-day of Mazarin's being dead,[2] which is very great news, and of great consequence. I lay to-night with Mr. Shepley here, because of my Lord's going to-morrow.

4th. My Lord went this morning on his journey to Hinchingbroke, Mr. Parker with him; the chief business being to look over and determine how, and in what manner, his great work of building shall be done. Before his going he did give me some jewels to keep for him, viz. that that the King of Sweden did give him, with the King's own picture in it, most excellently done; and a brave George, all of diamonds, and this with the greatest expressions of love and confidence that I could imagine or hope for, which is a very great joy to me.

8th. All the morning at the office. At noon Sir William Batten, Colonel Slingsby, and I by coach to the Tower, to Sir John Robinson's, to dinner; where great good cheer. High company; among others the Duchess of Albemarle, who is ever a plain homely dowdy. After dinner, to drink all the afternoon. Towards night the Duchess and ladies went away. Then we set to it again till it was very late; and at last came in Sir William Wale, almost fuddled; and because I was set between him and another, only to keep them from talking and spoiling the company (as we did to others), he fell out with the Lieutenant of the Tower; but with much ado we made him understand his error, and then all quiet. I was much contented to ride in such state into the Tower, and be received among such high company, while Mr. Mount, my Lady Duchess's gentleman-usher, stood waiting at table, whom I ever thought a man so much above me in all respects; also to hear the discourse of so many high Cavaliers of things past. It was a great content and joy to me.

9th. To my Lord's, where we found him lately come from Hinchingbroke. I stayed and dined with him. He took

[1] Thomas Woodcock, afterwards ejected from St. Andrew's, Undershaft. [B.]

[2] Cardinal Mazarin died on March 9, 1661.

me aside, and asked me what the world spoke of the King's marriage, which I answering as one that knew nothing, he inquired no further of me. But I do perceive by it that there is something in it that is ready to come out that the world knows not of yet.

10th. (Lord's day.) Heard Mr. Mills in the morning, a good sermon. Dined at home on a poor Lenten dinner of coleworts and bacon. In the afternoon again to church, and there heard one Castle, whom I knew of my year at Cambridge. He made a dull sermon.

11th. After dinner I went to the theatre, and there saw *Love's Mistress*[1] done by them, which I do not like in some things as well as their acting in Salisbury Court. My wife came home, and she had got her teeth new done by La Roche, and are indeed now pretty handsome, and I was much pleased with it.

12th. To Guildhall, and there set my hand to the book before Colonel King for my sea-pay, and, blessed be God, they have cast me at midshipman's pay, which do make my heart very glad.

13th. Early up in the morning to read *The Seaman's Grammar and Dictionary* I lately have got, which do please me exceedingly well.

14th. To the Theatre, and there saw *King and no King*[2] well acted.

15th. This day my wife and Pall went to see my Lady Kingston, her brother's lady.

16th. To Whitefriars, and there saw *The Spanish Curate*,[2] in which I had no great content.

17th. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning; a stranger preached a good, honest, and painful sermon. My wife and I dined upon a chine of beef at Sir W. Batten's; so to church again. Then to supper at Sir W. B. again, where my wife by chance fell down and hurt her knees exceedingly.

18th. This morning early Sir William Batten went to Rochester, where he expects to be chosen Parliament-man. This day an ambassador from Florence was brought into the town in state. Yesterday was said to be the day that the Princess Henrietta was to marry the Duke d'Anjou in France. This day I found in the news-book that Roger Pepys is chosen at Cambridge for the town, the first place that we hear of to have made their choice yet.

19th. Mr. Creed and I to Whitefriars, where we saw *The Bondman* acted most excellently, and though I have seen it often, yet I am every time more and more pleased with Betterton's action.

20th. To Whitehall to Mr. Coventry, where I did some business with him, and so with Sir W. Pen (who I found with Mr. Coventry teaching of him the map to understand Jamaica). The great talk of the town is the strange election that the City of London made yesterday for parliament-men; viz. Fowke, Love, Jones, and ———,[1] men that, so far from being episcopal, are thought to be Anabaptists; and chosen with a great deal of zeal, in spite of the other party that thought themselves so strong, calling out in the Hall, 'No Bishops! no Lord Bishops!' It do make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the country to do the same. And indeed the Bishops are so high, that very few do love them.

21st. At noon dined at my Lord's, who was very merry, and after dinner we sang and fiddled a great while. This day I saw the Florence Ambassador go to his audience; the weather very foul, and yet he and his company very gallant.

22nd. About eight o'clock I got a-horseback, and my Lady and her two daughters and Sir W. Pen into coach, and so over London Bridge, and thence to Dartford. The day very pleasant, though the way bad. Here we met with Sir W. Batten and some company along with him, who had assisted him in his election at Rochester; and so we dined. and were very merry. At five o'clock we set out again in a coach home, and were very merry all the way. At Deptford we met with Mr. Newborne, and some other friends and their wives in a coach to meet us; and so they went home with us, and at Sir W. Batten's we supped and then to bed, my head

[1] See p. 72.
[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[1] Sir William Thompson was the fourth. [B.]

aching mightily through the wine that I drank to-day.

23rd. To the Red Bull[1] (where I had not been since plays came up again) up to the tiring-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poor, and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pit, where I think there was not above ten more than myself, and not one hundred in the whole house. And the play, which is called *All's Lost by Lust*,[2] poorly done; and with so much disorder, among others, that in the music-room, the boy, that was to sing a song, not singing it right, his master fell about his ears and beat him so, that it put the whole house into an uproar. Met my uncle Wight, and with him Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, who told us how Crofton,[3] the great Presbyterian minister that had preached so highly against Bishops, is clapped up this day in the Tower; which do please some, and displease others exceedingly.

24th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church. With Sir W. Batten and my Lady to dinner, where very merry; and then to church again, where Mr. Mills made a good sermon.

25th. (Lady day.) In the morning some workmen to begin of making of me a new pair of stairs up out of my parlour, which, with other work that I have to do, I doubt will keep me this two months, and so long I shall be all in dirt; but the work do please me very well. Came Mr. Salisbury to see me, and showed me a face or two of his painting, and indeed I perceive that he will be a great master. I took him to Whitehall with me by water, but he could not by any means be moved to go through the bridge, and we were fain to go round by the Old Swan. To my Lord's, and there I showed him the King's picture, which he intends to copy out in little. After that, I and Captain Ferrers to Salisbury Court by water, and saw part of the *Queen's Mask*[4] The. Turner in a great chaff,[5] about being disappointed of a room to stand in at the Coronation. Homewards, and took up a boy that had a lantern, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home, and had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushels of rags in a day, and got 3d. a bushel for them, and many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly.

26th. This is my great day that three years ago I was cut of the stone, and, blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again. To my father's, where Mrs. Turner, The. Joyce, Mr. Morrice, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Pierce the surgeon, and his wife, my father and mother, and myself and my wife. Very merry at dinner; among other things, because Mrs. Turner and her company eat no flesh this Lent, and I had a great deal of good flesh, which made their mouths water. To Salisbury Court, and I and my wife sat in the pit, and saw *The Bondman* done to admiration.

27th. Up early. My brother Tom comes to me, and I looked over my old clothes, and did give him a suit of black stuff clothes, and a hat and some shoes. Sir G. Carteret comes, and I did get him to promise me some money upon a bill of exchange, whereby I shall secure myself of £60. At noon I found my stairs quite broke down, that I could not get up but by a ladder. To the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Williams both, and my Lady Batten, and her two daughters, and other company; where a great deal of mirth, and there stayed till eleven o'clock at night; and in our mirth I sang and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise of fiddlers there); and at last we fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life, which I did wonder to see myself to do. At last we made Mingo, Sir W. Batten's black, and Jack, Sir W. Pen's, dance; and it was strange how the first did dance with a great deal of seeming skill.

28th. I went to Sir Robert Slingsby (he being newly master of that title by being a Baronet), to discourse about Mr. Creed's accounts to be made up: and from thence by coach to my cousin, Thomas Pepys, to borrow £1000 for my

[1] See August 4, 1660.
[2] By William Rowley (printed 1633).
[3] Zachary Crofton (d. 1672).
[4] See March 2 and 11.
[5] *I.e.* chafe, pet.

Lord. Then with Mr. Shepley to the Theatre, and saw *Rollo*[1] ill acted.

31st. (Sunday.) At church, where a stranger preached like a fool. Dined with my wife, staying at home, she being unwilling to dress herself, the house being all dirty.

April 1661

April 1st. To Whitefriars, and there saw part of *Rule a Wife, and have a Wife*,[2] which I never saw before, but do not like it.

2nd. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at Pelemele,[3] the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to my Lord's, where I dined with my Lady, and, after we had dined, in comes my Lord and Ned Pickering hungry, and there was not a bit of meat left in the house, the servants having ate up all, at which my Lord was very angry, and at last got something dressed. So to Whitefriars, and saw *The Little Thief*,[4] which is a very merry and pretty play, and the little boy do very well. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwit[5] and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it.

3rd. Up among my workmen, my head aching all day from last night's debauch. At noon dined with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who would have me drink two good draughts of sack to-day, to cure me of my last night's disease, which I thought strange, but I think find it true. I hear that the Dutch have sent the King a great present of money, which we think will stop the match with Portugal; and judge this to be the reason that our so great haste in sending the two ships to the East Indies is also stayed.

5th. Up among my workmen and so to the office, and then to Sir William Pen's, with the other Sir William and Sir John Lawson to dinner; and after that, with them to Mr. Lucy's, a merchant, where much good company, and there drank a great deal of wine, and in discourse fell to talk of the weight of people, which did occasion some wagers, and where among others I won half a piece to be spent. Then home, and at night to Sir W. Batten's, and there very merry with a good barrel of oysters; and this is the present life I lead. Home and to bed.

6th. Among other things met with Mr. Townsend, who told of his mistake the other day, to put both his legs through one of his knees of his breeches, and went so all day. Creed and I to Salisbury Court, and there saw *Love's Quarrel*[1] acted the first time, but I do not like the design nor words.

7th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at home, making up my accounts (God forgive me!) to give up to my Lord this afternoon. Then put in at Paul's, where I saw our minister, Mr. Mills, preaching before my Lord Mayor. To Whitehall, and there I met with Dr. Fuller of Twickenham, newly come from Ireland;[2] and took him to my Lord's, where he and I dined; and he did give my Lord and me a good account of the condition of Ireland, and how it comes to pass, through the joining of the Fanatics and the Presbyterians, that the latter and the former are in their declaration put together under the names of Fanatics. After dinner my Lord and I and Mr. Shepley did look over our accounts, and settle matters of money between us; and my Lord did tell me much of his mind about getting money, and other things of his family, etc.

8th. About eight o'clock we took barge at the Tower, Sir William Batten and his lady, Mrs. Turner, Mr. Fowler, and I.

[1] *Rollo, Duke of Normandy* (1640), or *The Bloody Brother* (1639), by Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] By John Fletcher.

[3] An early form of croquet, derived from France, where the game (*jeu de mail, palemail, i.e.* in etymology, *pila* and *malleus*) had been long in vogue (see Jusserand, *Les sports et jeux d'exercice*, Paris, 1901, p. 304 etc.). The place at James's Park where it used to be played has given the name Pall Mall (cf. rue du Mail, in Paris).

[4] *The Night Walker, or The Little Thief*, by John Fletcher, corrected by Shirley.

[5] Twit (emphatic form).

[1] ? *Love's Cure* by Beaumont and Fletcher, or ? *A Fair Quarrel* by Middleton and Rowley.

[2] William Fuller (1608-1675), afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, who had been a schoolmaster at Twickenham, and at the Restoration became Dean of St. Patrick's.

A very pleasant passage, and so to Gravesend, where we dined; and from thence a coach took them, and me, and Mr. Fowler, with some others come from Rochester to meet us on horseback. At Rochester, where alight at Mr. Alcock's, and there drank, and had good sport with his bringing out so many sorts of cheese. Then to the Hill-house at Chatham, where I never was before, and I found a pretty pleasant house, and am pleased with the arms that hang up there. Here we supped very merry, and late to bed; Sir William telling me that old Edgeborrow, his predecessor, did die and walk in my chamber, did make me somewhat afraid, but not so much as, for mirth sake, I did seem. So to bed in the Treasurer's chamber.

9th. Lay and slept well till three in the morning, and then waking, and by the light of the moon I saw my pillow (which overnight I flung from me) stand upright; but, not bethinking myself what it might be, I was a little afraid, but sleep overcame all, and so lay till nigh morning, at which time I had a candle brought me, and a good fire made, and in general it was a great pleasure all the time I stayed here to see how I am respected and honoured by all people; and I find that I begin to know now how to receive so much reverence, which, at the beginning, I could not tell how to do. Sir William and I by coach to the dock, and there viewed all the storehouses, and the old goods that are this day to be sold, which was great pleasure to me; and so back again by coach home, where we had a good dinner; and, among other strangers that came, there was Mr. Hempson and his wife, a pretty woman, and speaks Latin; Mr. Allen, and two daughters of his, both very tall, and the youngest[1] very handsome, so much as I could not forbear to love her exceedingly, having, among other things, the best hand that ever I saw. After dinner we went to fit books and things (Tom Hater having this morning come to us) for the sale, by an inch of candle,[2] and very good sport we and the ladies that stood by had, to see the people bid. Among other things sold there was all the State's arms,[3] which Sir W. Batten bought; intending to set up some of the images in his garden, and the rest to burn on the Coronation night. The sale being done, the ladies and I, and Captain Pett, and Mr. Castle took barge, and down we went to see the *Sovereign*; which we did, taking great pleasure therein, singing all the way, and, among other pleasures, I put my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Hempson, and the two Mrs. Allens into the lantern, and I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due to a principal officer, with all which we were exceeding merry, and drank some bottles of wine, and neat's tongue, etc. Then back again home, and so supped, and, after much mirth, to bed.

10th. In the morning to see the Dock-houses. First, Mr. Pett's, the builder, and there was very kindly received; and among other things he did offer my Lady Batten a parrot, the best I ever saw, that knew Mingo so soon as it saw him, having been bred formerly in the house with them; but for talking and singing I never heard the like. My Lady did accept of it. Then to see Commissioner Pett's house, he and his family being absent, and here I wondered how my Lady Batten walked up and down with envious looks to see how neat and rich everything is (and indeed both the house and garden is most handsome), saying that she would get it, for it belonged formerly to the Surveyor of the Navy. Then on board the *Prince*, now in the dock, and indeed it has one and no more rich cabins for carved work, but no gold in her. After that, back home, and there ate a little dinner. Then to Rochester, and there saw the Cathedral, which is now fitting for use, and the organ then a-tuning. Then away thence, observing the great doors of the church, as they say, covered with the skins of the Danes. And also had much mirth at a tomb. So to the Salutation tavern, where Mr. Alcock and many of the town came and entertained us with wine and oysters and other things; and hither came Sir John Minnes to us, who is come to-day from London to see the *Henery*,[1] in which he intends to ride as Vice-Admiral in the narrow seas all this summer. Here much mirth, but I was a little troubled to stay too long, because of going to Hempson's;

[1] See next entry and April 1, 1667.
[2] *Supra*, p. 54 (note).
[3] *I.e.* Commonwealth coats-of-arms.

[1] The *Henry*.

which afterwards we did, and found it in all things a most pretty house, and rarely furnished, only it had a most ill access on all sides to it, which is a greatest fault that, I think, can be in a house. Here we had, for my sake, two fiddles, the one a base viol, on which he that played, played well some lyra lessons,[1] but both together made the worst music that ever I heard. We had a fine collation, but I took little pleasure in that, for the illness of the music, and for the intentness of my mind upon Mrs. Rebecca Allen. After we had done eating, the ladies went to dance, and among the men we had I was forced to dance too; and did make an ugly shift. Mrs. R. Allen danced very well, and seems the best humoured woman that ever I saw. About nine o'clock Sir William and my Lady went home, and we continued dancing an hour or two, and so broke up very pleasant and merry, and so walked home, I leading Mrs. Rebecca, who seemed, I know not why, in that and other things, to be desirous of my favours, and would in all things show me respects. Going home, she would needs have me sing, and I did pretty well, and was highly esteemed by them. So to Captain Allen's (where we were last night, and heard him play on the harpsichon,[2] and I find him to be a perfect good musician), and there, having no mind to leave Mrs. Rebecca, I did what with talk and singing (her father and I), Mrs. Turner and I stayed there till two o'clock in the morning, and was most exceeding merry; and I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often.

11th. At two o'clock, with very great mirth, we went to our lodging and to bed, and lay till seven, and then called up by Sir W. Batten; so I rose, and we did some business, and then came Captain Allen, and he and I withdrew, and sang a song or two, and among others, took great pleasure in 'Go and be hanged, that's twice[3] goodbye.' The young ladies came too, and so I did again please myself with Mrs. Rebecca; and about nine o'clock, after we had breakfasted, we set forth for London, and indeed I was a little troubled to part with Mrs. Rebecca, for which God forgive me. Thus we went away through Rochester. We baited at Dartford, and thence to London; but of all the journeys that ever I made, this was the merriest, and I was in a strange mood for mirth. Among other things, I got my Lady to let her maid, Mrs. Anne, to ride all the way on horseback, and she rides exceeding well; and so I called her my clerk, that she went to wait upon me. I met two little schoolboys going with pitchers of ale to their schoolmaster to break up against Easter, and I did drink of some of one of them, and give him twopence. By and by, we came to two little girls keeping cows, and I saw one of them very pretty, so I had a mind to make her ask my blessing; and, telling her that I was her godfather, she asked me innocently whether I was not Ned Wooding, and I said that I was; so she kneeled down, and very simply called, 'Pray, godfather, pray to God to bless me,' which made us very merry, and I gave her twopence. In several places I asked women whether they would sell me their children, but they denied me all, but said they would give me one to keep for them, if I would. Mrs. Anne and I rode under the man that hangs upon Shooter's Hill, and a filthy sight it was to see how his flesh is shrunk to his bones. So home, and I found all well, and a good deal of work done since I went. So to bed very sleepy for last night's work, concluding that it is the pleasantest journey in all respects that ever I had in my life.

12th. Up among my workmen. Dined with Sir W. Batten, all fish dinner, it being Good Friday. Then into the City, and saw in what forwardness all things are for the Coronation, which will be very magnificent. Home, and to my chamber, to set down, in my diary, all my late journey, which I do with great pleasure; and while I am now writing, comes one with a ticket to invite me to Captain Robert Blake's burial, for whose death I am very sorry, and do much wonder at it, he being a little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew. Since my going out of town, there is one Alexander Rosse taken, and sent to the Counter,[1] by Sir Thomas Allen, for counterfeiting my hand to a ticket, and we this day, at the

[1] Lessons for the lyre.
[2] Harpsichord.
[3] 'Twice' is omitted in later editions.

[1] Or Compter, the name of several city prisons.

office, have given order to Mr. Smith to prosecute him.

13th. To Whitehall by water from Tower-wharf, where we could not pass the ordinary way, because they were mending of the great stone steps against the Coronation. Met my Lord with the Duke; and after a little talk with him, I went to the Banquet House, and there saw the King heal,[1] the first time that ever I saw him do it; which he did with great gravity, and it seemed to me to be an ugly office and a simple one. To the burial of Captain Robert Blake, at Wapping, and there had each of us a ring, but it being dirty, we could not go to church with them. Sir W. Batten this day gone with his lady to Walthamstow to keep Easter.

14th. (Easter. Lord's day.) In the morning heard Mr. Jacomb,[2] at Ludgate, upon these words, 'Christ loved you, and therefore let us love one another,' and made a gracy[3] sermon, like a Presbyterian. After dinner to the Temple, and there heard Dr. Griffith,[4] a good sermon for the day; so with Mr. Moore (whom I met there) to my Lord's, and there he showed me a copy of my Lord Chancellor's patent for Earl, and I read the preamble, which is very short, modest, and good. Here my Lord saw us, and spoke to me about getting Mr. Moore to come and govern his house while he goes to sea, which I promised him to do, and did afterwards speak to Mr. Moore, and he is willing. Hearing that Mr. Barnwell is come, with some of my Lord's little children, yesterday to town, to see the Coronation, I went and found them at the Goat at Charing Cross, and there I went and drank with them a little while, whom I found in very good health, and very merry.

15th. A very foul morning for the King and Lords to go to Windsor. Home with Sir R. Slingsby, and dined with him, and had a very good dinner. His lady seems a good woman, and very desirous they were to hear this noon by the post how the election has gone at Newcastle, where-

[1] For the evil. See note *supra*, p. 38.

[2] Thomas Jacomb (1622-1687), Nonconformist, then rector of St. Martin's-infra-Ludgate.

[3] *i.e.* evangelical, dealing much with 'grace.' Later editions (1893, etc.), read 'lazy.'

[4] Matthew Griffith (1599-1665), Master of the Temple.

in he is concerned, but the letters are not come yet.

16th. So soon as word was brought me that Mr. Coventry was come with the barge to the Tower, I went to him, and found him reading of the psalms in short-hand (which he is now busy about), and had good sport about the long marks that are made there for sentences in divinity, which he is never like to make use of. Then we put off for Deptford, where we went on board the King's pleasure-boat that Commissioner Pett is making, and indeed it will be a most pretty thing. By the way they would have me sing, which I did to Mr. Coventry.

17th. By land, and saw the arches,[1] which are now almost done, and are very fine, and I saw the picture of the ships and other things this morning, set up before the East Indy House, which are well done. Comes Mr. Allen, of Chatham, and I took him to the Mitre, and there did drink with him. His daughters[2] are to come to town to-morrow, but I know not whether I shall see them. Talk of Mr. Warren's[3] being knighted by the King; and Sir W. B. seemed to be very much incensed against him.

18th. Up with my workmen, and then, about nine o'clock, took horse with both the Sir Williams for Walthamstow, and there we found my Lady and her daughters all;[4] and a pleasant day it was, and all things else, but that my Lady was in a bad mood, which we were troubled at; and had she been noble, she would not have been so with her servants, when we came thither; and this Sir W. Pen took notice of, as well as I. After dinner, we all went to the Church-stile, and there ate and drank, and I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be. Then, it raining hard, homewards again, and in our way met with two country fellows upon one horse, which I did, without much ado, give the way to, but Sir W. Pen would not, but struck them, and they him, and so passed away, but they, giving him some high words, he went back again, and struck them off their horse, in a simple fury, and without much honour, in my mind, and so came away.

[1] For the Coronation.

[2] See April 9, 1661.

[3] See Dec. 29, 1660.

[4] See March 27, 1661.

19th. So foul that I could not go to Whitehall to see the Knights of the Bath made to-day, which do trouble me mightily.

20th. Comes my boy to tell me that the Duke of York had sent for all the principal officers, etc., to come to him to-day. So I went by water to Mr. Coventry's, and there stayed and talked a good while with him till all the rest came. We went up and saw the Duke dress himself, and in his night habit he is a very plain man. Then he sent us to his closet, where we saw among other things two very fine chests, covered with gold and Indian varnish, given him by the East Indy Company of Holland. The Duke comes; and after he had told us that the fleet was designed for Algiers (which was kept from us till now), we did advise about many things as to the fitting of the fleet, and so went away. After that to my Lord's, where Sir W. Pen came to me, and dined with my Lord. After dinner he and others that dined there went away; and then my Lord looked upon his pages' and footmen's liveries which are come home to-day, and will be handsome, though not gaudy. Then with my Lady and my Lady Wright to Whitehall; and in the Banqueting House saw the King create my Lord Chancellor and several others Earls,[1] and Mr. Crewe and several others Barons;[2] the first being led up by Heralds and five old Earls to the King, and there the patent is read, and the King puts on his vest, and sword, and coronet, and gives him the patent. And then he kisseth the King's hand, and rises and stands covered before the King. And the same for each Baron, only he is led up by three of the old Barons. And they are girt with swords before they go to the King. That being done (which was very pleasant to see their habits), I carried my Lady back, and there I found my Lord angry, for that his page had let my Lord's new beaver hat be changed for an old hat; then I went away, and with Mr. Creed to the Exchange, and bought some things, as gloves and bandstrings,[1] etc. So back to the Cockpit; and there, by the favour of one Mr. Bowman, he and I got in, and there saw the King and Duke of York and his Duchess (which is a plain woman, and like her mother, my Lady Chancellor). And so saw *The Humorsome Lieutenant*[2] acted before the King, but not very well done. But my pleasure was great to see the manner of it, and so many great beauties, but, above all, Mrs. Palmer, with whom the King do discover a great deal of familiarity. So Mr. Creed and I (the play being done) went to Mrs. Harper's, and there sat and drank, it being about twelve at night. The ways being so dirty, and stopped up with the rails[3] which are this day set up in the streets, I could not go home, but went with him to his lodging at Mr. Ware's, and there lay all night.

21st. (Lord's day.) In the morning we were troubled to hear it rain as it did, because of the great show to-morrow. Dined with Dr. Thomas Pepys and Dr. Fairbrother; and all our talk about to-morrow's show, and our trouble that it is like to be a wet day. All the way is so thronged with people to see the triumphal arches, that I could hardly pass for them. Home, people being at church, and I got home unseen, and so up to my chamber, and set down[4] these last five or six days' diaries.

22nd. The King's going from the Tower to Whitehall. Up early, and made myself as fine as I could, and put on my velvet coat, the first day that I put it on, though made half a year ago. And being ready, Sir W. Batten, my Lady, and his two daughters, and his son and wife, and Sir W. Pen and his son and I went to Mr. Young's, the flagmaker in Cornhill; and there we had a good room to ourselves, with wine and good cake, and saw the

[1] Edward Hyde, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon; Arthur (Lord Capel), Viscount Malden, and Earl of Essex; Thomas (Lord Brudenell), Earl of Cardigan; Charles Howard, Lord Dacre, Viscount Howard of Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle; Sir Arthur Annesley (Viscount Valentia), Lord Annesley, and Earl of Anglesey; Sir John Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, and Earl of Bath. [B.]

[2] John Crewe, Baron Crewe of Stene; Denzil Holles, Baron Holles of Ifield; Sir Frederic Cornwallis, Bart., Baron Cornwallis of Eye; Sir Horace Townshend, Bart., Baron Townshend of King's Lynn; Sir A. A. Cooper, Bart., Baron Ashley of Wimborne, St. Giles; Sir George Booth, Bart., Baron Delamer of Dunham Massey. [B.]

[1] Strings, generally with tassels, for fastening bands or collars.

[2] *I.e. The Humorous Lieutenant*, by John Fletcher.

[3] Barricades.

[4] 'Saw done' (later editions).

show very well. In which it is impossible to relate the glory of this day, expressed in the clothes of them that rode, and their horses and horse-clothes. Among others, my Lord Sandwich's embroidery and diamonds were not ordinary among them. The Knights of the Bath was a brave sight of itself; and their Esquires, among which Mr. Armiger was an Esquire to one of the Knights. Remarkable were the two men that represent the Dukes of Normandy and Aquitaine. The Bishops came next after Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next Parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monk rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Master of the Horse. The King, in a most rich embroidered suit and cloak, looked most noble. Wadlow,[1] the vintner, at the Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young, comely men, in white doublets. There followed the Vice-Chamberlain, Sir G. Carteret, a company of men all like Turks;[2] but I know not yet what they are for. The streets all gravelled, and the houses hung with carpets before them, made brave show, and the ladies out of the windows. So glorious was the show with gold and silver, that we were not able to look at it, our eyes at last being so much overcome. Both the King and the Duke of York took notice of us, as they saw us at the window. In the evening, by water to Whitehall to my Lord's, and there I spoke with my Lord. He talked with me about his suit, which was made in France, and cost him £200, and very rich it is with embroidery. The show being ended, Mr. Young did give us a dinner, at which we very merry, and pleased above imagination at what we have seen. Sir W. Batten going home, he and I called, and drank some mum,[3] and laid our wager about my Lady Faulconbridge's name, which he says not to be Mary, and so I won above 20s. So home, where Will and the boy stayed, and saw the show upon Tower Hill, and Jane at T. Pepys's the turner, and my wife at Charles Glassecocke's in Fleet Street.

CORONATION DAY

23rd. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham,[1] the surveyor, with some company he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favour of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King came in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is, a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests. At last comes in the Dean and Prebendaries of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth of gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a sceptre (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and mond[2] before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bareheaded, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the choir at the high altar the King passed through all the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne, and there passed through more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop;[3] and his lords (who put on their caps[4] as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops came, and kneeled before him. And three times the King-at-Arms went to the three open places[5]

[1] John, son of Simon Wadloe, 'the king of skinkers,' who was vintner of this tavern, the 'Old Devil,' when Ben Jonson and others met in its famous 'Apollo' room. (See Jonson's *Leges Convivales*.) The house stood nearly opposite St. Dunstan's Church. On its site Child's Place was built.

[2] This company is represented in the curious contemporary picture by Stoop, now at Goodrich Court, Herefordshire. [B.]

[3] A kind of ale brewed with wheat.

[1] See p. 59.

[2] *I.e.* orb.

[3] Gilbert Sheldon, Bishop of London, acting for Juxon, Archbishop of Canterbury, whose age and infirmities prevented him from attending. [B.]

[4] As yet Barons had no coronet. A grant of that outward mark of dignity was made to them by Charles soon after his coronation. Elizabeth had assigned coronets to Viscounts. [B.]

[5] The south, west, and north sides. [B.]

on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if any one could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis,[1] of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody. I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another, full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his sceptre in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports, and little bells at every end. And after a long time he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight: and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the Herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eating a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up (Dymock)[2] the King's Champion, all in armour on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a Herald proclaims 'That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a Champion that would fight with him'; and with these words, the Champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up towards the King's table. At last, when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the Bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give him four rabbits and a pullet, and so Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall ate it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all the 24 violins. About six at night they had dined, and I went up to my wife. And strange it is to think that these two days have held up fair till now that all is done, and the King gone out of the Hall; and then it fell a-raining and thundering and lightening as I have not seen it do for some years; which people did take great notice of; God's blessing of the work of these two days, which is a foolery to take too much notice of such things. I observed little disorder in all this, only the King's footmen had got hold of the canopy, and would keep it from the Barons of the Cinque Ports,[1] which they

[1] Sir Frederick Cornwallis, Baronet, had been created a Baron three days before the coronation. [B.]

[2] The Dymokes, Scrivelsby, Lincoln, were hereditary King's Champions.

[1] Bishop Kennett gives a somewhat fuller account of this unseemly broil:—'No sooner had the aforesaid Barons brought up the King to the foot of the stairs in Westminster Hall, ascending to his throne, and turned on the left hand (towards their own table) out of the way, but the King's footmen most insolently and violently seized upon the canopy, which the Barons endeavouring to keep and defend, were by their number and strength dragged down to the lower end of the Hall, nevertheless still keeping their hold; and had not Mr. Owen, York Herald, being accidentally near the Hall door, and seeing the contest, caused the same to be shut, the footmen had certainly carried it away by force. But in the interim also (speedy notice hereof having been given the King) one of the Querries were sent from him, with command to imprison the footmen, and dismiss them out of his service, which put an end to the present disturbance. These footmen were also commanded to make their submission to the Court of Claims, which was accordingly done by them the 30th April following, and the canopy then delivered back to the said Barons.' Whilst this disturbance happened, the upper end of the first table, which had been appointed for the Barons

endeavoured to force from them again, but could not do it till my Lord Duke of Albemarle caused it to be put into Sir R. Pye's hand till to-morrow to be decided. At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we stayed upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fireworks, but they were not performed to-night; only the City had a light like a glory round about it, with bonfires. At last I went to King Street, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proffered the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe Yard, in which, at the further end, there were three great bonfires, and a great many gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another, which we thought a strange frolic; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bedfellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King); and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health, and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well. But no sooner a-bed with Mr. Shepley but my head began to turn, and I to vomit, and if ever I was foxed, it was now, which I cannot say yet, because I fell asleep, and slept till morning. Thus did the day end with joy everywhere; and blessed be God, I have not heard of any mischance to anybody through it all, but only to Serjeant Glynne,[1] whose horse fell upon him yesterday, and is like to kill him, which people do please themselves to see how just God is to punish the rogue at such a time as this: he being now one of the King's Serjeants, and rode in the cavalcade with Maynard,[1] to whom people wish the same fortune. There was also this night, in King Street, a woman had her eye put out by a boy's flinging a firebrand into the coach. Now, after all this, I can say, that, besides the pleasure of the sight of these glorious things, I may now shut my eyes against any other objects, nor for the future trouble myself to see things of state and show, as being sure never to see the like again in this world.

24th. Waked in the morning, with my head in a sad taking through the last night's drink, which I am very sorry for; so rose, and went out with Mr. Creed to drink our morning draught, which he did give me in chocolate to settle my stomach. At night set myself to write down these three days' diary, and, while I am about it, I hear the noise of the chambers,[2] and other things of the fireworks, which are now playing upon the Thames before the King; and I wish myself with them, being sorry not to see them.

26th. At the office; having some thoughts to order my business so as to go to Portsmouth the next week with Sir Robert Slingsby.

27th. Dined with my Lady. With Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers to the theatre to see *The Chances*.[3]

28th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon to church, where came Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Edward Pepys, and several other ladies, and so I went out of the pew into another. Sent for to my father's, where my cousin Angier and his wife, of Cambridge; to whom I went, and was glad to see them, and sent for wine for them, and they supped with my father.

30th. This morning my wife and I and Mr. Creed took coach, and in Fish Street took up Mr. Hater and his wife, who through her mask seemed at first to be an old woman, but afterwards I found her to be a very pretty modest black[4] woman. We got a small bait at Leatherhead, and

of the Cinque Ports, was taken up by the Bishops, Judges, etc., probably nothing loth to take precedence of them; and the poor Barons, naturally unwilling to lose their dinner, were necessitated to eat it at the bottom of the second table, below the Masters of Chancery and others of the long robe. [B.]

[1] Sir John Glynne (1603-1666), King's Serjeant.

[1] John Maynard (1602-1690), King's Serjeant.

[2] A chamber, a small piece, without a carriage, used for salutes.

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[4] *I.e.* brunette.

so to Godlyman,[1] where we lay all night; and were very merry, having this day no other extraordinary rencontre but my hat falling off my head at Newington into the water, by which it was spoiled and I ashamed of it. I am sorry that I was not at London, to be at Hyde Park to-morrow, among the great gallants and ladies, which will be very fine.

May 1661

May 1st. Up early, and baited at Petersfield, in the room which the King lay in lately at his being there. Here very merry, and played with our wives at bowls. Then we set forth again, and so to Portsmouth, seeming to me to be a very pleasant and strong place; and we lay at the Red Lion, where Haselrigge and Scott and Walton did hold their council, when they were here, against Lambert and the Committee of Safety. Several officers of the Yard came to see us to-night; and merry we were, but troubled to have no better lodgings.

2nd. Up, and Mr. Creed and I to walk round the town upon the walls. Then to our inn, and there all the officers of the Yard to see me with great respect, and I walked with them to the Dock, and saw all the stores, and much pleased with the sight of the place. Back, and brought them all to dinner with me, and treated them handsomely; and so after dinner by water to the Yard, and there we made the sale of the old provisions. Then we and our wives all to see the *Montagu*, which is a fine ship, and so to the town again by water, and then to see the room where the Duke of Buckingham was killed by Felton.[2]

3rd. Early to walk with Mr. Creed up and down the town, and it was in his and some others' thoughts to have got me made free of the town, but the Mayor was, it seems, unwilling, and so they did not do it. Took coach to Petersfield, having nothing more of trouble in all my journey, but the exceeding unmannerly and epicure-like palate of Mr. Creed. Here my wife and I lay in the room the Queen lately lay, at her going to France.

[1] Godalming. [2] On August 23, 1628.

4th. Up in the morning, and took coach, and so to Gilford, where we lay at the Red Lion, the best inn, and lay in the room the King lately lay in, where we had time to see the Hospital, built by Archbishop Abbott, and the free school, and were civilly treated by the Master. So to supper and to bed, being very merry about our discourse with the drawers concerning the minister of the town, with a red face and a girdle.

5th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Creed and I went to the red-faced parson's church, and heard a good sermon of him, better than I looked for. Anon we walked into the garden, and there played the fool a great while, trying who of Mr. Creed or I could go best over the edge of an old fountain well; and I won a quart of sack of him. Then to supper in the banquet-house; and there my wife and I did talk high, she against and I for Mrs. Pierce (that she was a beauty), till we were both angry. Then to walk in the fields, and so to our quarters, and to bed.

6th. Up by four o'clock, and took coach, and so home. I hear to-night that the Duke of York's son is this day dead, which, I believe, will please everybody; and I hear that the Duke and his Lady themselves are not much troubled at it.[1]

7th. My Lady, I find, is, since my going, gone to the Wardrobe.[2] With Mr. Creed into London; stopped in our way by the City trainbands, who go in much solemnity and pomp this day to muster before the King and the Duke; and shops in the city are shut up everywhere this day. He carried me to an ordinary by the Old Exchange, where we came a little too late, but we had very good cheer for our 18d. apiece, and an excellent droll, too, my host, and his wife as fine a woman, and sung and played so well, that I stayed a great while, and drank a great deal of wine. To bed, having sent my Lord a letter to-night, to excuse myself for not going with him to-morrow to the Hope, whither he is to go to see in what condition the fleet is in.

8th. Came my brother John to take his leave of me, he being to return to Cambridge. I did give him some good counsel

[1] See Oct. 7, and Dec. 16, 1660, and Feb. 23, 1661.
[2] Lord Sandwich was Keeper of the Wardrobe.

and 20s. in money, and so he went away. At night comes my wife not well, from my father's, having had a foretooth drawn out to-day, which do trouble me. To-day I received a letter from my uncle, to beg an old fiddle of me for Perkin, the miller, whose mill the wind hath lately broke down, and now he hath nothing to live by but fiddling, and he must needs have it against Whitsuntide to play to the country-girls; but it vexed me to see how my uncle writes to me, as if he were not able to buy him one. But I intend to-morrow to send him one.

9th. With my Lord at his lodgings, and there being with him my Lord Chamberlain, I spoke for my old waterman Payne, to get into White's place, who was waterman to my Lord Chamberlain, and is now to go master of the barge to my Lord to sea; and my Lord Chamberlain did promise that Payne should be entertained in White's place with him.

11th. To Gray's Inn, and there to a barber's, where I was trimmed, and had my hair cut, in which I am lately become a little curious, finding that the length of it do become me very much.

12th. (Lord's day.) At the Savoy heard Dr. Fuller[1] preach upon David's words, 'I will wait with patience all the days of my appointed time until my change comes';[2] but methought it was a poor dry sermon. And I am afraid my former high esteem of his preaching was more out of opinion than judgement. Met with Mr. Creed, with whom I went and walked in Gray's Inn Walks, and from thence to Islington, and there ate and drank at the house[3] my father and we were wont of old to go to; and after that walked homeward, and parted in Smithfield; and so I home, much wondering to see how things are altered with Mr. Creed, who, twelve months ago, might have been got to hang himself almost as soon as go to a drinking-house on a Sunday.

14th. Finding my head grow weak nowadays, if I come to drink wine, and therefore hope that I shall leave it off of myself, which I pray God I could do.

15th. There came two men with an order from a Committee of Lords to demand some books of me out of the office, in order to the examining of Mr. Hutchinson's accounts, but I gave them a surly answer, and they went away to complain, which put me into some trouble with myself, but I resolve to go to-morrow myself to these Lords, and answer them.

16th. About two o'clock went in my velvet coat by water to the Savoy, and there, having stayed a good while, I was called into the Lords, and there, quite contrary to my expectations, they did treat me very civilly, telling me what they had done was out of zeal to the King's service, and that they would join with the governors of the chest with all their hearts, since they knew that there was any, which they did not before. I gave them very respectful answers, and so went away to the theatre, and there saw the latter end of *The Maid's Tragedy*,[1] which I never saw before, and methinks it is too sad and melancholy. To the Wardrobe, and there we found my Lord newly gone away with the Duke of Ormond and some others, whom he had had to a collation; and so we, with the rest of the servants in the hall, sat down, and ate of the best cold meats that ever I ate in all my life. Mr. Moore with me to the waterside, telling me how kindly he is used by my Lord and my Lady since his coming thither as a servant.

17th. Lieutenant Lambert and I to the Exchange, and thence to an ordinary over against it, where to our dinner we had a fellow play well upon the bagpipes, and whistle like a bird exceeding well; and I had a fancy to learn to whistle as he do, and did promise to come some other day, and give him an angel[2] to teach me.

18th. Towards Westminster, from the Tower, by water, and was fain to stand upon one of the piers about the bridge, before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them. Being through bridge, I found the Thames full of boats and galleys, and upon inquiry found that there was a wager

[1] Thomas Fuller, *q.v.*
[2] Job xiv. 14, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.'
[3] The King's Head, See March 27, 1664.

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.
[2] A small gold coin (value about ten shillings), last coined by Charles I.

to be run this morning. So, spying of Payne in a galley, I went into him, and there stayed, thinking to have gone to Chelsea with them. But, upon the start, the wager boats fell foul of one another, till at last one of them gives over, pretending foul play, and so the other rowed away alone, and all our sport lost. I went ashore at Westminster; where it was very pleasant to see the Hall in the condition it is now, with the Judges on the benches at the further end of it,[1] which I had not seen all this term till now.

19th. (Lord's day.) I walked in the morning towards Westminster, and, seeing many people at York House, I went down and found them at mass, it being the Spanish ambassador's;[2] and so I got into one of the galleries, and there heard two masses done, I think, not in so much state as I have seen them heretofore. After that, into the garden, and walked a turn or two; but found it not so fine a place as I always took it for by the outside. Captain Ferrers and Mr. Howe and myself to Mr. Wilkinson's at the Crown; then to my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk upon their going to sea this voyage, which Captain Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall do or no, but swears that he would go, if he were sure never to come back again; and I, giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out that the balcony windows were open, and he went to the rail and made an offer to leap over, and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him £40 if he did not go to sea. With that thought, I shut the doors, and W. Howe hindered him all we could; yet he opened them again, and, with a vault, leaps down into the garden—the greatest and most desperate frolic that ever I saw in my life. I ran to see what was become of him, and we found him crawled upon his knees, but could not rise; so we went down into the garden, and dragged him to a bench, where he looked like a dead man, but could not stir; and, though he had broke nothing, yet his pain in his back was such as he could not endure. With this my Lord (who was in the little new room) come to us in amaze, and bid us carry him up, which, by our strength, we did, and so laid him in East's bedroom, by the door, where he lay in great pain. We sent for a doctor and surgeon, but none to be found, till, by and by, by chance comes in Dr. Clerke, who is afraid of him.[1] So we went for a lodging for him.

20th. Visited by Mr. Anderson, my former chamber-fellow at Cambridge, with whom I parted at the Hague.

21st. Up early, and with Sir R. Slingsby and Major Waters the deaf gentleman, his friend, for company's sake, to the Victualling Office, the first time that I ever knew where it was,[2] and there stayed while he read a commission for inquiry into some of the King's lands and houses thereabouts, that are given his brother. And then we took boat to Woolwich, where we stayed and gave order for the fitting out of some more ships presently. And then to Deptford, where we did the same; and so took barge again, and were overtaken by the King in his barge, he having been down the river with his yacht this day for pleasure to try it; and, as I hear, Commissioner Pett's do prove better than the Dutch one, and that that his brother built. While we were upon the water, one of the greatest showers of rain fell that ever I saw. The Comptroller and I landed with our barge at the Temple, and from thence I went to my father's, and there did give order about some clothes to be made.

22nd. To the Wardrobe, where my Lord and all the officers of the Wardrobe dined, and several other friends of my Lord, at a venison pasty. Before dinner, my Lady Wright and my Lady Jem. sang songs to the harpsichon.[3] Very pleasant and merry at dinner. Before I went to bed, the barber came to trim me and wash me, and so to bed, in order to my being clean to-morrow.

23rd. To the Rhenish wine-house, and

[1] The Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas were at the upper end of the hall so lately as 1810. [B.]

[2] The Baron de Vatteville.

[1] See May 27.

[2] In East Smithfield.

[3] Harpsichord.

there Mr. Jonas Moore,[1] the mathematician, to us, and there he did by discourse make us fully believe that England and France were once the same continent, by very good arguments, and spoke very many things not so much to prove the Scripture false, as that the time therein is not well computed nor understood. In my black silk suit, the first day I have put it on this year, to my Lord Mayor's by coach, with a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment. At table I had very good discourse with Mr. Ashmole, wherein he did assure me that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed. Dr. Bates's[2] singularity in not rising up nor drinking the King's nor other healths at the table was very much observed. From thence we all took coach, and to our office, and there sat till it was late; and so I home and to bed by daylight. This day was kept a holy-day through the town; and it pleased me to see the little boys walk up and down in procession with their broom-staffs in their hands, as I had myself long ago done.[3]

25th. To the theatre, where I saw a piece of *The Silent Woman*, which pleased me.

26th. (Lord's day.) This day the Parliament received the communion of Dr. Gunning at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Sir W. Batten told me how Mr. Prin, among the two or three that did refuse today to receive the sacrament upon their knees, was offered by a mistake the drink afterwards, which he did receive, being denied the drink by Dr. Gunning, unless he would take it on his knees; and after that, by another the bread was brought him, and he did take it sitting, which is thought very preposterous.

27th. With my Lords Sandwich and Hinchingbroke to the Lords' House by boat at Westminster, and there I left them. Then to the lobby, and after waiting for Sir G. Downing's coming out, to speak with him about the giving me up of my bond for my honesty, when I was his clerk, but to no purpose, I went to Clerke's at the Leg,[1] and there we dined very merry, there coming to us Captain Ferrers, this being the first day of his going abroad since his leap a week ago, which I was greatly glad to see.

28th. With Mr. Shepley to the Exchange about business, and there, by Mr. Rawlinson's favour, got into a balcony over against the Exchange; and there saw the hangman burn, by vote of Parliament, two old acts, the one for constituting us a Commonwealth, and the other I have forgot;[2] which still do make me think of the greatness of this late turn, and what people will do to-morrow against what they all, through profit or fear, did promise and practise this day. To Cheapside, about buying a piece of plate to give away to-morrow to Mrs. Browne's child.[3]

29th. (King's birthday.) Rose early, and having made myself fine, and put six spoons and a porringer of silver in my pocket, to give away to-day, Sir W. Pen and I took coach and (the weather and way being foul) went to Walthamstowe; and, being come there, heard Mr. Radcliffe,[4] my former schoolfellow at St. Paul's (who is yet a mere boy), preach upon 'Nay, let him take all, since my Lord the King is returned,' etc. He read all, and his sermon very simple. Back to dinner at Sir William Batten's; and then, after a walk in the fine gardens, we went to Mrs. Browne's, where Sir W. Pen and I were godfathers, and Mrs. Jordan[5] and Shipman godmothers to her boy. And there, before and after the christening, we were with the woman above in her chamber; but, whether we carried ourselves well or ill, I know not; but I was directed by young Mrs. Batten. One passage of a lady that ate wafers with her dog did a little displease me. I did give the midwife 10s., and the nurse 5s., and the maid of the house 2s. But forasmuch

[1] Jonas, afterwards Sir Jonas, Moore (1617-1679), appointed in 1663 Surveyor-General of the Ordnance.

[2] William Bates (1625-1699), Presbyterian divine. He was a member of the Savoy Conference.

[3] For the beating of bounds on Holy Thursday.

[1] In King Street, Westminster.

[2] It was an act for subscribing the Engagement. On the same day there had been burned by the hangman, in Westminster Hall, the act for 'erecting an High Court of Justice for trying and judging Charles Stuart.' Two more acts were similarly burned the next day. [B.]

[3] See Jan. 16, 1661.

[4] Jonathan Radcliff, A.M., then Vicar of Walthamstow. [B.]

[5] The wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Joseph, Jordan. [B.]

as I expected to give the name to the child, but did not, it being called John, I forbore then to give my plate till another time, after a little more advice. Being done, we went to Mrs. Shipman's, who is a great butter-woman, and I did see there the most of milk and cream, and the cleanest, that ever I saw in my life. After we had filled our bellies with cream, we took our leaves and away. In our way we had great sport to try who should drive fastest, Sir W. Batten's coach, or Sir W. Pen's chariot, they having four, and we two horses; and we beat them. But it cost me the spoiling of my clothes and velvet coat with dirt. Being come home, I to bed, and gave my breeches to be dried by the fire against to-morrow.

30th. To the Wardrobe, and there, with my Lord, went into his new barge to try her, and found her a good boat, and like my Lord's contrivance of the door to come out round, and not square, as they used to do; and thence I to Greatorex, who took me to Arundel House, and there showed me some fine flowers in his garden, and all the fine statues in the gallery, which I formerly had seen, and is a brave sight, and thence to a blind dark cellar, where we had two bottles of good ale. This day, I hear, the Parliament have ordered a bill to be brought in for restoring the Bishops to the House of Lords; which they had not done so soon but to spite Mr. Prin, who is every day so bitter against them in his discourse in the House.

31st. Great talk now how the Parliament intend to make a collection of free gifts to the King through the Kingdom; but I think it will not come to much.[1]

June 1661

June 1st. Having dined at Woolwich, with Captain Poole, at the tavern there, by water to Deptford. We walked to Redriffe, calling at the half-way house, and there came into a room where there was infinite of new cakes placed that are made against Whitsuntide; and there we were very merry.

2nd. (Whitsunday.) The barber having done with me, I went to church, and there heard a good sermon of Mr. Mills fit for the day. To church again. It rained very hard, as it hath done of late, so much so that we begin to doubt a famine.

3rd. To the Wardrobe, where, discoursing with my Lord, he did instruct me as to the business of the Wardrobe, in case, in his absence, Mr. Townsend should die, and told me that he did intend to join me and Mr. Moore with him as to the business, now he is going to sea; and spoke to me many other things, as to one that he do put the greatest confidence in, of which I am proud. My cousin Scott came to dine with me, and before he had done, in comes my father Bowyer, and my mother and four daughters, and a young gentleman and his sister, their friends, and there stayed all the afternoon, which cost me great store of wine, and were very merry. Mr. Creed and I to the Tower, to speak for some ammunition for ships for my Lord; and so he and I with much pleasure walked quite round the Tower, which I never did before. To the Bear at the Bridge-foot, thinking to have met my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother, setting forth for France, but, they being not come, we went over to the Wardrobe, and there found that my Lord Abbot Montagu[1] being not at Paris, my Lord hath a mind to have them stay a little longer before they go.

4th. To my Lord Crewe's to dinner, and had very good discourse about having of young noblemen and gentlemen to think of going to sea, as being as honourable service as the land war. And among other things he told us how, in Queen Elizabeth's time, one young nobleman would wait with a trencher at the back of another till he came to age himself; and witnessed in my young Lord of Kent that then was, who waited upon my Lord Bedford at table, when a letter came to my Lord Bedford that the Earldom of Kent was fallen to his servant the young Lord; and so he rose from table, and made him sit down in his place, and took a lower for himself, for so he

[1] See August 31, 1661.

[1] Walter Montagu (d. 1677), son of the first Earl of Manchester, became a Catholic while on his travels, and was made Abbot of St. Martin, near Pontoise.

was by place to sit. From thence to the theatre, and saw *Harry the 4th*, a good play.

5th. This morning did give my wife £4 to lay out upon lace and other things for herself. Sir W. Pen and I went out with Sir R. Slingsby to bowls in his alley, and there had good sport. I took my flageolet, and played upon the leads in the garden, where Sir W. Pen came out in his shirt into his leads, and there we stayed talking and singing and drinking great draughts of claret, and eating botargo,[1] and bread and butter, till twelve at night, it being moonshine; and so to bed, very near fuddled.

6th. My head hath ached all night, and all this morning, with my last night's debauch. Called up this morning by Lieutenant Lambert, who is now made Captain of the *Norwich*, and he and I went down by water to Greenwich, and ate and drank and heard music at the Globe, and saw the simple motion that is there of a woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the music while it plays, which is simple, methinks. Back again by water, calling at Captain Lambert's house, which is very handsome and neat, and a fine prospect at top. So to the office. The weather very hot, this night I left off my waist-coat.

8th. To Whitehall to my Lord, who did tell me that he would have me go to Mr. Townsend, whom he had ordered to discover to me the whole mystery of the Wardrobe, and none else but me, and that he will make me deputy with him, for fear that he should die in my Lord's absence, of which I was glad. I went to the theatre, and there saw *Bartholomew Fair*,[2] the first time it was acted nowadays. It is a most admirable play, and well acted, but too much profane and abusive.

9th. (Lord's day.) This day my wife put on her black silk gown, which is now laced all over with black gimp lace, as the fashion is, in which she is very pretty. She and I walked to my Lady's at the Wardrobe, and there dined, and was exceeding much made of. After dinner to Mr. Pierce's, and there he and I, and Mr. Symons (dancing-master), that goes to sea with my Lord, to the Swan tavern, and there drank. To Whitehall, and there met with Dean Fuller, and walked a great while with him; among other things discoursed of the liberty the Bishop (by name he of Galloway) takes to admit into orders anybody that will; among others, Roundtree, a simple mechanic that was a parson[1] formerly of the Fleet.[2] He told me he would complain of it. By and by we went and got a sculler, and, landing him at Worcester House, went to the Wardrobe. I went up to Jane Shore's tower, and there W. Howe and I sang; and so took my wife and walked home, and so to bed.

10th. Early to my Lord's, who privately told me how the King had made him Ambassador in the bringing over the Queen. That he is to go to Algiers, etc., settle the business, and to put the fleet in order there; and so to come back to Lisbon with three ships, and there to meet the fleet that is to follow him. He sent for me, to tell me that he do intrust me with the seeing of all things done in his absence as to this great preparation, as I shall receive orders from my Lord Chancellor and Mr. Edward Montagu. At all which my heart is above measure glad; for my Lord's honour, and some profit to myself, I hope. By and by out with Mr. Shepley, Walden,[3] Parliament-man for Huntingdon, Rolt,[4] Mackworth, and Alderman Backwell, to a house hard by, to drink Lambeth ale. So I back to the Wardrobe, and there found my Lord going to Trinity House,[5] this being the solemn day of choosing Master, and my Lord is chosen; so he dines there to-day. I stayed and dined with my Lady; but after we were set, comes in some persons of condition, and so the children and I rose and dined by ourselves all. The children and I were very merry, and they mightily fond of me.

[1] A preparation from the roe of mullet or tunny; a species of caviare. In Rabelais it is classed with certain other delicacies as an 'avant-coureur de vin' (I. xxi.).

[2] By Ben Jonson.

[1] The earlier editions of [B.] read 'person.' Later editions read 'person,' and change 'of' to 'in.'

[2] The Fleet prison, famous, later, for its clandestine marriages.

[3] Major Lionel Walden.

[4] See June 13.

[5] On Tower Hill.

11th. At the office this morning, Sir G. Carteret with us; and we agreed upon a letter to the Duke of York, to tell him the sad condition of this office for want of money; how men are not able to serve us more without some money; and that now the credit of the office is brought so low, that none will sell us anything without our personal security given for the same.

12th. Wednesday, a day kept between a fast and a feast, the Bishops not being ready enough to keep the fast for foul weather, before fair weather come,[1] and so they were forced to keep it between both. Then to Whitehall, where I met my Lord, who told me he must have £300 laid out in cloth, to give in Barbary, as presents among the Turks. At home practising to sing, which is now my great trade.

13th. To Alderman Backwell's, but his servants not being up, I went home, and put on my grey cloth suit and faced white coat, made of one of my wife's petticoats, the first time I have had it on, and so in a riding garb back again. With my Lord to Whitehall by water, and he, having taken leave of the King, comes to us at his lodgings, and from thence goes to the Garden-stairs, and there takes barge, and at the stairs was met by Sir R. Slingsby, who there took his leave of my Lord, and I heard my Lord thank him for his kindness to me, which Sir Robert answered much to my advantage. I went down with my Lord in the barge to Deptford, and there went on board the Dutch yacht, and stayed there a good while, W. Howe not being come with my Lord's things, which made my Lord very angry. By and by he comes, and so we set sail, and anon went to dinner, my Lord and we very merry; and after dinner I went down below, and there sang, and took leave of W. Howe, Captain Rolt, and the rest of my friends, then went up and took leave of my Lord, who give me his hand, and parted with great respect. So went, and Captain Ferrers with me, into our wherry, and my Lord did give five guns, all they had charged, which was the greatest respect my Lord could do me, and of which I was not a little proud. So with a sad and merry heart I left them sailing pleasantly from Erith, hoping to be in the Downs to-morrow early. We toward London in our boat. Pulled off our stockings, and bathed our legs a great while in the river, which I had not done some years before. By and by we came to Greenwich, and thinking to have gone on the King's yacht, the King was in her, so we passed by, and at Woolwich went on shore; and I home, and, with wine enough in my head, went to bed.

14th. To Whitehall to my Lord's, where I found Mr. Edward Montagu and his family come to lie during my Lord's absence. I sent to my house, by my Lord's order, his ship[1] and triangle virginal.

15th. Dined with my Lady, who, now my Lord is gone, is come to her poor housekeeping again.

16th. (Lord's day.) No purser coming in the morning for the goods, at a great loss what to do. The afternoon I spent in reading *The Spanish Gipsy*,[2] a play not very good, though commended much. At night resolved to hire a Margate hoy, who would go away to-morrow morning, which I did; and sent the things all by him.

18th. All this morning at home vexing about the delay of my painters; and about four in the afternoon my wife and I by water to Captain Lambert's, where we took great pleasure in their turret-garden, and seeing the fine needlework of his wife, the best I ever saw in my life, and afterwards had a very handsome treat and good music that she made upon the harpsichon.

19th. One thing I must observe here, while I think of it, that I am now become the most negligent man in the world as to matters of news, insomuch that, nowadays, I neither can tell any, nor ask any of others.

20th. At home the greatest part of the day to see my workmen make an end, which this night they did to my great content.

21st. Mr. Norbury and I did discourse

[1] June 12 in London and June 19 in the country were appointed for a general fast for averting sickness and dearth to be feared from 'the late immoderate rain and waters' and for a thanksgiving 'for the blessed change of weather.'

[1] Model of a ship.

[2] By T. Middleton and W. Rowley.

of his wife's house and land at Brampton, which I find too much for me to buy.

22nd. At noon went and dined with my Lord Crewe, where very much made of by him and his lady. Then to the theatre, *The Alchemist*,[1] which is a most incomparable play.

23rd. (Lord's day.) In the morning to church, and, my wife not being well, I went with Sir W. Batten home to dinner, my Lady being out of town, where there was Sir W. Pen, Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempson and his wife. After dinner to church all of us, and had a very good sermon of a stranger, and so I and the young company to walk first to Gray's Inn Walks, where great store of gallants, but above all the ladies I there saw, or ever did see, Mrs. Frances Butler (Monsieur L'Impertinent's sister) is the greatest beauty. Then we went to Islington, where at the great house I entertained them as well as I could, and so home with them, and so to my own home and to bed. Pall, who went this day to a child's christening at Kate Joyce's, stayed out all night at my father's, she not being well.

24th. (Midsummer-day.) I and Dr. Williams to the ordinary over against the Exchange, where we dined, and had great wrangling with the master of the house when the reckoning was brought to us, he setting down exceeding high everything.

25th. Captain Allen and his daughter Rebecca, and Mr. Hempson, and by and by both Sir Williams, who sat with me till it was late; and I had a very gallant collation for them.

26th. To dine with my Lady at the Wardrobe, taking Dean Fuller along with me; then home, where I heard that my father had been to find me out about special business; so I took a coach and went to him, and found by a letter to him from my aunt that my uncle Robert is taken with a dizziness in his head, by which we guess that he is very ill, and so my father do think to go to-morrow. And so God's will be done.

27th. To my father's. There I told him how I would have him speak to my uncle Robert, when he comes thither, concerning my buying of land—that I could pay ready money £600, and the rest by £150 per annum, to make up as much as will buy £50 per annum, which I do, though I am not worth above £500 ready money, that he may think me to be a greater saver than I am. Then, with my Lady Batten, Mrs. Rebecca Allen, Mrs. Thompson, etc., two coaches of us, we went and saw *Bartholomew Fair*, acted very well. So home to bed. This day Mr. Holden sent me a beaver,[1] which cost me £4:5s.

28th. Went to Moorfields,[2] and there walked, and stood and saw the wrestling,[2] which I never saw so much of before, between the north and west countrymen. This night had our bed set up in our room, that we called the Nursery, where we lay, and I am very much pleased with the room.

29th. By a letter from the Duke, complaining of the delay of the ships that are to be got ready, Sir Williams both and I went to Deptford, and there examined into the delays, and were satisfied. Mr. Chetwind fell commending of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* as the best book, and the only one that made him a Christian; which puts me upon the buying of it, which I will do shortly.

30th. (Lord's day.) To church, where we observe the trade of briefs is come now up to so constant a course every Sunday, that we resolve to give no more to them.[3] Sir Williams both and I to Whitehall, where we met the Duke of York, according to an order sent us yesterday from him, to give him an account where the fault lay in the not sending out of the ships, which we find to be only the wind hath been against them, and so they could not get out of the river. Hence I to Gray's Inn Walk[s] all alone, and with great pleasure, seeing the fine ladies walk there. Myself humming to myself (which nowadays is my constant practice since I began to learn to sing) the trillo, and found by use that it do come upon me. This day the Portuguese Ambassador came to Whitehall

[1] By Ben Jonson.

[1] Beaver-hat.

[2] This stretch of ground (originally a fen or moor), the site of Finsbury Square and Circus, etc., was a popular resort and was famous for its sports, especially cudgel-playing and wrestling.

[3] Briefs (abolished in 1828) were letters, by royal patent, authorising church collections for stated purposes.

to take leave of the King; he being now going to end all with the Queen, and to send her over. Myself in good health, but mighty apt to take cold, so that this hot weather I am fain to wear a cloth before my stomach.

July 1661

July 1st. This morning into the city, to buy several things, as I have lately done, for my house. Among other things, a fair chest of drawers for my own chamber, and an Indian gown for myself. The first cost me 33s., the other 34s. Home, and dined there, and Theodore Goodgroome, my singing-master, with me, and then to our singing.

2nd. My father writes that my uncle is by fits stupid, and like a man that is drunk, and sometimes speechless. Went to Sir William Davenant's Opera;[1] this being the fourth day that it hath begun, and the first that I have seen it. To-day was acted the second part of *The Siege of Rhodes*.[2] We stayed a very great while for the King and the Queen of Bohemia;[3] and by the breaking of a board over our heads, we had a great deal of dust fell into the ladies' necks and the men's hair, which made good sport. The King being come, the scene opened; which indeed is very fine and magnificent, and well acted, all but the Eunuch, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage.

3rd. Dined with my Lady, who is in some mourning for her brother, Mr. Samuel Crewe, who died yesterday of the spotted fever. This day, my Lady Batten and my wife were at the burial of a daughter of Sir John Lawson's, and had rings for themselves and their husbands.

4th. I went to the theatre,[4] and there I saw *Claracilla*[5] (the first time I ever saw it) well acted. But strange to see this house, that used to be so thronged, now empty since the Opera began; and so will continue for a while, I believe.

6th. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my uncle Robert is dead; so I rose sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect; so I bought me a pair of boots in St. Martin's, and got myself ready, and then to the Post-house, and set out about eleven and twelve o'clock, taking the messenger with me that came to me, and so we rode, and got well by nine o'clock to Brampton, where I found my father well. My uncle's corpse in a coffin standing upon joint-stools in the chimney in the hall; but it began to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night, and watched by two men. My father and I lay together to-night, I greedy to see the will; but did not ask to see it till to-morrow.

7th. (Lord's day.) In the morning my father and I read the will; where, though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all, and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbons and gloves, ready for the burial, which in the afternoon was done; where, it being Sunday, all people far and near came in; and, in the greatest disorder that ever I saw, we made shift to serve them with what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him, and Mr. Turner preached a funeral sermon, where he spoke not particularly of him anything, but that he was one so well known for his honesty, that it spoke for itself above all that he could say for it. And so made a very good sermon.

8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th. I fell to work, and my father to look over my uncle's papers and clothes, and continued all this week upon that business, much troubled with my aunt's base ugly humours. We had news of Tom Trice putting in a caveat against us, in behalf of his mother, to whom my uncle hath not given anything, and for good reason therein expressed, which troubled us also. But above all our trouble is to find that his estate appears nothing as we expected, and all the world

[1] Pepys frequently speaks of Davenant's theatre, Lincoln's Inn Fields (where Davenant was the Duke's patentee), as the 'Opera,' though other pieces were regularly presented.

[2] The First Part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, the beginning of English Opera, had been produced by Davenant in 1656.

[3] See May 14, 1660.

[4] *I.e.* Killigrew's new theatre.

[5] By Thomas Killigrew.

believes; nor his papers so well sorted as I would have had them, but all in confusion, that break my brains to understand them. We missed also the surrenders of his copyhold land, without which the land would not come to us, but to the heir-at-law, so that what with this, and the badness of the drink, and the ill opinion I have of the meat, and the biting of the gnats by night, and my disappointment in getting home this week, and the trouble of sorting all the papers, I am almost out of my wits with trouble, only I appear the more contented, because I would not have my father troubled.

14th. (Lord's day.) At home, and Robert Barnwell with us, and dined, and in the evening my father and I walked round Portholme, and viewed all the fields, which was very pleasant. To Hinchingbroke, which is now all in dirt, because of my Lord's building, which will make it very magnificent. Back to Brampton.

15th. Up by three o'clock this morning, and rode to Cambridge, and was there by seven o'clock, where, after I was trimmed, I went to Christ College, and found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me. Then to King's College chapel, where I found the scholars in their surplices at the service with the organs, which is a strange sight to what it used in my time to be here. Then with Dr. Fairbrother (whom I met there) to the Rose tavern, and called for some wine, and sent also for Mr. Sanchy, with whom and other gentlemen, friends of his, we were very merry, and I treated them as well as I could, and so at noon took horse, having taken leave of my cousin Angier, and rode to Impington, where I found my old uncle[1] sitting all alone, like a man out of the world; he can hardly see; but all things else he do pretty livelily.

16th, 17th, 18th, 19th. These four days we spent in putting things in order, letting of the crop upon the ground, agreeing with Hanker to have a care of my business in my absence, and we think ourselves in nothing happy but in lighting upon him to be our bailie. Riding to Offord and Sturtlow, and up and down all our lands, and had advice from Mr. Moore from London by my desire that the three witnesses of the will being all legatees will not do the will any wrong. My aunt continuing in her base hypocritical tricks, which both Jane Perkin (of whom we make great use) and the maid do tell us every day of.

[1] Talbot Pepys.

20th. To Huntingdon, and dined with Sir Robert Bernard and his lady, my Lady Digby, a very good woman.

21st. (Lord's day.) At home all the morning, putting my papers in order against my going to-morrow.

22nd. Up by three, and going by four on my way to London; but the day proves very cold, so that, having put on no stockings but thread ones under my boots, I was fain at Biggleswort[1] to buy a pair of coarse woollen ones, and put them on. So by degrees, till I came to Hatfield before twelve o'clock, and walked all alone to the Vineyard, which is now a very beautiful place again; and coming back I met with Mr. Looker, my Lord's[2] gardener (a friend of Mr. Eglin's), who showed me the house, the chapel with brave pictures, and, above all, the gardens, such as I never saw in all my life; nor so good flowers, nor so great gooseberries, as big as nutmegs. Back to the inn, and so to horse again, and with much ado got to London. Called at my uncle Fenner's, my mother's, my Lady's, and so home; in all which I found all things as well as I could expect.

23rd. Put on my mourning; I went to the theatre, and saw *Brennoralt*,[3] I never saw before. It seemed a good play, but ill acted; only I sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes with her, which much pleased me. Troubled to hear how proud and idle Pall is grown, that I am resolved not to keep her.

24th. This morning my wife in bed tells me of our being robbed of our silver tankard, which vexed me all day for the negligence of my people to leave the door open. To the Wardrobe, but came too late, and dined with the servants. And then to my Lady, who do show my wife and me the greatest favour in the world, in which I take great content. To the office all the afternoon, which is a great

[1] Biggleswade. [2] Earl of Salisbury.
[3] *Brennoralt, or The Discontented Colonel*, by Sir John Suckling.

pleasure to me again, to talk with persons of quality, and to be in command, and I give it out among them that the estate left me is £200 a year in land, besides moneys, because I would put an esteem upon myself. I hear that my man Will hath lost his clock with my tankard, at which I am very glad.

25th. To the theatre, and saw *The Jovial Crew*,[1] the first time I saw it, and indeed it is as merry and the most innocent play that ever I saw, and well performed. Full of thoughts to think of the trouble that we shall go through before we come to see what will remain to us of all our expectations.

26th. Mr. Hill of Cambridge tells me that yesterday[2] put a change to the whole state of England as to the Church, for the King now would be forced to favour Presbytery, or that the City would leave him; but I heed not what he says, though upon inquiry I do find that things in the Parliament are in a great disorder.

27th. To Westminster, where, at Mr. Montagu's chamber, I heard a Frenchman play, a friend of Monsieur Eschar's, upon the guitar most extreme well, though at best methinks it is but a bauble. To Westminster Hall, where it was expected that the Parliament was to have been adjourned for two or three months, but something hinders it for a day or two. In the lobby I spoke with Mr. George Montagu, and advised about a ship to carry my Lord Hinchingbroke and the rest of the young gentlemen to France, and they have resolved of going in a hired vessel from Rye, and not in a man-of-war. He told me in discourse that my Lord Chancellor is much envied, and that many great men, such as the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord of Bristol, do endeavour to undermine him, and that he believes it will not be done; for the King, though he loves him not in the way of a companion, as he do these young gallants that can answer him in his pleasures, yet cannot be without him, for his policy and service. From thence to the Wardrobe, where my wife met me, it being my Lord of Sandwich's birthday, and so we had many friends here —Mr. Townsend and his wife, and Captain Ferrer's lady and Captain Isham; and were very merry, and had a good venison pasty. Mr. Pargiter, the merchant, was with us also. After dinner Mr. Townsend was called upon by Captain Cooke; so we three went to a tavern hard by, and there he did give us a song or two; and without doubt he hath the best manner of singing in the world. Back to my wife, and with my Lady Jem. and Pall by water through bridge, and showed them the ships with great pleasure, and then took them to my house to show it them (my Lady, their mother, having been lately all alone to see it and my wife, in my absence in the country), and we treated them well, and were very merry. Then back again through bridge, and set them safe at home, and so my wife and I by coach home again.

28th. (Lord's day.) To church, and then came home with us Sir W. Pen, and drank with us, and then went away, and my wife after him, to see his daughter that is lately come out of Ireland; and whereas I expected she should have been a great beauty, she is a very plain girl. This evening my wife gives me all my linen, which I have put up, and intend to keep it now in my own custody.

29th. Word is brought that my aunt Fenner is exceeding ill, and that my mother is sent for presently to come to her; also that my cousin Charles Glassecocke, though very ill himself, is this day gone to the country to his brother John Glassecocke, who is dying there.

30th. After my singing-master had done with me this morning, I went to Whitehall and Westminster Hall, where I found the King expected to come and adjourn the Parliament. I found the two Houses at a great difference, about the Lords challenging their privileges not to have their houses searched, which makes them deny to pass the House of Commons' Bill for searching for pamphlets and seditious books. Thence by water to the Wardrobe (meeting the King upon the water going in his barge to adjourn the House), where I dined with my Lady, and there met Dr. Thomas Pepys, who I found to be a silly, talking fellow, but very good-natured. In Fleet Street, I met with

[1] *A Jovial Crew, or The Merry Beggars*, a comedy, by Richard Brome (d. ? 1652). It was first acted in 1641.

[2] By the ending of the Savoy conference.

Mr. Salisbury, who is now grown in less than two years' time so great a limner that he is become excellent, and gets a great deal of money at it. I took him to Hercules Pillars[1] to drink.

31st. Singing-master came to me this morning; then to the office all the morning. In the afternoon I went to the theatre, and there I saw *The Tamer Tamed*[2] well done.

August 1661

August 1st. This morning Sir Williams both, and my wife and I, and Mrs. Margaret Pen (this first time that I have seen her since she came from Ireland) went by coach to Walthamstowe, a-gossiping to Mrs. Browne, where I did give her six silver spoons[3] for her boy. Here we had a venison pasty, brought hot from London, and were very merry.

2nd. I made myself ready to get a-horseback for Cambridge. So I set out and rode to Ware, this night, in the way having much discourse with a fellmonger,[4] a quaker, who told me what a wicked man he had been all his lifetime till within this two years. Here I lay.

3rd. Got up early, and got to Barkway, where I stayed and drank, and there met with a letter-carrier of Cambridge, with whom I rode all the way to Cambridge, my horse being tired, and myself very wet with rain. I went to the Castle Hill, where the Judges were at the Assizes; and I stayed till Roger Pepys rose, and went with him, and dined with his brother, the Doctor, and Claxton at Trinity Hall. Then parted, and I went to the Rose, and there with Mr. Pechell,[5] and Sanchy, and others, sat and drank till night, and were very merry, only they tell me how high the old doctors are in the University over those they found there, though a great deal better scholars than themselves; for which I am very sorry, and, above all, Dr. Gunning. At night I took horse, and rode with Roger Pepys and his two brothers to Impington, and there with great respect was led up by them to the best chamber in the house, and there slept.

4th. (Lord's day.) Walked in the orchard with my cousin Roger, and there discoursed about my uncle's will, in which he did give me good satisfaction, but tells me I shall meet with a great deal of trouble in it. However, in all things he told me what I am to expect and what to do. To church, and had a good plain sermon. At our coming in, the country-people all rose with so much reverence; and when the parson begins, he begins 'Right Worshipful and dearly beloved' to us. To church again, and, after supper, to talk about public matters, wherein Roger Pepys told me how basely things have been carried in Parliament by the young men, that did labour to oppose all things that were moved by serious men. That they are the most profane swearing fellows that ever he heard in his life, which makes him think that they will spoil all, and bring things into a war again, if they can.

5th. Early to Huntingdon, but was fain to stay a great while at Stanton because of the rain, and there borrowed a coat of a man for 6d., and so he rode all the way, poor man, without any. Stayed at Huntingdon for a little, but the judges were not yet come hither; so I went to Brampton, and there found my aunt gone from the house, which I am glad of, though it cost us a great deal of money, viz. £10. After dinner took horse, and rode to Yelling, to my cousin Nightingale's, who hath a pretty house here, and did learn of her all she could tell me concerning my business.

6th. Home to my father, who could discern that I had been drinking, which he did never see or hear of before; so I ate a bit of dinner, and then took horse for London, and with much ado, the ways being very bad, got to Baldwick.[1] There lay, and had a good supper by myself. The landlady being a pretty woman, but I durst not take notice of her, her husband being there. Before dinner I went to see the church, which is a very handsome church. I find that both here and everywhere else that I come, the Quakers

[1] See Oct. 11, 1660. [2] See Oct. 30, 1660.
[3] See May 29, 1661.
[4] A dealer in fells (skins).
[5] John Peachell (1630-1690), later Master of Magdalene College, a notorious toper. On May 3, 1667, Pepys records that he is ashamed to walk with him, because of his red nose!

[1] Baldock.

do still continue, and rather grow than lessen.

7th. Called up at three o'clock, and was a-horseback by four; and, as I was eating my breakfast, I saw a man riding by that rode a little way upon the road with me last night; and he, being going with venison in his panniers[1] to London, I called him in, and did give him his breakfast with me; and so we went together all the way. At Hatfield we baited and walked into the great house through all the courts; and I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me, but I could not, which troubled me. To horse again, and by degrees with much ado got to London, where I found all well at home, and at my father's, and my Lady's, but no news yet from my Lord where he is.

8th. Early in the morning to Whitehall, but my Lord Privy Seal[2] came not all the morning. Again to the Privy Seal; but my Lord comes not all the afternoon, which made me mad, and gives all the world reason to talk of his delaying of business, as well as his severity and ill-using of the clerks of the Privy Seal.

9th. I to Whitehall, where, after four o'clock, comes my Lord Privy Seal; and so we went up to his chamber over the gate at Whitehall, where he asked me what deputation[3] I had from my Lord. I told him none; but that I am sworn my Lord's deputy by both of the Secretaries, which did satisfy him. So he caused Mr. Moore to read over all the bills, and all ended very well. So that I still see the lion is not so fierce as he is painted.

10th. This morning came the maid that my wife hath lately hired for a chamber-maid. She is very ugly, so that I cannot care for her; but otherwise she seems very good. To the theatre—*The Merry Devil of Edmonton*,[4] a very merry play, the first time I ever saw it, which pleased me well.

11th. (Lord's day.) To our own church in the forenoon, and in the afternoon to Clerkenwell church, only to see the two fair Botelers[5]; and I happened to be placed in the pew where they afterwards came to sit, but the pew by their coming being too full, I went out into the next, and there sat, and had my full view of them both, but I am out of conceit now with them, Colonel Dillon being come back from Ireland again, and do still court them, and comes to church with them, which makes me think they are not honest. Hence to Gray's Inn Walks, and there stayed a good while; where I met with Ned Pickering, who told me what a great match of hunting of a stag the King had yesterday; and how the King tired all their horses, and come home with not above two or three able to keep pace with him.

12th. In the afternoon had notice that my Lord Hinchingbroke is fallen ill, which I fear is with the fruit that I did give them on Saturday last at my house; so in the evening I went thither, and there found him very ill, and in great fear of the small-pox. I supped with my Lady, and did consult about him, but we find it best to let him lie where he do; and so I went home with my heart full of trouble for my Lord Hinchingbroke's sickness, and more for my Lord Sandwich's himself, whom we are now confirmed is sick ashore at Alicante, who, if he should miscarry, God knows in what condition would his family be. I dined to-day with my Lord Crewe, who is now at Sir H. Wright's, while his new house is making fit for him, and he is much troubled also at all these things.

13th. To the Wardrobe and found my young Lord very ill, so my Lady intends to send her other three sons, Sidney, Oliver, and John, to my house, for fear of the smallpox. Home, and there found my Lady's three sons come, of which I am glad that I am in condition to do her and my Lord any service in this kind; but my mind is yet very much troubled about my Lord of Sandwich's health.

14th. This morning Sir W. Batten, and Sir W. Pen and I waited upon the Duke of York in his chamber, to give him an account of the condition of the Navy for lack of money, and how our own very bills are offered upon the Exchange, to be sold at 20 in the 100 loss. He is much troubled at it, and will speak to the King and Council of it this morning. I went to my Lady's and

[1] Orig. 'pan-yards.'
[2] William, first Viscount, and second Baron, Say and Sele.
[3] Warrant, commission.
[4] 1608; author unknown. See Warnke and Proescholdt's *Pseudo-Shakespearian Plays* (1884).
[5] *I.e.* the Butlers.

dined with her, and found my Lord Hinchingbroke somewhat better. At home I found a letter from Mr. Creed of July last, that tells me that my Lord is rid of his pain (which was wind got into the muscles of his right side) and his fever, and is now in hopes to go aboard in a day or two, which do give me mighty great comfort.

15th. Walked to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, and there told her of my Lord's sickness, of which, though it hath been the town-talk this fortnight, she had heard nothing, and recovery, of which she was glad, though hardly persuaded of the latter. I found my Lord Hinchingbroke better and better, and the worst past. Thence to the Opera, which begins again to-day with *The Wits*,[1] never acted yet with scenes; and the King and Duke and Duchess were there, who dined to-day with Sir H. Finch, reader at the Temple, in great state; and indeed it is a most excellent play, and admirable scenes.

16th. At the office all the morning, though little to do; because all our clerks are gone to the burial of Tom Whitton, one of the Comptroller's clerks, a very ingenious and a likely young man to live, as any in the Office. But it is such a sickly time both in the City and country everywhere, of a sort of fever, that never was heard of almost, unless it was in a plague-time. Among others, the famous Tom Fuller[2] is dead of it; and Dr. Nicholls,[3] Dean of Paul's; and my Lord General Monk is very dangerously ill. Dined at home with the children, and were merry. My aunt Fenner is upon the point of death.

17th. At the Privy Seal, where we had a seal this morning. Then met with Ned Pickering, and walked with him into St. James's Park, where I had not been a great while, and there found great and very noble alterations. And, in our discourse, he was very forward to complain and to speak loud of the lewdness and beggary of the Court, which I am sorry to hear, and which I am afraid will bring all to ruin again. I to the Opera, and saw *The Wits* again, which I like exceedingly. The Queen of Bohemia was here, brought by my Lord Craven.[1] Troubled in mind that I cannot bring myself to mind my business, but to be so much in love of plays.

18th. (Lord's day.) I took my wife and Mr. Sidney to my Lady to see my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is now pretty well again, and sits up, and walks about his chamber. To Whitehall, and there hear that my Lord General Monk continues very ill; and then to walk in St. James's Park, and saw a great variety of fowl which I never saw before. At night fell to read in Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*,[2] which Mr. Moore did give me last Wednesday very handsomely bound; and which I shall read with great pains and love for his sake.

19th. I am sent for to the Privy Seal, and there I found a thing of my Lord Chancellor's[3] to be sealed this afternoon, and so I am forced to go to Worcester House,[4] where several Lords are met in Council this afternoon. And while I am waiting there, in comes the King in a plain common riding-suit and velvet cap, in which he seemed a very ordinary man to one that had not known him. Home, and there I found that my Lady do keep the children at home, and lets them not come any more hither at present, which a little troubles me to lose their company. This day my aunt Fenner died.

20th. This day we came to some agreement with Sir R. Ford for his house to be added to the office to enlarge our quarters.[5]

[1] By Sir W. Davenant; originally presented 'at the private House in the Black-Fryers' in 1633, and printed in 1636.

[2] The divine and author, referred to *supra*.

[3] Matthew Nicholas (1594-1661).

[1] William, first Earl of Craven (1606-1697), said, on poor authority, to be married to the Queen of Bohemia. [2] See June 29, 1661.

[3] This 'thing' was probably one of those large grants which Clarendon quietly, or, as he himself says, 'without noise or scandal,' procured from the King. Besides lands and manors, Clarendon states at one time that the King gave him a 'little billet into his hand, that contained a warrant of his own handwriting to Sir Stephen Fox to pay to the Chancellor the sum of £20,000, of which nobody could have notice.' In 1662, he received £25,000 out of the money voted to the King by the Parliament of Ireland, as he mentions in his vindication of himself against the impeachment of the Commons; and we shall see that Pepys, in February, 1664, names another sum of £20,000 given to the Chancellor to clear *the* mortgage upon Clarendon Park; and this last sum, it was believed, was paid from the money received from France by the sale of Dunkirk. [B.]

[4] See July 13, 1660. [5] See Aug. 31, 1661.

21st. I understand by Mr. Moore that my Lady Sandwich is brought to bed yesterday of a young Lady,[1] and is very well. To Mrs. Terry, who lately offered a proposal of her sister for a wife for my brother Tom; and thence to Mrs. Whately's, their mother, and there were well received, and she desirous to have the thing go forward, only is afraid that her daughter is too young, and portion not big enough, but offers £200 down with her. The girl is very well favoured, and a very child, but modest, and one I think will do very well for my brother; so parted till she hears from Hatfield from her husband, who is there; but I find them very desirous of it, and so am I. To the Wardrobe, where I supped with the ladies,[2] and hear their mother is well, and the young child.

22nd. To the Privy Seal, and sealed; so home at noon, and there took my wife by coach to my uncle Fenner's, where there was both at his house and the Sessions great deal of company, but poor entertainment, which I wonder at; and the house so hot, that my uncle Wight, my father, and I were fain to go out, and stay at an alehouse awhile to cool ourselves. Then back again and to church—my father's family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour, the world believing that he did give us it; so to church, and stayed out the sermon.

23rd. To W. Joyce's, where my wife was, and I took her to the opera, and showed her the *Wits*, which I had seen already twice, and was most highly pleased with it.

24th. Called to Sir W. Batten's, to see the strange creature that Captain Holmes hath brought with him from Guinea; it is a great baboon, but so much like a man in most things, that, though they say there is a species of them, yet I cannot believe but that it is a monster got of a man and she-baboon. I do believe that it already understands much English, and I am of the mind that it might be taught to speak or make signs. To the opera,[3] and there saw *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton[1] did the Prince's part beyond imagination.

25th. (Lord's day.) Home; found my Lady Batten and her daughter to look something askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them, and is not solicitous for their acquaintance.

26th. Casting up my father's accounts, and upon the whole I find that all he hath in money of his own due to him in the world is £45, and he owes about the same sum; so that I cannot but think in what a condition he had left my mother, if he should have died before my uncle Robert. To the theatre, and saw the *Antipodes*,[2] wherein there is much mirth, but no great matter else. I found a letter from my Lord Sandwich, who is now very well again of his fever, but not yet gone from Alicante, where he lay sick, and was twice there bled. This letter dated the 22nd July last, which puts me out of doubt of his being ill.

27th. This morning to the Wardrobe, and there took leave of my Lord Hinchingbroke and his brother, and saw them go out by coach toward Rye in their way to France, whom God bless. Then I was called up to my Lady's bedside, where we talked an hour about Mr. Edward Montagu's disposing of the £5000 for my Lord's preparation for Portugal, and our fears that he will not do it to my Lord's honour, and less to his profit, which I am to inquire a little after. My wife and I to the theatre, and there saw *The Jovial Crew*,[3] where the King, Duke, and Duchess, and Madame Palmer were; and my wife, to her great content, had a full sight of them all the while. The play full of mirth.

28th. This day I counterfeited a letter to Sir W. Pen, as from the thief that stole his tankard lately, only to abuse and laugh at him.

29th. My aunt Bell came to dine with me, and we were very merry. Mr. Evans, the tailor, whose daughter we have had a mind to get for a wife for Tom, told us that he hath nought to except against us or our motion, but that the estate that God hath blessed him with is too great to give, where there is nothing in present possession but

1 See Sept. 3, 1661.
2 Lord Sandwich's daughters.
3 See note to July 2, 1661.

1 Thomas Betterton (?1635-1710).
2 A comedy, by Richard Brome; acted at Salisbury Court Theatre in 1638; printed 1640.
3 See July 25, 1661 (note).

a trade and house; and so we friendly ended.

30th. My wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somerset, whom she knew in France, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance, to avoid further acquaintance. That done, there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home.

31st. To Bartholomew Fair, and there met with my Ladies Jemimah and Paulina, with Mr. Pickering and Mademoiselle,[1] at seeing the monkeys dance, which was much to see, when they could be brought to do so, but it troubled me to sit among such nasty company. After that, with them into Christ's Hospital, and there Mr. Pickering bought them some fairings, and I did give every one of them a bauble, which was the little globes of glass with things hanging in them, which pleased the ladies very well. After that, home with them in their coach, and there was called up to my Lady, and she would have me stay to talk with her, which I did I think a full hour. And the poor lady did with so much innocency tell me how Mrs. Crispe had told her that she did intend, by means of a lady that lies at her house, to get the King to be godfather to the young lady that she is in child-bed now of; but to see in what manner my Lady told it me, protesting that she sweat in the very telling of it, was the greatest pleasure to me in the world to see the simplicity and harmlessness of a lady.

Thus ends the month. My maid Jane newly gone, and Pall[2] left now to do all the work till another maid comes, which shall not be till she goes away into the country with my mother. No money comes in, so that I have been forced to borrow a great deal for my own expenses, and to furnish my father, to leave things in order. I have some trouble about my brother Tom, who is now left to keep my father's trade, in which I have great fears that he will miscarry for want of brains and care. At Court things are in very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vices of drinking, swearing, and loose amours, that I know not what will be the end of it, but confusion. And the Clergy so high, that all people that I meet with do protest against their practice. In short, I see no content or satisfaction anywhere, in any one sort of people. The Benevolence[1] proves so little, and an occasion of so much discontent everywhere, that it had better it had never been set up. I think to subscribe £20. We are at our Office quiet, only for lack of money all things go to rack. Our very bills offered to be sold upon the Exchange at 10 per cent loss. We are upon getting Sir R. Ford's house added to our office; but I see so many difficulties will follow in pleasing of one another in the dividing of it, and in becoming bound personally to pay the rent of £200 per annum, that I do believe it will yet scarce come to pass. The season very sickly everywhere of strange and fatal fevers.

[1] The governess. [2] Paulina Pepys.

September 1661

September 1st. (Lord's day.) Last night being very rainy, [the water] broke into my house, the gutter being stopped, and spoiled all my ceilings almost. At church in the morning. After dinner we were very merry with Sir W. Pen about the loss of his tankard, though all be but a cheat, and he do not yet understand it; but the tankard was stole by Sir W. Batten, and the letter, as from the thief, wrote by me, which makes very good sport. Captain Holmes and I by coach to Whitehall; in our way, I found him by discourse to be a great friend of my Lord's, and he told me there was many did seek to remove him; but they were old seamen, such as Sir J. Minnes, but he would name no more, though he do believe Sir W. Batten is one of them that do envy him, but he says he knows that the King do so love him, and the Duke of York too, that there is no fear of him. He seems to be very well acquainted with the King's mind, and with all the several factions at Court, and spoke all with so much frankness, that I do take him to be my Lord's good friend, and one able to do him great service, being a cunning fellow, and one,

[1] See May 31, 1661.

by his own confession to me, that can put on two several faces, and look his enemies in the face with as much love as his friends. But, good God! what an age is this, and what a world is this! that a man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation.

2nd. Mr. Pickering and I to Westminster Hall again, and there walked an hour or two talking; and, though he be a fool, yet he keeps much company, and will tell all he sees or hears, and so a man may understand what the common talk of the town is. And I find that there are endeavours to get my Lord out of play at sea, which I believe Mr. Coventry and the Duke do think will make them more absolute; but I hope for all this, they will not be able to do it. My wife tells me that she met at Change with my young ladies of the Wardrobe, and there helped them to buy things, and also with Mr. Somerset, who did give her a bracelet of rings, which did a little trouble me, though I know there is no hurt yet in it, but only for fear of further acquaintance.

3rd. Dined at home, and then with my wife to the Wardrobe, where my Lady's child was christened; my Lord Crewe and his lady and my Lady Montagu my Lord's mother-in-law, were the witnesses; and named Catherine, the Queen elect's name; but, to my and all our trouble, the Parson of the parish christened her, and did not sign the child with the sign of the cross. After that was done we had a very fine banquet.

4th. My wife came to me to Whitehall, and we went and walked a good while in St. James's Park to see the brave alterations.

5th. Put my mother and Pall into the waggon, and saw them going presently—Pall crying exceedingly. To my uncle Fenner's to dinner, in the way meeting a French footman with feathers, who was in quest of my wife, and spoke with her privately, but I could not tell what it was, only my wife promised to go to some place to-morrow morning, which do trouble my mind how to know whither it was. My wife and I to the fair, and I showed her the Italians dancing the ropes, and the women that do strange tumbling tricks.

6th. I went to the theatre, and saw the *Elder Brother*[1] acted; meeting here with Sir G. Askew, Sir Theophilus Jones,[2] and another knight, with Sir W. Pen, we to the Ship tavern, and there stayed, and were merry till late at night.

7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the Wardrobe[3] to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King, the Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was *Bartholomew Fair*,[4] with the puppet-show, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years, it being so satirical against Puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King to countenance it; but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, and coming home again, found our new maid Doll asleep, that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send a boy in at a window to open the door to us. Began to look over my accounts, and, upon the whole, I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near £600, for which God be blessed.

9th. To Salisbury Court playhouse, where was acted the first time *'Tis pity She's a Whore*,[5] a simple play, and ill acted, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much. To the Dolphin, to drink the 30s. that we got the other day of Sir W. Pen about his tankard. Here was Sir R. Slingsby, Holmes, Captain Allen, Mr. Turner, his wife and daughter, my Lady Batten, and Mrs. Martha, etc., and an excellent company of fiddlers; so we exceeding merry till late; and then we began to tell Sir W. Pen the business, but he had been drinking to-day, and so is almost gone, that we could not make him understand it, which caused us more sport.

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.
[2] Sir Theophilus Jones (d. 1685), scoutmaster-general in Ireland (1661-1685).
[3] Lord Sandwich's daughters.
[4] By Ben Jonson. [5] By John Ford.

11th. To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes; and he did show me how a dog that he hath do kill all the cats that come thither to kill his pigeons, and do afterwards bury them; and do it with so much care that they shall be quite covered; that, if the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again, and dig the hole deeper, which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above 100 cats. Home to my house to dinner, where I found my wife's brother Balty[1] as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him, and come to have my wife visit a young lady which he is a servant[2] to, and have hope to trepan, and get for his wife. I did give way for my wife to go with him. Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields, observed at the Opera a new play, *Twelfth Night*, was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear to go in, which did make the play seem a burden to me; and I took no pleasure at all in it; and so, after it was done, went home with my mind troubled for my going thither, after my swearing to my wife that I would never go to a play without her. My wife was with her brother to see his mistress to-day, and says she is young, rich, and handsome, but not likely for him to get.

12th. To my Lady's to dinner at the Wardrobe; and in my way upon the Thames, I saw the King's new pleasure-boat that is come now for the King to take pleasure in above bridge, and also two gondolas,[3] that are lately brought, which are very rich and fine. Called at Sir W. Batten's, and there hear that Sir W. Pen do take our jest of the tankard very ill, which I am sorry for.

13th. I was sent for by my uncle Fenner to come and advise about the burial of my aunt,[4] the butcher, who died yesterday. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my wife, and thence she and I to the water to spend the afternoon in pleasure, and so we went to old George's, and there ate as much as we would of a hot shoulder of mutton, and so to boat again and home.

14th. Before we had dined comes Sir R. Slingsby, and his lady, and a great deal of company, to take my wife and I out by barge, to show them the King's and Duke's yachts. We had great pleasure, seeing all four yachts, viz., these two, and the two Dutch ones.

15th. (Lord's day.) To my aunt Kite's in the morning, to help my uncle Fenner to put things in order against anon for the burial. After sermon, with my wife to the burial of my aunt Kite, where, besides us and my uncle Fenner's family, there was none of any quality, but poor and rascally people. So we went to church with the corpse, and there had service read at the grave, and back again with Peg Kite, who will be, I doubt, a troublesome carrion to us executors; but, if she will not be ruled, I shall fling up my executorship.

16th. Word is brought me from my brother's, that there is a fellow come from my father out of the country, on purpose to speak with me; and he made a story how he had lost his letter, but he was sure it was for me to come into the country, which I believed, but I afterwards found that it was a rogue that did use to play such tricks to get money of people, but he got none of me. Letters from my father informing me of the Court,[1] and that I must come down and meet him at Impington, which I presently resolved to do.

17th. Got up, telling my wife of my journey, and she got me to hire her a horse to go along with me. So I went to my Lady's, and of Mr. Townsend did borrow a very fine side-saddle for my wife, and so, after all things were ready, she and I took coach to the end of the town towards Kingsland, and there got upon my horse, and she upon her pretty mare that I hired for her, and she rides very well. By the mare at one time falling, she got a fall, but no harm; so we got to Ware, and there supped, and went to bed.

18th. Up early, and began our march; the way about Puckridge very bad, and my wife, in the very last dirty place of all,

[1] Balthazar St. Michel. [2] *I.e.* lover, 'mistress.' [3] Orig. 'Gundaloes.' Presented by the Doge of Venice (Dominico Contarini). [4] Mrs. Kite.

[1] The manorial Court of Graveley, in Huntingdonshire, to which Impington owed suit or service, and under which the Pepys copyhold estates were held. See July 8, 1661. [B.]

got a fall, but no hurt, though some dirt. At last she began, poor wretch, to be tired, and I to be angry at it, but I was to blame; for she is a very good companion as long as she is well. In the afternoon we got to Cambridge, where I left my wife at my cousin Angier's, while I went to Christ's College, and there found my brother in his chamber, and talked with him, and so to the barber's, and then to my wife again, and remounted for Impington, where my uncle received me and my wife very kindly.

19th. Up early, and my father and I alone talked about our business, and then we all horsed away to Cambridge, where my father and I, having left my wife at the Bear with my brother, went to Mr. Sedgewicke, the steward of Gravely, and there talked with him, but could get little hopes from anything that he would tell us; but at last I did give him a fee, and then he was free to tell me what I asked, which was something, though not much comfort. From thence to our horses, and, with my wife, went and rode through Sturbridge fair, but the fair was almost done. Set out for Brampton, where we came in very good time.

20th. Will Stankes and I set out in the morning betimes for Gravely, where to an alehouse and drank, and then, going to the Court House, met my uncle Thomas and his son Thomas, with Bradly, the rogue that had betrayed us, and one Young, a cunning fellow, who guides them. I said little, till by and by that we came to the Court, which was a simple meeting of a company of country rogues, with the Steward, and two Fellows of Jesus College, that are lords of the town; and I producing no surrender, though I told them I was sure there is and must be one somewhere, they found my uncle Thomas heir-at-law,[1] as he is; and so my uncle was admitted and his son also in reversion. The father paid a year and a half for his fine, and the son half a year, in all £48, besides about £3 fees; so that I do believe the charges of his journeys, and what he gives those two rogues, and other expenses herein, cannot be less than £70, which will be a sad thing for him, if a surrender be found. After all was done, I openly wished them joy in it.

[1] To Robert Pepys, of Brampton. [B.]

21st. After dinner (there coming this morning my aunt Hanes and her son from London, that is to live with my father) I rode to Huntingdon, and so to Hinchingbroke, where Mr. Barnwell showed me the condition of the house, which is yet very backward, and I fear will be very dark in the cloister when it is done.

22nd. (Lord's day.) To church, where we had common prayer, and a dull sermon by one Mr. Case, who yet I heard sing very well.

23rd. We took horse, and got early to Baldwick,[1] where there was a fair, and we put in, and ate a mouthful of pork, which they made us pay 14d. for, which vexed me much. And so away to Stevenage, and stayed till a shower was over, and so rode easily to Welling. We supped well, and had two beds in the room, and so lay single.

24th. We rose and set forth, but found a most sad alteration in the road, by reason of last night's rains, they being now all dirty and washy, though not deep. So we rode easily through, and only drinking at Holloway, at the sign of a woman with cakes in one hand, and a pot of ale in the other, which did give good occasion of mirth, resembling her to the maid that served us, we got home very timely and well, and finding there all well, and letters from sea that speak of my Lord's being well; and his action, though not considerable of any side, at Algiers.

25th. Sir W. Pen told me that I need not fear any reflection upon my Lord for their ill success at Algiers, for more could not be done. Meeting Sir R. Slingsby in St. Martin's Lane, he and I in his coach through the Mews, which is the way that now all coaches are forced to go, because of a stop at Charing Cross, by reason of digging of a drain there to clear the streets. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him, where I was used with all imaginable kindness both from him and her. And I see that he is afraid my Lord's reputation will a little suffer in common talk by this late success; but there is no help for it now. The Queen of England, as she is now owned and called, I hear, doth keep open court, and distinct,[2] at Lisbon. To the

[1] Baldock.
[2] Separately.

theatre and saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor* ill done.

26th. With my wife by coach to the theatre, to show her *King and no King*,[1] it being very well done.

27th. At noon, met my wife at the Wardrobe; and there dined, where we found Captain Country, my little Captain that I loved, who carried me to the Sound, with some grapes and melons[2] from my Lord at Lisbon, the first that ever I saw; but the grapes are rare things. In the afternoon comes Mr. Edward Montagu by appointment this morning, to talk with my Lady and me about the provisions fit to be bought and sent to my Lord along with him. And told us that we need not trouble ourselves how to buy them, for the King would pay for all, and that he would take care to get them; which put my Lady and me into a great deal of ease of mind. Here we stayed and supped too; and, after my wife had put up some of the grapes in a basket for to be sent to the King, we took coach and home, where we found a hamper of melons sent to me also.

28th. Sir W. Pen and his daughter, and I and my wife, to the theatre, and there saw *Father's own Son*,[3] a very good play, and the first time I ever saw it.

29th. (Lord's day.) What at dinner and supper I drank I know not how, of my own accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed, and my head ached all night; so home and to bed, without prayers, which I never did yet, since I came to the house, of a Sunday night; I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was.

30th. This morning up by moonshine, at five o'clock, to Whitehall, to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seal, and there I heard of a fray between the two Ambassadors of Spain and France; and that, this day, being the day of the entrance of an Ambassador from Sweden, they intended to fight for the precedence.[4] Our King, I heard, ordered that no Englishman should meddle in the business, but let them do what they would. And to that end all the soldiers in the town were in arms all the day long, and some of the train-bands in the City; and a great bustle through the City all the day. Then we took coach, which was the business I came for, to Chelsea, to my Lord Privy Seal, and there got him to seal the business. Here I saw by daylight two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night; and did also go all over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life. So back again; and at Whitehall light, and saw the soldiers and people running up and down the streets. So I went to the Spanish Ambassador's and the French, and there saw great preparations on both sides; but the French made the most noise and vaunted most, but the other made no stir almost at all; so that I was afraid the other would have too great a conquest over them. Then to the Wardrobe, and dined there, and then abroad and in Cheapside hear that the Spanish hath got the best of it, and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men, and is gone through the City next to our King's coach; at which it is strange to see how all the City did rejoice. And indeed we do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the waterside, and there took oars to Westminster Palace, and ran after them through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last, at the Mews, I saw the Spanish coach go, with fifty drawn swords at least to guard it, and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I followed the coach, and then met it at York House, where the ambassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French house, where I observe still that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well, nor before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, than these people are; for they all look like dead

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] Orig. 'millons.'

[3] Better known as *Monsieur Thomas*, by John Fletcher; printed 1639.

[4] This strife between Vatteville, the Spanish Ambassador, and D'Estrades, the French, brought on a diplomatic crisis at Paris which was relieved by Spain's yielding to Louis XIV., by her envoy Fuentes, the right of precedence. Louis struck a medal representing himself receiving the humbled Spaniard in presence of the other ambassadors, and bearing the motto 'Jus praecedendi assertum, confitente Hispanorum oratore.' See also Evelyn's narrative at the end of his *Diary*.

men, and not a word among them, but shake their heads. The truth is, the Spaniards were not only observed to fight most desperately, but also they did outwit them; first, in lining their own harness with chains of iron that they could not be cut, then in setting their coach in the most advantageous place, and to appoint men to guard every one of their horses, and others for to guard the coach, and others the coachmen. And, above all, in setting upon the French horses and killing them, for by that means the French were not able to stir. There were several men slain of the French, and one or two of the Spaniards, and one Englishman by a bullet. Which is very observable, the French were at least four to one in number, and had near 100 case of pistols among them, and the Spaniards had not one gun among them; which is for their honour for ever and the others' disgrace. So, having been very much daubed with dirt, I got a coach, and home; where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story, and pleading for the Spaniards against the French. So ends this mouth; myself and family in good condition of health, but my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business; where we are now very busy about sending forces to Tangier, and the fleet of my Lord of Sandwich, who is now at Lisbon to bring over the Queen. The business of Algiers hath of late troubled me, because my Lord hath not done what he went for, though he did as much as any man in the world could have done. The want of money puts all things, and above all the Navy, out of order; and yet I do not see that the King takes care to bring in any money, but thinks of new designs to lay out money.

October 1661

October 2nd. We went to the theatre, but coming late, and sitting in an ill place, I never had so little pleasure in a play in my life, yet it was the first time that I ever saw it, *Victoria Corombona*.[1] Methinks a very poor play.

[1] *The White Devil; or, the Tragedy of Paolo Giordano Ursini, Duke of Brachiano, with the Life and Death of Vittoria Corombona, the famous Venetian Courtesan*, by John Webster (first printed 1612).

4th. By coach to Whitehall with Sir W. Pen. So to Mr. Montagu, where his man, Monsieur Eschar, makes a great complaint against the English, that they did help the Spaniards against the French the other day; and that their Ambassador do demand justice of our King, and that he do resolve to be gone for France the next week; which I, and all that I met with, are glad of. I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eat Suffolk cheese,[1] which I also am vexed at.

6th. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning: Mr. Mills preached, who, I expect, should take it in snuff[2] that my wife did not come to his child's christening the other day. The winter coming on, many of the parish ladies are come home, and appear at church again; among others, the three sisters of the Thornburys, very fine, and the most zealous people that ever I saw in my life, even to admiration, if it were true zeal. There was also my pretty black girl,[3] Mrs. Dekins, and Mrs. Margaret Pen, this day came to church, in a new flowered satin suit, that my wife helped to buy her the other day. To church in the afternoon to St. Gregory's by Paul's, where I heard a good sermon of Dr. Buck's, one I never heard before. A very able man.

7th. Troubled in my mind till I can hear from Brampton how things go on at Sturtlow, at the Court,[4] which I was cleared in at night by a letter, which tells me that my cousin Tom was there to be admitted, in his father's name, as heir-at-law; but that was opposed, and I was admitted by proxy, which puts me out of a great trouble of mind.

8th. After office done, went and ate some Colchester oysters with Sir W. Batten, and there, with some company, dined, and stayed there talking all the afternoon; and late after dinner took Mrs. Martha out by coach, and carried her to the theatre in a frolic, to my great expense, and there showed her part of the *Beggar's Bush* without much pleasure, and so home again.

[1] Cf. :—
'Cheese such as men in Suffolk make,
But wished it Stilton for his sake.'
Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, II. Sat. vi.
See also Shadwell's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 350.

[2] 'To take in snuff' = to take offence.

[3] *I.e.* brunette.

[4] See Sept. 16, 1661.

9th. Thinking to go with Sir Williams both to dinner, by invitation, to Sir W. Rider's,[1] at home I found Mrs. Pierce, la belle, and Madam Clifford, with whom I was forced to stay, and made them the most welcome I could; and I was (God knows) very well pleased with their beautiful company. Frank Bagge tells me a story of Mrs. Pepys, that lived with my Lady Harvy,[2] Mr. Montagu's sister, a good woman, that she had been very ill, and often asked for me; that she is in good condition, and that nobody could get her to make her will; and that now she is well she desires to have a chamber at my house. Now, I do not know whether this is a trick of Bagge's, or a goodwill of her's to do something for me; but I will not trust her, but told him I should be glad to see her, and that I would be sure to do all that I could to provide a place for them.

10th. Sir W. Pen, and my wife and I to the theatre, where the King came to-day, and there was *The Traitor*[3] most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is.

13th. (Lord's day.) This day left off half-skirts, and put on a waistcoat and my false tabby waistcoat with gold lace.

14th. To Mr. Pim's my Lord's tailor's, and there he went out with us to the Fountain tavern; and, it being the Duke of York's birthday, we drank the more to his health.

17th. Captain Cock, a man of great observation and repute, did tell me that he was confident that the Parliament, when it comes the next month to sit again, would bring trouble with it, and enquire how the King had disposed of offices and money, before they will raise more; which, I fear, will bring all things to ruin again. Dined with Captain Lambert and his father-in-law, and had much talk of Portugal; from whence he is lately come, and he tells me it is a very poor dirty place; I mean, the City and Court of Lisbon; that the King is a very rude and simple fellow; and, for reviling of somebody a little while ago, had been killed, had he not told them that he was their King. That there are no glass windows, nor will they have any; which makes sport among our merchants there to talk of an English factor that, being newly come thither, writ into England that glass would be a good commodity to send thither, etc. That the King has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And that now the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table.

18th. To Whitehall, to Mr. Montagu's, where I met with Mr. Pierce, the purser, to advise about the things to be sent to my Lord for the Queen's provision; now there is all haste made, for the fleet's going.

19th. At the office all morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all this morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, by coach to Captain Marshe's at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors' for this 250 years, close by the limehouse, which gives the name to the place. Here they have a design to get the King to hire a dock for the herring busses, which is now the great design on foot, to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am, and can be, when I am in good habit, which makes me remember my father Osborne's rule for a gentleman,[1] to spare in all things rather than that.

20th. (Lord's day.) Much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will hath got, to keep his hat on in the house, but I will not speak of it to him to-day, but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy Presbyter preached, and then to Sir W. Batten, who is to go to Portsmouth to-morrow to wait upon the Duke of York, who goes to take possession, and to set in order the garrison there.

21st. By coach to Chelsea, to my Lord Privy Seal's, but have missed of coming time enough. Mr. Pargiter, the goldsmith, did make good sport of his losing so much

[1] At Bethnal Green. See June 26, 1663.
[2] Wife of Sir Daniel Harvey.
[3] By James Shirley (printed 1635).

[1] In the popular *Advice to a Son* (1656) by Francis Osborne (1593-1659). See Jan. 27, 1664.

by the King's coming in, he having bought much of Crown lands, of which, God forgive me! I am very glad. To the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, *Love and Honour*,[1] being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done.

22nd. At the office all the morning, where we had a deputation[2] from the Duke in his absence, he being gone to Portsmouth, for us to have the whole disposal and ordering of the Fleet.

23rd. To the Opera, and there I saw again *Love and Honour*, and a very good play it is. This day all our office is invited against Tuesday next, my Lord Mayor's day, to dinner with him at Guildhall.

25th. I did give my man Will a sound lesson about his forbearing to give us the respect due to a master and mistress.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I should have gone out of town with my Lady Batten, to have met Sir William coming back from Portsmouth, at Kingston, but could not, by reason that my Lord of Peterborough, who is to go Governor of Tangier, came this morning, with Sir G. Carteret, to advise with us about completing of the affairs and preparations for that place. My wife and I to the theatre, and there saw *The Country Captain*,[3] the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw. News was brought that Sir R. Slingsby, our Comptroller, who hath this day been sick a week, is dead; which put me into so great a trouble of mind, that all the night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualities that made me to love him, above all the officers and commissioners in the Navy.

27th. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning, where in the pew both Sir Williams and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it; because I know that he was a check to their engrossing the whole trade of the Navy Office. To church, my wife with me, whose mourning is now grown so old that I am ashamed to go to church with her.

28th. To the theatre, and there saw *Argalus and Parthenia*,[1] where a woman acted Parthenia, and come afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the Ringo alehouse, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24s. and is very neat.

29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coat of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver I was (after office was done) ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loath to go, because of the crowd, and so none of us went. My mind not pleased, because I had proposed a great deal of pleasure to myself this day at Guildhall. This Lord Mayor, it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Cross, and offering something at the altar.

30th. At Sir W. Batten's heard how he had been already at Sir R. Slingsby's, as we were all invited and I intended this night to go, and there he finds all things out of order, and no such thing done to-night, but, pretending that the corpse stinks, they will bury it to-night privately, and so will unbespeak all their guests, and there shall be no funeral, which I am sorry for, that there should be nothing done for the honour of Sir Robert; but I fear he hath left his family in great distraction. Sir Henry Vane, Lambert, and others, are lately sent suddenly away from the Tower, prisoners to Scilly; but I do not think there is any plot, as is said, but only a pretence; as there was once pretended often against the Cavaliers.

31st. With my mind full of trouble, to my uncle Fenner's, when at the alehouse I found him drinking, and very jolly and youthsome, and as one that I believe will in a little time get him a wife.

[1] By Sir W. Davenant; first acted at the Blackfriars (1649). [2] Warrant.
[3] By William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle (1649).

[1] See p. 68.

November 1661

November 1st. To the theatre, to *The Jovial Crew*. At my house Sir William sent for his son, Mr. William Pen,[1] lately come from Oxford.[2]

2nd. At the office all the morning; where Sir John Minnes, our new Comptroller, was fetched by Sir William Pen and myself from Sir William Batten's, and led to his place in the office; the first time that he had come thither, and he seems in a good fair condition, and one that I am glad hath the office.

3rd. (Lord's day.) At night my wife and I had a good supper by ourselves of a pullet hashed, which pleased me much to see my condition come to allow ourselves a dish like that.

4th. With my wife to the Opera, where we saw *The Bondman*, which of old we both did so dote on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here, having too great expectations, as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Betterton, he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

5th. To the Dolphin, where Armiger and I and Captain Cock sat late and drank much, seeing the boys in the streets flying their crackers. This day being kept all the day very strictly in the city.

7th. I met with letters at home from my Lord at Lisbon, which speak of his being well; and he tells me he had seen at the court there, the day before he wrote this letter, the Juego de Toro.[3] Peg Kite now hath declared she will have the beggarly rogue the weaver, and so we are resolved neither to meddle nor make with her.

8th. This morning up early, and to my Lord Chancellor's, with a letter to him from my Lord, and did speak with him; and he did ask me whether I was son to Mr. Talbot Pepys[4] or no (with whom he was once acquainted in the Court of Requests), and spoke to me with great respect. To the Sun in New Fish Street, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir William Batten, and we all were to dine, and by discourse found Sir J. Minnes a fine gentleman and a very good scholar.[1]

9th. With my Lady all the afternoon. My Lady did mightily urge me to lay out money upon my wife, which I perceived was a little more earnest than ordinary; and so I seemed to be pleased with it, and do resolve to bestow a lace upon her.

10th. (Lord's day.) At St. Gregory's, where I hear our Queen Katherine the first time by name publicly prayed for. And heard Dr. Buck upon 'Woe unto thee, Chorazin,' etc., where he started a difficulty, which he left to another time to answer, about why God should give means of grace to those people which he knew would not receive them, and deny to others which he himself confesses, if they had had them, would have received them, and they would have been effectual too. I would I could hear him explain this, when he do come to it.

11th. Captain Ferrers carried me the first time that ever I saw any gaming-house, to one, entering into Lincoln's Inn Fields, at the end of Bell Yard, where strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money, and very glad I was to see the manner of a gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor, and unmanly. And thence he took me to a dancing school in Fleet Street, where we saw a company of pretty girls dance, but I do not in myself like to have young girls exposed to so much vanity. So to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady had agreed upon a lace for my wife at £6, which I seemed much glad of that it was no more, though in my mind I think it too much, and I pray God to keep me so to order myself, and my wife's expenses, that no inconvenience in purse or honour follow this my prodigality.

12th. ~~My wife and I to~~ *Bartholomew Fair*, with puppets, which I had seen once before, and the play without puppets often, but though I love the play as much as ever I did, yet I do not like the puppets at all, but think it to be a lessening to it. This day Holmes came to town; and we do expect hourly to hear what usage he hath

[1] (1644-1718), Quaker, and founder of Pennsylvania.

[2] Christ Church. He was sent down for nonconformity.

[3] Bull-fight. See May 24, 1662.

[4] Of Impington, Samuel's great uncle.

[1] He had published (with James Smith) *Wit's Recreations* (1640) and *Musarum Deliciae* (1655).

from the Duke and the King about his late business of letting the Swedish Ambassador go by him, without striking his flag.[1]

13th. By appointment, we all went this morning to wait upon the Duke of York, which we did in his chamber, as he was dressing himself in his riding suit to go this day by sea to the Downs. He is in mourning for his wife's grandmother,[2] which is thought a great piece of fondness.[3] After we had given him our letter relating the bad condition of the Navy for want of money, he referred it to his coming back, and so we parted. Thence on foot to my Lord Crewe's; here I was well received by my Lord and Sir Thomas, with whom I had great talk; and he tells me in good earnest that he do believe the Parliament, which comes to sit again the next week, will be troublesome to the Court and Clergy, which God forbid! But they see things carried so by my Lord Chancellor and some others, that get money themselves, that they will not endure it. Home by coach, with my mind very heavy at this my expenseful life, which will undo me, I fear, after all my hopes, if I do not take up, for, now I am coming to lay out a great deal of money in clothes for my wife, I must forbear other expenses.

14th. To a dinner of young Mr. Bernard's for myself, Mr. Phillips, Davenport, Weaver, etc., where we had a most excellent dinner, but a pie of such pleasant variety of good things, as in all my life I never tasted.

15th. At noon with my wife to the Wardrobe to dinner, and there did show herself to my Lady in the handkercher that she bought the lace for the other day, and indeed it is very handsome. To the Opera, where I met my wife and Captain Ferrers, and Mademoiselle Le Blanc, and there did see the second part of *The Siege of Rhodes* very well done; and so by coach set her home, and the coach driving down the hill through Thames Street, which I think never any coach did before from that place to the bridge-foot; but going up Fish Street Hill, his horses were so tired, that they could not be got to go up the hill, though all the street boys and men did beat and whip them. At last, I was fain to send my boy for a link, and so light out of the coach till we got to another, at the corner of Fenchurch Street, and so home.

17th. (Lord's day.) To our own church, and at noon, by invitation, Sir W. Pen dined with me, and I took Mrs. Hester, my Lady Batten's kinswoman, to dinner from church with me, and we were very merry. To church; and heard a simple fellow upon the praise of church music, and exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church; but slept part of the sermon.

18th. At St. Paul's, where I saw the choristers in their surplices going to prayers, and a few idle people and boys to hear them, which is the first time I have seen them, and am sorry to see things done so out of order. To the theatre, to see *Philaster*,[1] which I never saw before, but I found it far short of my expectations.

19th. Took coach as far as my cousin Scott's, and my wife and I stayed there at the christening of my cousin's boy, where my cousin Samuel Pepys of Ireland and I were godfathers, and I did name the child Samuel. There was a company of pretty women there in the chamber, but we stayed not, but went with the minister into another room, and ate and drank—my she-cousin Stradwick being godmother.

[1] And that, too, in the River Thames. The right of obliging ships of all nations to lower topsails, and strike their flag to the English, whilst in the British seas, and even on the French coasts, had, up to this time, been rigidly enforced. According to Rugge, Holmes had insisted upon the Swede's lowering his flag, and had even fired a shot to enforce the observance of the usual tribute of respect, but the Ambassador sent his secretary and another gentleman on board the English frigate, to assure the captain, *upon the word and honour of an Ambassador*, that the King, by a verbal order, had given him leave and a dispensation in that particular, and upon this false representation he was allowed to proceed on his voyage without further question. This want of caution, and disobedience of orders, fell heavily on Holmes, who was imprisoned for two months, and not reappointed to the same ship. Brahé afterwards made a proper submission, for the fault he had committed, at his own Court. [B.]

[2] The story that she was a brewer's daughter and beer-carrier, now refuted (see *Notes and Queries*, vol. vii. p. 211), may have had its origin in some punning allusion to the name of her husband, Sir Thomas Aylesbury.

[3] Foolishness.

[1] *Philaster, or, Love lies a-bleeding*, by Beaumont and Fletcher (printed 1620.)

It cost me 20s. between the midwife and the two nurses to-day.

20th. To Westminster Hall by water in the morning, where I saw the King going in his barge to the Parliament House; this being the first day of their meeting again. And the Bishops I hear, do take their places in the Lords' House this day. I walked long in the Hall, but hear nothing of news, but what Ned Pickering tells me, which I am troubled at, that Sir J. Minnes should send word to the King, that, if he did not remove all my Lord Sandwich's captains out of this fleet, he believed the King would not be master of the fleet at its coming again; and so do endeavour to bring disgrace upon my Lord; but I hope all that will not do, for the King loves him. To the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady—my Lady Wright[1] being there too, whom I find to be a witty but very conceited woman and proud. Lay long reading Hobbes his *Liberty and Necessity*,[2] and a little but very shrewd piece.

21st. Mr. Moore showed me his old Camden's *Britannica*,[3] which I intend to buy of him, and took it away with me, and left it at St. Paul's Churchyard to be bound. At the office all the afternoon; it being the first afternoon that we have sat, which we are now to do always, so long as the Parliament sits, who this day have voted the King £1,200,000, to be raised to pay his debts.

22nd. At noon with my wife, by appointment, to dinner at the Dolphin, where Sir W. Batten and his lady and daughter Matt,[4] and Captain Cocke and his lady, a German lady, but a very great beauty, and we dined together, at the spending of some wagers won and lost between him and I; and there we had the best music and very good songs, and were very merry, and danced, but I was most of all taken with Madam Cocke and her little boy, which in mirth his father had given to me. But after all our mirth comes a reckoning of £4, besides 40s. to the musicians, which did trouble us, but it must be paid, and so I took leave, and left them there about eight at night.

23rd. To Cheapside, to one Savill,[1] a painter, who I intend shall do my picture and my wife's.

24th. (Lord's day.) Up early, and by appointment to St. Clement's Danes to church, and there to meet Captain Cocke, who had often commended Mr. Alsopp, their minister, to me, who is indeed an able man, but as to all things else did not come up to my expectations. His text was, that all good and perfect things are from above.

25th. To Westminster with Captain Lambert, and there he did at the Dog give me, and some other friends of his, his foy,[2] he being to set sail to-day toward the Straits. Here we had oysters and good wine. With Sir W. Pen, and Major-General Massy, who I find by discourse to be a very ingenious man, and among other things a great master in the secrecies of powder and fireworks, and another knight to dinner, at the Swan, in the Palace Yard, and our meat brought from the Leg; and after dinner to the theatre, and there saw *The Country Captain*;[3] and that being done, I left Sir W. Pen with his Tories,[4] and went to the Opera, and saw the last act of *The Bondman*, and there found Mr. Sanchy and Mrs. Mary Archer, sister to the fair Betty, whom I did admire at Cambridge, and thence took them to the Fleece in Covent Garden; but Mr. Sanchy could not by any argument get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern,[5] which he was much troubled at, and so we returned immediately into the city by coach, and then set her at her uncle's in the Old Jury.

27th. To Savill's, the painter, and there sat the first time for my face with him; thence to dinner with my Lady; and so after an hour or two's talk in divinity with my Lady, Captain Ferrers, and Mr. Moore and I, to the theatre, and there saw *Hamlet* very well done.

[1] See March 27, 1660.
[2] Written in 1652, in answer to Bishop Bramhall, and published in 1654.
[3] *I.e. Britannia* (1586). The sixth edition appeared in 1607.
[4] Martha.

[1] Not identified. Bryan's *Dictionary* gives an account of a contemporary portrait-painter, Dorothea Saville.
[2] An entertainment given to a friend at his departure.
[3] See October 26, 1661.
[4] *I.e.* 'Irish friends.'
[5] See December 1, 1660.

28th. Letters from my Lord Sandwich, from Tangier; where he continues still, and hath done some execution upon the Turks, and retaken an Englishman from them, of one Mr. Parker's, a merchant in Mark Lane. To the Chancellor's, and there met with Mr. Dugdale, and with him and one Mr. Simons, I think that belongs to my Lord Hatton, and Mr. Kipps and others, to the Fountain tavern.

29th. I lay long in bed, till Sir Williams both sent me word that we were to wait upon the Duke of York to-day; and that they would have me to meet them at Westminster Hall at noon; so I rose and went thither; and there I understand that they are gone to Mr. Coventry's lodgings, in the Old Palace Yard, to dinner (the first time that I knew he had any); and there I met them, and Sir G. Carteret, and had a very fine dinner, and good welcome, and discourse; and so, by water, after dinner, to Whitehall, to the Duke, who met us in his closet; and there he did discourse upon the business of Holmes,[1] and did desire of us to know what hath been the common practice about making of foreign ships to strike sail to us, which they did all do as much as they could; but I could say nothing to it, which I was sorry for. After we were gone from the Duke I told Mr. Coventry that I had heard Mr. Selden[2] often say, that he could prove that in Henry the 7th's time, he did give commission to his captains to make the King of Denmark's ships to strike to him in the Baltic. Sir W. Pen and I to the theatre, but it was so full that we could hardly get any room, so we went up to one of the boxes, and into the 18d. places, and there saw *Love at First Sight*,[3] a play of Mr. Killigrew's, and the first time that it hath been acted since before the troubles, and great expectation there was, but I found the play to be a poor thing, and so I perceive everybody else do. Home, calling at St. Paul's Churchyard for a *Mare Clausum*, having it in my mind to write a little matter, what I can gather, about the business of striking sail, and present it to the Duke, which I now think will be a good way to make myself known.

30th. The old condemned judges of the late King have been brought before the Parliament, and like to be hanged. I am deep in Chancery with Tom Trice. God give a good issue. This is the last day for the old State coin to pass in common payments, but they say it is to pass in public payments to the King three months still.

[1] See Nov. 12, 1661.
[2] Author of *Mare Clausum*. See later in this entry.
[3] *The Princess, or Love at First Sight*, by Thomas Killigrew.

December 1661

December 1st. (Lord's day.) Mr. Sanchy should have brought his mistress, Mrs. Mary Archer, of Cambridge, but she could not come; but we had a good dinner for him. Cut a brave collar of brawn from Winchcombe which proves very good, and also opened the glass of girkins which Captain Cocke did give my wife the other day, which are rare things. There hath lately been great clapping up of some old statesmen, such as Ireton, Moyer,[1] and others, and they say, upon a great plot, but I believe no such thing; but it is but justice that they should be served as they served the poor Cavaliers; and I believe it will oftentimes be so, as long as they live, whether there be cause or no.

2nd. Called on by Mr. Sanchy and his mistress, and with them by coach to the Opera, to see *The Mad Lover*,[2] but not much pleased with the play.

3rd. To the painter's,[3] and sat and had more of my picture done; but it do not please me, for I fear it will not be like me.

4th. I saw a man lie dead upon Westminster Stairs that had been drowned yesterday.

6th. To Whitehall, where, at Sir G. Carteret's, Sir Williams both and I dined very pleasantly; and after dinner, by appointment, came the Governors of the East India Company, to sign and seal the contract between us, in the King's name, and them. And, that done, we all went to the King's closet, and there spoke with the King and the Duke of York, who promise to be very careful of the India trade to the utmost.

[1] Samuel Moyer or More.
[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.
[3] Savill. See Nov. 23, 1661.

7th. This morning comes Captain Ferrers and the German, Emanuel Luffe, who goes as one of my Lord's footmen, though he deserves a much better preferment, to take their leave of me, and here I got the German to play upon my theorbo.[1] Within a quarter of an hour after they were gone, comes the German back again, all of a gore of blood, which I wondered at, and tells me that he is afraid that the Captain is killed by the watermen at Tower Stairs; so I presently went thither, and found that upon some rude pressing of the watermen to ply the Captain, he struck one of them with his cane, which they would not take, but struck him again, and then the German drew his sword, and ran at one of them, but they were both soundly beaten. The Captain is, however, got to the hoy that carries him and the pages to the Downs, and I went into the alehouse at the Stairs, and got them to deliver the Captain's feathers, which one from the Captain was come to demand. Home again, and there found my wife dressing of the German's head, and so did [give] him a cravat for his neck, and a crown in his purse, and sent him away again. To the Privy Seal, and sealed there; and, among other things that passed, there was a patent for Roger Palmer, Madame Palmer's husband, to be Earl of Castlemaine and Baron of Limbricke in Ireland; but the honour is tied up to the males got of the body of his wife, the Lady Barbary;[2] the reason whereof everybody knows. That done, by water to the office, where I found Sir W. Pen, and with him Captain Holmes, who had wrote his case, and gives me a copy, as he hath many among his friends, and presented the same to the King and Council, which I shall make use of in my attempt of writing something concerning the business of striking sail, which I am now about;[3] but he do cry out against Sir John Minnes, as the veriest knave and rogue and coward in the world.

8th. (Lord's day.) Good discourse with my Lady of the great christening yesterday at Mr. Rumbell's, and courtiers and pomp that was there, which I wonder at.

9th. At noon to dinner at the Wardrobe; where my Lady Wright was, who did talk much upon the worth and the desert of gallantry; and that there was none fit to be courtiers, but such as have been abroad and know fashions; which I endeavoured to oppose; and was troubled to hear her talk so, though she be a very wise and discreet lady in other things.

10th. To dinner to my Lord Crewe's, by coach, and in my way had a stop of above an hour and a half, which is great trouble this Parliament time, but it cannot be helped. However, I got thither before my Lord came from the House, and so dined with him.

11th. My wife by coach to Clerkenwell, to see Mrs. Margaret Pen, who is at school there.

12th. Dined with my Lady, where her brother, Mr. John Crewe, dined also, and a strange gentlewoman dined at the table as a servant of my Lady's; but I knew her not, and so I was afraid that poor Mademoiselle[1] was gone; but I since understand that she is come as housekeeper to my Lady, and is a married woman.

13th. With my wife to the painter's,[2] and there she sat the first time to be drawn, while I all the while stood looking on a pretty lady's picture, whose face did please me extremely. At last, he having done, I found that the dead colour[3] of my wife is good, above what I expected, which pleased me exceedingly.

15th. (Lord's day.) I am now full of study about writing something about our making of strangers strike to us at sea; and so am altogether reading Selden and Grotius, and such other authors to that purpose.

16th. After dinner to the Opera, where

1 The large lute, with two sets of tuning-pegs.

2 Barbara Villiers or Palmer, afterwards Duchess of Cleveland. See note, p. 42.

3 Pepys seems not to have been aware at the time that Sir John Burroughs, Keeper of the Records, *temp.* Car. I., had written a Treatise on the *Sovereignty of the British Seas* [written 1633, printed 1651], copies of which, both in Latin and English, are common, and one of which is in the Pepysian Library; neither had he discovered that William Ryley, the Herald, Deputy Keeper of the Records, whom he knew personally, had also written on the subject, and had made extracts from the Records. Ryley's collections appear to have belonged to James II., and were probably made for him at this time. They are now in the British Museum. [B.]

1 See Nov. 15, 1661. 2 Savill's.

3 The 'laying in' or 'first painting.'

there was a new play, *Cutter of Coleman Street*, made in the year 1658, with reflections much upon the late times; and it being the first time, the pay was doubled, and so to save money, my wife and I went into the gallery, and there sat and saw very well; and a very good play it is—it seems of Cowley's making.[1]

21st. To Whitehall, to the Privy Seal, where my Lord Privy Seal did tell me he could seal no more this month, for he goes thirty miles out of town, to keep his Christmas. At which I was glad, but only afraid lest anything of the King's should force us to go after him to get a seal in the country. Taken by some Exchequer men to the Dog, where, it being St. Thomas's day,[2] by custom they have a general meeting at dinner. There I was, and all very merry. I spoke to Mr. Falconberge to look whether he could out of Domesday Book give me anything concerning the sea, and the dominion thereof; which he says he will look after. This evening my wife came home from christening Mrs. Hunt's son, his name John; and a merchant in Mark Lane came along with her, that was her partner.

22nd. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church, and there in the pew, with the rest of the company, was Captain Holmes, in his gold-laced suit, at which I was troubled.

23rd. Lighting at my bookseller's in St. Paul's Churchyard, I met there with Mr. Crumlum,[3] and the second master of Paul's School, and thence I took them to the Star, and there we sat and talked, and I had great pleasure in their company, and very glad I was of meeting him so accidentally, I have omitted too long to go to see him. Here in discourse of books I did offer to give the school what book he would choose of £5. So we parted.

25th. In the morning to church, where at the door of our pew I was fain to stay, because that the sexton had not opened the door. A good sermon of Mr. Mills.

26th. After dinner Sir William came to me, and he and his son and daughter, and I and my wife, by coach to Moorfields to walk; but it was most foul weather, so we went into an alehouse, and there ate some cakes and ale, and a wassail-bowl[1] woman and girl came to us, and sung to us.

27th. In the morning to my bookseller's, to bespeak a Stephens' *Thesaurus*,[2] for which I offer £4, to give to Paul's School, and from thence to Paul's Church; and there I did hear Dr. Gunning preach a good sermon upon the day, being St. John's day, and did hear him tell a story, which he did persuade us to believe to be true, that St. John and the Virgin Mary did appear to Gregory, a Bishop, at his prayer to be confirmed in the faith, which I did wonder to hear from him.

28th. At home all the morning; and in the afternoon all of us at the office, upon a letter from the Duke for the making up of a speedy estimate of all the debts of the Navy, which is put into good forwardness.

29th. (Lord's day.) To the Abbey, and there meeting with Mr. Hooper, he took me in among the choir, and there I sang with them their service. To the Wardrobe, and supped, and stayed very long talking with my Lady, who seems to dote every day more and more upon us.

30th. With my wife and Sir W. Pen to see our pictures, which do not much displease us. My wife to the play, and saw *D'Ambois*,[3] which I never saw.

31st. My wife and I this morning to the painter's,[4] and there she sat the last time, and I stood by, and did tell him some little things to do, that now her picture I think will please me very well; and after her, her little black dog sat in her lap, and was drawn, which made us very merry; so home to dinner. To the office; and there late finishing our estimate

[1] *The Cutter of Coleman Street* was a second edition of Cowley's *Guardian*, which had been acted at Trinity College, Cambridge, on March 12, 1642, before Prince Charles, and had been printed in 1650. The sub-title of Herringman's edition of the second version (*Cutter*, etc.) runs, 'The scene London in the year 1658'; which explains Pepys's vague reference to that year. 'Cutter' means swaggerer or bully.

[2] See p. 60.

[3] See p. 5.

[1] A reference to the old Christmas-week custom of carrying the wassail bowl from house to house. Cf.

'The wenches with their wassail-bowls
About the street are singing.'
WITHER, *A Christmas Carol.*

[2] See Dec. 24, 1662.

[3] Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois* (printed 1607), or his *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* (printed 1613).

[4] Savill's.

of the debts of the Navy to this day; and it come to near £374,000. So home, and after supper and my barber had trimmed me, I sat down to end my journal for this year. And my condition at this time, by God's blessing, is that my health is very good, and so my wife's, in all respects; my servants, W. Hewer, Sarah, Nell, and Wayneman; my house at the Navy Office. I suppose myself to be worth about £500 clear in the world, and my goods of my house my own, and what is coming to me from Brampton, when my father dies, which God defer. But, by my uncle's death, the whole care and trouble and settling of all lies upon me, which is very great, because of lawsuits, especially that with T. Trice, about the interest of £200, which will, I hope, be ended soon. My chiefest thought is now to get a good wife for Tom, there being one offered by the Joyces, a cousin of theirs, worth £200 in ready money. I am upon writing a little treatise to present to the Duke, about our privilege in the seas as to other nations striking their flags to us. But my greatest trouble is that I have for this last half year been a very great spendthrift in all manner of respects, that I am afraid to cast up my accounts, though I hope I am worth what I say above. But I will cast them up very shortly. I have newly taken a solemn oath about abstaining from plays and wine, which I am resolved to keep, according to the letter of the oath which I keep by me. The fleet hath been ready to sail for Portugal, but hath lacked wind this fortnight, and by that means my Lord is forced to keep at sea all this winter, till he brings home the Queen, which is the expectation of all now, and the greatest matter of public talk.

January 1662

January 1st. Waking this morning out of my sleep on a sudden, I did with my elbow hit my wife a great blow over her face and nose, which waked her with pain, at which I was sorry, and to sleep again. We went by coach to see the play of *The Spanish Curate*;[1] and a good play it is, only Diego the Sexton did overdo his part too much.

2nd. An invitation sent us before we were up from my Lady Sandwich's to come and dine with her; so at the office all the morning, and at noon thither to dinner, where there was a good and great dinner, and the company, Mr. William Montagu and his lady; but she seemed so far from the beauty that I expected her from my Lady's talk to be, that it put me into an ill humour all day, to find my expectation so lost. I went forth, by appointment, to meet with Mr. Grant, who promised to bring me acquainted with Cooper,[1] the great limner in little, but they deceived me. Sir Richard Fanshaw is come suddenly from Portugal, and nobody knows what his business is about.

3rd. To Faithorne's,[2] and there bought some pictures of him; and while I was there, comes by the King's life-guard, he being gone to Lincoln's Inn this afternoon to see the Revels there; there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and charge.

4th. At home hanging up pictures and seeing how my pewter sconces that I have bought will become my stairs and entry. With Mr. Chetwin, who had a dog challenged of him by another man that said it was his, but Mr. Chetwin called the dog, and the dog at last would follow him, and not his old master.

5th. (Lord's day.) My brother Tom tells me how he hath seen the father and mother of the girl which my cousin Joyces would have him to have for a wife, and they are much for it, but we are in a great quandary what to do therein—£200 being but a little money; and I hope, if he continues as he begins, he may look for one with more. To church, and before sermon there was a long psalm and half another sung out, while the Sexton gathered what the church would give him for this last year. I gave him 3s., and have the last week given the Clerk 2s., which I set down, that I may know what to do the next year, if it please the Lord that I live so long; but the jest was, the Clerk begins

[1] By Fletcher and (?) Massinger.

[1] Samuel Cooper (1609-1672), miniature-painter.

[2] William Faithorne, the elder (1616-1691), engraver.

the 25th psalm, which hath a proper tune to it, and then the 116th, which cannot be sung with that tune, which seemed very ridiculous.

6th. To dinner to Sir W. Pen's, it being a solemn feast day with him—his wedding day, and we had, besides a good chine of beef and other good cheer, eighteen mince pies in a dish, the number of years that he hath been married,[1] where Sir W. Batten and his lady and daughter was, and Colonel Treswell and Major Holmes, who I perceive would fain get to be free and friends with my wife, but I shall prevent it, and she herself hath also a defiance against him.

8th. This night came about £100 from Brampton by carrier to me, in holsters from my father, which made me laugh.

10th. To Whitehall, and there spoke with Sir Paul Neale about a mathematical request of my Lord's to him, which I did deliver to him, and he promised to employ somebody to answer it—something about observation of the moon and stars, but what I did not mind. An injunction is granted in Chancery against T. Trice, at which I was very glad, being before in some trouble for it. To meet my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to gossip with her, which we did alone, and were very merry, and did give her a cup and spoon for my wife's godchild.

11th. To the Exchange, and there all the news is of the French and Dutch joining against us; but I do not think it yet true. In the afternoon to Sir W. Batten's, where in discourse I heard the custom of the election of the Duke of Genoa, who for two years is every day attended in the greatest state, and four or five hundred men always waiting upon him as a king; and when the two years are out, and another is chosen, a messenger is sent to him, who stands at the bottom of the stairs, and he at the top, and says, 'Va Illustrissima Serenita sta finita, ed puede andar en casa.' 'Your serenity is now ended; and now you may be going home'; and so claps on his hat. And the old Duke, having by custom sent his goods home before, walks away, it may be with but one man at his heels; and the new one brought immediately in his room, in the greatest state in the world. Another account was told us, how the Dukedom of Ragusa, in the Adriatic, a State that is little, but more ancient, they say, than Venice, and is called the mother of Venice, and the Turks lie round about it, that they change all the officers of their guard, for fear of conspiracy, every twenty-four hours, so that nobody knows who shall be captain of the guard to-night; but two men come to a man, and lay hold of him as a prisoner, and carry him to the place; and there he hath the keys of the garrison given him, and he presently issues his orders for that night's watch; and so always from night to night. Sir William Rider told the first of his own knowledge; and both he and Sir W. Batten confirmed the last.

13th. Before twelve o'clock comes, by appointment, Mr. Peter and the Dean,[1] and Colonel Honiwood, brothers, to dine with me; but so soon, that I was troubled at it. Mr. Peter did show us the experiment, which I had heard talk of, of the chemical glasses,[2] which break all to dust by breaking off a little small end; which is a great mystery to me. My aunt Wight and my wife and I to cards, she teaching us to play at gleek,[3] which is a pretty game; but I have not my head so free as to be troubled with it.

14th. This day, my brave vellum covers to keep pictures in, came in, which pleases me very much.

15th. This morning Mr. Berkenshaw[4] came again, and after he had examined me and taught me something in my work, he and I went to breakfast in my chamber upon a collar of brawn; and after we had eaten, asked me whether we had not committed a fault in eating to-day; telling me, that it is a fast-day ordered by the Parliament, to pray for more seasonable weather; it having hitherto been summer weather, that it is, both as to warmth and every other thing, just as if it were in the middle of May or June, which do threaten a plague, as all men think, to follow, for so it was

[1] Cf. Feb. 3, 1662.

[1] Of Lincoln.

[2] Still known as Prince Rupert drops; formed by the dropping of molten glass into a cold fluid. Butler refers to them in *Hudibras* II. ii., 385-388.

[3] An old game at cards played with forty-four cards by three persons. Each person had twelve cards; the remaining cards constituted the 'stock.'

[4] Pepys's music-master.

almost the last winter; and the whole year after hath been a very sickly time to this day.

16th. Towards Cheapside; and in Paul's Churchyard saw the funeral of my Lord Cornwallis,[1] late Steward of the King's House, go by. And thence I to the painter's, and there paid him £6 for the two pictures, and 36s. for the two frames. Stokes told us that notwithstanding the country of Gambo[2] is so unhealthy, yet the people of the place live very long, so as the present King there is 150 years old, which they count by rains; because every year it rains continually four months together. He also told us that the kings there have above 100 wives a-piece.

17th. To Westminster with Mr. Moore, and there I met with Lany, the Frenchman, who told me that he had a letter from France last night, that tells him that my Lord Hinchingbroke is dead, and that he did die yesterday was se'nnight, which do surprise me exceedingly, though we know that he hath been sick these two months, so I hardly ever was in my life; but being fearful that my Lady should come to hear it too suddenly, he and I went up to my Lord Crewe's, and there I dined with him, and after dinner we told him, and the whole family is much disturbed by it; so we consulted what to do to tell my Lady of it; and at last we thought of my going first to Mr. George Montagu's to hear whether he had any news of it, which I did, and there found all his house in great heaviness for the death of his son, Mr. George Montagu, who did go with our young gentlemen into France, and that they hear nothing at all of our young lord; so believing that thence comes the mistake, I returned to my Lord Crewe (in my way to the Piazza[3] seeing a house on fire, and all the streets full of people to quench it), and told them of it, which they are much glad of, and conclude, and so I hope, that my Lord is well; and so I went to my Lady Sandwich and told her all, and after much talk I parted thence, with my wife, who had been there all the day, and so home to my music, and then to bed.

18th. Comes Mr. Moore to give me an account how Mr. Montagu[1] has gone away of a sudden with the fleet, in such haste, that he hath left behind some servants, and many things of consequence; and among others, my Lord's commission for Ambassador. Whereupon he and I took coach, and to Whitehall to my Lord's lodgings, to have spoke with Mr. Ralph Montagu,[2] his brother, and here stayed talking with Sarah and the old man; but by and by hearing that he was in Covent Garden, we went thither; and at my Lady Harvy's, his sister, I spoke with him, and he tells me that the commission is not left behind.

19th. (Lord's day.) Into the Old Bailey by appointment to speak with Mrs. Norbury, who lies (it falls out) next door to my uncle Fenner's; but, as God would have it, we having no desire to be seen by his people, he having lately married a midwife, that is old and ugly, and that hath already brought home to him a daughter and three children, we were let in at a back door. And here she offered me the refusal of some lands of hers at Brampton, if I have a mind to buy. Thence to my uncle Wight's, and there we supped, and were merry, though my uncle hath lately lost £200 or £300 at sea, and I am troubled to hear that the Turks do take more and more of our ships in the Straits, and that our merchants here in London do daily break, and are still likely to do so.

20th. This day did divide the two butts, which we four did send for, of sherry from Cales,[3] and mine was put into a hogshead, and the vessel filled up with four gallons of Malaga wine; what it will stand us in I know not; but it is the first great quantity of wine that I ever bought.

21st. Home, to practise my composition of music. We have heard nothing yet how far the fleet hath got toward Portugal.

22nd. After music-practice, to Whitehall and thence to Westminster, in my way calling at Mr. George Montagu's, to condole on the loss of his son, who was a fine gentleman; and it is no doubt a great discomfort to our two young gentlemen, his companions in France. After this discourse, he told me, among other news, the great jealousies that are now in the Parlia-

[1] See April 23, 1661. [2] Gambia.
[3] An arcade on the N. or E. margins of Covent Garden.

[1] Edward Montagu.
[2] Ralph Montagu (d. 1709), created first Duke o Montagu in 1705. [3] Cadiz.

ment House. The Lord Chancellor, it seems, taking occasion from this late plot to raise fears in the people, did project the raising of an army forthwith, besides the constant militia, thinking to make the Duke of York General thereof. But the House did, in very open terms, say, they were grown too wise to be fooled again into another army; and said they had found how that man that hath the command of an army is not beholden to anybody to make him King. There are factions, private ones at Court, about Madam Palmer; but what it is about I know not. But it is something about the King's favour to her now that the Queen is coming. He told me, too, what sport the King and Court do make at Mr. Edward Montagu's leaving his things behind him. But the Chancellor, taking it a little more seriously, did openly say to my Lord Chamberlain,[1] that had it been such a gallant as my Lord Mandeville[2] his son, it might have been taken as a frolic; but for him, that would be thought a grave coxcomb, it was very strange. Thence to the Hall, where I heard the House had ordered all the King's murderers that remain to be executed, but Fleetwood[3] and Downes.[4]

23rd. By invitation to my uncle Fenner's, where I found his new wife, a pitiful, old, ugly, ill-bred woman, in a hat, a midwife. Here were many of his, and as many of her relations, sorry, mean people; and after choosing our gloves, we all went over to the Three Crane tavern,[5] and, though the best room of the house, in such a narrow dog-hole we were crammed, and I believe we were near forty, that it made me loathe my company and victuals; and a sorry poor dinner it was too. After dinner I took aside the two Joyces, to thank them for their kind thoughts for a wife for Tom; but that, considering the possibility there is of my having no child, and what then I shall be able to leave him, I do think he may expect in that respect a wife with more money, and so desired them to think no more of it.

24th. To the Wardrobe, where very merry with my Lady, and after dinner I sent for the pictures[1] thither, and mine is well liked; but she is so much offended with my wife's; and I am of her opinion, that it do much wrong her; but I will have it altered.

25th. At home and the office all the morning. Walking in the garden to give the gardener directions what to do this year, for I intend to have the garden handsome, Sir W. Pen came to me, and did break a business to me about removing his son from Oxford to Cambridge to some private college.[2] I proposed Magdalene, but cannot name a tutor at present; but I shall think and write about it. Thence with him to the Trinity House to dinner; where Sir Richard Brown,[3] one of the clerks of the Council, and who is much concerned against Sir N. Crisp's project of making a great sasse[4] in the King's lands about Deptford to be a wet-dock to hold 200 sail of ships. But the ground, it seems, was long since given by the King to Sir Richard. After the Trinity House men had done their business, the master, Sir William Rider, came to bid us welcome; and so to dinner. Comes Mr. Moore with letters from my Lord Sandwich, speaking of his lying still at Tangier looking for the fleet; which, we hope, is now in a good way thither.

26th. (Lord's day.) Thanks be to God, since my leaving drinking of wine I do find myself much better, and do mind my business better and do spend less money, and less time lost in idle company.

27th. This morning both Sir Williams and I by barge to Deptford Yard to give orders in business there; and called on several ships, also to give orders. Going to take water upon Tower Hill, we met with three sleds standing there to carry my Lord Monson and Sir H. Mildmay and another,[5] to the gallows and back again, with ropes about their necks; which is to be repeated every year, this being the day of their sentencing the King.

[1] The Earl of Manchester.
[2] Afterwards third Earl of Manchester.
[3] Charles Fleetwood (d. 1692).
[4] John Downes (alive, in the Tower, in 1666).
[5] 'Three Cranes in the Vintry' in Upper Thames Street.

[1] By Savill, *q.v.*
[2] Cf. Nov. 1, 1661.
[3] John Evelyn, the Diarist, married his daughter and heir.
[4] Lock or sluice. See Evelyn's *Diary*, Jan. 16, 1662.
[5] Robert Wallop, who died in the Tower in 1667.

28th. With my wife to the painter's, where we stayed very late to have her picture mended, which at last is come to be very like her, and I think well done; but the painter, though a very honest man, I found to be very silly as to matter of skill in shadows.

30th. Fast-day for the murdering of the late King. I went to church, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's words, 'Who can lay his hands upon the Lord's Anointed and be guiltless?'

31st. All the morning in my cellar ordering some alterations therein, being much pleased with my new door into the backyard.

February 1662

February 1st. This morning with Commissioner Pett to the office; and he stayed there writing, while I and Sir W. Pen walked in the garden talking about his business of putting his son to Cambridge; and to that end I intend to write to-night to Dr. Fairbrother, to give me an account of Mr. Burton of Magdalene. Thence with Mr. Pett to the painter's; and he likes our pictures very well, and so do I. Thence he and I to the Countess of Sandwich, to lead him to her to kiss her hands; and dined with her, and told her the news, which Sir W. Pen told me to-day, that express is come from my Lord with letters, that by a great storm and tempest the mole of Algiers is broken down, and many of their ships sunk into the mole. So that God Almighty hath now ended that unlucky business for us; which is very good news.

2nd. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning, and then home, and dined with my wife, and so both of us to church again, where we had an Oxford man give us a most impertinent sermon upon 'Cast your bread upon the waters,' etc.

3rd. After music-practice I dined with Sir W. Batten with many friends more, it being his wedding-day, and among other frolics, it being their third year, they had three pies, whereof the middlemost was made of an oval form in an oval hole within the other two, which made much mirth, and was called the middle piece; and above all the rest, we had great striving to steal a spoonful out of it; and I remember Mrs. Mills, the minister's wife, did steal one for me, and did give it me; and to end all, Mrs. Shippman did fill the pie full of white wine, it holding at least a pint and a half, and did drink it off for a health to Sir William and my Lady—it being the greatest draught that ever I did see a woman drink in my life. I went along with my Lady and the rest of the gentlewomen to Major Holmes's, and there we had a fine supper—among others, excellent lobsters, which I never ate at this time of the year before. The Major had good lodgings at the Trinity House. At last home, and, being in my chamber, we do hear great noise of mirth at Sir William Batten's, tearing the ribbons[1] from my Lady and him.

4th. To Westminster Hall, where it was full term. Here all the morning, and at noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Templer, an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be, dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larks, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poison up to the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down the fields everywhere, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung. This afternoon, going into the office, one met me, and did serve a subpœna upon me for one Field, whom we did commit to prison the other day for some ill words he did give the office. The like he had for others, but we shall scour him for it.

5th. To the playhouse, and there saw *Rule a Wife and have a Wife*[2] very well done. And here also I did look long upon my Lady Castlemaine, who, notwith-

[1] Cf. Jan. 24, 1660. [2] By John Fletcher.

standing her sickness, continues a great beauty.

6th. After dinner my barber trimmed me; and so to the office, where I do begin to be exact in my duty there and exacting my privileges.

7th. I hear the prisoners in the Tower that are to die are come to the Parliament House this morning. To the Wardrobe, to dinner with my Lady; where a civet cat, parrot, apes, and many other things are come from my Lord by Captain Hill, who dined with my Lady with us to-day. Thence to the painter's, and am well pleased with our pictures.

9th. (Lord's day.) I took physic this day, and was all day in my chamber, talking with my wife about her laying out of £20, which I had long since promised her to lay out in clothes against Easter, for herself, and composing some airs, God forgive me! At night to prayers and to bed.

10th. To Paul's Churchyard, and there I met with Dr. Fuller's *England's Worthies*,[1] the first time that I ever saw it; and so I sat down reading in it; being much troubled that, though he had some discourse with me about my family and arms, he says nothing at all, nor mentions us either in Cambridgeshire or Norfolk.[2] But I believe, indeed, our family were never considerable.

11th. At the office in the afternoon; so home to music; my mind being full of our alterations in the garden. At night began to compose songs, and begin with 'Gaze not on swans.'[3]

12th. This morning till four in the afternoon I spent abroad, doing of many and very considerable businesses; so home, with my mind very highly contented with my day's work, wishing I could do so every day.

13th. Mr. Blackburne do tell me plain of the corruption of all our Treasurer's officers, and that they hardly pay any money under ten per cent; and that the other day, for a mere assignation of £200 to some counties, they took £15, which is very strange. Last night died the Queen of Bohemia.[1]

14th. (Valentine's day.) I did this day purposely shun to be seen at Sir W. Batten's, because I would not have his daughter to be my Valentine, as she was the last year, there being no great friendship between us now, as formerly. This morning in comes W. Bowyer, who was my wife's Valentine, she having, at which I made good sport to myself, held her hands all the morning, that she might not see the painters that were at work in gilding my chimney-piece and pictures in my dining-room.

15th. With the two Sir Williams to the Trinity House; and there, in their society, had the business debated of Sir Nicholas Crisp's sasse[2] at Deptford. After dinner I was sworn a Younger Brother, Sir W. Rider being Deputy-Master for my Lord of Sandwich; and after I was sworn all the Elder Brothers shake me by the hand; it is their custom, it seems. No news yet of our fleet gone to Tangier, which we now begin to think long.

16th. (Lord's day.) To church this morning. In the afternoon I walked to St. Bride's to church, to hear Dr. Jacomb preach upon the recovery, and at the request of Mrs. Turner, who came abroad this day, the first time since her long sickness. He preached upon David's words, 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord,' and made a pretty good sermon, though not extraordinary. After sermon I led her home, and sat with her, and there was the Dr. got before us; but strange what a command he hath got over Mrs. Turner, who was so careful to get him what he would, after his preaching, to drink; and he, with a cunning gravity, knows how to command, and had it; and among other things told us that he heard more of the Common Prayer this afternoon (while he stood in the vestry, before he went up into the pulpit) than he had heard this twenty years.

17th. This morning both Sir Williams, myself, and Captain Cocke, and Captain Tinker of the *Convertine*,[3] which we are

[1] *Worthies of England* (1662).
[2] Cf. Jan. 22, 1661.
[3] The song, 'Gaze not on Swans,' is by H. Noel, and set to music by H. Lawes, in his *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1653. [B.]

[1] At Leicester House, on the north side of the present Leicester Square. [B.]
[2] See Jan. 25, 1662.
[3] A fourth-rate, of 40 guns. [B.]

going to look upon (being intended to go with these ships fitting for the East Indies), down to Deptford; and thence, after being on shipboard, to Woolwich, and there ate something. The Sir Williams being unwilling to eat flesh, Captain Cocke and I had a breast of veal roasted. Going and coming we played at gleek;[1] and I won 9s. 6d. clear, the most that ever I won in my life. I pray God it may not tempt me to play again.

18th. Having agreed with Sir W. Pen to meet him at the Opera, and finding by my walking in the streets, which were everywhere full of brickbats and tiles flung down by the extraordinary wind the last night, such as hath not been in memory before, unless at the death of the late Protector, that it was dangerous to go out of doors; and hearing how several persons had been killed to-day by the fall of things in the streets, and that the pageant in Fleet Street is most of it blown down, and hath broke down part of several houses, among others Dick Brigden's; and that one Lady Sanderson, a person of quality in Covent Garden, was killed by the house, in her bed, last night; I sent my boy to forbid Sir W. Pen to go forth. But he bringing me word that he is gone, I went to the Opera, and saw *The Law against Lovers*,[2] a good play and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her, the loss of Roxalana[3] would spoil the house.

19th. Music practice; then to the Trinity House to conclude upon our report of Sir N. Crisp's project, who came to us to answer objections, but we did give him no ear, but are resolved to stand to our report.

20th. Letters from Tangier from my Lord, telling me how, upon a great defeat given to the Portuguese there by the Moors, he had put in three hundred men into the town, and so he is in possession, of which we are very glad, because now the Spaniards' designs of hindering our getting the place are frustrated. I went with the letter enclosed to my Lord Chancellor to the House of Lords, and did give it him in the House. Went by promise to Mr. Savill's, and there sat the first time for my picture in little,[1] which pleased me well.

21st. Packing up glass to send into the country to my father, and books to my brother John, and then to my Lord Crewe's to dinner.

22nd. Came Mr. Savill with the pictures, and we hung them up in our dining-room. It comes now to appear very handsome with all my pictures. This evening I wrote letters to my father; among other things acquainted him with the unhappy accident which hath happened lately to my Lord of Dorset's two oldest sons, who, with two Bellasises and one Squire Wentworth, were lately apprehended for killing and robbing of a tanner about Newington[2] on Wednesday last, and are all now in Newgate. I am much troubled for it, and for the grief and disgrace it brings to their families and friends.[3]

23rd. (Lord's day.) My cold being increased, I stayed at home all day, pleasing myself with my dining-room, now graced with pictures, and reading of Dr. Fuller's *Worthies*[4]; so I spent the day. This day, in God's mercy, I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and, if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any in the world, for which God be praised. So to prayers and to bed.

24th. Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my music practice, finishing my song of 'Gaze not on swans,'[5] in two parts, which pleases me well; and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money, and troubled me to part with it. Thence to the painter's, and sat again for my picture in little. Called Will up, and chid him before my wife, for refusing to go to church with the maids yesterday, and telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of.

1 See Jan. 13, 1662.
2 By Sir William Davenant. It is an adaptation of *Measure for Measure*.
3 *I.e.* Elizabeth Davenport, who had achieved success in the part of Roxalana in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes*. See April 2, May 20, and Dec. 1, 1662.

1 In miniature. 2 Stoke Newington.
3 See Feb. 25, 1662, and July 1, 1663.
4 See p. 117.
5 See February 11, 1662.

25th. Great talk of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he had five great trees standing together blown down; and, beginning to lop them, one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did, by the weight of the root, rise again and fasten. We have letters from the Forest of Dean, that above 1000 oaks and as many beeches are blown down in one walk there. And letters from my father tell me of £20 hurt done to us at Brampton. This day in the newsbook I find that my Lord Buckhurst and his fellows have printed their case[1] as they did give it in upon examination to a Justice of Peace, wherein they make themselves a very good tale that they were in pursuit of thieves, and that they took this man for one of them, and so killed him; and that he himself confessed it was the first time of his robbing; and that he did pay dearly for it, for he was a dead man. But I doubt things will be proved otherwise than they say.

27th. Came Mr. Berkenshaw, and in our discourse we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber, and I never stopped him, having intended to put him off to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give.

28th. The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry, and resolved to whip him for that and many other faults, to-day. Early with Sir W. Pen by coach to Whitehall, to the Duke of York's chamber, and there I presented him from my Lord a fine map of Tangier, done by one Captain Beckman,[2] a Swede, that is with my Lord. We stayed looking it over a great while with the Duke after he was ready. I bade Will get me a rod, and he and I called the boy up to one of the upper rooms of the Comptroller's house towards the garden, and there I reckoned all his faults, and whipped him soundly, but the rods was so small that I fear they did not much hurt to him, but only to my arm, which I am already, within a quarter of an hour, not able to stir almost.

[1] See p. 118.

[2] Afterwards Sir Martin Beckman (d. 1702), who became chief engineer in 1685. The map referred to is in the British Museum.

March 1662

March 1st. My wife and I by coach, first to see my little picture[1] that is a-drawing, and thence to the Opera, and there saw *Romeo and Juliet*, the first time it was ever acted; but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I saw these people do,[2] and I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less. I do find that I am £500 beforehand in the world, which I was afraid I was not; but I find that I had spent above £250 this last half-year.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Talking long in bed with my wife about our frugal life for the time to come, proposing to her what I could and would do if I were worth £2000, that is, be a knight and keep my coach, which pleased her. To church in the morning; none in the pew but myself.

3rd. I do find a great deal more of content in these few days that I do spend well about my business than in all the pleasure of a whole week. I am told that this day the Parliament hath voted 2s. per annum for every chimney in England, as a constant revenue for ever to the Crown.

4th. Sir W. Pen and I and my wife in his coach to Moorfields, where we walked a great while, though it was no fair weather and cold; and after our walk we went to Pope's Head,[3] and ate cakes and other fine things.

5th. To the pewterer's, to buy a poor's box, to put my forfeits in, upon breach of my late vows. To my office, and there sat looking over my papers of my voyage, when we fetched over the King, and tore so many of these that were worth nothing, as filled my closet as high as my knees.

6th. This night my new camelot riding-coat to my coloured cloth suit came home. More news to-day of our losses at Brampton by the late storm.

7th. Early to Whitehall, to the chapel, where by Mr. Blagrave's means I got into

[1] My miniature.

[2] Harris played Romeo; Betterton, Mercutio; and Mrs. Saunderson, Juliet.

[3] See Nov. 21, 1660, note.

his pew, and heard Dr. Creeton,[1] the great Scotchman, and chaplain in ordinary to the King, preach before the King, and Duke and Duchess, upon the words of Micah:—'Roll yourself in dust.'[2] He made a most learned sermon upon the words; but, in his application, the most comical man that ever I heard in my life. Just such a man as Hugh Peters;[3] saying that it had been better for the poor Cavalier never to have come with the King into England again; for he that hath the impudence to deny obedience to the lawful magistrate, and to swear to the oath of allegiance, etc., was better treated nowadays in Newgate, than a poor Royalist, that hath suffered all his life for the King, is at Whitehall among his friends.

8th. By coach with both Sir Williams to Westminster; this being a great day there in the House to pass the business for chimney-money, which was done. In the Hall I met with Serjeant Pierce; and he told me how my Lady Monk hath disposed of all the places which Mr. Edward Montagu hoped to have had, as he was Master of the Horse to the Queen; which I am afraid will undo him, because he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places. He told me also many more scurvy stories of him and his brother Ralph,[4] which troubles me to hear of persons of honour, as they are. Sir W. Pen and I to the office, whither afterward came Sir G. Carteret; and we sent for Sir Thomas Allen, one of the Aldermen of the City,[5] about the business of one Colonel Appesley, whom we had taken counterfeiting of bills with all our hands and the officers of the yards, so well that I should never have mistrusted them. We stayed about this business at the office till ten at night, and at last did send him with a constable to the Counter,[6] and did give warrants for the seizing of a complice of his, one Blinkinsopp.

9th. (Lord's day.) Church in the morning; dined at home; then to church again, and heard Mr. Naylor, whom I knew formerly of Keye's College,[1] make a most eloquent sermon. To walk an hour with Sir W. Pen in the garden; then he into supper with me.

10th. At the office, doing business all the morning. Home and to bed, to-morrow being washing day.

12th. This morning we had news from Mr. Coventry, that Sir G. Downing (like a perfidious rogue, though the action is good and of service to the King, yet he cannot with a good conscience do it) hath taken Okey, Corbet, and Barkestead[2] at Delfe,[3] in Holland, and sent them home in the *Blackmore*. Sir W. Pen talking to me this afternoon of what a strange thing it is for Downing to do this, he told me of a speech he made to the Lords States of Holland, telling them to their faces that he observed that he was not received with the respect and observance now, that he was when he came from the traitor and rebel Cromwell; by whom, I am sure, he hath got all he hath in the world—and they know it too.

13th. All day busy about business. Having lately followed my business much, I find great pleasure in it, and a growing content.

14th. Home to dinner. In the afternoon came the German, Dr. Kuffler, to discourse with us about his engine to blow up ships.[4] We doubted not the matter of fact, it being tried in Cromwell's time, but the safety of carrying them in ships; but he do tell us, that when he comes to tell the King his secret, for none but the Kings, successively, and their heirs must know it, it will appear to be of no danger at all. We concluded nothing; but shall discourse with the Duke of York to-morrow about it.

15th. To the Exchange, to hire a ship for the Maderas.[5] Troubled at my maid's being ill.

16th. (Lord's day.) This morning, till churches were done, I spent going from one church to another, and hearing a bit here and a bit there. Walked to Whitehall; and an hour or two in the Park,

1 Robert Creighton (1593-1672), at this time Dean of Wells. In 1670 he became Bishop of Bath and Wells. He was a severe critic of the life at Court.

2 'In the house of Aphrah roll thyself in the dust.' *Micah* i. 10.

3 (1598-1660), the Independent divine who preached at Whitehall during the Protectorate. He was executed at Charing Cross in 1660.

4 See p. 114. 5 See April 12, 1661.

6 See p. 77.

1 *i.e.* Gonville and Caius (Key's), Cambridge.

2 John Okey, Miles Corbet, and John Barkstead, regicides, executed April 19 following (*q.v.*).

3 Delft. 4 See p. 227. 5 Madeira.

which is now very pleasant. Here the King and Duke came to see their fowl play. The Duke took very civil notice of me. At Tom's, giving him my resolution about my boy's livery. Walking in the garden with Sir W. Pen; his son William is at home, not well. But all things, I fear, do not go well with them; they look discontentedly, but I know not what ails them.

17th. Last night the *Blackmore* pink brought the three prisoners, Barkestead, Okey, and Corbet, to the Tower, being taken at Delfe in Holland; where, the Captain tells me, the Dutch were a good while before they could be persuaded to let them go, they being taken prisoners in their land. But Sir G. Downing would not be answered so, though all the world takes notice of him for a most ungrateful villain for his pains.

18th. Sir W. Pen and I on board some of the ships now fitting for East Indies and Portugal, to see in what forwardness they are.

19th. This noon came a letter from T. Pepys, the turner, in answer to one of mine the other day to him, wherein I did check him for not coming to me, as he had promised, with his and his father's resolution about the difference between us. But he writes to me in the very same slighting terms that I did to him, without the least respect at all, but word for word, as I did him, which argues a high and noble spirit in him, though it troubles me a little that he should make no more of my anger; yet I cannot blame him for doing so, he being the elder brother's son, and not depending upon me at all.

21st. I went to see Sarah and my Lord's lodgings, which are now all in dirt, to be repaired against my Lord's coming from the sea with the Queen. To Westminster Hall; and there walked up and down, and heard the great difference that hath been between my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Bristol, about a proviso that my Lord Chancellor would have brought into the Bill for Conformity, that it shall be in the power of the King, when he sees fit, to dispense with the Act of Conformity; and, though it be carried in the House of Lords, yet it is believed it will hardly pass in the Commons.

22nd. At noon Sir Williams both and I by water down to the *Lewes*, Captain Dekins, his ship, a merchantman, where we met the owners, Sir John Lewes and Alderman Lewes, and several other great merchants; among others, one Jefferys, a merry man, and he and I called brothers, and he made all the mirth in the company. We had a very fine dinner, and all our wives' healths, with seven or nine guns apiece; and exceeding merry we were, and so home by barge again.

23rd. (Lord's day.) This morning was brought me my boy's fine livery, which is very handsome, and I do think to keep the black and gold lace upon grey, being the colour of my arms, for ever. To Whitehall, and there met with Captain Isham, this day come from Lisbon, with letters from the Queen to the King, and he did give me letters which speak that our fleet is all at Lisbon, and that the Queen do not intend to embark sooner than to-morrow come fortnight.

24th. Comes La Belle Pierce[1] to see my wife, and to bring her a pair of perukes of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear; which are pretty, and are of my wife's own hair, or else I should not endure them. After a good while's stay I went to see if any play was acted, and I found none upon the post, it being Passion Week. To Westminster Hall, and there bought Mr. Grant's book of observations upon the weekly bills of mortality,[2] which appears to me, upon first sight, to be very pretty.

26th. Up early. This being, by God's great blessing, the fourth solemn day of my cutting for the stone this day four years, and am, by God's mercy, in very good health, and like to do well; the Lord's name be praised for it! At noon came my good guest, Madam Turner, The., and cousin Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin, of the King's Life-Guard; by the same token he told us of one of his fellows killed this morning in a duel. I had a pretty dinner for them, viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course;

[1] Surgeon Pierce's wife.

[2] John Graunt's (1620-1674) *Observations* (1661), one of the first studies in statistics, was re-edited later by Sir William Petty.

a tanzy,[1] and two neats' tongues, and cheese, the second. Merry all the afternoon, talking, and singing, and piping on the flageolet. We had a man-cook to dress dinner to-day, and sent for Jane to help us.

27th. We settled to pay the *Guernsey*, a small ship, but came to a great deal of money, it having been unpaid ever since before the King came in, by which means not only the King pays wages while the ship had lain still, but the poor men had been forced to borrow all the money due for their wages before they received it, and that at a dear rate, God knows; so that many of them had very little to receive at the table, which grieved me to see it. To dinner, very merry.

30th. (Easter day.) Having my old black suit new furbished, I was pretty neat in clothes to-day; and my boy his old suit new trimmed, very handsome. To church in the morning, and so home, leaving the two Sir Williams to take the sacrament, which I blame myself that I have hitherto neglected all my life, but once or twice at Cambridge. My wife and I to church in the afternoon, and seated ourselves, she below me, and by that means the precedence of the pew, which my Lady Batten and her daughter takes, is confounded; and after sermon she and I did stay behind them in the pew, and went out by ourselves, a good while after them, which we judge a very fine project hereafter to avoid contention; so my wife and I to walk an hour or two on the leads, which begins to be very pleasant, the garden being in good condition; so to supper, which is also well served in. We had a lobster to supper with a crab Peg Pen sent my wife this afternoon, the reason of which we cannot think, but something there is of plot or design in it; for we have a little while carried ourselves pretty strange to them.

31st. To Sir Thomas Crewe's lodgings. He hath been ill, and continues so, under fits of apoplexy. Among other things, he and I did discourse much of Mr. Montagu's base doings, and to the dishonour that he will do my Lord, as well as cheating him of £2000 or £3000, which is too true. Thence to the play, where coming late, and meeting with Sir W. Pen, who had got room for my wife and his daughter in the pit, he and I into one of the boxes, and there we sat and heard *The Little Thief*,[1] a pretty play, and well done.

[1] A sweet dish of eggs, cream, sack, etc. See the recipe of 1676 in Halliwell, *s.v.* 'tansy.'

April 1662

April 1st. To the Wardrobe, and dined. Here was Mr. Harbord, son to Sir Charles Harbord, that lately came with letters from my Lord Sandwich to the King. He and I, and the two young ladies[2] and my wife, to the playhouse, the Opera, and saw *The Maid in the Mill*[3] a pretty good play; and, that being done, in their coach I took them to Islington, and then, after a walk in the fields, I took them to the great cheese-cake house,[4] and entertained them, and so home; and after an hour's stay with my Lady, their coach carried us home, and so weary to bed.

2nd. Walked to the Spittle,[5] an hour or two before my Lord Mayor and the blue-coat boys came, which at last they did; and a fine sight of charity it is, indeed. We got places, and stayed to hear a sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long, that after above an hour of it we went away, and I home, and dined; and then my wife and I by water to the Opera, and there saw *The Bondman*[6] most excellently acted; ~~and though~~ we had seen it so often, yet I never liked it better than to-day, Ianthe acting Cleora's part very well, now Roxalana[7] is gone. We are resolved to see no more plays till Whitsuntide, we having been three days together. Met Mr. Sanchy, Smithes, Gale, and Edlin, at the play; but, having no great mind to spend money, I left them there.

4th. I was much troubled to-day to see a dead man lie floating upon the waters, and had done (they say) these four days, and nobody takes him up to bury him, which is very barbarous.

6th. (Lord's day.) By water to White-

[1] *The Night-Walker, or the Little Thief*, by John Fletcher (printed 1640).
[2] Montagu.
[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.
[4] Islington was famous for its cheese-cakes and custards, as Chelsea for its buns.
[5] Christ's Hospital.
[6] By Massinger. [7] See Feb. 18, 1662, note.

hall to Sir G. Carteret, to give him an account of the backwardness of the ships we have hired to Portugal; at which he is much troubled. Thence to the Chapel, and there, though crowded, heard a very honest sermon before the King by a Canon of Christ Church, upon these words, 'Having a form of godliness, but denying,' etc. Among other things, he did much insist upon the sin of adultery; which methought might touch the King, and the more because he forced it into his sermon besides his text. So up and saw the King at dinner; and thence with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner with him and his lady. All their discourse, which was very much, was upon their sufferings and services for the King. Yet not without some trouble to see that some, that had been much bound to them, do now neglect them; and others again most civil that have received least from them; and I do believe that he hath been a good servant to the King. Thence to the Park, where the King and Duke did walk.

7th. By water to Whitehall, and thence to Westminster, and stayed at the Parliament-door long to speak with Mr. Coventry, which vexed me. Thence to the Lords' House, and stood within the House, while the Bishops and Lords did stay till the Chancellor's coming, and then we were put out; and they to prayers. There comes a Bishop; and while he was rigging himself, he bid his man listen at the door, whereabout in the prayers they were; but the man told him something, but could not tell whereabouts it was in the prayers, nor the Bishop neither, but laughed at the conceit; so went in; but, God forgive me! I did tell it by and by to people, and did say that the man said that they were about something of saving their souls, but could not tell whereabouts in the prayers that was. I sent in a note to my Lord Privy Seal,[1] and he came out to me; and I desired he would make another deputy for me, because of my great business of the Navy this month; but he told me he could not do it without the King's consent, which vexed me. The great talk is that the Spaniards and the Hollanders do intend to set upon the Portuguese by sea, at Lisbon, as soon as our fleet is come away; and by that means our fleet is not likely to come yet these two or three months; which I hope is not true.

9th. Sir George[1] showed me an account in French of the great famine, which is to the greatest extremity in some part of France at this day; which is very strange.

10th. Yesterday came Colonel Talbot[2] with letters from Portugal, that the Queen is resolved to embark for England this week. Thence to the office all the afternoon. My Lord Windsor[3] comes to us to discourse of his affairs, and to take his leave of us; he being to go Governor of Jamaica with this fleet that is now going.

11th. With Sir W. Pen by water to Deptford; and among the ships now going to Portugal with men and horse, to see them dispatched. So to Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captain Minnes, whom I was much pleased to hear talk. Among other things, he and the Captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before. At Woolwich, up and down to do the same business; and so back to Greenwich by water. Sir William and I walked into the Park, where the King hath planted trees and made steps in the hill up to the Castle, which is very magnificent. So up and down the house, which is now repairing in the Queen's lodgings.

13th. (Lord's day.) In the morning to Paul's, where I heard a pretty good sermon, and thence to dinner with my Lady at the Wardrobe; and, after much talk with her, I went to the Temple Church, and there heard another; by the same token a boy, being asleep, fell down a high seat to the ground, ready to break his neck, but got no hurt. Thence to Gray's Inn Walks; and there met Mr. Pickering. His discourse most about the pride of the Duchess of York; and how all the ladies envy my Lady Castlemaine. He intends to go to Portsmouth to meet the Queen this week; which is now the discourse and expectation of the town.

[1] Lord Say and Sele.

[1] Carteret.

[2] Richard Talbot (1630-1691), created Earl of Tyrconnel in 1670. He plays a considerable part in Grammont's *Mémoires*.

[3] Thomas Windsor (d. 1687), seventh Baron Windsor, afterwards Earl of Plymouth (1684).

9th. Thinking to go with Sir Williams both to dinner, by invitation, to Sir W. Rider's,[1] at home I found Mrs. Pierce, la belle, and Madam Clifford, with whom I was forced to stay, and made them the most welcome I could; and I was (God knows) very well pleased with their beautiful company. Frank Bagge tells me a story of Mrs. Pepys, that lived with my Lady Harvy,[2] Mr. Montagu's sister, a good woman, that she had been very ill, and often asked for me; that she is in good condition, and that nobody could get her to make her will; and that now she is well she desires to have a chamber at my house. Now, I do not know whether this is a trick of Bagge's, or a goodwill of her's to do something for me; but I will not trust her, but told him I should be glad to see her, and that I would be sure to do all that I could to provide a place for them.

10th. Sir W. Pen, and my wife and I to the theatre, where the King came to-day, and there was *The Traitor*[3] most admirably acted; and a most excellent play it is.

13th. (Lord's day.) This day left off half-skirts, and put on a waistcoat and my false tabby waistcoat with gold lace.

14th. To Mr. Pim's my Lord's tailor's, and there he went out with us to the Fountain tavern; and, it being the Duke of York's birthday, we drank the more to his health.

17th. Captain Cock, a man of great observation and repute, did tell me that he was confident that the Parliament, when it comes the next month to sit again, would bring trouble with it, and enquire how the King had disposed of offices and money, before they will raise more; which, I fear, will bring all things to ruin again. Dined with Captain Lambert and his father-in-law, and had much talk of Portugal; from whence he is lately come, and he tells me it is a very poor dirty place; I mean, the City and Court of Lisbon; that the King is a very rude and simple fellow; and, for reviling of somebody a little while ago, had been killed, had he not told them that he was their King. That there are no glass windows, nor will they have any; which makes sport among our merchants there to talk of an English factor that, being newly come thither, writ into England that glass would be a good commodity to send thither, etc. That the King has his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards and in pipkins, sometimes, to his own table; and sometimes nothing but fruits, and, now and then, half a hen. And that now the Infanta is become our Queen, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table.

18th. To Whitehall, to Mr. Montagu's, where I met with Mr. Pierce, the purser, to advise about the things to be sent to my Lord for the Queen's provision; now there is all haste made, for the fleet's going.

19th. At the office all morning, and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all this morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, by coach to Captain Marshe's at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors' for this 250 years, close by the limehouse, which gives the name to the place. Here they have a design to get the King to hire a dock for the herring busses, which is now the great design on foot, to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am, and can be, when I am in good habit, which makes me remember my father Osborne's rule for a gentleman,[1] to spare in all things rather than that.

20th. (Lord's day.) Much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will hath got, to keep his hat on in the house, but I will not speak of it to him to-day, but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy Presbyter preached, and then to Sir W. Batten, who is to go to Portsmouth to-morrow to wait upon the Duke of York, who goes to take possession, and to set in order the garrison there.

21st. By coach to Chelsea, to my Lord Privy Seal's, but have missed of coming time enough. Mr. Pargiter, the goldsmith, did make good sport of his losing so much

[1] At Bethnal Green. See June 26, 1663.
[2] Wife of Sir Daniel Harvey.
[3] By James Shirley (printed 1635).

[1] In the popular *Advice to a Son* (1656) by Francis Osborne (1593-1659). See Jan. 27, 1664.

by the King's coming in, he having bought much of Crown lands, of which, God forgive me! I am very glad. To the Opera, which is now newly begun to act again, after some alteration of their scene, which do make it very much worse; but the play, *Love and Honour*,[1] being the first time of their acting it, is a very good plot, and well done.

22nd. At the office all the morning, where we had a deputation[2] from the Duke in his absence, he being gone to Portsmouth, for us to have the whole disposal and ordering of the Fleet.

23rd. To the Opera, and there I saw again *Love and Honour*, and a very good play it is. This day all our office is invited against Tuesday next, my Lord Mayor's day, to dinner with him at Guildhall.

25th. I did give my man Will a sound lesson about his forbearing to give us the respect due to a master and mistress.

26th. This morning Sir W. Pen and I should have gone out of town with my Lady Batten, to have met Sir William coming back from Portsmouth, at Kingston, but could not, by reason that my Lord of Peterborough, who is to go Governor of Tangier, came this morning, with Sir G. Carteret, to advise with us about completing of the affairs and preparations for that place. My wife and I to the theatre, and there saw *The Country Captain*,[3] the first time it hath been acted this twenty-five years, a play of my Lord Newcastle's, but so silly a play as in all my life I never saw. News was brought that Sir R. Slingsby, our Comptroller, who hath this day been sick a week, is dead; which put me into so great a trouble of mind, that all the night I could not sleep, he being a man that loved me, and had many qualities that made me to love him, above all the officers and commissioners in the Navy.

27th. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning, where in the pew both Sir Williams and I had much talk about the death of Sir Robert, which troubles me much; and them in appearance, though I do not believe it; because I know that he was a check to their engrossing the whole trade of the Navy Office. To church, my wife with me, whose mourning is now grown so old that I am ashamed to go to church with her.

28th. To the theatre, and there saw *Argalus and Parthenia*,[1] where a woman acted Parthenia, and come afterwards on the stage in men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw, and I was very well pleased with it. Thence to the Ringo alehouse, and thither sent for a belt-maker, and bought of him a handsome belt for second mourning, which cost me 24s. and is very neat.

29th. This day I put on my half cloth black stockings and my new coat of the fashion, which pleases me well, and with my beaver I was (after office was done) ready to go to my Lord Mayor's feast, as we are all invited; but the Sir Williams were both loath to go, because of the crowd, and so none of us went. My mind not pleased, because I had proposed a great deal of pleasure to myself this day at Guildhall. This Lord Mayor, it seems, brings up again the custom of Lord Mayors going the day of their instalment to Paul's, and walking round about the Cross, and offering something at the altar.

30th. At Sir W. Batten's heard how he had been already at Sir R. Slingsby's, as we were all invited and I intended this night to go, and there he finds all things out of order, and no such thing done to-night, but, pretending that the corpse stinks, they will bury it to-night privately, and so will unbespeak all their guests, and there shall be no funeral, which I am sorry for, that there should be nothing done for the honour of Sir Robert; but I fear he hath left his family in great distraction. Sir Henry Vane, Lambert, and others, are lately sent suddenly away from the Tower, prisoners to Scilly; but I do not think there is any plot, as is said, but only a pretence; as there was once pretended often against the Cavaliers.

31st. With my mind full of trouble, to my uncle Fenner's, when at the alehouse I found him drinking, and very jolly and youthsome, and as one that I believe will in a little time get him a wife.

[1] By Sir W. Davenant; first acted at the Blackfriars (1649).
[2] Warrant.
[3] By William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle (1649).

[1] See p. 68.

So I went, and there they were all ready, and did with much civility give me my oath, and after the oath, did by custom shake me all by the hand; so I took them to a tavern, and made them drink, and, paying the reckoning, went away. It cost me a piece in gold to the Town Clerk, and 10s. to the Bailiffs; and spent 5s.

May 1662

May 1st. Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Pen, and myself, with our clerks, set out this morning from Portsmouth very early, and got by noon to Petersfield; several officers of the Yard accompanying us so far. At dinner comes my Lord Carlingford from London, going to Portsmouth; tells us that the Duchess of York is brought to bed of a girl,[1] at which I find nobody pleased; and that Prince Rupert and the Duke of Buckingham are sworn of the Privy Council.

2nd. To Dr. Clerke's lady, and give her her letter and token. She is a very fine woman; and what with her person, and the number of fine ladies that were with her, I was much out of countenance, and could hardly carry myself like a man among them; but, however, I stayed till my courage was up again, and talked to them, and viewed his house, which is most pleasant, and so drank and good night.

3rd. To the Duke's chamber, who had been a-hunting this morning, and is come back again. To dinner to my Lady Sandwich; and Sir Thomas Crewe's children coming thither, I took them and all my Ladies to the Tower, and showed them the lions, and all that was to be shown; Sir Thomas Crewe's children being as pretty and the best behaved that ever I saw of their age. Thence, at the goldsmith's, took my picture in little, which is now done, home with me; and pleases me exceedingly, and my wife.

4th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Holliard came to me, and let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceeding full of blood and very good. I began to be sick; but, lying upon my back, I was presently well again, and did give him 5s. for his pains. After dinner, my arm tied up with a black ribbon, I walked with my wife to my brother Tom's; our boy waiting on us with his sword, which this day he begins to wear, to outdo Sir W. Pen's boy, who this day, and Sir W. Batten's, do begin to wear new liveries; but I do take mine to be the neatest of them all. I led my wife to Mrs. Turner's pew, the church being full, it being to hear a Doctor who is to preach a probation sermon. When church was done, my wife and I walked to Gray's Inn to observe fashions of the ladies, because of my wife's making some clothes.

5th. My arm not being well, my wife to buy some things for herself, and a gown for me to dress myself in.

6th. Got my seat set up on the leads, which pleases me well.

7th. Walked to Westminster, where I understand the news that Mr. Montagu is last night come to the King with news, that he left the Queen and fleet in the Bay of Biscay, coming this wayward; and that he believes she is now at the Isle of Scilly. Thence to Paul's Churchyard, where, seeing my Ladies Sandwich and Carteret, and my wife, who this day made a visit the first time to my Lady Carteret, come by coach, and going to Hyde Park, I was resolved to follow them; and so went to Mrs. Turner's; and thence to the theatre, where I saw the last act of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,[1] which pleased me not at all. And so after the play done, she and The. Turner and Mrs. Lucin and I, in her coach to the Park; and there found them out, and spoke to them; and observed many fine ladies, and stayed till all were gone almost.

8th. Sir G. Carteret told me that the Queen and the fleet were in Mount's Bay on Monday last; and that the Queen endures her sickness pretty well. He also told me how Sir John Lawson hath done some execution upon the Turks in the Straits, of which I was glad, and told the news the first on the Exchange, and was much followed by merchants to tell it. Sir G. Carteret, among other discourse, tells me that it is Mr. Coventry that is to come to us as a Commissioner of the Navy; at which he is much vexed, and

[1] Mary, afterwards Queen Mary II.

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

cries out upon Sir W. Pen, and threatens him highly. And looking upon his lodgings, which are now enlarging, he in a passion cried, '*Guarda mi spada*'; for, by God, I may chance to keep him in Ireland, when he is there!' for Sir W. Pen is going thither with my Lord Lieutenant. But it is my design to keep much in with Sir George; and I think I have begun very well towards it.

9th. To Mr. de Cretz, and there saw some good pieces that he hath copied of the King's pieces — some of Raphael and Michael Angelo; and I have borrowed an Elizabeth of his copying to hang up in my house. With Mr. Salisbury, who I met there, into Covent Garden, to an alehouse, to see a picture that hangs there, which is offered for 20s., and I offered fourteen, but it is worth much more money; but did not buy it, I having no mind to break my oath. Thence to see an Italian puppet play, that is within the rails there—the best that ever I saw, and great resort of gallants. The Duke of York went last night to Portsmouth; so that I believe the Queen is near.

10th. At noon to the Wardrobe; there dined. My Lady told me how my Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court; which she and all our ladies are much troubled at, because of the King's being forced to show her countenance in the sight of the Queen when she comes. In the evening Sir G. Carteret and I did hire a ship for Tangier, and other things together; and I find that he do single me out to join with me apart from the rest, which I am much glad of.

11th. (Lord's day.) To our church in the morning. In the afternoon to Whitehall; and there walked an hour or two in the Park, where I saw the King, now out of mourning,[1] in a suit laced with gold and silver, which, it is said, was out of fashion. Thence to the Wardrobe; and there consulted with the ladies about our going to Hampton Court to-morrow.

12th. Mr. Townsend called us up by four o'clock; and by five the three ladies, my wife and I, and Mr. Townsend, his son and daughter, were got to the barge and set out. We walked from Mortlake to Richmond, and so to boat again. And from Teddington to Hampton Court Mr. Townsend and I walked again. And then met the ladies, and were showed the whole house by Mr. Marriot; which is indeed nobly furnished, particularly the Queen's bed, given her by the States of Holland; a looking-glass sent by the Queen-mother from France, hanging in the Queen's chamber, and many brave pictures. And so to barge again; and got home about eight at night very well. Took leave of my ladies, and home by a hackney-coach, the easiest that ever I met with.

14th. Dined at the Wardrobe; and after dinner sat talking an hour or two alone with my Lady. She is afraid that my Lady Castlemaine will keep in still with the King. To my brother's, and finding him in a lie about the lining of my new morning gown, saying that it was the same with the outside, I was very angry with him, and parted so.

15th. To Westminster; and at the Privy Seal I saw Mr. Coventry's seal for his being Commissioner with us, at which I know not yet whether to be glad or otherwise. At night all the bells of the town rang, and bonfires were made for the joy of the Queen's arrival, who landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much true joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt.

17th. To the Wardrobe to dinner, where dined Mrs. Sanderson, the mother of the maids. After dinner my Lady and she and I on foot to Paternoster Row, to buy a petticoat against the Queen's coming for my Lady, of plain satin, and other things; and, being come back again, we there met Mr. Nathaniel Crewe at the Wardrobe, with a young gentleman, a friend and fellow-student of his, and of a good family, Mr. Knightly, and known to the Crewes, of whom my Lady privately told me she hath some thoughts of a match for my Lady Jemimah. I like the person very well, and he hath £2000 per annum. I walked to my brother Tom's to see a velvet cloak, which I buy of Mr. Moore. It will cost me £8 : 10s.; he bought it for £6 : 10s.; but it is worth my money.

18th. (Whitsunday.) By water to White-

[1] For the Queen of Bohemia.

hall, and there to chapel in my pew, belonging to me as Clerk of the Privy Seal; and there I heard a most excellent sermon of Dr. Hacket,[1] Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, upon these words: "He that drinketh this water shall never thirst." We had an excellent anthem, sung by Captain Cooke and another, and brave music. And then the King came down and offered, and took the sacrament upon his knees; a sight very well worth seeing. After dinner to chapel again; and there had another good anthem of Captain Cooke's. Thence to the Council-chamber; where the King and Council sat till almost eleven o'clock at night, and I forced to walk up and down the galleries till that time of night. They were reading all the bills over that are to pass to-morrow at the House, before the King's going out of town and proroguing the House. At last, the Council risen, Sir G. Carteret told me what the Council hath ordered about the ships designed to carry horse from Ireland to Portugal, which is now altered.

19th. Up, and put on my riding-cloth suit and a camelot coat new, which pleases me well enough: the shops being but some shut and some open. I hear that the House of Commons do think much that they should be forced to huddle over business this morning against afternoon, for the King to pass their Acts, that he may go out of town. But he, I hear since, was forced to stay till almost nine o'clock at night before he could have done, and then prorogued them: and so to Gilford,[2] and lay there. My wife walking and singing upon the leads till very late, it being pleasant and moonshine, and so to bed.

20th. Sir W. Pen and I did a little business at the office, and so home again. Then comes Dean Fuller; and I am most pleased with his company and goodness. My wife and I by coach to the Opera, and there saw the second part of *The Siege of Rhodes*, but it is not so well done as when Roxalana[3] was there, who, it is said, is now owned by my Lord of Oxford.

21st. My wife and I to my Lord's lodging, where she and I stayed walking in Whitehall Garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, laced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah[1] told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child,[2] was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going. But we went to the theatre, to the *French Dancing Master*,[3] and there with much pleasure we saw and gazed upon Lady Castlemaine; but it troubles us to see her look dejectedly, and slighted by people already. The play pleased us very well; but Lacy's part, the Dancing Master, the best in the world.[4]

22nd. This morning comes an order from the Secretary of State, Nicholas,[5] for me to let one Mr. Lee, a Councillor, view what papers I have relating to passages of the late times, wherein Sir H. Vane's hand is employed, in order to the drawing up his charge; which I did. At noon, he, with Sir W. Pen and his daughter, dined with me, and he to his work again, and we by coach to the theatre, and saw *Love in a Maze*.[6] The play hath little in it, but Lacy's part of a country-fellow, which he did to admiration. This night we had each of us a letter from Captain Teddiman from the Straits of a peace made, upon good terms, by Sir J. Lawson with the Algiers men, which is most excellent news. He hath also sent each of us some anchovies, olives, and muscat; but I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask. After supper, home and to bed, resolving to make up this week in seeing plays and pleasure, and so fall to business next week again for a great while.

1 John Hacket (1592-1670). 2 Guildford.
3 See Feb. 18, 1662, note.

1 Lord Sandwich's housekeeper. See p. 139.
2 This child was Charles Fitzroy (1662-1730), first Duke of Southampton and Cleveland.
3 A farce based on *The Variety* (1649) by the Duke of Newcastle.
4 John Lacy (d. 1681), actor and dramatist.
5 Sir Edward Nicholas (1593-1669).
6 *Changes: or, Love in a Maze*, by J. Shirley.

23rd. To the Wardrobe, reading of the King's and Chancellor's late speeches at the proroguing of the Houses of Parliament. And, while I was reading, news was brought me that my Lord Sandwich is come, and gone up to my Lady's chamber; which by and by he did, and looks very well. He very merry, and hath left the King and Queen at Portsmouth, and is come up to stay here till next Wednesday, and then to meet the King and Queen at Hampton Court. So to dinner; and my Lord mighty merry; among other things, saying that the Queen is a very agreeable lady, and paints still. After dinner I showed him my letter from Teddiman about the news from Algiers, which pleases him exceedingly; and he writ one to the Duke of York about it, and sent it express. There coming much company after dinner, to my Lord, my wife and I slunk away to the Opera, where we saw *Wit in a Constable*,[1] the first time that it is acted; but so silly a play I never saw I think in my life. After it was done, my wife and I to the puppet play in Covent Garden, which I saw the other day, and indeed it is very pleasant. Here, among the fiddlers, I first saw a dulcimer played on with sticks knocking of the strings, and is very pretty.

24th. To the Wardrobe, and there again spoke with my Lord, and saw W. Howe, who is grown a very pretty and is a sober fellow. Abroad with Mr. Creed, of whom I informed myself of all I had a mind to know. Among other things, the great difficulty my Lord hath been in all this summer for lack of good and full orders from the King: and I doubt our Lords of the Council do not mind things as the late powers did, but their pleasure or profit more. That the Juego de Toros[2] is a simple sport, yet the greatest in Spain. That the Queen hath given no rewards to any of the captains or officers, but only to my Lord Sandwich; and that was a bag of gold, which was no honourable present, of about £1400 sterling. How recluse the Queen hath ever been, and all the voyage never came upon the deck, nor put her head out of her cabin; but did love my Lord's music, and would send for it down to the state-room, and she sit in her cabin within hearing of it. But my Lord was forced to have some clashing with the Council of Portugal about payment of the portion, before he could get it; which was, besides Tangier and a free trade in the Indies, two millions of crowns, half now, and the other half in twelve months. But they have brought but little money; but the rest in sugars and other commodities, and bills of exchange. That the King of Portugal is a very fool almost, and his mother do all, and he is a very poor Prince.

25th. (Lord's day.) To trimming myself, which I have this week done every morning, with a pumice stone, which I learnt of Mr. March, when I was last at Portsmouth; and I find it very easy, speedy, and cleanly, and shall continue the practice of it. To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcocke's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in childbed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression. Looked into many churches—among others, Mr. Baxter's, at Blackfriars. Out with Captain Ferrers to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph tavern he showed me some Portugal ladies, which are come to town before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality came to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink. The King's guards and some City companies do walk up and down the town these five or six days; which makes me think, and they do say, there are some plots in laying.

26th. Up at four o'clock in the morning, and fell to the preparing of some accounts for my Lord of Sandwich. By and by, by appointment, comes Mr. Moore, and, by what appears to us at present, we found that my Lord is above £7000 in debt, and that he hath money coming into him that will clear all, so we think him clear, but very little money in his purse. So to my Lord's, and, after he was ready, we spent

[1] By Henry Glapthorne (written in 1639).
[2] See Nov. 7, 1661.

an hour with him, giving him an account thereof; and he having some £6000 in his hands, remaining of the King's, he is resolved to make use of that, and get off of it as well as he can. To the Trinity House, where the Brethren have been at Deptford choosing a new Master; which is Sir J. Minnes, notwithstanding Sir W. Batten did contend highly for it; at which I am not a little pleased, because of his proud lady. I seated myself close by Mr. Prin, who in discourse with me fell upon what records he hath of the lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England, and showed me out of his pocket one wherein thirty nuns, for their lust, were ejected of their house, being not fit to live there, and, by the Pope's command, to be put, however, into other nunneries. To the Red Bull,[1] where we saw *Dr. Faustus*,[2] but so wretchedly and poorly done, that we were sick of it. Homewards by coach, through Moorfields, where we stood awhile and saw the wrestling.

29th. At home all the morning. At noon to the Wardrobe, and dined with my Lady, and, after dinner, stayed long talking with her; then homeward, and, in Lombard Street, was called out of a window by Alderman Backwell, where I went, and saluted his lady, a very pretty woman. Here was Mr. Creed, and it seems they have been under some disorder in fear of a fire at the next door, and had been removing their goods, but the fear was over before I came. Thence home, and with my wife and the two maids and the boy took boat and to Foxhall,[3] where I had not been a great while. To the old Spring Garden,[4] and there walked long, and the wenches gathered pinks. Here we stayed, and seeing that we could not have anything to eat but very dear, and with long stay, we went forth again without any notice taken of us, and so we might have done if we had had anything. Thence to the New one,[5] where I never was before, which much exceeds the other; and here we also walked, and the boy crept through the hedge, and gathered abundance of roses; and, after a long walk, passed out of doors as we did in the other place, and so to another house that was an ordinary house; and here we had cakes and powdered beef and ale, and so home again by water, with much pleasure. This day, being the King's birthday, was very solemnly observed; and the more, for that the Queen this day comes to Hampton Court. In the evening bonfires were made, but nothing to the great number that was heretofore at the burning of the Rump.

30th. This morning I made up my accounts, and find myself clear worth about £530, and no more, so little have I increased it since my last reckoning; but I confess I have laid out much money in clothes. Upon a sudden motion I took my wife and Sarah and Will by water, with some victuals with us, as low as Gravesend, intending to have gone into the Hope to the *Royal James*, to have seen the ship and Mr. Shepley, but meeting Mr. Shepley in a hoy, bringing up my Lord's things, she and I went on board, and sailed up with them as far as halfway tree,[1] very glad to see Mr. Shepley. Here we saw a little Turk and a negro, which are intended for pages to the two young ladies.[2] Many birds and other pretty novelties there was, but I was afraid of being lousy, and so took boat again, and got to London before them, all the way, coming and going, reading in the *Wall-flower*[3] with great pleasure. So home, and thence to the Wardrobe, where Mr. Shepley was come with the things. Here I stayed talking with my Lady, who is preparing to go to-morrow to Hampton Court. So home, and at ten o'clock at night Mr. Shepley came to sup with me: so we had a dish of mackerel and peas; and so he bid us good-night, going to lie on board the hoy.

31st. Had Sarah to comb my head clean, which I found so foul with

[1] See Aug. 4, 1660.
[2] By Christopher Marlowe.
[3] Vauxhall or the New Spring Gardens (see *infra*), on the Surrey side of the Thames, opposite Millbank.
[4] From Charing Cross and Whitehall towards St. James's Park. [5] See note, *supra*.

[1] Pepys elsewhere speaks of a Halfway House between the Tower and Deptford. Cf. June 20, 1660.
[2] Montagu.
[3] A very singular book by Dr. Thomas Bayly—*Herba Parietis*; or, the Wall-flower, as it grew out of the Stone Chamber belonging to Newgate. Lond. 1650. [B.]

powdering and other troubles that I am resolved to try how I can keep my head dry without powder; and I did also in a sudden fit cut off all my beard, which I had been a great while bringing up, only that I may with my pumice stone do my whole face as I now do my chin, and to save time, which I find a very easy way, and gentle. She also washed my feet in a bath of herbs; and so to bed. The Queen is brought a few days since to Hampton Court; and all people say of her to be a very fine and handsome lady, and very discreet; and that the King is pleased enough with her: which, I fear, will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joint. The Court is wholly now at Hampton. A peace with Algiers is lately made; which is also good news. My Lord Sandwich is lately come with the Queen from sea, very well and in good repute. The Act for Uniformity is lately printed, which, it is thought, will make mad work among the Presbyterian ministers. People of all sides are very much discontented; some thinking themselves used, contrary to promise, too hardly; and the other, that they are not rewarded so much as they expected by the King.

June 1662

June 1st. (Lord's day.) At church in the morning: a stranger made a very good sermon. Mr. Spong came to see me: so he and I sat down a little to sing some French psalms. To church again, where a Presbyter made a sad and long sermon, which vexed me.

2nd. Spoke to my Lord about exchange of the crusados[1] into sterling money. This day my wife put on her slashed waistcoat, which is very pretty.

3rd. Up by four o'clock, and to my business in my chamber, to even accounts with my Lord and myself, and very fain I would become master of £1000, but I have not above £530 towards it yet. At the office, and Mr. Coventry brought his patent and took his place with us this morning. Upon our making a contract, I went, as I used to do, to draw the heads thereof; but Sir W. Pen most basely told me that the Comptroller is to do it, and so began to employ Mr. Turner about it, at which I was much vexed, and began to dispute; and what with the letter of the Duke's orders, and Mr. Barlow's letter, and the practice of our predecessors, which Sir G. Carteret knew best when he was Comptroller, it was ruled for me. What Sir J. Minnes will do, when he comes, I know not, but Sir W. Pen did it like a base rascal, and so I shall remember him while I live. To the Tower wharf, where Mr. Creed and Shepley were ready with three chests of the crusados, being about £6000, ready to bring on shore to my house, which they did, and put it in my further cellar. I to my father and Dr. Williams and Tom Trice, by appointment, in the Old Bailey, to Short's, the alehouse, but could come to no terms with T. Trice. Thence to the Wardrobe, where I found my Lady come from Hampton Court, where the Queen hath used her very civilly, and my Lady tells me is a most pretty woman. Yesterday Sir R. Ford told me the Aldermen of the City did attend her in their habits, and did present her with a gold cup and £1000 in gold herein. But he told me that they are so poor in their Chamber that they were fain to call two or three Aldermen to raise fines to make up this sum, among which was Sir W. Warren. Home and to bed, my mind troubled about the charge of money that is in my house, which I had forgot; but I made the maids to rise and light a candle, and set it in the dining-room, to scare away thieves.

4th. Povy[1] and Sir W. Batten and I by water to Woolwich; and there saw an experiment made of Sir R. Ford's Holland's yarn, about which we have lately had so much stir; and I have much concerned myself for our ropemaker, Mr. Hughes, who represented it so bad, and we found it to be very bad, and broke sooner than upon a fair trial five threads of that against four of Riga yarn; and also that some of it had old stuff that had been tarred, covered over with new hemp, which

[1] A Portuguese coin, so called from the cross designed on it; value at this time, about three shillings. See June 5.

[1] Thomas Povey (1663-1685), also a friend of Evelyn (see *Diary*).

is such a cheat as hath not been heard of. I was glad of this discovery, because I would not have the King's workmen discouraged (as Sir W. Batten do most basely do) from representing the faults of merchants' goods, when there is any. To my Lord's, who I find resolved to buy Brampton Manor of Sir Peter Ball, at which I am glad.

5th. To Alderman Backwell's, to see some thousands of my Lord's crusados weighed, and we find that 3000 comes to about £530 or £540 generally.

6th. The smith being with me did open a chest that hath stood, ever since I came, in my office, and there we found a model of a fine ship.

7th. To the office. I find Mr. Coventry is resolved to do much good, and to enquire into all the miscarriages of the office. At noon with him and Sir W. Batten to dinner at Trinity House; where, among others, Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, was, who says that yesterday Sir H. Vane had a full hearing at the King's Bench and is found guilty; and that he did never hear any man argue more simply than he in all his life, and so others say. Sent for to Sir G. Carteret's. I perceive, as he told me, were it not that Mr. Coventry had already feathered his nest in selling of places, he do like him very well, and hopes great good from him. But he complains so of lack of money that my heart is very sad, under the apprehension of the fall of the office.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, and there Mr. Mills preached but a lazy sermon. Walked to my Lady's, and merry with the parrot which my Lord hath brought from sea, which speaks very well, and cries Pall so pleasantly, that made my Lord give it my Lady Paulina; but my Lady her mother did not like it. Home, and observe my man Will to walk with his cloak flung over his shoulder, which whether it was that he might not be seen to walk along with the footboy I know not, but I was vexed at it; and coming home, and after prayers, I did ask him where he learned that immodest garb; and he answered me, that it was not immodest, or some such slight answer; at which I did give him two boxes on the ears, which I never did before.

9th. At the office with Mr. Hater, making my alphabet of contracts. Greatorex recommended Bond of our end of the town to teach me to measure timber.

10th. All the morning much business; and great hopes of bringing things, by Mr. Coventry's means, to a good condition in the office.

11th. Savill the painter came, and did varnish over my wife's picture and mine, and I paid him for my little picture £3, and so am clear with him.

12th. I tried on my riding-cloth suit with close knees, the first that ever I had; and I think they will be very convenient, if not too hot to wear any other open knees after them. At the office all the morning. Among other businesses, I did get a vote signed by all concerning my issuing of warrants, which they did not smell the use I intend to make of it; but it is to plead for my clerks to have their right of giving out all the warrants. A great difference happened between Sir G. Carteret and Mr. Coventry about passing the Victuallers' account, and whether Sir George is to pay the Victualler his money, or the Exchequer; Sir George claiming it to be his place to save his threepences. It ended in anger, and I believe will come to be a question before the King and Council. A note came from my brother Tom to tell me that my cousin Anne Pepys of Worcestershire her husband is dead and she married again, and her second husband[1] in town, and intends to come and see me to-morrow.

13th. Up by four o'clock in the morning, and read Cicero's Second Oration against Catiline, which pleased me exceedingly; and more I discern therein than ever I thought was to be found in him; but I perceive it was my ignorance, and that he is as good a writer as ever I read in my life. By and by to Sir G. Carteret's, to talk with him about yesterday's difference at the office; and offered my service to look into any old books or papers that I have, that may make for him. He was well pleased therewith, and did much inveigh against Mr. Coventry; telling me how he had done him service in the Parliament, when Prin had drawn up things against him for taking of money for places; that he did at his desire, and upon his

[1] See June 16 1662.

letters, keep him off from doing it. And many other things he told me, as how the King was beholden to him, and in what a miserable condition his family would be, if he should die before he hath cleared his accounts. Upon the whole, I do find that he do much esteem of me, and is my friend, and I may make good use of him.

14th. Up by four o'clock in the morning, and upon business at my office. Then we sat down to business, and about eleven o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the Sheriff and others there; and they would have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him[1] to be given the Sheriff; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. But Boreman,[2] who had been upon the scaffold, told us that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriff. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and began to tell them first of his life; that he was born a gentleman; he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuaded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day, anything against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over; and so fell into prayer for England in general, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London; and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and showed more of heat than cowardice, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, 'You shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!' The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was. So to the office a little, and to the Trinity House, and there all of us to dinner; and to the office again all the afternoon till night. This day I hear my Lord Peterborough is come unexpected from Tangier, to give the King an account of the place, which, we fear, is in none of the best condition. We had also certain news to-day that the Spaniard is before Lisbon with thirteen sail; six Dutch, and the rest his own ships; which will, I fear, be ill for Portugal. I writ a letter of all this day's proceedings to my Lord, at Hinchingbroke, who, I hear, is very well pleased with the work there.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church. Came my brother Tom and Mr. Fisher, my cousin Nan Pepys's second husband, who, I perceive, is a very good-humoured man, an old cavalier, and I am glad she hath light of so good a man.

16th. To the Wardrobe, and dined there; and in the afternoon with all the children by water to Greenwich, where I showed them the King's yacht, the house, and the park, all very pleasant; and so to the tavern, and had the music of the house, and so merrily home again.

17th. At Sir W. Batten's, where all met by chance, and talked, and they drank wine, but I forebore all their healths. Sir

[1] *i.e.* the reporters.

[2] Sir William Boreman, Clerk to the Board of Green Cloth. [B.]

John Minnes, I perceive, is most excellent company.

18th. Up early; and, after reading a little in Cicero, to my office. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him; where I hear the courage of Sir H. Vane at his death is talked on everywhere as a miracle. I walked to Lilly's,[1] the painter's, where I saw, among other rare things, the Duchess of York, her whole body,[2] sitting in state in a chair, in white satin, and another of the King, that is not finished; most rare things. I did give the fellow something that showed them us, and promised to come some other time, and he would show me Lady Castlemaine's, which I could not then see, it being locked up! Thence to Wright's,[3] the painter's; but, Lord! the difference that is between their two works. After some merry discourse in the kitchen with my wife and maids, as I nowadays often do, I being well pleased with both my maids, to bed.

19th. With the last chest of crusados to Alderman Backwell's; by the same token his lady going to take coach stood in the shop, and having a gilded glassful of perfumed comfits given her by Don Duarte de Silva, the Portugal merchant that is come over with the Queen, I did offer at a taste;[4] and so she poured some out into my hand; and though good, yet pleased me the better coming from a pretty lady.

20th. Up by four or five o'clock, and to the office, and there drew up the agreement between the King and Sir John Winter about the Forest of Dean; and, having done it, he came himself (I did not know him to be the Queen's[5] Secretary before, but observed him to be a man of fine parts); and we read it, and both liked it well. That done, I turned to the Forest of Dean, in Speed's Maps, and there he showed me how it lies; and the Lea-Bayly,[6] with the great charge of carrying it to Lydny, and many other things worth my knowing; and I do perceive that I am very short in my business by not knowing many times the geographical part of my business. I went to the Exchange, and I hear that the merchants have a great fear of a breach with the Spaniard; for they think he will not brook our having Tangier, Dunkirk, and Jamaica; and our merchants begin to draw home their estates as fast as they can. To Pope's Head Alley, and there bought me a pair of tweezers cost me 14s., the first thing like a bauble I have bought a good while. In the evening my wife and I and Jane over the water to the half-way house—a pretty, pleasant walk, but the wind high.

21st. At noon Sir W. Pen and I to the Trinity House, where was a feast made by the wardens. Great good cheer, and much, but ordinary, company. The Lieutenant of the Tower, upon my demanding how Sir H. Vane died, told me that he died in a passion, but all confess with so much courage as never man did.

22nd. (Lord's day.) I first put on my slashed doublet. By and by my Lord came from church, and I dined, with some others, with him, he very merry; and after dinner took me aside, and talked of state and other matters. This day I am told of a Portugal lady at Hampton Court, that hath dropped a child already since the Queen's coming, and the King would not have them searched whose it is; and so it is not commonly known yet. Coming home to-night, I met with Will. Swan, who do talk as high for the Fanatics as ever he did in his life; and do pity my Lord Sandwich and me, that we should be given up to the wickedness of the world, and that a fall is coming upon us all; for he finds that he and his company are the true spirit of the nation, and the greater part of the nation too, who will have liberty of conscience in spite of this 'Act of Uniformity,' or they will die; and if they may not preach abroad, they will preach in their own houses. He told me that certainly Sir H. Vane must be gone to Heaven, for he died as much a martyr and saint as ever man did; and that the King hath lost more by that man's death, than he will get again a good while. At all which I know not what to think; but, I confess, I do think that the Bishops will never be able to carry it so high as they do.

23rd. Meeting with Frank Moore, my Lord Lambert's man formerly, we, and

1 Sir Peter Lely. See Oct. 22, 1660.
2 Full length.
3 A Scotsman, John Michael Wright (?1625-1700), portrait-painter.
4 To taste.
5 *i.e.* Queen Henrietta Maria.
6 A hamlet in the parish of Newland, Gloucestershire. [B.]

two or three friends of his, did go to a tavern; and there they drank, but I nothing but small beer. In the next room one was playing very finely of the dulcimer, which, well played, I like well; but one of our company, a talking fellow, did in discourse say much of this Act against Seamen, for their being brought to account; and that it was made on purpose for my Lord Sandwich, who was in debt £100,000, and hath been forced to have pardon oftentimes from Oliver for the same: at which I was vexed.

24th. (Midsummer day.) Came to me my cousin Harry Alcocke, whom I much respect, to desire (by a letter from my father to me, where he had been some days) my help for him to some place. I proposed the sea to him, and I think he will take it, and I hope do well. At night, news is brought me that Field,[1] the rogue, hath this day cast me at Guildhall in £30 for his imprisonment, to which I signed his commitment with the rest of the officers; but they having been Parliament men, he do begin the law with me, but threatens more.

25th. Into Thames Street, and there enquire among the shops the price of tar and oil, and do find great content in it, and hope to save the King money by this practice.

26th. Mr. Nicholson, my old fellow student at Magdalene, came; and we played three or four things upon the violin and bass.

27th. To my Lord, who rose as soon as he heard I was there; and in his night-gown and shirt stood talking with me alone two hours, I believe, concerning his greatest matters of state and interest. Among other things, that his greatest design is, first, to get clear of all debts to the King for the Embassy money, and then a pardon. Then, to get his land settled; and then to discourse and advise what is best for him, whether to keep his sea employment longer or no; for he do discern that the Duke would be willing to have him out, and that by Coventry's means. And here he told me, how the terms at Algiers were wholly his; and that he did plainly tell Lawson and agree with him, that he would have the honour of them, if they should ever be agreed to; and that accordingly they did come over hither entitled, 'Articles concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, according to instructions received from His Royal Highness James Duke of York, etc., and from His Excellency the Earl of Sandwich;' which, however, was more than needed; but Lawson tells my Lord, in his letter, that it was not he, but the Council of War, that would have 'His Royal Highness' put into the title, though he did not contribute one word to it. But the Duke of York did yesterday propose them to the Council, to be printed with this title: 'Concluded on by Sir J. Lawson, Knt.,' and my Lord quite left out. Here I find my Lord very politic; for he tells me that he discerns they design to set up Lawson as much as they can: and that he do counterplot them by setting him up higher still; by which they will find themselves spoiled of their design, and at last grow jealous of Lawson. This he told me with much pleasure; and that several of the Duke's servants, by name my Lord Barkeley,[1] Mr. Talbot, and others, had complained to my Lord, of Coventry, and would have him out. My Lord do acknowledge that his greatest obstacle is Coventry. He did seem to hint such a question as this: 'Hitherto I have been supported by the King and Chancellor against the Duke; but what if it should come about, that it should be the Duke and Chancellor against the King'; which, though he said it in these plain words, yet I could not fully understand it; but may more hereafter. My Lord did also tell me that the Duke himself at Portsmouth did thank my Lord for all his pains and care; and that he perceived it must be the old Captains that must do the business; and that the new ones would spoil all. And that my Lord did very discreetly tell the Duke (though quite against his judgement and inclination), that, however, the King's new Captains ought to be borne with a little and encouraged. By which he will oblige that party, and prevent, as much as may be, their envy; but he says certainly things will go to rack if ever the old Captains should be wholly out, and the new ones only command. I met

[1] See Feb. 4, 1662.

[1] *I.e.* of Stratton.

Sir W. Pen: he told me the day now was fixed for his going into Ireland; and that whereas I had mentioned some service he could do a friend of mine there, Samuel Pepys,[1] he told me he would most readily do what I would command him. Comes Sir J. Minnes, and some Captains with him, who had been at a Council of War to-day, who tell us they have acquitted Captain Hall, who was accused of cowardice in letting of old Winter, the Algiers pirate, go away from him with a prize or two; and also Captain Diamond of the murder laid to him of a man that he had struck, but he lived many months after, till, being drunk, he fell into the hold, and there broke his jaw and died.

28th. Great talk there is of a fear of a war with the Dutch; and we have order to pitch upon twenty ships to be forthwith set out; but I hope it is but a scarecrow to the world, to let them see that we can be ready for them; though, God knows! the King is not able to set out five ships at this present without great difficulty, we neither having money, credit, nor stores. My mind is now in a wonderful condition of quiet and content, more than ever in all my life, since my minding the business of my office, which I have done most constantly; and I find it to be the very effect of my late oaths against wine and plays, which, if God please, I will keep constant in; for now my business is a delight to me, and brings me great credit, and my purse increases too.

29th. (Lord's day.) Up by four o'clock, and to the settling of my own accounts; and I do find upon my monthly balance that I am worth £650. To church with my wife, who this day put on her green petticoat of flowered satin, with fine white and black gimp lace of her own putting on, which is very pretty. To supper to Sir W. Pen. It was an invitation in order to his taking leave of us to-day, he being to go for Ireland in a few days.

30th. To my office, where I fell upon boring holes for me to see from my closet into the great office, without going forth, wherein I please myself much. Told my Lady[2] how my Lady Fanshaw[3] is fallen out with her only for speaking in behalf of the French, which my Lady wonders at, they having been formerly like sisters. Thence to my house, where I took great pride to lead her through the Court by the hand, she being very fine, and her page carrying up her train, she staying a little at my house, and then walked through the garden, and took water, and went first on board the King's pleasure-boat, which pleased her much. Then to Greenwich Park; and with much ado she was able to walk up to the top of the hill, and so down again, and took boat, and so through bridge to Blackfriars, and home, she being much pleased with the ramble in every particular of it. So we supped with her, and then walked home, and to bed.

[1] Elsewhere 'My cousin in Ireland.'
[2] *i.e.* Lady Sandwich.
[3] Lady Ann Fanshawe (1625-1680).

OBSERVATIONS

This I take to be as bad a juncture as ever I observed. The King and his new Queen minding their pleasures at Hampton Court. All people discontented; some that the King do not gratify them enough; and the others, Fanatics of all sorts, that the King do take away their liberty of conscience; and the height of the Bishops, who I fear will ruin all again. They do much cry up the manner of Sir H. Vane's death, and he deserves it. Much clamour against the chimney-money; and the people say they will not pay it without force. And, in the meantime, like to have war abroad; and Portugal to assist, when we have not money to pay for any ordinary layings-out at home. All in dirt about building of my house and Sir W. Batten's a storey higher. Into a good way, fallen on minding my business and saving money, which God increase; and I do take great delight in it, and see the benefit of it. In a longing mind of going to see Brampton, but cannot get three days time, do what I can. In very good health, my wife and myself.

July 1662

July 1st. Talking with my wife, who was afraid I did intend to go with my Lord to fetch the Queen-mother over, in which I did clear her doubts. I went to

bed by daylight, in order to my rising early.

2nd. Up while the chimes went four, and to put down my journal. So to my office, to read over such instructions as concern the officers of the Yard; for I am much upon seeing into the miscarriages there. By and by, by appointment, comes Commissioner Pett; and then a messenger from Mr. Coventry, who sits in his boat expecting us. So we down to him at the Tower, and there took water all, and to Deptford, he in our passage taking notice how much difference there is between the old Captains, for obedience and order, and the King's new Captains, which I am very glad to hear him confess; and there we went into the Storehouse, and viewed first the provisions there, and then his books, but Mr. Davis himself was not there, he having a kinswoman in the house dead, for which, when by and by I saw him, he do trouble himself most ridiculously, as if there was never another woman in the world; in which so much laziness, as also in the Clerks of the Cheque and Survey, as that I do not perceive that there is one-third of their duties performed; but I perceive, to my great content, Mr. Coventry will have things reformed. To the Pay again, where I did relieve several of my Lord Sandwich's people, but was sorry to see them so peremptory, and at every word would complain to my Lord, as if they shall have such a command over my Lord. [1] In the evening came Mr. Lewis to me, and very ingenuously did inquire whether I ever did look into the business of the Chest [2] at Chatham; and after my readiness to be informed did appear to him, he did produce a paper, wherein he stated the government of the Chest to me; and upon the whole did tell me how it hath ever been abused, and to this day is; and what a meritorious act it would be to look after it; which I am resolved to do, if God bless me; and do thank him very much for it.

3rd. Dined with the officers of the Ordnance; where Sir W. Compton, Mr. O'Neal, and other great persons were. After dinner, was brought to Sir W. Compton a gun to discharge seven times; the best of all devices that ever I saw, and very serviceable, and not a bauble; for it is much approved of, and many thereof made.

4th. Up by five o'clock, and after my journal put in order, to my office about my business, which I am resolved to follow. Comes Mr. Cooper, mate of the *Royal Charles*, of whom I intend to learn mathematics, and do begin with him to-day, he being a very able man; and no great matter, I suppose, will content him. After an hour's being with him at arithmetic (my first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table); then we parted till to-morrow.

5th. At noon had Sir W. Pen, who I hate with all my heart for his base treacherous tricks, but yet I think it not policy to declare it yet, and his son William to my house to dinner, where was also Mr. Creed and my cousin Harry Alcocke. I having some venison given me a day or two ago, and so I had a shoulder roasted, another baked, and the umbles [1] baked in a pie, and all very well done. We were merry as I could be in that company.

6th. (Lord's day.) Settled my accounts with my wife for housekeeping, and do see that my kitchen, besides wine, fire, candle, soap, and many other things, comes to about 30s. a week, or a little over. To church, where Mr. Mills made a lazy sermon. To supper with my Lady; [2] who tells me, with much trouble, that my Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King, and that the King comes as often to her as ever he did. Jack Cole, my old friend, found me out at the Wardrobe; and among other things he told me that certainly most of the chief ministers of London would fling up their livings; and that, soon or late, the issue thereof would be sad to the King and Court.

7th. Comes Mr. Cooper; so he and I to our mathematics.

8th. To the Wardrobe; where all alone with my Lord above an hour; and he do seem still to have his old confidence in me; and tells me, to boot, that Mr. Coventry hath spoke of me to him to great advantage; wherein I am much pleased. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to visit my Lord; and so my Lord and he and I walked together in the great chamber a good

[1] July 3 (later edd.). [2] See Nov. 13, 1662.

[1] The inwards (liver, kidneys, etc.) of deer. Cf. the phrase 'to eat humble-(umble-) pie.'

[2] Sandwich.

while; and I found him a most ingenuous man and good company.

9th. Up by four o'clock, and at my multiplication-table hard, which is all the trouble I meet with at all in my arithmetic. Sir W. Pen came to my office to take his leave of me, and, desiring a turn in the garden, did commit the care of his building[1] to me, and offered all his services to me in all matters of mine. I did, God forgive me! promise him all my service and love, though the rogue knows he deserves none from me, nor do I intend to show him any; but, as he dissembles with me, so must I with him. Came Mr. Mills, the minister, to see me, which he hath rarely done to me, though every day almost to others of us; but he is a cunning fellow, and knows where the good victuals is, and the good drink, at Sir W. Batten's. However, I used him civilly, though I love him as I do the rest of his coat.

11th. Up by four o'clock, and hard at my multiplication-table, which I am now almost master of. To Deptford first; then to Woolwich, and viewed well all the houses and stores there, which lie in very great confusion, for want of storehouses. So by water back again, about five in the afternoon, to Whitehall, and so to St. James's; and at Mr. Coventry's chamber, which is very neat and fine, we had a pretty neat dinner.

12th. Put things in order to be laid up, against my workmen come on Monday, to take down the top of my house. At night with Cooper at arithmetic.

13th. (Lord's day.) To Deptford, on purpose to sign and seal a couple of warrants, as justice of peace in Kent, against one Annis, who is to be tried next Tuesday, at Maidstone Assizes, for stealing some lead out of Woolwich Yard.

14th. Dr. T. Pepys came to me to dinner, where by chance comes Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and then Mr. Battersby, the minister, and then Mr. Dun, and it happened that I had a haunch of venison boiled, and so they were very welcome and merry; but my simple Dr. do talk so like a fool, that I am weary of him. This night I found the pageant in Cornhill taken down, which was pretty strange.

15th. About bed-time it fell a-raining, and the house being all open at top, it vexed me, but there was no help for it.

16th. In the morning I found all my ceilings spoiled with rain last night, so that I fear they must be all new whited when the work is done. Mr. Moore to me, drawing up a fair state of all my Lord's accounts, which being settled, he went away; at noon, to my Lord's with it, but found him at dinner, and some great company with him, Mr. Edward Montagu and his brother, and Mr. Coventry, and after dinner went out with them; and so I lost my labour, but dined with Mr. Moore and the people below, who, after dinner, fell to talk of Portugal rings, and Captain Ferrers offered five or six to sell, and I seeming to like a ring made of a cocoa-nut, with a stone done in it, he did offer and would give it me. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine, being quite fallen out with her husband, did yesterday go away from him, with all her plate, jewels, and other best things; and is gone to Richmond to a brother of her's; which, I am apt to think, was a design to get out of town, that the King might come at her the better.

17th. To my office, and by and by to our sitting; where much business. Mr. Coventry took his leave, being to go with the Duke over for the Queen-mother.

18th. It comes into my head to have my dining-room wainscoated, which will be very pretty. Comes Cooper for my mathematics; but, in good earnest, my head is so full of business, that I cannot understand it as otherwise I should do.

19th. In the afternoon I went upon the river; it raining hard upon the water, I put ashore and sheltered myself, while the King came by in his barge, going down towards the Downs to meet the Queen; the Duke being gone yesterday. But methought it lessened my esteem of a king, that he should not be able to command the rain.

21st. Up early. I did take boat and down to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, who hath a most pleasant seat, and neat. Here I drank wine, and ate some fruit off the trees; and he showed a great rarity, which was, two or three of a great number of silver dishes and plates, which he

[1] See the 'Observations' at the end of June (p. 136).

bought of an ambassador that did lack money, in the edge or rim of which was placed silver and gold medals very ancient. To Woolwich to the Ropeyard; and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the King great service in it; and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to town to present to him. I see it is impossible for the King to have things done as cheap as other men.

22nd. I had letters from the Downs from Mr. Coventry; who tells me of the foul weather they had last Sunday, that drove them back from near Boulogne, whither they were going for the Queen, back again to the Downs, with the loss of their cables, sails, and masts; but are all safe, only my Lord Sandwich, who went before with the yacht: they know not what is become of him, which do trouble me much; but I hope he got ashore before the storm began; which God grant!

23rd. A little vexed that my brother Tom, by his neglect, do fail to get a coach for my wife and maid this week, by which she will not be at Brampton feast, to meet my Lady at my father's. Much disturbed by reason of the talk up and down the town that my Lord Sandwich is lost; but I trust in God the contrary.

24th. I hear, to my great content, that my Lord Sandwich is safe landed in France.

25th. Reading Mr. Holland's[1] discourse of the Navy, lent me by Mr. Turner, and am much pleased with them, they hitting the very diseases of the Navy which we are troubled with nowadays.

26th. I had a letter from Mr. Creed, who hath escaped narrowly in the King's yacht, and got safe to the Downs after the late storm; and he says that the King do tell him that he is sure my Lord is landed at Callis[2] safe, of which being glad, I sent news thereof to my Lord Crewe, and by the post to my Lady in the country. This afternoon I went to Westminster; and there hear that the King and Queen intend to come to Whitehall from Hampton Court next week, for all winter. Thence to Mrs. Sarah,[1] and there looked over my Lord's lodgings, which are very pretty; and Whitehall Garden and the Bowling Alley, where lords and ladies are now at bowls, in brave condition. Mrs. Sarah told me how the falling out between my Lady Castlemaine and her Lord was about christening of the child lately, which he would have, and had done, by a priest; and, some days after, she had it again christened by a minister, the King, and Lord of Oxford, and Duchess of Suffolk being witnesses; and christened with a proviso that it had not already been christened. Since that, she left her Lord, carrying away everything in the house; so much as every dish, and cloth, and servant, but the porter. He is gone discontented into France, they say, to enter a monastery; and now she is coming back again to her house in King Street. But I hear that the Queen did prick her out of the list presented her by the King; desiring that she might have that favour done her, or that he would send her from whence she came: and that the King was angry, and the Queen discontented a whole day and night upon it; but that the King hath promised to have nothing to do with her hereafter. But I cannot believe that the King can fling her off so, he loving her too well: and so I writ this night to my Lady to be my opinion; she calling her my lady, and the lady I admire. Here I find that my Lord hath lost the garden to his lodgings, and that it is turning into a tennis-court.

27th. (Lord's day.) I to walk in the Park, which is now every day more and more pleasant, by the new works upon it.

28th. Up early, and by six o'clock, after my wife was ready, I walked with her to the George at Holborn Conduit, where the coach stood to carry her and her maid to Bugden:[2] so I took a troubled though willing goodbye, because of the sad condition of my house to have a family in it. Walked to the waterside, and there took boat for the Tower; hearing that the Queen-mother is come this morning already as high as Woolwich:

[1] John Holland. See Nov. 30, 1660, note.
[2] Calais.

[1] See p. 128.
[2] Buckden.

and that my Lord Sandwich was with her; at which my heart was glad.

29th. Early up, and brought all my money, which is near £300, out of my house into this chamber; and so to the office, and there we sat all the morning, Sir George Carteret and Mr. Coventry being come from sea.

30th. By water to Whitehall, and there waited upon Lord Sandwich; and joyed him, at his lodgings, of his safe coming home after all his danger, which he confesses to be very great. And his people do tell me how bravely my Lord did carry himself, while my Lord Crofts[1] did cry; and I perceive all the town talk how poorly he carried himself. But the best was of one Mr. Rawlins,[2] a courtier that was with my Lord; and in the greatest danger cried, 'my Lord, I won't give you three-pence for your place now.' But all ends in the honour of the pleasure-boats; which, had they not been very good boats, could never have endured the sea as they did. To Woolwich, expecting to find Sir W. Batten there upon his survey; but he is not come, and so we got a dish of steaks at the White Hart, while his clerks and others were feasting of it in the best room of the House, and after dinner playing at shuffle-board.[3] God help the King! What surveys shall be taken after this manner!

31st. At noon, Mr. Coventry and I by his coach to the Exchange together; and in Lombard Street met Captain Browne of the *Rosebush*: at which he was cruel angry; and did threaten to go to-day to the Duke at Hampton Court, and get him turned out because he was not sailed.

August 1662

August 2nd. Up early, and got me ready in my riding clothes, and took boat with Will, and down to Greenwich, where, Captain Cocke not being at home, I was vexed, and went to walk in the Park till he came thither to me: and Will, forgetting to bring my boots in the boat, did also vex me; for I was forced to send the boat back again for them. I to Captain Cocke's along with him to dinner, where I find his lady still pretty, but not so good-humoured as I thought she was. We had a plain good dinner, and I see they do live very frugally. I ate among other fruit much mulberries, a thing I have not eaten of these many years, since I used to be at Ashted,[1] at my cousin Pepys's. After dinner we to boat, and had a pleasant passage down to Graves-end, but it was nine o'clock before we got thither, so that we were in great doubt whether to stay there or no; and the rather because I was afraid to ride because of my pain;[2] but at the Swan finding Mr. Hem[p]son and Lieutenant Carteret of the *Foresight* come to meet me, I borrowed Mr. Thompson's horse; and he took another, and so we rode to Rochester in the dark, and there to our barge to the Hill-house, where we soon went to bed—before we slept, I telling, upon discourse with Captain Cocke, the manner of my being cut of the stone, which pleased him much. So to sleep.

3rd. (Lord's day.) Up early, and with Captain Cocke to the dockyard, a fine walk and fine weather. Commissioner Pett came to us, and took us to his house, and showed us his garden and fine things, and did give us a fine breakfast of bread and butter, and sweetmeats and other things with great choice, and strong drinks, with which I could not avoid making my head ache, though I drank but little. By and by to church, by coach, with the Commissioner, and had a dull sermon. A full church, and some pretty women in it: among others, Beck Allen, who was a bride-maid to a new married couple that came to church to-day, and, which was pretty strange, sat in a pew hung with mourning for a mother of the bride's, which methinks should have been taken down. After dinner the Commissioner and I to his house, and had

[1] William Baron Crofts of Saxham (? 1611-1677). He had been Captain of Queen Henrietta Maria's guards before the Civil War.

[2] Cf. August 19, 1662.

[3] Shovelboard or shoveboard, a game in which smooth coins (known as 'shove-groats,' etc.) were shot by the palm of the hand over a board to certain divisions or spaces marked with different values. Cf. Shakespeare, *M. Wives*, I. i. 159, and *2 Hen. IV.*, II. iv. 206.

[1] Near Epsom. [2] See p. 1.

sillabub,[1] and saw his closet, which came short of what I expected, but there was fine models of ships in it indeed, whose worth I could not judge of. Among other stories he told me how despicable a thing it is to be a hangman in Poland, although it be a place of credit. And that, in his time, there was some repairs to be made of the gallows there, which was very fine, of stone; but nobody could be got to mend it till the Burgomaster, or Mayor, of the town, with all the companies of those trades which were necessary to be used about those repairs, did go in their habits with flags, in solemn procession to the place, and there the Burgomaster did give the first blow with the hammer upon the wooden work; and the rest of the Masters of the Companies upon the works belonging to their trades; that so workmen might not be ashamed to be employed upon doing of the gallows' works.

4th. Up by four o'clock and to Upnor Castle, and there went up to the top, where there is a fine prospect; but of very small force.[2] So to Rochester and Gravesend. Very dark before we got thither to the Swan; and there, meeting with Doncaster, an old waterman of mine above bridge, we ate a short supper, being very merry with the drolling drunken coachman that brought us, and so took water. It being very dark, and the wind rising, and our waterman unacquainted with this part of the river, so that we were presently cast upon the Essex shore, but got off again, and so, as well as we could, went on, but I in such fear that I could not sleep till we came to Erith; and there it began to be calm, and the stars to shine, and so I began to take heart again, and the rest too; and so made shift to slumber a little. Above Woolwich we lost our way, and went back to Blackwall, and up and down, being guided by nothing but the barking of a dog, which we had observed in passing by Blackwall.

5th. Got right again with much ado, after two or three circles, and so on, and at Greenwich set in Captain Cocke; and I set forward, hailing to all the King's ships at Deptford, but could not wake any man: so that we could have done what we would with their ships. At last, waked one man, but it was a merchant, ship, the *Royal Catharine*: so to the Tower-dock and home, where the girl sat up for me. It was about three o'clock, and, putting Mr. Boddam out of my bed, went to bed, and lay till nine o'clock. Dined alone at home, and was glad my house is begun tiling.

6th. By water to Whitehall; and so to St. James's; but there found Mr. Coventry gone to Hampton Court. So to my Lord's; and he is also gone: this being a great day at the Council, about some business before the King. Here, Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, told me how Mr. Edward Montagu hath lately had a duel with Mr. Cholmely,[1] that is first gentleman-usher to the Queen, and was a messenger from the King to her in Portugal, and is a fine gentleman; but had received many affronts from Mr. Montagu, and some unkindness from my Lord, upon his score, for which I am sorry. He proved too hard for Montagu, and drove him so far backward that he fell into a ditch, and dropt his sword, but with honour would take no advantage over him; but did give him his life: and the world says Mr. Montagu did carry himself very poorly in the business, and hath lost his honour for ever with all people in it, of which I am very glad, in hopes that it will humble him. I hear, also, that he hath sent to my Lord to borrow £400, giving his brother Harvey's[2] security for it, and that my Lord will lend it him, for which I am sorry. This afternoon Mr. Waith was with me, and did tell me much concerning the Chest, which I am resolved to look into; and I perceive he is sensible of Sir W. Batten's carriage; and is pleased to see anything work against him.

7th. This morning, I got unexpectedly the *Reserve* for Mr. Cooper to be master of, which was only by taking an opportune time to motion it, which is one good effect of my being constant at the office, that nothing passes without me; and I have the choice of my own time to propose anything I would have.

8th. At five by water to Woolwich,

[1] A soft curd made with cider or wine.
[2] *I.e.* but poorly fortified.

[1] Hugh Cholmeley, afterwards the third baronet of that name. [B.]
[2] Sir Daniel Harvey.

there to see the manner of tarring, and the several proceedings of making of cordage, and other things relating to that sort of works, much to my satisfaction. Dined with Mr. Falconer; thence we walked, talking all the way to Greenwich, and I do find excellent discourse from him. Among other things, his rule of suspecting every man that proposes anything to him to be a knave; or, at least, to have some ends of his own in it. Being led thereto by the story of Sir John Millicent,[1] that would have had a patent from King James for every man to have had leave to have given him a shilling: and that he might take it of every man that had a mind to give it; and being answered that that was a fair thing, but what needed he a patent for it, and what he would do to them that would not give him, he answered, he would not force them; but that they should come to the Council of State, to give a reason why they would not. Another rule is a proverb that he hath been taught, which is, that a man that cannot sit still in his chamber (the reason of which I did not understand him), and he that cannot say no (that is, that is of so good a nature that he cannot deny anything, or cross another in doing anything), is not fit for business. The last of which is a very great fault of mine, which I must amend in. Thence by boat: being hot, he[2] put the skirt of his cloak about me; and, it being rough, he told me the passage of a Frenchman through London Bridge,[3] where, when he saw the great fall, he began to cross himself, and say his prayers in the greatest fear in the world; and, soon as he was over, he swore, 'Morbleu! c'est le plus grand plaisir du monde,' being the most like a French humour in the world. To Deptford, and there surprised the Yard, and called them to a muster, and discovered many abuses.

9th. Mr. Coventry and I sat alone at the office all the morning upon business. And so to dinner to Trinity House, and thence by his coach towards Whitehall; but there being a stop at the Savoy,[1] we lighted and took water; and, my Lord Sandwich being out of town, we parted there. Writing a letter to my brother John to dissuade him from being Moderator of his year, which I hear is proffered him, of which I am very glad. Comes Cooper, and he and I by candle-light at my model, being willing to learn as much of him as possible before he goes.

10th. (Lord's day.) I walked to St. Dunstan's, the church being now finished; and here I heard Dr. Bates, who made a most eloquent sermon; and I am sorry I have hitherto had so low an opinion of the man, for I have not heard a neater sermon a great while, and more to my content. So to Tom's, where Dr. Fairbrother, newly come from Cambridge, met me, and Dr. Thomas Pepys. I framed myself as pleasant as I could, but my mind was another way. My uncle Fenner told me the new service-book,[2] which is now lately come forth, was laid upon their desk at St. Sepulchre's for Mr. Gouge[3] to read; but he laid it aside, and would not meddle with it: and I perceive the Presbyters do all prepare to give over all against Bartholomewtide. Mr. Herring, being lately turned out at St. Bride's, did read the psalm to the people while they sang at Dr. Bates's, which methought is a strange turn. After dinner to St. Bride's, and there heard one Carpenter, an old man, who, they say, hath been a Jesuit priest, and is come over to us; but he preached very well. Mr. Calamy[4] hath taken his farewell this day of his people, and others will do so the next Sunday. Mr. Turner,[5] the draper, I hear, is knighted, made Alderman, and pricked for Sheriff, with

1 Of Barham, Cambridgeshire. [B.]

2 Mr. Coventry. This is clear in the fuller text. Mr. Coventry had come too to see the ropeyard experiments.

3 'When the first editions of this *Diary* were printed no note was required here. Before the erection of the present London Bridge, the fall of water at the ebb-tide was great, and to pass at that time was called "Shooting the bridge." It was very hazardous for small boats. The ancient mode, even in Henry VIII.'s time, of going to the Tower and Greenwich, was to land at the Three Cranes, in Upper Thames Street, suffer the barges to shoot the bridge, and to enter them again at Billingsgate.' [B.]

1 The Savoy Palace in the Strand.

2 The revised Book of Common Prayer, enforced by the Act of Uniformity. It is the version still in use.

3 Thomas Gouge (1609-1681), Nonconformist, vicar of St. Sepulchre's till 1662, when the Act of Uniformity was passed.

4 Edmund Calamy, the elder (*q.v.*).

5 Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London, 1669. [B.]

Sir Thomas Bluddel,[1] for the next year, by the King; and so are called, with great honour, the King's Sheriffs.

11th. Dean Fuller tells me that his niece, that sings so well, whom I have longed to see, is married to one Mr. Boys, a wholesale man at the Three Crowns, in Cheapside. Cooper came and read his last lecture to me upon my model, and so bid me good-bye, he being to go to-morrow to Chatham, to take charge of the ship I have got him.

13th. Up early, and to my office. By and by we met on purpose to inquire into the business of flagmakers, where I am the person that do chiefly manage the business against them on the King's part; and I do find it the greatest cheat that I have yet found; they having eightpence per yard allowed them by pretence of a contract, where no such thing appears; and it is threepence more than was formerly paid, and than I now offer the Board to have them done. To Lambeth; and there saw the little pleasure-boat in building by the King, my Lord Brouncker,[2] and the virtuosos[3] of the town, according to new lines, which Mr. Pett cries up mightily; but how it will prove we shall soon see.

14th. Commissioner Pett and I being invited went by Sir John Winter's coach, sent for us, to the Mitre, in Fenchurch Street, to a venison-pasty; where I found him a very worthy man; and good discourse, most of which was concerning the Forest of Dean, and the timber there, and ironworks with their great antiquity, and the vast heaps of cinders which they find, and are now of great value, being necessary for the making of iron at this day, and without which they cannot work; with the age of many trees there left, at a great fall in Edward the Third's time, by the name of forbid-trees,[4] which at this day are called vorbid trees.

15th. Up very early, and up about seeing how my work proceeds, and am pretty well pleased therewith; especially my wife's closet will be very pretty. At noon to the Change, and there hear of some Quakers that are seized on, that would have blown up the prison in Southwark, where they are put: so to the Swan, in Old Fish Street, where Mr. Brigden and his father-in-law, Blackbury, of whom we had bought timber in the office, but have not dealt well with us, did make me a fine dinner only to myself; and after dinner comes in a juggler, which showed us very pretty tricks. I seemed very pleasant, but am no friend to the man's dealings with us in the office. I went to Paul's Churchyard, to my bookseller's; and there I hear that next Sunday will be the last of a great many Presbyterian ministers in town, who, I hear, will give up all. I pray God the issue may be good, for the discontent is great. My mind well pleased with a letter that I found at home from Mr. Coventry, expressing his satisfaction in a letter I writ last night, and sent him this morning to be corrected by him, in order to its sending down to all the Yards as a charge to them.

17th. (Lord's day.) This being the last Sunday that the Presbyterians are to preach, unless they read the new Common Prayer, and renounce the Covenant, I had a mind to hear Dr. Bates's[1] farewell sermon; and walked to St. Dunstan's, where, it not being seven o'clock yet, the doors were not open; and so I walked an hour in Temple-Gardens, reading my vows, which it is a great content to me to see how I am a changed man in all respects for the better, since I took them, which the God of Heaven continue to me, and make me thankful for. At eight o'clock I went, and crowded in at a back door among others, the church being half full almost before any doors were open publicly, which is the first time that I have done so these many years; and so got into the gallery, beside the pulpit, and heard very well. His text was, 'Now the God of Peace——'; the last Hebrews, and the 20th verse; he making a very good sermon, and very little reflections in it to anything of the times. I was very well pleased with the sight of a fine lady that I have often seen walk in Gray's Inn Walks.

[1] A mistake for Bludworth, who had been Colonel of the Orange Regiment of the trained bands, and [was] Lord Mayor in 1666. [B.]

[2] William, second Viscount Brouncker (? 1620-1684).

[3] See p. 125.

[4] *I.e.* forbidden.

[1] William Bates (1625-1699). He had been one of the commissioners at the Savoy Conference.

To Madam Turner's, and dined with her. She had heard Parson Herring take his leave; though he, by reading so much of the Common Prayer as he did, hath cast himself out of the good opinion of both sides. After dinner to St. Dunstan's again; and the church quite crowded before I came, which was just at one o'clock; but I got into the gallery again, but stood in a crowd. Dr. Bates pursued his text again very well; and only at the conclusion told us, after this manner: 'I do believe that many of you do expect that I should say something to you in reference to the time, this being the last time that possibly I may appear here. You know it is not my manner to speak anything in the pulpit that is extraneous to my text and business: yet this I shall say, that it is not my opinion, fashion, or humour that keeps me from complying with what is required of us; but something, after much prayer, discourse, and study, yet remains unsatisfied, and commands me herein. Wherefore, if it is my unhappiness not to receive such an illumination as should direct me to do otherwise, I know no reason why men should not pardon me in this world, as I am confident that God will pardon me for it in the next.' And so he concluded. Parson Herring read a psalm and chapters before sermon; and one was the chapter in the Acts, where the story of Ananias and Sapphira is. And after he had done, says he, 'This is just the case of England at present. God he bids us to preach, and men bid us not to preach; and if we do, we are to be imprisoned and further punished. All that I can say to it is, that I beg your prayers, and the prayers of all good Christians for us.' This was all the exposition he made of the chapter in these very words, and no more. I was much pleased with Bates's manner of bringing in the Lord's Prayer after his own; thus, 'In whose comprehensive words we sum up all our imperfect desires; saying, "Our Father,"' etc. I hear most of the Presbyters took their leaves to-day, and that the City is much dissatisfied with it. I pray God keep peace among us, and make the Bishops careful of bringing in men in their rooms, or else all will fly a-pieces; for bad ones will not go down with the City.

18th. About seven o'clock took horse, and rode to Bowe, and there stayed at the King's Head, and ate a breakfast of eggs, till Mr. Deane,[1] of Woolwich, and I rid into Waltham Forest, and there we saw many trees of the King's a-hewing; and he showed me the whole mystery of off-square,[2] wherein the King is abused in the timber that he buys, which I shall with much pleasure be able to correct. We rode to Illford, and there, while dinner was getting ready, he and I practised measuring of the tables and other things, till I did understand measuring of timber and board very well. By and by, being sent for, comes Mr. Cooper, our officer in the Forest, and did give me an account of things there, and how the country is backward to come in with their carts. While I am here, Sir William Batten passed by in his coach, homewards from Colchester, where he had been seeing his son-in-law Lemon, that lies a-dying, but I would take no notice of him, but let him go. By and by rode to Barking, and there saw the place where they ship this timber for Woolwich; and so Deane and I home again, and parted at Bowe, and I home just before a great shower of rain, as God would have it. I find Deane a pretty able man, and, I think, able to do the King service; but, I think, more out of envy to the rest of the officers of the yard, of whom he complains much, than true love, more than others, to the service. He would fain seem a modest man, and yet will commend his own work and skill, and vie with other persons, especially the Petts.

19th. At the office; and Mr. Coventry did tell us of the duel between Mr. Jermyn,[3] nephew to my Lord St. Albans,

[1] Anthony Deane (afterwards Sir Anthony), d. 1721, shipbuilder.

[2] *I.e. half-square*, which is explained by the following extract from W. Leybourn's *Complete Surveyor*, 1674. 'Most artificers, when they meet with squared timber, whose breadth and depth are unequal, usually add the breadth and depth together, and take the half for a mean square, and so proceed. This, indeed, though it be always an error, yet it is not so great when the difference of the breadth and depth is not much; but, if the difference be great, the error is very obnoxious either to buyer or seller" (quoted by B.).

[3] Henry Jermyn (1636-1708), first Baron Jermyn of Dover (1685).

and Colonel Giles Rawlins,[1] the latter of whom is killed, and the first mortally wounded, as it is thought. They fought against Captain Thomas Howard, my Lord Carlisle's brother, and another unknown;[2] who, they say, had armour on, that they could not be hurt, so that one of their swords went up to the hilt against it. They had horses ready, and are fled. But what is most strange, Howard sent one challenge before, but they could not meet till yesterday at the Old Pall Mall at St. James's, and he would not to the last tell Jermyn what the quarrel was; nor do anybody know.[3] The Court is much concerned in this fray, and I am glad of it; hoping that it will cause some good laws against it. After sitting, Sir G. Carteret did tell me how he had spoke of me to my Lord Chancellor; and that if my Lord Sandwich would ask my Lord Chancellor, he should know what he had said of me to him to my advantage.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich, whom I found in bed. Among other talk, he do tell me that he hath put me into the commission with a great many great persons in the business of Tangier, which is a very great honour to me, and may be of good concernment to me. By and by comes in Mr. Coventry to us, whom my Lord tells that he is also put into the commission, and that I am there, of which he said he was glad; and did tell my Lord that I was indeed the life of this office, and much more to my commendation beyond measure. And that, whereas before he did bear me respect for his sake, so he do it now much more for my own; which is a great blessing to me: Sir G. Carteret having told me what he did yesterday concerning his speaking to my Lord Chancellor about me: so that on all hands, by God's blessing, I find myself a very rising man. By and by comes my Lord Peterborough in, with whom we talked a good while, and he is going to-morrow towards Tangier again. I perceive there is yet good hopes of peace with Guyland,[1] which is of great concernment to Tangier. Meeting Mr. Townsend, he would needs take me to Fleet Street, to one Mr. Barwell, squire sadler to the King, and there we and several other Wardrobe-men dined. We had a venison pasty, and other good, plain, and handsome dishes; the mistress of the house, a pretty well-carriaged woman, and a fine hand she hath; and her maid a pretty brown lass.

21st. To Mr. Rawlinson's, where my uncle Wight and my aunt, and some neighbour couples were at a very good venison pasty. Hither came, after we were set down, a most pretty young lady (only her hands were not white nor handsome), which pleased me well, and I found her to be sister to Mrs. Anne Wight. We were good company, and had a very pretty dinner.

22nd. About three o'clock this morning I waked with the noise of the rain, having never in my life heard a more violent shower; and then the cat was locked in the chamber, and kept a great mewing, and leapt upon the bed, which made me I could not sleep a great while. To Westminster Hall, and there I heard that old Mr. Hales did lately die suddenly in an hour's time. Here I met with Will Bowyer, and had a promise from him of a place to stand to-morrow at his house to see the show. Sent for Mr. Creed, and then to his lodging, at Clerke's, the confectioner's, where he did give me a little banquet; and I had liked to have begged a parrot for my wife, but he hath put me in a way to get a better from Steventon at Portsmouth.

23rd. Mr. Coventry and I did walk together a great while in the garden, where he did tell me his mind about Sir G. Carteret's having so much the command of the money, which must be removed; and indeed it is the bane of all our business. He observed to me also how Sir W. Batten begins to struggle and to look after his business. I also put him upon getting an order from the Duke for our inquiries into the Chest, which he will see done. Mr.

[1] Privy Purse to the Duke of York. Cf. July 30, 1662.

[2] This was Colonel Cary Dillon, youngest son of Robert, second Earl of Roscommon. See also the reference on Sept. 20, 1668. He succeeded to the Earldom of Roscommon on the death of the 4th Earl, the poet.

[3] From the *Mémoires de Grammont* it would appear that Howard and Jermyn had been rivals in an affair with Lady Shrewsbury.

[1] A Moorish usurper, who had put himself at the head of an army for the purpose of attacking Tangier. [B.]

Creed and I walked down to the Styll Yard,[1] and so all along Thames Street, but could not get a boat: I offered eight shillings for a boat to attend me this afternoon, and they would not, it being the day of the Queen's coming to town from Hampton Court. So we fairly walked it to Whitehall, and through my Lord's lodgings we got into Whitehall garden, and so to the Bowling Green, and up to the top of the new Banqueting House there, over the Thames, which was a most pleasant place as any I could have got; and all the show consisted chiefly in the number of boats and barges; and two pageants, one of a King, and another of a Queen, with her Maids of Honour sitting at her feet very prettily: and they tell me the Queen is Sir Richard Ford's daughter. Anon came the King and Queen in a barge, under a canopy, with 10,000 barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queen. And so they landed at Whitehall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of Whitehall. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all great ladies only ran down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there came one there booted and spurred, that she talked long with; and by and by, she being in her hair, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off; but it became her mightily, as everything else do. I went away, not weary with looking on her, and to my Lord's lodgings, where my brother Tom and Dr. Thomas Pepys were to speak with me: so I walked with them in the garden, and was very angry with them both for their going out of town without my knowledge; and they told me the business, which was to see a gentlewoman for a wife for Tom, of Mr. Cooke's providing, worth £500, of good education, her name Hobell, and lives near Banbury; demands £40 per annum jointure. Tom likes her, and, they say, had a very good reception, and that Cooke hath been very serviceable therein, and that she is committed to old Mr. Young of the Wardrobe's tuition. My Lord and I had half an hour's private discourse about the discontents of the times, which we concluded would not come to anything of difference, though the Presbyters would be glad enough of it; but we do not think religion will so soon cause another war. Then to his own business. He asked my advice there, whether he should go on to purchase more land, and to borrow money to pay for it, which he is willing to do, because such a bargain as that of Mr. Buggins's of Stukely will not be every day to be had, and Brampton is now perfectly granted him by the King—I mean the reversion of it, after the Queen's death; and, in the meantime, he buys it of Sir Peter Ball his present right. Then we fell to talk of Navy business; and he concludes, as I do, that he needs not put himself upon any more voyages abroad to spend money, unless a war comes; and that by keeping his family a while in the country, he shall be able to gather money. Here we broke off, and I bid him good-night, and so, with much ado, the streets being at nine o'clock at night crammed with people going home to the city, for all the borders of the river had been full of people, as the King had come, to a miracle got to the Palace Yard, and there took boat, and so to the Old Swan; and so walked home, and to bed very weary.

24th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I all alone, and found Will Griffin and Thomas Hewett got into a pew next to our backs, where our maids sit; but, when I came, they went out, so forward some people are to outrun themselves. Here we had a lazy dull sermon. My brother Tom came to me, talking about his late journey and his mistress; and, for what

[1] The Steelyard in Upper Thames Street; now occupied by Cannon Street Station.

he tells me, it is like to do well. To church again, where Mr. Mills making a sermon upon confession, he did endeavour to pull down auricular confession, but did set it up by his bad arguments against it, and advising people to come to him to confess their sins when they had any weight upon their consciences, as much as is possible, which did vex me to hear. Walked to my uncle Wight's: here I stayed supper, and much company there was; among others, Dr. Burnett, Mr. Cole, the lawyer, Mr. Rawlinson, and Mr. Sutton. Among other things they tell me that there hath been a disturbance in a church in Friday Street; a great many young people knotting together and crying out 'Porridge!'[1] often and seditiously in the church, and they took the Common Prayer Book, they say, away; and, some say, did tear it; but it is a thing which appears to me very ominous. I pray God avert it.

27th. Dined with Sir W. Batten. Among other stories, he told us of the Mayor of Bristol's reading a pass with the bottom upwards; and a barber that could not read, that flung a letter in the kennel, when one came to desire him to read the superscription, saying, 'Do you think I stand here to read letters?' This day my hogshead of sherry I have sold to Sir W. Batten, and am glad of my money instead of my wine.

31st. (Lord's day.) News is brought me that Sir W. Pen is come. Made my monthly accounts, and find myself worth in money about £686:19:2½, for which God be praised. I now saving money, and my expenses being very little. My wife is still in the country; my house all in dirt; but my work in a good forwardness, and will be much to my mind at last. To Mr. Rawlinson's, and there supped with him. Our discourse of the discontents that are abroad, among and by reason of the Presbyters. Some were clapped up to-day, and strict watch is kept in the City by the trainbands, and letters of a plot are taken. God preserve us! for all these things bode very ill.

[1] Porridge was the Nonconformist nickname for the Book of Common Prayer. The word is explained in a contemporary tract, 'A Vindication of the Book of Common Prayer against the contumelious slanders of the Fanatic Party, *terming it Porridge*,' from which an extract will be found in a note to *Woodstock*, chap. i. References to the term are common in contemporary literature.

September 1662

September 1st. With Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by coach to St. James's, this being the first day of our meeting there by the Duke's order; but when we came, we found him going out by coach with his Duchess, and he told us he was to go abroad with the Queen to-day, to Durdans, it seems, to dine with my Lord Barkeley,[1] where I have been very merry when I was a little boy; so we went and stayed a little at Mr. Coventry's chamber, and I to my Lord Sandwich's, who is gone to wait upon the King and Queen to-day.

3rd. After dinner we met and sold the *Weymouth*, *Success*, and *Fellowship* hulks; where pleasant to see how backward men are at first to bid; and yet, when the candle is going out,[2] how they bawl, and dispute afterwards who bid the most first. And here I observed one man cunninger than the rest, that was sure to bid the last man, and to carry it; and enquiring the reason, he told me that, just as the flame goes out, the smoke descends, which is a thing I never observed before, and by that he do know the instant when to bid last. Mr. Coventry told us how the Fanatics and Presbyters that did intend to rise about this time did choose this day as the most auspicious to them in their endeavours against monarchy; it being fatal twice to the King,[3] and the day of Oliver's death.[4] But, blessed be God! all is likely to be quiet, I hope. Dr. Fairbrother tells me, what I heard confirmed since, that it was fully resolved by the King's new Council that an Indulgence should be granted the Presbyters; but, upon the Bishop of London's[5] speech (who is now one of the most powerful men in England with the King), their minds were wholly turned. And it is said that my Lord Albemarle

[1] Of Berkeley.
[2] See Nov. 6, 1660, note.
[3] Dunbar and Worcester.
[4] A great storm raged on his death-day. The Fire was at its height on this day in 1666.
[5] Gilbert Sheldon (1598-1677).

did oppose him most; but that I do believe is only an appearance. He told me also that most of the Presbyters now begin to wish they had complied, now they see that no indulgence will be granted them, which they hoped for; and that the Bishop of London hath taken good care that places are supplied with very good and able men, which is the only thing that will keep all quiet.

4th. At noon to the Trinity House, where we treated, very dearly I believe, the officers of the Ordnance; where was Sir W. Compton and the Lieutenant of the Tower. We had much and good music, which was my best entertainment. Sir William Compton I heard talk, with great pleasure, of the difference between the fleet now and in Queen Elizabeth's days; where, in '88, she had but 36 sail, great and small, in the world; and ten rounds of powder was their allowance at that time against the Spaniard. After Sir W. Compton, and Mr. Coventry, and some of the best of the rest were gone, I grew weary of staying with Sir Williams both, and the more for that my Lady Batten and her crew—at least half a score came into the room, and I believe we shall pay size for it; but 'tis very pleasant to see her in her hair under her hood, and how by little and little she would fain be a gallant; but, Lord! the company she keeps about her are like herself, that she may be known by them what she is.

5th. By water to Woolwich; in my way saw the yacht lately built by our virtuosos (my Lord Brouncker and others, with the help of Commissioner Pett also), set out from Greenwich with the little Dutch bezan,[1] to try for mastery; and before they go to Woolwich, the Dutch beat them half-a-mile; and I hear this afternoon, that, in coming home, it got above three miles; which all our people are glad of. To Mr. Bland's, the merchant, by invitation; where I found all the officers of the Customs, very grave fine gentlemen, and I am very glad to know them; viz.—Sir Job Harvy, Sir John Wolstenholme, Sir John Jacob, Sir Nicholas Crisp, Sir John Harrison, and Sir John Shaw: very good company. And among other discourse, some was of Sir Jerome Bowes, Ambassador from Queen Elizabeth to the Emperor of Russia;[1] who, because some of the noblemen there would go upstairs to the Emperor before him, he would not go up till the Emperor had ordered those two men to be dragged downstairs, with their heads knocking upon every stair till they were killed. And when he was come up, they demanded his sword of him before he entered the room. He told them, if they would have his sword, they should have his boots too. And so caused his boots to be pulled off, and his night-gown and night-cap and slippers to be sent for; and made the Emperor stay till he could go in his night-dress, since he might not go as a soldier. And lastly, when the Emperor in contempt, to show his command of his subjects, did command one to leap from the window down, and broke his neck in the sight of our Ambassador, he replied that his mistress did set more by, and did make better use of the necks of her subjects; but said that, to show what her subjects would do for her, he would, and did, fling down his gauntlet before the Emperor; and challenged all the nobility there to take it up, in defence of the Emperor against his Queen; for which, at this very day, the name of Sir Jerome Bowes is famous and honoured there. I this day heard that Mr. Martin Noel[2] is knighted by the King, which I much wonder at; but yet he is certainly a very useful man.

6th. To the Trinity House, where we had at dinner a couple of venison pasties, of which I ate but little, being almost cloyed, having been at five pasties in three days.

7th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall Chapel, where I heard a good sermon of the Dean of Ely's, upon returning to the old ways. Home with Mr. Fox and his

[1] Here in the sense of a small sailing-vessel.

[1] In 1583. He died in 1616.

[2] 'The Council of State sitting at Whitehall,' says Lilly (*Life*, p. 124), 'had no knowledge of what was passing out of doors, until Sir Martin Noel, a discreet citizen, came about nine at night, and informed them thereof. From this notice, Noel has been considered as the original of the messenger who brings the news of the burning of the Rumps, so admirably related in *Hudibras*, part iii., canto 11, l. 1497. We know nothing further about Sir Martin, except that he was a scrivener, and that Pepys records his death of the plague, in 1665. His son, of the same name, was knighted in November 1665.' [B.]

lady; and there dined with them, where much company came to them. Most of our discourse was what ministers are flung out that will not conform; and the care of the Bishop of London that we are here supplied with very good men. Meeting Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and there carried me into the Queen-mother's presence-chamber, where she was, with our Queen sitting on her left hand, whom I never did see before; and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts,[1] the King's bastard, a most pretty spark of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queens both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchess; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They stayed till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queen, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great store of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queen were very merry; and he would have made the Queen-mother believe that his Queen was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queen answered, 'You lie'; which was the first English word that I ever heard her say; which made the King good sport; and he would have taught her to say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'

8th. With Mr. Coventry to the Duke; who, after he was out of his bed, did send for us in; and, when he was quite ready, took us into his closet, and there told us that he do intend to renew the old custom for the Admirals to have their principal officers to meet them once a week, to give them an account what they have done that week; which I am glad of: and so the rest did tell his Royal Highness that I could do it best for the time past. And so I produced my short notes, and did give him an account of all that we have of late done; and proposed to him several things for his commands, which he did give us, and so dismissed us.

10th. Up, and to my house, and there contrived a way how Sir John Minnes shall come into the leads, and yet I save part of the closet I hoped for; which, if it will not please him, I am a madman to be troubled at it.

12th. This day, by letters from my father, I hear that Captain Ferrers, who is with my Lord in the country, was at Brampton, with Mr. Creed, to see him; a day or two ago, being provoked to strike one of my Lord's footmen, the footman drew his sword, and hath almost cut the fingers of one of his hands off; which I am very sorry for; but this is the vanity of being apt to command and strike.

14th. (Lord's day.) By water to Whitehall, by the way hearing that the Bishop of London had given a very strict order against boats going on Sundays; and, as I came back again, we were examined by the masters of the company, in another boat; but I told them who I was. To Whitehall chapel, where sermon almost done, and I heard Captain Cooke's new music. This the first day of having viols and other instruments to play a symphony between every verse of the anthem; but the music more full than it was the last Sunday; and very fine it is. But yet I could discern Captain Cooke to overdo his part at singing, which I never did before. Thence up into the Queen's presence, and there saw the Queen again as I did last Sunday, and some fine ladies with her; but, by my troth, not many. Thence to Sir G. Carteret's, and find him to have sprained his foot, and is lame, but yet hath been at chapel, and my Lady much troubled for one of her daughters that is sick. I dined with them, and a very pretty lady, their kinswoman, with them. My joy is that I do think I have good hold on Sir George and Mr. Coventry.

15th. By water with Sir William Pen to Whitehall; and, with much ado, was fain to walk over the piles through the bridge, while Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes were aground against the bridge,

[1] James, the son of Charles II. by Lucy Walters, daughter of Richard Walters of Haverfordwest, who bore the name of Crofts (after Lord Crofts his guardian) till he was created Duke of Monmouth in 1662.

and could not in a great while get through. At Whitehall we hear that the Duke of York is gone a-hunting to-day; and so we returned; they going to the Duke of Albemarle's; where I left them, after I had observed a very good picture or two there.

16th. My wife writes me from the country that she is not pleased there with my father, nor mother, nor any of her servants, and that my boy is turned a very rogue. I have £30 to pay to the cavaliers;[1] then a doubt about my being forced to leave all my business here, when I am called to the court at Brampton; and, lastly, my law businesses, which vex me to my heart what I shall be able to do next term, which is near at hand.

18th. At noon Sir G. Carteret, Mr. Coventry, and I by invitation to dinner to Sheriff Meynell's, the great money-man; he, and Alderman Backwell, and much noble and brave company, with the privilege of their rare discourse, which is great content to me above all other things in the world; and after a great dinner and much discourse we took leave. Among other discourses, speaking concerning the great charity used in Catholic countries, Mr. Ashburnham did tell us, that this last year, there being a great want of corn in Paris, and so a collection made for the poor, there was two pearls brought in, nobody knew from whom, till the Queen, seeing them, knew whose they were, but did not discover it, which were sold for 200,000 crowns.

19th. To Deptford and Woolwich yard. At night, after I had eaten a cold pullet, I walked by brave moonshine, with three or four armed men, to guard me, to Redriffe—it being a joy to my heart to think of the condition that I was now in, that people should of themselves provide this for me, unspoke to. I hear this walk is dangerous to walk by night, and much robbery committed here.

20th. To-night my barber sent me his man to trim me, who did live in King Street in Westminster lately, and tells me that three or four that I knew in that street, tradesmen, are lately fallen mad, and some of them dead, and the others continue mad. They live all within a door or two one of another.

[1] See Sept. 30.

21st. (Lord's day.) To the Park. The Queen coming by in her coach, going to her chapel at St. James's, the first time that it hath been ready for her, I crowded after her, and I got up to the room where her closet is; and there stood and saw the fine altar, ornaments, and the friars in their habits, and the priests come in with their fine copes and many other fine things. I heard their music too; which may be good, but it did not appear so to me, neither as to their manner of singing, nor was it good concord to my ears, whatever the matter was. The Queen very devout; but what pleased me best was to see my dear Lady Castlemaine, who, though a Protestant, did wait upon the Queen to chapel. By and by, after mass was done, a friar with his cowl did rise up and preach a sermon in Portuguese; which I not understanding, did go away, and to the King's chapel, but that was done; and so up to the Queen's presence-chamber, where she and the King were expected to dine: but she staying at St. James's, they were forced to remove the things to the King's presence; and there he dined alone, and I with Mr. Fox very finely; but I see I must not make too much of that liberty for my honour sake only—not but that I am very well received.

22nd. Up betimes, hastening to get things ready against my wife's coming. Walked to Greatorex's, and have bespoke a weather-glass of him. Thence to my Lord Crewe's, and dined with the servants, he having dined; and so, after dinner, up to him, and sat an hour talking with him of public and my Lord's private businesses, with much content.

23rd. Sir G. Carteret told me how in most cabarets in France they have writ upon the walls in fair letters to be read, 'Dieu te regarde,' as a good lesson to be in every man's mind; and have also in Holland their poor's box; in both which places, at the making all contracts and bargains they give so much, which they call God's penny.[1]

24th. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined alone with him; and, among other things, he do advise me by all means to keep my Lord Sandwich from proceeding too far in the business of Tangier. First, for that

[1] See May 18, 1660.

he is confident the King will not be able to find money for the building of the Mole; and next, for that it is to be done, as we propose it, by the reducing of the garrison; and then, either my Lord must oppose the Duke of York, who will have the Irish regiment under the command of Fitzgerald continued, or else my Lord Peterborough, who is concerned to have the English continued; but he, it seems, is gone back again merely upon my Lord Sandwich's encouragement. Thence to Mr. Wotton, the shoemaker's, and there bought a pair of boots, cost me 30s., and he told me how Bird[1] hath lately broke his leg, while he was fencing in *Aglaura*[2] upon the stage; and that the new theatre of all will be ready against term. I hear that I have the name of good-natured man among the poor people that come to the office.

25th. I did hear how the woman, formerly nurse to Mrs. Lemon (Sir W. Batten's daughter), her child was torn to pieces by two dogs at Walthamstow this week, and is dead, which is very strange.

27th. My wife's chamber put into a good readiness against her coming, which she did at night; for Will did, by my leave, go to meet her upon the road, and at night did bring me word she was come to my brother's, by my order. So I went thither to her. Being come, I found her, and her maid, and her dog very well, and herself grown a little fatter than she was. And I perceive she likes Brampton House and seat better than ever I did myself; and tells me how my Lord hath drawn a plot of some alterations to be made there, and hath brought it up, which I saw, and like well. I perceive my Lord and Lady have been very kind to her.

28th. (Lord's day.) To the French Church at the Savoy, and there they have the Common Prayer Book read in French, and, which I never saw before, the minister do preach with his hat off, I suppose in further conformity with our Church.

29th. (Michaelmas day.) This day my oaths for drinking of wine and going to plays are out; and so I do resolve to take a liberty to-day, and then to fall to them again. To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King came also, and stayed till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day,[1] we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life. Home, where I find Mr. Deane of Woolwich hath sent me the model he had promised me; but it so far exceeds my expectations, that I am sorry almost he should make such a present to no greater a person; but I am exceedingly glad of it, and shall study to do him a courtesy for it.

30th. To the Duke's play-house, where we saw *The Duchess of Malfi*[2] well performed, but Betterton and Ianthe to admiration. Strange to see how easily my mind do revert to its former practice of loving plays and wine; but this night I have again bound myself to Christmas next. I have also made up this evening my monthly balance, and find that, notwithstanding the loss of £30 to be paid to the loyal and necessitous cavaliers[3] by Act of Parliament, yet I am worth about £680, for which the Lord God be praised. My condition at present is this: I have long been building, and my house, to my great content, is now almost done. My Lord Sandwich has lately been in the country, and very civil to my wife, and hath himself spent some pains in drawing a plot of some alterations in our house there, which I shall follow as I get money. As for the office, my late industry hath been such, as I am become as high in reputation as any man there, and good hold I have of Mr. Coventry and Sir G. Carteret, which I am resolved, and it is necessary for me, to maintain, by all fair means. Things are all quiet. The late outing[4] of the Presbyterian clergy, by their not renouncing the Covenant as the Act of Parliament commands, is the greatest piece of state now in discourse. But, for aught I see, they are gone out very peaceably, and the people not so much concerned therein as was expected.

[1] Perhaps for *Burt* (Nicholas Burt, the actor).
[2] By Sir John Suckling.

[1] The day on which knights, in taking part in a Court ceremony, wear the collar of their order.
[2] By John Webster.
[3] See p. 150.
[4] Ejection.

October 1662

October 2nd. At night hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit, and my Lord Sandwich, who came to town last night, at it, I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in the wall, and so crept through a narrow place, and came into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queen, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are really not so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Then we saw *The Cardinal*,[1] a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that came in with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English; but, Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them, that understood both French and English, to make her tell them what the actors said.

4th. Examining the particulars of the miscarriage of the *Satisfaction*, sunk the other day on the Dutch coast, through the negligence of the pilot.

5th. (Lord's day.) I to church; and this day the parson has got one to read with a surplice on. I suppose himself will take it up hereafter, for a cunning fellow he is as any of his coat.

6th. To Whitehall with Mr. Coventry, and so to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings; but my Lord not within, being at a ball this night with the King at my Lady Castlemaine's, at next door.

7th. To my Lord's, and there I left money for Captain Ferrers to buy me two bands.

8th. To my Lord Sandwich's, and, among other things, to my extraordinary joy, he did tell me how much I was beholding to the Duke of York, who did yesterday of his own accord tell him that he did thank him for one person brought into the Navy, naming myself, and much more to my commendation, which is the greatest comfort and encouragement that ever I had in my life, and do owe it all to Mr. Coventry's goodness and ingenuity. At night by coach to my Lord's again, but he is at Whitehall with the King, before whom the puppet plays I saw this summer, in Covent Garden, are acted this night. My scallop,[1] bought and got made by Captain Ferrers' lady, is sent, and I brought it home—a very neat one. It cost me about £3; and £3 more I have given him to buy me another.

9th. Up early to get me ready for my journey. To the office; and I bid them adieu for a week, having the Duke's leave got me by Mr. Coventry, to whom I did give thanks for my news yesterday of the Duke's words to my Lord Sandwich concerning me, which he took well; and do tell me so freely his love and value of me, that my mind is now in as great a state of quiet as to my interest in the office as I could ever wish to be. Between one and two o'clock got on horseback at our back gate, with my man Will with me, both well mounted on two grey horses. We got to Ware before night; and so I resolved to ride on to Puckeridge, which we did, though the way was bad, and the evening dark before we got thither, by help of company riding before us; among others, a gentleman that took up at the same inn, his name Mr. Brian, with whom I supped, and was very good company, and a scholar. He tells me that it is believed the Queen is with child, for that the coaches are ordered to ride very easily through the streets.

10th. Up, and between eight and nine mounted again; but my feet so swelled with yesterday's pain, that I could not get on my boots, which vexed me to the blood,[2] but was forced to pay 4s. for a pair of old shoes of my landlord's, and so ride in shoes to Cambridge; the way so good that I got very well thither, and set up at the Bear: and there my cousin Angier came to me, and I must needs to his house; and there found Dr. Fairbrother, with a good dinner. But, above all, he telling me that this day there is a Congregation for the choice of some officers in the University, he after dinner gets me a gown, cap, and hood, and carries me to the Schools, where Mr. Pepper, my

[1] By James Shirley.

[1] A lace band, with scalloped edges.

[2] I.it. through the skin to the 'blood' or 'quick': *i.e.* hurt, to bleeding.

brother's tutor, and this day chosen Proctor, did appoint a M.A. to lead me into the Regent House, where I sat with them, and did vote by subscribing papers thus: 'Ego Samuel Pepys eligo Magistrum Bernardum Skelton (and, which was more strange, my old schoolfellow and acquaintance, and who afterwards did take notice of me, and we spoke together) alterum e taxatoribus hujus Academiae in annum sequentem.' The like I did for one Briggs, for the other Taxor, and for other officers, as the Vice-Proctor (Mr. Covell), for Mr. Pepper, and which was the gentleman that did carry me into the Regent House. This being done, I did with much content return to my cousin Angier's. Thence to Trinity Hall with Dr. John Pepys, who tells me that his brother Roger has gone out of town to keep a Court; and so I was forced to go to Impington, to take such advice as my old uncle and his son Claxton could give me. By and by after supper comes in, unlooked for, my cousin Roger, with whom I discoursed largely, and he tells me plainly that it is my best way to study a composition with my uncle Thomas, for that law will not help us, and that it is but a folly to flatter ourselves.

11th. Up betimes, and after a little breakfast, and a very poor one, like our supper, and such as I cannot feed on, because of my she-cousin Claxton's gouty hands; and after Roger had carried me up and down his house and orchards, to show me them, I mounted, and rode to Huntingdon, and so to Brampton, where I found my father and two brothers, my mother and sister. I walked up and down the house and garden, and find my father's alterations very handsome. Rode to Hinchingbroke (Will with me), and there to my Lady's chamber and saw her, but stayed not long.

12th. (Lord's day.) Made myself fine with Captain Ferrers's lace band, being loath to wear my own new scallop, it is so fine; and after the barber had done with us, to church, where I saw most of the gentry of the parish; among others, Mrs. Hanbury, a proper lady, and Mr. Bernard and his lady, with her father, my late Lord St. John,[1] who looks now like a very plain grave men. Mr. Wells preached a pretty good sermon, and they say he is pretty well in his wits again.

13th. Up to Hinchingbroke, and there, with Mr. Shepley, did look all over the house, and I do, I confess, like well of the alterations, and do like the staircase; but there being nothing done to make the outside more regular and moderner, I am not satisfied with it, but do think it to be too much to be laid out upon it. Thence he to St. Ives Market, and I to Sir Robert Bernard's for counsel, having a letter from my Lord Sandwich to that end. He do promise to put off my uncle's admittance, if he can fairly. With my father took a melancholy walk to Portholme, seeing the country-maids milking their cows there, they being there now at grass, and to see with what mirth they come all home together in pomp with their milk, and sometimes they have music go before them. So back home again.

14th. Up, about nine o'clock, to the court at the Lordship, where the jury was called; and, there being vacancies, they would have my father, in respect to him, to have been one of the Homage, but he thought fit to refuse it, he not knowing enough the customs of the town. They being sworn, and the charge given them, they fell to our business, finding the heir-at-law to be my uncle Thomas: but Sir Robert[1] did tell them that he had seen how the estate was devised to my father by my uncle's will, according to the custom of the Manor, which they would have denied, first, that it was not according to the custom of the Manor, proposing some difficulties about the half-acre of land which is given the heir-at-law according to custom, which did put me into great fear, lest it might not be in my uncle's possession at his death. But the steward, as he promised me, did find pretensions very kindly and readily to put off their admittance, by which I find they are much defeated, and if ever, I hope, will now listen to a treaty and agreement with us, at our meeting at London: so they took their leaves of the steward and Court, and went away. My father and I home with great content to dinner; my mind now as full against the afternoon business, which

[1] Oliver St. John, one of Cromwell's Lords, and, therefore, now 'late.'

[1] Bernard.

we sat upon after dinner at the court; and did sue out a recovery, and cut off the entail; and my brothers there, to join therein. And my father and I admitted to all the lands; he for life, and I for myself and heirs in reversion. I did with most complete joy of mind go from the Court with my father home, and in a quarter of an hour did get on horseback, with my brother Tom, Cooke, and Will, all mounted, and, without eating or drinking, take leave of my father, mother, Pall, to whom I did give 10s., but have shown no kind of kindness since I came, for I find her so very ill-natured that I cannot love her, and she so cruel an hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases, and John and I away, calling in at Hinchingbroke, and taking leave in three words of my Lady and the young ladies; and so by moonlight to Cambridge, whither we came at about nine o'clock, and took up at the Bear.

15th. Waked very early; and when it was time did call up Will, and we rose, and music (with a bandore[1] for the base) did give me a levett;[2] and so we got ready; and, while breakfast was providing, showed Mr. Cooke King's College Chapel, Trinity College, and St. John's College Library; and that being done, to our inn again; where I met Dr. Fairbrother. He told us how the room we were in was the room where Cromwell and his associated officers did begin to plot and act their mischiefs in these counties. Took leave of all, and began our journey about nine o'clock, the roads being everywhere but bad; but, finding our horses in good case, we even made shift to reach London, though both of us very weary. Found all things well, there happening nothing since our going, to my discontent, in the least degree; which do also please me, that I cannot but bless God for my journey, observing a whole course of success from the beginning to the end of it.

16th. I rose in good temper, finding a good chimney-piece made in my upper dining-room chamber, and the dining-room wainscoat in a good forwardness. I hear Mr. Moore is in a fair way of recovery, and Sir H. Bennet[1] is made Secretary of State in Sir Edward Nicholas's stead; not known whether by consent or not.

17th. To Creed's chamber, and there sat a good while, and drank chocolate. Here I am told how things go at Court; that the young men get uppermost, and the old serious lords are out of favour; that Sir H. Bennet being brought into Sir Edward Nicholas's place, Sir Charles Barkeley[2] is made Privy Purse; a most vicious person, and one whom Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, did tell me that he offered his wife £300 per annum to be his mistress. He also told me that none in Court hath more the King's ear now than Sir Charles Barkeley, and Sir H. Bennet, and my Lady Castlemaine, whose interest is now as great as ever; and that Mrs. Haselrigge, the great beauty, is now brought to bed, and lays it to the King or the Duke of York.[3] He tells me, also, that my Lord St. Albans is like to be Lord Treasurer: all which things do trouble me much.

19th. (Lord's day.) Put on my first new lace-band; and so neat it is that I am resolved my great expense shall be lace-bands, and it will set off anything else the more. To see Mr. Moore, who recovers well; and his doctor coming to him—one Dr. Merrit—we had some of his very good discourse of anatomy and other things, very pleasant. I am sorry to hear that the news of the selling of Dunkirk is taken so generally ill, as I find it is among the merchants; and other things, as removal of officers at Court, good for worse; and all things else made much worse in their report among people than they are. And this night I know not upon what ground the gates of the City ordered to be kept shut, and double guards everywhere. Indeed, I do find everybody's spirit very full of trouble; and the things of the Court and Council very ill taken; so as to be apt to appear

[1] A musical instrument, resembling a lute. It was generally used as a bass to the cittern.

[2] Music, or a blast of trumpets, in the morning, intended as a reveille.

[1] (1618-1685); Baron Arlington, 1663, and first Earl of Arlington, 1672.

[2] Created Lord Berkeley of Rathdown and Viscount Fitzharding (Irish honours) soon afterwards, and, in 1664, Baron Bottetourt, and Earl of Falmouth, in England. He was the second son of Sir Charles Berkeley, of Bruton. [B.]

[3] The child was owned by neither. [B.]

in bad colours, if there should ever be a beginning of trouble, which God forbid!

20th. In Sir J. Minnes's coach, with him and Sir W. Batten, to Whitehall, where now the Duke is come again to lodge: and to Mr. Coventry's little new chamber there. And by and by up to the Duke, who was making himself ready; and there young Killigrew did so commend *The Villain*,[1] a new play made by Tom Porter, and acted only on Saturday at the Duke's house, as if there never had been any such play come upon the stage. The same yesterday was told me by Captain Ferrers; and this morning afterwards by Dr. Clarke, who saw it.[2] After I had done with the Duke, with Commissioner Pett to Mr. Lilly's,[3] the great painter, who came forth to us; but, believing that I came to bespeak a picture, he prevented it by telling us, that he should not be at leisure these three weeks; which methinks is a rare thing. And then to see in what pomp his table was laid for himself to go to dinner; and here, among other pictures, saw the so much desired by me picture of my Lady Castlemaine, which is a most blessed picture; and one that I must have a copy of. From thence I took my wife by coach to the Duke's house, and there was the house full of company; but whether it was in over-expecting or what I know not; but I was never less pleased with a play in my life. Though there was good singing and dancing, yet no fancy in the play. Dunkirk, I am confirmed, is absolutely sold; for which I am very sorry.

21st. By water with Mr. Smith to Mr. Lechmore,[4] the Councillor at the Temple, about Field's business; and he tells me plainly that, there being a verdict against me, there is no help for it, but it must proceed to judgement. It is £30 damage to me for my joining with others in committing Field to prison, as being not Justices of the Peace in the City, though in Middlesex; which troubled me, and I hope the King will make it good to us. To Mr. Smith, the scrivener, upon Ludgate Hill, to whom Mrs. Butler do commit her business concerning her daughter and my brother. She tells me her daughter's portion is but £400, at which I am more troubled than before; and they find fault that his house is too little.

22nd. To my Lord Sandwich's, who receives me now more and more kindly, now he sees that I am respected in the world; and is my most noble patron. To Mr. Smith's, where I met Mrs. Butler, with whom I plainly discoursed, and she with me. I find she will give but £400, and no more, and is not willing to that, without a jointure, which she expects, and I will not grant for the portion. I find her a very discreet sober woman, and her daughter, I understand and believe, is a good lady; and if portions did agree, though she finds fault with Tom's house, and his bad imperfection in his speech, I believe we should agree in other matters. Home. Benier,[1] being acquainted with all the players, do tell me that Betterton is not married to Ianthe, as they say; but also, that he is a very sober serious man, and studious, and humble, following of his studies, and is rich already, with what he gets and saves. This night was buried, as I hear by the bells of Barking Church, my poor Morena, whose sickness being desperate, did kill[2] her poor father; and he being dead for sorrow, she could not recover, nor desire to live, but from that time do languish more and more, and so is now dead and buried.

24th. Dined with my wife upon a most excellent dish of tripes of my own directing, covered with mustard, as I have heretofore seen them done at my Lord Crewe's, of which I made a very great meal, and sent for a glass of wine for myself. Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, tells me how ill things go at Court: that the King do show no countenance to any that belong to the Queen; nor, above all, to such English as she brought over with her, or hath here since, for fear they should tell her how he carries

1 By Thomas Porter (1636-1680). The play was printed in 1663.

2 '*The Villain* succeeded ten days, with a full house to the last.' Genest. I. 43.

3 Peter Lely, *q.v.*

4 Nicholas Lechmere (1613-1701), knighted 1689.

1 A barber.

2 The 'pretty black girl Mrs. Dekins [Dickens]' of the entry of Oct. 6, 1661. *Morena* is Portuguese for brunette. Catharine of Braganza's coming naturally caused some affectations of this kind in England.

himself to Lady Castlemaine; insomuch, that though he has a promise, and is sure of being made her surgeon, he is at a loss what to do in it, whether to take it or no, since the King's mind is so altered in favour to all her dependants, whom she is fain to let go back into Portugal, though she brought them from their friends against their wills, with promise of preferment, without doing anything for them. That her own physician did tell him within these three days that the Queen do know how the King orders things, and how he carries himself to my Lady Castlemaine and others, as well as anybody; but though she hath spirit enough, yet seeing that she do no good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears it in policy; of which I am very glad. But I do pray God keep us in peace; for this, with other things, do give great discontent to all people.

26th. (Lord's day.) Put on my new scallop, which is very fine. To church, and there saw the first time Mr. Mills in a surplice; but it seemed absurd for him to pull it over his ears in the reading-pew, after he had done, before all the church, to go up to the pulpit, to preach without it. Home, and dined. Tom takes his disappointment of his mistress to heart; but all will be well again in a little time. Then to church again, and heard a simple Scot preach most tediously. All this day soldiers going up and down the town, there being an alarm, and many Quakers and others clapped up; but, I believe, without any reason: only they say in Dorsetshire there hath been some rising discovered. After supper making up my monthly account to myself. I find myself, by my expense in bands and clothes this month, abated a little of my last, and that I am worth £679 still; for which God be praised.

27th. To my Lord Sandwich, who nowadays calls me into his chamber, and alone did discourse with me about the jealousy that the Court have of people's rising; wherein he do much dislike my Lord Monk's being so eager against a company of poor wretches, dragging them up and down the street; but would have him rather take some of the greatest ringleaders of them, and punish them; whereas this do but tell the world the King's fears and doubts. For Dunkirk, he wonders any wise people should be so troubled thereat, and scorns all their talk against it, for that he sees it was not Dunkirk, but the other places, that did and would annoy us, though we had that, as much as if we had it not. He also took notice of the new Ministers of State, Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley, their bringing in, and the high game that my Lady Castlemaine plays at Court. Afterwards he told me of poor Mr. Spong, that being with other people examined before the King and Council (they being laid up as suspected persons—and it seems Spong is so far thought guilty as that they intend to pitch upon him to put to the rack or some other torture), he do take knowledge of my Lord Sandwich, and said that he was well known to Mr. Pepys. But my Lord knows, and I told him, that it was only in matter of music and pipes, but that I thought him to be a very innocent fellow; and indeed I am very sorry for him. After my Lord and I had done in private, we went out, and with Captain Cuttance and Bunn did look over their draught of a bridge for Tangier, which will be brought by my desire to our office by them to-morrow. To Westminster Hall, and there walked long with Creed; and then to the great half-a-crown ordinary at the King's Head, near Charing Cross, where we had a most excellent neat dinner and very high company, and in a noble manner. He showed me our commission, wherein the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, Lord Peterborough, Lord Sandwich, Sir G. Carteret, Sir William Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir R. Ford, Sir William Rider, Mr. Cholmley, Mr. Povy, myself, and Captain Cuttance, in this order are joined for the carrying on the service of Tangier, which I take for a great honour to me. He told me what great faction there is at Court; and, above all, what is whispered, that young Crofts is lawful son to the King, the King being married to his mother.[1] How true this is, God knows; but I believe the Duke of York will not be fooled in this of three crowns. Thence to Whitehall, and walked long in the galleries, till, as they are commanded to all strange persons, one came to tell us, we not being

[1] Lucy Walters (see p. 149).

known, and being observed to walk there four or five hours, which was not true, unless they count my walking there in the morning, he was commanded to ask who we were; which being told, he excused his question, and was satisfied. These things speak great fear and jealousies. To the Exchange; among other things, observing one very pretty Exchange lass, with her face full of black patches, which was a strange sight. I met Mr. Mills, who tells me that he could get nothing out of the maid hard by, that did poison herself, before she died, but that she did it because she did not like herself, nor anything she did a great while. It seems she was well-favoured enough, but crooked, and this is all she could be got to say, which is very strange.

29th. (Lord Mayor's day.) Sir G. Carteret, who had been at the examining most of the late people that are clapped up, do say that he do not think that there hath been any great plotting among them, though they have a good will to it; and their condition is so poor, and silly, and low, that they do not fear them at all.

30th. To my Lord Sandwich, who was up in his chamber and all alone, and did acquaint me with his business: which was, that our old acquaintance Mr. Wade, in Axe Yard, hath discovered to him £7000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for discovery; my Lord himself two, and the King the other three, when it was found: and that the King's warrant runs for me on my Lord's part, and one Mr. Lee for Sir Harry Bennet, to demand leave of the Lieutenant of the Tower for to make search. After he had told me the whole business, I took leave; and at noon, comes Mr. Wade with my Lord's letter. So we consulted for me to go first to Sir H. Bennet, who is now with many of the Privy Councillors at the Tower, examining of their late prisoners, to advise with him to begin. So I went; and, the guard at the Tower Gate making me leave my sword at the gate, I was forced to stay so long in the alehouse close by, till my boy ran home for my cloak, that my Lord Mayor that now is, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, with all his company was gone with their coaches to his house in Minchen Lane. So my cloak being come, I walked thither: and there, by Sir G. Carteret's means, did presently speak with Sir H. Bennet, who did give me the King's warrant, for the paying of £2000 to my Lord, and other two to the discoverers. After a little discourse, dinner came in; and I dined with them. There was my Lord Mayor, my Lord Lauderdale, Mr. Secretary Morris, to whom Sir H. Bennet would give the upper hand; Sir William Compton, Sir G. Carteret, and myself, and some other company; and a brave dinner. After dinner Sir H. Bennet did call aside the Lord Mayor and me, and did break the business to him, who did not, nor durst appear the least averse to it, but did promise all assistance forthwith to set upon it. So Mr. Lee and I to our office, and there walked, till Mr. Wade, and one Evett, his guide, did come, and W. Griffin, and a porter with his pick-axes, etc.: and so they walked along with us to the Tower, and Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Mayor did give us full power to fall to work. So our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellar he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Barkstead[1] always had. He went into several little cellars, and then went out a-doors to view, and to the Cole-Harbour;[2] but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by, as one arched vault, where, after a great deal of counsel whether to set upon it now, or delay for better and more full advice, to digging we went till almost eight o'clock at night, but could find nothing. But, however, our guides did not at all seem discouraged; for that they being confident that the money is there they look for, but having never been in the cellars, they could not be positive to the place, and therefore will inform themselves more fully, now they have been there, of the party that do advise them. So, locking the door after us, we left work to-night, and up to the Deputy-Governor, my Lord Mayor and Sir H. Bennet with the rest of the company being gone an hour before; and he do undertake to keep the key of

[1] John Barkstead, one of the regicides, who had been Governor of the Tower (1652). Pepys refers to his execution, *supra*, March 17, 1662.

[2] *i.e.* Coal- or Cold-Harbour, a familiar place-name.

the cellars, that none shall go down without his privity. But, Lord! to see what a young simple fantastic coxcomb is made Deputy-Governor would make me mad; and how he called out for his nightgown of silk, only to make a show to us: and yet for half-an-hour I did not think he was the Deputy-Governor, and so spoke not to him about the business, but waited for another man; but at last I broke our business to him; and, he promising his care, we parted. And Mr. Lee and I by coach to Whitehall, where I did give my Lord Sandwich a full account of our proceedings, and some encouragement to hope for something hereafter. This morning, walking with Mr. Coventry in the garden, he did tell me how Sir G. Carteret had carried the business of the Victuallers' money to be paid by himself, contrary to old practice; at which he is angry, I perceive, but I believe means no hurt, but that things may be done as they ought. He expects Sir George should not bespatter him privately, in revenge, but openly, against which he prepares to bedaub him, and swears he will do it from the beginning, from Jersey to this day. And as to his own taking of too large fees or rewards for places that he had sold, he will prove that he was directed to it by Sir George himself, among others. And yet he did not deny Sir G. Carteret his due, in saying that he is a man that do take the most pains, and gives himself the most to do business of any about the Court, without any desire of pleasure or divertisements; which is very true. But, which pleased me mightily, he said in these words, that he was resolved, whatever it cost him, to make an experiment, and see whether it was possible for a man to keep himself up in Court by dealing plainly and walking uprightly: in the doing whereof, if his ground do slip from under him, he will be contented: but he is resolved to try, and never to baulk taking notice of anything that is to the King's prejudice, let it fall where it will; which is a most brave resolution. He was very free with me: and, by my troth, I do see more real worth in him than in most men that I do know. I would not forget two passages of Sir J. Minnes's at yesterday's dinner. The one, that to the question, how it comes to pass that there are no boars seen in London, but many sows and pigs, it was answered that the constable gets them a-nights. The other, Thomas Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, 'Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing?' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

31st. Thus ends this month: my head troubled with much business, but especially my fear of Sir J. Minnes claiming my bedchamber of me, but I hope now that it is almost over, for I perceive he is fitting his house to go into it the next week. I thank God I have no crosses, but only much business to trouble my mind with. In all other things as happy a man as any in the world, for the whole world seems to smile upon me, and if my house were done that I could diligently follow my business, I would not doubt to do God, and the King, and myself good service. And all I do impute almost wholly to my late temperance, since my making of my vows against wine and plays, which keeps me most happily and contentfully to my business; which God continue! Public matters are full of discontent, what with the sale of Dunkirk, and my Lady Castlemaine, and her faction at Court; though I know not what they would have more than to debauch the King, whom God preserve from it! And then great plots are talked to be discovered, and all the prisons in town full of ordinary people, taken from their meeting-places last Sunday. But for certain some plots there hath been, though not brought to a head.

November 1662

November 1st. With Mr. Creed to the Trinity House, to a great dinner there, by invitation, and much company. It seems one Captain Evans makes his Elder Brother's dinner to-day. To my office, to meet Mr. Lee again, from Sir H. Bennet. And he and I, with Wade and his intelligencer and labourers, to the Tower cellars, to make one trial more; where we

stayed two or three hours, and dug a great deal all under the arches, as it was now most confidently directed, and so seriously, and upon pretended good grounds, that I myself did truly expect to speed; but we missed of all, and so we went away the second time like fools. And to our office; and I, by appointment, to the Dolphin Tavern, to meet Wade and the other, Captain Evett, who now do tell me plainly, that he that do put him upon this is one that had it from Barkstead's own mouth, and was advised with by him, just before the King's coming in, how to get it out, and had all the signs told him how and where it lay, and had always been the great confidant of Barkstead, even to the trusting him with his life and all he had. So that he did much convince me that there is good ground for what he goes about. But I fear it may be that Barkstead did find some conveyance of it away, without the help of this man, before he died; but he is resolved to go to the party once more, and then to determine what we shall do further.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Talking with my wife, in whom I never had greater content, blessed be God! than now—she continuing with the same care and thrift and innocence, so long as I keep her from occasions of being otherwise, as ever she was in her life, and keeps the house as well. To church, where Mr. Mills preached a very ordinary sermon.

3rd. To Whitehall, to the Duke's; but found him gone a-hunting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, from whom I receive every day more and more signs of his confidence and esteem of me. Here I met with Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is with child; but though it be the King's, yet her Lord being still in town, and sometimes seeing of her, though never to eat together or cohabit, it will be laid to him. He tells me also how the Duke of York is smitten in love with my Lady Chesterfield [1] (a virtuous lady, daughter to my Lord of Ormond); and so much, that the Duchess of York hath complained to the King and her father about it, and my Lady Chesterfield is gone into the country for it. At all which I am sorry; but it is the effect of idleness, and having nothing else to employ their great spirits upon. At night to my office, and did business; and there came to me Mr. Wade and Evett, who have been again with their prime intelligencer, a woman, I perceive; and though we have missed twice, yet they bring such an account of the probability of the truth of the thing, though we are not certain of the place, that we shall set upon it once more; and I am willing and hopeful in it. So we resolved to set upon it again on Wednesday morning; and the woman herself will be there in a disguise, and confirm us in the place.

4th. This morning we had news by letters that Sir Richard Stayner is dead at sea in the *Mary*, which is now come into Portsmouth from Lisbon; which we are sorry for, he being a very stout seaman.

5th. My Lady Batten did send to speak with me, and told me very civilly that she did not desire, nor hoped I did, that anything should pass between us but what was civil, though there was not the neighbourliness between her and my wife that was fit to be, and so complained of my maid's mocking of her. When she called 'Nan' to her maid within her own house, my maid Jane in the garden overheard her, and mocked her, and of my wife's speaking unhandsomely of her; to all which I did give her a very respectful answer, such as did please her, and am sorry indeed that this should be, though I do not desire there should be any acquaintance between my wife and her. But I promised to avoid such words and passages for the future. At night I called up my maids, and schooled Jane, who did answer me so humbly and drolly about it, that, though I seemed angry, I was much pleased with her, and my wife also.

7th. Being by appointment called upon by Mr. Lee, he and I to the Tower, to make our third attempt upon the cellar. And now privately the woman, Barkstead's great confidante, is brought, who do positively say that this is the place which he did say the money was hid in, and where he and she did put up the £7000 in butter-firkins; and the very day that he went out of England did say that neither he nor his would be the better for that money,

[1] Lady Elizabeth Butler, daughter of James, first Duke of Ormond, and wife of Philip, second Earl of Chesterfield.

and therefore wishing that she and hers might. And so left us, and we full of hope did resolve to dig all over the cellar, which by seven o'clock at night we performed. At noon we sent for a dinner, and upon the head of a barrel dined very merrily, and to work again. But at last we saw we were mistaken; and, after digging the cellar quite through, and removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters, and give over our expectations, though I do believe there must be money hid somewhere by him, or else he did delude this woman in hopes to oblige her to further serving him, which I am apt to believe. By coach to Whitehall, and at my Lord's lodgings, hearing that Mrs. Sarah is married, I did joy her[1] and kiss her, she owning of it; and it seems it is to a cook. I am glad she is disposed of, for she grows old and is very painful,[2] and one I have reason to wish well for her old service to me.

9th. (Lord's day.) Walked to my brother's, where my wife is, calling at many churches, and then to the Temple, hearing a bit there too, and observing that in the streets and churches the Sunday is kept in appearance as well as I have known it at any time. After dinner to see Mr. Moore, who is pretty well, and he and I to St. Gregory's, where I escaped a great fall down the stairs of the gallery: so into a pew there, and heard Dr. Ball make a very good sermon, though short of what I expected.

10th. A little to the office, and so with Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and myself by coach to Whitehall, to the Duke, who, after he was ready, did take us into his closet. Thither came my Lord General Monk, and did privately talk with the Duke about having the life-guards pass through the City to-day only for show and to fright people, for I perceive there are great fears abroad; for all which I am troubled and full of doubt that things will not go well. He being gone, we fell to the business of the Navy. Among other things, how to pay off this fleet that is now come from Portugal; the King of Portugal sending them home, he having no more use for them, which we wonder at, that his condition should be so soon altered: and our landmen also are coming back, being almost starved in that poor country. To Westminster Hall, where full of term, and here met my cousin Roger Pepys, who is all for a composition with my uncle Thomas. To my Lord Crewe's, and dined with him and his brother (I know not his name), where very good discourse; among others, of France's intention to make a patriarch of his own, independent from the Pope, by which he will be able to cope with the Spaniard in all councils, which hitherto he has never done. My Lord Crewe told us how he heard my Lord of Holland[1] say, that, being Ambassador about the match with the Queen-mother that now is, the King of France[2] insisted upon a dispensation from the Pope, which my Lord Holland making a question of, as he was commanded to yield to nothing to the prejudice of our religion, says the King of France, 'You need not fear that, for if the Pope will not dispense with the match, my Bishop of Paris shall.' By and by came in the great Mr. Swinfen,[3] the Parliament-man, who, among other discourse of the rise and fall of families, told us of Bishop Bridgeman,[4] father of Sir Orlando,[5] who lately hath bought a seat anciently of the Levers,[6] and then the Ashtons;[7] and so he hath in his great hall window, having repaired and beautified the house, caused four great places to be left for coats of arms. In one he hath put the Levers, with this motto, 'Olim.' In another the Ashtons, with this, 'Heri.' In the next, his own, with this, 'Hodie.' In the fourth, nothing but this motto, 'Cras nescio cujus.' Taking my wife up, carried her to Charing Cross, and there showed her the Italian motion,[8] much after the nature of what I showed her a while since in Covent Garden. Their puppets here are somewhat better, but their motions not at all. The town, I hear, is full of discontents, and all know of the King's new bastard by

[1] *I.e.* did congratulate her.
[2] *I.e.* painstaking, careful.

[1] Henry Rich, second son of Robert, first Earl of Warwick, created Lord Kensington, and in 1624 Earl of Holland. He was beheaded in 1649.
[2] Louis XIII., in 1624.
[3] John Swinfen, M.P. for Tamworth. [B.]
[4] John Bridgeman (1577-1652), Bishop of Chester.
[5] See Oct. 10, 1660. [6] Great Levers.
[7] Ashton Hall, in Lancashire.
[8] Puppet-show.

Mrs. Haslerigge,[1] and, as far as I can hear, will never be contented with Episcopacy, they are so cruelly set for Presbytery; and the Bishops carry themselves so high, that they are never likely to gain anything upon them.

12th. By my wife's appointment came two young ladies,[2] sisters, acquaintances of my wife's brother's, who are desirous to wait upon some ladies, and proffer their service to my wife. The youngest indeed hath a good voice, and sings very well, besides other good qualities, but I fear hath been bred up with too great liberties for my family, and I fear greater inconveniences of expenses, and my wife's liberty will follow, which I must study to avoid till I have a better purse; though, I confess, the gentlewoman, being pretty handsome, and singing, makes me have a good mind to her. To the Dolphin Tavern, near home, by appointment, and there met with Wade and Evett, and have resolved to make a new attempt upon another discovery, in which God give us better fortune than in the other; but I have great confidence that there is no cheat in these people, but that they go upon good grounds, though they have been mistaken in the place from the first.

13th. To my office, and there this afternoon we had our first meeting upon our commission of inspecting the Chest:[3] Sir J. Minnes, Sir Francis Clerke, Mr. Heath, Attorney of the Duchy, Mr. Prin, Sir W. Rider, Captain Cocke, and myself. Our first work was to read over the Institution, which is a decree in Chancery in the year 1617, upon an inquisition made at Rochester about that time into the revenues of the Chest, which had then, from the year 1588 or 1590, by the advice of the Lord High Admiral and principal officers then being, by consent of the seamen, been settled, paying sixpence per month, according to their wages then, which was then but 10s., which is now 24s.

[1] See Oct. 17, 1662. [2] The two Gosnells.

[3] 'The Chest at Chatham was originally planned by Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins in 1588, after the defeat of the Armada; the seamen voluntarily agreed to have 'defalked' out their wages certain sums to form a fund for relief. The property became considerable, as well as the abuses, and in 1802 the Chest was removed to Greenwich. In 1817, the stock amounted to £300,000 Consols.' [B.]

17th. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. After dinner talking with my wife, and making Mrs. Gosnell sing; and then, there being no coach to be got, by water to Whitehall; but Gosnell, not being willing to go through bridge, we were forced to land and take water again, and put her and her sister ashore at the Temple. I am mightily pleased with her humour and singing. At Whitehall by appointment; Mr. Creed carried my wife and I to the Cockpit, and we had excellent places, and saw the King, Queen, Duke of Monmouth,[1] his son, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies; and *The Scornful Lady*[2] well performed. They had done by eleven o'clock; and, it being fine moonshine, we took coach and home, but could wake nobody at my house, and so were fain to have my boy get through one of the windows, and so opened the door, and called up the maids, and went to supper.

18th. Late at my office, drawing up a letter to my Lord Treasurer, which we have been long about.

20th. After dinner to the Temple, to Mr. Thurland; and thence to my Lord Chief Baron, Sir Edward[3] Hale's, and take with me Mr. Thurland to his chamber, where he told us that Field will have the better of us; and that we must study to make up the business as well as we can, which do much vex and trouble us; but I am glad the Duke is concerned in it.

21st. Within all day long, helping to put up my hangings in my house in my wife's chamber, to my great content. To speak to Sir J. Minnes at his lodgings, where I found many great ladies, and his lodgings made very fine indeed. To bed this night, having first put up a spitting-sheet, which I find very convenient. This day came the King's pleasure-boats from Calais with the Dunkirk money, being 400,000 pistoles.

22nd. This day I bought the book of country dances against my wife's woman Gosnell comes, who dances finely; and there meeting Mr. Playford,[4] he did give

[1] The patent of Dukedom was not granted till Feb. 14, 1663.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher. [3] Matthew.

[4] John Playford, the elder (1623-?1686), musical publisher at the Inner Temple.

me his Latin songs of Mr. Deering's,[1] which he lately printed. This day Mr. Moore told me that for certain the Queen-mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made Lord Treasurer. News that Sir J. Lawson hath made up a peace now with Tunis and Tripoli, as well as Algiers, by which he will come home very highly honoured.

23rd. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard drowsy Mr. Graves. To Sir W. Batten's, and heard how Sir R. Ford's daughter is married to a fellow without friends' consent, and the match carried on and made up at Will Griffin's, our door-keeper's. I talked to my brother to-day, who desires me to give him leave to look after his mistress still; and he will not have me put to any trouble or obligation in it, which I did give him leave to do. I hear to-day old rich Audley[2] is lately dead, and left a very great estate, and made a great many poor families rich, not all to one. Among others, one Davis,[3] my old schoolfellow at Paul's, and since a book-seller in Paul's Churchyard; and it seems do forgive one man £60,000, which he had wronged him of, but names not his name; but it is well known to be the scrivener in Fleet Street, at whose house he lodged. There is also this week dead a poulterer, in Gracious Street,[4] which was thought rich, but not so rich, that hath left £800 per annum, taken in other men's names, and 40,000 Jacobs[5] in gold.

24th. Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I going forth toward Whitehall, we hear that the King and Duke are come this morning to the Tower to see the Dunkirk money. So we by coach to them, and there went up and down all the magazines with them; but methought it was but a poor discourse and frothy that the King's companions, young Killigrew among the rest, had with him. We saw none of the money; but Mr. Slingsby[1] did show the King, and I did see, the stamps of the new money that is now to be made by Blondeau's fashion, which are very neat, and like the King. Thence the King to Woolwich, though a very cold day; and the Duke to Whitehall, commanding us to come after him; and in his closet, my Lord Sandwich being there, did discourse with us about getting some of this money to pay off the Fleets and other matters. By coach, my cousin Thomas Pepys going along with me, homeward. I set him down by the way; but, Lord! how he did endeavour to find out a ninepence to club with me for the coach, and for want was forced to give me a shilling, and how he still cries 'Gad!' and talks of Popery coming in, as all the Fanatics do.

25th. Great talk among people how some of the Fanatics do say that the end of the world is at hand, and that next Tuesday is to be the day. Against which, whenever it shall be, good God fit us all!

27th. At my waking I found the tops of the houses covered with snow, which is a rare sight, which I have not seen these three years. To the office, where we sat till noon; when we all went to the next house upon Tower Hill, to see the coming by of the Russian Ambassador; for whose reception all the City trained bands do attend in the streets, and the King's life-guards, and most of the wealthy citizens in their black velvet coats, and gold chains (which remain of their gallantry at the King's coming in), but they stayed so long that we went down again to dinner. And after I had dined I walked to the Conduit in the Quarrefowr,[2] at the end of Gracious[3] Street and Cornhill; and there (the spouts thereof running very near me upon all the people that were under it), I saw them pretty well go by. I could not see the Ambassador in his coach; but his attendants in their habits and fur caps very handsome comely men, and most of them with hawks upon their fists to present to the King. But, Lord! to see the absurd nature

[1] *Cantica Sacra ad duas et tres voces composita.* London, 1662. The author, Richard Dering (d. 1630), had published Latin songs at Antwerp (1597). He had been organist to Queen Henrietta Maria.

[2] The career of Hugh Audley, money-lender, is the subject of a contemporary tract, 'The way to be Rich, according to the Practice of the great Audley, who began with £200 in 1605, and died worth £400,000, November, 1662.' London, 1662. See January 23, 1663.

[3] Thomas Davis, bookseller, afterwards an alderman and Lord Mayor of London.

[4] Gracechurch Street.

[5] The Jacobus or Jacob, the popular name of a gold coin struck in the reign of James I.; at this time about 24s. in value.

[1] Henry Slingsby, Master of the Mint.

[2] *Carrefour*, or 'Carfax,' or 'Fourways.'

[3] Gracechurch, *n.d.*

of Englishmen that cannot forbear laughing and jeering at everything that looks strange!

28th. A very hard frost; which is news to us after having none almost these three years. By ten o'clock to Ironmongers' Hall, to the funeral of Sir Richard Stayner. Here we were, all the officers of the Navy, and my Lord Sandwich, who did discourse with us about the fishery, telling us of his Majesty's resolution to give £200 to every man that will set out a busse;[1] and advising about the effects of this encouragement, which will be a very great matter certainly. Here we had good rings, and by and by were to take coach; and I, being got in with Mr. Creed into a four-horse coach, which they came and told us were only for the mourners, I went out, and so took this occasion to go home.

29th. To the office; and this morning came Sir G. Carteret to us, being the first time since his coming from France: he tells us that the silver which is received for Dunkirk did weigh 120,000 weight. To my Lord's, where my Lord and Mr. Coventry, Sir William Darcy,[2] one Mr. Parham, a very knowing and well-spoken man in this business, with several others, did meet about stating the business of the fishery, and the manner of the King's giving of this £200 to every man that shall set out a new-made English busse by the middle of June next. In which business we had many fine pretty discourses; and I did here see the great pleasure to be had in discoursing of public matters with men that are particularly acquainted with this or that business. Having come to some issue, wherein a motion of mine was well received, about sending these invitations from the King to all the fishing-ports in general, with limiting so many busses to this and that port, before we know the readiness of subscribers, we parted. I walked home all the way, in my way calling upon my cousin Turner and Mr. Calthrop at the Temple, for their consent to be my arbitrators, which they are willing to. My wife and I pretty pleasant, for that her brother brings word that Gosnell, which my wife and I in discourse do pleasantly call our Marmotte, will certainly come next week, without fail, which God grant may be for the best.

30th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon to the French church here in the city, and stood in the aisle all the sermon, with great delight hearing a very admirable sermon from a very young man, upon that article in our creed, in order of catechism, upon resurrection. To visit Sir W. Pen, who continues still bed-rid. Here was Sir W. Batten, and his lady, and Mrs. Turner, and I very merry, talking of the confidence of Sir R. Ford's new-married daughter, though she married so strangely lately; yet appears at church as brisk as can be, and takes place of her elder sister, a maid. To make up my monthly accounts, and I do find that, through the fitting of my house this month, I have spent in that and kitchen £50 this month: so that now I am worth but £660, or thereabouts. This day I first did wear a muff, being my wife's last year's muff; and, now I have bought her a new one, this serves me very well. Thus ends this month; in great frost; myself and family all well, but my mind much disordered about my uncle's law business, being now in an order of being arbitrated between us, which I wish to God it were done. I am also somewhat uncertain what to think of my going about to take a woman-servant into my house, in the quality of a woman for my wife. My wife promises it shall cost me nothing but her meat and wages, and that it shall not be attended with any other expenses, upon which terms I admit of it; for that it will, I hope, save me money in having my wife go abroad on visits and other delights; so that I hope the best, but am resolved to alter it, if matters prove otherwise than I would have them. Public matters in an ill condition of discontent against the height and vanity of the Court, and their bad payments; but that which troubles most is the Clergy, which will never content the city, which is not to be reconciled to Bishops; but more the pity that differences must still be. Dunkirk newly sold, and the money brought over; of which we hope to get some to pay the Navy; which, by Sir J. Lawson's having dispatched the business in the Straits, by making peace with Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and so his fleet will also shortly

[1] A herring-boat.

[2] Third son of Sir Conyers Darcy. [B.]

come home, will now every day grow less, and so the King's charge be abated; which God send!

December 1662

December 1st. To my Lord Sandwich's, to Mr. Moore; and then over the Park, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skates,[1] which is a very pretty art, to Mr. Coventry's chamber to St. James's, where we all met to a venison pasty, Major Norwood being with us, whom they did play upon for his surrendering of Dunkirk. Here we stayed till three or four o'clock; and so to the Council Chamber, where there met the Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, my Lord Sandwich, Sir William Compton, Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Minnes, Sir R. Ford, Sir W. Rider, myself, and Captain Cuttance, as Commissioners for Tangier. And after our Commission was read by Mr. Creed, who, I perceive, is to be our secretary, we did fall to discourse of matters: as, first, the supplying them forthwith with victuals; then the reducing it to make way for the money, which upon their reduction is to go to the building of the Mole; and so to other matters, ordered against next meeting. This done, we broke up, and I to the Cockpit, with much crowding and waiting, where I saw *The Valiant Cid*[2] acted, a play I have read with great delight, but is a most dull thing acted, which I never understood before, there being no pleasure in it, though done by Betterton, and by Ianthe, and another fine wench that is come in the room of Roxalana;[3] nor did the King or Queen once smile all the whole play, nor any of the whole company seem to take any pleasure but what was in the greatness and gallantry of the company.

3rd. To Deptford; and so by water with Mr. Pett home again, all the way reading his Chest accounts, in which I did see things which did not please me; as his allowing himself £300 for one year's looking to the business of the Chest, and £150 per annum for the rest of the years. But I found no fault to him himself, but shall when they come to be read at the Board. We walked to the Temple, in our way seeing one of the Russian Ambassador's coaches go along, with his footmen not in liveries, but their country habits; one of one colour and another of another, which was very strange.

5th. I walked towards Guildhall, being summoned by the Commissioners for the Lieutenancy; but they sat not this morning. So, meeting in my way W. Swan, I took him to a house thereabouts, and gave him a morning draught of buttered ale;[1] he telling me much of his Fanatic stories, as if he were a great zealot, when I know him to be a very rogue. But I do it for discourse, and to see how things stand with him and his party, who, I perceive, have great expectation that God will not bless the Court nor Church, as it is now settled, but they must be purified. The worst news he tells me is that Mr. Chetwind is dead, my old and most ingenious acquaintance. He is dead, worth £3000, which I did not expect, he living so high as he did always, and neatly. He hath given W. Symons his wife £300, and made Will one of his executors. Home, and there I find Gosnell come, who, my wife tells me, is like to prove a pretty companion, of which I am glad, and who sings exceeding well, and I shall take great delight in her.

7th. (Lord's day.) To church this morning with my wife, which is the first time she hath been at church since her going to Brampton, and Gosnell attending her, which was very graceful. I thought to go to the French church; but finding the Dutch congregation there, and then finding the French congregation's sermon begun in the Dutch, I returned home, and up to our gallery, where I found my wife and Gosnell; and, after a drowsy sermon, we all three to my aunt Wight's, where great store of her usual company, and here we stayed a pretty good while talking—I differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the

[1] Said to have been made fashionable by the Cavaliers who had been in exile with Charles II. in Holland.

[2] Corneille's *Cid* was translated by Joseph Rutter (1637, etc.).

[3] See Feb. 18, 1662, note. Mrs. Norton took her place.

[1] Spiced ale, boiled with sugar and butter.

Queen, which I oppose mightily, saying, that if my nose be handsome, then is hers, and such like: and so with my wife only to see Sir W. Pen, who is now got out of his bed, and sits by the fireside.

8th. Into the Park to see them slide with their skates, which is very pretty. To the Duke's, where the committee for Tangier met: and here we sat down all with him at a table, and had much discourse about the business. Home by coach, where I find my wife troubled about Gosnell, who brings word that her uncle, Justice Jiggins, requires her to come three times a week to him, to follow some business that her mother intrusts her withal, and that, unless she may have that leisure given her, he will not have her take any place; but there is no help for it. I am somewhat contented therewith, and shall make my wife so, who, poor wretch, I know will consider of things.

9th. All the morning in hopes to have Mr. Coventry dine with me. He was forced to go to Whitehall. Anon went Gosnell away, which did trouble me too; though, upon many considerations, it is better that I am rid of the charge. All together makes my house appear very lonely. My wife and I melancholy to bed.

10th. To the office with Sir J. Minnes, in his coach; but so great a snow that we could hardly pass the streets. Then to the Dolphin, where Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, and I did treat the Auditors of the Exchequer—Auditors Wood and Beale; and hither came Sir G. Carteret to us. We had a good dinner cost us £5 and 6s., whereof my share 26s., and after dinner did discourse of our salaries and other matters, which I think now they will allow.

11th. Mr. Creed dined with me, and we sat all the afternoon together, discoursing of ways to get money, which I am now giving myself wholly up to.

12th. When I wake, I find a very great thaw, and my house overflown with it, which vexed me.

13th. We sat, Mr. Coventry and I, Sir G. Carteret being gone; and among other things, Field and Stint did come, and received the £41 given him by the judgement against me and Harry Kem;[1] and we did also sign bonds in £500 to stand to the award of Mr. Porter and Smith for the rest; which, however, I did not sign to till I got Mr. Coventry to go up with me to Sir W. Pen; and he did promise me before him to bear his share in what should be awarded, and both concluded that Sir W. Batten would do no less.

14th. (Lord's day.) To the King's chapel, where I heard the service, and so to my Lord's, and there Mr. Howe and Pagett, the councillor, an old lover of music. We sang some Psalms of Mr. Lawes,[1] and played some symphonies between, till night, that I was sent for to my Lord, with whom I stayed talking about his, and my own, and the public affairs, with great content; he advising me as to my own choosing of Sir R. Bernard for umpire in the businesses between my uncle and us, that I would not trust to him upon his direction, for he did not think him a man to be trusted at all; and so bid him good-night, and to Mr. Creed's; Mr. Moore, with whom I intended to have lain, lying physically without sheets; and there, after some discourse, to bed, and lay ill, though the bed good, my stomach being sick all night with my too heavy supper.

15th. To the Duke, and followed him into the Park, where, though the ice was broken and dangerous, yet he would go slide upon his skates, which I did not like, but he slides very well. So back to his closet, whither my Lord Sandwich comes, and there Mr. Coventry and we three had long discourse about the matters of the Navy; and, indeed, I find myself more and more obliged to Mr. Coventry, who studies to do me all the right he can in everything to the Duke. Thence walked a good while up and down the galleries; and among others, met with Dr. Clerke, who in discourse tells me that Sir Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King, and to my Lady Castlemaine. And yet, for all this, that the King is very kind to the Queen; who, he says, is one of the best women in the world. Strange how the King is bewitched to this pretty Castlemaine. I walked up and down the galleries, spending my time upon the pictures, till the Duke and the Committee for Tangier met, the Duke not staying with us, where the only matter was to discourse

[1] See Feb. 4 and Oct. 21, 1662.

[1] Henry Lawes, *q.v.*

with my Lord Rutherford,[1] who is this day made Governor of Tangier, for I know not what reasons; and my Lord of Peterborough to be called home; which, though it is said it is done with kindness, I am sorry to see a Catholic Governor sent to command there, where all the rest of the officers almost are such already. But God knows what the reason is! and all may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in. Thence home, in my way calling upon Sir John Berkenhead,[2] to speak about my assessment of £42 to the Loyal Sufferers; which, I perceive, I cannot help; but he tells me I have been abused by Sir R. Ford. Thence called at the Major-General's, Sir R. Browne, about my being assessed arms to the militia; but he was abroad; and so driving through the backside of the shambles in Newgate Market, my coach plucked down two pieces of beef into the dirt, upon which the butchers stopped the horses, and a great rout of people in the street, crying that he had done him 40s. and £5 worth of hurt; but, going down, I saw that he had done little or none; and so I give them a shilling for it, and they were well contented; and so home. Lady Batten tells me she hath just now a letter from Sir William, how that he and Sir J. Minnes did very narrowly escape drowning on the road, the waters are so high; but is well. But, Lord! what a hypocrite-like face she made to tell it me!

16th. To dinner, thinking to have had Mr. Coventry, but he could not go with me; and so I took Captain Murford; of whom I do hear what the world says of me; that all do conclude Mr. Coventry, and Pett, and me to be of a knot; and that we do now carry all things before us: and much more in particular of me, and my studiousness, etc., to my great content. To Whitehall, to Secretary Bennet's, and agreed with Mr. Lee to set upon our new adventure at the Tower to-morrow.

17th. This morning came Mr. Lee, Wade, and Evett, intending to have gone upon our new design to the Tower, but it raining, and the work being to be done in the open garden, we put it off to Friday next.

18th. Mr. Coventry inviting himself to my house to dinner, of which I was proud; but my dinner being a leg of mutton and two capons, they were not done enough, which did vex me; but we made shift to please him, I think; but I, when he was gone, very angry with my wife and people.

19th. Up and by appointment with Mr. Lee, Wade, Evett, and workmen to the Tower, and with the Lieutenant's leave set them to work in the garden, in the corner against the main-guard, a most unlikely place. It being cold, Mr. Lee and I did sit all the day till three o'clock by the fire in the Governor's house; I reading a play of Fletcher's, being *A Wife for a Month*, wherein no great wit or language. We went to them at work, and having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended. Home, a little displeased with my wife, who, poor wretch, is troubled with her lonely life, which I know not how, without great charge, to help as yet, but I will study how to do it.

20th. To the office, and thence with Mr. Coventry in his coach to St. James's, with great content and pride to see him treat me so friendly; and dined with him, and so to Whitehall together; where we met upon the Tangier Commission, and discoursed many things thereon; but little will be done before my Lord Rutherford comes there, as to the fortification and Mole. That done, my Lord Sandwich and I walked together a good while in the Matted Gallery, he acquainting me with his late inquiries into the Wardrobe business to his content; and he tells me how things stand. And that the first year was worth about £3000 to him, and the next about as much; so that, at this day, if he were paid, it will be worth about £7000 to him. But it contents me, above all things, to see him trust me as his confidant: so I bid him goodnight, he being to go into the country, to keep his Christmas, on Monday next.

21st. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, and there to chapel, and from thence upstairs, and up and down the house and galleries on the King's and Queen's side, and so

[1] Andrew, Baron Rutherford, created Earl of Teviot (1663). When Governor of Tangier he was killed by the Moors, in 1664.

[2] Sir John Berkenhead (1616-1679), one of the Masters of Requests. He was the author of *Mercurius Aulicus*.

through the garden to my Lord's lodgings, where there was Mr. Gibbons, Madge, Mallard, and Pagett; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich, and so we had great store of good music. By and by comes in my simple Lord Chandois,[1] who, my Lord Sandwich being gone out to Court, began to sing psalms, but so dully that I was weary of it. At last we broke up; and by and by comes in my Lord Sandwich again, and he and I to talk together about his businesses, and so he to bed; and I and Mr. Creed and Captain Ferrers fell to a cold goose pie of Mrs. Sarah's, heartily.

22nd. To my Lord's, who is getting himself ready for his journey to Hinchingbroke. I walked to Mr. Coventry's chamber, where I found him gone out into the Park with the Duke, so I shifted myself into a riding-habit, and followed him through Whitehall, and in the Park Mr. Coventry's people having a horse ready for me, so fine a one that I was almost afraid to get upon him; but I did, and found myself more feared[2] than hurt; and followed the Duke, who, with some of his people, among others Mr. Coventry, was riding out; and with them to Hyde Park; where Mr. Coventry asking leave of the Duke, he bid us go to Woolwich. So he and I to the waterside, and our horses coming by the ferry, we by oars over to Lambeth, and from thence, with brave discourse by the way, rode to Woolwich, where we put in practice my new way of the Call-book, which will be of great use. Here we got up again, and brought night home with us, and foul weather. Home and presently shifted myself, and so had the barber come; and my wife and I to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which I brought her home from Paul's Churchyard to-night.

23rd. To make up my accounts, and find that my ordinary housekeeping comes to £7 a month, which is a great deal. Dr. Pierce tells me that my Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases, and is more and greater than the Queen's; that she hath brought in Sir H. Bennet, and Sir Charles Barkeley; but that the Queen is a most good lady, and takes all with the greatest meekness that may be. He tells me, also, that Mr. Edward Montagu is quite broke at Court with his repute and purse; and that he lately was engaged in a quarrel against my Lord Chesterfield; but that the King did cause it to be taken up. He tells me, too, that the King is much concerned in the Chancellor's sickness, and that the Chancellor is as great, he thinks, as ever with the King. He also tells me what the world says of me, 'that Mr. Coventry and I do all the business of the office almost;' at which I am highly proud.

24th. To my bookseller's, and paid at another shop £4: 10s. for Stephens's *Thesaurus Graecae Linguae*, given to Paul's School.[1] To my Lord Crewe's, and dined alone with him. I understand there are great factions at Court, and something he said that did imply a difference like to be between the King and the Duke, in case the Queen should not be with child: I understand, about this bastard.[2] He says, also, that some great man will be aimed at when Parliament comes to sit again; I understand, the Chancellor: and that there is a bill will be brought in, that none that have been in arms for the Parliament shall be capable of office; and that the Court are weary of my Lord Albemarle and Chamberlain.[3] He wishes that my Lord Sandwich had some good occasion to be abroad this summer which is coming on, and that my Lord Hinchingbroke were well married, and Sydney[4] had some place at Court. He pities the poor ministers that are put out, to whom, he says, the King is beholden for his coming in, and that if any such thing had been foreseen, he had never come in. After this, and much other discourse of the sea, and breeding young gentlemen to the sea, I went away, and homeward. Met Mr. Creed at my bookseller's, in Paul's Churchyard, who takes it ill my letter last night to Mr.

[1] William Brydges, seventh Lord Chandos. Ob. 1676. [B.]

[2] Afraid, timid.

[1] See December 27, 1661, *ante*.

[2] Crofts, afterwards Duke of Monmouth. See p. 156.

[3] Edward, Earl of Manchester.

[4] Lord Sandwich's second son, who married afterwards Anne, daughter and heir of Sir Francis Wortley of Wortley, by whom he was father of Edward Wortley Montagu, the husband of the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. [B.]

Povy, wherein I accuse him of the neglect of the Tangier boats, in which I must confess I did not do altogether like a friend; but, however, it was truth, and I must own it to be so, though I fall wholly out with him for it. This evening Mr. Gauden sent me, against Christmas, a great chine of beef and three dozen of tongues. I did give 5s. to the man that brought it, and half-a-crown to the porters. This day, also, the parish-clerk brought the general bills of mortality, which cost me half-a-crown more.

25th. (Christmas day.) Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the Communion with the family, but I came a little too late. So I walked up into the house, and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the VIII.'s voyage to Bullen;[1] marking the great difference between their build then and now. By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley[2] preached upon the song of the Angels, 'Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men.' Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long; and, reprehending the mistaken jollity of the Court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days, he particularised concerning their excess in plays and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds serves but for a second rather in a duel, meaning the groom-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses. He did much press us to joy in these public days of joy, and to hospitality; but one that stood by whispered in my ear that the Bishop do not spend one groat to the poor himself. The sermon done, a good anthem followed with viols, and the King came down to receive the sacrament. But I stayed not, but calling my boy from my Lord's lodgings, and giving Sarah some good advice by my Lord's order to be sober, and look after the house, I walked home again with great pleasure, and there dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge and a roasted pullet for dinner; and I sent for a mince-pie abroad, my wife not being well to make any herself yet.

26th. To the Wardrobe. Hither came Mr. Battersby; and we falling into discourse of a new book of drollery in verse called *Hudibras*, I would needs go find it out, and met with it at the Temple:[1] cost me 2s. 6d. But when I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter Knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by and by meeting at Mr. Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to him for 18d. To the Duke's house, and saw the *Villain*. Here I was better pleased with the play than I was at first,[2] understanding the design better than I did. Here I saw Gosnell and her sister at a distance, and could have found in my heart to have accosted them, but thought it not prudent. Home, and found my wife busy among her pies. We are both displeased for some slight words that Sarah, now at Sir W. Pen's, hath spoke of us, but it is no matter. We shall endeavour to join the lion's skin to the fox's tail.

27th. With my wife to the Duke's theatre, and saw the second part of *Rhodes*,[3] done with the new Roxalana;[4] which do it rather better in all respects for person, voice, and judgement, than the first Roxalana. Not so well pleased with the company at the house to-day, which was full of citizens, there hardly being a gentleman or woman in the house.

28th. (Lord's day.) With my wife to church, and coming out went out both before my Lady Batten, he not being there, which I believe will vex her. To the French church, where I heard an old man make a tedious long sermon, till they were fain to light candles to baptize the children by.

29th. To Westminster Hall, where I stayed reading at Mrs. Mitchell's shop. She told me what I heard not of before,

1 Boulogne.

2 George Morley (1597-1684), Bishop of Worcester (1660), and Bishop of Winchester (1662).

1 This shows that Samuel Butler's work was in circulation before 1663, the accepted date of publication (probably taken from the title-page).

2 See October 20, 1662.

3 *The Siege of Rhodes, u.s.*

4 See Dec. 1, 1662.

the strange burning of Mr. de Laun, a merchant's house in Loathbury, and his lady, Sir Thomas Allen's daughter, and her whole family; not one thing, dog nor cat, escaping; nor any of the neighbours almost hearing of it till the house was quite down and burnt. How this should come to pass, God knows, but a most strange thing it is! Hither came Jack Spicer, and talked of Exchequer matters, and how the Lord Treasurer[1] hath now ordered all monies to be brought into the Exchequer, and hath settled the King's revenues, and given to every general expense proper assignments; to the Navy £200,000 and odd. He also told me of the great vast trade of the goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates. Thence to Whitehall, and got up to the top galleries in the Banqueting House, to see the audience of the Russian Ambassadors,[2] which took place after our long waiting and fear of the falling of the gallery, it being so full and part of it being parted from the rest, for nobody to come up, merely from the weakness thereof: and very handsome it was. After they had come in, I went down and got through the crowd almost as high as the King and the Ambassadors, where I saw all the presents, being rich furs, hawks, carpets, cloths of tissue, and sea-horse teeth. The King took two or three hawks upon his fist, having a glove on, wrought with gold, given him for the purpose. The son of one of the Ambassadors was in the richest suit for pearl and tissue that ever I did see, or shall, I believe. After they and all the company had kissed the King's hand, then the three Ambassadors and the son, and no more, did kiss the Queen's. One thing more I did observe, that the chief Ambassador did carry up his master's letters in state before him on high; and as soon as he had delivered them, he did fall down to the ground, and lay there a great while. After all was done, the company broke up; and I spent a little while walking up and down the gallery seeing the ladies, the two Queens, and the Duke of Monmouth[1] with his little mistress,[2] which is very little, and like my brother-in-law's wife. Sat late talking with my wife about our entertaining Dr. Clerke's lady and Mrs. Pierce shortly, being in great pain that my wife hath never a winter gown, being almost ashamed of it that she should be seen in a taffata one, when all the world wears moyre;[3] but we could not come to any resolution what to do therein, other than to appear as she is.

30th. Visited Mrs. Ferrers, and stayed talking with her a good while, there being a little, proud, ugly, talking lady there, that was much crying up the Queen-mother's Court at Somerset House above our own Queen's; there being before her no allowance of laughing and the mirth that is at the other's; and indeed it is observed that the greatest Court nowadays is there. Thence to Whitehall, where I carried my wife to see the Queen in her presence-chamber; and the maids of honour and the young Duke of Monmouth playing at cards. Some of them, and but a few, were very pretty; though all well dressed in velvet gowns. Thence to my Lord's lodgings, where Mrs. Sarah did make us my Lord's bed.

31st. William Bowyer tells me how the difference comes between his fair cousin Butler and Colonel Dillon, upon his opening letters of her brother's from Ireland, complaining of his knavery, and forging others to the contrary; and so they are long ago quite broke off. Mr. Povy and I to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchess at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchess, and all the great ones: and, after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of York; and the Duke, the Duchess of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castle-

1 The Earl of Southampton.

2 'On Monday last, betwixt two and three in the afternoon, His Majesty gave audience to the great Lord Ambassador, the great Duke and Governor of Toulsky, Peter the son of Simon, surnamed Prozorofskee, to the Lord Governor of Coarmeski, John, the son of Offonassey, surnamed Zelebousky, and Juan Stephano, Chancellor, etc., Ambassadors from the Emperor of Russia.'—*Mercurius Publicus*, Jan. 1, 1663 (quoted by B.)

1 See note to Nov. 17, 1662.

2 Lady Anne Scott of Buccleuch.

3 Mohair, *u.s.*

maine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Bransle.[1] After that the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for, which was, says he, 'Cuckolds all awry,'[2] the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's,[3] were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stand up: and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having stayed here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

Thus ends this year, with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus:—we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at Whitehall. Our home at the Navy Office, which is and hath a pretty while been in good condition, finished and made very convenient. By my last year's diligence in my office, blessed be God! I am come to a good degree of knowledge therein; and am acknowledged so by all the world, even the Duke himself, to whom I have a good access: and by that, and by my being Commissioner for Tangier, he takes much notice of me; and I doubt not but, by the continuance of the same endeavours, I shall in a little time come to be a man much taken notice of in the world, specially being come to so great an esteem with Mr. Coventry. Public matters stand thus: The King is bringing, it is said, his family, and Navy, and all other his charges, to a less expense. In the meantime, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being public, every day, to his great reproach; and his favouring of none at Court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley; which, good God, put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at Court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt that, if the King should have no child by the Queen, which there is yet no appearance of, whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great: but certainly he is a good servant to the King. The Queen-mother is said to keep too great a Court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Albans is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France; how true, God knows. The Bishops are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the Presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavours of the other Fanatics would take effect; there having been a plot lately found out, for which four have been publicly tried at the Old Bailey and hanged. My Lord Sandwich is still in good esteem, and now keeping his Christmas in the country; and I in good esteem, I think, as any man can be, with him. Mr. Moore is very sickly, and I doubt will hardly get over his late fit of sickness, that still hangs on him. In fine, for the good condition of myself, wife, family, and estate, in the great degree that it is, and for the public state of the nation, so quiet as it is, the Lord God be praised!

[1] Branle, bransle, brantle, brangle, brawl, a dance of the cotillon type.

[2] The tune of 'Cuckolds all awry [a row]' is printed in Chappell's *Collection*.

[3] Sir Henry de Vic, of Guernsey, Bart. (d. 1672), had been twenty years Resident for Charles II. at Brussels, and was Chancellor of the Order of the Garter, and in 1662 became Comptroller of the Duke of York's Household. His only daughter, Anna Charlotta, married John Lord Frescheville, Baron of Stavely, in Derbyshire. [B.]

January 1663

January 1st. To Whitehall, where I spent a little time walking among the courtiers, which I perceive I shall be able

to do with great confidence, being now beginning to be pretty well known among them. Among other discourse, Mrs. Sarah tells us how the King sups at least four times every week with my Lady Castlemaine; and most often stays till the morning with her, and goes home through the garden all alone privately, and that so as the very sentries take notice of it and speak of it; and that about a month ago Lady Castlemaine quickened at my Lord Gerard's[1] at dinner, and cried out that she was undone; and all the lords and men were fain to quit the room, and women called to help her. In fine, I find that there is nothing almost but bawdry at Court from top to bottom, as, if it were fit, I could instance, but it is not necessary: only they say that my Lord Chesterfield, Groom of the Stole to the Queen, is either gone or put away from Court upon the score of his lady's having smitten the Duke of York, so as that he is watched by the Duchess of York, and the lady is retired into the country upon it. How much of this is true, God knows; but it is common talk. After dinner to the Duke's house, where we saw *The Villain*[2] again; and the more I see it, the more I am offended at my first undervaluing the play, it being very good and pleasant, and yet a true and allowable tragedy. The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant, but that I was willing to make an end of my gaddings. Here we saw the old Roxalana[3] in the chief box, in a velvet gown, as the fashion is, and very handsome, at which I was glad.

2nd. To see Sir W. Pen, who is fallen sick again. I stayed a while talking to him, and so to my office, practising arithmetic.

4th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, where a lazy sermon. My wife did propound my having of my sister Pall again to be her woman, since one we must have, it being a very great trouble to me that I should have a sister of so ill a nature, that I must be forced to spend money upon a stranger, when it might better be upon her, if she were good for anything.

5th. To the Duke, who himself told me that Sir J. Lawson was come home to Portsmouth from the Straits, with great renown among all men, and, I perceive, mightily esteemed at Court by all. The Duke did not stay long in his chamber, whither, by and by, the Russian Ambassadors came; who, it seems, have a custom that they will not come to have any treaty with our or any King's Commissioners, but they will themselves see at the time the face of the King himself, be it forty days one after another; and so they did to-day only go in and see the King; and so out again to the Council Chamber. To the Duke's closet, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Mr. Coventry, and myself attended him about the business of the Navy; and, after much discourse and pleasant talk, he went away. To the Cockpit, where we saw *Claracilla*,[1] a poor play, done by the King's house; but neither the King nor the Queen were there, but only the Duke and Duchess, who did show some impertinent, and, methought, unnatural dalliances there, before the whole world, such as kissing of hands, and leaning upon one another; but to my very little content, they not acting in any degree like the Duke's people.

6th. (Twelfth day.) Into St. Paul's church, and there finding Elborough, my old schoolfellow at Paul's, now a parson, whom I know to be a silly fellow, he tells me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was sennight, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Thence into Wood Street, and there bought a fine table for my dining-room, cost me 50s.; and while we were buying it, there was a scare-fire in an alley over against us, but they quenched it. To the Duke's house, and there saw *Twelfth Night* acted well,[2] though it be but a silly play, and

[1] Charles Gerard (d. 1694), Baron Gerard of Brandon (1645), Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Charles II. (1649), and captain of the Guards (1660): afterwards Earl of Macclesfield (1679).

[2] See Dec. 26, 1662.

[3] Mrs. Davenport. See Feb. 18 and Dec. 1, 1662, note.

[1] See July 4, 1661.

[2] Betterton was Sir Toby; Lovel, Malvolio; and Mrs. Gibbs, Olivia.

not relating at all to the name or day. Home, and found all well, only myself somewhat vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf, waistcoat, and night-dressings in the coach, to-day, that brought us from Westminster; though, I confess, she did give them to me to look after. It might be as good as 25s. loss.

8th. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called *The Adventures of Five Hours*, at the ~~Duke's-house, being~~, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke,[1] I did long to see it; and so we went; and, though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower forms, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall, and all possible, not only to be done in the time, but in most other respects very admittable, and without one word of ribaldry; and the house, by its frequent plaudits, did show their sufficient approbation. So home; with much ado in an hour getting a coach home, and now resolving to set up my rest as to plays till Easter, if not Whitsuntide next, excepting plays at Court.

9th. My wife began to speak again of the necessity of our keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with the other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none, which is too true. Comes Major Tolhurst, one of my old acquaintance in Cromwell's time, and sometimes of our club, to see me, and I could do no less than carry him to the Mitre, Tolhurst telling me the manner of their collieries in the North.

12th. To the King's Head ordinary, but people being set down, we went to two or three places; at last found some meat at a Welsh cook's at Charing Cross, and here dined and our boys. Mine had struck down Creed's boy in the dirt, with his new suit on, and the boy taken by a gentlewoman into a house to make clean, but the poor boy was in a pitiful taking and pickle, but I basted my rogue soundly. I found my Lord within, and he and I went out through the garden towards the Duke's chamber, to sit upon the Tangier matters; but a lady called to my Lord out of my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, telling him that the King was there, and would speak with him. My Lord could not tell me what to say at the Committee to excuse his absence, but that he was with the King; nor would suffer me to go into the Privy Garden, which is now a through passage and common, but bid me go through some other way, which I did; so that I see he is a servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business. To my Lady Batten's, and sat with her a while, but I did it out of design to get some oranges for my feast to-morrow of her, which I did. So home, and found my wife's new gown come home, and she mightily pleased with it.

13th. My poor wife rose by five o'clock in the morning, before day, and went to market and bought fowls and many other things for dinner, with which I was highly pleased, and the chine of beef was down also before six o'clock, and my own jack, of which I was doubtful, do carry it very well; things being put in order, and the cook come. By and by comes Dr. Clerke, and his lady, his sister, and a she-cousin, and Mr. Pierce and his wife, which was all my guests. I had for them, after oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits and lamb, and a rare chine of beef. Next, a great dish of roasted fowl, cost me about 30s., and a tart, and then fruit and cheese. My dinner was noble, and enough. I had my house mighty clean and neat; my room below with a good fire in it; my dining-room above, and my chamber being made a withdrawing-chamber; and my wife's a good fire, also. I find my new table very proper, and will hold nine or ten people well, but eight with great room. At supper had a good sack posset and cold meat, and sent my guests away about ten o'clock at night, both them and myself highly pleased with our management of this day; and indeed their company was very fine, and Mrs. Clerke a very witty fine lady, though a little conceited and proud. I believe this day's feast will cost me near £5.

14th. Examining part of my sea-manu-

[1] Samuel Tuke, created a baronet in 1664. The play is based on one of Calderon's. Betterton took the part of Don Henrique and Mrs. Davenport that of Camilla. Mrs. Betterton was Porcia. The play ran for 13 nights without a break.

script with great pleasure, my wife sitting working by me.

15th. Mr. Coventry to dine with me, I having a wild goose roasted, and a cold chine of beef and a barrel of oysters; and then he and I to fit ourselves for horseback, he having brought me a horse; and so to Deptford, the ways being very dirty. Did our main business, which was to examine the proof of our new way of the call-books, which we think will be of great use. And so I home with his horse, leaving him to go over the fields to Lambeth.

16th. Mr. Battersby, the apothecary, coming to see me, I called for the cold chine of beef, and made him eat, and drink wine, and talked, there being with us Captain Brewer, the painter, who tells me how highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffee-houses still, which I wonder at.

17th. To the Duke's playhouse, where we did see *The Five Hours*[1] entertainment again, which indeed is a very fine play, though, through my being out of order, it did not seem so good as at first; but I could discern it was not any fault in the play. To the China alehouse, and so home.

18th. (Lord's day.) I went to church. Then to Sir W. Pen's, to see how he do, and find him pretty well, and ready to go abroad again.

19th. To wait on my Lord Sandwich, whom I found not very well, and Dr. Clerke with him. He is feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood. Then to the Duke; and in his closet discoursed as we used to do, and then broke up. Singled out Mr. Coventry into the Matted Gallery, and there I told him the complaints I meet every day about our Treasurer's or his people's paying no money but at the goldsmiths' shops, where they are forced to pay fifteen, or twenty sometimes, per cent for their money, which is a most horrid shame, and that which must not be suffered. Nor is it likely that the Treasurer—at least, his people—will suffer Maynell the goldsmith to go away with £10,000 per annum, as he do now get, by making people pay after this manner for their money. To Mr. Povy's, where really he made a most excellent and large dinner, of their variety, even to admiration, he bidding us, in a frolic, to call for what we had a mind, and he would undertake to give it us; and we did for prawns, swan, venison, after I had thought the dinner was quite done, and he did immediately produce it, which I thought great plenty, and he seems to set up his rest in this plenty, and the neatness of his house, which he after dinner showed me, from room to room, so beset with delicate pictures; and, above all, a piece of perspective in his closet in the low parlour; his stable, where was some most delicate horses, and the very racks painted and mangers, with a neat leaden painted cistern, and the walls done with Dutch tiles, like my chimneys. But still, above all things, he bid me go down into his wine-cellar, where, upon several shelves, there stood bottles of all sorts of wine, new and old, with labels pasted upon each bottle, and in the order and plenty as I never saw books in a bookseller's shop; and herein, I observe, he puts his highest content, and will accordingly commend all that he hath, but still they deserve to be so. Here dined with me Dr. Moore. To my Lord Chancellor's, where the King was to meet my Lord Treasurer and many great men, to settle the revenue of Tangier. I stayed talking awhile there, but, the King not coming, I walked to my brother's. This day, by Dr. Clerke, I was told the occasion of my Lord Chesterfield's going and taking his lady, my Lord Ormond's daughter, from Court. It seems he not only hath been long jealous of the Duke of York, but did find them two talking together, though there were others in the room, and the lady, by all opinions, a most good virtuous woman. He, the next day, of which the Duke was warned by somebody that saw the passion my Lord Chesterfield was in the night before, went and told the Duke how much he did apprehend himself wronged, in his picking out his lady of the whole Court to be the subject of his dishonour; which the Duke did answer with great calmness, not seeming to understand the reason of complaint, and that was all that passed; but my Lord did presently pack his lady into the country in Derbyshire, near the Peak;[1] which is become a proverb at Court, to send a man's wife to the Peak when she vexes him.

[1] See Jan. 8, 1663.

[1] Bretby Hall.

21st. Dined at Mr. Ackworth's, where a pretty dinner, and she a pretty, modest woman; but, above all things, we saw her Rock, which is one of the finest things done by a woman that ever I saw. I must have my wife to see it. On board the *Elias*, and found the timber brought by her from the Forest of Dean to be exceeding good.

22nd. Mr. Dixon came to dine with me, to give me an account of his success with Mr. Wheatly, for his daughter for my brother; and in short is, that his daughter cannot fancy my brother, because of his imperfection in his speech, which I am sorry for, but there the business must die. With the rest of the officers to Mr. Russell's burial, where we had wine and rings, and a great and good company of the aldermen and the livery of the Skinners' Company. We went to St. Dunstan's in the East church, where sermon, but I stayed not. To my Lord's, and there find him expecting his fit to-night of an ague.

23rd. Mr. Grant and I to a coffee-house, where Sir J. Cutler[1] was; and he did fully make out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was, only in more hands; and that of all trades there is a greater number than ever there was, by reason of men's taking more 'prentices. His discourse was well worth hearing. I bought *Audley's Way to be Rich*,[2] a serious pamphlet, and some good things worth my minding. Meeting Sir W. Batten, drank more. Much discourse, but little to be learned, but of a design in the North of a rising, which is discovered among some men of condition, and they sent for up. To see Sir W. Pen, where was Sir J. Lawson and his lady and daughter, which is pretty enough.

25th. (Lord's day.) I understand the King of France is upon consulting his Divines upon the old question, what the power of the Pope is? and do intend to make war against him, unless he do right him for the wrong his Ambassador received;[3] and banish the Cardinal Imperial; by which I understand is not meant the Cardinal belonging or chosen by the Emperor, but the name of his family is Imperiali.[1] To my Lord, who had his ague-fit last night, and I stayed talking with him an hour alone in his chamber, about sundry public and private matters. Among others, he wonders what the project should be of the Duke's going down to Portsmouth again now with his lady, at this time of the year: it being no way, we think, to increase his popularity, which is not great; nor yet safe to do it, for that reason, if it would have any such effect. Captain Ferrers tells me of my Lady Castlemaine's and Sir Charles Barkeley being the great favourites at Court, and growing every day more and more so; and that upon a late dispute between my Lord Chesterfield, that is the Queen's Lord Chamberlain, and Mr. Edward Montagu, her Master of the Horse, who should have the precedence in taking the Queen's upperhand abroad out of the house, which Mr. Montagu challenges, it was given to my Lord Chesterfield. So that I perceive he goes down the wind in honour as well as everything else, every day. A messenger is come, that tells us how Colonel Honiwood, who was well yesterday at Canterbury, was flung by his horse in getting up, and broke his skull, and so is dead.[2]

26th. By water with Sir W. Batten to Whitehall. I met with Monsieur Raby, who is lately come from France. He tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke and his

[1] (?1608-1693) A London grocer; created baronet in 1660. He is the 'sage Cutler' of Pope's *Moral Essays* (Epistle iii. ll. 315, etc.). Though a benefactor of the College of Physicians and other public bodies, he had his deserts in Wycherley's *Praise of Avarice*.

[2] See November 23, 1662, note.

[3] On August 20, the Duc de Créqui, French ambassador at Rome, was insulted by the Corsican armed police, and the Pope (Alexander VII.) at first refused reparation for the affront. Louis, as in the case of D'Estrades (see *ante*, p. 102), took prompt measures. He ordered the Papal Nuncio forthwith to quit France; he seized upon Avignon, and his army prepared to enter Italy. Alexander found it necessary to submit. In fulfilment of a treaty signed at Pisa in 1664, Cardinal Chigi, the Pope's nephew, came to Paris, to tender the Pope's apology to Louis. The guilty individuals were punished; the Corsicans banished for ever from the Roman States; and in front of the guard-house which they had occupied a pyramid was erected, bearing an inscription, which embodied the Pope's apology. This pyramid Louis permitted Clement IX. to destroy on his accession. [B.]

[1] Lorenzo Imperiali, of Genoa. He had been appointed Governor of Rome by Innocent X., in 1654, and he had acted in that capacity at the time of the tumult. [B.]

[2] Colonel Henry Honywood, of Little Archer's Court River, Kent. [B.]

brother do little improve there, and are much neglected in their habits and other things; but I do believe he hath a mind to go over as their tutor, and so I am not apt to believe what he says therein. I had a great deal of very good discourse with him concerning the difference between the French and the Pope, and the occasion, which he told me very particularly, and to my great content; and of most of the chief affairs of France, which I did enquire: and that the King is a most excellent Prince, doing all business himself; and that it is true he hath a mistress, Mademoiselle La Val[l]ière, one of the Princess Henriette's women, that he courts for his pleasure every other day, but not so as to make him neglect his public affair. He tells me how the King do carry himself nobly to the relations of the dead Cardinal,[1] and will not suffer one pasquil to come forth against him: and that he acts by what directions he received from him before his death.

27th. I have news this day from Cambridge that my brother hath had his bachelor's cap put on; but that which troubles me is, that he hath the pain of the stone, it beginning just as mine did. I pray God help him.

28th. To my Lord Sandwich's, whom I find missing his ague fit to-day, and is pretty well, playing at dice (and by this I see how time and example may alter a man, he being now acquainted with all sorts of pleasures and vanities, which heretofore he never thought of, nor loved, nor, it may be, hath allowed), with Ned Pickering and his page Lond. To Wotton's, the shoemaker, and there bought another pair of new boots. I drank with him and his wife, a pretty woman, they broaching a vessel of cider on purpose for me. My wife came home, and seeming to cry; for, bringing home in a coach her new ferrandin[2] waistcoat, in Cheapside, a man asked her whether that was the way to the Tower; and, while she was answering him, another, on the other side, snatched away her bundle out of her lap, and could not be recovered, but ran away with it, which vexes me cruelly, but it cannot be helped.

30th. A solemn fast for the King's murder, and we were forced to keep it more than we would have done, having forgot to take any victuals into the house. I to church in the forenoon, and Mr. Mills made a good sermon upon David's heart smiting him for cutting off the garments of Saul. My manuscript is brought home handsomely bound, to my full content; and now I think I have a better collection in reference to the Navy, and shall have by the time I have filled it, than any of my predecessors.

31st. In the evening examining my wife's letter intended to my Lady, and another to Mademoiselle: they were so false spelt that I was ashamed of them.

February 1663

February 1st. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Sandwich's. Many discourses we had; but, among others, how Sir R. Bernard is turned out of his Recordership of Huntingdon by the Commissioners for Regulation, etc.; at which I am troubled, because he, thinking it is done by my Lord Sandwich, will act some of his revenge, it is likely, upon me in my business. This day Creed and I, walking in Whitehall, did see the King coming privately from my Lady Castlemaine's; which is a poor thing for a Prince to do; and so I expressed my sense of it to Creed, in terms which I should not have done, but that I believe he is trusty in that point.

2nd. With Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to the Duke; and after discourse as usual with him in his closet, I went to my Lord's: the King and the Duke being gone to chapel, it being a collar-day,[1] Candlemas-day; where I stayed with him until towards noon, there being Jonas Moore talking about some mathematical businesses. With Mr. Coventry down to his chamber, where he did tell me how he do make himself an interest by doing business truly and justly, though he thwarts others greater than himself, not striving to

1 Cardinal Mazarin. See p. 72.

2 Ferrandin or farandine, a cloth (invented by Ferrand c. 1630) made of silk and wool. It was inexpensive.

1 See Sept. 29, 1662, note.

make himself friends by addresses; and by this he thinks and observes he do live as contentedly, now he finds himself secured from fear of want, and, take one time with another, as void of fear or cares, or more, than they that, as his own terms were, have quicker pleasures and sharper agonies than he. I met Madam Turner, she and her daughter having been at the play to-day at the Temple, it being a revelling time with them. Thence called at my brother's, who is at church, at the burial of young Cumberland, a lusty young man.

4th. To Paul's School, it being Apposition-day[1] there. I heard some of their speeches (and they were just as school-boys used to be) of the seven liberal sciences, but I think not so good as ours were in our time. Thence to Bow Church, to the Court of Arches, where a judge sits, and his proctors about him in their habits, and their pleadings all in Latin. Here I was sworn to give a true answer to my uncle's libels. And back again to Paul's School, and went up to see the head forms posed in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; but I think they do not answer in any so well as we did; only in geography they did pretty well. Dr. Wilkins and Outram[2] were examiners. So down to the school, where Mr. Crumlum did me much honour by telling many what a present I had made to the school, showing my Stephanus[3] in four volumes. He also showed us upon my desire an old edition of the grammar of Colet's,[4] where his epistle to the children is very pretty; and in rehearsing the creed it is said 'born of the clean Virgin Mary.'

5th. To dinner, and found it so well done, above what I did expect from my maid Susan, now Jane is gone, that I did call her in and give her sixpence.

6th. To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden,[5] which will be very fine. And so to a bookseller's in the Strand, and there bought *Hudibras* again, it being certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit;[1] for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no. To Mr. Povy's, and there found them at dinner, and dined there—there being, among others, Mr. Williamson,[2] Latin secretary, who, I perceive, is a pretty knowing man and a scholar, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so. To the Temple, to my cousin Roger Pepys, where met us my uncle Thomas and his son; and, after many high demands, we at last came to a kind of agreement upon very hard terms, which are to be prepared in writing against Tuesday next.

8th. (Lord's day.) Up, and it being a very great frost, I walked to Whitehall to chapel, where there preached little Dr. Duport,[3] of Cambridge, upon Josiah's words:—'But I and my house, we will serve the Lord.' Thence with Mr. Creed to the King's Head ordinary. After dinner Sir Thomas Willis and another stranger, and Creed and I, fell a-talking; they of the errors and corruption of the Navy, and great expense thereof, not knowing who I was, which, at last, I did undertake to confute, and disabuse them: and they took it very well, and I hope it was to good purpose, they being Parliament-men. Creed, and I, and Captain Ferrers to the Park, and there walked finely, seeing people slide, we talking all the while and Captain Ferrers telling me, among other Court passages, how, about a month ago, at a ball at Court, a child was dropped by one of the ladies in dancing, but nobody knew who, it being taken up by somebody in their handkercher. The next morning all the Ladies of Honour appeared early at Court for their vindication, so that nobody could tell whose this mischance should be. But it seems Mrs. Wells[4] fell sick that afternoon, and hath

[1] See p. 3.

[2] William Outram (1626-1679), rabbinical scholar, rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London.

[3] See p. 167.

[4] John Colet (? 1467-1519), the Humanist, founder of St. Paul's School.

[5] Killigrew's, opened May 7, 1663, with the *Humorous Lieutenant*.

[1] See Dec. 26, 1662.

[2] Joseph Williamson (1633-1701), afterwards knighted.

[3] James Duport (1606-1679), afterwards Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge (1668).

[4] Winifred Wells, Maid of Honour, one of Charles's mistresses. In the *Mémoires de Grammont*, Mary Kirk (or Warmestry), another of the Queen's maids, is named. See also Feb. 23, 1663.

disappeared ever since, so that it is concluded it was her. Another story was how Lady Castlemaine, a few days since, had Mrs. Stuart[1] to an entertainment, and at night began a frolic that they two must be married; and married they were, with ring and all other ceremonies of church service, and ribbons[2] and a sack posset in bed, and flinging the stocking; but, in the close, it is said that my Lady Castlemaine, who was the bridegroom, rose, and the King came and took her place. This is said to be very true. Another story was how Captain Ferrers and W. Howe both have often, through my Lady Castlemaine's window, seen her go to bed, and Sir Charles Barkeley in the chamber. The little Duke of Monmouth, it seems, is ordered to take place of all Dukes, and so to follow Prince Rupert now, before the Duke of Buckingham or any else.

10th. W. Warren[3] came himself to the door, and left a letter and box for me, and went his way. His letter mentions giving me and my wife a pair of gloves; but, opening the box, we found a pair of plain white gloves for my hand, and a fair state-dish of silver, and cup, with my arms ready cut upon them, worth, I believe, about £18, which is a very noble present, and the best I ever had yet. So, after some contentful talk with my wife, she to bed and I to rest.

11th. At night my wife read Sir H. Vane's trial to me, and I find it a very excellent thing, worth reading, and him to have been a very wise man.

13th. Mr. Cole, our timber-merchant, sent me five couple of ducks. To my office, where late upon business; Mr. Bland sitting with me, talking of my Lord Windsor's being come home from Jamaica, unlooked-for; which makes us think that these young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad, though it is said that he could not have his health there, but hath razed a fort of the King of Spain upon Cuba, which is considerable, or said to be so, for his honour.

14th. My uncle Thomas, and his sons both, and I did meet at my cousin Roger's, and there sign and seal to an agreement; and with great seeming love parted.

15th. (Lord's day.) Talking long with my wife, and teaching her things in astronomy.

16th. To Westminster Hall, and there find great expectation what the Parliament will do, when they come two days hence to sit again, in matters of religion. The great question is whether the Presbyters will be contented to let the Papists have the same liberty of conscience with them or no, or rather be denied it themselves: and the Papists, I hear, are very busy in designing how to make the Presbyters consent to take their liberty, and to let them have the same with them, which some are apt to think they will. It seems a priest was taken in his vests officiating somewhere in Holborn the other day, and was committed by Secretary Morris, according to law; and they say the Bishop of London do give him thanks for it.

17th. To my office, my wife being gone to Chelsea with her brother and sister and Mrs. Lodum, to see the wassail[1] at school, where Mary Ashwell is. To my Lord Sandwich, whom I found at cards with Pickering; but he made an end soon: and so all alone, he told me he had a great secret to tell me, such as no flesh knew but himself, nor ought; which was this, that yesterday morning Eschar, Mr. Edward Montagu's man, did come to him from his master with some of the Clerks of the Exchequer, for my Lord to sign to their books for the Embassy money;[2] which my Lord very civilly desired not to do till he had spoke with his master himself. In the afternoon my Lord and my Lady Wright being at cards in his chamber, in comes Mr. Montagu; and, desiring to speak with my Lord at the window in his chamber, he began to charge my Lord with the greatest ingratitude in the world; that he, that had received his earldom, garter, £4000 per annum, and whatever he has in the world, from him, should now

[1] Frances Teresa Stuart (1647-1702), 'La Belle Stuart,' another of the Queen's maids and one of the King's mistresses. She became the third wife of Charles Lennox, sixth Duke of Lennox, and fourth Duke of Richmond. She is said to have been the model for the figure of Britannia on the copper coinage. See Feb. 25, 1667.

[2] See Jan. 24, 1660, note.

[3] Afterwards Sir William Warren.

[1] See Dec. 26, 1661.

[2] To Portugal, in the matter of the Royal marriage.

study him all the dishonour that he could; and so fell to tell my Lord that, if he should speak all that he knew of him, he could do so and so. In a word, he did rip up all that could be said that was unworthy, and in the basest terms they could be spoke in. To which my Lord answered with great temper, justifying himself, but endeavouring to lessen his heat, which was a strange temper in him, knowing that he did owe all he hath in the world to my Lord, and that he is now all that he is by his means and favour. But my Lord did forbear to increase the quarrel, knowing that it would be to no good purpose for the world to see a difference in the family; but did allay him so as that he fell to weeping. And after much talk, among other things, Mr. Montagu telling him that there was a fellow in the town, naming me, that had done ill offices, and that if he knew it to be so, he would have him cudgelled, my Lord did promise him, that, if upon account he saw that there was not many tradesmen unpaid, he would sign the books; but, if there was, he could not bear with taking too great a debt upon him. So this day he sent him an account, and a letter, assuring him there was not above £200 unpaid; and so my Lord did sign to the Exchequer books. Upon the whole, I understand fully what a rogue he is, and how my Lord do think and will think of him for the future; telling me that thus he has served his father, my Lord Manchester, and his whole family, and now himself: and, which is worst, that he hath abused, and in speeches every day do abuse, my Lord Chancellor, whose favour he hath lost; and hath no friend but Sir H. Bennet, and that (I knowing the rise of his friendship) only from the likeness of their pleasures, and acquaintance, and concernments, they have in the same matters of lust and baseness; for which God forgive them! But he do flatter himself, from promises of Sir H. Bennet, that he shall have a pension of £2000 per annum, and be made an Earl. My Lord told me he expected a challenge from him, but told me there was no great fear of him, for there was no man lies under such an imputation as he do in the business of Mr. Cholmley, who, though a simple sorry fellow, do brave him, and struts before him with the Queen, to the sport and observation of the whole Court. He did keep my Lord at the window, reviling and braving him above an hour, my Lady Wright being by; but my Lord tells me she could not hear every word, but did well know what their discourse was; she could hear enough to know that. So that he commands me to keep it as the greatest secret in the world, and bids me beware of speaking words against Mr. Montagu, for fear I should suffer by his passion thereby. Mr. Pickering tells me the story is very true of a child being dropped at the ball at Court; and that the King had it in his closet a week after, and did dissect it; and, making great sport of it, said that in his opinion it must have been a month and three hours old; and that, whatever others think, he hath the greatest loss (it being a boy, as he says) that hath lost a subject by the business. He tells me, too, that the other story, of my Lady Castlemaine's and Stuart's marriage, is certain, and that it was in order to the King's coming to Stuart, as is believed generally. He tells me that Sir H. Bennet is a Catholic, and how all the Court almost is changed to the worse since his coming in, they being afraid of him. And that the Queen-mother's Court is now the greatest of all; and that our own Queen hath little or no company come to her, which I know also to be very true, and am sorry to see it.

18th. Mr. Hater and I alone at the office, finishing our account of the extra charge of the Navy, not properly belonging to the Navy, since the King's coming in to Christmas last; and, all extra things being abated, I find that the true charge of the Navy to that time hath been after the rate of £374,743 a-year. I made an end by eleven o'clock at night. This day the Parliament met again, after their long prorogation; but I know not anything what they have done, being within doors all day.

19th. My eyes begin to fail me, looking so long by candle-light upon white paper. This day I read the King's speech to the Parliament yesterday, which is very short, and not very obliging; but only telling them his desire to have a power of indulging tender consciences, not that he will yield to have any mixture in the uniformity

of the Church's discipline; and says the same for the Papists, but declares against their ever being admitted to have any offices or places of trust in the kingdom; but, God knows, too many have.

21st. To the office, where Sir J. Minnes, most of the rest being at the Parliament House, all the morning answering petitions and other business. Towards noon there comes a man, as if upon ordinary business, and shows me a writ from the Exchequer, called a Commission of Rebellion, and tells me that I am his prisoner in Field's business; which, methought, did strike me to the heart, to think that we could not sit in the middle of the King's business. I told him how and where we were employed, and bid him have a care; and perceiving that we were busy, he said he would, and did withdraw for an hour; in which time Sir J. Minnes took coach and to Court, to see what he could do from thence: and our solicitor against Field came by chance, and told me that he would go and satisfy the fees of the Court, and would end the business. So he went away about that, and I stayed in my closet, till by and by the man and four more of his fellows came to know what I would do; and I told them to stay till I heard from the King or my Lord Chief Baron, to both whom I had now sent. With that they consulted, and told me that if I would promise to stay in the house they would go and refresh themselves, and come again, and know what answer I had: so they away, and I home to dinner. Before I had dined, the bailies came back again with the constable, and at the office knock for me, but found me not there; and I, hearing in what manner they were come, did forbear letting them know where I was; so they stood knocking and enquiring for me. By and by at my parlour-window comes Sir W. Batten's Mingo,[1] to tell me that his master and lady would have me come to their house, through Sir J. Minnes's lodgings, which I could not do; but, however, by ladders did get over the pale between our yards and their house, where I found them, as they have reason, to be much concerned for me, my lady especially. The fellows stayed in the yard, swearing, with one or two constables, and some time we locked them into the yard, and by and by let them out again, and so kept them all the afternoon, not letting them see me, or know where I was. One time I went up to the top of Sir W. Batten's house, and out of one of their windows spoke to my wife out of one of ours; which methought, though I did it in mirth, yet I was sad to think what a sad thing it would be for me to be really in that condition. By and by comes Sir J. Minnes, who, like himself and all that he do, tells us that he can do no good, but that my Lord Chancellor wonders that we did not cause the seamen to fall about their ears, which we wished we could have done without our being seen in it; and Captain Grove being there, he did give them some affront, and would have got some seamen to have drubbed them, but he had not time, nor did we think it fit to have done it, they having executed their commission; but there was occasion given that he did draw upon one of them who did complain that Grove had pricked him in the breast, but no hurt done; but I see that Grove would have done our business to them if we had bid him. By and by comes Mr. Clerke, our solicitor, who brings us a release from our adverse attorney, we paying the fees of the commission, which comes to five marks, and the charges of these fellows, which are called the commissioners, but are the most rake-shamed[1] rogues that ever I saw in my life; so he showed them this release, and they seemed satisfied, and went away with him to their attorney to be paid by him. But before they went, Sir W. Batten and my lady did begin to taunt them, but the rogues answered them as high as themselves, and swore they would come again, and called me rogue and rebel, and they would bring the sheriff and untile his house, before he should harbour a rebel in his house, and that they would be here again shortly. Well, at last, they went away, and I by advice took occasion to go abroad, and walked through the street to show myself among the neighbours, that they might not think worse than the business is. I home to Sir W. Batten's again, where Sir J. Lawson, Captain Allen, Spragg,[2] and several others, and all our

[1] The black servant Mungo (later edd.)

[1] Disreputable.

[2] Edward Spragge (d. 1673), knighted in 1665 for his conduct in the first sea-fight with the Dutch.

discourse about the disgrace done to our office to be liable to this trouble, which we must get removed. Hither comes Mr. Clerke by and by, and tells me that he hath paid the fees of the Court for the commission; but the men are not contented with under £5 for their charges, which he will not give them, and therefore advises me not to stir abroad till Monday that he comes or sends to me again, whereby I shall not be able to go to Whitehall to the Duke of York, as I ought. Here I stayed vexing, and yet pleased to see everybody for me, man, woman, and child, my Lady and Mrs. Turner especially for me; and so home, where my people are mightily surprised to see this business; but it troubles me not very much, it being nothing touching my particular person or estate. Sir W. Batten tells me that little is done yet in the Parliament House, but only this day it was moved and ordered that all the members of the House do subscribe to the renouncing of the Covenant, which, it is thought, will try some of them. There is also a bill brought in for the wearing of nothing but cloth or stuffs of our own manufacture, and is likely to be passed. Among other talk this evening, my lady did speak concerning Commissioner Pett's calling the present King bastard, and other high words heretofore: and Sir W. Batten did tell us that he did give the Duke or Mr. Coventry an account of that and other like matters in writing, under oath, of which I was ashamed, and for which I was sorry.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Went not out all the morning; but after dinner to Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's, where discoursing much of yesterday's trouble and scandal; but that which troubled me most was J. Minnes coming from Court at night, and instead of bringing great comfort from thence, but I expected no better from him, he tells me that the Duke and Mr. Coventry make no great matter of it.

23rd. Up betimes; and not daring to go by land, did (Griffin going along with me, for fear) slip to Whitehall by water: where to Mr. Coventry, and, as we used to do, to the Duke; the other of my fellows being come. But we did nothing of our business, the Duke being sent for to the King, that he could not stay to speak with us. This morning came my Lord Windsor to kiss the Duke's hand, being returned from Jamaica. He tells the Duke that from such a degree of latitude going thither he began to be sick, and was never well till his coming so far back again, and then presently began to be well. He told the Duke of their taking the fort of St. Jago, upon Cuba, with his men; but, upon the whole, I believe that he did matters like a young lord, and was weary of being upon service out of his own country, where he might have pleasure; for methought it was a shame to see him this very afternoon, being the first day of his coming to town, to be at a playhouse. To my Lord Sandwich; it was a great trouble to me, and I had great apprehensions of it, that my Lord desired me to go to Westminster Hall, to the Parliament House door, about business; and to Sir William Wheeler, which I told him I would, but durst not go for fear of being taken by these rogues; but was forced to go to Whitehall and take boat, and so land below the Tower at the Iron Gate, and so the back way over Little Tower Hill; and, with my cloak over my face, took one of the watermen along with me, and stayed behind our garden wall, while he went to see whether anybody stood within the Merchants' Gate. But there was nobody; and so I got safe into the garden, and, coming to open my office door, something behind it fell in the opening, which made me start. So that God knows in what a sad condition I should be if I were truly in debt; and therefore ought to bless God that I have no such real reason, and to endeavour to keep myself, by my good deportment and good husbandry, out of any such condition. At home I find, by a note that Mr. Clerke in my absence hath left here, that I am free; and that he hath stopped all matters in Court; and I was very glad of it, and immediately had a light thought of taking pleasure to rejoice my heart, and so resolved to take my wife to a play at Court to-night, and the rather because it is my birthday, being this day thirty years old, for which let me praise God. While my wife dressed herself, Creed and I walked out to see what play was acted to-day, and we find it *The Slighted Maid*.[1] To the Duke's

[1] A comedy by Sir Robert Stapylton (d. 1669). Dryden criticises it incidentally in 'The Grounds

house, where we saw it well acted, though the play hath little good in it, being most pleased to see the little girl dance in boy's apparel, she having very fine legs, only bends in the hams, as I perceive all women do. The play being done, we took coach, and to Court, and there saw *The Wild Gallant*[1] performed by the King's house, but it was ill acted, and the play so poor a thing as I never saw in my life almost, and so little answering the name, that, from the beginning to the end, I could not, nor can at this time, tell certainly which was the Wild Gallant. The King did not seem pleased at all, the whole play, nor anybody else.[2] My Lady Castlemaine was all worth seeing to-night, and little Steward.[3] Mrs. Wells do appear at Court again, and looks well: so that it may be the late report of laying the dropped child to her was not true. This day I was told that my Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents, made him by the peers, given to her, which is a most abominable thing; and that at the great ball she was much richer in jewels than the Queen and Duchess put both together.

24th. Among other things, my Lord tells me that he hears the Commons will not agree to the King's late declaration, nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them to raise themselves up again in England; which I perceive by my Lord was expected at Court.

25th. The Commons in Parliament, I hear, are very high to stand to the Act of Uniformity, and will not indulge the Papists (which is endeavoured by the Court Party) nor the Presbyters.

26th. Sir W. Batten and I by water to the Parliament House; he went in, and I walked up and down the Hall. All the news is the great odds yesterday in the votes between them that are for the Indulgence to the Papists and Presbyters, and those that are against it, which did carry it by 200 against 30. And pretty it is to consider how the King would appear to be a stiff Protestant and son of the Church; and yet willing to give a liberty to these people, because of his promise at Breda; and yet all the world do believe that the King would not have the liberty given them at all.

27th. About 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Surgeons' Hall, we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there, where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by comes the reader, Dr. Tearne,[1] with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and all being settled, he began his lecture; and, his discourse being ended, we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Physic, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables[2] we drank the King's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking, after he hath drunk up the whole cup. There is also a very excellent piece of the King, done by Holbein, stands up in the Hall, with the officers of the Company kneeling to him to receive their Charter. Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. I did touch the dead body with my bare hand; it felt cold, but methought it was a very unpleasant sight. It seems one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions, of his own preparing, not for honour only, but, it being soft and sleek, it do slip close and kills, that is, strangles presently; whereas a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the Doctors at table conclude that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it do stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant. To Sir W. Batten's, to speak upon some business, where I found Sir J. Minnes pretty well fuddled, I thought. He took me aside to tell me how, being at my Lord Chancellor's to-day, my Lord

of Criticism in Tragedy,' in the Preface to his *Troilus and Cressida*.

[1] Dryden's first play. It had been acted at Court on February 5. See Evelyn's *Diary* (Feb. 5).

[2] The play was ill received, as Dryden admits in his Epistle to Lady Castlemaine 'upon her encouraging his first play, *The Wild Gallant*'; but it was acted at Court at later dates, through her intervention, and was revived in 1669.

[3] Frances Stuart. See Feb. 8, 1663, note.

[1] Christopher Terne (1620-1673), physician.

[2] Noteworthy things.

told him that there was a Great Seal passing for Sir W. Pen, through the impossibility of the Comptroller's duty to be performed by one man, to be, as it were, joint-comptroller with him; at which he is stark mad, and swears he will give up his place. For my part, I do hope, when all is done, that my following my business will keep me secure against all their envies. But to see how the old man do strut, and swear that he understands all his duty as easily as crack a nut, and easier, he told my Lord Chancellor, for his teeth are gone; and that he understands it as well as any man in England; and that he will never leave to record that he should be said to be unable to do his duty alone; though, God knows, he cannot do it more than a child. All this I am glad to see fall out between them, and myself safe, and yet I hope the King's service well done for all this, for I would not that should be hindered by any of our private differences.

28th. The House have this noon been with the King to give him their reasons for refusing to grant any indulgence to Presbyters or Papists; which he, with great content and seeming pleasure, took, saying that he doubted not but he and they should agree in all things, though there may seem a difference in judgement, he having writ and declared for an indulgence; and that he did believe never prince was happier in a House of Commons than he was in them. To my Lord Sandwich, who continues troubled with his cold. Our discourse most upon the outing[1] of Sir R. Bernard and my Lord's being made Recorder[2] in his stead, which he seemed well contented with, saying that it may be for his convenience to have the chief officer of the town dependent upon him, which is very true. At the Privy Seal I did see the docket by which Sir W. Pen is made the Comptroller's assistant, as Sir J. Minnes told me last night, which I must endeavour to prevent.

March 1663

March 1st. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall Chapel, where preached one Dr. Lewes, said heretofore to have been a great wit; but he read his sermon every word, and that so brokenly and so low, that nobody could hear at any distance, nor I anything worth hearing that sat near. But, which was strange, he forgot to make any prayer before sermon, which all wonder at, but they impute it to his forgetfulness. After sermon a very fine anthem: so I up into the house among the courtiers, seeing the fine ladies, and, above all, my Lady Castlemaine, who is above all, that only she I can observe for true beauty. The King and Queen being set to dinner, I went to Mr. Fox's, and there dined with him. Much genteel company, and, among other things, I hear for certain that peace is concluded between the King of France and the Pope: and also I heard the reasons given by our Parliament yesterday to the King why they dissent from him in matter of Indulgence, which are very good quite through, and which I was glad to hear. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who continues with a great cold, locked up; and, being alone, we fell into discourse of my uncle the Captain's death and estate, and I took the opportunity of telling my Lord how matters stand, and read his will, and told him all what a poor estate he hath left, at all which he wonders strangely, which he may well do. All to bed without prayers, it being washing day to-morrow.

3rd. (Shrove Tuesday.) At noon, by promise, Mrs. Turner, and her daughter, and Mrs. Morrice came along with Roger Pepys to dinner. We were as merry as I could be, having but a bad dinner for them; but so much the better, because of the dinner which I must have at the end of this month. And here Mrs. The. showed me my name upon her breast as her Valentine, which will cost me 20s. After dinner I took them down into the wine-cellar, and broached my tierce of claret for them. This afternoon Roger Pepys tells me that for certain the King is for all this very highly incensed at the Parliament's late opposing the Indulgence; which I am sorry for, and fear it will breed great discontent.

5th. To the Lobby, and spoke with my cousin Roger, who is going to Cambridge to-morrow. In the Hall I do hear that the Catholics are in great hopes for all this,

[1] Ejection. [2] Of Huntingdon.

and do set hard upon the King to get Indulgence. Matters, I hear, are all naught in Ireland, and the people, that is, the Papists, do cry out against the Commissioners sent by the King; so that they say the English interest will be lost there. To see my Lord Sandwich, who I found very ill, and; by his cold being several nights hindered from sleep, he is hardly able to open his eyes, and is very weak and sad upon it, which troubled me much.

6th. Up betimes, and by the coach with four horses with Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten to Woolwich, a pleasant day: and so into Mr. Falconer's, where we had some fish, which we brought with us dressed; and there dined with us his new wife, which had been his maid, but seems to be a genteel woman, well enough bred and discreet. This day it seems the House of Commons have been very high against the Papists, being incensed by the stir which they make for their having an Indulgence; which, without doubt, is a great folly in them to be so hot upon at this time, when they see how averse already the House have showed themselves from it. This evening Mr. Povy tells me that my Lord Sandwich is this day so ill that he is much afraid of him, which puts me to great pain, not more for my own sake than for his poor family's.

7th. The. Turner came on foot in a frolic to beg me to get a place at sea for John, their man, which is a rogue; but, however it may be, the sea may do them good in reclaiming him, and therefore I will see what I can do. She dined with me; and after dinner I took coach and carried her home; in our way, in Cheapside, lighting and giving her a dozen pair of white gloves as my Valentine. Thence to my Lord Sandwich, who is gone to Sir W. Wheeler's for his more quiet being, where he slept well last night; and I took him, very merry, playing at cards, and much company with him. Creed told me how, for some words of my Lady Gerard's,[1] against my Lady Castlemaine to the Queen, the King did the other day affront her in going out to dance with her at a ball, when she desired it as the ladies do, and is since forbid attending the Queen by the King; which is much talked of, my Lord her husband being a great favourite.

8th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall to-day: I heard Dr. King, Bishop of Chichester, make a good and eloquent sermon upon these words: 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.' Whence, the chapel in Lent being hung with black, and no anthem sung after sermon, as at other times, to my Lord Sandwich at Sir W. Wheeler's. I found him out of order, thinking himself to be in a fit of ague. After dinner up to my Lord, there being Mr. Rumball. My Lord, among other discourse, did tell us of his great difficulties passed in the business of the Sound, and of his receiving letters from the King there, but his sending them by Whetstone was a great folly; and the story how my Lord being at dinner with Sydney,[1] one of his fellow plenipotentiaries and his mortal enemy, did see Whetstone, and put off his hat three times to him, and the fellow would not be known, which my Lord imputed to his coxcombly humour, of which he was full, and bid Sydney take notice of him too, when, at the very time he had letters[2] in his pocket from the King, as it proved afterwards. And Sydney afterwards did find it out at Copenhagen, the Dutch Commissioners telling him how my Lord Sandwich had hired one of their ships to carry back Whetstone to Lubeck, he being come from Flanders from the King. But I cannot but remember my Lord's equanimity in all these affairs with admiration.

9th. About noon Sir J. Robinson, Lord Mayor, desiring way through the garden from the Tower, called in at the office, and there invited me and Sir W. Pen, who happened to be in the way, to dinner, and we did go: and there had a great Lent dinner of fish, little flesh. There dined with us to-day Mr. Slingsby of the Mint, who showed us all the new pieces, both gold and silver, examples of them all, that were made for the King by Blondeau's way; and compared them with those made for Oliver. The pictures of the latter made by Symons,[3] and of the

[1] See Jan. 1, 1663, note.

[1] Algernon Sidney (1622-1683), one of the Commissioners sent to Elsinore by Richard Cromwell to mediate between Sweden and Denmark.

[2] These letters are in Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. ii. One was from the King, the other from Chancellor Hyde. [B.]

[3] Thomas Simon (?1623-1665), graver to the Mint.

King by one Rotyr,[1] a German, I think, that dined with us also. He extols those of Rotyr above the others; and, indeed, I think they are the better, because the sweeter of the two; but, upon my word, those of the Protector are more like in my mind than the King's, but both very well worth seeing. The crowns of Cromwell are now sold, it seems, for 25s. and 30s. a-piece.[2]

11th. News by Mr. Wood that Butler, our chief witness against Field, was sent by him to New England contrary to our desire, which made me mad almost. Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Pen, and I dined together at Trinity House.

12th. My uncle Thomas and his son do order their tenants to pay their rents to us, which pleases me well.

13th. To Mrs. Hunt's, and there found my wife, and so took them up by coach, and carried them to Hyde Park, where store of coaches and good faces.

15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife and Ashwell the first time to church, where our pew so full with Sir J. Minnes's sister and her daughter, that I perceive, when we come all together, some of us must be shut out, but I suppose we shall come to some order what to do therein.

16th. To the Duke, where we met of course, and talked of our Navy matters. Then to the Commission of Tangier, and there had my Lord Peterborough's Commission read over; and Mr. Secretary Bennet did make his queries upon it, in order to the drawing one for my Lord Rutherford more regularly, that being a very extravagant thing. Here long discoursing upon my Lord Rutherford's dispatch, and so broke up. Mr. Coventry and I discoursed how the Treasurer doth intend to come to pay in course, which is the thing of the world that will do the King the greatest service in the Navy, and which joys my heart to hear of. He tells me of the business of Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Pen; which, he said, was chiefly to make Mr. Pett's being joined with Sir W. Batten to go down the better; and how he well sees that neither the one nor the other can do their duties without help. To my wife at my Lord's lodgings, where I heard Ashwell play first upon the harpsichon,[1] and I find she do play pretty well. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed-virginal-book for her.

17th. To St. Margaret's Hill, in Southwark, where the Judge of the Admiralty came,[2] and the rest of the Doctors of the Civil law, and some other Commissioners, whose Commission of Oyer and Terminer was read, and then the charge, given by Dr. Exton,[3] which methought was somewhat dull, though he would seem to intend it to be very rhetorical, saying that Justice had two wings, one of which spread itself over the land, and the other over the water, which was this Admiralty Court. That being done, and the jury called, they broke up, and to dinner to a tavern hard by, where a great dinner and I with them; but I perceive that this court is yet but in its infancy, as to its rising again; and their design and consultation, was—I could overhear them—how to proceed with the most solemnity, and spend time, there being only two businesses to do, which of themselves could not spend much time. In the afternoon to the court again, where, first, Abraham, the boatswain of the King's pleasure-boat, was tried for drowning a man; and next, Turpin, accused by our wicked rogue Field for stealing the King's timber; but, after full examination, they were both acquitted, and as I was glad of the first, for the saving the man's life, so I did take the other as a very good fortune to us; for, if Turpin had been found guilty, it would have sounded very ill in the ears of all the world, in the business between Field and us. Sir W. Batten and I to my Lord Mayor's, where we found my Lord with Colonel Strangways and Sir Richard Floyd, Parliament-men, in the cellar drinking, where we sat with them, and then up; and by and by came in Sir Richard Ford. We had many discourses, but from all of them I do find Sir R. Ford

[1] John Rotier, or Roettiers (1631-1703), probably of Flemish origin, one of the chief gravers to the Mint (1662). Six of this name and family were medallists of repute in England in the seventeenth century.

[2] Probably only pattern pieces.

[1] Harpsichord.

[2] The old Admiralty Court was removed about twelve years later to Doctors' Commons.

[3] Sir Thomas Exton (1631-1688), admiralty lawyer, afterwards Judge of the Admiralty Court.

a very able man of his brains and tongue, and a scholar. But my Lord Mayor[1] a talking bragging bufflehead, a fellow that would be thought to have led all the City in the great business of bringing in the King, and that nobody understood his plots, and the dark lantern he walked by; but he led them and ploughed with them as oxen and asses (his own words) to do what he had a mind: when in every discourse I observe him to be as very a coxcomb as I could have thought had been in the City. But he is resolved to do great matters in pulling down the shops quite through the City, as he hath done in many places, and will make a thorough passage quite through the City, through Canning Street, which indeed will be very fine. And then his precept, which he, in vain-glory, said he had drawn up himself, and hath printed it, against coachmen and carmen affronting of the gentry in the street; it is drawn so like a fool, and some faults were openly found in it, that I believe he will have so much wit as not to proceed upon it, though it be printed. Here we stayed talking till eleven at night, Sir R. Ford breaking to my Lord Mayor our business of our patent to be Justices of the Peace in the City, which he stuck at mightily; but, however, Sir R. Ford knows him to be a fool, and so in his discourse he made him appear, and cajoled him into a consent to it; but so as I believe when he comes to his right mind to-morrow he will be of another opinion; and though Sir R. Ford moved it very weightily and neatly, yet I had rather it had been spared now. But to see how he rants, and pretends to sway all the City in the Court of Aldermen, and says plainly that they cannot do, nor will he suffer them to do, anything but what he pleases; nor is there any officer of the City but of his putting in; nor any man that could have kept the City for the King thus well and long but him. And if the country can be preserved, he will undertake that the City shall not dare to stir again. When I am confident there is no man almost in the City cares for him; nor hath he brains to outwit any ordinary tradesman.

18th. This day my triangle, which was put in tune yesterday, did please me very well — Ashwell playing upon it pretty well.

19th. After doing my own business in my office, writing letters, etc. Home to supper and to bed, being weary, and vexed that I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself, when I have taken pains to find out what in the yards is wanting and fitting to be done.

20th. In Fleet Street bought me a little sword, with gilt handle, cost me 23s., and silk stockings to the colour of my riding cloth suit, cost me 15s., and bought me a belt there, cost 15s. Meeting with Mr. Kirton's kinsman in Paul's Churchyard, he and I to a coffee-house; where I hear how there had like to have been a surprisal of Dublin by some discontented Protestants, and other things of like nature; and it seems the Commissioners have carried themselves so high for the Papists that the others will not endure it. Hewlett and some others are taken and clapped up; and they say the King hath sent over to dissolve the Parliament there, who went very high against the Commissioners. Pray God send all well!

21st. By appointment our full board met, and Sir Philip Warwick and Sir Robert Long[1] came from my Lord Treasurer to speak with us about the state of the debts of the Navy; and how to settle it, so as to begin upon the new foundation of £200,000 per annum, which the King is now resolved not to exceed.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Wrote out our bill for the Parliament about our being made Justices of Peace in the City. So to church, where a dull formal fellow that prayed for the Right Hon. John Lord Barkeley, Lord President of Connaught, etc. To my Lord Sandwich, and with him talking a good while; I find the Court would have this Indulgence go on, but the Parliament are against it. Matters in Ireland are full of discontent. Thence with Mr. Creed to Captain Ferrers, where many fine ladies; the house well and prettily furnished. She[2] lies in, in great state. Mr. G. Montagu, Colonel Williams, Cromwell that was,[3] and Mrs. Wright as

[1] Sir John Robinson.

[1] Sir Robert Long (d. 1673), Auditor of the Exchequer.

[2] *i.e.* Mrs. Ferrers.

[3] 'Colonel Williams, Cromwell that was, appears to have been Henry Cromwell, grandson of Sir

proxy for my Lady Jemimah, were witnesses. Very pretty and plentiful entertainment. My coach cost me 7s.

23rd. This day Greatorex brought me a very pretty weather-glass for heat and cold.

24th. To my office, where we sat, and, among things, had Cooper's business[1] tried against Captain Holmes, but I find Cooper a fuddling troublesome fellow, though a good artist.

25th. To the Sun Tavern, to my Lord Rutherford, and dined with him, and some others, his officers, and Scotch gentlemen of fine discourse and education. My Lord used me with great respect, and discoursed upon his business as with one that he did esteem. By and by he went away, forgetting to take leave of me, my back being turned, looking upon the aviary, which is there very pretty, and the birds begin to sing well this spring. This evening came Captain Grove about hiring ships for Tangier. I did hint to him my desire that I could make some lawful profit thereof, which he promises.

26th. This day is five years since it pleased God to preserve me at my being cut of the stone, of which I bless God I am in all respects well. This morning came a new cook-maid at £4 per annum, the first time I ever did give so much. She did live last at my Lord Monk's house.

29th. (Lord's day.) After dinner in comes Mr. Moore, and sat and talked with us a good while; among other things telling me that neither my Lord nor he are under apprehensions of the late discourse in the House of Commons concerning resumption of Crown lands.

April 1668

April 1st. I went to the Temple, to my cousin Roger Pepys, to see and talk with him a little; who tells me that, with much ado, the Parliament do agree to throw down Popery; but he says it is with so much spite and passion, and an endeavour of bringing all Non-conformists into the same condition, that he is afraid matters will not yet go so well as he could wish. Home, calling on the virginal-maker, buying a rest for myself to tune my triangle, and taking one of his people along with me to put it in tune once more, by which I learned how to go about it myself for the time to come. To my office all the afternoon: Sir J. Minnes like a mad coxcomb did swear and stamp, swearing that Commissioner Pett hath still the old heart against the King that ever he had, and that this was his envy against his brother that was to build the ship, and all the damnable reproaches in the world, at which I was ashamed, but said little; but, upon the whole, I find him still a fool, led by the nose by stories told by Sir W. Batten, whether with or without reason. So, vexed in my mind to see things ordered so unlike gentlemen or men of reason, I went home.

2nd. Sir W. Pen told me, that this day the King hath sent to the House his concurrence wholly with them against the Popish priests, Jesuits, etc., which gives great content, and I am glad of it.

3rd. To Whitehall and to Chapel, which being most monstrous full, I could not go into my pew, but sat among the choir. Dr. Creeton,[1] the Scotchman, preached a most admirable, good, learned, and most severe sermon, yet comical, upon the words of the woman, 'Blessed is the womb that bare thee, and the paps that give thee suck: and he answered, nay: rather is he blessed that heareth the word of God, and keepeth it.' He railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin, and his brood, the Presbyterians, and against the present term, now in use, of 'tender consciences.' He ripped up Hugh Peters (calling him the execrable skellum[2]) his preaching, stirring up the maids of the city to bring in their bodkins and thimbles. I met Captain Grove, who did give me a letter directed to myself from himself. I

Oliver Cromwell, and first cousin, once removed, to the Protector. He served in several Parliaments for Huntingdonshire, voting, in 1660, for the restoration of the monarchy; and as he knew the name of Cromwell would not be grateful to the Court, he disused it, and assumed that of Williams, which had belonged to his ancestors; and he is so styled in a list of Knights of the proposed Order of the Royal Oak. He died at Huntingdon, August 3, 1673.' [B.]

[1] Cooper, Pepys's tutor in mathematics, *n.s.* The business was his appointment to the *Reserve*: see Aug. 7, 1662.

[1] See March 7, 1662.

[2] Scoundrel, worthless fellow. Cf. Scott, *Waverley*, ch. xlii. ('that schellum Malcolm').

discerned money to be in it, and took it, knowing, as I found it to be, the proceed of the place I have got him to be, the taking up of vessels for Tangier. But I did not open it till I came home—not looking into it till all the money was out, that I might say I saw no money in the paper, if ever I should be questioned about it. There was a piece in gold, and £4 in silver. To the Tangier Committee, where we find ourselves at a great stand; the establishment being but £70,000 per annum, and the forces to be kept in the town at the least estimate that my Lord Rutherford can be brought to bring is £53,000. The charge of this year's work of the Mole will be £13,000; besides £1000 a-year to my Lord Peterborough as a pension, and the fortifications and contingencies, which puts us to a great stand. I find at Court that there is some bad news from Ireland of an insurrection of the Catholics there, which puts them into an alarm. I hear also in the City that for certain there is an embargo upon all our ships in Spain, upon this action of my Lord Windsor's at Cuba, which signifies little or nothing, but only he hath a mind to say he hath done something before he comes back again.

4th. This being my feast, in lieu of what I should have had a few days ago, for the cutting of the stone, very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our own only maid. We had a fricassee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps in a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie (a most rare pie), a dish of anchovies, good wine of several sorts, and all things mighty noble, and to my great content. After dinner to Hyde Park; Mrs. Wight and I in one coach, and all the rest of the women in Mrs. Turner's; Roger Pepys being gone in haste to the Parliament about the carrying this business of the Papists, in which it seems there is a great contest on both sides. At the Park was the King, and in another coach my Lady Castlemaine, they greeting one another at every tour.

6th. To the Committee of Tangier, where I found, to my great joy, my Lord Sandwich, the first time I have seen him abroad these some months, being it seems this night to go to Kensington, or Chelsea, where he hath taken a lodging for a while to take the air.

8th. By water to Whitehall, to chapel; where preached Dr. Pierce, the famous man that preached the sermon so much cried up, before the King against the Papists. His matter was the Devil tempting our Saviour, being carried into the Wilderness by the Spirit. And he hath as much of natural eloquence as most men that ever I heard in my life, mixed with so much learning. After sermon I went up and saw the ceremony of the Bishop of Peterborough's paying homage upon the knee to the King, while Sir H. Bennet, Secretary, read the King's grant of the Bishopric of Lincoln, to which he is translated. His name is Dr. Lany.[1] Here I also saw the Duke of Monmouth, with his Order of the Garter, the first time I ever saw it. I hear that the University of Cambridge did treat him a little while since with all the honour possible, with a comedy at Trinity College, and banquet; and made him Master of Arts there; all which, they say, the King took very well, Dr. Raynbow,[2] Master of Magdalene, being now Vice-Chancellor.

10th. After great expectation from Ireland, and long stop of letters, there is good news come, that all is quiet, though some stir hath been, as was reported. To the Royal Oak Tavern, in Lombard Street, where Alexander Broome[3] the poet was, a merry and witty man, I believe, if he be not a little conceited. With my wife, and walked to the New Exchange. There laid out 10s. upon pendants and painted leather gloves, very pretty and all the mode.

12th. (Lord's day.) Got a coach to Gray's Inn Walks, where some handsome faces. Coming home to-night, a drunken

[1] Benjamin Laney (1591-1675), Chaplain to Charles I., Bishop of Peterborough (1660), of Lincoln (1661-3), and of Ely (1667).

[2] Edward Rainbowe (1608-1684), then Dean of Peterborough, afterwards (1664) Bishop of Carlisle. He had been expelled from his Mastership of Magdalene in 1650, but had been restored in 1660.

[3] Alexander Brome (1620-1666), attorney, author of *Loyal Songs and Madrigals* and of a translation of Horace, and editor of the plays of Richard Brome. See July 3, 1666.

boy was carrying[1] by our constable to our new pair of stocks to hansel[2] them, being a new pair, and very handsome.

13th. To the Tangier Committee, where we had very fine discourse from Dr. Walker and Wiseman, civilians, against our erecting a court-merchant at Tangier, and well answered by my Lord Sandwich, whose speaking I never till now observed so much to be very good.

14th. By barge to Woolwich, to see the *Royal James* launched, where she hath been under repair a great while. Then to Mr. Falconer's, to a dinner of fish of our own sending, and, when it is just ready to come upon the table, word is brought that the King and Duke are come, so they all went away to show themselves, while I stayed, and had a little dish or two by myself, and by the time I had dined, they came again, having gone to little purpose, the King, I believe, taking little notice of them. And so home, the ship well launched. Sir G. Carteret tells me to-night that he perceives the Parliament is likely to make a great bustle before they will give the King any money; will call all things in question, and, above all, the expenses of the Navy; and do enquire into the King's expenses everywhere, and into the truth of the report of people being forced to sell their bills at 15 per cent loss in the Navy; and, lastly, that they are in a very angry pettish mood at present, and not likely to be better.

16th. Met to pass Mr. Pitt's (Sir J. Lawson's Secretary and Deputy-Treasurer) accounts for the voyage last to the Straits, wherein the demands are strangely irregular, and I dare not oppose it alone; but God knows it troubles my heart to see it, and to see the Comptroller, whose duty it is, to make no more matter of it.

17th. It being Good Friday, our dinner was only sugar-sops and fish; the only time that we have had a Lenten dinner all this Lent. To Paul's Churchyard, to cause the title of my English *Mare Clausum*[3] to be changed, and the new title, dedicated to the King, to be put to it, because I am ashamed to have the other seen, dedicated to the Commonwealth.

1 Being carried.
2 Inaugurate, use for the first time.
3 By Selden. See p. 109.

19th. (Easter day.) Up, and this day put on my close-kneed coloured suit, which, with new stockings of the colour, with belt and new gilt-handled sword, is very handsome. To church, where, the young Scotchman preaching, I slept awhile. After supper fell in discourse of dancing, and I find that Ashwell hath a very fine carriage, which makes my wife almost ashamed of herself to see herself so outdone, but to-morrow she begins to learn to dance for a month or two. Will being gone, with my leave, to his father's this day for a day or two, to take physic these holidays.

20th. To Mr. Grant's. There saw his prints, which he showed me, and indeed are the best collection of anything almost that ever I saw, there being the prints of most of the greatest houses, churches, and antiquities in Italy and France, and brave cuts. I had not time to look them over as I ought. With Sir G. Carteret and Sir John Minnes to my Lord Treasurer's, thinking to have spoken about getting money for paying the Yards; but we found him with some ladies at cards; and so, it being a bad time to speak, we parted. This day the little Duke of Monmouth was married[1] at Whitehall, in the King's chamber; and to-night is a great supper and dancing at his lodgings, near Charing Cross. I observed his coat at the tail of his coach; he gives the arms of England, Scotland, and France, quartered upon some other fields,[2] but what it is that speaks him being a bastard I know not.

21st. I ruled with red ink my English *Mare Clausum*,[3] which, with the new orthodox title, makes it now very handsome.

22nd. To my uncle Wight's, by invitation, where we had but a poor dinner, and not well dressed; besides, the very sight of my aunt's hands, and greasy manner of carving, did almost turn my stomach. After dinner to the King's playhouse,

1 To Anne Scott, *n.s.*
2 'The arms granted to the Duke of Monmouth, April 8, 1665, were, Quarterly, i. and iv.; Ermine, on a pile *gu.* three lions passant gardant *or*; ii. and iii., *or*, an inescutcheon of France, within a double tressure flory counter flory, *gu.* On April 22, 1667, another grant was made to the Duke of the arms of Charles II., with a baton sinister *arg.*; over all, an inescutcheon of Scott. The Dukes of Buccleuch bear these arms quarterly.' [B.]
3 See April 17, *supra*.

where we saw but part of *Wit without Money*,[1] which I do not like much—it costing me four half-crowns for myself and company.

23rd. St. George's day and Coronation, the King and Court being at Windsor, at the installing of the King of Denmark by proxy, and the Duke of Monmouth.

25th. In the evening merrily practising the dance which my wife hath begun to learn this day of Mr. Pembleton, but I fear will hardly do any great good at it, because she is conceited that she do well already, though I think no such thing. At Westminster Hall, this day, I bought a book lately printed and licensed by Dr. Stradling,[2] the Bishop of London's chaplain, being a book discovering the practices and designs of the Papists—a very good book; but, forasmuch as it touches one of the Queen-mother's father-confessors, the Bishop, which troubles many good men and members of Parliament, hath called it in, which I am sorry for. Another book I bought, being a collection of many expressions of the great Presbyterian preachers upon public occasions, in the late times, against the King and his party, as some of Mr. Marshall, Case, Calamy, Baxter, etc.,[3] which is good reading now, to see what they then did teach, and the people believe, and what they would seem to believe now. I did hear that the Queen is much grieved of late at the King's neglecting her, he not having supped once with her this quarter of a year, and almost every night with my Lady Castlemaine, who hath been with him this St. George's feast at Windsor, and came home with him last night; and, which is more, they say is removed as to her bed from her own home to a chamber in Whitehall, next to the King's own; which I am sorry to hear, though I love her much.

26th. (Lord's day.) Tom coming, with whom I was angry for his botching my camlot coat, to tell me that my father was at our church, I got me ready, and had a very good sermon of a country minister upon 'How blessed a thing it is for brethren to live together in unity.' My wife, Ashwell, and the boy and I, and the dog, over the water, and walked to Half-way House,[1] and beyond into the fields, gathering of cowslips, and so to Half-way House, with some cold lamb we carried with us, and there supped; and had a most pleasant walk back again, Ashwell all along telling us some parts of their mask at Chelsea school, which was very pretty, and I find she hath a most prodigious memory, remembering so much of things acted six or seven years ago. So home, being sleepy, without prayers to bed, for which God forgive me!

27th. Will Griffin tells me this morning that Captain Browne, Sir W. Batten's brother-in-law, is dead of a blow given him two days ago by a seaman, a servant of his, being drunk, with a stone striking him on the forehead, for which I am sorry, he having a good woman and several small children. By water to Whitehall; but found the Duke of York gone to St. James's for this summer; and thence with Mr. Coventry and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke's closet, and a good while with him about Navy business. And so I to Whitehall, and there a long while with my Lord Sandwich, discoursing about his debt to the Navy, wherein he hath given me some things to resolve him in. The Queen, which I did not know, it seems, was at Windsor, at the late St. George's feast there; and the Duke of Monmouth dancing with her, with his hat in his hand, the King came in and kissed him, and made him put on his hat, which everybody took notice of.

29th. To Chelsea, where we found my Lord all alone with one joint of meat at dinner, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet; the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, hath all things most excellently dressed; among others, her cakes admirable, and so good, that my Lord's words were, they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine. From

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[2] George Stradling (1621-1688), Dean of Chichester from 1672.

[3] *Evangelium Armatum. A Specimen, or Short Collection of several Doctrines and Positions destructive to our Government, both Civil and Ecclesiastical, preached and vented by the known leaders and abettors of the pretended Reformation, such as Mr. Calamy, Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Case, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Caryll, Mr. Marshall and others. London*, 1663.

[1] On the way to Deptford. See p. 130.

ordinary discourse my Lord fell to talk of other matters to me, of which chiefly the second part of the fray, which he told me a little while since of, between Mr. Edward Montagu and himself;[1] that he hath forborne coming to him almost two months, and do speak not only slightly of my Lord everywhere, but hath complained to my Lord Chancellor of him, and arrogated all that ever my Lord hath done to be only by his direction and persuasion. Whether he hath done the like to the King or no, my Lord knows not; but my Lord hath been with the King since, and finds all things fair; and my Lord Chancellor hath told him of it, but with so much contempt of Mr. Montagu, as my Lord knows himself very secure against anything the fool can do; and, notwithstanding all this, so noble is his nature, that he professes himself ready to show kindness and pity to Mr. Montagu on any occasion. My Lord told me of his presenting Sir H. Bennet with a gold cup of £100, which he refuses, with a compliment; but my Lord would have been glad he had taken it, that he might have had some obligations upon him, which he thinks possible the other may refuse to prevent it; not that he hath any reason to doubt his kindness. But I perceive great differences there are at Court; and Sir H. Bennet, and my Lord Bristol, and their faction are likely to carry all things before them (which my Lord's judgement is, will not be for the best) and particularly against the Chancellor, who, he tells me, is irrecoverably lost; but, however, that he do so not actually join in anything against the Chancellor, whom he do own to be a most sure friend, and to have been his greatest; and therefore will not openly act in either, but passively carry himself even. The Queen, my Lord tells me, he thinks he hath incurred some displeasure with, for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. My Lord tells me he hath no reason to fall for her sake, whose wit, management, nor interest is not likely to hold up any man, and therefore he thinks it not his obligation to stand for her against his own interest. The Duke and Mr. Coventry my Lord says he is very well with, and fears not but they will show themselves his very good friends, specially at this time, he being able to serve them, and they needing him, which he did not tell me wherein. Talking of the business of Tangier, he tells me that my Lord Teviot[1] is gone away without the least respect paid to him, nor indeed to any man, but without his commission; and, if it be true what he says, having laid out seven or eight thousand pounds in commodities for the place; and besides having not only disobliged all the Commissioners for Tangier, but also Sir Charles Barkeley the other day, who spoke in behalf of Colonel Fitz-Gerald, that, having been deputy-governor there already, he ought to have expected and had the governorship upon the death or removal of the former Governor. And whereas it is said that he and his men are Irish, which is indeed the main thing that hath moved the King and Council to put in Teviot, to prevent the Irish having too great and the whole command there under Fitz-Gerald; he further said that there was never an Englishman fit to command Tangier; my Lord Teviot answered yes, there were many more fit than himself, or Fitz-Gerald either. So that Fitz-Gerald being so great with the Duke of York, and being already made deputy-governor, independent of my Lord Teviot, and he being also left here behind him for a while, my Lord Sandwich do think, that, putting all these things together, the few friends he hath left, and the ill posture of his affairs, my Lord Teviot is not a man of the conduct and management that either people take him to be, or is fit for the command of the place. And here, speaking of the Duke of York and Sir Charles Barkeley, my Lord tells me that he do very much admire the good management, and discretion, and nobleness of the Duke, that however he may be led by him or Mr. Coventry singly in private, yet he did not observe that in public matters, but he did give as ready hearing and as good acceptance to any reasons offered by any other man against the opinions of them, as he did to them, and would concur in the prosecution of it. Then we came to discourse upon his own sea-accounts, and came to a resolution how to proceed in them; wherein, though I offered him a way of evading the greatest

[1] See Feb. 17, 1663.

[1] See note to Dec. 15, 1662; also March 25, 1663.

part of his debt honestly, by making himself debtor to the Parliament, before the King's time, which he might justly do, yet he resolved to go openly and nakedly in it, and put himself to the kindness of the King and Duke, which humour I must confess, and so did tell him (with which he was not a little pleased) had thriven very well with him, being known to be a man of candid and open dealing, without any private tricks or hidden designs, as other men commonly have in what they do. From that we had discourse of Sir G. Carteret, and of many others; and, upon the whole, I do find that it is a troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting enemies or enviers; and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it. W. Howe and I went down and walked in the gardens, which are very fine, and a pretty fountain, with which I was finely wetted, and up to a banqueting-house, with a very fine prospect. With Captain Ferrers to my Lord, to tell him that my Lady Jemimah is come to town, and that Will Stankes is come with my father's horses.

30th. To dinner, where Mrs. Hunt, my father, and W. Stankes; but, Lord! what a stir Stankes makes, with his being crowded in the streets, and wearied in walking in London, and would not be wooed by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play, nor to Whitehall, or to see the lions,[1] though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is.

May 1663

May 1st. After dinner I got my father, brother Tom, and myself together, and I advised my father to good husbandry, and to be living within the compass of £50 a year, and all in such kind words, as not only made both them but myself to weep. That being done, we all took horse, and I, upon a horse hired of Mr. Game, saw him out of London, at the end of Bishopsgate Street, and so I turned, and rode, with some trouble, through the fields, and then Holborn, etc., towards Hyde Park, whither all the world, I think, are going; and in my going, almost thither, met W. Howe coming, galloping upon a little crop black nag; it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his master, a thief—this horse being found with black cloth ears on, and a false mane, having none of his own; and I back again with him to the Chequer, at Charing Cross, and there put up my own dull jade, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Captain Ferrers's, and with that rid in state to the Park, where none better mounted than I almost; but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's riders showing tricks with their managed horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome, and began to fight with other horses, to the dangering him and myself; and with much ado I got out, and kept myself out of harm's way. Here I saw nothing good, neither the King, nor my Lady Castlemaine, nor any great ladies or beauties being there, there being more pleasure a great deal at an ordinary day; or else those few good faces that there were choked up with the many bad ones, there being people of all sorts in coaches there, to some thousands. Going thither in the highway again, by the Park gate, I met a boy in a sculler-boat, carried by a dozen people at least, rowing as hard as he could drive—it seems upon some wager. By and by, about seven o'clock, homeward; and changing my horse again, I rode home, coaches going in great crowds to the further end of the town almost. In my way, in Leadenhall Street, there was morris-dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So set my horse up at Game's, paying 5s. for him, and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsichon;[1] but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick to hear her; yet was I forced to commend her highly. This day Captain Grove sent me a side of pork, which was the oddest present, sure, that was ever made any man; and the next, I remember I told my wife, I believed would be a pound of candles, or a shoulder of mutton; but the fellow do it in kindness, and is one I am beholden to. So to bed, very weary, and

[1] In the Tower.

[1] Harpsichord.

a little galled, for lack of riding, praying to God for a good journey to my father, of whom I am afraid, he being so lately ill.

3rd. (Lord's day.) To church, where Sir W. Pen showed me the young lady which young Dawes, that sits in the new corner-pew in the church, hath stole away from Sir Andrew Rickard, her guardian, worth £1000 per annum present, good land, and some money, and a very well-bred and handsome lady; he, I doubt, but a simple fellow. However, he got this good luck to get her, which methinks I could envy him with all my heart.

4th. The dancing-master[1] came, whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her, he would needs have me try the steps of a coranto; and what with his desire and my wife's importunity, I did begin, and then was obliged to give him entry money 10s., and am become his scholar. The truth is I think it is a thing very useful for any gentleman. To St. James's, where Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, and I stayed for the Duke's coming in, but not coming, we walked to Whitehall; and meeting the King, we followed him into the Park, where Mr. Coventry and he talking of building a new yacht out of his private purse, he having some contrivance of his own. The talk being done, we fell off to Whitehall, leaving the King in the Park; and going back, met the Duke going towards St. James's to meet us. So he turned back again, and to his closet at Whitehall; and there, my Lord Sandwich present, we did our weekly errand, and so broke up; and I to the garden with my Lord Sandwich (after we had sat an hour at the Tangier Committee) and, after talking largely of his own businesses, we began to talk how matters are at Court; and though he did not flatly tell me any such thing, yet I do suspect that all is not kind between the King and the Duke, and that the King's fondness to the little Duke do occasion it; and it may be that there is some fear of his being made heir to the Crown. But this my Lord did not tell me, but is my guess only; and that my Lord Chancellor is without doubt falling past hopes.

5th. With Sir J. Minnes, he telling many old stories of the Navy, and of the state of the Navy at the beginning of the late troubles; and I am troubled at my heart to think, and shall hereafter cease to wonder at the bad success of the King's cause, when such a knave as he, if it be true what he says, had the whole management of the fleet, and the design of putting out of my Lord Warwick,[1] and carrying the fleet to the King, wherein he failed most fatally to the King's ruin.

6th. To the Exchange with Creed, where we met Sir J. Minnes, who tells us, in great heat, that the Parliament will make mad work; that they will render all men incapable of any military or civil employment that have borne arms in the late troubles against the King, excepting some persons; which, if it be so, as I hope it is not, will give great cause of discontent, and I doubt will have but bad effects. To the Trinity House, and there dined, where, among other discourse worth hearing among the old seamen, they tell us that they have catched often in Greenland whales with the iron grapnels that had formerly been struck into their bodies covered over with fat; that they have had eleven hogsheads of oil out of the tongue of a whale.

7th. Sir Thomas Crewe this day tells me that the Queen, hearing that there was £40,000 per annum brought into her account among the other expenses of the Crown before the Committee of Parliament, she took order to let them know that she hath yet, for the payment of her whole family, received but £4000, which is a notable act of spirit, and I believe is true. To my Lord Crewe's and there dined with him. He tells me of the order the House of Commons have made for the drawing an Act for the rendering none capable of preferment or employment in the State, but who have been loyal and constant to the King and Church; which will be fatal to a great many, and makes me doubt lest I myself, with all my innocence during the late times, should be brought in, being employed in the Exchequer; but, I hope, God will provide for me.

8th. By water to the Strand, and there

[1] Pembleton, *M.S.*

[1] Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick (1587-1658), who was removed by the Independents from his post of Lord High Admiral.

viewed the Queen-mother's works at Somerset House,[1] and thence to the new playhouse, but could not get in to see it; so to visit my Lady Jemimah, who is grown much since I saw her; but lacks mightily to be brought into the fashion of the Court to set her off. Took my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royal, being the second day of its being opened. The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pit, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things is well; only, above all, the music being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the basses at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended. The play was *The Humorous Lieutenant*, a play that hath little good in it, nor much in the very part[2] which, by the King's command, Lacy now acts, instead of Clun. In the dance, the tall devil's actions was very pretty. The play being done, we home by water, having been a little shamed that my wife and woman were in such a pickle, all the ladies being finer and better dressed in the pit than they used, I think, to be. To my office, to set down this day's passage; and, though my oath against going to plays do not oblige me against this house, because it was not then in being, yet, believing that at the time my meaning was against all public houses, I am resolved to deny myself the liberty of two plays at Court, which are in arrear to me for the months of March and April. At supper comes Pembleton, and afterwards we all up to dancing till late. They say that I am like to make a dancer.

9th. At Mr. Jervas's, my old barber, I did try two or three borders and periwigs, meaning to wear one; and yet I have no stomach for it, but that the pains of keeping my hair clean is so great. He trimmed me, and at last I parted, but my mind was almost altered from my first purpose, from the trouble that I foresee will be in wearing them also.

[1] See Cowley's *On the Queen's Repairing Somerset House*, and Waller's *Upon Her Majesty's new buildings at Somerset House.*

[2] That of the 'Lieutenant.'

10th. (Lord's day.) Put on a black cloth suit, with white linings under all, as the fashion is to wear, to appear under the breeches. I walked to St. James's, and was there at mass, and was forced in the crowd to kneel down; and mass being done, to the King's Head ordinary, where many Parliament-men; and most of their talk was about the news from Scotland, that the Bishop of Galloway was besieged in his house by some women,[1] and had like to have been outraged, but I know not how he was secured; which is bad news, and looks as it did in the beginning of the late troubles. From thence they talked of rebellion; and I perceive they make it their great maxim to be sure to master the City of London, whatever comes of it or from it. After that to some other discourse, and, among other things, talking of the way of Ordinaries, that it is very convenient, because a man knows what he hath to pay: one did wish that, among many bad, we could learn two good things of France, which were that we would not think it below the gentleman, or person of honour at a tavern, to bargain for his meat before he eats it; and next, to take no servant without certificate from some friend or gentleman of his good behaviour and abilities.

11th. On foot to Greenwich, where going, I was set upon by a great dog, who got hold of my garters, and might have done me hurt; but, Lord! to see in what a maze I was, that, having a sword about me, I never thought of it, or had the heart to make use of it, but might, for want of that courage, have been worried! With Sir W. Pen to St. James's, where we attended the Duke of York; and, among other things, Sir G. Carteret and I had a great dispute about the different value of the pieces of eight rated by Mr. Creed at 4s. and 5d., and by Pitts at 4s. and 9d., which was the greatest husbandry to the King; he persisting that the greatest sum was; which is as ridiculous a piece of ignorance as could be imagined. However, it is to be argued at the Board, and reported to the Duke next week; which I shall do with advantage, I hope. I went homeward, after a little discourse with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that my

[1] See May 15, 1663.

Lady Castlemaine hath now got lodgings near the King's chamber at Court; and that the other day Dr. Clerke and he did dissect two bodies, a man and a woman, before the King, with which the King was highly pleased. I called upon Mr. Crumlum, and did give him the 10s. remaining not laid out, of the £5 I promised him for the School, with which he will buy strings, and golden letters upon the books I did give them.

12th. A little angry with my wife for minding nothing now but the dancing-master, having him come twice a day, which is folly.

14th. Met Mr. Moore; and with him to an ale-house in Holborn; where in discourse he told me that he fears the King will be tempted to endeavour the setting the Crown upon the little Duke, which may cause troubles; which God forbid, unless it be his due! He told me my Lord do begin to settle to business again; and that the King did send for him the other day to my Lady Castlemaine's, to play at cards, where he lost £50; for which I am sorry, though he says my Lord was pleased at it, and said he would be glad at any time to lose £50 for the King to send for him to play, which I do not so well like. This day we received a basket from my sister Pall, made by her, of paper, which hath a great deal of labour in it for country innocent work.

15th. I walked in the Park, discoursing with the keeper of the Pell Mell,[1] who was sweeping of it; who told me of what the earth is mixed that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle-shells powdered, and spread to keep it fast; which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust and deads the ball. Thence to Mr. Coventry; and, sitting by his bedside, he did tell me that he did send for me to discourse upon my Lord Sandwich's allowances for his several pays, and what his thoughts are concerning his demands; which he could not take the freedom to do face to face, it being not so proper as by me; and did give me a most friendly and ingenuous account of all; telling me how unsafe, at this juncture, while every man's, and his actions particularly, are descanted upon, it is either for him to put the Duke upon doing, or my Lord himself to desire anything extraordinary, 'specially the King having been so bountiful already; which the world takes notice of, even to some repinings. All of which he did desire me to discourse to my Lord of; which I have undertaken to do. At noon by coach to my Lord Crewe's, hearing that my Lord Sandwich dined there; where I told him what had passed between Mr. Coventry and myself; with which he was contented, though I could perceive not very well pleased. And I do believe that my Lord do find some other things go against his mind in the House; for, in the motion made the other day in the House by my Lord Bruce,[1] that none be capable of employment but such as have been loyal and constant to the King and Church, that the General[2] and my Lord were mentioned to be excepted; and my Lord Bruce did come since to my Lord, to clear himself that he meant nothing to his prejudice, nor could it have any such effect if he did mean it. After discourse with my Lord, to dinner with him; there dining there my Lord Montagu of Boughton, Mr. William Montagu, his brother, the Queen's Solicitor, etc., and a fine dinner. Their talk about a ridiculous falling-out two days ago at my Lord of Oxford's house, at an entertainment of his, there being there my Lord of Albemarle, Lynsey,[3] two of the Porters,[4] my Lord Bellasis, and others, where there were high words and some blows, and pulling off of periwigs; till my Lord Monk took away some of their swords, and sent for some soldiers to guard the house till the fray was ended. To such a degree of madness the nobility of this age is come! After dinner I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizziness; and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business; that my Lady

[1] See p. 75, note.

[1] Robert Bruce (d. 1685), succeeded as second Earl of Elgin (1663), and was created Earl of Ailesbury (1664). [2] Monk.

[3] Montague Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey (?1608-1666).

[4] Charles and Thomas Porter. The latter was engaged in a fatal duel with Sir H. Bellasis. See July 29, and Aug. 8 and 12, 1667. [B.]

Castlemaine rules him, who, he says, hath all the tricks of Aretin. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in anything that is to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies; when, God knows! it is they that nowadays do most study his honour. It seems the present favourites now are my Lord Bristol, Duke of Buckingham, Sir H. Bennet, my Lord Ashley, and Sir Charles Barkeley; who, among them, have cast my Lord Chancellor upon his back, past ever getting up again; there being now little for him to do, and he waits at Court attending to speak to the King as others do; which I pray God may prove of good effects, for it is feared it will be the same with my Lord Treasurer shortly. But strange to hear how my Lord Ashley, by my Lord Bristol's means (he being brought over to the Catholic party against the Bishops, whom he hates to the death, and publicly rails against them; not that he is become a Catholic, but merely opposes the Bishops; and yet, for aught I hear, the Bishop of London keeps as great with the King as ever), is got into favour, so much that, being a man of great business and yet of pleasure, and drolling too, he, it is thought, will be made Lord Treasurer upon the death or removal of the good old man.[1] My Lord Albemarle, I hear, do bear through and bustle among them, and will not be removed from the King's good opinion and favour, through none of the Cabinet; but yet he is envied enough. It is made very doubtful whether the King do not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; but surely the Commons of England will never do it, nor the Duke of York suffer it, whose Lady, I am told, is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. But it is wonderful that Sir Charles Barkeley should be so great still, not with the King, but Duke also; who did so stiffly swear that he had lain with her. No care is observed to be taken of the main chance, either for maintaining of trade or opposing of factions, which, God knows, are ready to break out, if any of them, which God forbid! should dare to begin; the King and every man about him minding so much their pleasures or profits. My Lord Hinchingbroke, I am told, hath had a mischance to kill his boy by his birding-piece going off as he was a-fowling. The gun was charged with small shot, and hit the boy in the face and about the temples, and he lived four days. In Scotland, it seems, for all the newsbooks tell us every week that they are all so quiet and everything in the Church settled, the old woman had like to have killed, the other day, the Bishop of Galloway,[1] and not half the Churches of the whole kingdom conform. Strange were the effects of the late thunder and lightning about a week since at Northampton coming with great rain, which caused extraordinary floods in a few hours, bearing away bridges, drowning horses, men, and cattle. Two men passing over a bridge on horseback, the arches before and behind them were borne away, and that left which they were upon; but, however, one of the horses fell over and was drowned. Stacks of faggots carried as high as a steeple, and other dreadful things; which Sir Thomas Crewe showed me letters to him about from Mr. Freemantle and others, that it is very true. The Portugals have choused[2] us, it seems, in the island of Bombay, in the East Indies; for, after a great charge of our fleets being sent thither with full commission from the King of Portugal to receive it, the Governor, by some pretence or other, will not deliver it to Sir Abraham Shipman, sent from the King, nor to my Lord of Marlborough; which the King takes highly ill, and I fear our Queen will fare the worse for it. The Dutch decay there exceedingly, it being believed that their people will revolt from them there, and they forced to give over their trade. Sir Thomas showed me his picture, and Sir Anthony Vandyke's, in crayon in little,[3] done exceedingly well.

16th. After dinner comes Pembleton again, and I did go up to them to practise, and did make an end of 'La

[1] The Earl of Southampton.

[1] See May 10, 1663. [2] Duped, tricked. [3] In miniature.

Duchesse,'[1] which I think I should, with a little pains, do very well.

17th. (Lord's day.) Up, and in my chamber all the morning, preparing my great letters to my father, stating to him the perfect condition of our estate.

18th. I walked to Whitehall, and into the Park, seeing the Queen and Maids of Honour passing through the house, going to the Park. But, above all, Mrs. Stuart is a fine woman, and they say now a common mistress to the King, as my Lady Castlemaine is; which is a great pity. Taking a coach to Mrs. Clerke's, took her, and my wife, and Ashwell, and a Frenchman, a kinsman of her's, to the Park; where we saw many fine faces, and one exceeding handsome, in a white dress over her head, with many others very beautiful. Home, talking much of what we had observed to-day of the poor household stuff of Mrs. Clerke, and her show and flutter that she makes in the world; and pleasing myself in my own house and manner of living more than ever I did, by seeing how much better and more substantially I live than others do.

19th. With Sir John Minnes to the Tower; and by Mr. Slingsby, and Mr. Howard, Comptroller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money. That being done, the Comptroller would have us dine with him and his company, the King giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse upon the business we have been upon, and after dinner went to the Assay Office, and there saw the manner of assaying of gold and silver, and how silver melted down with gold do part, just being put into aquafortis, the silver turning into water, and the gold lying whole in the very form it was put in, mixed of gold and silver, which is a miracle; and to see no silver at all, but turned into water, which they can bring again into itself out of the water. At table they told us of two cheats, the best I ever heard. One of a labourer discovered to convey away bits of silver cut out for pence by swallowing them, and so they could not find him out, though, of course, they searched all the labourers; but, having reason to doubt him, they did, by threats and promises, get him to confess, and did find £7 of it in his house at one time. The other of one that got a way of coining as good and passable and large as the true money is, and yet saved fifty per cent to himself, which was by getting moulds made to stamp groats like old groats, which is done so well, and I did beg two of them, which I keep for rarities, that there is not better in the world, and is as good and better than those that commonly go, which was the only thing that they could find out to doubt them by, besides the number that the party do go to put off, and then coming to the Comptroller of the Mint, he could not, I say, find out any other thing to raise any doubt upon, but only their being so truly round or near it. He was neither hanged nor burned; the cheat was thought so ingenious, and being the first time they could ever trap him in it, and so little hurt to any man in it, the money being as good as commonly goes. They now coin between £16,000 and £24,000 in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this; that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coined, besides what was then in being of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but £750,000 coined of the Harp and Cross money,[1] and of this there was £500,000 brought in upon its being called in. And from very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than £100,000; so that there is but £150,000 missing; and of that, suppose that there should be not above £50,000 still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but £100,000 left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if £750,000 in twelve years' time lost but a £100,000 in danger of being transported, then £10,000,000 in thirty-five years' time will have lost but £3,888,880 and odd pounds; and, as there is £650,000 remaining after twelve years' time in England, so, after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting £6,111,120 or there-

[1] A dance.

[1] Coined by the Commonwealth, having on one side the Cross of St. George, and on the other a Harp.

abouts, besides King James and Queen Elizabeth's money. Now, that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money immediately upon the calling-in of the State's money, which was £500,000 that came in; and yet there was not any money to be had in this City, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.

22nd. Rundall, the house-carpenter at Deptford, hath sent me a fine blackbird, which I went to see. He tells me he was offered 20s. for him as he came along, he do so whistle. We walked pleasantly to Woolwich, in our way hearing the nightingales sing.

23rd. Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird, which whistled as well as ever I heard any; only it is the beginning of many tunes very well, but there leaves them, and goes no further. To Whitehall; where, in the Matted Gallery, Mr. Coventry was, who told us how the Parliament have required of Sir G. Carteret and him an account what money shall be necessary to be settled upon the Navy for the ordinary charge, which they intend to report £200,000 per annum. And how to allot this we met this afternoon, and took their papers for our perusal, and so parted. There was walking in the gallery some of the Barbary company, and there we saw a draught of the arms of the company, which the King is of, and so is called the Royal Company[1] —which is, in a field argent an elephant proper, with a canton[2] on which England and France is quartered, supported by two Moors. The crest an anchor winged, I think it is; and the motto too tedious:— 'Regio floret patrocinio commercium, commercioque Regnum.' To Greatorex's, and there he showed me his varnish, which he hath invented, which appears every whit as good, upon a stick which he hath done, as the Indian.

25th. Meeting Mr. Lewis Phillips of Bampton, he and afterwards others tell me that news came last night to Court, that the King of France is sick of the spotted fever, and that they are struck in again; and this afternoon my Lord Mandeville is gone from the King to make him a visit; which will be great news, and of great import through Europe. By and by, out comes my Lord Sandwich; he told me this day a vote hath passed that the King's grants of land to my Lord Monk and him should be made good; which pleases him very much. He also tells me that things do not go right in the House with Mr. Coventry; I suppose he means in the business of selling places; but I am sorry for it.

27th. With Pett to my Lord Ashley, Chancellor of the Exchequer; where we met the auditors about settling the business of the accounts of persons to whom money is due before the King's time in the Navy, and the clearing of their imprests[1] for what little of their debts they have received. I find my Lord, as he is reported, a very ready, quick, and diligent person. I met with my cousin Roger Pepys, and he tells me that his sister Claxton now resolving to give over the keeping of his house, he thinks it fit to marry again, and would have me, by the help of my uncle Wight or others, to look him out a widow between thirty and forty years old, without children, and with a fortune, which he will answer in any degree with a jointure fit for her fortune. A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it. I demanded his estate. He tells me, which he says also he hath not done to any, that his estate is not full £800 per annum, but it is £780 per annum, of which £200 is by the death of his last wife, which he will allot for a jointure for a wife, but the rest, which lies in Cambridgeshire, he is resolved to leave entire for his eldest son. He tells me that the King hath sent to the Parliament to hasten to make an end by midsummer, because of his going into the country; so they have set upon four bills to dispatch; the first of which is, he says, too devilish a severe act against conventicles; so beyond all moderation, that he is afraid it will ruin all; telling me that it is matter of the greatest grief to him in the world, that he should be put upon this trust of being a Parliament-man, because he says

[1] The Royal African or Guinea Company. Their house stood in Leadenhall Street. See Feb. 13, 1664, where it is called the African House.

[2] A square (less than a quarter) in the upper (usually dexter) corner of a shield.

[1] Advances of pay.

nothing is done, that he can see, out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design. Then into the Great Garden up to the Banqueting-House; and there by my Lord's glass we drew in the species[1] very pretty. Afterwards to nine-pins, Creed and I playing against my Lord and Cooke. This day there was great thronging to Banstead Downs, upon a great horse-race and foot-race. I am sorry I could not go thither. By and by comes Pembleton, and there we danced country-dances, and single, my wife and I; and my wife paid him off for this month also, and so he is cleared.

28th. At the coffee-house in Exchange Alley I bought a little book, *Counsel to Builders*, by Sir Balth. Gerbier.[2] It is dedicated almost to all the men of any great condition in England, so that the dedications are more than the book itself, and both it and them not worth a farthing. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw *Hamlet* done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sang; which I was sorry for.

29th. This day is kept strictly as a holiday, being the King's Coronation. Creed and I abroad, and called at several churches; and it is a wonder to see, and by that to guess the ill temper of the City at this time, either to religion in general, or to the King, that in some churches there was hardly ten people, and those poor people. To the Royal Theatre, but they not acting to-day, then to the Duke's house, and there saw *The Slighted Maid*,[3] wherein Gosnell acted Pyramena, a great part, and did it very well, and I believe will do it better and better, and prove a good actor. The play is not very excellent, but is well acted, and in general the actors in all particulars are better than at the other house. Then with Creed to see the German Princess,[1] at the Gatehouse at Westminster.

31st. (Lord's day.) After dinner read part of the new play of *The Five Hours' Adventure*, which, though I have seen it twice,[2] yet I never did admire or understand it enough, it being a play of the greatest plot that ever I expect to see. Made up my month's accounts, and find myself clear worth £726. This month the greatest news is the height and heat that the Parliament is in in enquiring into the revenue, which displeases the Court, and their backwardness to give the King any money. Their enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many; among the chief, my Lord Chancellor, against whom particularly it is carried, and Mr. Coventry; for which I am sorry. The King of France was given out to be poisoned and dead; but it proves to be the measles;[3] and he is well, or likely to be soon well again. I find myself growing in the esteem and credit that I have in the office, and I hope falling to my business again will confirm me in it.

June 1663

June 1st. The Duke having been a-hunting to-day, and so lately come home and gone to bed, we could not see him, and we walked away. And I with Sir J. Minnes to the Strand Maypole;[4] and there light out of his coach, and walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I came and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life; and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did

[1] This word is here used as an optical term, and signifies the image painted on the retina of the eye, and the rays of light reflected from the several points of the surface of objects. [B.] ?

[2] Sir Balthazar Gerbier (?1591-1667), painter and architect, who came from Flanders in 1616.

[3] By Sir R. Stapylton. See Feb. 23, 1663.

[1] Mary Moders, *alias* Stedman, *alias* Carleton, an impostor, who had induced a London citizen, John Carleton, to marry her, under the pretence that she was a German Princess. She ended her career at Tyburn in 1673. See June 7, 1663, and April 15, 1664.

[2] See January 8 and 17, 1663.

[3] See May 25, 1663.

[4] Erected in April 1661. The Church of St. Mary-le-Strand stands on the site.

give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three bouts at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all, blunter on the edge than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every bout. So, well pleased for once with this sight, I walked home. This day I hear at Court of the great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland, made among the Presbyters and others, designing to cry up the Covenant, and to secure Dublin Castle and other places; and they have debauched a good part of the army there, promising them ready money. Some of the Parliament there, they say, are guilty, and some withdrawn upon it; several persons taken, and among others a son of Scott's, that was executed here for the King's murder. What reason the King hath, I know not; but it seems he is doubtful of Scotland; and this afternoon, when I was there, the Council was called extraordinary; and they were opening the letters this last post's coming and going between Scotland and us and other places. The King of France is well again.

2nd. To St. James's, to Mr. Coventry; where I had an hour's private talk with him concerning his own condition, at present being under the censure of the House, being concerned with others in the Bill for selling of offices. He tells me that though he thinks himself to suffer much in his fame hereby, yet he values nothing more of evil to hang over him; for that it is against no statute, as is pretended, nor more than what his predecessors time out of mind have taken; and that so soon as he found himself to be in an error, he did desire to have his fees set, which was done; and since that time he hath not taken a token more. He undertakes to prove that he did never take a token of any captain to get him employed in his life beforehand, or demanded anything; and for the other accusation, that the Cavaliers are not employed, he looked over the list of them now in the service, and of the twenty-seven that are employed, thirteen have been heretofore always under the King; two neutrals, and the other twelve men of great courage, and such as had either the King's particular commands, or great recommendation to put them in, and none by himself. Besides that, he says it is not the King's nor Duke's opinion that the whole party of the late officers should be rendered desperate. And lastly, he confesses that the more of the Cavaliers are put in, the less of discipline hath followed in the fleet; and that, whenever there comes occasion, it must be the old ones that must do any good. He tells me that he cannot guess whom all this should come from; but he suspects Sir G. Carteret, as I also do, at least that he is pleased with it. But he tells me that he will bring Sir G. Carteret to be the first adviser and instructor of him what is to make his place of benefit to him; telling him that Smith did make his place worth £5000, and he believed £7000 to him the first year; besides something else greater than all this, which he forebore to tell me. It seems one Sir Thomas Tomkins[1] of the House, that makes many mad motions, did bring it into the House, saying that a letter was left at his lodgings, subscribed by one Benson, which is a feigned name, for there is no such in the Navy, telling him how many places in the Navy have been sold. And in another letter, left in the same manner since, nobody appearing, he writes him that there is one Hughes, and another, Butler (both rogues, that have for their roguery been turned out of their places), that will swear that Mr. Coventry did sell their places and other things. I offered him my service, and will with all my heart serve him; but he tells me he do not think it convenient to meddle, or to any purpose. To Westminster Hall, where I hear more of the plot from Ireland; which it seems hath been hatching, and known to the Lord Lieutenant a great while, and kept close till within three days that it should have taken effect. The term ended yesterday, and it seems the Courts rose sooner for want of causes than it is remembered to have done in the memory of man. To Mr. Beacham, the goldsmith, he being one of the jury to-morrow in Sir W. Batten's case against Field. I have been telling him

[1] Member for Weobly, and one of the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak for Herefordshire. [B.]

our case, and I believe he will do us good service there. With the vintner's man, who came by my direction to taste again my tierce of claret, to go down to the cellar with him to consult about the drawing of it; and there, to my great vexation, I find that the cellar door hath long been kept unlocked, and above half the wine drunk.

3rd. Sir W. Batten is this morning gone to Guildhall, to his trial with Field. I to my office, and there read all the morning in my statute-book, consulting among others the statute against selling of offices, wherein Mr. Coventry is so much concerned; and though he tells me that the statute do not reach him, yet I much fear that it will. At noon hearing that the trial is done, and Sir W. Batten come to the Sun behind the Exchange, I went thither, where he tells me that he had much ado to carry it on his side, but at the last he did, but the jury, by the Judge's favour, did give us but £10 damages, and the charges of the suit, which troubles me; but it is well it went not against us, which would have been much worse.

4th. In the Hall a good while; where I heard that this day the Archbishop of Canterbury, Juxon,[1] a man well spoken of by all for a good man, is dead; and the Bishop of London[2] is to have his seat. Sir J. Minnes do treat my Lord Chancellor and a great deal of guests to-day with a great dinner, which I thank God I do not pay for; and besides, I doubt it is too late for any man to expect any great service from my Lord Chancellor, for which I am sorry, and pray God a worse do not come in his room. The match between Sir J. Cutts[3] and my Lady Jemimah[4] is likely to go on;[5] for which I am glad. In the Hall to-day Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen begins to be brisk and play like other ladies, and is quite another woman from what she was. It may be it may make the King like her the better, and forsake his two mistresses, my Lady Castlemaine and Stewart.[6]

1 William Juxon, b. 1582; Archbishop of Canterbury, 1660-1663.
2 Gilbert Sheldon (1598-1677).
3 Of Childerley, near Cambridge.
4 Montagu, *n.s.*
5 She married Philip Carteret.
6 Spelt Stewart, or Steward, or Stuart.

5th. To Paul's Churchyard, where I found several books ready bound for me; among others, the new Concordance of the Bible, which pleases me much, and is a book I hope to make good use of. To Deptford, where Dr. Britton,[1] parson of the town, a fine man and good company, dined with us, and good discourse. To Mrs. Turner's, and there saw Mr. Edward Pepys's lady, who my wife concurs with me to be very pretty,[2] as most women we ever saw.

6th. To York House, where the Russian Ambassador do lie; and there I saw his people go up and down lousing[3] themselves; they are all in a great hurry, being to be gone the beginning of next week. But that that pleased me best was the remains of the noble soul of the late Duke of Buckingham appearing in his house, in every place, in the door-cases and the windows. Sir John Hebden, the Russia Resident, did tell me how he is vexed to see things at Court ordered as they are by nobody that attends to business, but every man himself or his pleasures. He cries up my Lord Ashley to be almost the only man that he sees to look after business; and with the ease and mastery, that he wonders at him. He cries out against the King's dealing so much with goldsmiths, and suffering himself to have his purse kept and commanded by them. He tells me also with what exact care and order the States of Holland's[4] stores are kept in their Yards, and everything managed there by their builders with such husbandry as is not imaginable; which I will endeavour to understand further.

7th. (Lord's day.) Mrs. Turner, who is often at Court, do tell me to-day that for certain the Queen hath much changed her humour, and is become very pleasant and sociable as any; and they say is with child, or believed to be so. After church to Sir W. Batten's; where my Lady Batten inveighed mightily against the German Princess, and I as high in the defence of her wit and spirit, and

1 Robert Bretton, D.D.
2 Elizabeth, daughter of John Walpole of Broomsthorpe, Norfolk. [B.]
3 Removing lice from their persons.
4 Hebden had been resident with the States General in 1660. [B.]

glad that she is cleared at the Sessions.[1]

10th. To dinner, and thence to the Royal Theatre by water, and landing, met with Captain Ferrers his friend, the little man that used to be with him, and he with us, and sat by us while we saw *Love in a Maze*.[2] The play is pretty good, but the life of the play is Lacy's part, the clown,[3] which is most admirable; but for the rest, which are counted old and excellent actors, in my life I never heard both men and women so ill pronounce their parts. Thence to the whey-house, and drank a great deal of whey, and so by water home.

12th. To the Royal Theatre; and there saw *The Committee*,[4] a merry but indifferent play, only Lacy's part, an Irish footman,[5] is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge,[6] and his lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad; but when the house began to fill, she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife among others, a vizard for herself.

13th. To the Royal Theatre; here we saw *The Faithful Shepherdess*,[7] a most simple thing, and yet much thronged after, and often shown, but it is only for the scenes' sake, which is very fine indeed, and worth seeing; but I quite out of opinion of any of their actings but Lacy's, compared with the other house. In our way saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also, for which I am sorry. Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad, and down byways, through Bucklersbury[8] home—everybody through the street cursing him, being ready to run over them. Yesterday, upon conference with the King in the Banqueting House, the Parliament did agree with much ado, it being carried but by forty-two voices, that they would supply him with a sum of money; but what, and how, is not yet known, but expected to be done with great disputes the next week. But if done at all, it is well.

14th. (Lord's day.) I did give my wife 40s. to carry into the country tomorrow with her, whereof 15s. is to go for the coach-hire for her and Ashwell, there being 20s. paid here already in earnest. To Sir W. Pen's to visit him, and, finding him alone, sent for my wife, who is in her riding-suit, to see him, which she hath not done these many months, I think. Comes Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten. So we sat talking; among other things, Sir J. Minnes brought many fine expressions of Chaucer, which he dotes on mightily, and without doubt he is a very fine poet.[1]

15th. I was forced to go to Thames Street; thence home; but, finding my wife gone, I took coach and after her to her inn, where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the coach, though pleased to see her company none but women and one parson, and so kissing her often, and Ashwell once, I bid them adieu. To the Trinity House; where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepys, and Sir William Wheeler. Great variety of talk. Mr. Prin, among many, had a pretty tale of one that brought in a bill in Parliament for the impowering him to dispose his land to such children as he should have that should bear the name of his wife. It was in Queen Elizabeth's time. One replied that there are many species of creatures where the male gives the denomination to both sexes, as swan and woodcock, but not above one where the female do, and that is goose. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very sceptical. He says the greatest warrants

[1] See May 29, 1663, note. She had been on trial for bigamy.

[2] *Changes, or Love in a Maze*, by James Shirley (1632).

[3] For an account of this part see Genest, i. pp. 69-70.

[4] By Sir Robert Howard. [5] Teague.

[6] Thomas Belasyse (1627-1700), Earl Fauconberg, or Falconbridge, who married Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell.

[7] By John Fletcher.

[8] At the east end of Cheapside.

[1] Dryden wrote his *Good Parson* on Pepys's recommendation. See the letters in *Works* (ed. Scott and Saintsbury), xviii. 154-5.

that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down.[1] There are books of it, and, they say, very true; but my Lord observes, though he do answer any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one tune he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole; and I think it is a good argument. They talked of handsome women, and Sir J. Minnes saying that there was no beauty like what he sees in the country-markets, and specially at Bury, in which I will agree with him. My Lord replied thus: 'Sir John, what do you think of your neighbour's wife?' looking upon me. 'Do you not think that he hath a great beauty to his wife?' 'Upon my word he hath.' Which I was not a little proud of.

16th. Dined with Sir W. Batten; who tells me that the House have voted the supply, intended for the King, shall be by subsidy.

17th. To Whitehall, and in the garden spoke to my Lord Sandwich, who is in his gold-buttoned suit, as the mode is, and looks nobly. Captain Ferrers, I see, is come home from France. He tells me the young gentlemen are well there; so my Lord went to my Lord Albemarle's to dinner; I by water home. I sent my cousin Edward Pepys his lady, at my cousin Turner's, a piece of venison given me yesterday, and Madam Turner I sent for a dozen bottles of her's, to fill with wine for her. This day I met with Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that the King has made peace between Mr. Edward Montagu and his father Lord Montagu, and that all is well again; at which, for the family's sake, I am glad, but do not think it will hold long.

19th. To Lambeth, expecting to have seen the Archbishop lie in state; but it seems he is not laid out yet. At the Privy Seal Office examined the books, and found the grant of increase of salary to the principal officers in the year 1639, £300 among the Comptroller, Surveyor, and Clerk of the Ships. Met Captain Ferrers, who tells us that the King of France is well again, and that he saw him train his Guards, all brave men, at Paris; and that when he goes to his mistress, Madame La Val[l]ière, a pretty little woman, now with child by him, he goes publicly, and his trumpets and kettle-drums with him; and yet he says that, for all this, the Queen do not know of it, for that nobody dares to tell her; but that I dare not believe. To the Rhenish wine-house, where Mr. Moore showed us the French manner, when a health is drunk, to bow to him that drank to you, and then apply yourself to him, whose lady's health is drunk, and then to the person that you drink to, which I never knew before; but it seems it is now the fashion.

21st. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Coventry's. He showed me a list he hath prepared for the Parliament's view, if the business of his selling of offices should be brought to further hearing, wherein he reckons up, as I remember, 236 offices of ships which have been disposed of without his taking one farthing. This, of his own accord, he opened his cabinet on purpose to show me, meaning, I suppose, that I should discourse abroad of it, and vindicate him therein, which I shall with all my power do. To church, and slept all the sermon; the Scot,[1] to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching.

22nd. To Westminster, where all along I find the shops evening with the sides of the houses, even in the broadest streets; which will make the City very much better than it was. It seems the House do consent to send to the King to desire that he would be graciously pleased to let them know who it was that did inform him of what words Sir Richard Temple[2] should say, which were to this purpose: 'That if the King would side with him, or be guided by him and his party, that he should not lack money'; but, without knowing who told it, they do not think fit

[1] Joseph Glanville published a relation of the famous disturbance at the house of Mr. Monpesson, at Tedworth, Wilts, occasioned by the beating of an invisible drum every night for a year. This story, which was believed at the time, furnished the plot for Addison's play of *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*. In the *Mercurius Publicus*, April 16-23, 1663, there is a curious examination on this subject, by which it appears that one William Drury, of Uscut, Wilts, was the invisible drummer. [B.]

[1] Creighton, *u.s.*

[2] Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, Bart. (1634-1697).

to call him to any account for it. The Duke being gone a-hunting, by and by came in and shifted himself; he having in his hunting, rather than go about, 'light and led his horse through a river up to his breast, and came so home; and being ready, we had a long discourse with him.

23rd. To the office; and, after an hour or two, by water to the Temple, to my cousin Roger; who, I perceive, is a deadly high man in the Parliament business, and against the Court, showing me how they have computed that the King hath spent, at least hath received, about four millions of money since he came in; and in Sir J. Winter's case, in which I spoke to him, he is so high that he says he deserves to be hanged. To the 'Change; and by and by comes the King and the Queen by in great state, and the streets full of people. I stood in Mr. ——'s balcony. They dine all at my Lord Mayor's; but what he do for victuals, or room for them, I know not.

24th. To St. James's, and there an hour's private discourse with Mr. Coventry; he told me one thing to my great joy, that in the business of Captain Cocke's hemp disputed before him the other day, Mr. Coventry absent, the Duke did himself tell him since, that Mr. Pepys and he did stand up and carry it against the rest that were there, which do please me much to see that the Duke do take notice of me. Speaking of Sir G. Carteret slightly, and diminishing of his services for the King in Jersey; that he was well rewarded, and had good lands and rents, and other profits from the King, all the time he was there; and that it was always his humour to have things done his way. He brought an example how he would not let the Castle there be victualled for more than a month, that so he might keep it at his beck, though the people of the town did offer to supply it more often themselves. Another thing he told me, how the Duke of York did give Sir G. Carteret and the Island his profits as Admiral, and other things, towards the building of a pier there; but it was never laid out, nor like to be. So it falling out that a lady being brought to bed, the Duke was to be desired to be one of the godfathers; and it being objected that that would not be proper, there being no peer of the land to be joined with him, the lady replied, 'Why, let him choose; and if he will not be a godfather without a peer, then let him even stay till he hath made a pier of his own.' He tells me too that he hath lately been observed to tack about at Court, and to endeavour to strike in with the persons that are against the Chancellor; but this he says of him, that he do not say nor do anything to the prejudice of the Chancellor. But he told me that the Chancellor was rising again, and that of late Sir G. Carteret's business and employment hath not been so full as it used to be while the Chancellor stood up. From that we discoursed of the evil of putting out men of experience in business as the Chancellor, and of the condition of the King's party at present, who, as the Papists, though otherwise fine persons, yet being by law kept for these fourscore years out of employment, they are now wholly incapable of business; and so the Cavaliers for twenty years, who, says he, for the most part, have either given themselves over to look after country and family business, and those the best of them, and the rest to debauchery, etc.; and that was it that hath made him high against the late Bill brought into the House for the making all men incapable of employment that had served against the King. Why, says he, in the sea service it is impossible to do anything without them, there being not more than three men of the whole King's side that are fit to command almost; and these were Captain Allen, Smith, and Beech; and it may be Holmes, and Utber, and Batts might do something. This day I observed the house, which I took to be the new tennis-court, newly built next my Lord's lodgings, to be fallen down by the badness of the foundation or slight working, which my cousin Roger and his discontented party cry out upon, as an example how the King's work is done. It hath beaten down a good deal of my Lord's lodgings, and had like to have killed Mrs. Sarah, she having but newly gone out of it.

25th. Sir G. Carteret did tell us that upon Tuesday last, being with my Lord Treasurer, he showed him a letter from Portugal, speaking of the advance of the Spaniards into their country, and yet that the Portuguese were never more courageous

than now; for, by an old prophecy sent thither some years, though not many since, from the French King, it is foretold that the Spaniards should come into their country, and in such a valley they should be all killed, and then their country should be wholly delivered from the Spaniards. This was on Tuesday last, and yesterday came the very first news that in this very valley they had thus routed and killed the Spaniards. This noon I received a letter from the country from my wife, wherein she seems much pleased with the country: God continue that she may have pleasure while she is there. She, by my Lady's advice, desires a new petticoat of the new silk striped stuff, very pretty. So I went to Paternoster Row presently, and bought her a very fine rich one, the best I did see there, and much better than she desires or expects.

26th. Mr. Moore and I discoursed of going to Oxford this commencement—Mr. Nathaniel Crewe[1] being proctor, and Mr. Childe commencing Doctor of Music this year. A sad season. It is said there hath not been one fair day these three months, and I do think it is true. The House is upon the King's answer to their message about Temple,[2] which is, that my Lord of Bristol did tell him that Temple did say those words; so the House are resolved upon sending some of their members to him to know the truth, and to demand satisfaction, if it be not true. Sir W. Batten, Sir J. Minnes, my Lady Batten, and I by coach to Bednal Green, to Sir W. Rider's to dinner, where a fine place,[3] good lady mother, and their daughter, Mrs. Middleton, a fine woman. A noble dinner, and a fine merry walk with the ladies alone after dinner in the garden; the greatest quantity of strawberries I ever saw, and good. This very house was built by the blind beggar of Bednal Green, so much talked of and sung in ballads; but they say it was only some of the outhouses of it. At table discoursing of thunder and lightning, Sir W. Rider did tell a story of his own knowledge, that a Genoese galley in Leghorn Roads was struck by thunder, so as the mast was broke a-pieces, and the shackle upon one of the slaves was melted clear off his leg without hurting his leg. Sir William went on board the vessel, and would have contributed toward the release of the slave whom Heaven had thus set free; but he could not compass it, and so he was brought to his fetters again.

27th. To the Temple, and so to Lincoln's Inn, and there walked up and down to see the new garden which they are making, and will be very pretty; and so to walk under the Chapel by agreement.

29th. Up and down the streets is cried mightily the great victory got by the Portugals against the Spaniards, where 10,000 slain, 3000 or 4000 taken prisoners, with all the artillery, baggage, money, etc., and Don John of Austria forced to flee with a man or two with him. With my cousin Roger and Mr. Goldsborough to Gray's Inn to his counsel, one Mr. Rawworth, a very fine man, where it being a question whether I as executor should give a warrant to Goldsborough in my reconveying her estate back again, the mortgage being performed against all acts of the testator, but only my own, my cousin said he never heard it asked before; and the other that it was always asked, and that he never heard it denied, or scrupled before; so great a distance was there in their opinions, enough to make a man forswear ever having to do with the law; so they agreed to refer it to Serjeant Maynard.

30th. Yesterday and to-day the sun rising very bright and glorious; and yet yesterday, as it hath been these two months and more, was foul the most part of the day—this being the only fair day we have had these three or four months. Thus, by God's blessing, ends this book of two years:[1] I being in all points in good health, and a good way to thrive and do well. Some money I do and can lay up, but not much, being worth now above £700, besides goods of all sorts. My wife in the country with Ashwell, her woman, with my father; myself at home with W. Hewer and my cook-maid Hannah, my boy Wayneman being lately run away from

[1] Nathaniel, afterwards third Lord Crewe of Stene, successively Bishop of Oxford and Durham.

[2] See June 22 and July 1.

[3] Called Kirby Castle, the property of Sir William Ryder, Knight, who died there in 1669.—Lysons's *Environs*. [B.]

[1] *I.e.* the second volume of the MS. of the Diary.

me. In my office, my repute and understanding good, specially with the Duke and Mr. Coventry; only the rest of the officers do rather envy than love me, I standing in most of their lights, specially Sir W. Batten, whose cheats I do daily oppose to his great trouble, though he appears mighty kind and willing to keep friendship with me; while Sir J. Minnes, like a dotard, is led by the nose by him. Public matters are in an ill condition; Parliament sitting and raising four subsidies for the King, which is but a little, considering his wants; and yet that parted withal with great hardness. They being offended to see so much money go, and no debts of the public's paid, but all swallowed by a luxurious Court; which the King, it is believed and hoped, will retrench in a little time, when he comes to see the utmost of the revenue which shall be settled on him; he expecting to have his £1,200,000, made good to him, which is not yet done by above £150,000, as he himself reports to the House. My differences with my uncle Thomas at a good quiet, blessed be God! and other matters. The town full of the great overthrow lately given to the Spaniards by the Portugals, they being advanced into the very middle of Portugal. The charge of the Navy intended to be limited to £200,000 per annum, the ordinary charge of it, and that to be settled upon the Customs. The King yet greatly taken up with Madam Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, which Heaven put an end to! Myself very studious to learn what I can of all things necessary to my place.

July 1668

July 1st. This morning it rained so hard, though it was fair yesterday, and we therefore in hopes of having some fair weather, which we have wanted these three months, that it wakened Creed, who lay with me last night, and me. Being in the Parliament Lobby, I there saw my Lord of Bristol come to the Commons' House to give his answer to their question, about some words he should tell the King that were spoke by Sir Richard Temple. A chair was set at the bar of the House for him, which he used but little, but made an harangue of half an hour bareheaded, the House covered. His speech being done, he came out into a little room till the House had concluded of an answer to his speech; which they staying long upon, I went away. And by and by out comes Sir W. Batten; and he told me that his Lordship had made a long and a comedian-like speech, and delivered with such action as was not becoming his Lordship. He confesses he did tell the King such a thing of Sir Richard Temple, but that upon his honour the words were not spoke by Sir Richard, he having taken a liberty of enlarging to the King upon the discourse which had been between Sir Richard and himself lately; and so took upon himself the whole blame, and desired their pardon, it being not to do any wrong to their fellow-member, but out of zeal to the King. He told them, among many other things, that as to religion he was a Roman Catholic, but such a one as thought no man to have a right to the Crown of England but the Prince that hath it; and such a one as, if the King should desire counsel as to his own, he would not advise him to another religion than the old true reformed religion of this kingdom as it now stands; and concluded with a submission to what the House shall do with him, saying, that whatever they shall do, —'thanks be to God, this head, this heart, and this sword,' pointing to them all, 'will find me a being in any place in Europe.' The House hath hereupon voted clearly Sir Richard Temple to be free from the imputation of saying those words; but when Sir William Batten came out, had not concluded what to say to my Lord, it being argued that, to own any satisfaction as to my Lord from his speech, would be to lay some fault upon the King for the message he should upon no better accounts send to the impeaching of one of their members. Walking out, I hear that the House of Lords are offended that my Lord Bristol should come to this House and make a speech there without leave first asked of the House of Lords. I hear also of another difficulty now upon him; that my Lord of Sunderland, whom I do not know, was so near to the marriage of his[1]

[1] Lord Bristol's.

daughter, as that the wedding-clothes were made, and portion and everything agreed on and ready; and the other day he goes away nobody yet knows whither, sending her the next morning a release of his right or claim to her, and advice to his friends not to enquire into the reason of this doing, for he hath enough for it; and that he gives them liberty to say and think what they will of him, so they do not demand the reason of his leaving her, being resolved never to have her; but the reason desires and resolves not to give. To Sir W. Batten, to the Trinity House; and after dinner we fell a-talking, Mr. Batten telling us of a late trial of Sir Charles Sedley,[1] the other day, before my Lord Chief Justice Foster and the whole bench, for his debauchery[2] a little while since at Oxford Kate's.[3] It seems my Lord and the rest of the Judges did all of them round give him a most high reproof; my Lord Chief Justice saying, that it was for him, and such wicked wretches as he was, that God's anger and judgements hung over us, calling him sirrah many times. It seems they have bound him to his good behaviour, there being no law against him for it, in £5000. It being told that my Lord Buckhurst was there, my Lord asked whether it was that Buckhurst that was lately tried for robbery;[4] and when answered Yes, he asked whether he had so soon forgot his deliverance at that time, and that it would have more become him to have been at his prayers, begging God's forgiveness, than now running into such courses again. This day I hear at dinner that Don John of Austria, since his flight out of Portugal, is dead of his wounds:[5] so there is a great man gone, and a great dispute like to be ended for the crown of Spain, if the King should have died before him. My cousin Roger told us the whole passage of my Lord Bristol to-day, much as I have said here above; only that he did say that he would draw his sword against the Pope himself, if he should offer anything against his Majesty, and the good of these nations; and that he never was the man that did either look for a Cardinal's cap for himself, or anybody else, meaning Abbot Montagu: and the House upon the whole did vote Sir Richard Temple innocent; and that my Lord Bristol hath cleared the honour of his Majesty, and Sir Richard Temple's, and given perfect satisfaction of his own respects to the House.

2nd. Walking in the garden this evening with Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes, Sir G. Carteret told us with great contempt how like a stage-player my Lord Bristol spoke yesterday, pointing to his head as my Lord did, and saying, 'First, for his head,' says Sir G. Carteret, 'I know when a calf's head would have done better by half: for his heart and his sword, I have nothing to say to them.' He told us that for certain his head cost the late King his, for it was he that broke off the treaty at Uxbridge. He told us also how great a man he[1] was raised from a private gentleman[2] in France by Monsieur Grandmont,[3] and afterwards by the Cardinal,[4] who raised him to be a Lieutenant-General, and then higher; and entrusted by the Cardinal, when he was banished out of France, with great matters, and recommended by him to the Queen[5] as a man to be trusted and ruled by: yet, when he came to have some power over the Queen, he began to dissuade her from her opinion of the Cardinal; which she said nothing to till the Cardinal was returned, and then she told him of it; who told my Lord Bristol, 'Eh bien, Monsieur, vous estes un fort bon amy donc': but presently put him out of all; and then, from a certainty of coming in two or three years to be Maréchal of France, to which all strangers, even Protestants, and those as often as French themselves, are capable of coming, though it be one of the greatest places in France, he was driven to go out of France into Flanders; but there was not trusted, nor received any kindness from the Prince of Condé, as one to whom also he had been false, as he had been to the Cardinal and Grandmont. In fine, he told us that

1 Sir Charles Sedley (?1639-1701), the wit, notorious for his profligacy. His daughter, the Countess of Dorchester, was James the Second's mistress.
2 The details are given in the MS. *Diary*.
3 The Cock Tavern in Bow Street, kept by 'Oxford Kate.'
4 See February 22, 1662.
5 See July 7.

1 *I.e.* Bristol.
2 He succeeded as Baron Digby in 1641.
3 Antoine, Duc de Grammont.
4 Cardinal Mazarin.
5 Anne of Austria, Queen of France.

he is a man of excellent parts, but of no great faith nor judgement, and one very easy to get up to great height of preferment, but never able to hold it.

3rd. Mr. Moore tells me great news that my Lady Castlemaine is fallen from Court, and this morning retired. He gives me no account of the reason, but that it is so; for which I am sorry; and yet, if the King do it to leave off not only her, but all other mistresses, I should be heartily glad of it, that he may fall to look after business. I hear my Lord Bristol is condemned at Court for his speech, and that my Lord Chancellor grows great again. With Mr. Creed over the water to Lambeth; but could not see the Archbishop's hearse: so over the fields to Southwark. I spent half an hour in St. Mary Overy's Church, where are fine monuments of great antiquity.

4th. Sir Allen Apsley[1] showed the Duke the Lisbon Gazette in Spanish, where the late victory is set down particularly, and to the great honour of the English beyond measure. They have since taken back Evora, which was lost to the Spaniards, the English making the assault, and lost not more than three men. Here I learnt that the English foot are highly esteemed all over the world, but the horse not so much, which yet we count among ourselves the best; but they abroad have had no great knowledge of our horse, it seems. With Creed to the King's Head ordinary; but, coming late, dined at the second table very well for 12d.; and a pretty gentleman in our company, who confirms my Lady Castlemaine's being gone from Court, but knows not the reason; he told us of one wipe the Queen a little while ago did give her, when she came in and found the Queen under the dresser's hands, and had been so long:—'I wonder your Majesty,' says she, 'can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?'—'I have so much reason to use patience,' says the Queen, 'that I can very well bear with it.' He thinks it may be the Queen hath commanded her to retire, though that is not likely. Thence with Creed to hire a coach to carry us to Hyde Park, to-day there being a general muster of the King's Guards, horse and foot; but they demand so high, that I, spying Mr. Cutler, the merchant, did take notice of him, and he going into his coach, and telling me that he was going to the muster, I asked and went along with him; where a goodly sight to see so many fine horses and officers, and the King, Duke, and others came by a-horseback, and the two Queens in the Queen-mother's coach, my Lady Castlemaine not being there. And after long being there, I light, and walk to the place where the King, Duke, etc. did stand to see the horse and foot march by and discharge their guns, to show a French Marquis (for whom this muster was caused) the goodness of our firemen; which indeed was very good, though not without a slip now and then: and one broadside close to our coach we had going out of the Park, even to the nearness as to be ready to burn our hairs. Yet methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beaten by the most ordinary fellows that could be. Thence with much ado out of the Park, and through St. James's down the waterside over to Lambeth, to see the Archbishop's corpse, who is to be carried away to Oxford on Monday; but came too late, and so walked over the fields and bridge home. This day, in the Duke's chamber there being a Roman story in the hangings, and upon the standard written these four letters—S. P. Q. R., Sir G. Carteret came to me to know what the meaning of those four letters were; which ignorance is not to be borne in a Privy Councillor, methinks, what a schoolboy should be whipped for not knowing.

5th. (Lord's day.) Lady Batten sent twice to invite me to go with them to Walthamstow to-day, Mrs. Martha being married already this morning to Mr. Castle, at our parish church. I could not rise soon enough to go with them, but got myself ready, and so to Game's, where I got a horse, and rode thither very pleasantly. Being come thither, I was well received, and had two pair of gloves, as the rest, and walked up and down with my Lady in the garden, she mighty kind to me, and I have the way to please

[1] Sir Allen Apsley (1616-1683), Royalist governor of Exeter in 1646, now one of the Household.

her. A good dinner and merry, but methinks none of the kindness nor bridal respect between the bridegroom and bride that was between my wife and I, but as persons that marry purely for convenience. After dinner to church by coach, and there my Lady, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Lemon, and I only, we, in spite to one another, kept one another awake; and sometimes I read in my book of Latin plays, which I took in my pocket, thinking to have walked it. An old doting parson preached. So home, Sir J. Minnes and I in his coach together, talking all the way of chemistry, wherein he do know something, at least, seems so to me, that cannot correct him.

6th. At my office all the morning, writing out a list of the King's ships in my Navy collections with great pleasure.

7th. In Mr. Pett's garden I ate some of the first cherries I have eaten this year, off the tree where the King himself had been gathering some this morning. Deane tells me, what Mr. Pett did to-day, that my Lord Bristol told the King that he will impeach the Chancellor of High Treason; but I find that my Lord Bristol hath undone himself already in everybody's opinion, and now he endeavours to raise dust to put out other men's eyes as well as his own; but I hope it will not take, in consideration merely that it is hard for a Prince to spare an experienced old officer, be he never so corrupt; though I hope this man is not so, as some report him to be. He[1] tells me that Don John is yet alive, and not killed, as was said, in the great victory against the Spaniards in Portugal of late.

8th. I hear not what will become of the corn this year, we having had but two fair days these many months.

9th. Sir W. Pen tells me my Lady Castlemaine was at Court, for all this talk this week; but it seems the King is stranger than ordinary to her.

10th. I met Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me that for certain the King is grown colder to my Lady Castlemaine than ordinary, and that he believes he begins to love the Queen, and do make much of her, more than he used to do. Mr. Coventry tells me that my Lord Bristol hath this day impeached my Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords of High Treason. The chief of the articles are these:—1st, That he should be the occasion of the peace made with Holland lately upon such disadvantageous terms, and that he was bribed to it. 2nd, That Dunkirk was also sold by his advice chiefly, so much to the damage of England. 3rd, That he had £6000 given him for the drawing-up or promoting of the Irish declaration lately, concerning the division of the lands there. 4th, He did carry on the design of the Portugal match, so much to the prejudice of the Crown of England, notwithstanding that he knew the Queen is not capable of bearing children. 5th, That the Duke's marrying of his daughter was a practice of his, thereby to raise his family; and that it was done by indirect courses. 6th, As to the breaking off of the match with Parma, in which he was employed at the very time when the match with Portugal was made up here, which he took as a great slur to him, and so it was; and that indeed is the chief occasion of all this feud. 7th, That he hath endeavoured to bring in Popery, and wrote to the Pope for a cap for a subject of the King of England's (my Lord Aubigny). And some say that he lays it to the Chancellor that a good Protestant Secretary, Sir Edward Nicholas, was laid aside, and a Papist, Sir H. Bennet, put in his room: which is very strange, when the last of these two is his own creature, and such an enemy accounted to the Chancellor, that they never did nor do agree; and all the world did judge the Chancellor to be falling from the time that Sir H. Bennet was brought in. Besides, my Lord Bristol being a Catholic himself, all this is very strange. These are the main of the Articles. Upon which my Lord Chancellor desired the noble Lord that brought in these Articles would sign to them with his hand; which my Lord Bristol did presently. Then the House did order that the Judges should, against Monday next, bring in their opinion, Whether these articles are treason, or no? and next, they would know, Whether they were brought in regularly or no, without leave of the Lords' House?

11th. To the dock at Chatham by coach, to see *The Prince* launched, which

[1] *i.e.* Mr. Coventry.

hath lain in the dock in repairing these three years: went into her, and was launched in her. By barge to St. Mary's Creek; where Commissioner Pett, doubtful of the growing greatness of Portsmouth by the finding of those creeks there, do design a wet dock at no great charge, and yet no little one; he thinks towards £10,000. And the place, indeed, is likely to be a very fit place, when the King hath money to do it with.

12th. (Lord's day.) With Sir J. Minnes to church, where an indifferent good sermon. Here I saw Mrs. Becky Allen, who hath been married, and is this day churched after her bearing a child. Coming out of the church I kissed her, and her sister and mother-in-law. Walked to the dock about eleven at night, and there got a boat and crew, and rowed down to the guardships, it being a most pleasant moonshine evening that ever I saw almost. The guardships were very ready to hail us, being no doubt commanded thereto by their Captain, who remembers how I surprised them the last time I was here. However, I found him ashore; and so spent the whole night in visiting all the ships, in which I found, for the most part, neither an officer aboard nor any men so much as awake, which I was grieved to find, specially so soon after a great alarm, as Commissioner Pett brought us word that he provided against, and put all in a posture of defence but a week ago; all which I am resolved to represent to the Duke.

13th. I walked to the Temple; and there, from my cousin Roger, hear that the Judges have this day brought in their answer to the Lords, That the articles against my Lord Chancellor are not Treason; and to-morrow they are to bring in their arguments to the House for the same. This day also the King did send by my Lord Chamberlain to the Lords, to tell them from him, that the most of the articles against my Lord Chancellor he himself knows to be false. I met the Queen-mother walking in the Pell Mell, led by my Lord St. Albans. And finding many coaches at the Gate, I found upon enquiry that the Duchess is brought to bed of a boy; and hearing that the King and Queen are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honour to the Park, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also stayed walking up and down. By and by the King and Queen, who looked in this dress, a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoat, and her hair dressed *à la négligence*, mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine, who rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor, when she 'light, did anybody press, as she seemed to expect, and stayed for it, to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, which all took notice of, and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did anybody speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to anybody. I followed them up into Whitehall, and into the Queen's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beauties and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dress, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent *taille*, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine.

14th. This day I hear the Judges, according to order yesterday, did bring into the Lords' House their reasons of their judgements in the business between my Lord Bristol and the Chancellor; and the Lords do concur with the Judges that the articles are not Treason, nor regularly brought into the House, and so voted that a Committee should be chosen to examine them; but nothing to be done therein till the next sitting of this Parliament, which is likely to be adjourned in a day or two, and in the meantime the two Lords to remain without prejudice done to either of them.

15th. Captain Grove came and dined with me. He told me of discourse very

much to my honour, both as to my care and ability, happening at the Duke of Albemarle's table the other day, both from the Duke and the Duchess themselves and how I paid so much a year to him whose place it was of right, and that Mr. Coventry did report this of me.

21st. This day the Parliament kept a fast for the present unseasonable weather.

22nd. To my Lord Crewe's. My Lord not being come home, I met and stayed below with Captain Ferrers, who was come to wait upon my Lady Jemimah to St. James's, she being one of the four ladies that hold up the mantle at the christening this afternoon of the Duke's child, a boy. In discourse of the ladies at Court, Captain Ferrers tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is now as great again as ever she was; and that her going away was only a fit of her own upon some slighting words of the King, so that she called for her coach at a quarter of an hour's warning, and went to Richmond; and the King the next morning, under pretence of going a-hunting, went to see her and make friends, and never was a-hunting at all. After which she came back to Court, and commands the King as much as ever, and hath and doth what she will. No longer ago than last night, there was a private entertainment made for the King and Queen at the Duke of Buckingham's, and she was not invited: but being at my Lady Suffolk's, her aunt's, where my Lady Jemimah and Lord Sandwich dined, yesterday, she was heard to say, 'Well, much good may it do them, and for all that, I will be as merry as they'; and so she went home, and caused a great supper to be prepared. And after the King had been with the Queen at Wallingford House,[1] he came to my Lady Castlemaine's, and was there all night, and my Lord Sandwich with him. He tells me he believes that, as soon as the King can get a husband for Mrs. Stewart, however, my Lady Castlemaine's nose will be out of joint; for that she comes to be in great esteem, and is more handsome than she. Wotton tells me the reason of Harris's[2] going from Sir William Davenant's house, that he grew very proud, and demanded £20 for himself extraordinary, more than Betterton or anybody else, upon every new play, and £10 upon every revive; which, with other things, Sir W. Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other house; but the King will not suffer it, upon Sir W. Davenant's desire that he would not, for then he might shut up house, and that is true. He tells me that his going is at present a great loss to the House, and that he fears he hath a stipend from the other House privately. He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and everybody else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton, he being a more airy[1] man, as he is indeed. But yet Betterton, he says, they all say do act some parts that none but himself can do. I hear that the Moors have made some attacks upon the outworks of Tangier; but my Lord Teviot,[2] with the loss of about 200 men, did beat them off, and killed many of them. To-morrow the King and Queen for certain go down to Tunbridge; but the King comes back again against Monday to raise the Parliament.

25th. Having intended this day to go to Banstead Downs to see a famous race, I sent Will. to get himself ready to go with me; but I hear it is put off, because the Lords do sit in Parliament to-day.[3] After some debate, Creed and I resolved to go to Clapham, to Mr. Gauden's. When I came there, the first thing was to show me his house, which is almost built. I find it very regular and finely contrived, and the gardens and offices about it as convenient and as full of good variety as ever I saw in my life. It is true, he hath been censured for laying out so much money; but he tells me that he built it for his brother, who is since dead (the Bishop),[4] who, when he should come to be Bishop of Winchester, which he was promised, to

[1] Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty.

[2] Joseph Harris (d. 1681), who played at Lincoln's Inn Fields and Dorset Garden Theatres.

[1] Orig. 'ayery': *i.e.* vivacious.

[2] See December 15, 1662.

[3] The tables are turned: the two Houses now seldom sitting on the 'Derby' day! In May, 1849, the adjournment of the House of Commons was carried after a division. [B.]

[4] John Gauden (1605-1662), Bishop of Worcester.

which bishopric at present there is no house, he did intend to dwell here. By and by to dinner, and in comes Mr. Creed: I saluted Mr. Gauden's lady, and the young ladies, and his sister, the Bishop's widow; who was, it seems, Sir W. Russel's daughter, the Treasurer of the Navy; who I find to be very well-bred, and a woman of excellent discourse. Towards the evening we bade them adieu, and took horse; being resolved that, instead of the race which fails us, we would go to Epsom. When we came there, we could hear of no lodging, the town so full; but, which was better, I went towards Ashted, and there we got a lodging in a little hole we could not stand upright in. While supper was getting, I walked up and down behind my cousin Pepys's house that was, which I find comes little short of what I took it to be, when I was a little boy.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up and to the Wells, where a great store of citizens, which was the greatest part of the company, though there were some others of better quality. Thence I walked to Mr. Minnes's house, and thence to Durdans, and walked within the Courtyard and to the Bowling-green, where I have seen so much mirth in my time; but now no family in it, my Lord Barkeley, whose it is, being with his family at London. Then rode through Epsom, the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking; which was very pleasant to see how they are there, without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, Lord! to see how many I met there of citizens, that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither. We went through Nonsuch Park[1] to the house, and there viewed as much as we could of the outside, and looked through the great gates, and found a noble court; and altogether believe it to have been a very noble house, and a delicate park about it, where just now there was a doe killed for the King, to carry up to Court.

27th. We rode hard home, and set up our horses at Fox Hall,[2] and I by water (observing the King's barge attending his going to the House this day), home, it being about one o'clock. By water to Westminster, and there came most luckily to the Lords' House, as the House of Commons were going into the Lords' House, and there I crowded in along with the Speaker, and got to stand close behind him, where he made his speech to the King, who sat with his crown on and robes, and so all the Lords in their robes, a fine sight; wherein he told his Majesty what they have done this Parliament, and now offered for his royal consent. The greatest matters were a bill for the Lord's day, which it seems the Lords have lost, and so cannot be passed, at which the Commons are displeased; the bills against Conventicles and Papists, but it seems the Lords have not passed them; and giving his Majesty four entire subsidies; which last, with about twenty smaller Acts, were passed with this form: The Clerk of the House reads the title of the bill, and then looks at the end, and there finds (writ by the King, I suppose), 'Le Roy le veult,' and that he reads. And to others he reads, 'Soit fait comme vous desirez.' And to the Subsidies, as well that for the Commons, I mean the Laity, as for the Clergy, the King writes, 'Le Roy remerciant les Seigneurs et Prelats, accepte leur benevolence.' The Speaker's speech was far from any oratory, but was as plain, though good matter, as anything could be, and void of elocution. After the bills passed, the King sitting on his throne, with his speech writ in a paper which he held in his lap, and scarce looked off of it all the time, he made his speech to them, giving them thanks for their subsidies, of which, had he not need, he would not have asked or received them; and that need, not from any extravagances of his, he was sure, in anything, but the disorders of the times compelling him to be at greater charge than he hoped for the future, by their care in their country, he should be: and that for his family expenses and others, he would labour, however, to retrench in many things convenient, and would have all others to do so too. He desired that nothing of old faults should be remembered, or severity for the same used to any in the country, it being his desire to have all forgot, as well as for-

[1] See Sept. 21, 1665. [2] Vauxhall.

given. But, however, to use all care in suppressing any tumults, etc.; assuring them that the restless spirits of his and their adversaries have great expectations of something to be done this summer. And promised that though the Acts about Conventicles and Papists were not ripe for passing this Session, yet he would take care himself that neither of them should in this interval be encouraged to the endangering of the peace; and that at their next meeting he would himself prepare two bills for them concerning them. So he concluded that for the better proceeding of justice he did think fit to make this a Session, and do prorogue them to the 16th of March next. His speech was very plain, nothing at all of spirit in it, nor spoke with any; but rather, on the contrary, imperfectly, repeating many times his words, though he read all: which I am sorry to see, it having not been hard for him to have got all the speech without book. So they all went away, the King out of the House at the upper end, he being by and by to go to Tunbridge to the Queen; and I in the Painted Chamber spoke with my Lord Sandwich while he was putting off his robes, who tells me he will now hasten down into the country. By water to Whitehall, and walked over the Park to St. James's, but missed Mr. Coventry; and so out again, and there the Duke was coming along the Pell-Mell. It being a little darkish, I stayed not to take notice of him, but went directly back again. And in our walk over the Park, one of the Duke's footmen came running behind us, and came looking just in our faces to see who we were, and went back again. What his meaning is I know not, but was fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off.

29th. To Deptford, reading by the way a most ridiculous play, a new one, called *The Politician Cheated.*[1]

30th. To Woolwich, and there came Sir G. Carteret, and then by water back to Deptford, where we dined with him at his house. I find his little daughter Betty,[2] that was in hanging sleeves but a month or two ago, and is a very little young child, married, and to whom, but to young Scott,[1] son to Madame Catharine Scott,[2] that was so long in law, and at whose trial I was with her husband; he pleading that it was unlawfully got and would not own it; but it seems, a little before his death, he did own the child, and hath left him his estate not long since. So Sir G. Carteret hath struck up of a sudden a match with him for his little daughter. He hath about £2000 per annum; and it seems Sir G. C. hath by this means overreached Sir H. Bennet, who did endeavour to get this gentleman for a sister of his. By this means Sir G. Carteret hath married two daughters this year, both very well. The town talk this day is of nothing but the great foot-race run this day on Banstead Downs, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tiler, a famous runner. And Lee hath beat him; though the King and Duke of York and all men almost did bet three or four to one upon the tiler's head.

31st. To the Exchange, where I met Dr. Pierce, who tells me of his good luck to get to be groom of the Privy-Chamber to the Queen, and without my Lord Sandwich's help, but only by his good fortune, meeting a man that hath let him have his right for a small matter, about £60, for which he can every day[3] have £400. But he tells me my Lord hath lost much honour in standing so long and so much for that coxcomb Pickering, and at last not carrying it for him; but hath his name struck out by the King and Queen themselves, after he had been in, ever since the Queen's coming. But he tells me he believes that either Sir H. Bennet, my Lady Castlemaine, or Sir Charles Barkeley had received some money for the place, and so the King could not disappoint them, but was forced to put out this fool rather than a better man. And I am sorry to hear what he tells me, that Sir Charles Barkeley hath still such power over the King as to be able to fetch him from the Council-table to my Lady Castlemaine when he pleases.

[1] By Alexander Green; not acted.

[2] Her name was Caroline. Elizabeth was her younger sister, and died unmarried. [B.]

[1] Thomas, eldest son of Sir Thomas Scott, of Scott's Hall, in the parish of Smeeth, Kent. [B.]

[2] Prince Rupert was supposed to have intrigued with Mrs. Scott, and was probably the father of the child. [B.]

[3] *i.e.* 'any day.'

He tells me also, as a friend, the great injury that he thinks I do myself by being so severe in the Yards, and contracting the ill-will of the whole Navy for those offices, singly upon myself. Now I discharge a good conscience therein, and I tell him that no man can, nor do he say any say it, charge me with doing wrong; but rather do as many good offices as any man. They think, he says, that I have a mind to get a good name with the King and Duke, who he tells me do not consider any such thing; but I shall have as good thanks to let all alone, and do as the rest. But I believe the contrary; and yet I told him I never go to the Duke alone, as others do, to talk of my own services. However, I will make use of his counsel, and take some course to prevent having the single ill-will of the office. Mr. Grant showed me letters of Sir William Petty's, wherein he says that his vessel which he hath built upon two keels, a model whereof, built for the King, he showed me, hath this month won a wager of £50, in sailing between Dublin and Holyhead with the packet-boat, the best ship or vessel the King hath there; and he offers to lay with any vessel in the world. It is about thirty ton in burden, and carries thirty men, with good accommodation, as much more as any ship of her burden, and so any vessel of this figure shall carry more men, with better accommodation by half, than any other ship. This carries also ten guns, of about five tons weight. In their coming back from Holyhead they started together, and this vessel came to Dublin by five at night, and the packet-boat not before eight the next morning; and when they came, they did believe that this vessel had been drowned, or at least behind, not thinking she could have lived in that sea. Strange things are told of this vessel, and he concludes his letter with this position, 'I only affirm that the perfection of sailing lies in my principle, find it out who can.'

August 1663

August 8th. I with Mr. Coventry down to the waterside, talking, wherein I see so much goodness and endeavours of doing the King service, that I do more and more admire him.

9th. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard Mr. Mills (who is lately returned out of the country, and it seems was fetched in by many of the parishioners, with great state) preach upon the authority of the ministers, upon these words, 'We are therefore ambassadors of Christ.' Wherein, among many other high expressions, he said, that such a learned man used to say, that if a minister of the word and an angel should meet him together, he would salute the minister first; which methought was a little too high. This day I began to make use of the silver pen (Mr. Coventry did give me) in writing of this sermon, taking only the heads of it in Latin, which I shall, I think, continue to do.

10th. To the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Sandwich, my Lord Peterborough, whom I have not seen before since his coming back, Sir W. Compton, and Mr. Povy. Our discourse about supplying my Lord Teviot with money, wherein I am sorry to see, though they do not care for him, yet they are willing to let him for civility and compliment only have money, almost without expecting any account of it; and he being such a cunning fellow as he is, the King is like to pay dear for our courtiers' ceremony. Thence by coach with my Lords Peterborough and Sandwich to my Lord Peterborough's house; and there, after an hour's looking over some fine books of the Italian buildings, with fine cuts, and also my Lord Peterborough's bows and arrows, of which he is a great lover, we sat down to dinner, my Lady[1] coming down to dinner also, and there being Mr. Williamson,[2] that belongs to Sir H. Bennet, whom I find a pretty understanding and accomplished man, but a little conceited. Yesterday, I am told that Sir J. Lenthall,[3] in Southwark, did apprehend about one hundred

[1] Lady Penelope O'Brien, daughter of the sixth Earl of Thomond, wife of the Earl of Peterborough. [B.]

[2] Joseph Williamson, knighted 1672. He was a Secretary of State in 1664.

[3] Sir John Lenthall was the elder brother of Speaker Lenthall, and uncle of the person of the same name, mentioned in the *Diary*, May 21, 1660. He had been knighted as early as 1616, and was Marshal of the Marshalsea; and, in 1655, was

Quakers, and other such people, and hath sent some of them to the gaol at Kingston, it being now the time of the Assizes.

11th. Dr. Pierce tells me the Queen is grown a very debonnaire lady; but my Lady Castlemaine, who rules the King in matters of state, and do what she list with him, he believes, is now falling quite out of favour. After the Queen is come back, she goes to Bath, and so to Oxford, where great entertainments are making for her. This day I am told that my Lord Bristol hath warrants issued out against him, to have carried him to the Tower; but he is fled away, or hid himself. So much the Chancellor hath got the better of him.

13th. Met with Mr. Hoole,[1] my old acquaintance of Magdalene, and walked with him an hour in the Park, discoursing chiefly of Sir Samuel Morland, whose lady[2] is gone into France. It seems he buys ground and a farm in that country, and lays out money upon building, and God knows what! so that most of the money he sold his pension of £500 per annum for, to Sir Arthur Slingsby,[3] it is believed is gone. It seems he hath very great promises from the King, and Hoole hath seen some of the King's letters, under his own hand, to Morland, promising him great things; and, among others, the Order of the Garter, as Sir Samuel says, but his lady thought it below her to ask anything at the King's first coming, believing the King would do it of himself, when, as Hoole do really think, if he had asked to be Secretary of State at the King's first coming, he might have had it. And the other day, at her going into France, she did speak largely to the King herself, how her husband hath failed of what his Majesty had promised, and she was sure intended him; and the King did promise still, as he is a King and a gentleman, to be as good as his word in a little time, to a tittle; but I never believe it.

21st. Meeting with Mr. Creed, he told me how my Lord Teviot hath received another attack from Guyland at Tangier with 10,000 men, and at last, as is said, is come, after a personal treaty with him, to a good understanding and peace with him.

23rd. (Lord's day.) To church, and so home to my wife; and with her read *Iter Boreale*,[1] a poem, made just at the King's coming home; but I never read it before, and now like it pretty well, but not so as it was cried up.

24th. At my Lord Sandwich's, where I was a good while alone with my Lord; and I perceive he confides in me, and loves me as he used to do, and tells me his condition, which is now very well: all I fear is that he will not live within compass. There came to him this morning his prints of the river Tagus and the City of Lisbon, which he measured with his own hand, and printed by command of the King. My Lord pleases himself with it, but methinks it ought to have been better done than by jobbing.[2] Besides, I put him upon having some took off upon white satin, which he ordered presently. I offered my Lord my accounts, and did give him up his old bond for £500, and took a new one of him for £700, which I am, by lending him more money, to make up; and am glad of it.

25th. This noon, going to the Exchange, I met a fine fellow with trumpets before him in Leadenhall Street, and upon enquiry I find that he is the clerk of the City Market; and three or four men carried each of them an arrow of a pound weight in their hands. It seems this Lord Mayor begins again an old custom, that upon the three first days of Bartholomew Fair, the first, there is a match of wrestling, which was done, and the Lord Mayor there and the Aldermen in Moorfields yesterday: second day, shooting: and to-morrow hunting. And this officer of course is to perform this ceremony of riding through the city, I think to proclaim or challenge any to shoot. It seems that the people of

placed in the Commission of the Peace for Surrey, by a special vote of the House of Commons, which explains his crusade against the Quakers. He died in 1668. [B.]

[1] William, son of Robert Hoole, of Walkeringham, Notts, admitted of Magdalene College, 1648. [B.]

[2] Susanne de Milleville, daughter of Daniel de Milleville, Baron of Boessen, in France, naturalised 1662. She was his first wife.

[3] A younger son of Sir Guildford Slingsby, Comptroller of the Navy, knighted by Charles II., and afterwards created a Baronet of Brussels, 1657. [B.]

[1] Written in 1660 by Robert Wild (1609-1679), a Nonconformist divine, upon Monk's march from Scotland to London.

[2] The artist was Dirk Stoop. A copy on satin is in the British Museum.

the fair cry out upon it, as a great hindrance to them.

26th. To Whitehall, where the Court full of waggons and horses, the King and Court going this day out towards the Bath.[1] Pleased to see Captain Hickes come to me with a list of all the officers of Deptford Yard, wherein he, being a high old Cavalier, do give me an account of every one of them to their reproach in all respects, and discovers many of their knaveries; and tells me, and so I thank God I hear everywhere, that my name is up for a good husband to the King, and a good man, for which I bless God; and that he did this by particular direction of Mr. Coventry.

28th. At the office betimes. Cold all night and this morning, and a very great frost, they say, abroad, which is much, having had no summer at all almost.

September 1663

September 2nd. To dinner with my Lord Mayor and the Aldermen, and a very great dinner and most excellent venison, but it almost made me sick by not daring to drink wine. After dinner into a withdrawing-room; and there we talked, among other things, of the Lord Mayor's sword. They tell me this sword is at least a hundred or two hundred years old; and another that he hath, which is called the Black Sword, which the Lord Mayor wears when he mourns, but properly is their Lenten sword to wear upon Good Friday and other Lent days, is older than that. Mr. Lewellin,[2] lately come from Ireland, tells me how the English interest falls mightily there, the Irish party being too great, so that most of the old rebels are found innocent, and their lands, which were forfeited and bought or given to the English, are restored to them; which gives great discontent there among the English. Going through the City, my Lord Mayor told me how the pillar set up by Exeter House is only to show where the pipes of water run to the City; and observed that this City is as well watered as any city in the world, and that the bringing of water to the City hath cost it, first and last, above £300,000; but by the new building, and the building of St. James's[1] by my Lord St. Albans, which is now about (and which the City stomach I perceive highly, but dare not oppose it), were it now to be done, it would not be done for a million of money.

4th. To Westminster Hall, and there bought the first news-books of L'Estrange's[3] writing, he beginning this week;[3] and makes, methinks, but a simple beginning. This day I read a Proclamation[4] for calling in and commanding everybody to apprehend my Lord Bristol.

5th. I did inform myself well in things relating to the East Indies; both of the country, and the disappointment the King met with the last voyage, by the knavery of the Portugal Viceroy, and the inconsiderableness of the place of Bombaim,[5] if we had had it. But, above all things, it seems strange to me that matters should not be understood before they went out; and also that such a thing as this, which was expected to be one of the best parts of the Queen's portion, should not be better understood; it being, if we had it, but a poor place, and not really so as was described to our King in the draught of it, but a poor little island; whereas, they made the King and Lord Chancellor and other learned men about the King believe that that and other islands which are near it were all one piece; and so the draught was drawn and presented to the King, and believed by the King, and expected to prove so when our men came thither; but it is quite otherwise.

7th. To the Black Eagle[6] in Bride Lane, and there had a chop of veal, and some bread, cheese, and beer, cost me a shilling to my dinner; and so to Bartholomew Fair, where I met with Mr. Pickering, and he and I to see the monkeys at the Dutch house, which is far beyond the other that my wife and I saw the other day; and

1 The King lay the first night at Maidenhead, and the second near Newbury. [B.]
2 Or Luellin, a Clerk of Council.
1 St. James's Square.
2 Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704), Royalist pamphleteer. Licenser of the Press in 1663.
3 The first number of *The Intelligencer*, dated August 31, 1663.
4 Dated August 25, 1663.
5 Bombay.
6 Black Spread Eagle (later edd.).

thence to see the dancing on the ropes, which was very poor and tedious. But he and I fell in discourse about my Lord Sandwich. He tells me how he is sorry for my Lord at his being at Chelsea; but I could not fish from him, though I knew it, what was the matter; but am very sorry to see that my Lord hath thus much forgot his honour, but am resolved not to meddle with it. The play being done, I stole from him and hied home, buying several things at the ironmonger's; dogs, tongs, and shovels, for my wife's closet, and the rest of my house. By my letters from Tangier to-day I hear that it grows very strong by land, and the Mole goes on. They have lately killed about two hundred of the Moors, and lost about forty or fifty. I am mightily afraid of laying out too much money in goods upon my house, but it is not money flung away, though I reckon nothing money but what is in the bank, till I have a good sum beforehand in the world.

8th. Dined at home with my wife. It being washing-day, we had a good pie baked of a leg of mutton; and then to Moxon's, and there bought a pair of globes, cost me £3: 10s.; with which I am well pleased.

9th. I met with Ned Pickering, he telling me the whole business of my Lord's folly with this Mrs. Becke at Chelsea, of all which I am ashamed to see my Lord so grossly play the fool, to the flinging off of all honour, friends, servants, and everything and person that is good, with his carrying her abroad, and playing on his lute under her window, and forty other poor sordid things, which I am grieved to hear; but believe it to no purpose for me to meddle with it, but let him go on till God Almighty and his own conscience and thoughts of his lady and family do it.

10th. All the morning making a great contract with Sir W. Warren for £3000 worth of masts; but, good God! to see what a man might do, were I a knave. Mr. Moore tells me of the good peace that is made at Tangier with the Moors, but to continue but from six months to six months.

11th. This morning, about two or three o'clock, knocked up in our back-yard and rising to the window, being moonshine, I found it was the constable and his watch, who had found our back-yard door open, and so came in to see what the matter was. So I desired them to shut the door, and bid them good-night.

12th. Up betimes, and by water to Whitehall; and thence to Sir Philip Warwick, and there had half an hour's private discourse with him; and did give him some good satisfaction in our Navy matters, and he also me, as to the money paid and due to the Navy; so as he makes me assured by particulars that Sir G. Carteret is paid within £80,000, every farthing that we to this day, nay to Michaelmas day next, have demanded; and that, I am sure, is above £50,000 more than truly our expenses have been, whatever has become of the money. Home with great content that I have thus begun an acquaintance with him, who is a great man, and a man of as much business as any man in England; which I will endeavour to deserve and keep.

14th. By coach to Bishop's Gate Street, it being a very promising fair day. There at the Dolphin we[1] met my uncle Thomas, and his son-in-law, which seems a very sober man, and Mr. Moore: so Mr. Moore and my wife set out before, and my uncle and I stayed for his son Thomas, who, by a sudden resolution, is preparing to go with us, which makes me fear something of mischief which they design to do us. He staying a great while, the old man and I before, and about eight miles off his son comes after us, and about six miles farther we overtake Mr. Moore and my wife, which makes me mightily consider what a great deal of ground is lost in a little time, when it is to be got up again by another, who is to go his own ground and the others too; and so, after a little bait (I paying all the reckonings the whole journey) at Ware, to Buntingford, where my wife, by drinking some cold beer, being hot herself, presently after 'lighting begins to be sick, and became so pale, and I alone with her in a great chamber there, that I thought she would have died, and so in great horror, and having a great trial of my true love and passion for her, called the maids and mistress of the house, and

[1] Mrs. Pepys accompanied her husband.

so with some strong water she came to be pretty well again; and so to bed, and I having put her to bed with great content, I called in my company, and supped in the chamber by her, and, being very merry in talk, supped and then parted. This day my cousin Thomas dropped his hanger, and it was lost.

15th. Up betimes, and rode as far as Godmanchester, Mr. Moore having two falls, once in water and another in dirt, and there 'lighted and ate and drank, being all of us very weary, but especially my uncle and wife. Thence to Brampton, to my father's, and there found all well; and so my father, cousin Thomas, and I up to Hinchingbroke, where I find my Lord and his company gone to Boughton; but there I find my Lady and the young ladies, and there I alone with my Lady two hours, she carrying me through every part of the house and gardens, which are, and will be, mighty noble indeed. Here I saw Mrs. Betty Pickering,[1] who is a very well-bred and comely lady, but very fat. After supper my uncle and son to Stankes's to bed, which troubles me, all my father's beds being lent to Hinchingbroke.

17th. I was to come to a new consideration, whether it was fit to let my uncle and his son go to Wisbeach about my uncle Day's estate alone or no, and concluded it unfit; and so, leaving my wife, I began a journey with them, and with much ado through the fens, along dikes, where sometimes we were ready to have our horses sink to the belly, we got by night, with a great deal of stir and hard riding, to Parson's Drove, a heathen place, where I found my uncle and aunt Perkins and their daughters, poor wretches! in a sad poor thatched cottage, like a poor barn or stable, peeling of hemp, in which I did give myself good content to see their manner of preparing of hemp; and in a poor condition of habit took them to our miserable inn, and there, after long stay, and hearing of Frank, their son, the miller, play upon his treble, as he calls it, with which he earns part of his living, and singing of a country song, we sat down to supper; the whole crew, and Frank's wife and child, a sad company, of which I was ashamed, supped with us. By and by news is brought to us that one of our horses is stolen out of the stable, which proves my uncle's, at which I am inwardly glad—I mean, that it was not mine; and at this we were at a great loss; and they doubting a person that lay at next door, a Londoner, some lawyer's clerk, we caused him to be secured in his bed, and other care to be taken to seize the horse; and so, about twelve at night or more, to bed in a sad, cold, nasty chamber; and a little after I was asleep, they waked me to tell me that the horse was found, which was good news, and so to sleep, but was bit cruelly, and nobody else of our company, which I wonder at, by the gnats.

18th. Up, and got our people together; and after eating a dish of cold cream, which was my supper last night too, we took leave of our beggarly company, though they seem good people, too; and over most sad fens, all the way observing the sad life which the people of the place—which, if they be born there, they do call the breedlings[1] of the place—do live, sometimes rowing from one spot to another, and then wading. To Wisbeach, a pretty town, and a fine church and library, where sundry very old abbey manuscripts; and a fine house, built on the church ground, by Secretary Thurlow, and a fine gallery built for him in the church, but now all in the Bishop of Ely's hands. After visiting the church, etc., we out of the town, by the help of a stranger, to find out one Blinkehorne, a miller, of whom we might enquire something of old Day's disposal of his estate, and in whose hands it now is; and by great chance we met him, and brought him to our inn to dinner; and, instead of being informed in his estate by this fellow, we find that he is the next heir to the estate, which was matter of great sport to my cousin Thomas and me, to see such a fellow prevent us in our hopes—he being Day's brother's daughter's son, whereas we are but his sister's sons and grandsons; so that, after all, we were fain to propose our matter to him, and to get him to give us leave to look after the business, and so he to

[1] Afterwards the wife of John Creed, of the *Diary*.

[1] Natives; persons *bred* in the place.

have one-third part, and we two to have the other two third parts, of what should be recovered of the estate, which he consented to; and, after paying the reckoning, we mounted again, and rode, being very merry at our defeat, to Chatteris, my uncle very weary; and after supper, and my telling of three stories to their good liking of spirits, we all three in a chamber went to bed.

19th. Up pretty betimes; and I to Brampton, where I find my father ill in bed still, and Madam Norbery, whom and her fair daughter and sister I was ashamed to kiss, but did—my lip being sore with riding in the wind, and bit with the gnats; and, they being gone, I told my father my success. My wife and I took horse, and rode with marvellous, and the first and only hour of, pleasure that ever I had in this estate since I had to do with it, to Brampton woods; and through the wood rode, and gathered nuts in my way, and then at Graffam, to an old woman's house, to drink, where my wife used to go; and being in all circumstances highly pleased, and in my wife's riding and good company at this time, I rode, and she showed me the river behind my father's house, which is very pleasant; and so saw her home, and I straight to Huntingdon; and there a barber came and trimmed me; and thence walked to Hinchingbroke, where my Lord and ladies all are just alighted.

20th. (Lord's day.) Walked to Huntingdon Church, where in my Lord's pew, with the young ladies, by my Lord's own showing me the place, I stayed the sermon, and so to Hinchingbroke, walking with Mr. Shepley and Dr. King, whom they account a witty man here, as well as a good physician; and there my Lord singly demanded my opinion, in the walks in his garden, about the bringing of the crooked wall on the Mount to a shape; and so to dinner, there being Colonel Williams and much other company, and a noble dinner. But having before got my Lord's warrant for travelling to-day, there being a proclamation read against it at Huntingdon, at which I am very glad, I took leave, and rode to Bigglesworth,[1] by the help of a couple of countrymen that led us through the very long and dangerous waters, because of the ditches on each side, though it began to be very dark.

[1] Biggleswade.

21st. Up very betimes by break of day, and got my wife up, whom the thought of this day's long journey do discourage; and after eating something, and changing a piece of gold to pay the reckoning, we mounted, and through Baldwicke,[1] where the fair is kept to-day, and a great one for cheese and other such commodities, and to Hatfield; and here we dined, and, my wife being very weary, I took the opportunity of an empty coach that was to go to London, and left her to come in it to London, for half-a-crown, and so I and the boy home as fast as we could drive, and it was even night before we got home. By and by comes my wife by coach well home, and having got a good fowl ready for supper against her coming, we ate heartily, and so with great content and ease to our own bed, there nothing appearing so to our content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile.

22nd. This day my wife showed me bills printed, wherein her father, with Sir John Collidon[2] and Sir Edward Ford,[3] have got a patent for curing of smoky chimneys. I wish they may do good thereof. This day the King and Queen are to come to Oxford. I hear my Lady Castlemaine is for certain gone to Oxford to meet him, having lain within here at home this week or two, supposed to have miscarried; but for certain is as great in favour as heretofore; at least, Mrs. Sarah at my Lord's, who hears all from their own family, do say so. Every day brings news of the Turk's advance into Germany, to the awaking of all the Christian Princes thereabouts, and possessing himself of Hungary. My present care is fitting my wife's closet and my house, and making her a velvet coat, and me a new black cloth suit and coat and cloak.

23rd. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined with him and Sir Thomas, thinking to have them enquire something about my

[1] Baldock.

[2] Or Colliton, or Colladon, physician in ordinary to the King. See Oct. 18, 1664.

[3] Sir Edward Ford (1605-1670), Governor of Arundel Castle in 1642. He was known as an inventor of water-engines for the raising of water to the higher levels of London, and for other purposes.

Lord's lodgings at Chelsea, but they did not take the least notice of it.

24th. I went forth by water to Sir Philip Warwick's, where I was with him a pretty while; and in discourse he tells me, and made it appear to me, that the King cannot be in debt to the Navy at this time £5000; and it is my opinion that Sir G. Carteret do owe the King money, and yet the whole Navy debt paid. Thence I parted, being doubtful of myself that I have not spoke with the gravity and weight that I ought to do in so great a business. But I rather hope it is my doubtfulness of myself, and the haste which he was in, some very great personages waiting for him without, while he was with me, that made him willing to be gone.

28th. To Whitehall, where Sir J. Minnes and I did spend an hour in the Gallery, looking upon the pictures, in which he hath some judgement. And by and by the Commissioners for Tangier met: and there my Lord Teviot, together with Captain Cuttance, Captain Evans, and Jonas Moore, sent to that purpose, did bring us a brave draught of the Mole to be built there; and report that it is likely to be the most considerable place the King of England hath in the world; and so I am apt to think it will. After discourse of this, and of supplying the garrison with some more horse, we rose; and Sir J. Minnes and I home again, finding the street about our house full, Sir R. Ford[1] beginning his shrievalty to-day; and what with his and our houses being new painted, the street begins to look a great deal better than it did, and more graceful. News that the King comes to town for certain on Thursday next from his great progress.

29th. Came Mr. Sympson to set up my wife's chimney-piece in her closet, which pleases me.

30th. In the afternoon by water to Whitehall, to the Tangier Committee; where my Lord Teviot; which grieves me to see that his accounts being to be examined by us, there are none of the great men at the Board that in compliment will except against anything in them, and so none of the little persons dare do it: so the King is abused. Blessed be God, I do find myself £760 creditor, notwithstanding that for clothes for myself and wife, and laying out on her closet, I have spent this month £47. To-morrow the King, Queen, Duke, and his Lady, and the whole Court comes to town from their progress. All the common talk for news is the Turk's advance in Hungary, etc.

[1] He lived in Hart Street, and the Navy Board had been in treaty for his house. [B.]

October 1668

October 3rd. I am troubled to see that my servants and others should be the greatest trouble I have in the world.

5th. My Lord Sandwich [sent] a message to know whether the King intends to come to Newmarket, as is talked, that he may be ready to entertain him at Hinchingbroke.

11th. (Lord's day.) At night fell to reading in the Church History of Fuller's, and particularly Cranmer's letter to Queen Elizabeth, which pleases me mightily for its zeal, obedience, and boldness in a cause of religion.

12th. At St. James's we attended the Duke, all of us. And there, after my discourse, Mr. Coventry of his own accord began to tell the Duke how he found that discourse abroad did run to his prejudice about the fees that he took, and how he sold places and other things; wherein he desired to appeal to his Highness whether he did anything more than what his predecessors did, and appealed to us all. So Sir G. Carteret did answer that some fees were heretofore taken, but what he knows not; only that selling of places never was nor ought to be countenanced. So Mr. Coventry very hotly answered to Sir G. Carteret, and appealed to himself whether he was not one of the first that put him upon looking after this taking of fees, and that he told him that Mr. Smith should say that he made £5000 the first year, and he believed he made £7000. This Sir G. Carteret denied, and said, that if he did say so, he told a lie; for he could not, nor did know, that ever he did make that profit of his place; but that he believes he might say £2500 the first year.

Mr. Coventry instanced in another thing, particularly wherein Sir G. Carteret did advise with him about the selling of the Auditor's place of the stores, when in the beginning there was an intention of creating such an office. This he confessed, but with some lessening of the tale Mr. Coventry told, it being only for a respect to my Lord FitzHarding. In fine, Mr. Coventry did put into the Duke's hand a list of above 250 places that he did give without receiving one farthing, so much as his ordinary fees for them, upon his life and oath; and that since the Duke's establishment of fees he had never received one token more of any man; and that in his whole life he never conditioned or discoursed of any consideration from any commanders since he came to the Navy. And afterwards, my Lord Barkeley merrily discoursing that he wished his[1] profit greater than it was, and that he did believe that he had got £50,000 since he came in, Mr. Coventry did openly declare that his Lordship, or any of us, should have not only all he had got, but all that he had in the world (and yet he did not come a beggar into the Navy, nor would yet be thought to speak in any contempt of his Royal Highness's bounty), and, should have a year to consider of it 100, for £25,000. The Duke's answer was that he wished we all had made more profit than we had of our places, and that we had all of us got as much as one man below stairs in the Court, which he presently named, and it was Sir George Lane.[2]

13th. I find at Court that either the King is doubtful of some disturbance or else would seem so, and I have reason to hope it is no worse, by his commanding all commanders of castles, etc., to repair to their charges; and mustering the Guards the other day himself, where he found reason to dislike their condition to my Lord Gerard, finding so many absent men, or dead pays.[3] My Lady Castlemaine, I hear, is in as great favour as ever, and the King supped with her the very first night he came from Bath; and last night and the night before supped with her; when, there being a chine of beef to roast, and the tide rising into their kitchen that it could not be roasted there, and the cook telling her of it, she answered 'Zounds! she must set the house on fire but it should be roasted!' So it was carried to Mrs. Sarah's husband,[1] and there it was roasted.

14th. After dinner my wife and I, by Mr. Rawlinson's conduct, to the Jewish Synagogue; where the men and boys in their veils, and the women behind a lattice out of sight; and some things stand up, which I believe is their Law, in a press, to which all coming in do bow; and in the putting on their veils do say something, to which others that hear him do cry, Amen, and the party do kiss his veil. Their service all in a singing way, and in Hebrew. And anon their Laws that they take out of the press are carried by several men, four or five several burdens in all, and they do relieve one another: and whether it is that every one desires to have the carrying of it, thus they carried it round about the room while such a service is singing. And in the end they had a prayer for the King, which they pronounced his name in Portuguese;[2] but the prayer, like the rest, in Hebrew. But, Lord! to see the disorder, laughing, sporting, and no attention, but confusion in all their service, more like brutes than people knowing the true God, would make a man forswear ever seeing them more: and indeed I never did see so much, or could have imagined there had been any religion in the whole world so absurdly performed as this.

17th. Some discourse of the Queen's being very sick,[3] if not dead, the Duke and Duchess of York being sent for betimes this morning to come to Whitehall to her.

18th. (Lord's day.) The parson, Mr. Mills, I perceive, did not know whether to pray for the Queen or no, and so said nothing about her; which makes me fear she is dead. But enquiring of Sir J.

[1] *I.e.* Mr. Coventry's.

[2] One of the Clerks of the Privy Council, and Secretary to the Marquis of Ormond. He became Viscount Lanesborough. [B.]

[3] Discharged soldiers still drawing their pay; or discharged or deceased soldiers in whose name pay is continued and drawn by the officer.

[1] The cook, *u.s.*: cf. Oct. 20, *infra*.

[2] Orig. 'in Portugall.'

[3] The Queen's illness was first noticed in *The Intelligencer* on October 13. The bulletins of her Majesty's health continued till November 15. [B.]

Minnes, he told me that he heard she was better last night. To church again, and there a simple coxcomb preached worse than the Scot.[1]

19th. Waked with a very high wind, and said to my wife, 'I pray God I hear not of the death of any great person, this wind is so high!' fearing that the Queen might be dead. So up; and going by coach with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, they tell me that Sir W. Compton, who it is true had been a little sickly for a week or fortnight, but was very well upon Friday at night last at the Tangier Committee with us, was dead —died yesterday: at which I was most exceedingly surprised, he being, and so all the world saying that he was, one of the worthiest men and best officers of State now in England; and so in my conscience he was: of the best temper, valour, ability of mind, integrity, birth, fine person, and diligence of any one man he hath left behind him in the three kingdoms; and yet not forty years old, or if so, that is all. I find the sober men of the Court troubled for him; and yet not so as to hinder or lessen their mirth, talking, laughing, and eating, drinking, and doing everything else, just as if there was no such thing. Coming to St. James's, I hear that the Queen did sleep five hours pretty well to-night, and that she waked and garglod her mouth, and to sleep again; but that her pulse beats fast, beating twenty to the King's or my Lady Suffolk's eleven; but not so strong as it was. It seems she was so ill as to be shaved, and pigeons put to her feet, and to have the extreme unction given her by the priests, who were so long about it that the doctors were angry. The King, they all say, is most fondly disconsolate for her, and weeps by her, which makes her weep; which one this day told me he reckons a good sign, for that it carries away some rheum from the head. This morning Captain Allen tells me how the famous Ned Mullins, by a slight fall, broke his leg at the ankle, which festered; and he had his leg cut off on Saturday, but so ill done, notwithstanding all the great surgeons about the town at the doing of it, that they fear he will not live with it. Being invited to dinner to my Lord Barkeley's, and so, not knowing how to spend our time till noon, Sir W. Batten and I took coach and to the Coffee-house in Cornhill; where much talk about the Turk's proceedings, and that the plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Algiers; and it is also carried to Hambrough.[1] The Duke says the King purposes to forbid any of their ships coming into the river. The Duke also told us of several Christian commanders (French) gone over to the Turks to serve them; and, upon enquiry, I find that the King of France do by this aspire to the Empire, and so to get the Crown of Spain also upon the death of the King, which is very probable, it seems. Back to St. James's, and there dined with my Lord Barkeley and his lady, where Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, and myself, with two gentlemen more: my lady, and one of the ladies of honour to the Duchess, no handsome woman, but a most excellent hand. A fine French dinner.

20th. To dinner to my Lord Mayor's, being invited, where was the Farmers of the Customs, my Lord Chancellor's three sons, and other great and much company, and a very great noble dinner, as this Mayor is good for nothing else. No extraordinary discourse of anything, every man being intent upon his dinner. This evening, at my Lord's lodgings, Mrs. Sarah talking with my wife and I how the Queen do, and how the King tends her, being so ill. She tells us that the Queen's sickness is the spotted fever; that she was as full of the spots as a leopard: which is very strange that it should be no more known; but perhaps it is not so. And that the King do seem to take it much to heart, for that he hath wept before her;[2] but for all that, that he hath not missed one night, since she was sick, of supping with my Lady Castlemaine; which I believe is true, for she says that her husband hath dressed the suppers every night; and I confess I saw him myself coming through the street dressing up a

[1] See June 21, 1663.

[1] Hamburg.

[2] Cf.

'For when no healing art prevailed,
When cordials and elixirs failed,
On your pale cheek he dropped the shower,
Revived you like a dying flower.'

Waller, *To the Queen* (1663).

great supper to-night, which Sarah says is also for the King and her; which is a very strange thing.

21st. Came my brother Tom to me. We did resolve of putting me into a better garb, and, among other things, to have a good velvet cloak, that is, of cloth, lined with velvet, and other things modish, and a peruke; and so he and my wife out to buy me velvet. This evening I began to enter my wife in arithmetic, in order to her studying of the globes, and she takes it very well, and I hope I shall bring her to understand many fine things.

22nd. This morning hearing that the Queen grows worse again, I sent to stop the making of my velvet cloak, till I see whether she lives or dies.

23rd. The Queen slept pretty well last night, but her fever continues upon her still. It seems she hath never a Portuguese doctor here. To Mr. Holliard, who tells me that Mullins is dead of his leg cut off the other day, and most basely done.[1] To Mr. Rawlinson's, and saw some of my new bottles made, with my crest upon them, filled with wine, about five or six dozen.

24th. Busy all the morning about Mr. Gauden's account, and to dinner with him at the Dolphin, where mighty merry by pleasant stories of Mr. Coventry's and Sir J. Minnes's, which I have put down some of in my book of tales. Called at Wotton's.[2] He tells me that by the Duke of York's persuasion Harris is come again to Sir W. Davenant upon his terms that he demanded, which will make him very high and proud. The Queen is in a good way of recovery; and Sir Francis Pridgeon[3] hath got great honour by it, it being all imputed to his cordial, which in her despair did give her rest, and brought her to some hopes of recovery. It seems that, after much talk of troubles and a plot, something is found in the North that a party was to rise,[4] and some persons that were to command it, as I find in a letter that Mr. Coventry read to-day about it from those parts.

26th. Dr. Pierce tells me that the Queen is in a way to be pretty well again, but that her delirium in her head continues still; that she talks idle, not by fits, but always, which in some lasts a week after so high a fever, in some more, and in some for ever; that this morning she talked mightily that she was brought to bed, and that she wondered that she should be delivered without pain and without being sick, and that she was troubled that her boy was but an ugly boy. But the King, being by, said, 'No, it is a very pretty boy.'—'Nay,' says she, 'if it be like you, it is a fine boy indeed, and I would be very well pleased with it.' They say that the Turks go on apace, and that my Lord Castlehaven[1] is going to raise 10,000 men here for to go against him; that the King of France do offer to assist the Empire upon condition that he may be their Generalissimo, and the Dauphin chosen King of the Romans: and it is said that the King of France do occasion this difference among the Christian Princes of the Empire, which gives the Turk such advantages. They say also that the King of Spain is making all imaginable force against Portugal again. To one or two periwig shops about the Temple, having been very much displeased with one that we saw, a head of greasy and old woman's hair, at Jervas's, in the morning; and there I think I shall fit myself of one very handsomely made. To the Globe in Fleet Street, and talking of the Emperor[2] at table, one young gentleman, a pretty man, and it seems a Parliament-man, did say that he was a sot; for he minded nothing of the Government, but was led by the Jesuits. Several at table took him up.

27th. Mr. Coventry tells me to-day that the Queen had a very good night last night; but yet it is strange that still she raves and talks of little more than of her having of children, and fancies now that she hath three children, and that the girl is very like the King. And this morning, about five o'clock, the physician, feeling her pulse, thinking to be better able to judge, she being still and asleep, waked her, and the first word she said was, 'How do the children?'

[1] Oct. 19, *supra*. [2] His shoemaker.
[3] Sir Francis Prujean (1593-1666), President of the College of Physicians, 1650-54.
[4] The Farneley Wood Plot. See Nov 9.

[1] James Touchet, third Earl of Castlehaven (? 1617-1684).
[2] Leopold I., Holy Roman Emperor since 1658.

29th. Up, it being Lord Mayor's day, Sir Anthony Bateman. This morning was brought home my new velvet cloak, that is, lined with velvet, a good cloth the outside—the first that ever I had in my life; and I pray God it may not be too soon now that I begin to wear it. I thought it better to go without it because of the crowd, and so I did not wear it. At noon I went to Guildhall; and, meeting with Mr. Proby, Sir R. Ford's son, and Lieutenant-Colonel Baron, a City commander, we went up and down to see the tables; where under every salt there was a bill of fare, and at the end of the table the persons proper for the table. Many were the tables, but none in the Hall but the Mayor's and the Lords of the Privy Council that had napkins or knives, which was very strange. We went into the Buttery, and there stayed and talked, and then into the Hall again, and there wine was offered, and they drank, I only drinking some hypocras, which do not break my vow, it being, to the best of my present judgement, only a mixed compound drink, and not any wine.[1] If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I do hope and think I am not. By and by met with Creed: and we, with the others, went within the several Courts, and there saw the tables prepared for the Ladies, and Judges, and Bishops: all great signs of a great dinner to come. By and by, about one o'clock, before the Lord Mayor came, came into the Hall, from the room where they were first led into, the Chancellor (Archbishop before him), with the Lords of the Council, and other Bishops, and they to dinner. Anon comes the Lord Mayor, who went up to the lords, and then to the other tables to bid welcome; and so all to dinner. I sat near Proby, Baron, and Creed at the Merchant Strangers' table; where ten good dishes to a mess, with plenty of wine of all sorts, of which I drank none; but it was very unpleasing that we had no napkins or change of trenchers, and drank out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.[2] It happened that after the lords had half dined, came the French Ambassador up to the lords' table, where he was to have sat: he would not sit down nor dine with the Lord Mayor, who was not yet come, nor have a table to himself, which was offered; but in a discontent went away again.[1] After I had dined, I and Creed rose and went up and down the house, and up to the ladies' room, and there stayed gazing upon them. But though there were many and fine, both young and old, yet I could not discern one handsome face there; which was very strange. I expected music, but there was none but only trumpets and drums, which displeased me. The dinner, it seems, is made by the Mayor and two Sheriffs for the time being, the Mayor paying one half, and they the other. And the whole, Proby says, is reckoned to come to about £700 or £800 at most. Being wearied with looking upon a company of ugly women, Creed and I went away, and took coach, and through Cheapside, and there saw the pageants,[2] which were very silly. The Queen mends apace, they say; but yet talks idle still.

30th. At my periwig-maker's, and there showed my wife the periwig made for me, and she likes it very well; and so to my brother's, and to buy a pair of bodice for her.

31st. To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz., for her about £12, and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth suits, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two periwigs, one whereof costs me £3, and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing. I having laid out in clothes for myself, and wife, and for her closet and other things without, these

[1] Hippocras is made of wine, flavoured with spices.

[2] Perhaps because so much plate had been melted during the Civil War.

[1] The ambassador in his narrative to the French King stated that he found the Chancellor and others seated at table, and 'sy froids et sy interdis' that he had to leave (Dispatch of Nov. 9, 1663)

[2] The Lord Mayor's Show; then *after* dinner.

two months, this and the last, besides household expenses of victuals, etc., above £110. But I hope I shall with more comfort labour to get more, and with better success than when, for want of clothes, I was forced to sneak like a beggar. The Queen continues light-headed, but in hopes to recover. The plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fear of it here, which God defend.[1] The Turk goes on mighty in the Emperor's dominions, and the Princes cannot agree among themselves how to go against him.

November 1663

November 1st. (Lord's day.) This morning my brother's man brought me a new black baize waistcoat, faced with silk, which I put on, from this day laying by half-shirts for this winter. He brought me also my new gown of purple shag; also, as a gift from my brother, a velvet hat, very fine to ride in, and the fashion, which pleases me.

2nd. Up, and by coach to Whitehall, and there in the long Matted Gallery I find Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, and Sir W. Batten; and by and by comes the King to walk there with three or four with him; and, soon as he saw us, says he, 'Here is the Navy Office,' and there walked twenty turns the length of the gallery, talking, methought, but ordinary talk. By and by came the Duke, and he walked, and at last they went into the Duke's lodgings. The King stayed so long, that we could not discourse with the Duke, and so we parted. I heard the Duke say that he was going to wear a periwig; and they say the King also will. I never till this day observed that the King is mighty grey.

3rd. At noon to the Coffee-house, and there heard a long and most passionate discourse between two doctors of physic, of which one was Dr. Allen,[2] whom I knew at Cambridge, and a couple of apothecaries; these maintaining chemistry against their Galenical physic;[3] and the truth is one of the apothecaries, whom they charged most, did speak very prettily, that is, his language and sense good, though perhaps he might not be so knowing a physician as to offer to contest with them. At last they came to some cooler terms, and broke up. Home, and by and by comes Chapman, the periwig-maker, and upon my liking it, without more ado I went up, and there he cut off my hair, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but, it being over, and my periwig on, I paid him £3 for it; and away went he with my own hair, to make up another of; and I, by and by, went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it; and they conclude it do become me; though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting of my own hair, and so was Bess.

4th. To my office, showing myself to Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, and no great matter made of my periwig, as I was afraid there would. The Queen is in a great way to recovery.

6th. To the Coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say that of his own experience in time of thunder so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them will not be soured, and the others will. To Whitehall, where my Lord met me very fortunately, and wondered first to see me in my peruke, and I am glad it is over. We began to talk of the Court, and he tells me how Mr. Edward Montagu begins to show respect to him again, after his endeavouring to bespatter him all was possible; but he is resolved never to admit him into his friendship again. He tells me how he, and Sir H. Bennet, the Duke of Buckingham and his Duchess, was of a committee with somebody else for the getting of Mrs. Stewart for the King; but that she proves a cunning slut, and is advised at Somerset House by the Queen-mother, and by her mother,[1] and so all the plot is spoiled and the whole committee broke, Mr. Montagu and the Duke of Buckingham fallen a-pieces, the Duchess going to a nunnery; and so Montagu begins to enter friendship with my Lord, and to attend the Chancellor, whom he had deserted. My Lord tells me that Mr. Montagu, among other things, did endeavour to represent him to the

[1] *I.e.* forbid.

[2] Thomas Allen, M.D., of Caius College.

[3] *I.e.* the practice of medicine by vegetable remedies.

[1] Mrs. Walter Stewart.

Chancellor's sons as one that did desert their father in the business of my Lord of Bristol; which is most false, being the only man that hath several times dined with him when no soul hath come to him, and went with him that very day home when the Earl impeached him in the Parliament House, and hath refused ever to pay a visit to my Lord of Bristol, not so much as in return to a visit of his. So that the Chancellor and my Lord are well known and trusted one by another. But yet my Lord blames the Chancellor for desiring to have it put off to the next Session of Parliament, contrary to my Lord Treasurer's advice, to whom he swore he would not do it; and, perhaps, my Lord Chancellor, for aught I see by my Lord's discourse, may suffer by it when the Parliament comes to sit. My Lord tells me that he observes the Duke of York do follow and understand business very well, and is mightily improved thereby.

7th. This day, Captain Taylor[1] brought me a piece of plate, a little small state-dish, he expecting that I should get him some allowance for demurrage of his ship *William*, kept long at Tangier, which I shall, and may justly do.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes all upon me, but I found no such thing.

9th. To the Duke, where, when we came into his closet, he told us that Mr. Pepys was so altered with his new periwig that he did not know him. So to our discourse, and, among and above other things, we were taken up in talking upon Sir J. Lawson's coming home, he being come to Portsmouth; and Captain Berkeley[2] is come to town with a letter from the Duana[3] of Algiers to the King, wherein they do demand again the seaching of our ships and taking out of strangers and their goods; and that what English ships are taken without the Duke's pass they will detain, though it be flat contrary to the words of the peace, as prizes, till they do hear from our King, which they advise him may be speedy. And this they did the very next day after they had received with great joy the Grand Seignor's confirmation of the Peace from Constantinople by Captain Berkeley; so that there is no command nor certainty to be had of these people. The King is resolved to send his will by a fleet of ships; and it is thought best and speediest to send these very ships that are now come home, five sail of good ships, back again, after cleaning, victualling, and paying them. But it is a pleasant thing to think how their Basha, Shavan Aga, did tear his hair to see the soldiers order things thus; for, just like his late predecessor, when they see the evil of war with England, then for certain they complain to the Grand Seignor of him, and cut his head off: this he is sure of, and knows as certain. Thence to Westminster Hall, where I met with Mr. Pierce, surgeon; and, among other things, he asked me seriously whether I knew anything of my Lord's being out of favour with the King; and told me that for certain the King do take mighty notice of my Lord's living obscurely in a corner not like himself, and becoming the honour that he is come to. I was sorry to hear, and the truth is, from my Lord's discourse among his people (which I am told) of the uncertainty of princes' favour, and his melancholy keeping from Court, I am doubtful of some such thing; but I seemed wholly strange to him in it, but will make my use of it. He told me also how loose the Court is, nobody looking after business, but every man his lust and gain; and how the King is now become besotted upon Mrs. Stewart, that he gets into corners, and will be with her half-an-hour together, kissing her to the observation of all the world; and she now stays by herself and expects it, as my Lady Castlemaine did use to do; to whom the King, he says, is still kind, so as now and then he goes to her, as he believes; but with no such fondness as he used to do. But yet it is thought that this new wench is so subtle,

[1] Silas Domville or Taylor (1624-1678), antiquary, had been a captain in the Parliamentary forces. In 1660 he was appointed Commissary for Ammunition at Dunkirk, and in 1665 he obtained the post of Keeper of the Stores at Harwich. He left materials for a History of Herefordshire and of Harwich, and he published a treatise on Gavel-kind (1663).

[2] Afterwards Sir William Berkeley, and in 1665 Governor of Portsmouth. He was killed off the North Foreland in 1666.

[3] Dewan, or Divan.

that it is verily thought, if the Queen had died, he would have married her. The Duke of Monmouth is to have part of the Cockpit new built for lodgings for him, and they say to be made Captain of the Guards in the room of my Lord Gerard. Mr. Blackburne and I fell to talk of many things, wherein he was very open to me: first, in that of religion, he makes it great matter of prudence for the King and Council to suffer liberty of conscience; and imputes the loss of Hungary to the Turk from the Emperor's denying them this liberty of their religion. He says that many pious ministers of the word of God, some thousands of them, do now beg their bread: and told me how highly the present clergy carry themselves everywhere, so as that they are hated and laughed at by everybody; among other things, for their excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions almost that can be. And I am convinced in my judgement, not only from his discourse, but my thoughts in general, that the present clergy will never heartily go down with the generality of the commons of England; they have been so used to liberty and freedom, and they are so acquainted with the pride and debauchery of the present clergy. He did give me many stories of the affronts which the clergy receive in all places of England from the gentry and ordinary persons of the parish. He do tell me what the City thinks of General Monk, as of a most perfidious man that hath betrayed everybody, and the King also; who, as he thinks, and his party, and so I have heard other good friends of the King say, it might have been better for the King to have had his hands a little bound for the present, than be forced to bring such a crew of poor people about him, and be liable to satisfy the demands of every one of them. He told me that, to his knowledge, being present at every meeting of the Treaty at the Isle of Wight, the old King did confess himself overruled and convinced in his judgement against the Bishops, and would have suffered and did agree to exclude the service out of the churches, nay, his own chapel; and that he did always say that this he did not by force, for that he would never abate one inch by any violence; but what he did was out of his reason and judgement. He tells me that the King by name, with all his dignities, is prayed for by them that they call Fanatics, as heartily and powerfully as in any of the other churches that are thought better: and that, let the King think what he will, it is them that must help him in the day of war. For so generally they are the most substantial sort of people, and the soberest; and did desire me to observe it to my Lord Sandwich, among other things, that of all the old army now you cannot see a man begging about the streets; but what? You shall have this captain turned a shoemaker; this lieutenant, a baker; this a brewer; that a haberdasher; this common soldier, a porter; and every man in his apron and frock, etc., as if they never had done anything else: whereas the others go with their belts and swords, swearing, and cursing, and stealing; running into people's houses, by force oftentimes, to carry away something; and this is the difference between the temper of one and the other; and concludes, and I think with some reason, that the spirits of the old parliament soldiers are so quiet and contented with God's providences, that the King is safer from any evil meant him by them one thousand times more than from his own discontented Cavalier. And then to the public management of business: it is done, as he observes, so loosely and so carelessly, that the kingdom can never be happy with it, every man looking after himself, and his own lust and luxury; and that half of what money the Parliament gives the King is not so much as gathered. And to the purpose he told me how the Bellamys, who had some of the Northern counties assigned them for their debt for the petty warrant victualling, have often complained to him that they cannot get it collected, for that nobody minds, or, if they do, they won't pay it in. Whereas, which is a very remarkable thing, he hath been told by some of the Treasurers at War here of late, to whom the most of the £120,000 monthly was paid, that for most months the payments were gathered so duly, that they seldom had so much or more than 40s., or the like, short in the whole collection; whereas now the very Commissioners for Assessments and other

public payments are such persons, and those that they choose in the country so like themselves, that from top to bottom there is not a man careful of anything, or, if he be, he is not solvent; that, what between the beggar and the knave, the King is abused the best part of all his revenue. We then talked of the Navy, and of Sir W. Pen's rise to be a general. He told me he was always a conceited man, and one that would put the best side outward, but that it was his pretence of sanctity that brought him into play. Lawson, and Portman, and the fifth-monarchy men, among whom he was a great brother, importuned that he might be General; and it was pleasant to see how Blackburne himself did act it; how, when the Commissioners of the Admiralty would enquire of the captains and admirals of such and such men, how they would with a sigh and casting up the eyes say, 'such a man fears the Lord,' or, 'I hope such a man hath the Spirit of God.' But he tells me that there was a cruel article against Pen, after one fight, for cowardice, in putting himself within a coil of cables, of which he had much ado to acquit himself; and by great friends did it, not without remains of guilt, but that his brethren had a mind to pass it by, and Sir H. Vane did advise him to search his heart, and see whether this fault or a greater sin was not the occasion of this so great trial. And he tells me that what Pen gives out about Cromwell's sending and entreating him to go to Jamaica is very false; he knows the contrary: besides, the Protector never was a man that needed to send for any man, especially such a one as he, twice. He tells me that the business of Jamaica did miscarry absolutely by his pride, and that, when he was in the Tower, he would cry like a child. And that just upon the turn, when Monk was come from the North to the City, and did begin to think of bringing in the King, Pen was then turned Quaker.[1] That Lawson was never counted anything but only a seaman, and a stout man, but a false man, and that now he appears the greatest hypocrite in the world. And Pen the same. He tells me that it is much talked of that the King intends to legitimate the Duke of Monmouth; and that neither he, nor his friends of his persuasion, have any hopes of getting their consciences at liberty but by God Almighty's turning of the King's heart, which they expect, and are resolved to live and die in quiet hopes of it; but never to repine, or act anything more than by prayers towards it. And that not only himself, but all of them, have, and are willing at any time to take the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. Mr. Blackburne observed further to me some certain notice that he had of the present plot[1] so much talked of; that he was told by Mr. Rushworth[2] how one Captain Oates,[3] a great Discoverer,[4] did employ several to bring and seduce others into a plot, and that one of his agents met with one that would not listen to him, nor conceal what he had offered him, but so detected the trepan. He did also much insist upon the cowardice and corruption of the King's guards and militia.

10th. The Queen, I hear, is now very well again, and that she hath bespoke herself a new gown.

11th. At noon to the Coffee-house, where, with Dr. Allen, some good discourse about physic and chemistry. And among other things, I telling him what Dribble,[5] the German Doctor, do offer of an instrument to sink ships, he tells me that which is more strange, that something made of gold, which they call in chemistry *Aurum fulminans*, a grain, I think he said, of it put into a silver spoon and fired, will give a blow like a musket,

[1] There is no evidence of this. His son, the founder of Pennsylvania, joined the Quakers in 1667. Pepys leant his ear readily to abuse of Sir William.

[1] See October 24.

[2] John Rushworth (?1612-1690), Assistant Clerk to the House of Commons, and author of the *Historical Collections*.

[3] Thomas Oates of Morley.

[4] The 'great Discoverer' was probably Major Greathead, a Commonwealth officer, whom Oliver Heywood, in his *Diaries*, calls 'that perfidious wretch, guilty of so much blood in the plot business'—a severity of expression in which he did not often allow himself to indulge. [B.] The title belongs by tradition to the notorious Titus Oates, with whom Captain Oates must not be confused. Titus was at this time a boy of fifteen years.

[5] Cornelis Drebbel (1572-1634), a Dutchman who had settled in London. His secret was offered to the Government in 1662 by his son-in-law, Johannes Kuffler, and his son Jacob Drebbel. See p. 120.

and strike a hole through the silver spoon downward, without the least force upwards; and this he can make a cheaper experiment of, he says, with iron prepared.

13th. After dinner came my periwig-maker, and brings me a second periwig, made of my own hair, which comes to 21s. 6d. more than the worth of my own hair, so that they both come to £4:1:6, which he saith will serve me two years, but I fear it. He being gone, I to my office, and put on my new shag purple gown with gold buttons and loop-lace.

14th. Mr. Moore came to tell me that he had no opportunity of speaking his mind to my Lord yesterday, and so I am resolved to write to him very suddenly.

15th. (Lord's day.) In the afternoon drew up a letter to my Lord, stating to him what the world talks concerning him, and leaving it to him and myself to be thought of by him as he pleases: but I have done but my duty in it. I wait Mr. Moore's coming, for his advice about sending it. This day being our Queen's birthday, the guns of the Tower went all off; and in the evening the Lord Mayor sent from church to church to order the constables to cause bonfires to be made in every street, which methinks is a poor thing to be forced to be commanded. After a good supper with my wife, and hearing of the maids read in the Bible, to prayers and to bed.

18th. Captain Berkeley, who was lately come from Algiers, did give us a good account of the place, and how the Basha there do live like a prisoner, being at the mercy of the soldiers and officers, so that there is nothing but a great confusion there. I walked home again, reading of a little book of new poems of Cowley's,[1] given me by his brother. Abraham do lie, it seems, very sick still, but like to recover. Came Mr. Holliard, so full of discourse and Latin that I think he hath got a cup, but I do not know; but full of talk he is in defence of Calvin and Luther. This morning I sent Will with my great letter of reproof to Lord Sandwich, who did give it into his own hand. I pray God give a blessing to it; but I confess I am afraid what the consequence may be to me of good or bad, which is according to the ingenuity that he do receive it with. However, I am satisfied that it will do him good, and that he needs it.

My Lord,

I do verily hope that neither the manner nor matter of this advice will be condemned by your Lordship, when for my defence in the first I shall allege my double attempt, since your return from Hinchinbroke, of doing it personally, in both of which your Lordship's occasions, no doubtfulness of mine, prevented me; and that being now fearful of a sudden summons to Portsmouth, for the discharge of some ships there, I judge it very unbecoming the duty which every bit of bread I eat tells me I owe to your Lordship to expose the safety of your honour to the uncertainty of my return. For the matter, my Lord, it is such as could I in any measure think safe to conceal from, or likely to be discovered to you by any other hand, I should not have dared so far to own what from my heart I believe is false, as to make myself but the relater of others' discourse; but, sir, your Lordship's honour being such as I ought to value it to be, and finding both in city and court that discourses pass to your prejudice, too generally for mine or any man's controllings but your Lordship's, I shall, my Lord, without the least greatening or lessening the matter, do my duty in laying it shortly before you.

People of all conditions, my Lord, raise matter of wonder from your Lordship's so little appearance at Court: some concluding thence their disfavour thereby, to which purpose I have had questions asked me; and endeavouring to put off such insinuations by asserting the contrary, they have replied that your Lordship's living so beneath your quality, out of the way, and declining of Court attendance, hath been more than once discoursed about the King. Others, my Lord, when the chief Ministers of State, and those most active of the Council have been reckoned up, wherein your Lordship never used to want an eminent place, have said, touching your Lordship, that now your turn was

[1] This is Abraham Cowley's *Verses upon Several Occasions* (1663).

served, and the King had given you a good estate, you left him to stand or fall as he would, and, particularly in that of the Navy, have enlarged upon your letting fall all service there.

Another sort, and those the most, insist upon the bad report of the house wherein your Lordship, now observed in perfect health again, continues to sojourn, and by name have charged one of the daughters for a common courtesan, alleging both places and persons where and with whom she hath been too well known, and how much her wantonness occasions, though unjustly, scandal to your Lordship, and that as well to gratifying of some enemies as to the wounding of more friends I am not able to tell.

Lastly, my Lord, I find a general coldness in all persons towards your Lordship, such as, from my first dependence on you, I never yet knew, wherein I shall not offer to interpose any thoughts or advice of mine, well knowing your Lordship needs not any. But with a most faithful assurance, that no person[1] nor papers under Heaven is privy to what I here write, besides myself and this, which I shall he careful to have put into your own hands, I rest confident of your Lordship's just construction of my dutiful intentions herein, and in all humility take my leave. May it please your Lordship,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,
S. P.

The foregoing letter was sealed up and enclosed in this that follows—

My Lord,

If this find your Lordship either not alone, or not at leisure, I beg the suspending your opening the enclosed till you shall have both, the matter very well bearing such a delay, and in all humility remain, etc.,

November 17, 1663. S. P.

My servant hath my directions to put this into your Lordship's own hand, but not to stay for any answer.

19th. With Sir G. Carteret, to my Lord Treasurer,[2] to discourse with him about Mr. Gauden's having of money, and to offer to him whether it would not be necessary, Mr. Gauden's credit being so low as it is, to take security of him if he demands any great sum, such as £20,000, which now ought to be paid him upon his next year's declaration; which is a sad thing that, being reduced to this by us, we should be the first to doubt his credit; but so it is. However, it will be managed with great tenderness to him. My Lord Treasurer we found in his bed-chamber, being laid up of the gout. I find him a very ready man, and certainly a brave servant to the King: he spoke so quick and sensibly of the King's charge. Nothing displeased me in him but his long nails, which he lets grow upon a pretty thick white short hand, that it troubled me to see them. In our way Sir G. Carteret told me there is no such thing likely yet as a Dutch war, neither they nor we being in condition for it, though it will come certainly to that in some time, our interests lying the same way, that is to say, in trade. But not yet. To speak with Mr. Moore, and met him by the way, who tells me, to my great content, that he believes my letter to my Lord Sandwich hath wrought well upon him, and that he will look after himself and his business upon it, for he begins already to do so. But I dare not conclude anything till I see him, which shall be to-morrow morning, that I may be out of my pain to know how he takes it of me.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich's lodgings, but he was gone out before, and so I am defeated of my expectation of being eased one way or other in the business of my Lord. But I up to Mr. Howe, whom I saw this day the first time in a periwig, which becomes him very well. He tells me that my Lord is of a sudden much changed, and he do believe that he do take my letter well. However, we both bless God that it hath so good an effect upon him. Thence I home again. A great talk there is to-day of a crush[1] between some of the Fanatics up in arms and the King's men in the North;[2] but whether true I know not yet.

21st. At noon I receive a letter from Mr. Creed, with a token, viz. a very

[1] Yet *cf.* Nov. 15, Pepys records (Nov. 17, in later edd.) that he read the letter to Mr. Moore. And Mr. Howe seems to have known of it (see Nov. 20): and probably others. See also Nov. 22.

[2] Earl of Southampton.

[1] Encounter. [2] See Nov. 9.

noble parti-coloured Indian gown for my wife. The letter is oddly writ, overprizing his present, and little owning any past services of mine. I confess I had expectations of a better account from him of my services about his accounts, and so gave his boy 12d., and sent it back again. And this afternoon I went to Ludgate, and, by pricing several there, I guess this gown may be worth about £12 or £15. But, however, I expect at least £50 of him. My mind being pretty well at ease for my receipt this afternoon of £17 at the Treasury [for the £17] paid a year since to the carver for his work at my house, which I did intend to have paid myself, but, finding others to do it, I thought it not amiss to get it too.

22nd. (Lord's day.) I walked as far as the Temple, and there took coach, and to my Lord's lodgings, whom I found ready to go to Chapel; but I coming, he began, with a very serious countenance, to tell me that he had received my late letter, wherein first he took notice of my care of him and his honour, and did give me thanks for that part of it where I say that from my heart I believe the contrary of what I do there relate to be the discourse of others; but, since I intended it not a reproach, but matter of information, and for him to make a judgement of it for his practice, it was necessary for me to tell him the persons of whom I have gathered the several particulars which I there insist on. I would have made excuses in it; but, seeing him so earnest in it, I found myself forced to it, and so did tell him Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, in that of his Lordship's living being discoursed of at Court; a maid-servant that I kept, that lived at Chelsea school; and also Mr. Pickering, about the report touching the young woman; and also Mr. Hunt, in Axe Yard, near whom she lodged. I told him the whole city do discourse concerning his neglect of business; and so I many times asserting my dutiful intention in all this, and he owning his accepting of it as such. That that troubled me most in particular is that he did there assert the civility of the people of the house, and the young gentlewoman, for whose reproach he was sorry. His saying that he was resolved how to live, and that though he was taking a house, meaning to live in another manner, yet it was not to please any people, or to stop report, but to please himself, though this I do believe he might say that he might not seem to me to be so much wrought upon by what I have writ; and lastly, and most of all, when I spoke of the tenderness that I have used in declaring this to him, there being nobody privy to it, he told me that I must give him leave to except one. I told him that possibly somebody might know of some thoughts of mine—I having borrowed some intelligence in this matter from them, but nobody could say they knew of the thing itself what I writ.[1] This, I confess, however, do trouble me, for that he seemed to speak it as a quick retort, and it must sure be Will. Howe, who did not see anything of what I writ, though I told him indeed that I would write; but in this, methinks, there is no great hurt. I find him, though he cannot but own his opinion of my good intention, and so he did again and again profess it, that he is troubled in his mind at it; and I confess I think I may have done myself an injury for his good, which, were it to do again, and that I believed he would take it no better, I think I should sit quietly without taking any notice of it; for I doubt there is no medium between his taking it very well or very ill. I could not forbear weeping before him at the latter end; which, since, I am ashamed of, though I cannot see what he can take it to proceed from but my tenderness and good will to him. After this discourse was ended, he began to talk very cheerfully of other things, and I walked with him to Whitehall, and we discoursed of the pictures in the gallery, which it may be he might do out of policy, that the boy might not see any strangeness in him; but I rather think that his mind was somewhat eased, and hope that he will be to me as he was before. At chapel I had room in the Privy Seal pew with other gentlemen, and there heard Dr. Killigrew[2] preach. The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalm, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty

[1] See p. 229.

[2] Henry Killigrew (1613-1700), Master of the Savoy (1663) and author of *The Conspiracy* (a play), 1638. Anne Killigrew, the poetess, was his daughter.

boy. And they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musical, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem. I met Mr. Povy, who tells me how Tangier had like to have been betrayed, and that one of the King's officers is come, to whom 8000 pieces of eight were offered for his part. To the King's Head ordinary, and there dined, good and much company and a good dinner; most of their discourse was about hunting, in a dialect I understand very little.

23rd. To St. Paul's Churchyard, and there bespoke Rushworth's *Collections*,[1] and Scobell's[2] *Acts of the Long Parliament*, etc., which I will make the King pay for as to the office, and so I do not break my vow at all. With Alderman Backwell, talking of the new money, which he says will never be counterfeited, he believes; but it is so deadly inconvenient for telling, it is so thick, and the edges are made to turn up.

25th. To my Lord Sandwich, and there I did present him with Mr. Barlow's Terella,[3] with which he was very much pleased, and he did show me great kindness, and by other discourse I have reason to think that he is not at all, as I feared he would be, discontented against me.

26th. The plague, it seems, grows more and more at Amsterdam; and we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough,[4] or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine, for thirty days, as Sir Richard Browne expressed it in the order of the Council, contrary to the import of the word, though, in the general acceptation, it signifies now the thing, not the time spent in doing it, in Holehaven;[5] a thing never done by us before.

27th. My wife mightily pleased with my discourse of getting a trip over to Calais, or some other port of France, the next summer, in one of the yachts, and I believe I shall do it; and it makes good sport that my maid Jane dares not go, and Bess is wild to go, and is mad for joy, but yet will be willing to stay if Jane hath a mind.

28th. I met with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, who tells me for good news that my Lord Sandwich is resolved to go no more to Chelsea, and told me he believed that I had been giving my Lord some counsel, which I neither denied nor affirmed. To Paul's Churchyard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. To-day, for certain, I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach: one way is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty; another with two courtiers picking of his pockets; and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him; which amounts to great contempt.

29th. (Lord's day.) This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons[1] I bought a month ago.

30th. At Whitehall Sir W. Pen and I met the Duke in the Matted Gallery, and there he discoursed with us; and by and by my Lord Sandwich came and stood by, and talked; but it being St. Andrew's, and a Collar-day,[2] he went to the Chapel, and we parted. To the coffee-house, where I heard the best story of a cheat intended by a master of a ship, who had borrowed twice his money upon the bottomry, and as much more insured upon the ship and goods as they were worth, and then would have cast her away upon the coast of France, and there left her, refusing any pilot which was offered him; and so the Governor of the place took her, and sent her over hither to find an owner, and so the ship is come safe, and

1 See November 9, 1663.

2 Henry Scobell (d. 1660), Clerk of the Parliament. His *Collection of Acts*, etc., was published in 1658.

3 *Terrella* is a terrestrial globe made of loadstone, to illustrate the direction of magnetic force on the earth. It had been in vogue since the publication of William Gilbert's *De Magnete Magneticisque Corporibus*, in 1600. See Evelyn's *Diary*, July 3, 1655.

4 Hamburg. 5 On the Essex coast.

1 See p. 32, note. 2 See p. 151, note.

goods and all; they all worth £500, and he had, one way or other, taken £3000. The cause is to be tried to-morrow at Guildhall, where I intend to be. Came W. Howe to see me, who tells me that my Lord hath been angry for three or four days with him — would not speak to him; at last did, and charged him with having spoken to me about what he had observed concerning his Lordship, which, W. Howe denying stoutly,[1] he was well at ease, and continues very quiet, and is removing from Chelsea; but, methinks, by my Lord's looks upon me to-day, my Lord is not very well pleased, nor, it may be, will be a good while, which vexes me; but I hope all will over in time, or else I am but ill rewarded for my good service.

December 1663

December 1st. After dinner I to Guildhall, to hear a trial at King's Bench before Lord Chief Justice Hyde, the same I mention in my yesterday's journal, where everything was proved how money was so taken up upon bottomry and insurance, and the ship left by the master and seamen upon rocks, where, when the sea fell at the ebb, she must perish. The master was offered help, and he did give the pilots 20 sols to drink, to bid them go about their business, saying that the rocks were old, but his ship was new; and that she was repaired for £6 and less all the damage that she received, and is brought by one sent for on purpose by the insurers, into the Thames, with her cargo, vessels of tallow daubed over with butter, instead of all butter — the whole not worth above £500, ship and all, and they had took up, as appeared above, £2400. He had given his men money to content them; and yet, for all this, he did bring some of them to swear that it was very stormy weather, and [they] did all they could to save her, and that she was seven feet deep water in hold, and were fain to cut her main and foremast, that the master was the last man that went out, and they were fain to force [him] out when she was ready to sink; and her rudder broke off, and she was drawn into the harbour after they were gone, as wreck all broken, and goods lost; that she could not be carried out again without new building; and many other things so contrary as is not imaginable more. There was all the great counsel in the kingdom in the cause; but, after one witness or two for the plaintiff, it was cried down as a most notorious cheat; and so the jury, without going out, found it for the plaintiff. But it was pleasant to see what mad sort of testimonies the seamen did give, and could not be got to speak in order; and then their terms such as the Judge could not understand; and to hear how sillily the Counsel and Judge would speak as to the terms necessary in the matter, would make one laugh; and, above all, a Frenchman that was forced to speak in French, and took an English oath he did not understand, and had an interpreter sworn to tell us what he said, which was the best testimony of all. I heard other causes; and the Judge would not suffer Mr. Crow, who hath fined for[1] Alderman, to be called so, but only Mister, and did eight or nine times fret at it, and stop every man that called him so.

3rd. This day, Sir G. Carteret did tell us at the table, that the Navy, excepting what is due to the Yards upon the quarter now going on, and what few bills he hath not heard of, is quite out of debt; which is extraordinary good news, and upon the 'Change to hear how our credit goes as good as any merchant's upon the 'Change is a joyful thing to consider, which God continue! I am sure the King will have the benefit of it, as well as we some peace and credit.

6th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I all the afternoon at arithmetic, and she is come to do Addition, Subtraction, and Multiplication very well.

7th. I hear there was the last night the greatest tide that ever was remembered in England to have been in this river; all Whitehall having been drowned. I met Dr. Clerke, and fell to discourse of Dr. Knapp, who tells me he is the King's physician, and is become a solicitor for places for people, and I am mightily troubled with him. He tells me that he is

[1] See notes, Nov. 18 and 22, *supra*.

[1] *I.e.* paid a composition to escape the duties of.

the most impudent fellow in the world, that gives himself out to be the King's physician, but is not so. But I may learn what impudence there is in the world, and how a man may be deceived in persons. At Whitehall; and anon the King, and Duke, and Duchess came to dinner in the Vane Room, where I never saw them before; but it seems, since the tables are done, he dines there altogether. The Queen is pretty well, and goes out of her chamber to her little chapel in the house. The King of France, they say, is hiring of sixty sail of ships of the Dutch, but it is not said for what design.

8th. To Whitehall, where a great while walked with my Lord Teviot, whom I find a most careful, thoughtful, and cunning man, as I also ever took him to be. He is this day bringing in an account where he makes the King debtor to him £10,000 already on the garrison of Tangier account; but yet demands not ready money to pay it, but offers such ways of paying it out of the sale of old decayed provisions as will enrich him finely.

9th. This day Mrs. Russell did give my wife a very fine St. George in alabaster, which will set out my wife's closet mightily.

10th. To St. Paul's Churchyard, to my bookseller's, and, having gained this day in the office by my stationer's bill to the King about 40s. or £3, calling for twenty books to lay this money out upon, and found myself at a great loss where to choose, and do see how my nature would gladly return to the laying out of money in this trade. Could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's[1] *History of Paul's*, Stow's *London*, Gesner, *History of Trent*,[2] besides Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's *Worthies*, the *Cabbala*[3] *or Collections of Letters of State*, and a little book, *Delices de Hollande*, with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and *Hudibras*, both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies. My mind being thus settled, I went by link home, and so to my office, and to read in Rushworth;[1] and so home to supper and to bed. Calling at Wotton's, my shoemaker's, today, he tells me that Sir H. Wright is dying; and that Harris is come to the Duke's house again; and of a rare play to be acted this week of Sir William Davenant's, the story of Henry the Eighth, with all his wives.

11th. At my bookseller's, and I bought at a shop Cardinal Mazarin's Will in French.[2] At the Coffee-house I went and sat by Mr. Harrington, and some East country merchants, and, talking about Quinsborough,[3] and thereabouts, he told us himself that for fish, none there, the poorest body, will buy a dead fish, but must be alive, unless it be in the winter: and then they told us the manner of putting their nets into the water. Through holes made in the thick ice, they will spread a net of half a mile long; and he hath known a hundred and thirty and a hundred and seventy barrels of fish taken at one draught. And then the people come with sledges upon the ice with snow at the bottom, and lay the fish in and cover them with snow, and so carry them to market. And he hath seen when the said fish have been frozen in the sledge, so as he hath taken a fish and broke a-pieces, so hard it hath been; and yet the same fishes taken out of the snow, and brought into a hot room, will be alive and leap up and down. Swallows are often brought up in their nets out of the mud from under water, hanging together to some twig or other, dead in ropes; and brought to the fire will come to life. Fowl killed in December, Alderman Barker said, he did buy, and putting into the box under his sledge, did forget to take them out to eat till April next, and

[1] Sir William Dugdale (1605-1686), author of the *Monasticon Anglicanum*.

[2] The *Liber de Conciliis*.

[3] A new edition of the *Cabbala* appeared in 1663.

[1] *Supra*, Nov. 23.

[2] The *Testament*.

[3] Königsberg. It is most probable that Mr. Harrington had been reading *The Travels of Master George Barkley, Merchant of London*, as given by Purchas, ii., 625, 627. Königsberg is there spelled Kinninsburge, easily corrupted by Pepys into *Quinsborough*. The swallow story is found at p. 626.—'One here in his net drew up a company or heap of swallows, as big as a bushel, fastened by the leg and bills in one, which being carried to their stoves, quickened, and flew, and coming again suddenly in the cold air, died.' [B.]

they then were found there, and were through the frost as sweet and fresh, and eat as well as at first killed. Young bears are there; their flesh sold in market, as ordinarily as beef here, and is excellent sweet meat. They tell us that bears there do never hurt anybody, but fly away from you, unless you pursue and set upon them; but wolves do much mischief. Mr. Harrington told us how they do to get so much honey as they send abroad. They make hollow a great fir-tree, leaving only a small slit down straight in one place; and this they close up again, only leave a little hole, and there the bees go in and fill the bodies of those trees as full of wax and honey as they can hold; and the inhabitants at times go and open the slit, and take what they please without killing the bees, and so let them live there still and make more. Fir trees are always planted close together, because of keeping one another from the violence of the winds; and when a fell is made, they leave here and there a grown tree to preserve the young ones coming up. The great entertainment and sport of the Duke of Corland,[1] and the princes thereabouts, is hunting; which is not with dogs as we, but he appoints such a day, and summons all the country-people as to a campagnia;[2] and by several companies gives every one their circuit, and they agree upon a place where the toil is to be set; and so, making fires every company as they go, they drive all the wild beasts, whether bears, wolves, foxes, swine, and stags, and roes, into the toil; and there the great men have their stands in such and such places, and shoot at what they have a mind to, and that is their hunting. They are not very populous there, by reason that people marry women seldom till they are towards or above thirty; and men thirty or forty years old, or more oftentimes. Against a public hunting the Duke sends that no wolves be killed by the people; and, whatever harm they do, the Duke makes it good to the person that suffers it; as Mr. Harrington instanced in a house where he lodged, where a wolf broke into a hog-sty, and bit three or four great pieces off of the back of the hog, before the house could come to help it; and the man of the house told him that there were three or four wolves thereabouts that did them great hurt; but it was no matter, for the Duke was to make it good to him, otherwise he would kill them.

12th. We had this morning a great dispute between Mr. Gauden, Victualler of the Navy, and Sir J. Lawson, and the rest of the Commanders going against Algiers, about their fish and keeping of Lent; which Mr. Gauden so much insists upon to have it observed, as being the only thing that makes up the loss of his dear bargain all the rest of the year. Luellin tells me that W. Symons's wife is dead, for which I am sorry, she being a good woman, and tells me an odd story of her saying before her death, being in good sense, that there stood her uncle Scobell. Home, and there I find that one Abrahall, who strikes in for the serving of the King with ship-chandlery ware, hath sent my wife a Japan gown, which pleases her very well. This day I heard my Lord Barkeley tell Sir G. Carteret that he hath letters from France that the King hath unduked twelve Dukes, only to show his power and to crush his nobility, who, he said, he did see had heretofore laboured to cross him. And this my Lord Barkeley did mightily magnify, as a sign of a brave and vigorous mind, that what he saw fit to be done he dares do.

14th. To the Duke, where I heard a large discourse between one that goes over an agent from the King to Leghorn and thereabouts, to remove the inconveniences his ships are put to by denial of pratique; which is a thing that is nowadays made use of only as a cheat, for a man may buy a bill of health for a piece of eight, and any enemy may agree with the Intendent of the Santé for ten pieces of eight or so, that he shall not give me a bill of health, and so spoil me in my design, whatever it be. This the King will not endure, and so resolves either to have it removed or to keep all ships from coming in or going out there, so long as his ships are stayed for want hereof. But, among other things, Lord! what an account did Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten make of the pulling down and burning of the head of the *Charles*,[1] where Cromwell was placed with people

[1] Courland. [2] Campaign.

[1] See p. 32.

under his horse, and Peter,[1] as the Duke called him, is praying to him;[2] and Sir J. Minnes would needs infer the temper of the people from their joy at the doing of this and their building a gibbet for the hanging of his head up, when, God knows, it is even the flinging away of £100 out of the King's purse, to the building of another, which it seems must be a Neptune. To my Lord Sandwich's lodging, where I and W. Howe talked a good while. He tells me that my Lord, it is true, for a while after my letter, was displeased, and did show many slightings of me; but when I did hear how he is come to himself, and hath wholly left Chelsea, and the slut, and that I see he do follow his business, and becomes in better repute than before, I am rejoiced to see it, though it do cost me some disfavour for a time. To the King's Head ordinary, and there dined among a company of fine gentlemen; some of them discoursed of the King of France's greatness, and how he is come to make the Princes of the Blood to take place of all foreign Ambassadors, which it seems is granted by them of Venice and other States, and expected from my Lord Hollis,[3] our King's Ambassador there; and that, either upon that score or something else, he hath not had his entry yet in Paris, but hath received several affronts, and, among others, his harness cut, and his gentlemen of his horse killed, which will breed bad blood, if true. They say, also, that the King of France hath hired threescore ships of Holland, and forty of the Swede, but nobody knows what to do:[4] but some great designs he hath on foot against the next year. Then we fell to talk of Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's burning of Oliver's head while he was there; which was done with so much insulting and folly as I never heard of, and had the trained band of Rochester to come to the solemnity. When all comes to all, Commissioner Pett says it never was made for him; but it troubles me the King should suffer £100 loss in his purse, to make a new one, after it was forgot whose head it was, or any words spoke of it.

15th. My brother's man came to tell me that my cousin, Edward Pepys, was dead at Mrs. Turner's, for which my wife and I are very sorry, and the more for that his wife was the only handsome woman of our name.

17th. To Mrs. Turner's, where I found her and her sister Dike[1] very sad for the death of their brother. After a little common expression of sorrow, Mrs. Turner told me that the trouble she would put me to was, to consult about getting an achievement prepared, scutcheons were done already, to set over the door. Came Smith to me, with whom I did agree for £4 to make a handsome one, ell square within the frame.

18th. Among other people came Mr. Primate, the leatherseller, in Fleet Street, to see me, he says, coming this way; and he tells me that he is upon a proposal to the King, whereby, by a law already in being, he will supply the King, without wrong to any man, or charge to the people in general, so much as it is now, above £200,000 per annum, and God knows what; and that the King do like the proposal, and hath directed that the Duke of Monmouth, with their consent, be made privy, and go along with him and his fellow-proposer in the business. God knows what it is; for I neither can guess nor believe there is any such thing in his head.

19th. To Mrs. Turner's, whom I find busy with Sir W. Turner about advising upon going down to Norfolk with the corpse, and I find him in talk a sober considering man.

21st. To my Lord Sandwich's, and there I had a pretty kind salute from my Lord. To Mrs. Turner's, and there saw the achievement pretty well set up, and it is well done. To Shoe Lane, to see a cock-fighting at a new pit there, a sport I was never at in my life; but, Lord! to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man (by name Wildes, that was Deputy Governor of the Tower, when Robinson was Lord Mayor), to the poorest 'prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with

[1] Hugh Peters.
[2] The figure head is described by Evelyn (*Diary*, April 9, 1655).
[3] Denzil Holles (1599-1680).
[4] *I.e.* knows for what purpose.

[1] Elizabeth Pepys or Dyke.

another cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it. It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at one bet, and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battle; so that one of them will lose £10 or £20 at a meeting. Thence to my Lord Sandwich's, where I find him within with Captain Cooke and his boys, Dr. Childe, Mr. Madge, and Mallard, playing and singing over my Lord's anthem, which he hath made to sing in the King's Chapel: my Lord saluted me kindly, and took me into the withdrawing-room to hear it; and indeed it sounds very finely, and is a good thing, I believe, to be made by him, and they all commend it. My Lord going to Whitehall, I went along with him, and made a desire for to have his coach to go along with my cousin Edward Pepys's hearse through the city on Wednesday next, which he granted me presently, though he cannot yet come to speak to me in the familiar style that he did use to do, nor can I expect it.

22nd. A letter from W. Howe that my Lord hath ordered his coach and six horses for me to-morrow. I hear for certain that my Lady Castlemaine is turned Papist, which the Queen for all do not much like, thinking that she do it not for conscience sake.[1] I heard to-day of a great fray lately between Sir H. Finch's coachman, who struck with his whip a coachman of the King's, to the loss of one of his eyes; at which the people of the Exchange seeming to laugh and make sport, with some words of contempt to him, my Lord Chamberlain did come from the King to shut up the 'Change, and by the help of a justice did it; but upon petition to the King it was opened again. At noon I to Sir R. Ford's, where Sir Richard Browne and I met upon the freight of a barge sent to France to the Duchess of Orleans; and here by discourse I find they greatly cry out against the choice of Sir John Cutler to be treasurer of Paul's, upon condition that he gives £1500 towards it; and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be Treasurer for the work, which, they say, will be worth three times as much money, and talk as if his being chosen to the office will make people backward to give: but I think him as likely a man as either of them, and better.[1]

23rd. Up betimes, and my wife; and being in as mourning a dress as we could, at present, without cost, put ourselves into, we by Sir W. Pen's coach to Mrs. Turner's, at Salisbury Court, where I find my Lord's coach and six horses. We stayed till almost eleven o'clock, and much company came, and anon, the corpse being put into the hearse, and the scutcheons set upon it, we all took coach, and I and my wife and Auditor Beale, in my Lord Sandwich's coach, and went next to Mrs. Turner's mourning-coach; and so through all the City and Shoreditch, I believe about twenty coaches, and four or five with six and four horses. Being come thither, I made up to the mourners, and bidding them a good journey, I took leave and back again.

25th. (Christmas day.) My wife began, I know not whether by design or chance, to enquire what she should do, if I should by any accident die, to which I did give her some slight answer, but shall make good use of it to bring myself to some settlement for her sake, by making a will as soon as I can. Late reading Rushworth, which is a most excellent collection of the beginning of the late quarrels in this kingdom.

26th. Mr. Holliard dined with us, we having a pheasant to dinner.

28th. Walking through Whitehall I heard the King was gone to play at tennis, so I down to the New Tennis Court, and saw him and Sir Arthur Slingsby play against my Lord of Suffolk and my Lord Chesterfield. The King beat three, and lost two sets, they all, and he particularly, playing well, I thought. Thence went and spoke with the Duke of Albemarle about his wound at Newhall, but I find him a heavy dull man,

[1] 'Le mariage du Chevalier de Grammont,' says Monsieur de Lionne, in a letter written to Louis XIV. of this date, 'et la conversion de Madame de Castlemaine se sont publiez le même jour; et le Roy d'Angleterre, estant tant prié par les parents de la Dame d'apporter quelque obstacle à cette action, répondit galamment que pour l'âme des Dames il ne s'en mêloit point.' [B.]

[1] The sentences in this entry appear in different order in later versions of the text.

methinks, by his answers to me. The Duchess of York is fallen sick of the measles.

30th. Up betimes. My Lord Sandwich did ask me how his cousin, my wife, did, the first time he hath done so since his being offended, and in my conscience he would be glad to be free with me again, but he knows not how to begin.

31st. To dinner, my wife and I, a fine turkey and a minced pie, and dined in state, poor wretch, she and I, and have thus kept our Christmas together all alone almost, having not once been out. At the Coffee [-house], hearing some simple discourse about Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists. I bless God I do, after a large expense, even this month, find that I am worth, in money, besides all my household stuff, or anything of Brampton, above £800, whereof in my Lord Sandwich's hand, £700, and the rest in my hand. I do live at my lodgings in the Navy Office, my family being, besides my wife and I, Jane Gentleman, Bess, our excellent good-natured cook-maid, and Susan, a little girl, having neither man nor boy, nor like to have again a good while, living now in most perfect content and quiet, and very frugally also; my health pretty good. At the office I am well, though envied to the devil by Sir William Batten, who hates me to death, but cannot hurt me. The rest either love me, or at least do not show otherwise, though I know Sir William Pen to be a false knave touching me, though he seems fair. My father and mother well in the country; and at this time the young ladies of Hinching broke with them—their house having the smallpox in it. The Queen, after a long and sore sickness, is become well again; and the King minds his mistress a little too much, if it pleased God! but I hope all things will go well, and in the Navy particularly, wherein I shall do my duty, whatever comes of it. The great talk is the design of the King of France, whether against the Pope or King of Spain nobody knows; but a great and a most promising Prince he is, and all the Princes of Europe have their eye upon him. My wife's brother came to great unhappiness by the ill disposition, my wife says, of his wife, and her poverty, which she now professes, after all her husband's pretence of a great portion. At present I am concerned for my cousin Angier, of Cambridge, lately broke in his trade, and this day am sending his son John, a very rogue, to sea. My brother Tom I know not what to think of, for I cannot hear whether he minds his business or not; and my brother John at Cambridge, with as little hopes of doing good there, for when he was here, he did give me great cause of dissatisfaction with his manner of life. Pall with my father; and God knows what she do there, or what will become of her, for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old, and must be disposed of, one way or other. The Duchess of York is growing well again. The Turk very far entered into Germany, and all that part of the world at a loss what to expect from his proceedings. Myself, blessed be God! in a good way, and design and resolution of sticking to my business to get a little money with, doing the best service I can to the King also; which God continue! So ends the old year.

January 1664

January 1st. At the Coffee-house, where much talking about a very rich widow, young and handsome, of one Sir Nicholas Gold's, a merchant, lately fallen, and of great courtiers that already look after her;[1] her husband not dead a week yet. She is reckoned worth £80,000. Went to the Duke's house, the first play I have been at these six months, according to my last vow, and here saw the so much cried-up play of *Henry the Eighth*[2]; which, though I went with resolution to like it, is so simple a thing, made up of a great many patches, that, besides the shows and processions in it, there is nothing in the world good or well done.

2nd. To the King's house, and saw *The Usurper*,[3] which is no good play, though better than what I saw yesterday.

4th. I to my Lord Sandwich's lodgings,

[1] See June 20, 1664. [2] See p. 233.
[3] By Edward Howard, brother of Sir Robert Howard; printed in 1668.

but he not being up, I to the Duke's chamber, and there by and by to his closet, where, since his lady was ill, a little red bed of velvet is brought for him to lie alone, which is a very pretty one. After doing business here, I to my Lord's again, and there spoke with him, and he seems now almost friends again, as he used to be. Here meeting Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, he told me, among other Court news, how the Queen is very well again; and that she speaks now very pretty English, and makes her sense out now and then with pretty phrases; as among others this is mightily cried up, that, meaning to say that she did not like such a horse so well as the rest, he being too prancing and full of tricks, she said he did make too much vanity. To the Tennis Court, and there saw the King play at tennis and others; but to see how the King's play was extolled, without any cause at all, was a loathsome sight, though sometimes, indeed, he did play very well, and deserved to be commended; but such open flattery is beastly. Afterwards to St. James's Park, seeing people play at Pell Mell; where it pleased me mightily to hear a gallant, lately come from France, swear at one of his companions for suffering his man, a spruce blade, to be so saucy as to strike a ball while his master was playing on the Mall. My wife is mighty sad to think of her father, who is going into Germany against the Turks; but what will become of her brother I know not. He is so idle, and out of all capacity, I think, to earn his bread.

6th. (Twelfth day.) This morning I began a practice, which I find, by the ease I do it with, that I shall continue, it saving me money and time; that is, to trim myself with a razor; which pleases me mightily.

7th. At noon all of us to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where a very handsome dinner, Sir J. Lawson among others, and his lady and his daughter; but to see how Sir W. Pen imitates me in everything, even in having his chimney-piece in his dining-room the same with that in my wife's closet, and in everything else I perceive wherein he can. But to see again how he was out in one compliment: he lets alone drinking any of the ladies' healths that were there, my Lady Batten and Lawson, till he had begun with my Lady Carteret, who was absent, and that was well enough, and then Mr. Coventry's mistress, at which he was ashamed, and would not have had him have drunk it, at least before the ladies present, but his policy, as he thought, was such that he would do it.

8th. By appointment took Luellin, Mount, and W. Symons, and Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, home to dinner with me, and were merry. We spent all the afternoon together, and then to cards with my wife, who this day put on her Indian blue gown, which is very pretty. We had great pleasure this afternoon; among other things, to talk of our old passages together in Cromwell's time; and how W. Symons did make me laugh and wonder to-day when he told me how he had made shift to keep in, in good esteem and employment, through eight governments in one year, (the year 1659, which were indeed, and he did name them all); and then failed unhappy in the ninth, viz., that of the King's coming in. He made good to me the story which Luellin did tell me the other day, of his wife upon her death-bed; how she dreamt of her uncle Scobell, and did foretell, from some discourse she had with him, that she should die four days thence, and not sooner, and did all along say so, and did so. Upon the 'Change a great talk there was of one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lyme Street, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed), and gagged and robbed of £1050 in money and about £4000 in jewels, which he had in his house, as security for money. It is believed that his man is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret till in his desk, wherein the key of his cash-chest lay.

9th. By discourse with my wife thought upon inviting my Lord Sandwich to a dinner shortly. It will cost me at least ten or twelve pounds; but, however, some arguments of prudence I have, which I shall think again upon before I proceed to that expense. Called at Ludgate, at Ashwell's uncle's, but she was not within, to have spoke to her to have come to dress my wife at the time when my Lord dines here.

10th. (Lord's day.) My brother Tom came to see me, telling me how Mrs.

Turner found herself discontented with her late bad journey, and not well taken by them in the country, they not desiring her coming down, nor the burial of Mr. Edward Pepys's corpse there.[1] All our discourse to-night was about Mr. Tryan's late being robbed; and that Colonel Turner, a mad, swearing, confident fellow, well known by all, and by me, one much indebted to this man for his very livelihood, was the man that either did or plotted it; and the money and things are found in his hand, and he and his wife now in Newgate for it; of which we are all glad, so very a known rogue he was.

11th. To the Tennis Court till noon, and there saw several great matches played. By invitation to St. James's; where, at Mr. Coventry's chamber, I dined with my Lord Barkeley, Sir G. Carteret, Sir Edward Turner,[2] Sir Ellis Layton,[3] and one Mr. Seymour, a fine gentleman; where admirable discourse of all sorts, pleasant and serious. This morning I stood by the King arguing with a pretty Quaker woman, that delivered to him a desire of hers in writing. The King showed her Sir J. Minnes, as a man the fittest for her quaking religion; she modestly saying nothing till he began seriously to discourse with her, arguing the truth of his spirit against hers; she replying still with these words, 'O King!' and thou'd him all along. The general talk of the town still is of Colonel Turner, about the robbery; who, it is thought, will be hanged. I heard the Duke of York tell to-night, how letters are come that fifteen are condemned for the late plot by the Judges at York; and, among others, Captain Oates,[4] against whom it was proved that he drew his sword at his going out, and, flinging away the scabbard, said that he would either return victor or be hanged.

12th. Comes my uncle Wight and my aunt, with their cousins Mary and Robert, and by chance my uncle Thomas Pepys. We had a good dinner, the chief dish a swan roasted, and that excellent meat.

[1] In the church of Taterset, St. Andrew, Norfolk. [B.]

[2] Then speaker of the House of Commons.

[3] Sir Elisha Leighton (d. 1685), brother of Robert, Bishop of Dunblane, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow. See Jan. 25, 1665.

[4] See Nov. 9, 1663.

15th. My wife tells me that my uncle Wight hath been with her, and played at cards with her, and is mightily inquisitive to know whether she is with child or no, which makes me wonder what his meaning is; and after all my thoughts, I cannot think, unless it be in order to the making his will; and I would to God my wife had told him that she was!

17th. (Lord's day.) To the French church, and there heard a good sermon, the first time my wife and I were there ever together. We sat by three sisters, all pretty women. It was pleasant to hear the reader give notice to them, that the children to be catechized next Sunday were them of Houndsditch and Blanche Chapiton.[1]

18th. Abroad to Whitehall, where the Court all in mourning for the Duchess of Savoy. By coach to the 'Change, after having been at the Coffee-house, where I hear Turner is found guilty of felony and burglary; and strange stories of his confidence at the bar, but yet great indiscretion in his arguing. All desirous of his being hanged.

19th. My eyes began to fail me and to be in pain, which I never felt to nowadays.

20th. To my Lord Sandwich's, and I walked with him to the Tennis Court, and there left him, seeing the King play. My Lord Sandwich did also seal a lease for the house he is now taking in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which stands him in £250 per annum rent. To my brother's, whom I find not well in bed, sick, they say, of a consumption. To Mr. Commander's in Warwick Lane, to speak to him about drawing up my will. Sir Richard Ford[2] told me that Turner is to be hanged to-morrow, and with what impudence he hath carried out his trial; but that last night, when he brought him news of his death, he began to be sober, and shed some tears, and he hopes will die a penitent; he having already confessed all the thing, but says it was partly done for a joke, and partly to get an occasion of obliging the old man by his care in getting him his things again, he having some hopes of

[1] Blanch Apleton, in Aldgate. Hall, in his *Chronicle* (ed. 1548), writes it Blanchechapelton. [B.]

[2] One of the sheriffs.

being the better by him in his estate at his death. Mr. Pierce tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is not at all set by by the King, but that he do dote upon Mrs. Stewart only, and that to the leaving of all business in the world, and to the open slighting of the Queen; that he values not who sees him, or stands by him while he dallies with her openly; and then privately in her chamber below, where the very sentries observe his going in and out; and that so commonly, that the Duke or any of the nobles when they would ask where the King is, they will ordinarily say, 'Is the King above or below?' meaning with Mrs. Stewart; that the King do not openly disown my Lady Castlemaine, but that she comes to Court; but that my Lord FitzHarding and the Hambletons,[1] and sometimes my Lord Sandwich, they say [intrigue] with her. But he says my Lord Sandwich will lead her from her lodgings in the darkest and obscurest manner, and leave her at the entrance into the Queen's lodgings, that he might be the least observed; that the Duke of Monmouth the King do still dote on beyond measure, insomuch that the King only, the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Monmouth, do now wear deep mourning, that is, long cloaks, for the Duchess of Savoy; so that he mourns as a Prince of the Blood, while the Duke of York do no more, and all the nobles of the land not so much; which gives great offence. But that the Duke of York do give himself up to business, and is like to prove a noble prince; and so indeed I do from my heart think he will. He says that it is believed, as well as hoped, that care is taken to lay up a hidden treasure of money by the King against a bad day. I pray God it be so! but I should be more glad that the King himself would look after business, which it seems he do not in the least. I am resolved to forbear my laying out my money upon a dinner, till I see my Lord in a better posture, and by grave and humble, though high, deportment, to make him think I do not want him, and that will make him the readier to admit me to his friendship again—I believe the soonest of anything but downright impudence, and thrusting myself, as others do, upon him, and imposing upon him, which yet I cannot do, nor will not endeavour. To bed, after I had by candlelight shaved myself and cut off all my beard.

[1] Hamiltons.

21st. Up, and after sending my wife to my aunt Wight's, to get a place to see Turner hanged, I to the 'Change; and seeing people flock in the City, I enquired, and found that Turner was not yet hanged. So I went among them to Leadenhall Street, at the end of Lyme Street, near where the robbery was done; and to St. Mary Axe, where he lived. And there I got for a shilling to stand upon the wheel of a cart, in great pain, above an hour before the execution was done; he delaying the time by long discourses and prayers, one after another, in hopes of a reprieve; but none came, and at last he was flung off the ladder in his cloak. A comely-looked man he was, and kept his countenance to the end; I was sorry to see him. It was believed there were at least 12,000 or 14,000 people in the street. To the Coffee-house, and heard the full of Turner's discourse on the cart, which was chiefly to clear himself of all things laid to his charge but this fault, for which he now suffers, which he confesses. He deplored the condition of his family, but his chief design was to lengthen time, believing still a reprieve would come, though the sheriff advised him to expect no such thing, for the King was resolved to grant none. To my aunt Wight's, where Dr. Burnett did tell me how poorly the sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewel returned by Turner, after he was convicted, as a due to them, and not to give it to Mr. Tryan, the true owner, but ruled against them, to their great dishonour.

22nd. To Deptford, and there viewed Sir W. Petty's vessel; which hath an odd appearance, but not such as people do make of it.

24th. (Lord's day.) To my office, and there fell on entering, out of a by-book, part of my second journal-book, which hath lain these two years and more unentered. This evening also I drew up a rough draft of my last will.

25th. Troubled a little in mind to think that my Lord Sandwich should continue this strangeness to me.

26th. Tom Killigrew told us of a fire last night in my Lady Castlemaine's lodging, where she bid £40 for one to adventure the fetching of a cabinet out, which at last was got to be done; and the fire at last quenched, without doing much wrong.

27th. At the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue[1] and William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear, and did, among other things (saying that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world —*Religio Medici*,[2] Osborne's *Advice to a Son*,[3] and *Hudibras*), say that in these—the two first principally—the wit lies, and confirming some pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes, by some argument smartly and pleasantly urged, which takes with people who do not trouble themselves to examine the force of an argument, which pleases them in the delivery, upon a subject which they like; whereas, as by many particular instances of mine, and others, out of Osborne, he did really find fault and weaken the strength of many of Osborne's arguments, so as that in downright disputation they would not bear weight; at least so far, but that they might be weakened, and better found in their rooms to confirm what is there said. He showed finely whence it happens that good writers are not admired by the present age; because there are but few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse and curious; and so longer before anybody do put the true praise, and set it on foot in the world, the generality of mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world, as eating, drinking, dancing, hunting, fencing, which we see the meanest men do the best, those that profess it. A gentleman never dances so well as the dancing-master; and an ordinary fiddler makes better music for a shilling than a gentleman will do after spending forty; and so in all the delights of the world almost. To Covent Garden, to buy a mask at the French house, Madame Charett's,[4] for my wife; in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play *The Indian Queen*;[1] which for show, they say, exceeds *Henry the Eighth*. Called to see my brother Tom, who was not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

29th. To the Fleece in Cornhill, by appointment, to meet my Lord Marlborough, a serious and worthy gentleman, who began to talk of the state of the Dutch in India, which is like to be in a little time without any control; for we are lost there, and the Portuguese as bad.

30th. The day kept solemnly for the King's murder. In the evening signed and sealed my last will and testament, which is to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty. This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which, under the title of *Love a Cheat*, I began ten years ago at Cambridge: and, reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself, at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

31st. (Lord's day.) I did perfectly prepare a state of my estate, and annexed it to my last will and testament, which now is perfect, and find that I am worth £858 clear, which is the greatest sum I ever yet was master of. My head very full of thoughts to provide for answering to the Exchequer for my uncle's being General-Receiver in the year 1647, which I am at present wholly unable to do.

February 1664

February 1st. I hear how two men last night, jostling for the wall about the new Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's Chapel, one Cave, and the other a retainer of my Lord General Middleton's.[2] I to Whitehall; where, in

1 Sir George Askew. See p. 99.
2 By Sir Thomas Browne.
3 Francis Osborne (1693-1659). *Cf.* p. 104.
4 Mrs. Mary Cherrett, called also Madame Cherrett, lived in the Piazza. (Rate Books of St. Paul's, Covent Garden.) Mr. George Cherret, milliner, and Susan his wife were living in the Piazza in 1689. [B.]

1 By Sir Robert Howard and John Dryden.
2 John Middleton, first Earl of Middleton (1619-1674), then in command in Scotland.

the Duke's chamber, the King came and stayed an hour or two laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there, about his boat; and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders with great discretion; and offered to take odds against the King's best boats: but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College[1] he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of air, and doing nothing else since they sat. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see *The Indian Queen*, which he commends for a very fine thing, my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed. To the King's Theatre, and there saw *The Indian Queen* acted, which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation; the play good, but spoiled with the rhyme, which breaks the sense.[2] But, above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall[3] did do her part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthe's:[4] but, however, we came home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering; and he tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristol against the Parliament; and that my Lord Lauderdale and Cooper open high against the Chancellor; which I am sorry for. This day W. Bowyer told me that his father is dead lately, and died by being drowned in the river, coming over in the night; but he says he had not been drinking. He was taken with his stick in his hand, and cloak over his shoulder, as ruddy as before he died. His horse was taken overnight in the water, hampered in the bridle, but they were so silly as not to look for his master till the next morning that he was found drowned.

2nd. To the 'Change, and thence on to the Sun Tavern with Sir W. Warren. He did give me a pair of gloves for my wife wrapt up in a paper, which I would not open, feeling it hard; but did tell him that my wife should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I came home, Lord! in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were; and, by and by, she being gone, it proves a pair of white gloves for her, and forty pieces in good gold, which did so cheer my heart, that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner. I was at a great loss what to do, whether to tell my wife of it or no, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition, or in a better way of getting money, than yet I am.

3rd. To the Mitre Tavern, and there met with W. Howe come to buy wine for my Lord against his going down to Hinchingbroke, and I private with him, a great while discoursing of my Lord's strangeness to me; but he answers that I have no reason to think any such thing, but that my Lord is only in general a more reserved man than he was before. My wife is full of sad stories of her good-natured father, and roguish brother, who is going for Holland and his wife, to be a soldier. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house[1] there, where I never was before: where Dryden, the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our College. And, had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse.

[1] The Royal Society.

[2] Pepys's opinion is an interesting supplement to the Howard-Dryden controversy in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, the *Defence* of the same, etc.

[3] Anne Marshall, elder sister of Rebecca or Becke Marshall, frequently mentioned in the *Diary*.

[4] Mrs. Saunderson, afterwards Mrs. Betterton. The character of Ianthe is in *The Siege of Rhodes*.

[1] The Rose, on the west side of Bow Street, at the corner of Russell Street, known later as Will's Coffee-house. Here Dryden had a chair reserved for him near the fireplace in winter, and in the balcony in summer. See note, *supra*, p. 16, where the reference, if Pepys's statement here be correct, must be to another place.

But I could not tarry, and, as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

4th. To Paul's School, and up to hear the upper form examined; and there was kept by very many of the Mercers, Clutterbucke, Barker, Harrington, and others; and with great respect used by them all, and had a noble dinner. Here they tell me that, in Dr. Colet's[1] will, he says that he would have a Master found for the School that hath good skill in Latin, and, if it could be, one that had some knowledge of the Greek; so little was Greek known here at that time. Dr. Wilkins[2] and one Mr. Smallwood, Posers.

5th. Reading *Faber fortunae*,[3] which I can never read too often. At home, to look after some Brampton papers, and my uncle's accounts as General-Receiver of the county for 1647 of our monthly assessment, which, contrary to my expectation, I found in such good order that I did not expect, nor could have thought.

6th. Home, whither came one Father Fogourdy, an Irish priest, of my wife's and her mother's acquaintance in France, a sober and discreet person, but one that I would not have converse with my wife for fear of meddling with her religion. He confirms to me the news that for certain there is peace made between the Pope and King of France.

7th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, and thence home; and with great mirth read Sir W. Davenant's two speeches in dispraise of London and Paris, by way of reproach one to the other.[4]

8th. Mr. Pierce told me how the King still do dote upon his women, even beyond all shame: and that the good Queen will of herself stop before she goes sometimes into her dressing-room, till she knows whether the King be there, for fear he should be, as she hath sometimes taken him, with Mrs. Stewart; and that some of the best parts of the Queen's jointure are, contrary to faith and against the opinion of my Lord Treasurer and his Council, bestowed or rented, I know not how, to my Lord FitzHarding and Mrs. Stewart and others of that crew: that the King do dote infinitely upon the Duke of Monmouth, apparently as one that he intends to have succeed him. God knows what will be the end of it!

9th. Great talk of the Dutch proclaiming themselves in India Lords of the Southern Seas, and denying traffic there to all ships but their own, upon pain of confiscation; which makes our merchants mad. Great doubt of two ships of ours, the *Greyhound* and another, very rich, coming from the Straits, for fear of the Turks. Matters are made up between the Pope and the King of France; so that now all the doubt is what the French will do with their armies. Mr. Moore told me that my Lord is mightily altered, that is, grown very high and stately, and do not admit of any to come into his chamber to him, as heretofore, and that I must not think of his strangeness to me, for it is the same he do to everybody. I discoursed with him about my money that my Lord hath, and the £1000 that I stand bound with him in, to my cousin Thomas Pepys, in both which I shall get myself at liberty as soon as I can; for I do not like his being angry and in debt both together to me; and, besides, I do not perceive he looks after paying his debts, but runs farther and farther in.

10th. By coach to my Lord Sandwich, to his new house, a fine house, but deadly dear, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I found and spoke a little to him. He is high and strange still, but did ask me how my wife did, and at parting remembering him to his cousin. My wife abroad to buy Lent provisions. I did give my wife's brother 10s. and a coat that I had by me, a close-bodied, light-coloured coat, with a gold edging in each seam, that was the lace of my wife's best petticoat that she had when I married her. He is going into Holland to seek his fortune. My pain do leave me without coming to any great excess; but my cold that I had got I suppose was not very great, it being only the leaving of my waistcoat unbuttoned one morning.

11th. Mr. Falconer came and visited my wife, and brought her a present, a silver state-cup and cover, value about £3 or £4, for the courtesy I did him the other

[1] Dean of St. Paul's, and founder of the School (? 1467-1519).
[2] John Wilkins (1614-1672).
[3] Perhaps a reference to Bacon's 40th essay, 'Of Fortune.' See the note to it in Mr. Aldis Wright's edition, p. 335.
[4] In his *Entertainment at Rutland House* (printed 1656).

day. I am almost sorry for this present, because I would have reserved him for a place to go in summer a-visiting at Woolwich with my wife.

12th. Called at Alderman Backewell's, and there changed Mr. Falconer's state-cup, that he did give us the other day, for a fair tankard. The cup weighed with the fashion[1] £5: 16s., and another little cup that Joyce Norton did give us 17s.—both £6: 13s.; for which we had a tankard, which came to £6: 10s. at 5s. 7d. per oz., and 3s. in money.

13th. To the African House. Anon down to dinner, to a table which Mr. Coventry keeps here, out of his £300 per annum as one of the Assistants to the Royal Company, a very pretty dinner, and good company, and excellent discourse. Home with my wife, and saw her day's work in ripping the silk standard which we brought home last night, and it will serve to line a bed, or for twenty uses, to our great content.

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church alone, where a lazy sermon of Mr. Mills, upon a text to introduce catechizing in our parish, which I perceive he intends to begin.

15th. To Whitehall, to the Duke; where he first put on a periwig to-day: but methought his hair cut short in order thereto did look very pretty of itself, before he put on his periwig. Great news of the arrival of two rich ships, the *Greyhound* and another, which they were mightily afraid of, and great insurance given. This afternoon Sir Thomas Chamberlain came to the office to me, and showed me several letters from the East Indies, showing the height that the Dutch are come to there, showing scorn to all the English, even in our only Factory there of Surat, beating several men, and hanging the English standard St. George under the Dutch flag in scorn; saying that, whatever their masters do or say at home, they will do what they list, and be masters of all the world there; and have so proclaimed themselves sovereigns of all the South Seas: which certainly our King cannot endure, if the Parliament will give him money. But I doubt, and yet do hope they will not yet, till we are more ready for it.

17th. With my wife, setting her down by her father's in Long Acre, in so ill-looked a place, among all the brothels, that I was troubled at it, to see her go thither. Mr. Pierce tells me of the King's giving of my Lord FitzHarding two leases which belong indeed to the Queen, worth £20,000 to him; and how people do talk of it. Home, and dined, where I found an excellent mastiff, his name Towser, sent me by a surgeon.

19th. Mr. Cutler came, and walked and talked with me a great while; and then to the 'Change together; and, it being early, did tell me several excellent examples of men raised upon the 'Change by their great diligence and saving; as also his own fortune, and how credit grew upon him; that, when he was not really worth £1100, he had credit for £100,000; of Sir W. Rider, how he rose; and others. By and by joined us Sir John Bankes; who told us several passages of the East India Company; and how in his very case, when there was due to him and Alderman Mico £64,000 from the Dutch for injury done to them in the East Indies, Oliver, presently after the peace, they delaying to pay them the money, sent them word, that if they did not pay them by such a day, he would grant letters of mark to those merchants against them; by which they were so fearful of him, they did presently pay the money every farthing. Took my wife, and, taking a coach, went to visit my Ladies Jemimah and Paulina Montagu, and Mrs. Elizabeth Pickering, whom we find at their father's new house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; but the house all in dirt. They received us well enough; but I did not endeavour to carry myself over familiarly with them; and so, after a little stay, there coming in presently after us my Lady Aberguenny and other ladies, we back again by coach.

21st. (Lord's day.) My wife called up the people to washing by four o'clock in the morning;[1] and our little girl Susan is a most admirable slut, and pleases us mightily, doing more service than both the others, and deserves wages better.

22nd. This evening came Mr. Alsopp, the King's brewer, with whom I spent an hour talking and bewailing the posture of things at present; the King led away by half a dozen men, that none of his serious servants and friends can come at him.

[1] *I.e.* making, workmanship.

[1] *I.e.* Monday morning.

These are Lauderdale, Buckingham, Hamilton, FitzHarding, to whom he hath, it seems, given £12,000 per annum in the best part of the King's estate; and that that the old Duke of Buckingham could never get of the King. Progers[1] is another, and Sir H. Bennett. He loves not the Queen at all, but is rather sullen to her; and she, by all reports, incapable of children. He is so fond of the Duke of Monmouth, that everybody admires it;[2] and he says that the Duke hath said that he would be the death of any man that says the King was not married to his mother; though Alsopp says it is well known that she was a common strumpet before the King was acquainted with her. But it seems, he says, that the King is mighty kind to these his bastard children; and at this day will go at midnight to my Lady Castlemaine's nurses, and take the child and dance it in his arms; that he is not likely to have his tables[3] up again in his house, for the crew that are about him will not have him come to common view again, but keep him obscurely among themselves. He hath this night, it seems, ordered that the Hall, which there is a ball to be in to-night before the King, be guarded, as the Queen-mother's is, by his Horse Guards; whereas heretofore they were by the Lord Chamberlain or Steward, and their people. But it is feared they will reduce all to the soldiery, and all other places be taken away; and, what is worst of all, will alter the present militia, and bring all to a flying army. That my Lord Lauderdale, being Middleton's enemy, and one that scorns the Chancellor even to open affronts before the King, hath got the whole power of Scotland into his hand; whereas, the other day, he was in a fair way to have had his whole estate, and honour, and life, voted away from him. That the King hath done himself all imaginable wrong in the business of my Lord Antrim,[4] in Ireland; who, though he was the head of rebels, yet he by his letter owns to have acted by his father's and mother's, and his commissions; but it seems the truth is he hath obliged himself, upon the clearing of his estate, to settle it upon a daughter of the Queen-mother's, by my Lord Jermyn, I suppose, in marriage, be it to whom the Queen pleases; which is a sad story. It seems a daughter of the Duke of Lennox's was, by force, going to be married the other day, at Somerset House, to Harry Jermyn; but she got away and ran to the King, and he says he will protect her. She is, it seems, very near akin to the King. Such mad doings there are every day among them! There was a French book in verse, the other day, translated and presented to the Duke of Monmouth, in such a high style, that the Duke of York, he tells me, was mightily offended at it. The Duke of Monmouth's mother's brother hath a place at Court; and being a Welshman, I think, he told me will talk very broad of the King's being married to his sister. The King did the other day, at the Council, commit my Lord Bristol's chaplain, and steward, and another servant, who went upon the process begun there against their lord, to swear that they saw him at church, and receive the sacrament as a Protestant, which, the Judges said, was sufficient to prove him such in the eye of the law; the King, I say, did commit them all to the Gate-house, notwithstanding their pleading their dependence upon him, and the faith they owed him as their lord, whose bread they eat. And that the King should say that he would soon see whether he was King, or Bristol. That the Queen-mother hath outrun herself in her expenses, and is now come to pay very ill, or run in debt; the money being spent that she received for leases. He believes there is not any money laid up in bank, as I told him some did hope; but he says, from the best informers, he can assure me there is no such thing, nor anybody that should look after such a thing, and that there is not now above £80,000 of the Dunkirk money left in stock. That Oliver, in the year when he spent £1,400,000 in the Navy, did spend in the whole expense of the kingdom £2,600,000. That all the Court are mad for a Dutch war; but both he and I did concur that it was a thing rather to be dreaded than hoped for; unless, by the French King's falling upon Flanders, they and the Dutch should be

[1] Edward Progers, the King's *valet-de-chambre*, and the confidant of his amours. Ob. 1713, aged 96. [B.]

[2] *I.e.* marvels at it.

[3] At which the King dined in public. [B.]

[4] The pardoning (1663) of Randal Macdonnel, second Earl and first Marquis of Antrim (1609-1683).

divided. That our Ambassador[1] had, it is true, an audience; but in the most dishonourable way that could be; for the Princes of the Blood, though invited by our Ambassador, which was the greatest absurdity that ever Ambassador committed these 400 years, were not there; and so were not said to give place to our King's Ambassador. And that our King did openly say, the other day in the Privy Chamber, that he would not be hectored out of his right and pre-eminences by the King of France, as great as he was. That the Pope is glad to yield to a peace with the French, as the news-book says, upon the basest terms that ever was. That the talk which these people about our King, that I named before, have, is to tell him how neither privilege of Parliament nor City is anything; but that his will is all, and ought to be so: and their discourse, it seems, when they are alone, is so base and sordid, that it makes the ears of the very gentlemen of the backstairs, I think he called them, to tingle to hear it spoke in the King's hearing; and that must be very bad indeed. That my Lord Bristol did send to Lisbon a couple of priests, to search out what they could against the Chancellor concerning the match, as to the point of his knowing beforehand that the Queen was not capable of bearing children; and that something was given her to make her so. But, as private as they were, when they came thither, they were clapped up prisoners. That my Lord Bristol endeavours what he can to bring the business into the House of Commons, hoping there to master the Chancellor, there being many enemies of his there: but I hope the contrary. That whereas the late King did mortgage Clarendon[2] to somebody for £20,000, and this to have given it to the Duke of Albemarle, and he sold it to my Lord Chancellor, whose title of Earldom is fetched from thence, the King hath this day sent his order to the Privy Seal for the payment of this £20,000 to my Lord Chancellor, to clear the mortgage. Ireland in a very distracted condition about the hard usage which the Protestants meet with, and the too good which the Catholics. And from all together, God knows my heart, I expect nothing but ruin can follow, unless things are better ordered in a little time.

23rd. (Shrove Tuesday.) This day, by the blessing of God, I have lived thirty-one years in the world: and, by the grace of God, I find myself not only in good health in everything, and particularly as to the stone, but only pain upon taking cold, and also in a fair way of coming to a better esteem and estate in the world, than ever I expected. But I pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!

24th. (Ash Wednesday.) To the Queen's chapel, where I stayed and saw their mass, till a man came and bid me go out or kneel down: so I did go out. And thence to Somerset House; and there into the chapel, where Monsieur d'Espagne[1] used to preach. But now it is made very fine, and was ten times more crowded than the Queen's chapel at St. James's; which I wonder at. Thence down to the garden of Somerset House, and up and down the new building, which, in every respect, will be mighty magnificent and costly.

25th. To my Lord's, and saw the young ladies, and thence to Whitehall. Resolved of going to meet my Lord to-morrow, having got a horse of Mr. Coventry to-day.

26th. Up, and, after dressing myself handsomely for riding, I out, and by water to Westminster, to Mr. Creed's chamber, and, after drinking some chocolate, and playing on the viol, Mr. Mallard being there, upon Creed's new viol, which proves, methinks, much worse than mine, we set out from an inn hard by, whither Mr. Coventry's horse was carried, and round about the bush through bad ways to Highgate. Good discourse in the way had between us; and, it being a most admirable pleasant day, stopped at the Cock, a mile on this side Barnet, being unwilling to put ourselves to the charge or doubtful acceptance of any provision against my Lord's coming by, and there got something and dined, setting a boy to look towards Barnet Hill, against their coming; and, after two or three false alarms, they came,

[1] Denzil Holles, *u.s.*
[2] Clarendon Park, near Salisbury.

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

and we met the coach very gracefully, and I had as kind a receipt[1] from both Lord and Lady as I could wish, and some kind discourse, and then rode by the coach a good way, and so fell to discoursing with several of the people, there being a dozen attending the coach, and another coach for the maids and parson. But when we came to my Lord's house, I went in; and, whether it was my Lord's neglect, or general indifference, I know not, but he made no kind of compliment there; and, methinks, the young ladies look somewhat highly upon me. So I went away, without bidding adieu to anybody, being desirous not to be thought too servile.

27th. Sir Martin Noell told us the dispute between him, as farmer of the Additional Duty, and the East India Company, whether calico be linen or no; which he says it is, having been ever esteemed so: they say it is made of cotton wool, and grows upon trees, not like flax or hemp. But it was carried against the Company, though they stand out against the verdict.

28th. (Lord's day.) Up, and walked to Paul's; and, by chance, it was an extraordinary day for the Readers of the Inns of Court and all the Students to come to church, it being an old ceremony not used these twenty-five years, upon the first Sunday in Lent. Abundance there was of Students, more than there was room to seat but upon forms, and the Church mighty full. One Hawkins preached, an Oxford man. A good sermon upon these words: 'But the Wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable.' Both before and after sermon, I was most impatiently troubled at the choir, the worst that ever I heard. But what was extraordinary, the Bishop of London,[2] who sat there in a pew, made a' purpose for him by the pulpit, do give the last blessing to the congregation; which was, he being a comely old man, a very decent thing, methought. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, would needs have me by coach home with him, where the officers of his regiment dined with him. I did go and dine with him—his ordinary table being very good, and his lady a very high-carriaged, but comely, big woman;[1] I was mightily pleased with her. After dinner, to chapel in the Tower with the Lieutenant, with the keys carried before us, and the Warders and Gentleman-porter going before us; and I sat with the Lieutenant in his pew, in great state. None, it seems, of the prisoners in the Tower, that are there now, though they may, will come to prayers there.

29th. To Sir Philip Warwick,[2] who showed me many excellent collections of the State of the Revenue in former Kings' and the late times, and the present. He showed me how the very Assessments between 1643 and 1659, which were taxes (besides Excise, Customs, Sequestrations, Decimations,[3] King and Queen's and Church Lands, or anything else but just the Assessments), came to above fifteen millions. He showed me a discourse of his concerning the Revenues of this and foreign States. How that of Spain was great, but divided with his kingdoms, and so came to little. How that of France did, and do much, exceed ours before for quantity; and that it is at the will of the Prince to tax what he will upon his people; which is not here. That the Hollanders have the best manner of tax, which is only upon the expense of provisions, by an excise; and do conclude that no other tax is proper for England but a pound-rate, or excise upon the expense of provisions. He showed me every particular sort of payment away of money, since the King's coming in, to this day; and told me, from one to one, how little he hath received of profit from most of them; and I believe him truly. That the £1,200,000, which the Parliament with so much ado did first vote to the King, and since hath been re-examined by several committees of the present Parliament, is yet above £300,000 short of making up really to the King the £1,200,000, as by particulars he showed me. And in my Lord Treasurer's excellent letter to the King upon this subject, he tells the King how it was the spending

[1] Reception.

[2] Humphrey Henchman (1592-1675).

[1] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, in Surrey. [B.]

[2] 1609-1683; author of a *Discourse of Government* (printed 1694).

[3] Tithes, or tax of one-tenth; applied more specifically to the tax levied, in 1655, on the Royalists.

more than the revenue that did give the first occasion of his father's ruin, and did since to the rebels; who, he says, just like Henry the Eighth, had great and sudden increase of wealth, but yet, by overspending both, died poor: and further tells the King how much of this £1,200,000 depends upon the life of the Prince, and so must be renewed by Parliament again to his successor; which is seldom done without parting with some of the prerogatives of the Crown; or, if denied, and he persists to take it of the people, it gives occasion to a civil war, which did in the late business of tonnage and poundage prove fatal to the Crown. He showed me how many ways the Lord Treasurer did take before he moved the King to farm the Customs in the manner he do, and the reasons that moved him to do it. He showed me a very excellent argument, to prove that our importing less than we export do not impoverish the kingdom, according to the received opinion; which, though it be a paradox, and that I do not remember the argument, yet methought there was a great deal in what he said. And, upon the whole, I find him a most exact and methodical man, and of great industry: and very glad that he thought fit to show me all this; though I cannot easily guess the reason why he should do it to me, unless from the plainness that he sees I use to him in telling him how much the King may suffer for our want of understanding the case of our Treasury. To make up my monthly accounts; and I find myself worth eight hundred and ninety and odd pounds, the greatest sum I ever yet knew.

March 1664

March 2nd. Calling at St. Paul's Churchyard, looked upon a pretty burlesque poem, called *Scarronides; or, Virgil Travesty*,[1] extraordinary good. After dinner my wife cut my hair short, which is grown pretty long again. This morning Mr. Burgby, one of the writing clerks belonging to the Council, a knowing man, complains to me how most of the Lords of the Council do look after themselves and their own ends, and none the public, unless Sir Edward Nicholas. Sir G. Carteret is diligent, but for all his own ends and profit. My Lord Privy Seal, a destroyer of everybody's business, and do no good at all to the public. The Archbishop of Canterbury[1] speaks very little, nor do much, being now come to the highest pitch that he can expect. He tells me he believes that things will go very high against the Chancellor by Bristol, and that bad things will be proved. Talks much of his neglecting the King; and making the King to trot every day to him, when he is well enough to go to visit his cousin, Chief-Justice Hyde, but not to the Council or King. He commends my Lord of Ormond mightily in Ireland; but cries out cruelly of Sir G. Lane,[2] for his corruption; and that he hath done my Lord great dishonour by selling of places here, which are now all taken away, and the poor wretches ready to starve. But nobody almost understands or judges of business better than the King, if he would not be guilty of his father's fault to be doubtful of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion. That my Lord Lauderdale is never from the King's ear nor council, and that he is a most cunning fellow. Upon the whole, that he finds things go very bad everywhere; and even in the Council nobody minds the public.

4th. To my Lord Sandwich, with whom I spoke, walking a good while with him in his garden, which and the house is very fine. There were several people trying a new-fashion gun brought my Lord this morning, to shoot off often, one after another, without trouble or danger. At Greenwich I observed the foundation laying of a very great house for the King,[3] which will cost a great deal of money. To Whitehall; and there being met by the Duke of York, he called me to him. I never had so much discourse with him before, and till now did ever fear to meet him. Home, my mind in great ease, to think of our coming to so good a respect with my Lord again, and my Lady, and

[1] A poem, by Charles Cotton (1630-1687), published in 1664.

[1] Gilbert Sheldon.

[2] See Oct. 12, 1663.

[3] Being built by Webb, 'Inigo Jones's man'; See Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 19, 1661.

that my Lady do so much cry up my father's usage of her children, and the goodness of the air there, found in the young ladies' faces at their return thence.

5th. To the office, where, though I had a great cold, I was forced to speak much upon a public meeting of the East India Company, at our office; where was also my Lord George Barkeley, in behalf of the company of merchants; I suppose he is on that company, who, hearing my name, took notice of me, and condoled my cousin Edward Pepys's death, not knowing whose son I was, nor did demand it of me.

7th. My wife and I by coach to the Duke's house, where we saw *The Unfortunate Lovers*;[1] but I know not whether I am grown more curious than I was or no, but I was not pleased with it, though I know not where to lay the fault, unless it was that the house was very empty, by reason of a new play at the other house. Yet here was my Lady Castlemaine in a box, and it was pleasant to hear an ordinary lady hard by us, that it seems did not know her before, say, being told who she was, that 'she was well enough.'

8th. Luellin came and dined with me, but we made no long stay at dinner; *Heraclius*[2] being acted, my wife and I have a mighty mind to see it. The play hath one very good passage well managed in it, about two persons pretending, and yet denying themselves, to be son to the tyrant Phocas, and yet heir of Mauricius to the crown. The garments like Romans very well. The little girl[3] is come to act very prettily, and spoke the epilogue most admirably. But, at the beginning, at the drawing up of the curtain, there was the finest scene of the Emperor, and his people about him, standing in their fixed and different postures in their Roman habits, above all that I ever saw at any of the threatres. Walked home, calling to see my brother Tom, who is in bed, and I doubt very ill.

10th. To dinner with my wife, to a good hog's harslet,[1] a piece of meat I love, but have not eaten of I think these seven years. At the Privy Seal I enquired, and found the Bill come for the Corporation of the Royal Fishery: whereof the Duke of York is made present Governor, and several other very great persons, to the number of thirty-two, made his assistants for their lives; whereof, by my Lord Sandwich's favour, I am one; and take it not only a matter of honour, but that, that may come to be of profit to me.

14th. To Whitehall; and in the Duke's chamber, while he was dressing, two persons of quality that were there did tell his Royal Highness, how, the other night, in Holborn, about midnight, being at cards, a link-boy came by and ran into the house and told the people the house was a-falling. Upon this the whole family was frighted, concluding that the boy had said that the house was a-fire: so they left their cards above, and one would have got out of the balcony, but it was not open; the other went up to fetch down his children, that were in bed: so all got clear out of the house. And no sooner so, but the house fell down indeed, from top to bottom. It seems my Lord Southampton's canal[2] did come too near their foundation, and so weakened the house, and down it came: which, in every respect, is a most extraordinary passage. To my brother's. The doctors give him over, and so do all that see him. He talks no sense two words together now; and I confess it made me weep to see that he should not be able, when I asked him, to say who I was. The business between my Lords Chancellor and Bristol, they say, is hushed up; and the latter gone, or going, by the King's licence, to France.

15th. My poor brother Tom died. I left my wife to see him laid out, and I by coach home, carrying my brother's papers, all I could find, with me.

16th. Up, and down to my cousin Stradwick's and uncle Fenner's about discoursing for the funeral, which I am resolved to put off till Friday next. Then back again to my brother's, to look after things, and saw the coffin brought; and

[1] By Sir W. Davenant (1643).

[2] *Heraclius; or, the Emperor of the East*, was adapted from the French of Corneille by Ludovic Carlell and also by an anonymous writer. Carlell's translation (4to, 1664) was not acted. (See Langbaine, and Genest. i. 73). The version referred to does not appear to have been printed.

[3] See Feb. 23, 1663.

[1] Haslet, or harslet, inside meat: 'pig's fry.'

[2] Probably the sewer from Lord Southampton's house. [B.]

by and by Mrs. Holden came, and saw him nailed up. This day the Parliament met again, after long prorogation, but what they have done I have not been in the way to hear.

17th. To the office, where we sat this afternoon, because of the Parliament, which returned yesterday; but was adjourned till Monday next, upon pretence that many of the members were said to be upon the road; and also the King had other affairs, and so desired them to adjourn till then. But the truth is the King is offended at my Lord of Bristol, as they say, whom he hath found to have been all this while (pretending a desire of leave to go into France, and to have all the differences between him and the Chancellor made up) endeavouring to make factions in both Houses to the Chancellor. So the King did this to keep the Houses from meeting; and, in the meanwhile, sent a guard and a herald last night to have taken him at Wimbleton,[1] where he was in the morning, but could not find him: at which the King was and is still mightily concerned, and runs up and down to and from the Chancellor's like a boy; and it seems would make Bristol's articles against the Chancellor to be treasonable reflections against his Majesty. So that the King is very high, as they say:[2] and God knows what will follow upon it! To my brother's again, preparing things against to-morrow; and I have altered my resolution of burying him in the churchyard among my young brothers and sisters, and bury him in the church, in the middle aisle, as near as I can to my mother's pew. This costs me 20s. more. Home by coach, bringing my brother's silver tankard, for safety, along with me.

18th. Up betimes, and walked to my brother's, where a great while putting things in order against anon;[3] and so to Wotton, my shoemaker, and there got a pair of shoes blacked on the soles against anon[3] for me: so to my brother's. To church,[4] and, with the grave-maker, chose a place for my brother to lie in, just under my mother's pew. But to see how a man's tombs are at the mercy of such a fellow, that for sixpence he would, as his own words were, 'I will jostle them together, but I will make room for him'; speaking of the fulness of the middle aisle, where he was to lie; and that he would, for my father's sake, do my brother, that is dead, all the civility he can; which was to disturb other corpses that are not quite rotten, to make room for him; and methought his manner of speaking it was very remarkable; as of a thing that now was in his power to do a man a courtesy or not. I dressed myself, and so did my servant Bess; and so to my brother's again: whither, though invited, as the custom is, at one or two o'clock, they came not till four or five. But, at last, one after another, they came, many more than I bid: and my reckoning that I bid was one hundred and twenty; but I believe there was nearer one hundred and fifty. Their service was six biscuits a-piece, and what they pleased of burnt claret.[1] My cousin Joyce Norton kept the wine and cakes above; and did give out to them that served, who had white gloves given them. But, above all, I am beholden to Mrs. Holden, who was most kind, and did take mighty pains not only in getting the house and everything else ready, but this day in going up and down to see the house filled and served, in order to mine and their great content, I think: the men sitting by themselves in some rooms, and the women by themselves in others, very close, but yet room enough. Anon to church, walking out into the street to the conduit, and so across the street: and had a very good company along with the corpse. And, being come to the grave as above, Dr. Pierson, the minister of the parish, did read the service for burial: and so I saw my poor brother laid into the grave: and so all broke up; and I and my wife, and Madam Turner and her family, to her brother's, and by and by fell to a barrel of oysters, cake, and cheese, of Mr. Honiwood's, with him, in his chamber and below, being too merry for so late a sad work. But, Lord! to see how the world makes nothing of the memory of a man, an hour after he is dead! And, indeed, I must blame myself; for, though at the sight of him dead and dying I had

[1] Wimbledon House.
[2] *I.e.* as is reported.
[3] Quickly.
[4] St. Bride's.

[1] Cf. *Tatler*: 'I'll lay ten to three, I drink three pints of burnt claret at your funeral' (No. 36). Probably a *heated* preparation with spices.

real grief for a while, while he was in my sight, yet presently after, and ever since, I have had very little grief indeed for him.

19th. My wife and I alone, having a good hen, with eggs, to dinner, with great content. Then to my brother's, where I spent the afternoon in paying some of the charges of the burial.

21st. This day the Houses of Parliament met; and the King met them, with the Queen with him. And he made a speech to them: among other things, discoursing largely of the plots abroad against him and the peace of the kingdom; and that the dissatisfied party had great hopes upon the effect of the Act for a Triennial Parliament granted by his father, which he desired them to peruse, and, I think, repeal. So the Houses did retire to their own House, and did order the Act to be read to-morrow before them; and I suppose it will be repealed, though I believe much against the will of a good many that sit there.

23rd. To the Trinity House, and there dined very well: and good discourse among the old men. Among other things, they observed that there are but two seamen in the Parliament, viz., Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, and not above twenty or thirty merchants; which is a strange thing in an island. In the evening my Lady Jemimah, Paulina, and Madame Pickering came to see us, but my wife would not be seen, being unready. Very merry with them; they mightily talking of their thrifty living for a fortnight before their mother came to town, and other such simple talk, and of their merry life at Brampton, at my father's this winter.

25th. To Whitehall, and there to chapel;[1] where it was most infinite full, to hear Dr. Critton.[2] Being not known, some great persons in the pew I pretended to, and went in, did question my coming in. I told them my pretence: so they turned to the orders of the chapel, which hung behind upon the wall, and read it, and were satisfied: but they did not demand whether I was in waiting or no; and so I was in some fear, lest he that was in waiting might come and betray me. The Doctor preached upon the thirty-first of Jeremy, and the twenty-first and twenty-second verses, about a woman compassing a man; meaning the Virgin conceiving and bearing our Saviour. It was the worst sermon I ever heard him make, I must confess; and yet it was good, and in two places very bitter, advising the King to do as the Emperor Severus did, to hang up a Presbyter John, a short coat and a long gown interchangeably, in all the Courts of England. But the story of Severus was pretty, that he hanged up forty senators before the Senate House, and then made a speech presently to the Senate in praise of his own lenity; and then decreed that never any senator after that time should suffer in the same manner without consent of the Senate; which he compared to the proceedings of the Long Parliament against my Lord Strafford. He said the greatest part of the lay magistrates in England were Puritans, and would not do justice; and the Bishops' powers were so taken away and lessened, that they could not exercise the power they ought. He told the King and the ladies, plainly speaking of death and of the skulls and bones of dead men and women, how there is no difference; that nobody could tell that of the great Marius or Alexander from a pioneer; nor, for all the pains the ladies take with their faces, he that should look in a charnel-house could not distinguish which was Cleopatra's, or fair Rosamond's, or Jane Shore's.[1] My father finds Tom's matters very ill, and finds him to have been so negligent, that he used to trust his servants with cutting out of clothes, never hardly cutting out anything himself; and, by the abstract of his accounts, we find him to owe above £290, and to be coming to him under £200.

26th. To my office, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts for Tangier; but, Lord! to see how ridiculous Mr. Povy is in all he says or do; like a man not more fit to be in such employments as he is, and particularly that of a treasurer, as he is to be King of England. In discourse, Sir W. Rider said that he hath kept a journal of his life for almost these forty years, even to this day, and still do, which pleases me mightily. So home. This being my solemn feast for my cutting of the stone,

[1] Being Lady-day. [2] Creighton, *u.s.*

[1] Some editors have found that the preacher was thinking of the gravediggers' scene in *Hamlet*.

it being now, blessed be God! this day six years since the time; and I bless God I do in all respects find myself free from that disease, or any signs of it. Sir W. Batten told me how Sir Richard Temple hath spoken very discontentful words in the House about the Triennial Bill; but it hath been read the second time to-day, and committed; and, he believes, will go on without more ado, though there are many in the House are displeased at it, though they dare not say much. But, above all expectation, Mr. Prin is the man against it, comparing it to the idol whose head was of gold and his body and legs and feet of different metal. So this Bill had several degrees of calling of Parliaments, in case the King, and then the Council, and then the Lord Chancellor, and then the Sheriffs should fail to do it. He tells me also, how, upon occasion of some 'prentices[1] being put in the pillory to-day, for beating of their masters, or such like thing, in Cheapside, a company of 'prentices came and rescued them, and pulled down the pillory; and they being set up again, did the like again. So that the Lord Mayor and Major-General Browne was fain to come and stay there, to keep the peace; and drums, all up and down the city, was beat to raise the trained bands, for to quiet the town; and by and by, going out, we saw a trained band stand in Cheapside, on their guard. It raining very fast, we met many brave coaches coming from the Park; and so we home ourselves, and ended the day with great content. My wife found her gown come home laced, which is indeed very handsome, but will cost me a great deal of money, more than ever I intended, but it is but for once.

27th. (Lord's day.) It being church-time, walked to St. James's,[2] to try if I could see the belle Butler, but could not; only saw her sister, who indeed is pretty, with a fine Roman nose. Thence walked through the ducking-pond fields; but they are so altered since my father used to carry us to Islington, to the old man's, at the King's Head,[3] to eat cakes and ale (his name was Pitts), that I did not know which was the ducking-pond, nor where I was.[1] So home; and in Cheapside, both coming and going, it was full of apprentices, who have been here all this day, and have done violence, I think, to the master of the boys that were put in the pillory yesterday. But, Lord! to see how the trained bands are raised upon this: the drums beating everywhere as if an enemy were upon them: so much is this city subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions. But it was pleasant to hear the boys, and particularly one little one, that I demanded the business of. He told me that that had never been done in the city since it was a city—two 'prentices put in the pillory! and that it ought not to be so.

28th. To T. Trice, and advised with him about our administering to my brother Tom; but, Lord! what a shame, methinks, to me, that, in this condition, and at this age, I should know no better the laws of my own country! Dinner with Mr. Coventry. The great matter to-day in the House hath been that Mr. Vaughan,[2] the great speaker, is this day come to town, and hath declared himself in a speech of an hour and a half, with great reason and eloquence, against the repealing of the Bill for the Triennial Parliaments, but with no success: but the House have carried it that there shall be such Parliaments, but without any coercive power upon the King, if he will bring in this Act. But, Lord! to see how the best things are not done without some design; for I perceive all these gentlemen that I was with to-day were against it, though there was reason enough on their side, yet purely, I could perceive, because it was the King's mind to have it; and, should he demand anything else, I believe they would give it him. But this the discontented Presbyters, and the faction of the

[1] Two servants of one Ireland, a cooper upon Bread Street Hill. [B.]

[2] Clerkenwell. [3] See p. 84.

[1] In Ben Jonson's *Every man in his Humour*, there is an allusion to the 'Citizens that come a-ducking to Islington Ponds.' The piece of ground, long since built upon, in the Back Road, was called 'Ducking-pond Field,' from the pool in which the unfortunate ducks were hunted by dogs, to amuse the Cockneys, who went to Islington to breathe fresh air and drink cream. The King's Head tavern stood opposite the church. Islington was classic ground to Pepys, as he speaks of the house in which he had been nursed at Kingsland. [B.]

[2] John Vaughan (1603-1674), afterwards knighted, a leader of the country party.

House, will be highly displeased with; but it was carried clearly against them in the House. We had excellent good table-talk, some of which I have entered in my book of stories. Home, and there find, by my wife, that Father Fogourdy hath been with her to-day, and she is mightily for our going to hear a famous Roulé preach at the French Ambassador's house: I pray God he do not tempt her in any matters of religion, which troubles me. And also, she had messages from her mother to-day, who sent for her old morning-gown, which was almost past wearing; and I used to call it her kingdom, from the ease and content she used to have in the wearing of it.[1] I am glad I do not hear of her begging anything of more value.

29th. To Sir G. Carteret's. About noon Sir W. Batten came from the House of Parliament, and told us our Bill for our office was read the second time to-day, with great applause, and is committed. By and by to dinner, where good cheer, and Sir G. Carteret in his humour a very good man, and the most kind father, and pleased father in his children, that ever I saw. Here is now hung up a picture of my Lady Carteret, drawn by Lilly, a very fine picture, but yet not so good as I have seen of his doing.

30th. To Sir G. Carteret's, where my Lady made us drink our morning draught of several wines: I drank nothing but some of her coffee, which was poorly made, with a little sugar in it.

31st. To my office, where comes, by and by, Povy, Sir W. Rider, Mr. Bland, Creed, and Vernatty, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts, which we now went through, but with great difficulty, and many high words between Mr. Povy and I; for I could not endure to see so many things extraordinary put in, against truth and reason. He was very angry; but I endeavoured all I could to profess my satisfaction in my Lord's part of the accounts, but not in those foolish idle things, they say I said, that others had put in. To an alehouse, where my cousin Scott was, and my father's new tenant, Langford, a tailor, to whom I have promised my custom, and he seems a very modest careful young man.

[1] Perhaps, as has been suggested, based on Dyer's verses—

'My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,'

April 1664

April 1st. To Whitehall; and in the Gallery met the Duke of York; I also saw the Queen going to the Park, and her Maids of Honour; she herself looks ill, and methinks Mrs. Stewart is grown fatter, and not so fair as she was: and the Duke called me to him, and discoursed a good while with me; and, after he was gone, twice or thrice stayed and called me again to him, the whole length of the house; and at last talked of the Dutch; and I perceive do much wish that the Parliament will find reason to fall out with them. To walk in the garden with W. Howe, he telling me how my Lord is little at home, minds his carding and little else, takes little notice of anybody; but that he do not think he is displeased, as I fear, with me, but is strange to all. This day Mrs. Turner did lend me, as a rarity, a manuscript of one Mr. Wells, writ long ago, teaching the method of building a ship, which pleases me mightily.

3rd. (Lord's day.) Called up by W. Joyce, he being summoned to the House of Lords to-morrow, for endeavouring to arrest my Lady Peters[1] for a debt. In the afternoon, my wife sent for me home, to see her new laced gown; and indeed it becomes her very nobly, and is well made.

4th. Up, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's; and there spoke with him about W. Joyce, who tells me he would do what was fit in so tender a point. Thence to Westminster, to the Painted Chamber, and there met the two Joyces. Will in a very melancholy taking. I to the Lords' House, before they sat; and stood within it, while the Duke of York came to me, and spoke to me a good while about the new ship at Woolwich. Afterwards I spoke with my Lord Barkeley and my Lord Peterborough about Joyce. And so stayed without a good while, and saw my Lady Peters, an impudent jade,

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of John Savage, second Earl Rivers, and first wife of William, fourth Lord Petre. [B.]

soliciting all the Lords on her behalf. And, at last, W. Joyce was called in; and, by the consequences, and what my Lord Peterborough told me, I find that he did speak all he said to his disadvantage, and so was committed to the Black Rod; which is very hard, he doing what he did by the advice of my Lord Peters' own steward. But the Serjeant of the Black Rod did direct one of his messengers to take him in custody, and peaceably conducted him to the Swan with Two Necks, in Tuttle Street,[1] to a handsome dining-room; and there was most civilly used, my uncle Fenner, and his brother Anthony, and some other friends being with him. But who would have thought that the fellow that I should have sworn could have spoken before all the world should in this be so daunted, as not to know what he said, and now to cry like a child! I protest, it is very strange to observe. So away to Westminster Hall, and, meeting Mr. Coventry, he took me to his chamber, with Sir William Hickman, a member of their House, and a very civil gentleman. Here we dined very plentifully, and thence to Whitehall, to the Duke's, where we all met, and, after some discourse of the condition of the Fleet, in order to a Dutch war, for that, I perceive, the Duke hath a mind it should come to, we away to the office. It was a sad sight, methought, to-day to see my Lord Peters, coming out of the House, fall out with his lady, from whom he is parted, about this business, saying that she disgraced him. But she hath been a handsome woman, and is, it seems, not only a lewd woman, but very high-spirited.

5th. Up very betimes, and walked to my cousin Anthony Joyce's, and thence with him to his brother Will, in Tuttle Street, where I find him pretty cheery over what he was yesterday, like a coxcomb, his wife being come to him, and having had his boy with him last night. Thence back, and there spoke to several Lords, and so did his solicitor, one that W. Joyce hath promised £5 to, if he be released. Lord Peterborough presented a petition to the House from W. Joyce; and a great dispute, we hear, there was in the House, for and against it. At last, it was carried that he should be bailed till the House meets again after Easter, he giving bond for his appearance. Anon comes the King, and passed the Bill for repealing the Triennial Act, and another about Writs of Error. I crowded in, and heard the King's speech to them; but he speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my life; worse than if he read it all, and he had it in writing in his hand. I to W. Joyce, with his brother, and told them all. Here was Kate come, and is a comely fat woman. I went to W. Joyce, where I find the order come, and bail (his father and brother) given; and he paying his fees, which come to above £12, besides £5, he is to give one man, and his charges of eating and drinking here, and 10s. a day, as many days as he stands under bail; which, I hope, will teach him hereafter to hold his tongue better than he used to do. This day great numbers of merchants came to a grand committee of the House, to bring in their claims against the Dutch. I pray God guide the issue for our good!

6th. Came John Noble, my father's old servant, to speak with me. I, smelling the business, took him home; and there, all alone, he told me how he had been serviceable to my brother Tom, in the business of getting his servant, an ugly jade, Margaret, with child. She was brought to bed in St. Sepulchre's parish of two children; one is dead, the other is alive; her name Elizabeth, and goes by the name of Taylor, daughter to John Taylor. It seems Tom did a great while trust one Crawly with the business, who daily got money of him; and, at last, finding himself abused, he broke the matter to J. Noble, upon a vow of secrecy. Tom's first plot was to go on the other side of the water, and give a beggar-woman something to take the child. They did once go, but did nothing, J. Noble saying that seven years hence the mother might come to demand the child, and force him to produce it, or to be suspected of murder. Then I think it was that they consulted, and got one Cave, a poor pensioner in St. Bride's parish, to take it, giving him £5, he thereby promising to keep it for ever without more charge to

[1] Or Tothill Street, by the Broad Sanctuary, Westminster.

them. The parish hereupon indite the man Cave for bringing this child upon the parish, and by Sir Richard Browne he is sent to the Counter.[1] Cave then writes to Tom to get him out. Tom answers him in a letter of his own hand, which J. Noble showed me, but not signed by him, wherein he speaks of freeing him and getting security for him, but nothing as to the business of the child, or anything like it; so that, forasmuch as I could guess, there is nothing therein to my brother's prejudice as to the main point, and therefore I did not labour to tear or take away the paper. Cave being released, demands £5 more to secure my brother for ever against the child; and he was forced to give it him, and took bond of Cave in £100 made at a scrivener's, one Hudson, I think, in the old Bailey, to secure John Taylor and his assigns, etc., in consideration of £10 paid him, from all trouble, or charge of meat, drink, clothes, and breeding of Elizabeth Taylor; and it seems, in the doing of it, J. Noble was looked upon as the assignee of this John Taylor. Noble says that he furnished Tom with this money, and is also bound by another bond to pay him 20s. more this next Easter Monday; but nothing for either sum appears under Tom's hand. I told him how I am like to lose a great sum by his death, and would not pay any more myself, but I would speak to my father about it against the afternoon. After dinner took coach, and to Paternoster Row, and there bought a pretty silk for a petticoat for my wife. I heard to-day that the Dutch have begun with us by granting letters of mark against us; but I believe it not.

7th. To the 'Change, where everybody expects a war. Thence to dinner, where my wife got me a pleasant French fricassee of veal.

8th. Sir W. Batten and I to the almshouse, to see the new building which he, with some ambition, is building of there, during his being Master of Trinity House; and a good work it is. Home to the only Lenten supper I have had of wiggs[2] and ale.

10th. (Lord's day.) My wife dressed herself, it being Easter-day, but I not being so well as to go out, she, though much against her will, stayed at home with me; for she had put on her new best gown, which indeed is very fine now with the lace; and this morning her tailor brought home her other new-laced silk gown with a smaller lace, and new petticoat I bought the other day; both very pretty. We spent the day in pleasant talk and company one with another, reading in Dr. Fuller's book what he says of the family of the Cliffords and Kingsmills.[1]

12th. To my uncle Wight's, where dined my father, poor melancholy man, that used to be as full of life as anybody, and also my aunt's brother, Mr. Sutton, a merchant in Flanders, a very sober, fine man, and Mr. Cole and his lady; but, Lord! how I used to adore that man's talk! and now methinks he is but an ordinary man. To my Lord's. There I found my Lord, and ladies, and my wife at supper. My Lord seems very kind. So home, and find my father come to lie at our house, and so supped, and saw him, poor man, to bed — my heart never being fuller of love to him, nor admiration of his prudence and pains heretofore in the world than now, to see how Tom hath carried himself in his trade; and how the poor man hath his thoughts going to provide for his younger children and my mother. But I hope they shall never want.

13th. To St. James's, where I found Mr. Coventry (the Duke being now come thither for the summer) with a goldsmith, sorting out his old plate to change for new; but, Lord! what a deal he hath!

14th. Up betimes, and, after my father's eating something, I walked out with him as far as Milk Street, he turning down to Cripplegate to take coach; and at the end of the street I took leave, being much afraid I shall not see him here any more — he do decay so much every day.

[1] See p. 77.

[2] Buns, or small cakes.

[1] Pepys had been mistaken in fancying that Fuller's *Worthies* was to be a history of all the families in England (see *supra*, Jan. 22, 1661, and Feb. 10, 1662), and hence his disappointment, when the work came out, some months after the author's decease, at there being no mention in it of his ancestors. He then looked for the Cliffords, in hopes of finding his wife's lineage; but with no better success. [B.]

15th. At noon to the 'Change, where I met with Mr. Hill, the little merchant, with whom, I perceive, I shall contract a musical acquaintance; but I will make it as little troublesome as I can. To the Duke's house, and there saw *The German Princess*[1] acted by the woman herself;[2] but never was anything so well done in earnest worse performed in jest upon the stage. And indeed the whole play, abating the drollery of him that acts her husband, is very simple, unless, here and there, a witty sprinkle or two.

16th. With Mr. Coventry to the African House;[3] and, after a good and pleasant dinner, up with him, Sir W. Rider, the simple Povy, of all the most ridiculous fool that ever I knew to attend to business, and Creed, and Vernatty, about my Lord Peterborough's accounts; but, the more we look into them, the more we see of them that makes dispute.

17th. (Lord's day.) Up, and I put on my best cloth black suit and my velvet cloak, and with my wife in her best laced suit to church, where we have not been these nine or ten weeks. A young simple fellow did preach: slept soundly all the sermon. Our parson, Mr. Mills, his own mistake in reading of the service was very remarkable, that instead of saying 'We beseech thee to preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth,' he cries, 'Preserve to our use our gracious Queen Katherine!'

18th. Up, and by coach to Westminster, and there solicited W. Joyce's business again; and did speak to the Duke of York about it, who did understand it very well. I afterwards did without the House fall in company with my Lady Peters, and endeavoured to mollify her; but she told me she would not, to redeem her from hell, do anything to release him; but would be revenged while she lived, if she lived the age of Methusalem. I made many friends, and so did others. At last it was ordered by the Lords that it should be referred to the Committee of Privileges to consider. So I away by coach to the 'Change; and there do hear that a Jew hath put in a policy of four per cent to any man, to insure him against a Dutch war for four months: I could find in my heart to take him at this offer. To Hyde Park, where I have not been since last year; where I saw the King with his periwig, but not altered at all; and my Lady Castlemaine in a coach by herself, in yellow satin and a pinner on; and many brave persons. And myself being in a hackney and full of people was ashamed to be seen by the world, many of them knowing me.

19th. To the Physic Garden in St. James's Park; where I first saw orange trees, and other fine trees.

20th. Mr. Coventry told me how the Committee for Trade have received now all the complaints of the merchants against the Dutch, and were resolved to report very highly the wrongs they have done us, when, God knows! it is only our own negligence and laziness that hath done us the wrong; and this to be made to the House to-morrow.

21st. At the Lords' House heard that it is ordered that, upon submission upon the knee, both to the House and my Lady Peters, W. Joyce shall be released. I forthwith made him submit, and ask pardon upon his knees; which he did before several Lords. But my Lady would not hear it; but swore she would post the Lords, that the world might know what pitiful Lords the King hath; and that revenge was sweeter to her than milk; and that she would never be satisfied unless he stood in a pillory, and demanded pardon there. But I perceive the Lords are ashamed of her. I find that the House this day have voted that the King be desired to demand right for the wrong done us by the Dutch, and that they will stand by him with their lives and fortunes; which is a very high vote, and more than I expected. What the issue will be, God knows!

22nd. I was called up this morning before four o'clock. It was full light enough to dress myself, and so by water against tide, it being a little cool, to Greenwich; and thence, only that it was somewhat foggy till the sun got to some height, walked with great pleasure to Woolwich, in my way staying several

[1] *A Witty Combat, or the Female Victor*, a tragi-comedy, by T. P., had been acted and printed in 1663. It is based on the story of Mary Carleton's life, and is probably the piece here referred to.

[2] See May 29 and June 7, 1663 (and notes).

[3] In Leadenhall Street: *M.S.*

times to listen to the nightingales. Thence home, and by coach to Mrs. Turner's, and there, after reading part of a good play, Mrs. The., my wife, and I in their coach to Hyde Park, where great plenty of gallants, and pleasant it was, only for the dust. Here I saw Mrs. Bendy, my Lady Spillman's fair daughter that was, who continues yet very handsome. Many others I saw with great content, and so home. I did also carry them into St. James's Park, and showed them the garden.

23rd. (Coronation day.) I met with Mr. Coventry, who himself is now full of talk of a Dutch war; for it seems the Lords have concurred in the Commons' vote about it; and so the next week it will be presented to the King, insomuch that he do desire we would look about to see what stores we lack, and buy what we can. Home to dinner, where I and my wife much troubled about my money that is in my Lord Sandwich's hand, for fear of his going to sea and being killed; but I will get out of it what I can.

25th. The Duke, which gives me great good hopes, do talk of setting up a good discipline in the fleet. In the Duke's chamber there is a bird, given him by Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, come from the East Indies, black the greatest part, with the finest collar of white about the neck; but talks many things, and neighs like the horse and other things, the best almost that ever I heard bird in my life. To my Lord Sandwich's, where by agreement I met my wife, and there dined with the young ladies; my Lady, being not well, kept her chamber. Much simple discourse at table among the young ladies. After dinner walked in the garden, talking with Mr. Moore about my Lord's business. He told me my Lord runs in debt every day more and more, and takes little care how to come out of it. He counted to me how my Lord pays use now for above £9000, which is a sad thing, especially considering the probability of his going to sea, in great danger of his life, and his children, many of them, to provide for. Thence, the young ladies going out to visit, I took my wife by coach out through the city, discoursing how to spend the afternoon; and conquered, with much ado, a desire of going to the play; but took her out at White Chapel, and to Bednal Green; so to Hackney, where I have not been many a year, since a little child I boarded there. Thence to Kingsland, by my nurse's house, Goody Lawrence, where my brother Tom and I was kept when young. Then to Newington Green, and saw the outside of Mrs. Herbert's house, where she lived, and my aunt Ellen with her; but Lord! how in every point I find myself to overvalue things when a child. Thence to Islington, and so to St. John's to the Red Bull, and there saw the latter part of a rude prize fought; and thence back to Islington, and at the King's Head, where Pitts lived, we 'lighted, and ate and drank for remembrance of the old house' sake; and so through Kingsland again, and so to Bishopsgate, and so home with great pleasure. The country mighty pleasant—only a little troubled at the young ladies leaving my wife so to-day, and from some passages fearing my Lady might be offended. But I hope for the best.

26th. Saw W. Joyce; and the late business hath cost the poor man above £40; besides, he is likely to lose his debt. Lady Peters, Creed says, is a drunken jade, he himself having seen her drunk in the lobby of the House. With my Lord to the Duke. Methought the Duke did not show him any so great fondness as he was wont; and methought my Lord was not pleased that I should see the Duke made no more of him. Creed and I walked round the Park—a pleasant walk—observing the birds, which is very pleasant; and so walked to the New Exchange, and there had a most delicate dish of curds and cream. Home to the Old Exchange by coach, where great news and true, I saw by written letters, of strange fires seen at Amsterdam in the air—and not only there, but in other places thereabout. The talk of a Dutch war is not so hot, but yet I fear it will come to it. My wife gone this afternoon to the burial of my she-cousin Scott, a good woman; and it is a sad consideration how the Pepys's decay, and nobody almost that I know in a present way of increasing them.

27th. Home with Alderman Backwell,

whose opinion is that the Dutch will not give over the business without putting us to some trouble to set out a fleet; and then, if they see we go on well, will seek to salve up the matter. Met Mr. Sanchy, of Cambridge, whom I have not met a great while. He seems a simple fellow, and tells me their Master,[1] Dr. Rainbow, is newly made bishop of Carlisle. This day the Houses attended the King, and delivered their votes to him upon the business of the Dutch; and he thanks them, and promises an answer in writing.

29th. To see my Lady Sandwich, where we find all the children and my Lord removed, and the house so melancholy that I thought my Lady had been dead, knowing that she was not well; but it seems she hath the measles, and I fear the small-pox, poor lady. It grieves me mightily; for it will be a sad hour to the family should she miscarry.

30th. My Lord Bristol's business is hushed up, and nothing made of it; he is gone, and the discourse quite ended.

May 1664

May 2nd. By coach to the King's Play-house, to see *The Labyrinth*,[2] but, coming too soon, walked to my Lord's to hear how my Lady do, who is pretty well, at least past all fear. There by Captain Ferrers, meeting with an opportunity of my Lord's coach to carry us to the Park anon, we directed it to come to the playhouse door; and so we walked, my wife and I and Mademoiselle. I paid for her going in, and there saw *The Labyrinth*, the poorest play, methinks, that ever I saw, there being nothing in it but the odd accidents that fell out, by a lady's being bred up in man's apparel, and a man in woman's. Here was Mrs. Stewart, who is indeed very pretty, but not like my Lady Castlemaine, for all that. Thence in the coach to the Park, where no pleasure; there being much dust, little company, and one of our horses almost spoiled by falling down; but all mended presently, and after riding up and down, home. Set Mademoiselle at home, and we home, and to my office, whither comes Mr. Bland, and pays me the debt he acknowledged he owed me for my service in his business of the Tangier-merchant[1]—twenty pieces of new gold, a pleasant sight. It cheered my heart; and he being gone, I home to supper, and showed them my wife; and she, poor wretch, would fain have kept them to look on, without any other design but a simple love to them; but I thought it not convenient, and so took them into my own hand.

3rd. To Mr. Coventry's chamber, and there upon my Lord Peterborough's account, where I endeavoured to show the folly, and punish it as much as I could, of Mr. Povy; for, of all the men in the world, I never knew any man of his degree so great a coxcomb in such employments. I see I have lost him for ever, but I value it not; for he is a coxcomb, and, I doubt, not over-honest, by some things which I see; and yet, for all his folly, he hath the good luck, now and then, to speak his follies in so good words, and with as good a show, as if it were reason, and to the purpose. To Westminster Hall; and there, in the Lords' House, did in a great crowd, from ten o'clock till almost three, hear the cause of Mr. Roberts,[2] my Lord Privy Seal's son, against Win, who by false ways did get the father of Mr. Robert's wife, Mr. Bodvil, to give him the estate and disinherit his daughter. The cause was managed for my Lord Privy Seal by Finch, the Solicitor-General; but I do really think that he is a man of as great eloquence as ever I heard, or ever hope to hear in all my life. Mr. Cutler told me how for certain Lawson hath proclaimed war again with Algiers, though they had, at his first coming, given back the ships which they had taken, and all their men; though they refused afterwards to make him restitution for the goods which they had taken out of them. I went with Mr. Norbury, near hand to the Fleece, a mum-house in Leadenhall, and there drank mum,[3] and by and by broke up.

[1] Of Magdalene College. See April 8, 1663.
[2] Or *The Fatal Embarrassment*, taken from Corneille. [B.]

[1] A ship. [2] See the Lords' Journals, xi.
[3] A kind of ale imported from Germany. 'One of Andrew Yarranton's wild schemes, at this time,

4th. To my cousin Scott's. There condoled with him the loss of my cousin his wife, and talked about his matters, as attorney to my father, in his administering to my brother Tom. He tells me we are like to receive some shame about the business of his bastard with Jack Noble; but no matter, so it cost us no money. The plague increases at Amsterdam.

5th. My eyes beginning every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by day-light; which I never observed till now.

8th. (Lord's day.) This day my new tailor, Mr. Langford, brought me home a new black cloth suit and cloak lined with silk moyre.[1]

9th. To my Lady Sandwich's, who, good Lady, is now, thanks be to God! so well as to sit up, and sent to us, if we were not afraid, to come up to her. So we did; but she was mightily against my wife's coming so near her; though, poor wretch! she is as well as ever she was, as to the measles, and nothing can I see upon her face. There we sat talking with her above three hours, till six o'clock, of several things, with great pleasure, and so away.

13th. Up before three o'clock, and a little after upon the water, it being very light as at noon, and a bright sunrising; but by and by a rainbow appeared, the first that ever in a morning I saw. In the Painted Chamber I heard a fine conference between some of the two Houses upon the Bill for Conventicles. The Lords would be freed from having their houses searched by any but the Lord Lieutenant of the County; and, upon being found guilty, to be tried only by their peers; and, thirdly, would have it added that, whereas the Bill says, 'That that, among other things, shall be a conventicle wherein any such meeting is found doing anything contrary to the Liturgy of the Church of England,' they would have it added, 'or practice.' The Commons to the Lords said that they knew not what might hereafter be found out which might be called the practice of the Church of England, which were never established by any law, either common, statute, or canon; as singing of psalms, binding up prayers at the end of the Bible, and praying extempore before and after sermon; and though these are things indifferent, yet things, for aught they at present know, may be started, which may be said to be the practice of the Church which would not be fit to allow. For the Lords' privileges, Mr. Waller told them how tender their predecessors had been of the privileges of the Lords; but, however, where the peace of the kingdom stands in competition with them, they apprehend those privileges must give place. He told them that he thought, if they should own all to be the privileges of the Lords which might be demanded, they should be led like the man (who granted leave to his neighbour to pull off his horse's tail, meaning that he could not do it at once) that hair by hair had his horse's tail pulled off indeed: so the Commons, by granting one thing after another, might be served by the Lords. Mr. Vaughan, whom I could not to my grief perfectly hear, did say, if that they should be obliged in this manner to exempt the Lords from everything, it would in time come to pass that whatever, be it ever so great, should be voted by the Commons as a thing penal for a commoner, the contrary should be thought a privilege to the Lords; that also, in this business, the work of an hour, the cause of a search would be over before a Lord Lieutenant, who may be many miles off, can be sent for; and that all this dispute is but about £100; for it is said in the Act, that it shall be banishment or payment of £100. I thereupon heard the Duke of Lennox say that there might be Lords who could not always be ready to lose £100, or some such thing. They broke up without coming to any end in it. There was also in the Commons' House a great quarrel about Mr. Prin, and it was believed that he should have been sent to the Tower, for adding something to a Bill (after it was ordered to be engrossed) of his own head —a Bill for measures for wine and other things of that sort, and a Bill of his own bringing in; but it appeared he could not mean any hurt in it. But, however, the King was fain to write in his behalf, and all was passed over. But it is worth my remembrance that I saw old Ryly[1] the

was to bring the mum trade from Brunswick, and fix it at Stratford-on-Avon.' [B.]

[1] See Mohair, *n.s.*

[1] William Ryley, the elder (d. 1667), now Lan-

Herald, and his son; and spoke to his son,[1] who told me, in very bad words concerning Mr. Prin,[2] that the King had given him an office of keeping the Records; but that he never comes thither, nor had been there these six months; so that I perceive they expect to get his employment from him. Thus everybody is liable to be envied and supplanted.

16th. With Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, to see an experiment of killing a dog, by letting opium into his hind leg. He and Dr. Clerke did fail mightily in hitting the vein, and in effect did not do the business after many trials; but, with the little they got in, the dog did presently fall asleep, and so lay till we cut him up, and a little dog also, which they put it down his throat; he also staggered first, and then fell asleep, and so continued. Whether he recovered or no, after I was gone, I know not.

18th. A pretty cabinet sent me by Mr. Shales,[3] which I give my wife, and very conveniently it comes for her closet.

19th. To a Committee of Tangier; where God forgive how our Report of my Lord Peterborough's accounts was read over and agreed to by the Lords, without one of them understanding it! And, had it been what it would, it had gone; and, besides, not one thing touching the King's profit in it minded or hit upon.

20th. Mr. Edward Montagu is turned out of the Court, not to return again. His fault, I perceive, was his pride, and, most of all, his affecting to be great with the Queen; and it seems indeed he had more of her ear than anybody else, and would be with her talking alone two or three hours together; insomuch that the Lords about the King, when he would be jesting with them about their wives, would tell the King that he must have a care of his wife too, for she hath now the gallant; and they say the King himself did once ask Montagu how his mistress, meaning the Queen, did. He grew so proud, and despised everybody, besides suffering nobody, he or she, to get or do anything about the Queen, that they all laboured to do him a good turn. They also say that he did give some affront to the Duke of Monmouth, which the King himself did speak to him of. But strange it is that this man should, from the greatest negligence in the world, come to be the miracle of attendance; so as to take all offices from everybody, either men or women, about the Queen. So he is gone, nobody pitying, but laughing at him; and he pretends only that he is gone to his father, that is sick in the country.

22nd. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall. Here the Duke of York called me to him, to ask me whether I did intend to go with him to Chatham or no. I told him if he commanded, but I did believe there would be business here for me, and so he told me then it would be better to stay. Staying, and seeing the throng of people to attend the King to Chapel—but, Lord! what a company of sad idle people they are.

23rd. The King is gone down with the Duke and a great crew this morning by break of day to Chatham.

24th. This day I heard that my uncle Fenner is dead, which makes me a little sad to see with what speed a great many of my friends are gone, and more, I fear, for my father's sake, are going.

25th. This afternoon came Tom and Charles Pepys by my sending for, and received of me £40 in part towards their £70 legacy of my uncle's.

26th. Carried my wife to the Old Bailey, and there we were led to the Quest House, by the church, where all the kindred were by themselves at the burial of my uncle Fenner; but, Lord! what a pitiful rout of people there was of them, but very good service, and great company the whole was. And so anon to church, and a good sermon, and so home.

27th. To comfort my heart, Captain Taylor this day brought me £20 he promised me, for my assistance to him about his masts.

29th. (Whitsunday—King's Birth and Restoration day.) Mr. Coventry and I did

caster Herald, as he had been before (from 1641). He was Clarenceux King-of-Arms in 1659, but lost the office the following year because of his partisanship with the late government.

[1] William Ryley, the younger (d. 1675), who had held a post under his father when he was Clerk of the Records.

[2] William Prynne had supplanted Ryley in the clerkship after the Restoration.

[3] Captain John Shales. [B.]

long discourse together of the business of the office, and the war with the Dutch; and he seemed to argue mightily upon the little reason that there is for all this. For, first, as to the wrong we pretend they have done us; that of the East Indies, for their not delivering of Poleron,[1] it is not yet known whether they have failed or no; that of their hindering the *Leopard* cannot amount to above £3000, if true; that of the Guinea Company, all they had done us did not amount to above £200 or £300 he told me truly; and that now, from what Holmes, without any commission, hath done in taking an island and two forts, hath set us much in debt to them; and he believes that Holmes will have been so puffed up with this, that he by this time hath been reinforced with more strength than he had then, hath, I say, done a great deal more wrong to them. He do, as to the effect of the war, tell me clearly that it is not any skill of the Dutch that can hinder our trade if we will, we having so many advantages over them, of winds, good ports, and men; but it is our pride, and the laziness of the merchant. The main thing he desired to speak with me about was, to understand my Lord Sandwich's intentions as to going to sea with this fleet; saying that the Duke, if he desires it, is most willing to do it; but, thinking that twelve ships is not a fleet fit for my Lord to be troubled to go out with, he is not willing to offer it to him till he hath some intimations of his mind to go or not. He spoke this with very great respect to my Lord, though methinks it is strange they should not understand one another better at this time than to need another's mediation. To the King's closet; whither by and by the King came, my Lord Sandwich carrying the sword. A Bishop preached, but he speaking too low for me to hear. By and by my Lord Sandwich came forth, and called me to him; and we fell into discourse a great while about his business, wherein he seems to be very open with me, and to receive my opinion as he used to do; and I hope I shall become necessary to him again. He desired me to think of the fitness, or not, for him to offer himself to go to sea; and to give him my thoughts in a day or two. Thence after sermon among the ladies in the Queen's side; where I saw Mrs. Stewart, very fine and pretty, but far beneath my Lady Castlemaine. Thence with Mr. Povy[1] home to dinner; where extraordinary cheer. And after dinner up and down to see his house. And in a word, methinks, for his perspective in the little closet; his room floored above with woods of several colours, like but above the best cabinet-work I ever saw; his grotto and vault, with his bottles of wine, and a well therein to keep them cool; his furniture of all sorts; his bath at the top of the house, good pictures, and his manner of eating and drinking; do surpass all that ever I did see of one man in all my life.

31st. To my Lord, and to discourse about his going to sea, and the message I had from Mr. Coventry to him. He wonders, as he well may, that this course should be taken, and he every day with the Duke, who, nevertheless, seems most friendly to him, who hath not yet spoke one word to my Lord of his desire to have him go to sea. My Lord do tell me clearly that were it not that he, as all other men that were of the Parliament side, are obnoxious to reproach, and so is forced to bear what otherwise he would not, he would never suffer everything to be done in the Navy, and he never be consulted; and it seems, in the naming of all these Commanders for this fleet, he hath never been asked one question. But we concluded it wholly inconsistent with his honour not to go with this fleet, nor with the reputation which the world hath of his interest at Court; and so he did give me commission to tell Mr. Coventry that he is most willing to receive any commands from the Duke in this fleet, were it less than it is, and that particularly in this service. With this message I parted, and by coach to the office, where I found Mr. Coventry, and told him this. Methought, I confess, he did not seem so pleased with it as I expected, or at least could have wished, and asked me whether I had told my Lord that the Duke do not expect his going, which I told him I had. To St. James's,

[1] One of the Banda Islands, which had acknowledged James I. as its sovereign, but was afterwards forcibly seized by the Dutch. [B.]

[1] In Lincoln's Inn. See Evelyn's *Diary*, July 1, 1664.

to one Lady Poultny's,[1] where I found my Lord, I doubt, at some vain pleasure or other. I was told to-day, that, upon Sunday night last, being the King's birthday, the King was at my Lady Castlemaine's lodgings, over the hither-gate at Lambert's lodgings, dancing with fiddlers all night almost; and all the world coming by taking notice of it.

June 1664

June 1st. By water to Woolwich, all the way reading Mr. Spencer's[2] book of *Prodigies*, which is most ingeniously writ, both for manner and style. Southwell,[3] Sir W. Pen's friend, tells me the very sad news of my Lord Teviot's and nineteen more commission officers being killed at Tangier by the Moors,[4] by an ambush of the enemy upon them, while they were surveying their lines; which is very sad, and he says afflicts the King much. To the King's house, and saw *The Silent Woman*;[5] but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hail, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder.[6]

2nd. To a Committee of Tangier about providing provisions, money, and men; but it is strange to see how poorly and brokenly things are done of the greatest consequence, and how soon the memory of this great man is gone, or, at least, out of mind by the thoughts of who goes next, which is not yet known. My Lord of Oxford, Muskerry, and several others are discoursed of. It seems my Lord Teviot's design was to go a mile and a half out of the town, to cut down a wood in which the enemy did use to lie in ambush. He had sent several spies; but all brought word that the way was clear, and so might be for anybody's discovery of an enemy before you are upon them. There they were all snapt, he and all his officers, and about two hundred men, as they say; there being left now in the garrison but four captains. This happened the 3rd of May last, being not before that day twelvemonth of his entering into his government there; but, at his going out in the morning, he said to some of his officers, 'Gentlemen, let us look to ourselves, for it was this day three years that so many brave Englishmen were knocked on the head by the Moors, when Fines[1] made his sally out.'

3rd. At the Committee for Tangier all the afternoon—the Duke of York and Mr. Coventry, for aught I see, being the only two that do anything like men; Prince Rupert do nothing but swear and laugh, with an oath or two.

4th. I went forth with J. Noble, who tells me that he will secure us against Cave—that though he knows, and can prove it, yet nobody else can prove it, to be Tom's child; that the bond was made by one Hudson, a scrivener, next to the Fountain tavern, in the Old Bailey; that the children were born, and christened, and entered in the parish-book of St. Sepulchre's, by the name of Anne and Elizabeth Taylor; and he will give us security against Cave if we pay him the money. To the Duke, and was giving him an account how matters go, and of the necessity there is of a power to press seamen, without which we cannot really raise men for this fleet of twelve sail, besides that it will assert the King's power of pressing, which at present is somewhat doubted, and will make the Dutch believe that we are in earnest. To the Committee of Tangier all afternoon, where still the same confused doings, and my Lord Fitz-Harding now added to the Committee, which will signify much. Mr. Coventry discoursing this noon about Sir W. Batten (what a sad fellow he is!) told me how the King told him the other day how Sir W.

[1] Grace, youngest daughter of Sir John Corbet, of Stoke, Salop, who had married Sir William Pulteney, of Mesterton, in Leicestershire. [B.] See Jan. 10, 1660, note.

[2] John Spencer (1630-1693), author of *De Legibus Hebræorum*. His *Discourse concerning Prodigies* had appeared in 1663.

[3] Afterwards Sir Robert Southwell (1635-1672), English Envoy in Portugal (1665-1668).

[4] The particulars of the loss at Tangiers are given in *The Intelligencer*, June 6, 1664. [B.]

[5] By Ben Jonson.

[6] The cupola above the pit which lighted the house was an imperfect covering in stormy weather. In the older houses the roof was open, except over the stage and galleries.

[1] Major Fiennes, whose regiment formed part of the garrison at Tangier. [B.]

Batten, being in the ship with him and Prince Rupert when they expected to fight with Warwick, did walk up and down sweating, with a napkin under his throat to dry up his sweat; and that Prince Rupert, being a most jealous man, and particularly of Batten, do walk up and down swearing bloodily[1] to the King that Batten had a mind to betray them to-day, and that the napkin was a signal; 'but, by God,' says he, 'if things go ill, the first thing I will do is to shoot him.' He discoursed largely and bravely to me concerning the different sort of valours, the active and passive valour. For the latter, he brought as an instance General Blake, who, in the defending of Taunton and Lyme for the Parliament, did, through his stubborn sort of valour, defend it the most *opiniastrément*[2] that ever any man did anything; and yet never was the man that ever made an attack by land or sea, but rather avoided it on all, even fair, occasions. On the other side, Prince Rupert, the boldest attacker in the world for personal courage; and yet, in the defending of Bristol, no man ever did anything worse, he wanting the patience and seasoned head to consult and advise for defence, and to bear with the evils of a siege. The like he says of my Lord Teviot, who was the boldest adventurer of his person in the world; and from a mean man in few years was come to this greatness of command and repute only by the death of all his officers, he many times having the luck of being the only survivor of them all, by venturing upon services for the King of France that nobody else would; and yet no man upon a defence, he being all fury and of no judgement in a fight. He tells me, above all, of the Duke of York, that he is more himself and more of judgement is at hand in him in the middle of a desperate service than at other times, as appeared in the business of Dunkirk, wherein no man ever did braver things, or was in hotter service in the close of that day, being surrounded with enemies; and then, contrary to the advice of all about him, his counsel carried himself and the rest through them safe, by advising that he might make his passage with but a dozen with him; 'For,' says he, 'the enemy cannot move after me so fast with a great body, and with a small one we shall be enough to deal with them'; and, though he is a man naturally martial to the highest degree, yet a man that never in his life talks one word of himself or service of his own, but only that he saw such or such a thing, and lays it down for a maxim that a Hector can have no courage. He told me also, as a great instance of some men, that the Prince of Condé's excellence is that, there not being a more furious man in the world, danger in fight never disturbs him more than just to make him civil, and to command in words of great obligation to his officers and men; but without any the least disturbance in his judgement or spirit.

6th. By barge with Sir W. Batten to Trinity House. Here were my Lord Sandwich, Mr. Coventry, my Lord Craven, and others. A great dinner, and good company. Mr. Prin, also, who would not drink any health, no, not the King's, but sat down with his hat on all the while; but nobody took notice of it to him at all.

8th. With Creed talking of many things, among others of my Lord's going so often to Chelsea, and he do tell me that his daughters do perceive all, and do hate the place and the young woman, Mrs. Betty Becke; for my Lord, who sent them thither only for a disguise for his going thither, will come under a pretence to see them, and pack them out-of-doors to the Park, and stay behind with her: but now the young ladies are gone to their mother to Kensington.

11th. With my wife only to take the air, it being very warm and pleasant, to Bow and Old Ford; and thence to Hackney. There light, and played at shuffle-board,[1] ate cream and good cherries; and so with good refreshment home.

13th. Spent the whole morning reading of some old Navy books; wherein the order that was observed in the Navy then, above what it is now, is very observable. Mr. Coventry did talk of a History of the Navy of England, how fit it were to be

[1] Exceedingly, mightily (now a vulgarism), lit. after the manner of a 'blood'; unconnected with the oath "'s blood,' etc.

[2] Obstinately. 'Opiniatre,' 'opiniastre,' 'opiniastrety,' etc., were in common use at this period. Milton has 'opiniastrous.'

[1] See note, *supra*, p. 140.

written; and he did say that it hath been in his mind to propose to me the writing of the History of the late Dutch war, which I am glad to hear, it being a thing I much desire, and sorts mightily with my genius; and, if done well, may recommend me much. So he says he will get me an order for making of searches to all records, etc. in order thereto, and I shall take great delight in doing of it.

14th. By coach to Kensington. In the way overtaking Mr. Laxton, the apothecary, with his wife and daughters — very fine young lasses — in a coach; and so both of us to my Lady Sandwich, who hath lain this fortnight here, at Dean Hodges's.[1] Much company came hither to-day — my Lady Carteret, etc., Sir William Wheeler and his lady, and, above all, Mr. Becke, of Chelsea, and wife and daughter, my Lord's mistress, and one that hath not one good feature in her face, and yet is a fine lady, of a fine *taille*, and very well carriaged, and mighty discreet. I took all the occasion I could to discourse with the young ladies in her company to give occasion to her to talk, which now and then she did, and that mighty finely, and is, I perceive, a woman of such an air, as I wonder the less at my Lord's favour to her, and I dare warrant him she hath brains enough to entangle him. Two or three hours we were in her company, going into Sir H. Finch's[2] garden, and seeing the fountain, and singing there with the ladies, and a mighty fine cool place it is, with a great laver[3] of water in the middle, and the bravest place for music I ever heard. After much mirth, discoursing to the ladies in defence of the city against the country or court, and giving them occasion to invite themselves to-morrow to me to dinner to my venison pasty, I got their mother's leave, and so good night, very well pleased with my day's work, and, above all, that I have seen my Lord's mistress.

15th. I got Captain Witham to tell me the whole story of my Lord Teviot's misfortune; for he was upon the guard with his horse near the town, when at a distance he saw the enemy appear upon a hill, a mile and half off, and made up to them, and with much ado escaped himself; but what became of my Lord he neither knows nor thinks that anybody but the enemy can tell. Our loss was about four hundred. But he tells me that the greater wonder is that my Lord Teviot met no sooner with such a disaster; for every day he did commit himself to more probable danger than this, for now he had the assurance of all his scouts that there was no enemy thereabouts; whereas, he used every day to go out with two or three with him, to make his discoveries in greater danger, and yet the man that could not endure to have anybody else to go a step out of order to endanger himself. He concludes him to be the man of the hardest fate to lose so much honour at one blow that ever was. His relation being done, he parted; and I home, to look after things for dinner. And anon at noon comes Mr. Creed by chance, and by and by the three young ladies; and very merry we were with our pasty, very well baked; and a good dish of roasted chickens; peas, lobsters, strawberries. And after dinner to cards; and about five o'clock by water down to Greenwich; and up to the top of the hill, and there played upon the ground at cards. And so to the Cherry Garden,[1] and then by water singing finely to the Bridge, and there landed;[2] and so took boat again, and to Somerset House. And by this time, the tide being against us, it was past ten of the clock; and such a troublesome passage, in regard to my Lady Paulina's fearfulness, that in all my life I never did see any poor wretch in that condition. Being come hither, there waited for them their coach; but, it being so late, I doubted what to do how to get them home. After half an hour's stay in the street, I sent my wife home by coach with Mr. Creed's boy; and myself and Creed in the coach home with them. But, Lord! the fear that my Lady Paulina was in every step of the way; and indeed, at this time of the night, it was no safe thing to go that road; so that I was even

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

[2] Sir Heneage Finch (1621-1682), then Solicitor-General. The garden is now part of Kensington Gardens.

[3] Fountain-basin.

[1] In Rotherhithe.

[2] See Aug. 8, 1662, note.

afraid myself, though I appeared otherwise. We came safe, however, to their house; where we knocked them up, my Lady and all the family being in bed. So put them into doors; and, leaving them with the maids, bade them good night. Then into the town,[1] Creed and I, it being about twelve o'clock and past; and to several houses, inns, but could get no lodging, all being in bed. At last we found some people drinking and roaring; and, after drinking, got an ill bed.

16th. I lay in my drawers, and stockings, and waistcoat till five of the clock, and so up; and, being well pleased with our frolic, walked to Knightsbridge, and there ate a mess of cream, and so to St. James's, and I to Whitehall, and took coach, and found my wife well got home last night, and now in bed. The talk upon the 'Change is that De Ruyter is dead,[2] with fifty men of his own ship, of the plague, at Cales;[3] that the Holland Ambassador here do endeavour to sweeten us with fair words; and things like to be peaceable. With my cousin Richard Pepys upon the 'Change, about supplying us with bewpers[4] from Norwich, which I should be glad of, if cheap.

20th. I to the Duke, where we did our usual business. And among other discourse of the Dutch, he was merrily saying how they print that Prince Rupert, Duke of Albemarle, and my Lord Sandwich, are to be Generals; and soon after is to follow them 'Vieux Pen'; and so the Duke called him in mirth Old Pen. They have, it seems, lately written to the King, to assure him that their setting out ships was only to defend their fishing-trade, and to stay near home—not to annoy the King's subjects; and to desire that he would do the like with his ships; which the King laughs at, but yet is troubled they should think him such a child, to suffer them to bring home their fish and East India Company's ships, and then they will not care for us. Meeting Pickering, he tells us how my Lady last week went to see Mrs. Becke, the mother; and by and by the daughter came in, but that my Lady do say herself, as he says, that she knew not for what reason, for she never knew they had a daughter, which I do not believe. She was troubled, and her heart did rise as soon as she appeared, and seems the most ugly woman that ever she saw. This if true, were strange, but I believe it is not. To my Lord's lodgings; and was merry with the young ladies, who make a great story of their appearing before their mother the morning after we carried them, the last week, home so late; and that their mother took it very well, at least without any anger. Here I heard how the rich widow, my Lady Gold, is married to one Neale,[1] after he had received a box on the ear by her brother, who was there a sentinel, in behalf of some courtier, at the door; but made him draw, and wounded him. She called Neale up to her, and sent for a priest, married presently, and went to bed. The brother sent to the Court, and had a serjeant sent for Neale; but Neale sent for him up to be seen in bed, and she owned him for her husband; and so all is past. It seems Sir H. Bennet did look after her. My Lady very pleasant. After dinner came in Sir Thomas Crewe and Mr. Sidney,[2] lately come from France, who is grown a little, and a pretty youth he is, but not so improved as they did give him out to be, but like a child still. But yet I can perceive he hath good parts and good inclinations.

21st. Meeting Mr. Moore, I perceive by him my Lord's business of his family and estate goes very ill, and runs in debt mightily. I would to God I were clear of it, both as to my own money and the bond of £1000, which I stand debtor for him in, to my cousin Thomas Pepys.

22nd. To the 'Change and Coffee House, where great talk of the Dutch preparing of sixty sail of ships. The plague grows mightily among them, both at sea and land.

23rd. W. Howe was with me this afternoon, to desire some things to be got ready for my Lord against his going down to his ship, which will be soon; for it seems the King and both the Queens intend to visit him. The Lord knows how my Lord will

[1] Kensington.
[2] A premature report.
[3] Cadiz.
[4] Linen material used for flags; bunting. The name is perhaps derived from that of the French town Beaupreau, famed for its textiles.

[1] Thomas Neale. See p. 237.
[2] Sidney Montagu, second son of Lord Sandwich.

get out of this charge; for Mr. Moore tells me to-day that he is £10,000 in debt: and this will, with many other things, that daily grow upon him, while he minds his pleasure as he do, set him further backward.

24th. To the City granaries, where, it seems, every company have their granary, and obliged to keep such a quantity of corn always there, or, at a time of scarcity, to issue it at so much a bushel: and a fine thing it is to see their stores of all sorts, for piles for the bridge, and for pipes. To Whitehall; and Mr. Pierce showed me the Queen's bed-chamber, and her closet where she had nothing but some pretty pious pictures and books of devotion; and her holy water at her head as she sleeps, with a clock by her bedside, wherein a lamp burns that tells her the time of the night at any time. Thence with him to the Park, and there met the Queen coming from Chapel, with her Maids of Honour, all in silver-lace gowns again; which is new to me, and that which I did not think would have been brought up again. Thence he carried me to the King's closet; where such variety of pictures, and other things of value and rarity, that I was properly confounded, and enjoyed no pleasure in the sight of them; which is the only time in my life that ever I was so at a loss for pleasure, in the greatest plenty of objects to give it me.

26th. (Lord's day.) At my Lord Sandwich's; where his little daughter, my Lady Katherine, was brought, who is lately come from my father's at Brampton, to have her cheek looked after, which is and hath long been sore. But my Lord will rather have it be as it is, with a scar in her face, than endanger it being worse by tampering. I went home, and with Creed called at several churches, which, God knows, are supplied with very young men, and the churches very empty; and at our own church looked in, and there heard one preach whom Sir William Pen brought, which he desired us yesterday to hear, that had been his chaplain in Ireland; a very silly fellow. After dinner a frolic took us, we would go this afternoon to the Hope; so my wife dressed herself, and, with good victuals and drink, we took boat presently, and, the tide with us, got down; but it was night, and the tide spent by the time we got to Gravesend; so there we stopped, but went not on shore, only Creed, to get some cherries, and send a letter to the Hope, where the Fleet lies. And so, it being rainy, and thundering mightily, and lightning, we returned with great pleasure home, about twelve o'clock — Creed telling pretty stories in the boat. He lay with me all night.

27th. To Paul's Churchyard, and there saw Sir Harry Spillman's book,[1] and I bespoke it and others.

28th. Put on a half-shirt first this summer, it being very hot; and yet so ill-tempered I am grown, that I am afraid I shall catch cold, while all the world is ready to melt away. To the Mitre, and there comes Dr. Burnett to us; and there I began to have his advice about my disease, and then invited him to my house; and I am resolved to put myself into his hands.

29th. Mr. Shepley tells me how my brave dog I did give him, going out betimes one morning to Huntingdon, was set upon by five other dogs, and worried to pieces, of which I am a little, and he the most sorry I ever saw man for such a thing. To Westminster to see Dean Honiwood,[2] whom I had not visited a great while. He is a good-natured, but a very weak man, yet a Dean, and a man in great esteem. My Lady[3] and I sat two hours alone, talking of the condition of her family's being greatly in debt, and many children now coming up to provide for. I did give her my sense very plainly of it, which she took well, and carried further than myself, to the bemoaning their condition, and remembering how finely things were ordered about six years ago, when I lived there, and my Lord at sea every year.

30th. By water to Woolwich, and walked back from Woolwich to Greenwich all alone; saw a man that had a cudgel in his hand, and, though he told me he laboured in the King's yard, and many other good arguments that he is an honest man, yet, God forgive me! I did doubt he might knock me on the head behind with

[1] Sir Henry Spelman's *Glossarium Archaiologicum*, completed in 1664.
[2] See Jan. 13, 1662. [3] Sandwich.

his club. But I got safe home. Great doubts yet whether the Dutch war go on or no. The Fleet ready in the Hope, of twelve sail. The King and Queens go on board, they say, on Saturday next. Young children of my Lord Sandwich gone with their maids from my mother's, which troubles me, it being, I hear from Mr. Shepley, with great discontent, saying that, though they buy good meat, yet can never have it before it stinks, which I am ashamed of.

July 1664

July 1st. Comes Dr. Burnett, who did write me down some direction what to do, but not with the satisfaction I expected. I did give him a piece, with good hopes, however, that his advice will be of use to me. Upon the 'Change, this day, I saw how uncertain the temper of the people is, that, from our discharging about 200 that lay idle, having nothing to do, upon some of our ships, which were ordered to be fitted for service, and their works are now done, the town do talk that the King discharges all his men, 200 yesterday and 800 to-day; and that, now he hath got £100,000 in his hand, he values not a Dutch war. But I undeceived a great many, telling them how it is.

3rd. (Lord's day.) At noon to dinner, where the remains of yesterday's venison, and a couple of brave green geese, which we are fain to eat alone, because they will not keep, which troubled us. Thundering and lightning all the evening, and this year have had the most thunder and lightning, they say, of any in man's memory, and so it is, it seems, in France, and everywhere.

4th. This day the King and the Queen went to visit my Lord Sandwich and the fleet, going forth in the Hope.

6th. Up very betimes, and my wife also, and got us ready; and about eight o'clock, having got some bottles of wine and beer and neat's tongues, we went to our barge at the Tower, where Mr. Pierce and his wife, and a kinswoman and his sister, and Mrs. Clerke and her sister and cousin were to expect us; and so set out for the Hope, all the way down playing at cards and other sports, spending our time pretty merry. Came to the Hope about one, and there showed them all the ships, and had a collation of anchovies, gammon, etc., and, after an hour's stay or more, embarked again for home; and so to cards and other sports, till we came to Greenwich, and there Mrs. Clerke, and my wife, and I on shore to an alehouse, and so to the barge again, having shown them the King's pleasure-boat; and so home to the Bridge, bringing night home with us; so to the Tower wharf, and home, being very well pleased to-day with the company, especially Mrs. Pierce, who continues her complexion as well as ever, and hath at this day, I think, the best complexion that ever I saw on any woman, young or old, or child either, all days of my life. Also, Mrs. Clerke's kinswoman sings very prettily, but is very confident in it; Mrs. Clerke herself witty, but spoils all in being so conceited, and making so great a flutter with a few fine clothes, and some bad tawdry things worn with them. The reason of Dr. Clerke's not being here was the King being sick last night and let blood, and so he durst not come away to-day.

7th. To Whitehall, and there found the Duke and twenty more reading their commission (of which I am, and was also sent to to come) for the Royal Fishery, which is very large, and a very serious charter it is; but the Company generally so ill fitted for so serious a work, that I do much fear it will come to little. Home, calling for my new books, viz., Sir H. Spillman's *Whole Glossary*,[1] Scapula's *Lexicon*, and Shakespeare's plays, which I have got money out of my stationer's bills to pay for. The King is pretty well to-day.

8th. To the binder's, and directed the doing of my Chaucer, though they were not full neat enough for me, but pretty well it is; and thence to the clasp-maker's, to have it clasped and bossed.

9th. To a Committee for Fishing; but the first thing was swearing to be true to the Company, and we were all sworn; but a great dispute we had, which, methought, is very ominous to the Company; some, that we should swear to be true to

[1] See June 27, *supra*.

the best of our power, and others, to the best of our understanding; and carried in the last, though in that we are the least able to serve the Company, because we would not be obliged to attend the business when we can, but when we list.

10th. (Lord's day.) Up, and by water, towards noon, to Somerset House, and walked to my Lord Sandwich's, and there dined with my Lady and the children. After dinner took our leaves, and my wife her's, in order to her going to the country to-morrow. My Lady showed us my Lady Castlemaine's[1] picture, finely done, given my Lord; and a most beautiful picture it is. Thence with my Lady Jemimah, and Mr. Sidney,[2] to St. Giles's church, and there heard a long poor sermon. Thence set them down, and in their coach to Kate Joyce's christening, where much company and good service of sweetmeats; and, after an hour's stay, left them, and in my Lord's coach—his noble rich coach—home.

11th. Betimes up this morning, and, getting ready, we by coach to Holborn, where, at nine o'clock, they set out, and I and my man Will on horseback by my wife to Barnet; a very pleasant day; and there dined with her company, which was very good—a pretty gentlewoman with her, that goes but to Huntingdon, and a neighbour to us in town. Here we stayed two hours, and then parted for altogether, and my poor wife I shall soon want, I am sure. Thence I and Will to see the Wells,[3] half a mile off, and there I drank three glasses, and walked, and came back and drank two more; and so we rode home, round by Kingsland, Hackney, and Mile End, till we were quite weary; and, not being very well, I betimes to bed. About eleven o'clock, knowing what money I have in the house, and hearing a noise, I began to sweat worse and worse, till I melted almost to water. I rang, and could not in half-an-hour make either of the wenches hear me; and this made me fear the more, lest they might be gagged; and then I began to think that there was some design in a stone being flung at the window over our stairs this evening, by which the thieves meant to try what looking there would be after them, and know our company. These thoughts and fears I had, and do hence apprehend the fears of all rich men that are covetous, and have much money by them. At last Jane rose, and then I understand it was only the dog wants a lodging, and so made a noise.

12th. Called up by my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, about getting his Lord's money to-day of Mr. Povy, wherein I took such order that it was paid, and I had my £50 brought me, which comforts my heart. Dined alone; sad for want of company, and not being very well, and know not how to eat alone.

14th. I rose a little after four o'clock, and abroad. Walked to my Lord's and nobody up, but the porter rose out of bed to me: so I back again to Fleet Street, and there bought a little book of law; and thence hearing a psalm sung I went into St. Dunstan's, and there heard prayers read, which, it seems, is done there every morning at six o'clock; a thing I never did do at a chapel, but the College chapel, in all my life. Thence to my Lord's again, and my Lord being up, was sent for up, and he and I alone. He did begin with a most solemn profession of the same confidence in and love for me that he ever had, and then told me what a misfortune was fallen upon me and him: on me, by a displeasure which my Lord Chancellor did show to him last night against me, in the highest and most passionate manner that ever any man did speak, even to the not hearing of anything to be said to him; but he told me that he did say all that could be said for a man as to my faithfulness and duty to his Lordship, and did me the greatest right imaginable. And what should the business be, but that I should be forward to have the trees in Clarendon Park[1] marked and cut down, which he, it seems, hath bought of my Lord Albemarle; when, God knows! I am the most innocent man in the world in it, and did nothing of myself, nor knew of his concernment therein, but barely obeyed my Lord Treasurer's warrant for the doing thereof. And said that I did most ungentleman-

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

[2] Sidney Montagu.

[3] The mineral springs near Barnet discovered a few years before this date.

[1] Near Salisbury.

like with him, and had justified the rogues in cutting down a tree of his; and that I had sent the veriest Fanatic [Deane] that is in England to mark them, on purpose to nose[1] him. All which, I did assure my Lord, was most properly false, and nothing like it true; and told my Lord the whole passage. My Lord do seem most nearly affected; he is partly, I believe, for me, and partly for himself. So he advised me to wait presently upon my Lord, and clear myself in the most perfect manner I could, with all submission and assurance that I am his creature both in this and all other things; and that I do own that all I have is derived through my Lord Sandwich from his Lordship. So, full of horror, I went, and found him busy in trials of law in his great room; and, it being Sitting-day, durst not stay, but went to my Lord and told him so: whereupon he directed me to take him after dinner; and so away I home, leaving my Lord mightily concerned for me. So I to my Lord Chancellor's; and there, coming out after dinner, I accosted him, telling him that I was the unhappy Pepys that had fallen into his high displeasure, and come to desire him to give me leave to make myself better understood to his Lordship, assuring him of my duty and service. He answered me very pleasingly that he was confident upon the score of my Lord Sandwich's character of me, but that he had reason to think what he did, and desired me to call upon him some evening: I named to-night, and he accepted of it. To my Lord Chancellor's, and there heard several trials, wherein I perceive my Lord is a most able and ready man. After all done, he himself called, 'Come, Mr. Pepys, you and I will take a turn in the garden.' So he was led downstairs, having the gout, and there walked with me, I think, above an hour, talking most friendly, yet cunningly. I told him clearly how things were; how ignorant I was of his Lordship's concernment in it; how I did not do nor say one word singly, but what was done was the act of the whole Board. He told me by name that he was more angry with Sir G. Carteret than with me, and also with the whole body of the Board. But, thinking who it was of the Board that did know him least, he did place his fear upon me; but he finds that he is indebted to none of his friends there. I think I did thoroughly appease him, till he thanked me for my desire and pains to satisfy him; and, upon my desiring to be directed who I should of his servants advise with about this business, he told me nobody, but would be glad to hear from me himself. He told me he would not direct me in anything, that it might not be said that the Lord Chancellor did labour to abuse the King; or, as I offered, direct the suspending the Report of the Purveyors: but I see what he means, and will make it my work to do him service in it. But, Lord! to see how he is incensed against poor Deane, as a fanatic rogue, and I know not what: and what he did was done in spite to his Lordship among all his friends and tenants. He did plainly say that he would not direct me in anything, for he would not put himself into the power of any man to say that he did so and so; but plainly told me, as if he would be glad I did something. Lord! to see how we poor wretches dare not do the King good service for fear of the greatness of these men. He named Sir G. Carteret, and Sir J. Minnes, and the rest; and that he was as angry with them all as with me. But it was pleasant to think that, while he was talking to me, comes into the garden Sir G. Carteret; and my Lord avoided speaking with him, and made him and many others stay expecting him, while I walked up and down above an hour, I think; and would have me walk with my hat on. And yet, after all, there has been so little ground for his jealousy of me, that I am sometimes afraid that he do this only in policy to bring me to his side by scaring me; or else, which is worse, to try how faithful I would be to the King: but I rather think the former of the two. I parted with great assurance how I acknowledged all I had to come from his Lordship; which he did not seem to refuse, but with great kindness and respect parted.

15th. Up, and to my Lord Sandwich's; where he sent for me up, and I did give my Lord an account of what had passed with my Lord Chancellor yesterday; with

[1] Insult, affront.

which he was pleased, and advised me by all means to study in the best manner I could to serve him in this business. After this discourse ended, he began to tell me that he had now pitched upon his day of going to sea upon Monday next, and that he would now give me an account how matters are with him. He told me that his work now in the world is only to keep up his interest at Court, having little hopes to get more considerably, he saying that he hath now about £8000 per annum. It is true, he says, he oweth about £10,000; but he hath been at great charges in getting things to this pass in his estate; besides his building and good goods that he hath bought. He says that he hath now evened his reckonings at the Wardrobe till Michaelmas last, and hopes to finish it to Lady-day before he goes. He says now there is due, too, £7000 to him there, if he knew how to get paid, besides £2000 that Mr. Montagu do owe him. As to his interest, he says that he hath had all the injury done him that ever man could have by another bosom friend that knows all his secrets, by Mr. Montagu; but he says that the worst of it all is past, and he gone out and hated, his very person by the King, and he believes the more upon the score of his carriage to him; nay, that the Duke of York did say a little while since in his closet that he did hate him because of his ungrateful carriage to my Lord of Sandwich. He says that he is as great with the Chancellor, or greater, than ever in his life. That with the King he is the like; and he told me an instance, that whereas he formerly was of the private council to the King before he was last sick, and that by the sickness an interruption was made in his attendance upon him; the King did not constantly call him, as he used to do, to his private council, only in businesses of the sea, and the like; but of late the King did send a message to him by Sir Harry Bennet, to excuse the King to my Lord that he had not of late sent for him as he used to do to his private council, for it was not out of any distaste, but to avoid giving offence to some others whom he did not name; but my Lord supposes it might be Prince Rupert, or it may be only that the King would rather pass it by an excuse than be thought unkind: but that now he did desire him to attend him constantly, which of late he hath done, and the King never more kind to him in his life than now. The Duke of York as much as is possible; and in the business of late, when I was to speak to my Lord about his going to sea, he says that he finds the Duke did it with the greatest ingenuity and love in the world; 'and whereas,' says my Lord, 'here is a wise man hard by that thinks himself so, and it may be is in a degree so (naming by and by my Lord Crewe), would have had me condition with him that neither Prince Rupert nor anybody should come over his head, and I know not what.' The Duke himself hath caused, in his commission, that he be made Admiral of this and what other ships or fleets shall hereafter be put out after these; which is very noble. He tells me, in these cases, and that of Mr. Montagu's, and all others', he finds that bearing of them patiently is the best way, without noise or trouble, and things wear out of themselves and come fair again. But says he takes it from me, never to trust too much to any man in the world, for you put yourself into his power; and the best seeming friend and real friend as to the present may have or take occasion to fall out with you, and then out comes all. Then he told me of Sir Harry Bennet, though they were always kind, yet now it is become to an acquaintance and familiarity above ordinary, that for these months he hath done no business but with my Lord's advice in his chamber, and promises all faithful love to him and service upon all occasions. My Lord says that he hath the advantage of being able by his experience to help out and advise him; and he believes that that chiefly do invite Sir Harry to this manner of treating him. 'Now,' says my Lord, 'the only and the greatest embarras[1] that I have in the world is how to behave myself to Sir H. Bennet and my Lord Chancellor, in case that there do lie anything under the embers about my Lord Bristol, which nobody can tell; for then,' says he, 'I must appear for one or other, and I will lose all I have in the world rather than desert my Lord Chancellor; so that,' says he, 'I know not, for my life, what to

[1] Embarrassment.

do in that case.' For Sir H. Bennet's love is come to the height, and his confidence, that he hath given my Lord a character,[1] and will oblige my Lord to correspond with him. 'This,' says he, 'is the whole condition of my estate and interest; which I tell you, because I know not whether I shall see you again or no.' Then, as to the voyage, he thinks it will be of charge to him, and no profit; but that he must not now look after nor think to increase, but study to make good what he hath; that what is due to him from the Wardrobe, or elsewhere, may be paid, which otherwise would fail, and all a man hath be but small content to him. So we seemed to take leave one of another; my Lord of me, desiring me that I would write to him, and give him information upon all occasions in matters that concern him; which, put together with what he preambled with yesterday, makes me think that my Lord do truly esteem me still, and desires to preserve my service to him; which I do bless God for. In the middle of our discourse, my Lady Crewe came in, to bring my Lord word that he hath another son,[2] my Lady being brought to bed just now, for which God be praised! and send my Lord to study the laying up of something the more! Thence with Creed to St. James's; and, missing Mr. Coventry, to Whitehall; where, staying for him in one of the galleries, there comes out of the chair-room Mrs. Stewart, in a most lovely form, with her hair all about her ears, having her picture taking[3] there. There was the King and twenty more, I think, standing by all the while, and a lovely creature she in the dress seemed to be.

16th. To the Tangier Committee, and there, above my expectation, got the business of our contract for the victualling carried on for my people, viz., Alsopp, Lanyon, and Yeabsly; and by their promise I do thereby get £300 per annum to myself, which do overjoy me; and the matter is left to me to draw up. Mr. Coventry did also surprise me with a question why Deane did not bring in their report of the timber of Clarendon. What he means thereby I know not, but at present put him off; nor do I know how to steer myself, but I must think of it, and advise with my Lord Sandwich.

17th. (Lord's day.) After dinner walked to my Lord's, and there found him and much other guests at table at dinner, and it seems they have christened his young son to-day—called him James. I got a piece of cake. Dr. Burnett showed me the manner of eating turpentine, which pleases me well, for it is with great ease.

18th. To my Lord's, and there took my leave of him, he seeming very friendly to me in as serious a manner as ever in his life. He sets out this morning for Deal. Sir G. Carteret and I did talk together in the Park about my Lord Chancellor's business of the timber; he telling me freely that my Lord Chancellor was never so angry with him in all his life as he was for this business, and in a great passion; and that, when he saw me there, he knew what it was about. And plots now with me how we may serve my Lord, which I am mightily glad of; and I hope together we may do it. Thence home, and Creed with me, and there he took occasion to own his obligations to me, and did lay down twenty pieces of gold upon my shelf in my closet, which I did not refuse, but wish and expected should have been more. Now I am out of expectation, and shall henceforward know how to deal with him. After discourse, we went out by coach, and we light at the Temple, and then he took final leave of me, in order to his following my Lord to-morrow. Thence to my Lord Chancellor, and discoursed his business with him. I perceive, and he says plainly, that he will not have any man to have it in his power to say that my Lord Chancellor did contrive the wronging the King of his timber; but yet, I perceive, he would be glad to have service done him therein; and told me Sir G. Carteret hath told him that he and I would look after his business, to see it done in the best manner for him.

19th. Coming to the rope-yard at Woolwich, we are told that Mr. Falconer, who hath been ill of a relapse these two days, is just now dead. We went up to his widow, who is sick in bed also. The poor woman in great sorrow, and entreats our friendship, which we shall, I think, in everything do for her. I am sure I will.

[1] Cipher.
[2] His sixth son, James Montagu.
[3] *I.e.* being taken.

20th. With Mr. Deane, discoursing upon the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber in Clarendon Park, and how to make a report therein without offending him; which at last I drew up, and hope it will please him. But I would to God neither I nor he ever had had anything to have done with it! To Whitehall, to the Committee for Fishing; but nothing done, it being a great day to-day there upon drawing at the Lottery of Sir Arthur Slingsby. I got in, and stood by the two Queens and the Duchess of York, and just behind my Lady Castlemaine, whom I do heartily admire; and good sport to see how most that did give their ten pounds did go away with a pair of gloves only for their lot, and one gentlewoman, one Mrs. Fish, with the only blank. And one I stayed to see draw a suit of hangings valued at £430, and they say are well worth the money, or near it. One other suit there is better than that; but very many lots of three and fourscore pounds. I observed the King and Queen did get but as poor lots as any else. But the wisest man I met with was Mr. Cholmley, who insured as many as would, from the drawing of the one blank for 12d.; in which case there was the whole number of persons to one, which, I think, was three or four hundred. And so he insured about 200 for 200 shillings, so he could not have lost if one of them had drawn it, for there was enough to pay the £10; but it happened another drew it, and so he got all the money he took.[1] I left the lottery, and went to a play, only a piece of it, which was at the Duke's house, *Worse and Worse*,[2] just the same manner of play, and writ, I believe, by the same man as *The Adventures of Five Hours*;[3] very pleasant it was, and I begin to admire Harris[4] more than ever.

21st. This morning to the office. Comes Nicholas Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerk, to desire of me what piece of plate I would choose to have of £100, or thereabouts, bestowed upon me, he having order to lay out so much; and, out of his freedom with me, do of himself come to make this question. I a great while urged my unwillingness to take any, not knowing how I could serve Mr. Gauden, but left it wholly to himself; so at noon I find brought home in fine leather cases a pair of the noblest flagons that ever I saw all the days of my life; whether I shall keep them or no I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in the business of the Tangier victualling, wherein I doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will: so, with a merry heart, I looked upon them, and locked them up. After dinner to give my Lord Chancellor a good account of his business, and he is very well pleased therewith, and carries himself with great discretion to me, without seeming over glad or beholding to me; and yet I know that he do think himself so.

22nd. To Deptford. Coming too soon, I spent an hour in looking round the yard, and putting Mr. Shish[1] to measure a piece or two of timber, which he did most cruelly wrong, and to the King's loss 12s. or 13s. in a piece of 28 feet in contents. Thence to the Clerk of the Cheques, from whose house Mr. Falconer was buried to-day; Sir J. Minnes and I the only principal officers that were there. We walked to church with him, and then I left them without staying the sermon, and at night home; and there find, as I expected, Mr. Hill, and Andrews, and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Signor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the theorbo most neatly; and they spent the whole evening in singing the best piece of music counted of all hands in the world, made by Signor Charissimi,[2] the famous master in Rome. Fine it was indeed, and too fine for me to judge of. Comes Mr. Lanyon, who tells me Mr. Alsopp is now become dangerously ill, and fears his recovery, which shakes my expectation of £300 per annum by the business; and, therefore, bless God for what Mr. Gauden hath sent me, which, from some discourse to-day with Mr.

[1] This lottery is also described by Evelyn (*Diary*, July 19, 1664).

[2] A comedy, by George Digby, Earl of Bristol.

[3] From the Spanish of Calderon. By Sir Samuel Tuke (d. 1674). Pepys's statement may be partly correct, as Downes says that Lord Bristol had some share in its production.

[4] He played Don Antonio.

[1] Jonas Shish, master shipwright at Deptford. See Evelyn's *Diary*, May 13, 1680.

[2] Giacomo Carissimi (1604-1674), master of music at the Church of St. Apollinaris, of the German College at Rome.

Osborne, swearing that he knows not anything of this business of the victualling; but, the contrary, that it is not that that moves Mr. Gauden to me, for he hath had order for it any time these two months. Whether this be true or no, I know not; but I shall hence with the more confidence keep it.

23rd. I took occasion to break the business of my Lord Chancellor's timber to Mr. Coventry in the best manner I could. He professed to me, that, till Sir G. Carteret did speak of it at the table, after our officers were gone to survey it, he did not know that my Lord Chancellor had anything to do with it; but now he says that he had been told by the Duke that Sir G. Carteret had spoke to him about it, and that he had told the Duke that, were he in my Lord Chancellor's case, if he were his father, he would rather fling away the gains of £2000 or £3000, than have it said that the timber, which should have been the King's, if it had continued the Duke of Albemarle's, was concealed by us in favour of my Lord Chancellor; for, says he, he is a great man, and all such as he, and he himself particularly, have a great many enemies that would be very glad of such an advantage against him; and that he would speak to the Duke, that he and Sir G. Carteret might be appointed to attend my Lord Chancellor in it. All this disturbs me mightily. I know not what to say to it, nor how to carry myself therein; for a compliance will discommend me to Mr. Coventry, and a discompliance to my Lord Chancellor. But I think to let it alone, or at least meddle in it as little more as I can.

25th. Met with a printed copy of the King's commission for the repair of Paul's,[1] which is very large, and large power for collecting money, and recovering of all people that had bought or sold formerly anything belonging to the church. And here I find my Lord Mayor of the city set in order before the Archbishop or any nobleman, though all the greatest officers of the state are there. But yet I do not hear, by my Lord Barkeley, who is one of them, that anything is like to come of it. No news, only the plague is very hot still, and increases among the Dutch.

[1] St. Paul's. Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, Aug. 27, 1666.

26th. To Anthony Joyce's, to our gossip's dinner. I had sent a dozen and half of bottles of wine thither, and paid my double share besides, which is 18s. Very merry we were. Great discourse of the fray yesterday in Moorfields, how the butchers at first did beat the weavers, between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery, but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knocked down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised; till at last the weavers went out triumphing, calling £100 for a butcher.

27th. To Whitehall, where anon the Duke of York came, and a Committee we had of Tangier, where I read over my rough draught for the Tangier victualling, and acquainted them with the death of Mr. Alsopp, which Mr. Lanyon had told me this morning, which is a sad consideration to see how uncertain our lives are, and how little to be presumed of in our greatest undertakings.

28th. Home, and then abroad, and seeing *The Bondman*[1] upon the posts, I went to the Duke's house and saw it acted. It is true, for want of practice, they have many of them forgot their parts a little; but Betterton and my poor Ianthe[1] outdo all the world. There is nothing more taking in the world with me than that play. My Lord Sandwich newly gone to sea; and he did, before his going, and by his letter since, show me all manner of respect and confidence. I am overjoyed in hopes that, upon this month's account, I shall find myself worth £1000, besides the rich present of two silver and gilt flagons, which Mr. Gauden did give me the other day.

30th. To the 'Change, where great talk of a rich present brought by an East India ship, from some of the Princes of India, worth to the King £70,000, in two precious stones, by which, at least, I hope to be £100 or £200 the better. This afternoon, with great content, I finished the contract

[1] *Supra*, p. 122.

for victualling of Tangier, with Mr. Lanyon and the rest; and to my comfort got him and Andrews to sign to the giving me £300 per annum.

31st. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I have not been these many weeks.

August 1664

August 1st. To the Coffee-house, and there all the house full of the victory General Soushe,[1] who is a Frenchman, a soldier of fortune commanding part of the German army, hath had against the Turk; killing 4000 men, and taking most extraordinary spoil. Thence taking up Harman and his wife, carried them to Anthony Joyce's, where he had my venison in a pasty well done; but, Lord! to see how much they made of it, as if they had never eaten any before; and very merry we were. Mrs. Harman is a very pretty-humoured wretch, whom I could love with all my heart, being so good and innocent company. Last night I was waked with knocking at Sir W. Pen's door; and what was it but people's running up and down, to bring him word that his brother, who hath been a good while, it seems, sick, is dead.

2nd. To the King's play-house, and there saw *Bartholomew Fair*, which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery;[2] that is, is going to build a house in Moorfields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best music, and everything as magnificent as is in Christendom; and to that end, hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy.[3] Thence homeward called upon my Lord Marlborough.

4th. To a play at the King's house, *The Rival Ladies*,[4] a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and, it being given me,[1] I look upon it as no breach of my oath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of town, after he had acted the Alchemist,[2] wherein was one of his best parts that he acts, to his country-house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. Thence visited my Lady Sandwich, who tells me my Lord Fitz-Harding is to be made a Marquis.

5th. About ten o'clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren, according to his promise yesterday. And so through the City, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast, and to my cousin W. Joyce's, who presently mounted too, and he and I out of town toward Highgate; in the way, at Kentish Town, he showing me the place and manner of Clun's being killed and laid in a ditch, and yet was not killed by any wounds, having only one in his arm, but bled to death through his struggling. He told me, also, the manner of it, of his going home so late from drinking with his mistress, and manner of having it found out. Thence forward to Barnet, and so by night to Stevenage, it raining a little, and there, to my great trouble, find that my wife was not come, nor any Stamford coach gone down this week, so that she cannot come. To bed, and, after a little sleep, W. Joyce comes in his shirt into my chamber, with a note and a messenger from my wife, that she was come by York coach to Bigglesworth, and would be with us to-morrow morning. So, mightily pleased at her discreet action in this business, to sleep again.

6th. Here lay Dean Honiwood last night. I met and talked with him this morning, and a simple priest he is, though a good well-meaning man. W. Joyce and I to a game at bowls on the green, there till eight o'clock, and then comes my wife, and a coach full of women, only one man

[1] Louis Ratuit, Comte de Souches. The battle was fought at Lewentz, in Hungary. [B.]

[2] A training school for actors.

[3] The licence is given in the *Calendar of State Papers* (Domestic) 1663-1664, p. 539.

[4] By Dryden.

[1] *I.e.* Pepys had not paid for his seat.

[2] It is not clear whether Pepys intends that Clun acted in the *Alchemist*, or took the part of Subtle (the Alchemist) in that play. According to Genest, this part was probably taken by Wintershall.

riding by. Very joyful, and mounted, and away with them to Welling,[1] and there light, and dined very well and merry, and glad to see my poor wife. After dinner out again, and to London, all the way the mightiest merry at a couple of young gentlemen come down to meet the same gentlewoman, that ever I was in my life, and so W. Joyce too, to see how one of them was horsed upon a hard-trotting sorrel horse, and both of them soundly weary and galled. But it is not to be set down how merry we were all the way. We light in Holborn, and by another coach home, and found all things well, and most mighty neat and clean.

7th. (Lord's day.) My wife telling me sad stories of the ill, improvident, disquiet, and sluttish manner that my father and mother and Pall do live in the country, which troubles me mightily, and I must seek to remedy it. Showed my wife, to her great admiration and joy, Mr. Gauden's present of plate, the two flagons, which indeed are so noble that I hardly can think that they are yet mine. I saw several poor creatures carried by, by constables, for being at a conventicle. They go like lambs, without any resistance. I would to God they would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!

8th. After dinner, to hang up my fine pictures in my dining-room, which makes it very pretty, and so my wife and I abroad to the King's play-house. Here we saw *Flora's Figary*s[2] I never saw it before; and, by the most ingenious performance of the young jade Flora,[3] it seemed as pretty a pleasant play as ever I saw.

9th. This day comes the news that the Emperor hath beat the Turk;[4] killed the Grand Vizier and several great Bashas, with an army of 80,000 men killed and routed; with some considerable loss of his own side, having lost three generals, and the French forces all cut off almost;[5] which is thought as good a service to the Emperor as beating the Turk almost.

10th. Abroad to find out one to engrave my tables upon my new sliding rule with silver plates, it being so small, that Browne, that made it, cannot get one to do it. So I got Cocker,[1] the famous writing-master, to do it, and I set an hour by him to see him design it all; and strange it is to see him, with his natural eyes, to cut so small at his first designing it, and read it all over without any missing, when for my life I could not, with my best skill, read one word or letter of it; but it is use. He says that the best light for his life to do a very small thing by (contrary to Chaucer's words to the Sun, 'that he should lend his light to them that small seals grave'[2]), it should be by an artificial light of a candle, set to advantage, as he could do it. I find the fellow, by his discourse, very ingenious; and, among other things, a great admirer of, and well read in, the English poets, and undertakes to judge of them all, and that not impertinently. After dinner Deane and I had great discourse again about my Lord Chancellor's timber, out of which I wish I may get well.

11th. Comes Cocker with my rule, which he hath engraved to admiration, for goodness and smallness of work: it cost me 14s. the doing. This day, for a wager before the King, my Lords of Castlehaven and Arran (a son of my Lord of Ormond's), they two alone did run down and kill a stout buck in St. James's Park.

12th. To Whitehall, and did much business at a Tangier Committee; where, among other things, speaking about propriety[3] of the houses there, and how we ought to let the Portuguese have right done them, as many of them as continue, or did sell the houses while they were in possession, and something further in their favour, the Duke, after an anger I never observed in him before, did cry, says he, 'All the world rides us, and I think we shall never ride anybody.'

13th. Comes Mr. Reeve, with a microscope and scotoscope. For the first I did

[1] Welwyn.

[2] *I.e. Flora's Vagaries*, by Richard Rhodes, (d. 1668), first acted at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1663. It was printed in 1670.

[3] In a later cast Nell Gwynn played Flora.

[4] Battle of St. Gothard, in Hungary, in which the Turks were defeated with great slaughter by the Imperial forces, assisted by the confederates from the Rhine, and by forty troops of French cavalry under Coligny. [B.]

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

[1] Edward Cocker (1631-1675), the arithmetician.

[2] *Troilus and Criseyde*, iii. 1462—'Go selle it hem that smale seles graven.'

[3] *I.e.* property.

give him £5 : 10s., a great price, but a most curious bauble it is, and he says, as good, nay, the best he knows in England. The other he gives me, and is of value; and a curious curiosity it is to discover objects in a dark room with. Mr. Creed dining with me, I got him to give my wife and me a play this afternoon, lending him money to do it, which is a fallacy that I have found now once, to avoid my vow with, but never to be more practised, I swear. To the new play, at the Duke's house, of *Henry the Fifth*;[1] a most noble play, writ by my Lord Orrery,[2] wherein Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's parts[3] are most incomparably wrote and done, and the whole play the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense that ever I heard; having but one incongruity, that King Harry promises to plead for Tudor to their mistress, Princess Katherine of France, more than, when it comes to it, he seems to do; and Tudor refused by her with some kind of indignity, not with a difficulty and honour that it ought to have been done in to him.

14th. (Lord's day.) Comes Mr. Herbert, Mr. Honiwood's man, and dined with me —a very honest, plain, and well-meaning man I think him to be; and, by his discourse and manner of life, the true emblem of an old ordinary serving-man. By and by comes W. Joyce, in his silk suit, and cloak lined with velvet: stayed, talking with me, and I very merry at it. He supped with me; but a cunning crafty fellow he is, and dangerous to displease, for his tongue spares nobody.

15th. With Sir J. Minnes, he talking of his cures abroad, while he was with the King as a doctor. And among others, Sir J. Denham, he told me, he had cured to a miracle. At Charing Cross, and there saw the great Dutchman that is come over, under whose arm I went with my hat on, and could not reach higher than his eye-brows with the tip of my fingers. He is a comely and well-made man, and his wife a very little but pretty comely Dutch woman. It is true he wears pretty high-heeled shoes, but not very high, and do generally wear a turban, which makes him show yet taller than really he is.

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

17th. Sir W. Batten did give me three bottles of his Epsom water, which I drank, and I found myself mightily cooled with them and refreshed. With Sir Thomas Crewe, who told me how Mr. Edward Montagu is for ever blown up, and now quite out with his father again; to whom he pretended that his going down was, not that he was cast out of the Court, but that he had leave to be absent a month; but now he finds the truth. Mr. Pierce tells me the King do still sup every night with my Lady Castlemaine.

18th. Dined alone at home, my wife going to-day to dine with Mrs. Pierce, and thence with her and Mrs. Clerke to see a new play, *The Court Secret*.[1] My wife says, the play is the worst that ever she saw in her life.

19th. To Sir W. Pen's, to see his lady[2] the first time, who is a well looked, fat, short, old Dutchwoman, but one that hath been heretofore pretty handsome, and is now very discreet; and I believe hath more wit than her husband. Here we stayed talking a good while, and very well pleased I was with the old woman. The news of the Emperor's victory over the Turks is by some doubted, but by most confessed to be very small (though great) of what was talked, which was 80,000

[1] Orrery's play is in rhyme. See also Sept. 28 1664.

[2] Roger Boyle, first Earl of Orrery (1621-1679).

[3] Betterton played Owen Tudor; Harris, King Henry; Mrs. Betterton (Ianthe), Katherine.

[1] By James Shirley, printed 1653. It appears in the volume of *Six New Playes* (1653), and is there described as 'never acted.'

[2] Margaret, daughter of John Jaspar, a merchant at Rotterdam. [B.]

men to be killed and taken of the Turk's side.

20th. I walked to Cheapside, to see the effect of a fire there this morning, since four o'clock; which I find in the house of Mr. Bois, that married Dr. Fuller's niece, who are both out of town, leaving only a maid and man in town. It began in their house, and hath burned much and many houses backward, though none forward; and that in the great uniform pile of buildings in the middle of Cheapside. I am very sorry for them, for the Doctor's sake. Thence to the 'Change, and so home to dinner. And thence to Sir W. Batten's, whither Sir Richard Ford came, the Sheriff, who hath been at this fire all the while; and he tells me, upon my question, that he and the Mayor were there, as it is their duties to be, not only to keep the peace, but they have power of commanding the pulling down of any house or houses, to defend the City. By and by comes in the Common Crier of the City to speak with him; and, when he was gone, says he, 'You may see by this man the constitution of the Magistracy of this City; that this fellow's place, I dare give him (if he will be true to me) £1000 for his profits every year, and expect to get £500 more to myself thereby; when,' says he, 'I in myself am forced to spend many times as much.'

21st. (Lord's day.) Mr. Coventry told us the Duke was gone ill of a fit of an ague to bed: so we sent this morning to see how he do.

23rd. Talking with my wife, and angry about her desiring to have a French maid all of a sudden, which I took to arise from yesterday's being with her mother. But that went over, and so she be well qualitied, I care not much whether she be French or no, so a Protestant. I went into New Bridewell, in my way to Mr. Cole, and there I saw the new model, and it is very handsome; several at work—among others, one pretty strumpet brought in last night, which works very lazily. I did give them 6d. to drink. The Dutch East India Fleet are now come home safe, which we are sorry for. Our Fleets on both sides are hastening out to Guinea.

24th. To the Wardrobe, and there saw one suit of clothes (made for my boy), and linen set out.

25th. Jack Noble came to me to tell me that he had Cave in prison, and that he would give me and my father good security that neither we nor any of our family should be troubled with the child; for he could prove that he was fully satisfied for him; and that, if the worst come to the worst, the parish would keep it; that Cave did bring the child to his house, but they got it carried back again, and that thereupon he put him in prison. When he saw that I would not pay him the money, nor made anything of being secured against the child, he then said that then he must go to law, not himself, but come in as a witness for Cave against us. I could have told him that he could bear witness that Cave is satisfied, or else there is no money due to himself; but I let alone any such discourse, only getting as much out of him as I could. I perceive he is a rogue, and hath inquired into everything, and consulted with Dr. Pepys.

26th. By water to Deptford Dockyard, and there saw the new ship in very great forwardness. To Whitehall. There I could not get into the Park, and so was fain to stay in the gallery over the gate to look to the passage into the Park, into which the King hath forbid of late anybody's coming. To see some pictures at one Huysman's,[1] a picture-drawer, a Dutchman, which is said to exceed Lilly; and indeed there is both of the Queens and Maids of Honour (particularly Mrs. Stewart's, in a buff doublet like a soldier), as good pictures, I think, as ever I saw. The Queen is drawn in one like a shepherdess, in the other like St. Catherine,[2] most like and most admirably. I was mightily pleased with this sight indeed. Mr. Pen, Sir William's son, is come back from France, and come to visit my wife; a most modish person, grown, she says, a fine gentleman.[3]

27th. To Cutler's house, and there had a very good dinner; and had two or three pretty young ladies of their relations there. Home, and there find my boy Tom Edwards come, sent me by Captain Cooke, having been bred in the King's Chapel

1 Jacob Huysmans (? 1636-1696).

2 A popular pose, perhaps in compliment to the Queen. Mrs. Pepys was so painted (see Feb. 15, 1666).

3 William Penn (1644-1718), the founder of Pennsylvania.

these four years. I propose to make a clerk of him; and, if he deserves well, to do well by him. Find him a very schoolboy, that talks innocently and impertinently.[1] All the news this day is that the Dutch are, with twenty-two sail of ships of war, cruising up and down about Ostend; at which we are alarmed. My Lord Sandwich is come back into the Downs, with only eight sail, which is, or may be, a prey to the Dutch, if they knew our weakness and inability to set out any more speedily.

29th. Mr. Hughes came to speak with me, and told me that, as he came this morning from Deptford, he left the King's yard a-fire. So I presently took a boat, and down, and there found, by God's providence, the fire out, but, if there had been any wind, it must have burned all our stores, which is a most dreadful consideration. Home, and Creed and I met at my Lady Sandwich's, and there dined; but my Lady is become as handsome, I think, as ever she was; and so good and discreet a woman I know not in the world. I must remember that, never since I was a housekeeper, I ever lived so quietly without any noise, or one angry word almost, as I have done since my present maids Bess, Janè, and Susan came and were together. Now I have taken a boy and am taking a woman, I pray God we may not be worse!

30th. Comes Mr. Pen to visit me. I perceive something of learning he hath got, but a great deal, if not too much, of the vanity of the French garb and affected manner of speech and gait. I fear all real profit he hath made of his travel will signify little.

31st. Casting up my monthly accounts, and, blessed be God! find myself worth £1020. Prince Rupert, I hear this day, is to go to command this fleet going to Guinea against the Dutch. I doubt few will be pleased with his going, being accounted an unhappy[2] man. Pretty well in health, since I left off wearing of a gown within doors all day, and then go back with my legs into the cold, which brought me daily pain.

[1] *I.e.* improperly, awkwardly; not 'saucily.'
[2] *I.e.* unlucky.

September 1664

September 1st. To the 'Change, and thence brought Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and Creed, and dined very merry and handsomely; but my wife not being well, she not with us; and we cut up the great cake Moorcocke lately sent us, which is very good.

2nd. To Bartholomew Fair, and our boy with us, and there showed them and myself the dancing on the ropes, and several other the best shows; but pretty it is to see how our boy carries himself so innocently clownish as would make one laugh. Then up and down, to buy combs for my wife to give her maids.

3rd. I have had a bad night's rest to-night, not sleeping well, as my wife observed; and I thought myself to be mightily bit with fleas, and in the morning she chid her maids for not looking the fleas a-days. But, when I rose, I found that it is only the change of the weather from hot to cold, which, as I was two winters ago, do stop my pores, and so my blood tingles and itches all day, all over my body.

4th. (Lord's day.) All the morning looking over my old wardrobe, and laying by things for my brother John and my father, by which I shall leave myself very bare in clothes, but yet as much as I need, and the rest could but spoil in the keeping. Mr. Hill came to tell me that he had got a gentlewoman for my wife, one Mrs. Ferrabosco,[1] that sings most admirably. I seemed glad of it; but I hear she is too gallant for me, and I am not sorry that I miss her.

5th. With the Duke; where all our discourse of war in the highest measure. Prince Rupert was with us; who is fitting himself to go to sea in the *Heneretta*.[2] And afterwards I met him and Mr. Gray, and says he, 'I can answer but for one ship, and in that I will do my part; for it is not in that as in an army, where a man can command everything.' Came W. Boyer, and dined with us; but strange to

[1] Perhaps the widow or daughter of Alfonso Ferrabosco, the musician (who died in 1661), the son and grandson of musicians of the same name, settled in England.
[2] *I.e. Henrietta.*

see how he could not endure onions in sauce to lamb, but was overcome with the sight of it, and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two. To Woolwich, with a galley, all the way reading Sir J. Suckling's *Aglaura*, which, methinks, is but a mean play; nothing of design in it.

6th. Called upon Doll, our pretty 'Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon, to [match] the petticoat my wife bought yesterday, which cost me 20s.; but she is so pretty, that, God forgive me! I could not think it too much, which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it. This day Mr. Coventry did tell us how the Duke did receive the Dutch Ambassador the other day; by telling him that, whereas they think us in jest, he believes that the Prince Rupert, which goes in this fleet to Guinea, will soon tell them that we are in earnest, and that he himself will do the like here, in the head of the fleet here at home; and that he did not doubt to live to see the Dutch as fearful of provoking the English under the government of a King as he remembers them to have been under that of a *Coquin*.[1]

7th. With Creed walked to Bartholomew Fair, this being the last day; and there I saw the best dancing on the ropes that I think I ever saw in my life.

8th. All haste made in setting out this Guinea fleet, but yet not such as will ever do the King's business, if we come to a war. My wife this afternoon, being very well dressed by her new woman Mary Mercer, a decayed merchant's daughter that our Will helps us to, did go to the christening of Mrs. Mills the parson's wife's child, where she never was before.

9th. Up, and put things in order against dinner. I out and bought some things; among others, a dozen of silver salts; and at noon comes my company, namely, Anthony and Will Joyce and their wives, my aunt James, newly come out of Wales, and my cousin Sarah Gyles. Her husband did not come; and by her I did understand afterwards that it was because he was not able to pay me the 40s. she had borrowed a year ago of me. I was as merry as I could, giving them a good dinner; but W. Joyce did so talk, that he made everybody else dumb, but only laugh at him. I forgot there was Mr. Harman and his wife, my aunt, a very good harmless woman. All their talk is of her and my two she-cousin Joyces, and Will's little boy Will, who was also here to-day. They eyed mightily my great cupboard of plate, I this day putting my two flagons upon the table; and indeed it is a fine sight, and better than ever I did hope to see of my own. Mercer dined with us at table, this being her first dinner in my house. After dinner, my wife and Mercer, and Tom and I, sat till eleven at night, singing and fiddling, and a great joy it is to see me master of so much pleasure in my house. The girl plays pretty well upon the harpsichon,[1] but only ordinary tunes, but hath a good hand; sings a little, but hath a good voice and ear. My boy, a brave boy, sings finely, and is the most pleasant boy at present, while his ignorant boy's tricks last, that ever I saw.

10th. All the morning much troubled to think what the end of our great sluggishness will be; for we do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a war. We must be put out, or other people put in. My wife and I and Mercer to the Duke's house, and there saw *The Rivals*,[2] which is no excellent play, but good acting in it; especially Gosnell comes and sings and dances finely; but, for all that, fell out of the key, so that the music could not play to her afterwards; and so did Harris[3] also go out of the time to agree with her. This night I received, by Will, £105, the first-fruits of my endeavours in the late contract for victualling of Tangier, for which God be praised! for I can with a safe conscience say that I have therein saved the King £5000 per annum, and yet got myself a hope of £300 per annum without the least wrong to the King.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church in the best manner I have gone a good while—that is to say, with my wife, and her woman Mercer along with us, and Tom, my boy, waiting on us. A dull sermon. With Mr. Blagrave walking in the Abbey, he telling me the whole

[1] Rascal; referring to Cromwell.

[1] Harpsichord.

[2] By Davenant (printed in 1668), based on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

[3] Who played Theocles.

government and discipline of Whitehall Chapel, and the caution now used against admitting any debauched persons. This afternoon, it seems, Sir J. Minnes fell sick at church, and, going down the gallery stairs, fell down dead,[1] but came to himself again, and is pretty well.

12th. Up, and to my cousin Anthony Joyce's, and there took leave of my Aunt James, and both cousins, their wives, who are this day going down to my father's by coach. I did give my aunt 20s., to carry as a token to my mother, and 10s. to Pall.[2] With the Duke; and saw him with great pleasure play with his little girl,[3] like an ordinary private father of a child. To Mr. Creed's lodgings, talking mightily of the convenience and necessity of a man's wearing good clothes.

13th. To Fishmongers' Hall, where we met the first time upon the Fishery Committee, and many good things discoursed of concerning making of farthings, which was proposed as a way of raising money for this business, and then that of lotteries, but with great confusion; but I hope we shall fall into greater order.

15th. After dinner many people came in, and kept me all the afternoon: among others, the Master and Wardens of Surgeons' Hall, who stayed arguing their cause with me.

16th. Mr. Gauden coming to me, I had a good opportunity to speak to him about his present, which hitherto hath been a burden to me, because I was doubtful that he meant it as a temptation to me, to stand by him in the business of Tangier victualling; but he clears me it was not, and that what he did was for my old kindnesses to him, and dispatching of his business. Met Sir W. Warren, and afterwards to the Sun tavern, where he brought to me, being all alone, a £100 in a bag, which I offered him to give him my receipt for, but he told me no, it was my own, which he had a little while since promised me; and so most kindly he did give it me, and I as joyfully, even out of myself, carried it home in a coach, he himself expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done, though I was willing enough to have carried a servant with me to have received it, but he advised me to do it myself. Met Mr. Pargiter, and he would needs have me drink a cup of horse-radish ale, which he and a friend of his, troubled with the stone, have been drinking of, which we did, and then walked into the fields as far almost as Sir G. Whitmore's,[1] all the way talking of Russia, which, he says, is a sad place; and, though Moscow is a very great city, yet it is from the distance between house and house, and few people compared with this, and poor sorry houses, the Emperor himself living in a wooden house; his exercise only flying a hawk at pigeons, and carrying pigeons ten or twelve miles off, and then laying wagers which pigeon shall come soonest home to her house. All the winter within doors, some few playing at chess, but most drinking their time away. Women live very slavishly there; and, it seems, in the Emperor's court, no room hath above two or three windows, and those the greatest not a yard wide or high, for warmth in winter time; and that the general cure for all diseases there is their sweating-houses; or people that are poor, they get into their ovens, being heated, and there lie. Little learning among them of any sort. Not a man that speaks Latin, unless the Secretary of State by chance. Old Hardwicke came, and redeemed a watch he had left with me in pawn for 40s. seven years ago, and I let him have it.

18th. (Lord's day.) Last night my aunt Wight did send my wife a new scarf, laced, as a token for her many givings to her; but my aim is to get myself something more from my uncle's favour than this.

19th. My wife having put on to-day her winter new suit of moyre,[2] which is handsome, after dinner I did give her £15 to lay out in linen and necessaries for the house, and to buy a suit for Pall. Dr. Pierce tells me, when I was wondering that Fraizer[3] should order things with the

[1] *I.e.* insensible. Cf. Feb. 7, 1667.
[2] Pepys's sister Paulina. [3] Afterwards Mary II.

[1] Baulmes, at Hoxton, in the Parish of Hackney, near the Islington boundary, belonged to Sir George Whitmore, of Barnes, in Surrey, who was Lord Mayor in 1631. His daughter Anne, mentioned by Pepys, Feb. 28, 1664, married Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower. [B.]
[2] Mohair.
[3] Sir Alexander Fraizer (? 1610-1681), one of the King's physicians.

Prince in that confident manner, that Fraizer is so great with my Lady Castlemaine, and Stewart, and all the ladies at Court, in helping to slip their calves when there is occasion, and with the great men in curing of them, that he can do what he please with the King, in spite of any man, and upon the same score with the Prince; they all having more or less occasion to make use of him. Colonel Reames did this day tell me how it is clear that if my Lord Teviot had lived he would have quite undone Tangier, or designed himself to be master of it. He did put the King upon most great, chargeable, and unnecessary works there; and took the course industriously to deter all other merchants but himself to deal there, and to make both King and all others pay what he pleased for all that was brought thither.

20th. Met Captain Poyntz, who hath some place, or title to a place, belonging to gaming. I discoursed with him about our business of improving of the Lotteries, to the King's benefit, and that of the Fishery, and had some light from him in the business. I find, with great delight, that I am come to my good temper of business again. God continue me in it!

21st. To Huysman's,[1] the great picture-drawer, and saw again very fine pictures, and have his promise, for Mr. Povy's sake, to take pains in what picture I shall set him about, and I think to have my wife's. To Povy's to dinner, where great and good company; among others, Sir John Skeffington,[2] whom I knew at Magdalene College, a fellow-commoner, my fellow-pupil, but one with whom I had no great acquaintance, he being then, God knows! much above me.

22nd. My wife not well, and she tells me she thinks she is with child, but I neither believe nor desire it. But God's will be done! Home to bed; having got a strange cold in my head, by flinging off my hat[3] at a dinner, and sitting with the wind in my neck.

23rd. Comes Mr. Fuller, that was the wit of Cambridge, and Prævaricator[1] in my time, and stayed all the morning with me discoursing, and his business to get a man discharged, which I did do for him. To the office, where Sir G. Carteret and we met about an order of the Council for the hiring him a house, giving him £1000 fine, and £70 per annum for it. Here Sir J. Minnes took occasion, in the most childish and most unbecoming manner, to reproach us all, but most himself, that he was not valued as Comptroller among us, nor did anything but only set his hand to paper, which is but too true; and everybody had a palace, and he no house to lie in, and wished he had but as much to build him a house with as we have laid out in carved work. It was to no end to oppose, but all bore it, and after laughed at him for it.

24th. Comes one Phillips, who is concerned in the Lottery, and from whom I collected much concerning that business. He told me that Monsieur du Puy, that is so great a man at the Duke of York's, and this man's great opponent, is a knave, and by quality but a tailor. We were told to-day of a Dutch ship of 300 or 400 tons, where all the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore at Gottenburgh.[2]

25th. (Lord's day.) My throat being yet very sore, and my head out of order, went not to church, but spent all the morning reading of *The Mad Lovers*,[3] a very good play. Read another play, *The Custom of the Country*,[4] which is a very poor one, methinks.

26th. I have looked a little too much after Tangier and the Fishery, and that in the sight of Mr. Coventry; but I have good reason to love myself for serving

[1] See p. 277.

[2] Described in the Magdalene College Register-book as John Skeffington, son of Sir Richard Skeffington, Knt., of Coventry, admitted as a Pensioner, Sept. 19, 1649, and in April, 1651, made a Fellow-Commoner. [B.]

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

[1] The Varier or Praevaricator was appointed at the commencement of the year preceding, and made an oration, in which he was authorised by custom, like the Tripos at the lesser Comitia, to use considerable freedom of language, a privilege the abuse of which led by degrees to the abolition of the office. The functionary was named from *varying* the question, which he proposed either by a play on the words, or by the transposition of the terms in which it was expressed. [B.]

[2] Gothenburg (Göteborg).

[3] *I.e. The Mad Lover*, by John Fletcher.

[4] Also by Fletcher.

Tangier, for it is one of the best flowers in my garden.

28th. My Lord Rutherford would needs carry me and another Scotch Lord to a play, and so we saw, coming late, part of *The General*, my Lord Orrery's (Broghill's) second[1] play; but, Lord! to see how no more either in words, sense, or design, it is to his *Harry the Fifth*,[1] is not imaginable, and so poorly acted, though in finer clothes, is strange. My mind at a great loss how to go down to Brampton this week, to satisfy Pigott; but, what with the fears of my house, my money, my wife, and my office, I know not how in the world to think of it, Tom Hater being out of town, and I having near £1000 in my house.

29th. After dinner to Sir G. Carteret, and with him to his new house he is taking in Broad Street, and there surveyed all the rooms and bounds, in order to the drawing up a lease thereof; and that done, Mr. Cutler, his landlord, took me up and down, and showed me all his ground and house, which is extraordinary great, he having bought all the Augustine Friars, and many, many a £1000 he hath and will bury there. Fresh news came of our beating the Dutch at Guinea quite out of all their castles almost, which will make them quite mad here at home sure. And Sir G. Carteret did tell me that the King do joy mightily at it; but asked him, laughing, 'But,' says he, 'how shall I do to answer this to the Ambassador, when he comes?' Nay, they say that we have beat them out of the New Netherlands,[2] too; so that we have been doing them mischief for a great while in several parts of the world, without public knowledge or reason. Their fleet for Guinea is now, they say, ready, and abroad, and will be going this week.

30th. At my accounts, it being a great month, both for profit and layings out—the last being £89 for kitchen, and clothes for myself and wife, and a few extraordinaries for the house; and my profits, besides salary, £239; so that I have this week, notwithstanding great layings out, and preparations for laying out, which I make as paid this month, my balance to come to £1203.

[1] See note, *supra*, Aug. 13, 1664.
[2] The Dutch settlement of New Amsterdam, re-named New York.

October 1664

October 1st. We go now on with vigour in preparing against the Dutch; who, they say, will now fall upon us without doubt upon this high news come of our beating them so wholly in Guinea.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Walked with my boy through the city, putting in at several churches, among others at Bishopsgate, and there saw the picture usually put before the King's book,[1] put up in the church, but very ill painted, though it were a pretty piece to set up in a church. I intended to have seen the Quakers, who, they say, do meet every Lord's day at the Mouth, at Bishopsgate; but I could see none stirring, nor was it fit to ask for the place; so I walked over Moorfields, and thence to Clerkenwell Church, and there, as I wished, sat next pew to the fair Butler, who indeed is a most perfect beauty still; and one I do very much admire myself for my choice of her for a beauty, she having the best lower part of her face that ever I saw all days of my life. After church I walked to my Lady Sandwich's, through my Lord Southampton's new buildings[2] in the fields behind Gray's Inn; and, indeed, they are a very great and a noble work. My lady asked me my opinion about Creed, whether he would have a wife or no, and proposed Mrs. Wright for him, which, she says, she heard he was once inquiring after. She desired I would take a good time and manner of proposing it, and I said I would, though I believed he would love nothing but money; and much was not to be expected there, she said. So away back to Clerkenwell Church, and so we walked all over the fields home, and there my wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding abroad to look after beauties.

3rd. With Sir J. Minnes, by coach, to St. James's; and there all the news now of very hot preparations for the Dutch: and, being with the Duke, he told us he

[1] The folio Common Prayer Book of 1661.
[2] On the north side of the later Bloomsbury Square. See Evelyn's *Diary*, Feb. 9, 1665.

was resolved to take a trip himself, and that Sir W. Pen should go in the same ship with him. Which honour, God forgive me! I could grudge him, for his knavery and dissimulation, though I do not envy much the having the same place myself. Talk also of great haste in the getting out another fleet, and building some ships; and now it is likely we have put one another by each other's dalliance past a retreat.

4th. This morning Sir W. Pen went to Chatham to look after the ships now going out thence, and particularly that wherein the Duke and himself go. He took Sir G. Ascue with him, whom, I believe, he hath brought into play. After dinner to a play, to see *The General*,[1] which is so dull and so ill acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in all my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley; who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dulness of the poet and badness of the action, and that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with.

5th. To New Bridewell, and there I did with great pleasure see the many pretty works, and the little children employed, every one, to do something, which was a very fine sight, and worthy encouragement. Fell in discourse with the Secretary of the Virtuosi[2] of Gresham College. He tells me of a new-invented instrument to be tried before the College anon, and I intend to see it. So to Trinity House, and there I dined among the old dull fellows. Comes Mr. Cocker to see me, and I discoursed with him about his writing and ability of sight, and how I shall do to get some glass or other to help my eyes by candle-light; and he tells me he will bring me the helps he hath, within a day or two, and show me what he do. To the Music-meeting at the Post-office,[3] where I was once before. And thither anon came all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company: and the new instrument was brought called the arched viol, where, being tuned with lute-strings, and played on with keys like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings, which by the keys are pressed down upon it, are grated in imitation of a bow, by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several viols played on with one bow, but so basely and so harshly, that it will never do. But, after three hours' stay, it could not be fixed in tune; and so they were fain to go to some other music of instruments. This morning, by three o'clock, the Prince,[1] and King, and Duke with him, went down the river, and the Prince under sail the next tide after, and so is gone from the Hope. God give him better success than he used to have!

7th. Came Mr. Cocker, and brought me a globe of glass and a frame of oiled paper, as I desired, to show me the manner of his gaining light to grave by, and to lessen the glaringness of it at pleasure by an oiled paper. This I bought of him, giving him a crown for it; and so, well satisfied, he went away.

9th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Fuller, my Cambridge acquaintance, coming, he told me he was to preach at Barking Church,[2] and so I to hear him, and he preached well and neatly. To bed without prayers, it being cold, and to-morrow washing-day.

10th. Sir W. Pen do grow every day more and more regarded by the Duke, because of his service heretofore in the Dutch war, which I am confident is by some strong obligations he hath laid upon Mr. Coventry; for Mr. Coventry must needs know that he is a man of very mean parts, but only a bred seaman. Sat up till past twelve at night to look over the account of the collections for the Fishery; and the loose and base manner that monies so collected are disposed of in, would make a man never part with a penny in that manner; and, above all, the inconvenience of having a great man, though never so seeming pious as my Lord Pembroke[3] is. He is too great to be called to an account, and is abused by his servants, and yet obliged to defend them for his own sake. This day, by the

[1] See p. 282.

[2] Henry Oldenburg (? 1615-1677), first Secretary of the Royal Society (from 1663).

[3] Probably at the Black Swan, Bishopsgate.

[1] Rupert.

[2] Allhallows, Barking, at the east end of Great Tower Street.

[3] Philip Herbert, fifth Earl (1619-1669).

blessing of God, my wife and I have been married nine years; but, my head being full of business, I did not think of it to keep it in any extraordinary manner. But bless God for our long lives, and loves, and health together, which the same God long continue, I wish from my very heart!

11th. Luellin tells me what a loose play this *Parson's Wedding*[1] is, that is acted by nothing but women at the King's house. To the Fishery in Thames Street, and there several good discourses about the letting of the Lotteries, and, among others, one Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] whom yet I knew not, do speak very well and neatly. My wife tells me the sad news of my Lady Castlemaine's being now become so decayed that one would not know her; at least far from a beauty, which I am sorry for. This day with great joy Captain Titus told us the particulars of the French's expedition against Gigery upon the Barbary Coast, in the Straits, with 6000 chosen men.[3] They have taken the fort of Gigery, wherein were five men and three guns, which makes the whole story of the King of France's policy and power to be laughed at.

12th. For news, all say De Ruyter is gone to Guinea before us. Sir J. Lawson is come to Portsmouth, and our fleet is hastening all speed; I mean this new fleet. Prince Rupert with his is got into the Downs.

13th. Taking leave of my wife, I by coach to the Red Lion in Aldersgate Street, and there, by agreement, met W. Joyce and Tom Trice, and mounted (I upon a very fine mare that Sir W. Warren helps me to) and so very merrily rode till it was very dark, I leading the way through the dark to Welling,[1] and there to supper and to bed; but very bad accommodation at the Swan. In my way to Brampton, in this day's journey, I met with Mr. White,[2] Cromwell's chaplain that was, and had a great deal of discourse with him. Among others, he tells me that Richard is, and hath long been, in France, and is now going into Italy. He owns publicly that he do correspond with him, and return him all his money. That Richard hath been in some straits in the beginning; but relieved by his friends. That he goes by another name, but do not disguise himself, nor deny himself to any man that challenges him. He tells me, for certain, that offers had been made to the old man[3] of marriage between the King and his daughter to have obliged him, but he would not. He thinks with me, that it never was in his power to bring in the King with the consent of any of his officers about him; and that he scorned to bring him in as Monk did, to secure himself and deliver everybody else. When I told him of what I found writ in a French book of one Monsieur Sorbière that gives an account of his observations here[4] in England; among other things, he says, that it is reported that Cromwell did, in his lifetime, transpose many of the bodies of the kings of England from one grave to another, and that, by that means, it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set up upon a post be that of Cromwell, or of one of the kings; Mr. White tells me that he believes he never had so poor a low thought in him to trouble himself about it. He says the hand of God is much to be seen; that all his children are in good condition enough as to estate, and that their relations that betrayed their family are all now either hanged or very miserable.

14th. Up by break of day, and got to Brampton by three o'clock, where my

[1] A comedy, by Thomas Killigrew (1663). For the plot see Genest, i. 146-7.

[2] (1630-1673.) Afterwards first Baron Clifford of Chudleigh.

[3] Colbert, in his desire to establish French colonies, wished to found one on the Mediterranean coast of Africa. For this purpose the Duc de Beaufort, High Admiral of France, took possession, on July 22, 1664, of Gigeri, in the province of Bugia, and he placed a garrison there under the command of Lieut.-General Guadagni. The Duke had scarcely retired before the Moors attacked the place in great force, and with such success that Guadagni thought himself happy in evacuating it with safety. He embarked on the night of Oct. 29, abandoning his artillery and stores. The regiment of Picardy perished by shipwreck. [B.]

[1] Welwyn. See p. 275.

[2] Jeremiah White (1629-1707).

[3] The story went that Lord Broghill had proposed to Cromwell a match for his daughter Frances with Charles II.

[4] Samuel Sorbières published an account of a journey to England in 1663 (*Relation d'un Voyage en Angleterre, où sont touchées plusieurs choses qui regardent l'estat des Sciences, et de la Religion et autres matières curieuses.* Paris, 1664, 8vo). See M. Jusserand's Essay in *English Essays from a French Pen*, London, 1895.

father and mother overjoyed to see me, my mother ready to weep every time she looked upon me. To the Court,[1] and there did all our business to my mind. So home, and after supper I to bed.

15th. My father and I up, and walked alone to Hinchingbroke; and, among the late chargeable works that my Lord hath done there, we saw his water-works, which are very fine; and so is the house all over; but I am sorry to think of the money at this time spent therein. Taking leave, W. Joyce and I set out, calling T. Trice at Bugden, and got by night to Stevenage, and there mighty merry, though I in bed, more weary than the other two days, which I think proceeded from our galloping so much; but I find that a coney skin in my breeches preserves me perfectly from galling.

16th. (Lord's day.) It raining, we set out betimes, and about nine o'clock got to Hatfield in church-time, and I 'lighted, and saw my simple Lord Salisbury[2] sit there in the gallery. To Barnet, and there dined at the Red Lion; thence home by four o'clock, weary, but very well.

18th. We made a very great contract with Sir W. Warren for 3000 load of timber. In the afternoon to the Fishery, where very confused and very ridiculous my Lord Craven's proceedings, especially his finding fault with Sir J. Collaton[3] and Colonel Griffin's[4] report in the accounts of the lottery-men. Thence I with Mr. Gray in his coach to Whitehall; but, the King and Duke being abroad, we returned to Somerset House. I find him a very worthy and studious gentleman in the business of trade. He says that it is concluded among merchants that, where a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers again; and, therefore, that the manufacture of cloth in England will never come to esteem again; that, among other faults, Sir Richard Ford cannot keep a secret; that Sir Ellis Layton[5] is, for a speech of forty words, the wittiest man that ever he knew in his life, but longer he is nothing. At Somerset House I saw the Queen Dowager's new rooms, which are most stately and nobly furnished; and there I saw her and the Duke of York and Duchess. The Duke espied me, and came to me, and talked with me a very great while.

19th. Weighed my two silver flagons at Stevens's. They weigh 212 oz. 27 dwt., which is about £50 at 5s. per oz.; and then they judge the fashion[1] to be worth above 5s. per ounce more; nay, some say 10s. an ounce the fashion. Sorry to see that the fashion is worth so much, and the silver come to no more.

20th. Took two silver tumblers home, which I have bought.

21st. To Sir W. Turner's, and there bought my cloth, coloured, for a suit and cloak, to line with plush. I find that I must go handsomely, whatever it costs me, and the charge will be made up in the fruits it brings. Comes Mr. Martin, to trouble me again to get him a Lieutenant's place, for which he is as fit as a fool can be. But I put him off like an ass, as he is.

23rd. (Lord's day.) To church. At noon comes unexpected Mr. Fuller, and dines with me. At night to the office, doing business, and then to supper. Then a psalm, to prayers, and to bed.

24th. Into the galleries at Whitehall, to talk with my Lord Sandwich; among other things, about the Prince's writing up to tell us of the danger he and his fleet lie in at Portsmouth of receiving affronts from the Dutch; which, my Lord said, he would never have done, had he lain there with one ship alone; nor is there any great reason for it, because of the sands. However, the fleet will be ordered to go and lay themselves up at the Cowes. Much beneath the prowess of the Prince, I think, and the honour of the nation, at the first to be found to secure themselves. My Lord is well pleased to think, that if the Duke and the Prince go, all the blame of any miscarriage will not light on him; and that, if anything goes well, he hopes he shall have the share of the glory, for the Prince is by no means well esteemed of by anybody. This day the great O'Neale[2]

[1] Of the Manor.

[2] *Cf.* his character in Clarendon, bk. vi.: he was at this time in his seventy-fifth year.

[3] See Sept. 22, 1663.

[4] Edward Griffin, of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire, at this time Lieut.-Colonel in the Duke of York's Regiment of Foot-Guards, raised to the peerage in 1688, by the title of Lord Griffin. [B.]

[5] Sir Elisha Leighton (*n.s.*).

[1] Making.

[2] Daniel O'Neill (?1612-1664), 'Infallible Subtle'; third husband of Catherine, Countess of Chesterfield.

died; I believe, to the content of all the Protestant pretenders in Ireland.

25th. Taking care of a piece of plate for Mr. Christopher Pett, against the launching of his new great ship to-morrow at Woolwich, which I singly did move to His Royal Highness yesterday, and did obtain it for him, to the value of twenty pieces. And he, under his hand, do acknowledge to me that he did never receive so great a kindness in the world as from me herein.

26th. My people rising mighty betimes, to fit themselves to go by water; and my boy, he could not sleep, but wakes about four o'clock, and in bed lay playing on his lute till daylight, and, it seems, did the like last night till twelve o'clock. About eight o'clock my wife and her woman, and Bessy and Jane, and W. Hewer and the boy to the water-side, and there took boat, and by and by I out of doors, to look after the flagon, to get it ready to carry to Woolwich. By and by, the flagon being finished at the burnisher's, I home, and there fitted myself, and took a hackney-coach I hired, it being a very cold and foul day, to Woolwich, all the way reading in a good book touching the fishery, and, that being done, in the book upon the statute of charitable uses,[1] mightily to my satisfaction. At Woolwich; I there up to the King and Duke. Here I stayed above with them while the ship was launched,[2] which was done with great success; and the King did very much like the ship, saying she had the best bow that ever he saw. But, Lord! the sorry talk and discourse among the great courtiers round about him, without any reverence in the world, but with so much disorder. By and by the Queen comes and her Maids of Honour; one whereof, Mrs. Boynton,[3] and the Duchess of Buckingham had been very sick coming by water in the barge, the water being very rough; but what silly sport they made with them in very common terms, methought, was very poor, and below what people think these great people say and do. The launching being done, the King and company went down to take barge; and I sent for Mr. Pett, and put the flagon into the Duke's hand, and he, in the presence of the King, did give it Mr. Pett, taking it upon his knee. This Mr. Pett is wholly beholding to me for, and he do know, and I believe will acknowledge it. Going out of the gate, an ordinary woman prayed me to give her room to London, which I did, but spoke not to her all the way, but read as long as I could see my book again. Dark when we came to London, and a stop of coaches in Southwark. Into the Bear, at the Bridge-foot, to Sir W. Batten. Presently the stop is removed, and there going out to find my coach, I could not find it; so I fain to go through the dark and dirt over the bridge, and my leg fell in a hole broke on the bridge, but, the constable standing there to keep people from it, I was catched up, otherwise I had broke my leg; for which mercy the Lord be praised! So home, where the little girl hath looked to the house well, but no wife come home, which made me begin to fear for her, the water being very rough, and cold and dark. But by and by she and her company came in all well, at which I was glad, though angry. The City did last night very freely lend the King £100,000, without any security but the King's word, which was very noble.

27th. At noon, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself were treated at the Dolphin by Mr. Foley,[1] the ironmonger, where a good plain dinner, but I expected music, the missing of which spoiled my dinner; only very good merry discourse at dinner.

28th. My tailor brings me home my fine, new, coloured cloth suit, my cloak lined with plush, as good a suit as ever I wore in my life, and mighty neat, to my great content.

29th. Up, and it being my Lord Mayor's show, my boy and three maids went out; but, it being a very foul rainy day, from morning till night, I was sorry my wife let them go out. All the talk is that De Ruyter is come overland home with six or eight of his captains to command here at

[1] John Herne's *Law of Charitable Uses*, 2nd edit., 1663.

[2] The *Royal Catharine*, of 82 guns. [B.]

[3] She became the first wife of Richard Talbot, afterwards Duke of Tyrconnel. [B.]

[1] Thomas Foley, afterwards of Witley Court. He was the grandfather of the first Lord Foley. [B.]

home, and their ships kept abroad in the Straits; which sounds as if they had a mind to do something with us.

30th. (Lord's day.) Put on my new, fine, coloured cloth suit, with my cloak lined with plush, which is a dear and noble suit, costing me about £17.

31st. To a Committee of Tangier, when Mr. Coventry proposed the retrenching some of the charge of the horse. The first word asked by the Duke of Albemarle was, 'Let us see who commands them,' there being three troops. One of them he calls to mind was by Sir Toby Bridges.[1] Says he, 'There is a very good man. If you must reform[2] two of them, be sure let him command the troop that is left.' This day I hear young Mr. Stanly, a brave young gentleman, that went out with young Jermin with Prince Rupert, is already dead of the smallpox, at Portsmouth. All preparations against the Dutch; and the Duke of York fitting himself with all speed to go to the fleet which is hastening for him; being now resolved to go in the *Charles*.

November 1664

November 3rd. To the office, where strange to see how Sir W. Pen is flocked to by people of all sorts against his going to sea. This night Sir W. Batten did tell me strange news, which troubles me, that my Lord Sandwich will be sent Governor to Tangier, which, in some respects, indeed, I should be glad of, for the good of the place and the safety of his person, but I think his honour will suffer, and, it may be, his interest fail by his distance.

4th. To St. James's, where I find Mr. Coventry full of business, packing up for his going to sea with the Duke. Walked with him, talking, to Whitehall, where to the Duke's lodgings, who is gone thither to lodge lately. Talking about the management of our office, Mr. Coventry tells me the weight of dispatch will lie most upon me, and told me freely his mind touching Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, the latter of whom, he most aptly said, was like a lapwing, that all he did was to keep a-flutter, to keep others from the nest that they would find. He told me an old story of the former about the light-houses, how just before he had certified to the Duke against the use of them, and what a burden they are to trade, and presently after, at his being at Harwich, comes to desire that he might have the setting one up there, and gets the usefulness of it certified also by the Trinity-House. After discoursing as how the King hath resolved upon Captain Taylor and Colonel Middleton, the first to be commissioner for Harwich, and the latter for Portsmouth, home; and Mr. Duke, our Secretary for the Fishery, dined with me.

5th. To the Duke's house, to see *Macbeth*,[1] a pretty good play, but admirably acted. Thence home; the coach being forced to go round by London Wall home, because of the bonfires; the day being mightily observed in the City.

6th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to church. Dined at home. At night, to supper with my uncle Wight, where very merry, and so home. To prayers and to bed.

7th. To Whitehall, where mighty thrusting about the Duke now upon his going. We were with him long. He advised us to follow our business close, and to be directed in his absence by the Committee of the Council for the Navy. By and by a meeting of the Fishery, where the Duke was; but I see the greatest businesses are done so superficially, that I wonder anything succeeds at all among us, that is public. To my Lady Sandwich's, and there met my wife and dined, but I find that I dine as well myself, that is, as neatly, and my meat as good and well-dressed as my good Lady do, in the absence of my Lord.

8th. To the office, where by and by Mr. Coventry came, and, after doing a little business, took his leave of us, being to go to sea with the Duke to-morrow. At noon I and Sir J. Minnes and Lord Barkeley, who with Sir J. Duncum[2] and Mr. Chichly are made Masters of the

[1] Perhaps we should read Sir Thomas Bridges, made a K.B. at the Restoration. [B.]
[2] *I.e.* disband. Cf. 'reformado,' *supra*, p. 49.

[1] Davenant's adaptation, printed in 1674.
[2] Sir John Duncombe, M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds (1660-1661).

Ordnance, to the office of the Ordnance, to discourse about wadding for guns. Thence to dinner, all of us to the Lieutenant's of the Tower; where a good dinner, but disturbed in the middle of it by the King's coming into the Tower; and so we broke up, and to him, and went up and down the storehouses and magazines, which are, with the addition of the new great storehouse, a noble sight. This day, Mr. Lever sent my wife a pair of silver candlesticks, very pretty ones. The first man that ever presented me, to whom I have not only done little service, but apparently did him the greatest disservice in his business of accounts, as Purser-General, of any man at the board.

9th. Called up, as I had appointed, between two and three o'clock. I and my boy Tom by water with a galley down to the Hope, it being a fine starry night. Got thither by eight o'clock, and there, as expected, found the *Charles*, her mainmast setting. Commissioner Pett aboard. I up and down to see the ship I was so well acquainted with, and a great work it is, the setting so great a mast. Thence the Commissioner and I on board Sir G. Ascue, in the *Henry*, who lacks men mightily, which makes me think that there is more believed to be in a man that hath heretofore been employed than truly there is; for one would never have thought, a month ago, that he would have wanted 1000 men at his heels. Nor do I think he hath much of a seaman in him; for he told me, says he, 'Heretofore, we used to find our ships clean and ready, everything to our hands in the Downs. Now I come, and must look to see things done like a slave, things that I never minded, nor cannot look after.' And by his discourse I find that he hath not minded anything in her at all. To Whitehall, and there the King being in his Cabinet Council, I desiring to speak with Sir G. Carteret, I was called in, and demanded by the King himself many questions, to which I did give him full answers. There were at this Council my Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, the two Secretaries, and Sir G. Carteret. Not a little contented at this chance of being made known to these persons, and called often by my name by the King. The Duke of York is this day gone away to Portsmouth.

10th. Abroad, intending to have spoken with my Lord Chancellor about the old business of his wood at Clarendon, but could not. My little girl Susan is fallen sick of the measles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlet fever.

11th. To the Council-chamber at Whitehall, where, looking upon some books of heraldry of Sir Edward Walker's[1] making, which are very fine, I observed the Duke of Monmouth's arms are neatly done, and his title, 'The most noble and high-born Prince, James Scott, Duke of Monmouth,' etc.; nor could Sir J. Minnes, nor anybody there, tell whence he should take the name of Scott.[2] And then I found my Lord Sandwich his title under his arms is, 'The most noble and mighty Lord, Edward, Earl of Sandwich,' etc. Sir Edward Walker, afterwards coming in, in discourse did say that there was none of the families of princes in Christendom that do derive themselves so high as Julius Cæsar, nor so far, by 1000 years, that can directly prove their rise; only some in Germany do derive themselves from the patrician families of Rome, but that uncertainly; and, among other things, did much inveigh against the writing of romances, that 500 years hence being wrote of matters in general true, as the romance of *Cleopatra*,[3] the world will not know which is true and which is false. A gentleman told us he saw, the other day, and did bring the draught of it to Sir Francis Pridgeon, a monster born of an hostler's wife at Salisbury, two women children perfectly made, joined at the lower part of their bellies, and every part as perfect as two bodies, and only one pair of legs coming forth on one side from the middle where they were joined. It was alive 24 hours, and cried, and did as all hopeful children do; but, being showed too much to people, was killed.[4] To the Council at Whitehall, where a great

[1] (1612-1677.) Herald, formerly Garter King of Arms.

[2] He had married in 1663, Anne Scott, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Buccleuch. See pp. 169, 188.

[3] By La Calprenède (1647); in 12 volumes and 48 books, running to 4153 pages. This popular romance was translated in instalments between 1652 and 1665.

[4] Died.

many lords: Annesly[1] in the chair. But, Lord! to see what work they will make us, and what trouble we shall have to inform men in a business they are to begin to know, when the greatest of our hurry is, is a thing to be lamented; and I fear the consequence will be bad to us. Put on my new shaggy purple gown with gold buttons and loop lace.

13th. (Lord's day.) This morning to church, where mighty sport to hear our clerk sing out of tune, though his master sits by him that begins and keeps the time aloud for the parish. With my wife within doors, and getting a speech out of *Hamlet*, 'To be or not to be,' without book. In the evening to sing psalms, and so to prayers and to bed.

14th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to Whitehall, to the Lords of the Admiralty, and there did our business betimes. Thence to Sir Philip Warwick about Navy business; and my Lord Ashly; and afterwards to my Lord Chancellor, who is very well pleased with me, and my carrying of his business.[2] And so to the 'Change, where mighty busy; and so home to dinner, where Mr. Creed and Moore; and after dinner I to my Lord Treasurer's, to Sir Philip Warwick there, and then to Whitehall to the Duke of Abermarle, about Tangier; and then homeward to the Coffee-house to hear news. And it seems the Dutch, as I afterwards found by Mr. Coventry's letters, have stopped a ship of masts of Sir W. Warren's, coming for us in a Swede's ship, which they will not release upon Sir G. Downing's claiming her; which appears as the first act of hostility; and is looked upon as so by Mr. Coventry. The *Elias*, coming from New England (Captain Hill, commander), is sunk: only the captain and a few men saved. She foundered at sea.

15th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, and everywhere else, thank God, I find myself growing in repute; and so home, and late, very late, at business, nobody minding it but myself, and so home to bed, weary and full of thoughts.

16th. This day my wife went to the burial of a little boy of W. Joyce's.

[1] Arthur Annesley (1614-1686), first Earl of Anglesey (cr. 1661).
[2] About the timber in Clarendon Park.

17th. This day I received from Mr. Foley,[1] but for me to pay for if I like it, an iron chest, having now received back some money I had laid out for the King, and I hope to have a good sum of money by me, thereby, in a few days—I think above £800. But, when I came home at night, I could not find a way to open it; but, which is a strange thing, my little girl Susan could carry it alone from one table clear from the ground, and set it upon another, when neither I nor any one in my house but Jane the cook-maid could do it.

18th. To the Committee of the Fishery, where so poor simple doings about the business of the Lottery, that I was ashamed to see it, that a thing so low and base should have anything to do with so noble an undertaking. But I had the advantage this day to hear Mr. Williamson discourse, who came to be a contractor with others for the Lotteries, and indeed I find he is a very logical man and a good speaker. I had a letter from Mr. Coventry, that tells me that my Lord Brouncker is to be one of our Commissioners, of which I am very glad, if any more must be.

20th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to church, where Peg Pen very fine in her new coloured silk suit laced with silver lace.

21st. This day, for certain, news is come that Teddiman[2] hath brought in eighteen or twenty Dutchmen, merchants, their Bordeaux fleet, and two men-of-war to Portsmouth. And I had letters this afternoon that three are brought into the Downs and Dover; so that the war is begun: God give a good end to it!

22nd. To my Lord Treasurer's, where with Sir Philip Warwick studying all we could to make the last year swell as high as we could. And it is much to see how he do study for the King, to do it to get all the money from the Parliament he can: and I shall be serviceable to him therein, to help him to heads upon which to enlarge the report of the expense. He did observe to me how obedient this Parliament was for awhile, and the last Session how they begin to differ, and to carp at the King's

[1] See Oct. 27, 1664.
[2] Thomas Teddeman (d. ?1668), who was rear-admiral in the fight off Lowestoft in the following year. He was knighted in 1665.

officers; and what they will do now, he says, is to make agreement for the money, for there is no guess to be made of it. He told me he was prepared to convince the Parliament that the Subsidies are a most ridiculous tax, the four last not rising to £40,000, and unequal. He talks of a tax of Assessment of £70,000 for five years; the people to be secured that it shall continue no longer than there is really a war; and the charges thereof to be paid. He told me that one year of the late Dutch war cost £1,623,000. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there stayed long with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, to speak with my Lord about our Prize-Office business; but, being sick and full of visitants, we could not speak with him, and so away home, where Sir Richard Ford did meet us with letters from Holland this day, that it is likely the Dutch fleet will not come out this year; they have not victuals to keep them out, and it is likely they will be frozen before they can get back. Captain Cocke is made Steward for sick and wounded seamen.

23rd. Sir G. Carteret was here this afternoon; and strange to see how we plot to make the charge of this war to appear greater than it is, because of getting money.

24th. To a coffee-house, to drink chocolate,[1] very good; and so by coach to Westminster, being the first day of the Parliament's meeting. After the House had received the King's speech, and what more he had to say, delivered in writing, the Chancellor being sick, it rose.

25th. At my office all the morning, to prepare an account of the charge we have been put to extraordinary by the Dutch already; and I have brought it to appear £852,700: but God knows this is only a scare to the Parliament, to make them give the more money. Thence to the Parliament House, and there did give it to Sir Philip Warwick; the House being hot upon giving the King a supply of money. Mr. Jennings tells me the mean manner that Sir Samuel Morland[2] lives near him, in a house that he hath bought and laid out money upon, in all to the value of £1200; but is believed to be a beggar.

[1] Orig. 'jocolatte.'

[2] (1625-1695), the well-known politician and inventor.

At Sir W. Batten's I hear that the House have given the King £2,500,000, to be paid for this war, only for the Navy, in three years' time; which is a joyful thing to all the King's party, I see; but was much opposed by Mr. Vaughan and others, that it should be so much.

27th. (Lord's day.) To church in the morning, then dined at home, and to my office, and there all the afternoon setting right my business of flags. In the evening came Mr. Andrews[1] and Hill,[2] and we sang, with my boy, Ravenscroft's 4-part psalms,[3] most admirable music. After supper, fell into the rarest discourse with Mr. Hill about Rome and Italy; but most pleasant that ever I had in my life.

28th. Certain news of our peace made by Captain Allen with Algiers; and that the Dutch have sent part of their fleet round by Scotland; and resolve to pay off the rest half-pay, promising the rest in the Spring, hereby keeping their men. But how true this, I know not.

29th. Sir G. Carteret told us how the King inclines to our request of making us Commissioners of the Prize-Office.

30th. To the Committee of the Lords, and there did our business; but, Lord! what a sorry dispatch these great persons give to business. My heart glad to see my accounts fall so right in this time of mixing of monies and confusion. Home and to bed.

December 1664

December 2nd. After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Duke's house, and there saw *The Rivals*, which I had seen before; but the play not good, nor anything but the good actings of Betterton, and his wife, and Harris. Thence homewards, and the coach broke with us in Lincoln's Inn Fields. We all to Sir J. Minnes, where good discourse of the late troubles, they knowing things, all of them, very well; and Cocke, from the King's

[1] A neighbour: one of the contractors for the Tangiers victualling.

[2] Thomas Hill, a merchant, whom Pepys describes, in his *Collection of Signs Manual*, as 'my friend, who died at Lisbon in 1675.' [B.]

[3] Thomas Ravenscroft's *Whole Book of Psalms*, 1621.

own mouth, being then intrusted himself much, do know particularly that the King's credulity to Cromwell's promises, private to him, against the advice of his friends, and the certain discovery of the practices and discourses of Cromwell in council (by Major Huntington[1]), did take away his life, and nothing else. To my office, to fit up an account for Povy. At it till almost two o'clock, then to supper and to bed.

3rd. To a Committee of the Fishery: there only to hear Sir Edward Ford's proposal about farthings, wherein, O God! to see almost everybody interested for him; only my Lord Anglesey, who is a grave serious man. My Lord Berkeley was there, but is the most hot fiery man in discourse, without any cause, that ever I saw, even to breach of civility to my Lord Anglesey, in his discourse opposing to my Lord's. At last, though without much satisfaction to me, it was voted that it should be requested of the King, and that Sir Edward Ford's proposal is the best yet made. The Duke of York is expected to-night with great joy from Portsmouth, after his having been abroad at sea three or four days with the fleet: and the Dutch are all drawn into their harbours. But it seems like a victory; and a matter of some reputation to us it is, and blemish to them; but in no degree like what it is esteemed at, the weather requiring them to do so.

4th. (Lord's day.) This day I hear the Duke of York is come to town, though expected last night, as I observed, but by what hindrance stopped I can't tell.

5th. Up, and to Whitehall with Sir J. Minnes; and there, among an infinite crowd of great persons, did kiss the Duke's hand; but had no time to discourse. By appointment comes my cousin Roger Pepys and Mrs. Turner, and dined with me, and very merry we were. To Whitehall, and there saw Mr. Coventry come to town, and, with all my heart, am glad to see him.

6th. To the Old Exchange, and there hear that the Dutch are fitting their ships out again, which puts us to new discourse, and to alter our thoughts of the Dutch, as to their want of courage or force. Povy tells me how he believes, and in part knows, Creed to be worth £10,000; nay, that now and then he[1] hath £3000 or £4000 in his hands, for which he gives the interest the King gives, which is ten per cent, and that Creed do come and demand it every three months the interest to be paid him, which Povy looks upon as a cunning and mean trick of him; but, for all that, he will do, and is very rich.

7th. By coach to my Lady Sandwich's, and there dined with her, and found all well and merry. Thence to Whitehall, and we waited on the Duke, who looks better than he did, methinks, before his voyage; and, I think, a little more stern than he used to do. Povy and Creed stayed and ate with me; but I was sorry I had no better cheer for Povy; for the fool may be useful, and is a cunning fellow in his way, though a strange one, and that that I meet not in any other man, nor can describe in him.

9th. This day I had several letters from several places, of our bringing in great numbers of Dutch ships.

10th. At the office, where comes my Lord Brouncker with his patent in his hand; and I in his coach with him to the 'Change, where he set me down; a modest, civil person he seems to be, but wholly ignorant in the business of the Navy as possible, but I hope to make a friend of him, being a worthy man. Major Holmes is come from Guinea, and is now at Plymouth with great wealth, they say.

11th. (Lord's day.) To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French church,[2] where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson, very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I heard a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland and his lady very fine, with two footmen in new liveries; the

[1] According to Clarendon, the officer here alluded to was a major in Cromwell's own regiment of horse, and employed by him to treat with Charles I. whilst at Hampton Court; but, being convinced of the insincerity of the proceeding, communicated his suspicions to that monarch, and immediately gave up his commission. We hear no more of Huntington till the Restoration, when his name occurs with those of many other officers who tendered their services to the King. His reasons for laying down his commission are printed in Thurloe's *State Papers*, and Maseres's *Tracts*. [B.]

[1] Povy.

[2] The old Chapel of St. Anthony's Hospital in Threadneedle Street; destroyed in the Great Fire.

church taking much notice of them; and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing. So I home: my cousin, Mary Pepys's husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive 18d. too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty.

12th. To Whitehall, where all of us with the Duke. Mr. Coventry did privately tell me the reason of his advice against our pretences to the Prize-Office, in his letter from Portsmouth, because he knew that the King and the Duke had resolved to put in some Parliament-men that deserved well, and that would be obliged, by putting them in. Comes Cutler to tell us that the King of France hath forbidden any canvas to be carried out of his kingdom. This day, to see how things are ordered in the world, I had a command from the Earl of Sandwich, at Portsmouth, not to be forward with Mr. Cholmely and Sir J. Lawson about the Mole at Tangier, because that what I do therein will, because of his friendship to me known, redound against him, as if I had done it upon his score. So I wrote to my Lord my mistake, and am contented to promise never to pursue it more, which goes against my mind with all my heart.

14th. To my bookseller's, and there spoke for several books against New Year's day, I resolving to lay out about £7 or £8: and bespoke also some plate, spoons, and forks.

15th. It seems, of all mankind, there is no man so led by another as the Duke is by my Lord Muskerry[1] and this FitzHarding. Insomuch, as when the King would have him to be Privy Purse, the Duke wept, and said, 'But, Sir, I must have your promise, if you will have my dear Charles from me, that if ever you have occasion for an army again, I may have him with me; believing him to be the best commander of an army in the world.' But Mr. Cholmely thinks, as all other men I meet do, that he is a very ordinary fellow. It is strange how the Duke also do love naturally and affect the Irish above the English. He, of the company he carried with him to sea, took above two-thirds Irish and French. He tells me the King do hate my Lord Chancellor; and that they, that is the King and Lord FitzHarding, do laugh at him for a dull fellow; and in all this business of the Dutch war do nothing by his advice, hardly consulting him. Only he is a good minister in other respects, and the King cannot be without him; but, above all, being the Duke's father-in-law, he is kept in; otherwise FitzHarding were able to fling down two of him. This all the wise and grave Lords see, and cannot help it; but yield to it. But he bemoans what the end of it may be, the King being ruled by these men, as he hath been all along since his coming; to the razing all the strongholds in Scotland, and giving liberty to the Irish in Ireland, whom Cromwell had settled all in one corner; who are now able, and it is feared every day a massacre again among them. To the coffee-house, where great talk of the comet[1] seen in several places; and among our men at sea, and by my Lord Sandwich, to whom I intend to write about it to-night. This night I began to burn wax candles in my closet at the office, to try the charge, and to see whether the smoke offends like that of tallow candles.

16th. Bought a looking-glass by the Old Exchange, which cost me £5: 5s. and 6s. for the hooks. A very fair glass.

17th. To the 'Change, and there, among others, had my first meeting with Mr. L'Estrange,[2] who hath endeavoured several times to speak with me. It is to get, now and then, some news of me,[3] which I shall, as I see cause, give him. He is a man of fine conversation, I think, but I am sure most courtly and full of compliments. Mighty talk there is of this comet that is seen a'nights: and the King and Queen did sit up last night to see it, and did, it seems. And to-night I thought to have done so too; but it is cloudy, and so no stars appear. But I will endeavour it. Mr. Gray did tell me to-night, for certain, that the Dutch, as high as they seem, do

[1] Eldest son of the Earl of Clancarty. He had served in Flanders, and was killed on board the Duke of York's ship in the sea-fight, 1665. [B.]

[1] This comet, which was visible for nearly three months, and another which appeared on the 6th of April 1665, and was observed during fourteen days, were the subjects of much writing at the time. Cf. Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*, xvi.

[2] Afterwards Sir Roger (1616-1704). See *supra*, p. 215.

[3] For his news-sheets.

begin to buckle;[1] and that one man in this Kingdom did tell the King that he is offered £40,000 to make a peace, and others have been offered money also. It seems the taking of their Bordeaux fleet thus arose from a printed Gazette of the Dutch's boasting of fighting and having beaten the English; in confidence whereof, it coming to Bordeaux, all the fleet comes out, and so falls into our hands.

18th. (Lord's day.) After supper, Mr. Fuller, the parson, and I told many stories of apparitions and delusions thereby, and I out with my stories of Tom Mallard; and then to prayers and to bed.

19th. With Sir J. Minnes to Whitehall, and there we waited on the Duke; and, among other things, Mr. Coventry took occasion to vindicate himself before the Duke and us, being all there, about the choosing of Taylor for Harwich. Upon which the Duke did clear him, and did tell us that he did expect that, after he had named a man, none of us shall then oppose or find fault with the man; but, if we had anything to say, we ought to say it before he had chose him. Sir G. Carteret thought himself concerned, and endeavoured to clear himself: and by and by Sir W. Batten did speak, knowing himself guilty, and did confess that, being pressed by the Council, he did say what he did, that he was accounted a fanatic; but did not know that at that time he had been appointed by his Royal Highness. To which the Duke replied that it was impossible but he must know that he had appointed him; and so it did appear that the Duke did mean all this while Sir W. Batten.

21st. To Mrs. Turner, to Salisbury Court, and with her a little; and carried her, the porter staying for me, our eagle, which she desired the other day, and we were glad to be rid of her.[2] They are much pleased with her. My Lord Sandwich this day writes me word that he hath seen, at Portsmouth, the comet, and says it is the most extraordinary thing he ever saw.

22nd. Met with a copy of verses, mightily commended by some gentlemen there, of my Lord Mordaunt's,[3] in excuse of his going to sea this late expedition, with the Duke of York. But, Lord! they are sorry things; only a Lord made them. Thence to the 'Change; and there, among the merchants, I hear fully the news of our being beaten to dirt at Guinea, by De Ruyter with his fleet. The particulars, as much as by Sir G. Carteret afterwards I heard, I have said in a letter to my Lord Sandwich this day at Portsmouth; it being most wholly to the utter ruin of our Royal Company, and reproach and shame to the whole nation, as well as justification to them, in their doing wrong to no man as to his private property, only taking whatever is found to belong to the Company, and nothing else. Dined at the Dolphin, Sir G. Carteret, Sir J. Minnes, Sir W. Batten and I, with Sir William Boreman and Sir Theophilus Biddulph and others, Commissioners of the Sewers, about our place below to lay masts in. But coming a little too soon, I out again, and took boat down to Redriffe; and just in time within two minutes, and saw the new vessel of Sir William Petty's launched, the King and Duke being there. It swims and looks finely, and I believe will do well. Coming away back immediately to dinner, where a great deal of good discourse, and Sir G. Carteret's discourse of this Guinea business, with great displeasure at the loss of our honour there, and do now confess that the trade brought all these troubles upon us between the Dutch and us.

24th. Having sat up all night till past two o'clock this morning, our porter, being appointed, comes and tells us that the bellman tells him that the star is seen upon Tower Hill; so I, that had been all night setting in order all my old papers in my chamber, did leave off all, and my boy and I to Tower Hill, it being a most fine, bright, moonshine night, and a great frost, but no comet to be seen. At noon to the 'Change, to the Coffee-house; and there heard Sir Richard Ford tell the whole story of our defeat at Guinea, wherein our men are guilty of the most horrid cowardice and perfidiousness, as he says and tells it, that ever Englishmen were. Captain

[1] Yield.

[2] *i.e.* the eagle.

[3] John Mordaunt (1627-1675), first Baron Mordaunt of Reigate and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon. He is referred to in Marvell's *Instructions to a Painter*.

Raynolds, that was the only commander of any of the King's ships there, was shot at by De Ruyter, with a bloody flag flying. He, instead of opposing, which, indeed, had been to no purpose, but only to maintain honour, did poorly go on board himself, to ask what De Ruyter would have, and so yield to whatever Ruyter would desire. The King and Duke are highly vexed at it, it seems, and the business deserves it. I saw the comet, which now, whether worn away or no I know not, appears not with a tail, but only is larger and duller than any other star, and is come to rise betimes, and to make a great arch, and is gone quite to a new place in the heavens than it was before; but I hope in a clearer night something more will be seen.

25th. (Lord's day.) To Mr. Rawlinson's church,[1] where I heard a good sermon of one that I remember was at Paul's with me, his name Maggett; and very great store of fine women there is in this church, more than I know anywhere else about us.

26th. To Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Coventry and all our families here, and Sir R. Ford and his, and a great feast, and good discourse and merry, and so home to bed, where my wife and people innocently at cards, very merry. I to bed, leaving them to their sport and blindman's-buff.

27th. Up at seven, and to Deptford and Woolwich in a galley; the Duke calling me out of a barge in which the King was with him, to know whither I was going. I told him to Woolwich, but was troubled afterwards I should say no further, being in a galley, lest he should think me too profuse in my journeys. The comet appeared again to-night, but duskishly. I went to bed, leaving my wife, and all her folks, and Will also, to come to make Christmas gambols to-night.

28th. My wife to bed at eight o'clock in the morning, which vexed me a little, but I believe there was no hurt in it at all, but only mirth. Visited my Lady Sandwich, and was there, with her and the young ladies, playing at cards till night. Then home to bed, leaving my wife and people up to more sports, but without any great satisfaction to myself.

30th. To several places to pay away money, to clear myself in all the world, and, among others, paid my bookseller £6 for books I had from him this day, and the silversmith £22 : 18s. for spoons, forks, and sugar-box.

31st. To my accounts of the whole year till past twelve at night, it being bitter cold, but yet I was well satisfied with my work; and, above all, to find myself, by the great blessing of God, worth £1349, by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above £500 this year above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it! Soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry new year.

So ends the old year, I bless God, with great joy to me, not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent £420 and laid up £540 and upwards; but I bless God I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather, these ten years, as I am at this day, and have been these four or five months. But I am at a great loss to know whether it be my hare's foot,[1] or taking every morning of a pill of turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gown. My family is my wife, in good health, and happy with her; her woman Mercer, a pretty, modest, quiet maid; her chamber-maid Bess, her cook-maid Jane, the little girl Susan, and my boy, which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's Chapel; and a pretty and loving quiet a family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteem with everybody, I think. My troubles of my uncle's estate pretty well over; but it comes to be of little profit to us, my father being much supported by my purse. But great vexations remain upon my father and me from my brother Tom's death and ill condition, both to our disgrace and discontent, though no great reason for either. Public matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch war. Our preparations great; our provocations against them great; and,

[1] St. Dionis Backchurch, in Fenchurch Street.

[1] As a charm against the colic. See Jan. 20, 1665.

after all our presumption, we are now afraid as much of them as we lately contemned them. Everything else in the State quiet, blessed be God! My Lord Sandwich at sea with the fleet at Portsmouth; sending some about to cruise for taking of ships, which we have done to a great number. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen, if it should please God to take me away suddenly. Among others, I found these two or three notes, which I thought fit to keep.

AGE OF MY GRANDFATHER'S CHILDREN.

Thomas, 1595.
Mary, March 16, 1597.
Edith, October 11, 1599.
John (my Father), January 14, 1601.

My father and mother married at Newington, in Surrey, Oct. 15, 1626.

THEIR CHILDREN'S AGES.

Mary, July 24, 1627, *mort.*
Paulina, Sept. 18, 1628. *mort.*
Esther, March 27, 1630. *mort.*
John, January 10, 1631. *mort.*
Samuel,[1] Feb. 23, 1632.
Thomas, June 18, 1634. *mort.*
Sarah, August 25, 1635. *mort.*
Jacob, May 1, 1637. *mort.*
Robert, Nov. 18, 1638. *mort.*
Paulina, Oct. 18, 1640.
John, Nov. 26, 1641. *mort.*

December 31, 1664.

CHARMS.

1. FOR STANCHING OF BLOOD.

Sanguis mane in te,
Sicut Christus fuit in se,
Sanguis mane in tua vena,
Sicut Christus in sua poena;
Sanguis mane fixus,
Sicut Christus quando fuit crucifixus.

2. A THORN.

Jesus, that was of a Virgin born,
Was pricked both with nail and thorn;
It neither wealed, nor belled,[2] rankled, nor boned;
In the name of Jesus no more shall this.

Or, thus:—

Christ was of a Virgin born,
And he was pricked with a thorn;
And it did neither bell, nor swell;
And I trust in Jesus this never will.

3. A CRAMP.

Cramp be thou faintless,
As our Lady was sinless,
When she bare Jesus.

4. A BURNING.

There came three Angels out of the East;
The one brought fire, the other brought frost—
Out fire; in frost.
In the name of the Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost.

AMEN.

[1] To this name is affixed the following note:—'Went to reside in Magd. Coll., Camb., and did put on my gown first, March 5, 1651.' [B.]

[2] Swelled up (like a boil). Cf. *Scots and dial.* 'beal.'

January 1665

January 1st. (Lord's day.) This day I was dividing my expense, to see what my clothes and every particular hath stood me in: I mean all the branches of my expense. At noon a good venison-pasty and a turkey to ourselves, without anybody so much as invited by us, a thing unusual for so small a family of my condition: but we did it, and were very merry.

2nd. To my Lord Brouncker's, by appointment, in the Piazza, in Covent Garden; where I occasioned much mirth with a ballet[1] I brought with me, made from the seamen at sea to their ladies in town; saying Sir W. Pen, Sir G. Ascue, and Sir J. Lawson made them. Here a most noble French dinner and banquet. The street full of footballs, it being a great frost.

3rd. Up, and found Mr. Coventry walking in St. James's Park. I did my errand to him about the felling of the King's timber in the forests, and then to my Lord of Oxford, Justice in Eyre, for his consent thereto, for want whereof my Lord Privy Seal[2] stops the whole business. I found him in his lodgings, in but an ordinary furnished house and room where he was, and I find him to be a man of good discreet replies. Certain news that the Dutch have taken some of our colliers to the North: some say four, some say

[1] Ballad: the famous 'To all you ladies now at land,' by Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset.

[2] Lord Robartes: see p. 46.

seven. To Sir W. Batten's, who is going out of town to Harwich to-morrow to set up a lighthouse there, which he hath lately got a patent from the King to set up, that will turn much to his profit.

4th. To my Lord of Oxford's, but his Lordship was in bed at past ten o'clock: and Lord help us! so rude a dirty family I never saw in my life. To the 'Change, where I hear of some more of our ships lost to the Northward. Mr. Moore and I to *Love in a Tub*,[1] which is very merry, but only so by gesture, not wit at all, which methinks is beneath the house.

6th. At night home, being Twelfth-night, and there chose my piece of cake, but went up to my viol, and then to bed, leaving my wife and people at their sports, which they continue till morning, not coming to bed at all.

8th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall Chapel, where one Dr. Beaumont[2] preached a good sermon, and afterwards a brave anthem upon the 150th Psalm, where upon the word 'trumpet' very good music was made.

9th. Walked to Whitehall. In my way saw a woman that broke her thigh, by her heels slipping up upon the frosty street. I saw the Royal Society bring their new book, wherein is nobly writ their charter and laws, and comes to be signed by the Duke as a Fellow; and all the Fellows are to be entered there, and lie as a monument; and the King hath put his, with the word Founder. Holmes was this day sent to the Tower, but I perceive it is made matter of jest only; but, if the Dutch should be our masters, it may come to be of earnest to him, to be given over to them for a sacrifice, as Sir W. Raleigh was. To a Tangier Committee, where I was accosted and most highly complimented by my Lord Bellasis, our new governor, beyond my expectation; and I may make good use of it. Our patent is renewed, and he and my Lord Barkeley and Sir Thomas Ingram[3] put in as commissioners.

11th. This evening, by a letter from Plymouth, I hear that two of our ships, the *Leopard* and another, in the Straits, are lost by running aground; and that three more had like to have been so, but got off, whereof Captain Allen one; and that a Dutch fleet are gone thither; and if they should meet with our lame ships, God knows what would become of them. This I reckon most sad news; God make us sensible of it! When I came home, I was much troubled to hear my poor canary-bird, that I have kept these three or four years, was dead.

12th. Spoke with a Frenchman who was taken, but released, by a Dutch man-of-war of thirty-six guns, with seven more of the like or greater ships, off the North Foreland, by Margate. Which is a strange attempt, that they should come to our teeth; but the wind being easterly, the wind that should bring our force from Portsmouth will carry them away home.

13th. Walked to my Lord Bellasis's lodgings, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there he received and discoursed with me, in the most respectful manner that could be; telling me what a character of my judgement, and care and love to Tangier, he had received of me; that he desired my advice and my constant correspondence, which he much valued, and my courtship, in which, though I understand his design very well, and that it is only a piece of courtship, yet it is a comfort to me that I am become so considerable as to have him need say that to me, which, if I did not do something in the world, would never have been. Yesterday's news confirmed, though a little different; but a couple of ships in the Straits we have lost, and the Dutch have been in the Margate Road. To the King's house to a play, *The Traitor*,[1] where, unfortunately, I met with Sir W. Pen, so that I must be forced to confess it to my wife, which troubles me. Thence walked home, being ill satisfied with the present actings of the house, and prefer the other house before this. To my Lady Batten's, where I find Peg Pen, the first time that ever I saw her to wear spots.[2]

14th. Our late ill news confirmed in loss of two ships in the Straits, but are now the *Phœnix* and *Nonsuch*. To the King's house, there to see *Vulpone*,[3]

[1] *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, by Sir George Etherege.

[2] Joseph Beaumont (1616-1699), master of Peterhouse.

[3] Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and a Privy Councillor. Ob. 1671. [B.]

[1] By James Shirley (printed 1635).

[2] Patches.

[3] *Volpone*, by Ben Jonson.

a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached. After dinner to read in Rushworth's *Collections*[1] about the charge against the late Duke of Buckingham,[2] in order to the fitting me to speak and understand the discourse anon, before the King, about the suffering the Turkey merchants to send out the fleet at this dangerous time, when we can neither spare them ships to go, nor men, nor King's ships to convoy them. With Sir W. Pen in his coach to my Lord Chancellor's, where by and by Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Pen, Sir J. Lawson, Sir G. Ascue, and myself were called in to the King, there being several of the Privy Council, and my Lord Chancellor lying at length upon a couch, of the gout I suppose; and there Sir W. Pen spoke pretty well to dissuade the King from letting the Turkey ships go out: saying, in short, the King having resolved to have 130 ships out by the spring, he must have above 20 of them merchantmen, towards which he in the whole River could find but 12 or 14; and of them the five ships taken up by these merchants were a part, and so could not be spared. That we should need 30,000 sailors to man these 130 ships, and of them in service we have not above 16,000; so that we shall need 14,000 more. That these ships will, with their convoys, carry above 2000 men, and those the best men that could be got; it being the men used to the Southward that are the best men for war, though those bred in the North among the colliers are good for labour. That it will not be safe for the merchants, nor honourable for the King, to expose these rich ships with his convoy of six ships to go, it not being enough to secure them against the Dutch, who, without doubt, will have a great fleet in the Straits. This Sir J. Lawson enlarged upon. Sir G. Ascue chiefly spoke that the war and trade could not be supported together. Mr. Coventry showed how the medium[3] of the men the King hath one year with another employed in his Navy since his coming hath not been above 3000 men, or at most 4000 men; and now, having occasion of 30,000, the remaining 26,000 must be found out of the trade of the nation. He showed how the cloths, sending[1] by these merchants to Turkey, are already bought and paid for to the workmen, and are as many as they would send these twelve months or more; so the poor do not suffer by their not going, but only the merchant, upon whose hands they lie dead; and so the inconvenience is the less. And yet for them he propounded, either the King should, if his treasure would suffer it, buy them, and showed the loss would not be so great to him: or, dispense with the Act of Navigation, and let them be carried out by strangers; and ending that he doubted not but when the merchants saw there was no remedy they would and could find ways of sending them abroad to their profit. All ended with a conviction, unless future discourse with the merchants should alter it, that it was not fit for them to go out, though the ships be loaded. So we withdrew, and the merchants were called in. Staying without, my Lord FitzHarding came thither, and fell to discourse of Prince Rupert's disease, telling the horrible degree of its breaking out on his head. He observed, also, from the Prince, that courage is not what men take it to be, a contempt of death; for, says he, how chagrined the Prince was the other day, when he thought he should die, having no more mind to it than another man. But, says he, some men are more apt to think they shall escape than another man in fight, while another is doubtful[2] he shall be hit. But, when the first man is sure he shall die, as now the Prince is, he is as much troubled and apprehensive of it as any man else; for, says he, since we told him that we believe he would overcome his disease, he is as merry, and swears and laughs and curses, and does all the things of a man in health, as ever he did in his life; which, methought, was a most extraordinary saying before a great many persons there of quality.

16th. Ned Pickering met me, and told me how active my Lord is at sea; and that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now at

[1] See note, p. 227.
[2] On the expedition to the Isle of Rhé.
[3] *I.e.* average.

[1] *I.e.* being sent. [2] *I.e.* apprehensive.

Rome; and, by all report, a very noble and hopeful gentleman. Thence to Mr. Povy's, and dined well, after his old manner of plenty and curiosity.[1] To a Tangier Committee, where my Lord Barkeley was very violent against Povy. My Lord Ashly, I observe, is a most clear man in matters of accounts, and most ingeniously did discourse and explain all matters.

17th. To my Lord Ashly's, where to see how simply, beyond all patience, Povy did again, by his many words and non-understanding, confound himself and his business, to his disgrace, and rendering everybody doubtful of his being either a fool or a knave, is very wonderful. We broke up all dissatisfied. Here it was mighty strange to find myself sit here in committee with my hat on, while Mr. Sherwin stood bare as a clerk, with his hat off to his Lord Ashly and the rest; but I thank God I think myself never a whit the better man for all that. A brave dinner, by having a brace of pheasants, and very merry about Povy's folly.

18th. To my bookseller's, and there did give thorough direction for the new binding of a great many of my old books, to make my whole study of the same binding, within very few.

19th. To Exeter House,[2] and there was a witness of most base language against Mr. Povy, from my Lord Peterborough, who is most furiously angry with him, because the other, as a fool, would needs say that the £26,000 was my Lord Peterborough's account, and that he had nothing to do with it. Home, by coach, with my Lord Barkeley, who, by his discourse, I find do look upon Mr. Coventry as an enemy, but yet professes great justice and pains. This day was buried, but I could not be there, my cousin Percival Angier; and yesterday I received the news that Dr. Tom Pepys is dead, at Impington, for which I am but little sorry, not only because he would have been troublesome to us, but a shame to his family and profession; he was such a coxcomb.

20th. To my bookseller's, and there took home Hooke's[1] book of Microscopy, a most excellent piece, and of which I am very proud. Homeward, in my way buying a hare, and taking it home, which arose upon my discourse to-day with Mr. Batten, in Westminster Hall, who showed me my mistake that my hare's foot hath not the joint to it;[2] and assures me he never had his colic since he carried it about him; and it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner handled his foot, but I became very well, and so continue.

21st. Mr. Povy carried me to Somerset House, and there showed me the Queen-mother's chamber and closet, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden; and tried the brave echo upon the stairs, which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in concert together a good while most pleasantly. To a Tangier Committee, where I saw nothing ordered by judgement, but great heat and passion and faction now in behalf of my Lord Bellasis, and to the reproach of my Lord Teviot. So away with Mr. Povy—a simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame, in this business of accounts, as none but a sorry fool would have discovered himself; and yet, in little, light, sorry things, very cunning; yet, in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. Now mighty well, and truly I can but impute it to my fresh hare's foot.

22nd. (Lord's day.) To church. Thence home, discoursing, among other things, of a design I have of making a match between Mrs. Betty Pickering and Mr. Hill, my friend the merchant, that loves music, and comes to me a' Sundays, a most ingenious and sweet-natured and highly accomplished person. I know not how their fortunes may agree, but their disposition and merits are much of a sort, and persons, though different, yet equally, I think, acceptable.

23rd. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to Whitehall; but, there finding the Duke gone to his lodgings in St. James's for altogether, his Duchess being

[1] *I.e.* delicacy, or fastidiousness.
[2] Then Lord Ashley's residence.

[1] Robert Hooke (1635-1703), the physicist. His *Micrographia* had just appeared.
[2] See p. 294.

ready to lie in, we to him, and there did our usual business. And here I met the great news confirmed by the Duke's own relation, by a letter from Captain Allen. First, of our own loss of two ships, the *Phœnix* and *Nonsuch*, in the Bay of Gibraltar; then of his and his seven ships with him, in the Bay of Cales[1] or thereabouts, fighting with the 34 Dutch Smyrna fleet; sinking the *King Salamon*, a ship worth a £150,000 or more, some say £200,000, and another; and taking of three merchant-ships. Two of our ships were disabled, by the Dutch unfortunately falling against their will against them; the *Advice*, Captain W. Poole, and *Antelope*, Captain Clerke. The Dutch men-of-war did little service. Captain Allen, before he would fire one gun, came within pistol-shot of the enemy. The Spaniards, at Cales,[1] did stand laughing at the Dutch, to see them run away and flee to the shore, 34 or thereabouts, against eight Englishmen at most. I do purpose to get the whole relation, if I live, of Captain Allen himself. In our loss of the two ships in the Bay of Gibraltar, the world do comment upon the misfortune of Captain Moone of the *Nonsuch* (who did lose, in the same manner, the *Satisfaction*), as a person that hath ill-luck attending him; without considering that the whole fleet was ashore. Captain Allen led the way, and himself writes that all the masters of the fleet, old and young, were mistaken, and did carry their ships aground. But I think I heard the Duke say that Moone, being put into the *Oxford*, had in this conflict regained his credit, by sinking one and taking another. Captain Seale of the *Milford* hath done his part very well in boarding the *King Salamon*, which held out half an hour after she was boarded; and his men kept her an hour after they did master her, and then she sank, and drowned about 17 of her men.

24th. The Dutch have, by consent of all the Provinces, voted no trade to be suffered for eighteen months, but that they apply themselves wholly to the war.[2]

[1] Cadiz.

[2] When, in the beginning of the year 1665, the States-General saw that the war with England was become inevitable, they took several vigorous measures, and determined to equip a formidable fleet; and, with a view to obtain a sufficient number of men to man it, prohibited all navigation, especially in the great and small fisheries, as they were then called, and in the whale fishery. This measure appears to have resembled the embargos so commonly resorted to in this country on similar occasions, rather than a total prohibition of trade. [B.]

Home to supper, having a great cold, got on Sunday last, by sitting too long with my head bare, for Mercer to comb my hair and wash my ears.

25th. Dined upon a hare pie, very good meat. Mr. Hill tells me that he is to be Assistant to the Secretary of the Prize-Office, Sir Ellis Layton, which, methinks, is but something low, but perhaps may bring him something considerable; but it makes me alter my opinion of his being so rich as to make a fortune for Mrs. Pickering. Visited Sir J. Minnes, who continues ill, but he told me what a mad freaking fellow Sir Ellis Layton hath been, and is, and once at Antwerp was really mad.

27th. To my Lord Bellasis's, and so with my Lord in his coach to Whitehall, and with him to my Lord Duke of Albemarle, finding him at cards. After a few dull words or two, I away to Whitehall again, and there walked up and down, talking with Mr. Slingsby, who is a very ingenious person, about the Mint. He argues that there being £700,000 coined in the Rump time, and by all the Treasurers of that time, it being their opinion that the Rump money was in all payments, one with another, about a tenth part of all their money; then, says he, the nearest guess we can make is, that the money passing up and down in business is £700,000. He also made me fully understand that the old law of prohibiting bullion to be exported is, and ever was, a folly and injury, rather than good. Arguing thus, that if the exportations exceed the importations, then the balance must be brought home in money, which, when our merchants know cannot be carried out again, they will forbear to bring home in money, but let it lie abroad for trade, or keep in foreign banks; or, if our importations exceed our exportations, then, to keep credit, the merchants will and must find ways of carrying out money by stealth, which is a most easy thing to do, and is everywhere done; and, therefore, the law against it signifies nothing in the world. Besides, that it is seen that where money is free

there is great plenty; where it is restrained, as here, there is great want, as in Spain.

28th. To clear all my matters about colours,[1] and I find myself to have got clear, by that commodity, £50 and something more; and earned it with dear pains and care, and issuing of my own money, and saved the King near £100 in it.

30th. This is solemnly kept as a fast all over the City, but I kept my house, putting my closet to rights again. To my office, and, being late at it, comes Mercer to me, to tell me that my wife was in bed, and desired me to come home; for they hear, and have, night after night, lately heard noises over their head upon the leads. Now, knowing that I have a great sum of money in my house, this puts me into a most mighty affright, that for more than two hours I could not almost tell what to do or say, but feared this and that, and remembered that this evening I saw a woman and two men stand suspiciously in the entry, in the dark; I calling to them, they made me only this answer, the woman saying that the men came to see her; but who she was I could not tell. The truth is my house is mighty dangerous, having so many ways to be come to; and at my windows, over the stairs, to see who goes up and down; but, if I escape to-night, I will remedy it. God preserve us this night safe! So, at almost two o'clock, I home to my house, and, in great fear, to bed, thinking every running of a mouse really a thief; and so to sleep, very brokenly, all night long; and found all safe in the morning.

February 1665

February 1st. After being in bed, my people come and say there is a great stink of burning, but no smoke. We called up Sir J. Minnes's and Sir W. Batten's people, and Griffin, and the people at the madhouse, but nothing could be found to give occasion to it. At this trouble we were till past three o'clock, and then, the stink ceasing, I to sleep, and my people to bed.

3rd. To Mrs. Turner's, who, I perceive, is vexed, because I do not serve her in something against the great feasting for her husband's reading,[1] in helping her to some good penn'eths, but I care not. She was dressing herself by the fire in her chamber, and there took occasion to show me her leg, which, indeed, is the finest I ever saw, and she not a little proud of it. My bill for the rebinding of some old books to make them suit with my study cost me, besides other new books in the same bill, £3; but it will be very handsome. News is come from Deal, that the same day my Lord Sandwich sailed thence with the Fleet, that evening some Dutch men-of-war were seen on the back side of the Goodwin, and, by all conjecture, must be seen by my Lord's fleet; which, if so, they must engage. To my uncle Wight's, where the Wights all dined; and, among the others, pretty Mrs. Margaret, who indeed is a very pretty lady; and, though by my vow it costs me 12d. a kiss after the first, yet I did adventure upon a couple. To visit my Lady Sandwich, and she discoursed largely to me her opinion of a match, if it could be thought fit by my Lord, for my Lady Jemimah with Sir G. Carteret's eldest son; but I doubt he hath yet no settled estate in land. But I will inform myself, and give her my opinion. Then Mrs. Pickering (after private discourse ended), we going into the other room, did, at my Lady's command, tell me the manner of a masquerade before the King and Court the other day,[2] where six women, my Lady Castlemaine and Duchess of Monmouth being two of them, and six men, the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Arran,[3] and Monsieur Blanfort[4] being three of them, in vizards, but most rich and antique dresses, did dance admirably and most gloriously. God give us cause to continue the mirth!

4th. I to the Sun behind the 'Change, to dinner to my Lord Bellasis. He told us a very handsome passage of the King's sending him his message about holding

[1] Flags.

[1] See p. 304.

[2] Feb. 2. See Evelyn's *Diary*, and *Mémoires de Grammont*.

[3] Richard Butler (1639-1686), second son of James, first Duke of Ormond.

[4] Louis Duras or Durfort (? 1640-1679), Marquis de Blanquefort, in the French peerage; naturalised in 1665. He succeeded as Earl of Feversham in 1677.

out the town of Newark, of which he was then governor for the King. This message he sent in a slug-bullet, being writ in cypher, and wrapped up in lead and swallowed. So the messenger came to my Lord, and told him he had a message from the King, but it was yet in his belly; so they did give him some physic, and out it came. This was a month before the King's flying to the Scots; and therein he told him that, at such a day, the 3rd or 6th of May, he should hear of his being come to the Scots, being assured by the King of France that in coming to them he should be used with all the liberty, honour, and safety that could be desired. And at the just day he did come to the Scots. He told us another odd passage: how the King having newly put out Prince Rupert of his generalship, upon some miscarriage at Bristol, and Sir Richard Willis of his governorship of Newark, at the entreaty of the gentry of the county, and put in my Lord Bellasis, the great officers of the King's army mutinied, and came in that manner with swords drawn into the market-place of the town where the King was; which the King hearing, says, 'I must horse.' And there himself personally, when everybody expected they should have been opposed, the King came, and cried to the head of the mutineers, which was Prince Rupert, 'Nephew, I command you to be gone.' So the Prince, in all his fury and discontent, withdrew, and his company scattered.

5th. (Lord's day.) Up and down to my chamber, among my new books, which is now a pleasant sight to me to see my whole study almost of one binding.

6th. One of the coldest days, all say, they ever felt in England.

7th. At home to dinner. It being Shrove Tuesday, had some very good fritters. This day Sir W. Batten, who hath been sick four or five days, is now very bad, so as the people begin to fear his death; and I at a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die, because he is a bad man, or live, for fear a worse should come.

9th. Sir William Petty tells me that Mr. Barlow is dead; for which, God knows my heart, I could be as sorry as is possible for one to be for a stranger, by whose death he gets £100 per annum.[1]

10th. To Paul's Churchyard, there to see the last of my books new bound: among others, my *Court of King James*,[2] and *The Rise and Fall of the Family of the Stewarts*;[3] and much pleased I am now with my study; it being, methinks, a beautiful sight. In Mr. Grey's coach to Westminster, where I heard that yesterday the King met the Houses to pass the great bill for £2,500,000.

12th. (Lord's day.) To church, to St. Lawrence's,[4] to hear Dr. Wilkins, the great scholar, for curiosity, I having never heard him; but was not satisfied with him at all. I was well pleased with the church, it being a very fine church.

13th. On board Sir W. Petty's *Experiment*,[5] which is a fine roomy vessel, and I hope may do well. Light upon some Dutchmen, with whom we had good discourse, touching stoving[6] and making of cables. But to see how despicably they speak of us for using so many hands more to do anything than they do—they closing a cable with 20, that we use 60 men upon. Captain Stokes, it seems, is dead at Portsmouth.

14th. (St. Valentine.) This morning comes betimes Dick Pen, to be my wife's Valentine, and came to our bedside. By the same token, I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me, and would not; so went to his Valentine: a notable, stout, witty boy. My Lord Sandwich is, it seems, with his fleet at Aldborough Bay.

15th. Busy all the morning. At noon with Creed to the Trinity-house, where a very good dinner among the old soakers, and an extraordinary discourse of the manner of the loss of the *Royal Oak* coming home from Bantam, upon the rocks of Scilly. Thence with Creed to Gresham

1 Thomas Barlow was Pepys's predecessor as Clerk of the Acts. See July 17, 1660.

2 Sir Anthony Weldon's *Court and Character of King James* (1650) reappeared in 1651, with additions.

3 Sir Edward Peyton's *Divine Catastrophe* appeared in 1652.

4 In the Jewry.

5 See Dec. 22, 1664.

6 Stoving, in sail-making, is the heating of the bolt-ropes, so as to make them pliable. [B.]

College, where I had been by Mr. Povy the last week proposed to be admitted a member; and was this day admitted, by signing a book and being taken by the hand of the President, my Lord Brouncker, and some words of admittance said to me. But it is a most acceptable thing to hear their discourse, and see their experiments; which were this day on fire, and how it goes out in a place where the air is not free, and sooner out where the air is exhausted, which they showed by an engine on purpose. After this being done, they to the Crown Tavern, behind the 'Change, and there my Lord and most of the company to a club supper; Sir P. Neale, Sir R. Murray, Dr. Clerke, Dr. Whistler,[1] Dr. Goddard,[2] and others of most eminent worth. Above all, Mr. Boyle[3] was at the meeting, and above him Mr. Hooke,[4] who is the most, and promises the least, of any man in the world that ever I saw. Here excellent discourse till ten at night, and then home.

16th. To Whitehall, where a Committee of Tangier, but, Lord! to see what a degree of contempt, nay, scorn, Mr. Povy, through his prodigious folly, hath brought on himself in his accounts, that if he be not a man of a great interest, he will be kicked out of his employment for a fool. Mrs. Hunt dined with me, and poor Mrs. Batters, who brought her little daughter with her, and a letter from her husband, wherein, as a token, the fool presents me very seriously with his daughter for me to take the charge of bringing up for him and to make my own. But I took no notice to her at all of the substance of the letter.

17th. Povy tells me how he was handled the other day, and is still, by my Lord Barkeley; and, among other things, tells me, what I did not know, that my Lord will say openly that he hath fought more set fields than any man in England hath done.

18th. At noon to the Royal Oak tavern in Lombard Street; where Sir William Petty and the owners of the double-bottomed boat, the *Experiment*, did entertain my Lord Brouncker, Sir R. Murray, myself, and others with marrow-bones and a chine of beef of the victuals they have made for this ship; and excellent company and good discourse; but, above all, I do value Sir William Petty. Thence home: and took my Lord Sandwich's draught of the harbour of Portsmouth down to Ratcliffe, to one Burston, to make a plate for the King, and another for the Duke, and another for himself; which will be very neat. My Lord Sandwich and his fleet of twenty-five ships in the Downs returned from cruising, but could not meet with any Dutchmen.

19th. (Lord's day.) Hearing by accident of my maid's letting in a roguing Scotch woman that haunts the office, to help them to wash and scour in our house, and that very lately, I fell mightily out, and made my wife, to the disturbance of the house and neighbours, to beat our little girl, and then we shut her down into the cellar, and there she lay all night.

20th. Rode into the beginning of my Lord Chancellor's new house,[1] near St. James's; which common people have already called Dunkirk-house,[2] from their opinion of his having a good bribe for the selling of that town. And very noble I believe it will be. Near that is my Lord Barkeley beginning another on one side, and Sir J. Denham on the other. To the Sun tavern, where we dined merry, but my club and the rest came to 7s. 6d. which was too much.

21st. My wife busy in going with her woman to the hothouse to bathe herself, after her long being within doors in the dirt, so that she now pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean. How long it will hold I can guess. I dined with Sir W. Batten and my Lady, they being nowadays very fond of me. My Lady Sandwich tells me how my Lord Castlemaine is coming over from France, and it is believed will soon be made friends with his Lady again. What mad freaks the Maids of Honour

1 Daniel Whistler (1619-1684).
2 Jonathan Goddard (1617-1675).
3 Hon. Robert Boyle (1627-1691), the natural philosopher.
4 Dr. Robert Hooke. See note Jan. 20, 1665.

1 Clarendon House, on the north side of Piccadilly, opposite St. James's Palace.
2 Cf. Marvell's *Clarendon's House-warming*—
'Behold, in the depth of our Plague and Wars,
He built him a Palace, outbraves the stars;
Which house (*we* Dunkirk, *he* Clarendon names)
Looks down with shame upon St. James.'

at Court have: that Mrs. Jenings,[1] one of the Duchess's[2] maids, the other day dressed herself like an orange wench, and went up and down and cried oranges; till, falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame;[3] that such as these tricks, being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture upon them for wives: my Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say that her daughter, not above a year old or two, will be the first maid in the Court that will be married. This day my Lord Sandwich wrote me word from the Downs that he is like to be in town this week.

22nd. At noon to the 'Change, busy; where great talk of a Dutch ship in the North put on shore, and taken by a troop of horse.

23rd. This day, by the blessing of Almighty God, I have lived thirty-two years in the world, and am in the best degree of health at this minute that I have been almost in my lifetime, and at this time in the best condition of estate that ever I was in—the Lord make me thankful!

25th. At noon to the 'Change; where, just before I came, the Swede that had told the King and the Duke so boldly a great lie of the Dutch flinging our men back to back into the sea at Guinea, so particularly, and readily, and confidently, was whipped round the 'Change; he confessing it a lie, and that he did it in hopes to get something. It is said the Judges, upon demand, did give it their opinion that the law would judge him to be whipped, to lose his ears, or to have his nose slit; but I do not hear that anything more is to be done to him. They say he is delivered over to the Dutch Ambassador to do what he pleased with him. To the Sun tavern, and there dined with Sir W. Warren and Mr. Gifford,[5] the merchant: and I hear how Nich. Colborne, that lately lived and got a great estate there, is gone to live like a prince in the country, and that this Wadlow,[6] that did the like at the Devil by St. Dunstan's, did go into the country, and there spent almost all he had got, and hath now choused[1] this Colborne out of his house, that he might come to his old trade again. But, Lord! to see how full the house is, no room for any company almost to come into it. Late home, and to clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me, because she do use it herself.

27th. We to a Committee of the Council, to discourse concerning pressing of men; but, Lord! how they meet! never sit down; one comes, now another goes, then comes another; one complaining that nothing is done, another swearing that he hath been there these two hours, and nobody come. At last my Lord Anglesey says, 'I think we must be forced to get the King to come to every Committee, for I do not see that we do anything at any time but when he is here.' And I believe he said the truth; and very constant he is on council-days; which his predecessors, it seems, very rarely were. To Sir Philip Warwick's; and there he did contract with me a kind of friendship and freedom of communication, wherein he assures me to make me understand the whole business of the Treasurer of the Navy, that I shall know as well as Sir G. Carteret what money he hath; and will needs have me come to him sometimes, or he meet me, to discourse of things tending to the serving the King: and I am mighty proud and happy in becoming so known to such a man. And I hope shall pursue it.

March 1665

March 1st. Being the day that by a promise, a great while ago made to my wife, I was to give her £20 to lay out in clothes against Easter, I did give it her, and then she abroad to buy her things. To Gresham College, where Mr. Hooke read a second very curious lecture about the late comet; among other things, proving very probably that this is the very same comet that appeared before in the year 1618, and that in such a time probably it will appear again, which is a very new opinion; but

[1] Frances Jennings (d. 1730), elder sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She married Sir George Hamilton.
[2] Of York.
[3] See *Mémoires de Grammont*, ch. x.
[4] The merchant (*n.s.*)
[5] See p. 14. [6] See p. 80.

[1] Defrauded.

all will be in print. Then to the meeting, where Sir G. Carteret's two sons, his own, and Sir N. Slaning, were admitted of the society: and this day I did pay my admission money, 40s., to the society. Here was very fine discourses and experiments, but I do lack philosophy enough to understand them, and so cannot remember them. Among others, a very particular account [1] of the making of the several sorts of bread in France, which is accounted the best place for bread in the world.

2nd. Begun this day to rise betimes before six o'clock, and, going down to call my people, found Bess and the girl with their clothes on, lying within their bedding upon the ground close by the fireside, and a candle burning all night, pretending they would rise to scour. But Bess is going, and so she will not trouble me long.

3rd. To see Mrs. Turner, who takes it mightily ill I did not come to dine with the Reader, her husband, which, she says, was the greatest feast that ever was yet kept by a Reader,[2] and I believe it was well. But I am glad I did not go, which confirms her in an opinion that I am grown proud.

4th. William Howe came to see me, being come up with my Lord from sea: he is grown a discreet but very conceited fellow. He tells me how little respectfully Sir W. Pen did carry it to my Lord on board the Duke's ship at sea; and that Captain Minnes, a favourite of Prince Rupert's, do show my Lord little respect; but that everybody else esteems my Lord as they ought. This day was proclaimed at the 'Change the war with Holland.

5th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Sandwich's, and dined with my Lord; it being the first time he hath dined at home since his coming from sea: and a pretty odd demand it was of my Lord to my Lady before me, 'How do you, sweetheart? How have you done all this week?' himself taking notice of it to me, that he had hardly seen her the week before. At dinner he did use me with the greatest solemnity in the world, in carving for me, and nobody else, and calling often to my Lady to cut for me; and all the respect possible.

[1] In a paper by Evelyn. [2] See p. 300.

6th. With Sir J. Minnes to St James's, and there did our business with the Duke. Great preparations for his speedy return to sea. I saw him try on his buff coat and hat-piece covered with black velvet. It troubles me more to think of his venture than of anything else in the whole war. I saw Bess go away; she having, of all wenches that ever lived with us, received the greatest love and kindness, and good clothes besides wages, and gone away with the greatest ingratitude.

8th. This morning is brought me to the office the sad news of the *London*, in which Sir J. Lawson's men were all bringing her from Chatham to the Hope, and thence he was to go to sea in her: but a little on this side the buoy of the Nore she suddenly blew up. About twenty-four men and a woman that were in the round-house and coach [1] saved; the rest, being above 300, drowned; the ship breaking all in pieces, with 80 pieces of brass ordnance. She lies sunk, with her round-house above water. Sir J. Lawson hath a great loss in this of so many good chosen men, and many relations among them. I went to the 'Change, where the news taken very much to heart. To Gresham College, and there saw several pretty experiments.

9th. At Paul's School, where I visited Mr. Crumlum at his house; and, Lord! to see how ridiculous a conceited pedagogue he is, though a learned man, he being so dogmatical in all he does and says. But, among other discourse, we fell to the old discourse of Paul's School; and he did, upon my declaring my value of it, give me one of Lilly's grammars of a very old impression, as it was in the Catholic times, which I shall much set by. This night my wife had a new suit of flowered ash-coloured silk, very noble.

10th. At noon to the 'Change, where very hot, people's proposal of the City giving the King another ship for the *London* that is lately blown up. It would be very handsome, and, if well managed, might be done; but, I fear, if it be put into ill hands, or that the courtiers do solicit it, it will never be done. To the Committee of Tangier at Whitehall, where my Lord Barkeley, and Craven, and others; but, Lord! to see how superficially things

[1] See p. 23, note.

are done in the business of the Lottery, which will be the disgrace of the Fishery, and without profit.

11th. Sir J. Minnes from Lee Road, where they have been to see the wreck of the *London*, out of which, they say, the guns may be got, but the hull of her will be wholly lost, as not being capable of being weighed.

12th. (Lord's day.) Borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, to my Lord Sandwich's, but he was gone abroad. I sent the coach back for my wife, my Lord a second time dining at home on purpose to meet me, he having not dined once at home but those times since his coming from sea. I sat down, and read over the Bishop of Chichester's[1] sermon upon the anniversary of the King's death—much cried up, but, methinks, but a mean sermon. Down to dinner, where my wife in her new lace whisk, which indeed is very noble, and I am much pleased with it, and so my Lady also. Here very pleasant my Lord was at dinner; and after dinner did look over his plate,[2] which Burston hath brought him to-day, and is the last of the three that he will have made. After much discourse with my Lady about Sir G. Carteret's son, of whom she hath some thoughts for a husband for my Lady Jemimah, we away home by coach again.

13th. To St. James's, and there much business, the King also being with us a great while. This day my wife began to wear light-coloured locks, quite white almost, which, though it makes her look very pretty, yet, not being natural, vexes me, that I will not have her wear them. This day I saw my Lord Castlemaine at St. James's, lately come from France.

14th. Dined with Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, at the Tower, with Sir J. Robinson, at a farewell dinner which he gives Major Holmes at his going out of the Tower, where he hath for some time, since his coming from Guinea, been a prisoner,[3] and, it seems, had presented the Lieutenant with fifty pieces yesterday. Here a great deal of good victuals and company.

15th. To dinner, where my wife being gone down upon a sudden warning from my Lord Sandwich's daughters to the Hope with them, to see the Prince I dined alone. Anon to Gresham College, where, among other good discourse, there was tried the great poison of Maccassa[1] upon a dog, but it had no effect all the time we sat there.

16th. At noon home to dinner, where my wife told me the unpleasant journey she had yesterday among the children, whose fear upon the water and folly made it very unpleasing to her. This afternoon Mr. Harris, the sail-maker, sent me a noble present of two large silver candlesticks and snuffers, and a slice to keep them upon, which indeed is very handsome.

17th. This night my Lady Wood died of the smallpox, and is much lamented among the great persons for a good-natured woman and a good wife. The Duke did give us some commands, and so broke up, not taking leave of him. But the best piece of news is that, instead of a great many troublesome Lords, the whole business is to be left with the Duke of Albemarle to act as Admiral in his stead; which is a thing that do cheer my heart; for the other would have vexed us with attendance, and never done the business. Povy and I by water to London together. In the way, of his own accord, he proposed to me that he would surrender his place of Treasurer[2] to me to have half the profit. The thing is new to me; but, the more I think, the more I like it, and do put him upon getting it done by the Duke.

19th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Povy sent his coach for me betimes, and I to him, and there, to our great trouble, do find that my Lord FitzHarding do appear for Mr. Brouncker[3] to be Paymaster on Povy's going out, by a former promise of the Duke's, and offering to give as much as any for it. This put us all into a great dump; and so we went to Creed's new lodging in the Mews, and there we found Creed with his parrot upon his shoulder, which struck Mr. Povy coming by just by the eye, very deep, which had it hit his eye, had put it out. At last, I to Mr. Coventry, and there had his most friendly and ingenuous advice, advising me not to

[1] See July 8, 1660. [2] See Feb. 18, 1665.
[3] For taking New Amsterdam (renamed New York) from the Dutch. See p. 282.

[1] Macassar-poison. [2] For Tangier.
[3] See note to March 24, 1667.

decline the thing, it being that that will bring me to be known to great persons, while now I am buried among three or four of us, says he, in the Navy; but do not make a declared opposition to my Lord FitzHarding. Then to my Lord Sandwich's to dinner, and after dinner to Mr. Povy's, who hath been with the Duke of York, and, by the mediation of Mr. Coventry, the Duke told him that the business shall go on, and he will take off Brouncker, and my Lord FitzHarding is quiet too. Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hyde Park, being the first day of the tour there: where many brave ladies; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back in her coach, asleep, with her mouth open. There was also my Lady Kerneguy,[1] once my Lady Anne Hambleton.[2] Here I saw Sir J. Lawson's daughter and husband, a fine couple, and also Mr. Southwell and his new lady, very pretty. Thence back, putting in at Dr. Whore's, where I saw his lady, a very fine woman.

20th. Creed and I had Mr. Povy's coach sent for us, and we to his house; where we did some business in order to the work of this day. Povy and I to my Lord Sandwich, who tells me that the Duke is not only a friend to the business, but to me, in terms of the greatest love and respect and value of me that can be thought, which overjoys me. Thence to St. James's, and there was in great doubt of Brouncker; but at last I hear that Brouncker desists. The Duke did direct Secretary Bennet to declare his mind to the Tangier Committee, that he approves of me for Treasurer; and with a character of me to be a man whose industry and discretion he would trust soon as any man's in England; and did the like to my Lord Sandwich. So to Whitehall, to the Committee of Tangier, where there were present my Lord of Albemarle, my Lord Peterborough, Sandwich, Barkeley, FitzHarding, Secretary Bennet, Sir Thomas Ingram, Sir John Lawson, Povy, and I; where, after other business, Povy did declare his business very handsomely; that he was sorry he had been so unhappy in his accounts, as not to give their Lordships the satisfaction he intended, and that he was sure his accounts were right, and continues to submit them to examination, and is ready to lay down in ready money the fault of his account; and that for the future, that the work might be better done, and with more quiet to him, he desired, by approbation of the Duke, he might resign his place to Mr. Pepys. Whereupon Secretary Bennet did deliver the Duke's command, which was received with great content and allowance beyond expectation; the Secretary repeating also the Duke's character of me. And I could discern my Lord FitzHarding was well pleased with me, and signified full satisfaction, and whispered something seriously of me to the Secretary. And there I received their constitution under all their hands presently; so that I am already confirmed their Treasurer, and put into a condition of striking of tallies; and all without one harsh word of dislike, but quite the contrary; which is a good fortune beyond all imagination. Here we rose, and Povy and Creed and I, all full of joy, thence to dinner, they setting me down at Sir J. Winter's, by promise, and dined with him, and a worthy fine man he seems to be, and of good discourse; and a fine thing it is to see myself come to the condition of being received by persons of this rank, he being, and having long been, Secretary to the Queen-mother. News is this day come of Captain Allen's being come home from the Straits, as far as Portland, with eleven of the King's ships, and about twenty-two of merchantmen.

21st. My tailor coming to me did consult all my wardrobe, how to order my clothes against next summer. Received a couple of state-cups, very large, coming, I suppose, to about £6 a-piece, from Burrows, the slop-seller.[1]

22nd. To Mr. Houblon's,[2] the merchant, where Sir William Petty, and abundance of most ingenious men, owners and freighters of the *Experiment*, now going with her two bodies to sea. Most excellent discourse. Sir William Petty did tell me that in good earnest he hath in his will left some parts of his estate to him that could invent such and such things. As among others, that could discover truly the way of milk coming into the breast of a woman; and he that could invent proper characters

[1] *I.e.* Carnegy. [2] *I.e.* Hamilton.

[1] To the Navy.

[2] James Houblon, father of Sir James Houblon (d. 1700), and Sir John Houblon (d. 1712).

to express to another the mixture of relishes and tastes. And says that to him that invents gold he gives nothing for the philosopher's stone, for, says he, they that find out that will be able to pay themselves. But, says he, by this means it is better than to give to a lecture; for here my executors, that must part with this, will be sure to be well convinced of the invention, before they do part with their money. After dinner Mr. Hill took me with Mrs. Houblon, who is a fine gentlewoman, into another room, and there made her sing, which she do very well, to my great content. Thence to Gresham College, and there did see a kitling[1] killed almost quite, but that we could not quite kill her, with such a way: the air out of a receiver, wherein she was put, and then the air being let in upon her revives her immediately; nay, and this air is to be made by putting together a liquor and some body that ferments, the steam of that do do the work. I saw the Duke, kissed his hand, and had his most kind expressions of his value and opinion of me, which comforted me above all things in the world: the like from Mr. Coventry most heartily and affectionately. Saw, among other fine ladies, Mrs. Middleton,[2] a very great beauty; and I saw Waller,[3] the poet, whom I never saw before.

23rd. To my Lord Sandwich, who follows the Duke this day by water down to the Hope, where the Prince lies. He received me, busy as he was, with mighty kindness and joy at my promotions, telling me most largely how the Duke hath expressed on all occasions his good opinion of my service, and love for me. I paid my thanks and acknowledgment to him; and so back home, where at the office all the morning.

24th. To Povy's, and there delivered him his letters of greatest import to him that is possible, yet dropped by young Bland, just come from Tangier, upon the road by Sittingburne, taken up and sent to Mr. Pett, at Chatham. Thus everything done by Povy is done with a fatal folly and neglect. To my Lady Sandwich's, where my wife all this day, having kept Good Friday very strict with fasting. Here we supped, and talked very merry. My Lady alone with me, very earnest about Sir G. Carteret's son, with whom I perceive they do desire my Lady Jemimah may be matched.

25th. This afternoon of a sudden is come home Sir W. Pen from the fleet; upon what score I know not.

26th. (Lord's day and Easter-day.) With my wife to church. Home to dinner, my wife and I, Mercer staying to the sacrament, alone. This is the day seven years which, by the blessing of God, I have survived of my being cut of the stone, and am now in very perfect good health, and have long been; and though the last winter hath been as hard a winter as any have been these many years, yet I never was better in my life, nor have not, these ten years, gone colder in the summer than I have done all this winter, wearing only a doublet and a waistcoat cut open on the back; abroad, a cloak, and within doors a coat I slipped on. Now I am at a loss to know whether it be my hare's foot which is my preservative, for I never had a fit of the colic since I wore it, or whether it be my taking of a pill of turpentine every morning.

27th. Up betimes to Mr. Povy's, and there did sign and seal my agreement with him about my place of being Treasurer for Tangier. Thence to the Duke of Albemarle, the first time that we officers of the Navy have waited upon him since the Duke of York's going, who hath deputed him to be Admiral in his absence; and I find him a quiet heavy man, that will help business when he can, and hinder nothing. I did afterwards alone give him thanks for his favour to me about my Tangier business, which he received kindly, and did speak much of his esteem of me. Thence, and did the same to Sir H. Bennet, who did the like to me very fully. To my Lord Peterborough's; where Povy, Creed, Williamson, Auditor Beale, and myself, and mighty merry to see how plainly my Lord and Povy do abuse one another about their accounts, each thinking the other a fool, and I thinking they were not either of them, in that point, much in the wrong,

[1] Kitten; *gen.* a whelp.

[2] Jane Myddleton or Middleton (1645-1692), daughter of Sir Robert Needham. Her portrait is in the collection of the beauties of Charles II.'s Court at Hampton Court.

[3] Edmund Waller (1606-1687). He was one of Middleton's lovers.

though in everything, and even in this manner of reproaching one another, very witty and pleasant. Among other things, we had here the genteelest dinner and the neatest house that I have seen many a day, and the latter beyond anything I ever saw in a nobleman's house. Thence visited my Lord Barkeley, and he mighty friendly to me about the same business of Tangier. He said that the Parliament must be called again soon, and more money raised, not by tax, for he said he believed the people could not pay it, but he would have either a general excise upon everything, or else that every city incorporate should pay a toll into the King's revenue, as he says it is in all the cities in the world; for here a citizen hath no more laid on than their neighbours in the country, whereas, as a city, it ought to pay considerably to the King for their charter; but I fear this will breed ill blood.

29th. Drawing up a proposal for Captain Taylor, for him to deliver to the City about his building the new ship, which I have done well, and I hope will do the business.

31st. To visit my Lord of Falmouth,[1] who did also receive me pretty civilly, but not as I expected; he, I perceive, believing that I had undertaken to justify Povy's accounts, taking them upon myself; but I rectified him therein. I find Creed mightily transported by my Lord of Falmouth's kind words to him, and saying that he hath a place in his intention for him, which he believes will be considerable. A witty man he is in every respect, but of no good nature, nor a man ordinarily to be dealt with. My Lady Castlemaine is sick again; people think slipping her filly.[2]

April 1665

April 1st. Dining at Captain Cocke's, in Broad Street, very merry. Among other tricks, there did come a blind fiddler to the door, and Sir G. Carteret did go to the door and lead the blind fiddler by the hand in. With Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Batten, and Sir J. Minnes to my Lord Treasurer, and there did lay open the expense for the six months past, and an estimate of the seven months to come, to November next; the first arising to above £500,000, and the latter will, as we judge, come to above £1,000,000. But to see how my Lord Treasurer did bless himself, crying he would do no more than he could, nor give more money than he had, if the occasion and expense were never so great, which is but a sad story.

3rd. To a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called *Mustapha*,[1] which, being not good, made Betterton's part and Ianthe's[2] but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell,[3] at the King's house, and the younger Marshall[4] sat next us; which pleased me mightily.

5th. This day was kept publicly, by the King's command, as a fast day against the Dutch war. To Woolwich and Deptford, where did a very great deal of business, and then home, and there by promise find Creed, and he and my wife, Mercer and I by coach to take the air; and where we had formerly been, at Hackney, did there eat some pullets we carried with us, and some things of the house; and, after a game or two at shuffleboard,[5] home, and Creed lay with me; but, being sleepy, he had no mind to talk about business, which indeed I intended by inviting him to lie with me, so to bed, he and I to sleep, being the first time I have been so much at my ease and taken so much fresh air these many weeks or months.

6th. Attended the Duke of Albemarle about the business of money. I also went to Jervas's, my barber, for my periwig that was mending there. Great talk of a new comet; and it is certain do appear as bright as the late one at the best; but I have not seen it myself.

7th. Sir Philip Warwick did show me nakedly the King's condition for money

[1] Lord FitzHarding had just been created Earl of Falmouth (1665).

[2] George Fitzroy, created Duke of Northumberland, was born in December.

[1] Printed 1668. An earlier tragedy of this name is by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1633). A later by David Mallet appeared in 1739.

[2] Mrs. Betterton, *n.s.*

[3] Nell Gwyn.

[4] Rebecca Marshall, *n.s.*

[5] See p. 140, note.

for the Navy; and he do assure me, unless the King can get some noblemen or rich money-gentlemen to lend him money, or to get the City to do it, it is impossible to find money: we having already, as he says, spent one year's share of the three-years' tax, which comes to £2,500,000.

8th. To the Old Exchange, and there of my pretty seamstress bought four bands. The French Ambassadors[1] are come incognito before their train, which will hereafter be very pompous. It is thought they come to get our King to join with the King of France in helping him against Flanders, and they to do the like to us against Holland. We have lain a good while with a good fleet at Harwich. The Dutch not said yet to be out. We, as high as we make our show, I am sure, are unable to set out another small fleet, if this should be worsted. Wherefore, God send us peace! I cry.

9th. (Lord's day.) To church with my wife in the morning, in her new light-coloured silk gown, which is, with her new point, very noble. In the afternoon to Fenchurch, the little church in the middle of Fenchurch Street, where a very few people, and few of any rank.

10th. My Lord Brouncker took me and Sir Thomas Harvy in his coach to the Park, which is very troublesome with the dust; and ne'er a great beauty there to-day but Mrs. Middleton.

11th. At noon dined at the Sun, behind the 'Change, with Sir Edward Deering,[2] and his brother and Commissioner Pett, we having made a contract with Sir Edward this day about timber.

12th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, contrary to all expectation, my Lord Ashly, being vexed with Povy's accounts, did propose it as necessary that Povy should be still continued Treasurer of Tangier till he had made up his accounts; and with such arguments as, I confess, I was not prepared to answer, but by putting off of the discourse, and so, I think, brought it right again, but it troubled me. Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself down to my Lord Treasurer's chamber to him and the Chancellor and the Duke of Albemarle; and there I did give them a large account of the charge of the Navy and want of money. But strange to see how they hold up their hands, crying, 'What shall we do?' Says my Lord Treasurer, 'Why, what means all this, Mr. Pepys? This is all true, you say; but what would you have me to do? I have given all I can for my life. Why will not people lend their money? Why will they not trust the King as well as Oliver? Why do our prizes come to nothing, that yielded so much heretofore?' And this was all we could get, and went away without other answer, which is one of the saddest things that, at such a time as this, with the greatest action on foot that ever was in England, nothing should be minded, but let things go on of themselves, and do as well as they can. So home, vexed, and going to my Lady Batten's there found a great many women with her, in her chamber merry, my Lady Pen and her daughter, among others; where my Lady Pen flung me down upon the bed, and herself and others, one after another, upon me, and very merry we were.

13th. To Sheriff Waterman's[1] to dinner, all of us men of the office in town, and our wives, my Lady Carteret and daughters, and Ladies Batten, Pen, and my wife, etc. Very good cheer we had, and merry music at and after dinner, and a fellow danced a jig; but, when the company began to dance, I came away, lest I should be taken out; and God knows how my wife carried herself, but I left her to try her fortune.

14th. Up, and betimes to Mr. Povy, being desirous to have an end of my trouble of mind touching my Tangier business, whether he hath any desire of accepting what my Lord Ashly offered, of his becoming Treasurer again; and there I did, with a seeming most generous spirit, offer him to take it back again upon his own terms; but he did answer me that he would not, above all things in the world, at which I was for the present satisfied; but, going away thence, and speaking

[1] Henri de Bourbon, Duc de Verneuil, natural son of Henry IV. and brother of Henrietta Maria; and M. de Courtin. [B.]

[2] Sir Edward Dering, of Surrenden Dering, Kent (d. 1684). [B.]

[1] George Waterman, Sheriff of London, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor, 1672. [B.]

with Creed, he puts me in doubt that the very nature of the thing will require that he be put in again; and did give me the reasons of the auditors, which, I confess, are so plain, that I know not how to withstand them. But he did give me most ingenious advice what to do in it, and anon my Lord Barkeley and some of the Commissioners coming together, though not in a meeting, I did procure that they should order Povy's payment of his remain of accounts to me; which order, if it do pass, will put a good stop to the fastening of the thing upon me. Called my wife, and with her through the city to Mile-End Green, and ate some cream and cakes, and so back home. This morning I was saluted with news that the fleets, our's and the Dutch, were engaged, and that the guns were heard at Walthamstow to play all yesterday, and that Captain Teddiman's legs were shot off in the *Royal Catherine*. But, before night, I heard the contrary, both by letters of my own and messengers thence, that they were all well of our side, and no enemy appears yet, and that the *Royal Catherine* is come to the fleet, and likely to prove as good a ship as any the King hath, of which I am heartily glad, both for Christopher Pett's sake and Captain Teddiman that is in her.

16th. (Lord's day.) I walked to the Rolls' Chapel, expecting to hear the great Stillingfleet[1] preach, but he did not; but a very sorry fellow, which vexed me. Captain Taylor,[2] my old acquaintance at Westminster, supped with me, and a good understanding man he is, and a good scholar, and, among other things, a great antiquary. He can, as he says, show the very original charter to Worcester, of King Edgar's,[3] wherein he styles himself *Rex Marium Britanniæ*, etc.; which is the great text that Mr. Selden and others do quote, but imperfectly and upon trust. But he hath the very original, which, he says, he will show me. This night news is come of our taking three Dutch men-of-war, with the loss of one of our Captains.

17th. To the Duke of Albemarle's, where he showed me Mr. Coventry's letters, how three Dutch privateers are taken, in one whereof Everson's[1] son is captain. But they have killed poor Captain Golding in the *Diamond*. Two of them, one of 32 and the other of 20 odd guns, did stand stoutly up against her, which hath 46, and the *Yarmouth*, that hath 52 guns, and as many more men as they. So that they did more than we could expect, not yielding till many of their men were killed. And Everson, when he was brought before the Duke of York, and was observed to be shot through the hat, answered that he wished it had gone through his head, rather than been taken. One thing more is written; that two of our ships the other day appearing upon the coast of Holland, they presently fired their beacons round the country to give them notice. And news is brought the King that the Dutch Smyrna fleet is seen upon the back of Scotland; and thereupon the King hath wrote to the Duke that he do appoint a fleet to go to the Northward, to try to meet them coming home round: which God send! Thence to Whitehall; where the King, seeing me, did come to me, and, calling me by name, did discourse with me about the ships in the River: and this is the first time that ever I knew the King did know me personally; so that hereafter I must not go thither, but with expectation to be questioned, and to be ready to give good answers. Thence with Creed, who came to dine with me, to the Old James, where we dined with Sir W. Rider and Cutler, and, by and by, being called by my wife, we all to a play, *The Ghosts*,[2] at the Duke's house, but a very simple play. This day was left at my house a very neat silver watch, by one Briggs, a scrivener and solicitor, which I was angry with my wife for receiving, or, at least, for opening the box wherein it was, and so far witnessing our receipt of it, as to give the messenger 5s. for bringing it; but it can't be helped, and I will endeavour to do the man a kindness, he being a friend of my uncle Wight's.

18th. To Sir Philip Warwick, and with him to my Lord Treasurer, who signed

[1] Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699), afterwards Bishop of Worcester.

[2] See pp. 225, 308.

[3] This is the forged *Charta Eadgari R. de Oswaldeslawe*, dat. Gloucester, Dec. 28, 964, cited by Coke, Selden, Ussher, and others. [B.]

[1] Probably one of the Evertsens.

[2] Attributed to Holden (see Genest, I. 64).

my commission for Tangier Treasurer, and the docket of my Privy Seal, for the monies to be paid to me.

19th. Up by five o'clock, and by water to Whitehall; and there took coach, and with Mr. Moore to Chelsea; where, after all my fears what doubts and difficulties my Lord Privy Seal would make at my Tangier Privy Seal, he did pass it at first reading, without my speaking with him; and then called me in, and was very civil to me. I passed my time in contemplating, before I was called in, the picture of my Lord's son's lady,[1] a most beautiful woman, and most like to Mrs. Butler. Thence very much joyed to London back again, and found out Mr. Povy; told him this, and then went and left my Privy Seal at my Lord Treasurer's; and so to the 'Change, and thence to Trinity-house; where a great dinner of Captain Crisp, who is made an Elder Brother. And so, being very pleasant at dinner, away home, Creed with me, and there met Povy; and we to Gresham College, where we saw some experiments upon a hen, a dog, and a cat, of the Florence poison. The first it made for a time drunk, but it came to itself again quickly; the second it made vomit mightily, but no other hurt. The third, I did not stay to see the effect of it.

20th. This night I am told the first play is played in Whitehall noon-hall, which is now turned to a house of playing.

21st. This day we hear that the Duke and the fleet are sailed yesterday. Pray God go along with them, that they have good speed in the beginning of their work.

22nd. My wife making great preparation to go to Court to Chapel to-morrow.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Mr. Povy, according to promise, sent his coach betimes, and I carried my wife and her woman to Whitehall Chapel, and heard the famous young Stillingfleet, whom I knew at Cambridge, and he is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains; and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrew's, Holborn, where he is now minister, with these words: that they (the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another), believed he is the ablest young man to preach the Gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make a most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life, upon the words of Samuel to the people: 'Fear the Lord in truth with all your heart, and remember the great things that he hath done for you'; it being proper to this day, the day of the King's Coronation. After dinner Creed and we by coach took the air in the fields beyond St. Pancras, it raining now and then, which it seems is most welcome weather. After supper Creed and I together to bed, in Mercer's bed; and so to sleep.

24th. To the Duke of Albemarle, where very busy. To my Lady Sandwich's to dinner, where my wife by agreement. My Lady told me, with the prettiest kind of doubtfulness, whether it would be fit for her with respect to Creed to do it, that is, in the world, that Creed had broke his desire to her of being a servant to Mrs. Betty Pickering, and placed it upon encouragement which he had from some discourse of her ladyship, commending of her virtues to him, which, poor lady, she meant most innocently. She did give him a cold answer, but not so severe as it ought to have been; and, it seems, as the lady since to my Lady confesses, he had wrote a letter to her, which she answered slightly, and was resolved to contemn any motion of his therein. My Lady takes the thing very ill, as it is fit she should; but I advise her to stop all future occasions of the world's taking notice of his coming thither so often, as of late he hath done. But to think that he should have this devilish presumption to aim at a lady so near to my Lord is strange, both for his modesty and discretion. Thence to the Cockpit, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me; that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of anything therein; so that he should not know what could be done without me. At which I was (from him) not a little proud. So by coach with my wife and Mercer to the Park; but the King being there, and I nowadays being doubtful of being seen in any pleasure, did part from the tour, and away out of the Park to Knightsbridge,

[1] Sarah Bodvill. See May 3, 1664.

and there ate and drank in the coach, and so home.

25th. This afternoon W. Pen, lately come from his father in the fleet, did give me an account how the fleet did sail, about 103 in all, besides small catches, they being in sight of six or seven Dutch scouts, and sent ships in chase of them.

26th. Away to Whitehall, talking with Povy alone, about my opinion of Creed's indiscretion in looking after Mrs. Pickering, desiring him to make no more a sport of it, but to correct him, if he finds that he continues to own any such thing. This I did by my Lady's desire, and do intend to pursue the stop of it. To my Lady Sandwich's, and with her talking again about Creed's folly; but strange it is that he should dare to propose this business himself of Mrs. Pickering to my Lady, and to tell my Lady that he did it for her virtue's sake, not minding her money, for he could have a wife with more, but, for all that, he did intend to depend upon her Ladyship to get as much of her father and mother for her as she could. But I do very much fear that Mrs. Pickering's honour, if the world comes to take notice of it, may be wronged by it.

27th. Creed dined with me; and, after dinner, walked in the garden, he telling me that my Lord Treasurer now begins to be scrupulous, and will know what becomes of the £26,000 saved by my Lord Peterborough, before he parts with any more money, which puts us into new doubts, and me into a great fear, that all my cake will be dough[1] still. This night, William Hewer is returned from Harwich, where he hath been paying off some ships this fortnight, and went to sea a good way with the fleet, which was 96 in company then, men-of-war, besides some come in, and following them since, which makes now above 100, whom God bless!

28th. Down the River, to visit the victualling-ships, where I find all out of order. And came home to dinner, and then to write a letter to the Duke of Albemarle about them, and carried it myself to the Council-chamber; and, when they rose, my Lord Chancellor, passing by, stroked me on the head, and told me that the Board had read my letter, and taken order for the punishing of the watermen for not appearing on board the ships. And so did the King afterwards, who do now know me so well that he never sees me but he speaks to me about our Navy business.

29th. Troubled in my mind to hear that Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes do take notice that I am nowadays much from the office upon no office business; but what troubles me more is that I do omit to write, as I should do, to Mr. Coventry, which I must not do, though this night I minded it so little as to sleep in the middle of my letter to him, and committed forty[1] blots and blurs, but of this I hope never more to be guilty.

30th. (Lord's day.) I with great joy find myself to have gained this month above £100 clear, and in the whole to be worth £1400. Thus I end this month in great content as to my estate and gettings: in much trouble as to the pains I have taken, and the rubs I expect to meet with, about the business of Tangier. The fleet, with about 106 ships upon the coast of Holland, in sight of the Dutch, within the Texel. Great fears of the sickness here in the City, it being said that two or three houses are already shut up. God preserve us all!

May 1665

May 1st. I met my Lord Brouncker, Sir Robert Murray, Dean Wilkins, and Mr. Hooke going by coach to Colonel Blunt's[2] to dinner. So they stopped, and took me with them. Landed at the Tower-wharf, and thence by water to Greenwich; and there coaches met us; and to his house, a very stately site for situation and brave plantations; and among others, a vineyard, the first that ever I did see. No extraordinary dinner, nor any other entertainment good; but afterwards to the trial of some experiments about making of coaches easy. And several we tried;

[1] Cf. Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, V. i. 145.

[1] *I.e.* many; a common 16th and 17th century usage. Cf. 'forty minutes,' 'forty winks,' etc.

[2] At Wricklesmarsh, in the parish of Charlton, which belonged, in 1617, to Edward Blount. The site of Colonel Blount's house is now covered with villas, and is called Blackheath Park. [B.]

but one did prove mighty easy, not here for me to describe, but the whole body of the coach lies upon one long spring, and we all, one after another, rid in it; and it is very fine and likely to take. Thence to Deptford, and in to Mr. Evelyn's,[1] which is a most beautiful place; but, it being dark, and late, I stayed not; but Dean Wilkins and Mr. Hooke and I walked to Redriffe; and noble discourse all day long did please me.

3rd. To the Inn by Cripplegate, expecting my mother's coming to town, but she is not come this week, the coach being too full. My Lord Chief-Justice Hyde did die suddenly this week, a day or two ago, of an apoplexy.

5th. After dinner to Mr. Evelyn's; he being abroad, we walked in his garden, and a lovely noble ground he hath indeed. And, among other rarities, a hive of bees, so as, being hived in glass, you may see the bees making their honey and combs mighty pleasantly. This day, after I had suffered my own hair to grow long, in order to wearing it, I find the convenience of periwigs is so great, that I have cut off all short again, and will keep to periwigs.

7th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church with my wife. Yesterday began my wife to learn to limn of one Browne,[2] which Mr. Hill helps her to, and by her beginning, upon some eyes, I think she will do very fine things, and I shall take great delight in it.

9th. At noon comes Mrs. The. Turner, and dines with us, and my wife's painting-master stayed and dined. This day we have news of eight ships being taken by some of ours, going into the Texel, their two men-of-war, that convoyed them, running in. They came from about Ireland, round to the north.

10th. To the Cockpit, where the Duke of Albemarle did give Sir W. Batten and me an account of the late taking of eight ships, and of his intent to come back to the Gunfleet with the fleet presently; which creates us much work and haste therein, against the fleet comes. And thence to the Guard in Southwark, there to get some soldiers, by the Duke's order, to go keep pressmen on board our ships.

12th. By water to the Exchequer, and strike my tallies for £17,500, which methinks is so great a testimony of the goodness of God to me, that I, from a mean clerk there, should come to strike tallies myself for that sum, and in the authority that I do now, is a very stupendous mercy to me. But to see how every little fellow looks after his fees, and to get what he can for everything, is a strange consideration. The King's fees that he must pay himself for this £17,500 coming to above £100. After dinner comes my cousin Thomas Pepys of Hatcham[1] to receive some money of my Lord Sandwich's, and then I paid him what was due to him upon my uncle's score, but, contrary to my expectation, did get him to sign and seal to my sale of lands for payment of debts.

13th. To the 'Change, after office, and received my watch from the watchmaker, and a very fine one it is, given me by Briggs, the scrivener.[2] But, Lord, to see how much of my old folly and childishness hangs upon me still, that I cannot forbear carrying my watch in my hand in the coach all this afternoon, and seeing what o'clock it is one hundred times, and am apt to think with myself, how could I be so long without one; though I remember since I had one, and found it a trouble, and resolved to carry one no more about me while I lived. Troubled at a letter from Mr. Cholmly from Tangier, wherein he do advise me how people are at work to overthrow our Victualling business, by which I shall lose £300 per annum. I am much obliged to him for this secret kindness, and look after this.

14th. (Lord's day.) To church, it being Whitsunday; my wife very fine in a new yellow bird's-eye hood, as the fashion is now; my mother having her new suit brought home, which makes her very fine. My wife and she and Mercer to Thomas Pepys's wife's christening of his first child. I took a coach, and to Wanstead, the house where Sir H. Mildmay died, and now Sir Robert Brookes

1 Sayes Court.

2 Alexander Browne, printseller and miniaturist, author of *Ars Pictoria* (see May 27, 1669).

1 Thomas Pepys, of Hatcham Barnes, Surrey, Master of the Jewel Office to Charles II. and James II. [B.]

2 See p. 310.

lives, having bought it of the Duke of York, it being forfeited to him: a fine seat, but an old-fashioned house, and, being not full of people, looks desolately. I all the afternoon in the coach, reading the treasonous book of the Court of King James, printed a great while ago, and worth reading, though ill intended.[1]

15th. After dinner to the King's playhouse, all alone, and saw *Love's Mistress*;[2] some pretty things and good variety in it, but no or little fancy. Letters from Sir G. Downing, of four days' date, that the Dutch are come out and joined, well manned, and resolved to board our best ships; and fight for certain they will.

17th. To Langford's, where I never was since my brother died there. I find my wife and Mercer, having with him agreed upon two rich silk suits for me, which is fit for me to have, but yet the money is too much, I doubt, to lay out altogether; but it is done, and so let it be, it being the expense of the world that I can the best bear with, and the worst spare. The Duchess of York went down yesterday to meet the Duke.

18th. To the Duke of Albemarle, where we did examine Nixon and Stanesby,[3] about their late running from two Dutchmen; for which they were committed to a vessel to carry them to the fleet to be tried. A most foul unhandsome thing as ever was heard, for plain cowardice on Nixon's part. Thence with the Duke of Albemarle in his coach to my Lord Treasurer, and there was before the King (who ever now calls me by my name) and Lord Chancellor and many other great Lords, discoursing about insuring some of the King's goods, wherein the King accepted of my motion that we should; and so away, well pleased.

19th. To the Exchequer, and there got my tallies for £17,500, the first payment I ever had out of the Exchequer, and at the Leg[4] spent 14s. upon my old acquaintance, some of them the clerks, and away home with my tallies in a coach, fearful every moment of having one of them fall out, or snatched from me. Sir W. Warren did give me several good hints and principles not to do anything suddenly, but consult my pillow upon my Treasurership of Tangier, and every great thing in my life, before I resolve anything in it.

21st. (Lord's day.) This day is brought home one of my new silk suits, the plain one, but very rich camelot and noble. Tried it, and pleases me; but did not wear it, being I would not go out to-day to church.

22nd. To Deptford, it being Trinity-Monday, and so the day of choosing the Master of Trinity House for the next year, where, to my great content, I find that, contrary to the practice and design of Sir W. Batten, to break the rule and custom of the Company in choosing their Masters by succession, he would have brought in Sir W. Rider or Sir W. Pen over the head of Hurleston, who is a knave, too; besides, I believe, the younger brothers did all oppose it against the elder, and with great heat did carry it for Hurleston, which I know will vex him to the heart. Thence, the election being over, to church, where an idle sermon from that conceited fellow, Dr. Britton, saving that his advice to unity, and laying aside all envy and enmity among them, was very apposite. To the Trinity House, and a great dinner, as is usual.

23rd. Late comes Sir Arthur Ingram[1] to my office, to tell me, that, by letters from Amsterdam of the 28th of this month, the Dutch fleet, being about 100 men-of-war, besides fire-ships, etc., did set out upon the 23rd and 24th inst. Being divided into seven squadrons, viz. 1. General Opdam. 2. Cottenar of Rotterdam. 3. Trump. 4. Schram of Horne. 5. Stillingworth of Freezland. 6. Everson. 7. One other, not named, of Zealand.

24th. To the Coffee-house, where all the news is of the Dutch being gone out, and of the plague growing upon us in this town; and of remedies against it; some saying one thing, and some another.

26th. In the evening by water to the Duke of Albemarle, whom I find mightily off the hooks, that the ships are not gone out of the River; which vexed me to see.

[1] *Supra*, p. 301.
[2] *Love's Mistress, or the Queen's Masque*, by Thomas Heywood (1636).
[3] Commanders of the *Elizabeth* and *Eagle*.
[4] Tavern, *n.s.*

[1] Sir Arthur Ingram, of Knottingley, Surveyor of the Customs at Hull. [B.]

28th. (Lord's day.) I hear that Nixon[1] is condemned to be shot to death, for his cowardice, by a Council of War. To Sir Philip Warwick's to dinner, where abundance of company came in unexpectedly; and here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff, as the company increaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an oval table. After dinner much good discourse with Sir Philip, who, I find, I think a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophical manner of life and principles like Epictetus. Thence to my Lady Sandwich's, where, to my shame, I had not been a great while. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord Rochester's[2] running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallett, the great beauty and fortune of the North, who had supped at Whitehall with Mrs. Stewart, and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly,[3] by coach; and was at Charing Cross seized on by both horse and footmen, and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses, and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success), was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry, and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story; for if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbroke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death, who keeps but a little from her, £2500 per annum. Pray God give a good success to it! But my poor Lady, who is afraid of the sickness, and resolved to be gone into the country, is forced to stay in town a day or two, or three, about it, to see the event of it. Thence to see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.[1]

29th. To the Swan, and there drank at Herbert's, and so by coach home, it being kept a great holiday through the city, for the birth and restoration of the King. Home to dinner, and then, with my wife, mother, and Mercer in one boat, and I in another, down to Woolwich. We have everywhere taken some prizes. Our merchants had good luck to come home safe; colliers from the North, and some Straits' men, just now. And our Hambrough[2] ships, of whom we were so much afraid, are safe in Hambrough.[2] Our fleet resolve to sail out again from Harwich in a day or two.

30th. To dinner to Sir G. Carteret's. Here a very fine, neat, French dinner, without much cost, we being all alone with my Lady and one of the house with her; and then in the evening, by coach, with my wife, and mother, and Mercer, our usual tour by coach, and at the old house at Islington: but, Lord! to see how my mother found herself talk upon every object to think of old stories. Here I met with one that tells me that Jack Cole, my old schoolfellow, is dead and buried lately of a consumption, who was a great crony of mine.

31st. To the 'Change, where great the noise and trouble of having our Hambrough ships lost; and that very much placed upon Mr. Coventry's forgetting to give notice to them of the going away of our fleet from the coast of Holland. But all without reason, for he did; but the merchants, not being ready, stayed longer than the time ordered for the convoy to stay, which was ten days. To Huysman's, the painter, who I intend shall draw my wife. He was not within, but I saw several good pictures.

June 1665

June 1st. After dinner I put on my new camelot suit; the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above £24. In this I went with Creed to Goldsmiths'

[1] See May 18, 1665.

[2] John Wilmot (1647-1680), second Earl of Rochester, *q.v.* He married Elizabeth Mallett in 1667. See also November 25, 1666.

[3] Mrs. Mallett's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Hawley, of Buckland House, Somersetshire, created a Baronet 1642, and in 1646 an Irish peer, by the title of Baron Hawley of Donamore. [B.]

[1] Chinese goldfish. [2] Hamburg.

Hall, to the burial of Sir Thomas Viner;[1] which Hall, and Haberdashers' also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Paternoster Row, to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit. That done, we walked to Cornhill and there at Mr. Cade's stood in the balcony, and saw all the funeral, which was with the blue-coat boys and old men, all the Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, etc., and the number of the company very great; the greatest I ever did see for a tavern.

2nd. Met an express from Sir W. Batten at Harwich, that the fleet is all sailed from Solebay, having spied the Dutch fleet at sea, and that, if the calms hinder not, they must needs now be engaged with them. Another letter also came to me from Mr. Hater, committed by the Council this afternoon to the Gate House, upon the misfortune of having his name used by one, without his knowledge or privity, for the receiving of some powder that he had bought. Up to Court about these two, and for the former was led up to my Lady Castlemaine's lodgings, where the King, and she, and others were at supper, and there I read the letter and returned: and to Sir G. Carteret about T. Hater, and shall have him released to-morrow, upon my giving bail for his appearance. Sir G. Carteret did go on purpose to the King to ask this, and it is granted.

3rd. To Whitehall, and, upon entering into recognizances, T. Hater was released. Home, vexed to be kept from the office all the morning, which I had not been in many months before, if not some years. All this day by all people upon the River, and almost everywhere else hereabout, were heard the guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular; and all our hearts full of concernment for the Duke, and I particularly for my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry, after his Royal Highness.

4th. (Lord's day.) News come that our fleet is pursuing the Dutch, who, either by cunning or by being worsted, do give ground, but nothing more for certain.

5th. Great talk of the Dutch being fled, and we in pursuit of them, and that our ship *Charity* is lost upon our Captain's, Wilkinson, and Lieutenant's yielding, but of this there is no certainty, save the report of some of the sick men of the *Charity*, turned adrift in a boat, and taken up and brought on shore yesterday to Solebay, and the news hereof brought by Sir Henry Felton.[1]

6th. To my Lady Sandwich's, who, poor lady, expects every hour to hear of my Lord; but in the best temper, neither confident nor troubled with fear, that I ever did see in my life. She tells me my Lord Rochester is now declaredly out of hopes of Mrs. Mallett, and now she is to receive notice in a day or two how the King stands inclined to the giving leave for my Lord Hinchingbroke to look after her, and, that being done, to bring it to an end shortly.

7th. This morning my wife and mother rose about two o'clock; and with Mercer, Mary, the boy, and W. Hewer, as they had designed, took boat, and down to refresh themselves on the water to Gravesend. To the Dolphin tavern, where Sir J. Minnes, Lord Brouncker, Sir Thomas Harvy, and myself dined, upon Sir G. Carteret's charge, and very merry we were, Sir Thomas Harvy being a very droll. To the New Exchange, and there drunk whey, with much entreaty getting it for our money, and they would not be entreated to let us have one glass more. So took water to Fox-Hall,[2] to the Spring garden, and there walked an hour or two with great pleasure, saving our minds ill at ease concerning the fleet and my Lord Sandwich, that we have no news of them, and ill reports run up and down of his being killed, but without ground. Here stayed, pleasantly walking, and spending but 6d. till nine at night. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and 'Lord have mercy upon us!' writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was

[1] In St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street. [B.] He was a goldsmith, and had been Lord Mayor in 1654.

[1] Sir Henry Felton, of Playford, Suffolk, Bart. [B.]

[2] Vauxhall.

forced to buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw, which took away the apprehension. By water home, where weary with walking, and with the mighty heat of the weather, and for my wife's not coming home, I staying walking in the garden till twelve at night, when it begun to lighten exceedingly, through the greatness of the heat. Then, despairing of her coming home, I to bed.[1]

8th. About five o'clock my wife came home, it having lightened all night hard, and one great shower of rain. She came and lay upon the bed: I up, and to the office all the morning. I alone at home to dinner, my wife, mother, and Mercer dining at W. Joyce's; I giving her a caution to go round by the Half-Moon to his house, because of the plague. I to my Lord Treasurer's by appointment of Sir Thomas Ingram's, to meet the Goldsmiths; where I met with the great news at last newly come, brought by Bab May[2] from the Duke of York, that we have totally routed the Dutch; that the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Coventry are all well: which did put me into such joy, that I forgot almost all other thoughts. With great joy to the Cockpit, where the Duke of Albemarle, like a man out of himself with content, new told me all; and by and by comes a letter from Mr. Coventry's own hand to him, which he never opened, which was a strange thing, but did give it me to open and read, and consider what was fit for our office to do in it, and leave the letter with Sir W. Clerke; which, upon such a time and occasion, was a strange piece of indifference, hardly pardonable. I copied out the letter, and did also take minutes out of Sir W. Clerke's other letters; and the sum of the news is:—

VICTORY OVER THE DUTCH, JUNE 3, 1665.

This day they engaged; the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us, by which they lost the benefit of their fire-ships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskerry, and Mr. Richard Boyle killed on board the Duke's ship, the *Royal Charles*, with one shot; their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face; and the head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earl of Marlborough, Portland, Rear-Admiral Sansum[1] (to Prince Rupert) killed, and Captain Kirby and Ableson. Sir John Lawson wounded on the knee; hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the *Royal Oak*. The Duke sent Jordan[2] out of the *St. George*, who did brave things in her. Captain Jeremiah Smith of the *Mary* was second to the Duke, and stepped between him and Captain Seaton of the *Urania* (76 guns and 400 men), who had sworn to board the Duke; killed him, 200 men, and took the ship; himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and lieutenant. His master indeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Admiral Opdam blown up, Trump[3] killed, and said by Holmes; all the rest of their admirals, as they say, but Everson, whom they dare not trust for his affection to the Prince of Orange, are killed: we have taken and sunk, as is believed, about twenty-four of their best ships; killed and taken near 8000 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texel, and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest. Thence, with my heart full of joy, home; then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed, and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service indeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonfire at the gate; and I, with my Lady Pen's people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room, and there down into the street. I did give the boys 4s. among them, and mighty merry: so home to bed, with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend.

9th. To Whitehall, and in my way met with Mr. Moore, who eases me in one point wherein I was troubled; which was,

[1] The sentences in this entry are printed in different order in later editions.

[2] Baptist May (1629-1698), keeper of the Privy Purse (1665).

[1] Robert Sansum, rear-admiral of the White.

[2] (1603-1685), afterwards Sir Joseph Jordan.

[3] Van Tromp.

that I heard of nothing said or done by my Lord Sandwich; but he tells me that Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, did hear the King say that my Lord Sandwich had done nobly and worthily. The King, it seems, is much troubled at the fall of my Lord Falmouth; but I do not meet with any man else that so much as wishes him alive again, the world conceiving him a man of too much pleasure to do the King any good, or offer any good office to him. But I hear, of all hands, he is confessed to be a man of great honour, that did show it in this his going with the Duke, the most that ever any man did. Home, where my people busy to make ready a supper against night for some guests, in lieu of my stone-feast.[1] With my tailor to buy a silk suit, which though I had one lately, yet I do, for joy of the good news we have lately had of our victory over the Dutch, which makes me willing to spare myself something extraordinary in clothes; and, after long resolution of having nothing but black, I did buy a coloured silk ferrandin.[2]

10th. In the evening home to supper; and there, to my great trouble, hear that the plague is come into the City, though it hath, these three or four weeks since its beginning, been wholly out of the City; but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett, in Fenchurch Street; which, in both points, troubles me mightily.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and expected long a new suit; but, coming not, dressed myself in my new black silk camelot suit; and, when fully ready, comes my new one of coloured ferrandin, which my wife puts me out of love with, which vexes me. At noon, by invitation, comes my two cousin Joyces and their wives, my aunt James and he-cousin Harman, his wife being ill. Had a good dinner for them, and as merry as I could be in such company. They being gone, I out of doors a little, to show, forsooth, my new suit. I saw poor Dr. Burnett's door shut; but he hath, I hear, gained great goodwill among his neighbours; for he discovered it himself first, and caused himself to be shut up of his own accord; which was very handsome.

12th. Up, and in my yesterday's new suit to the Duke of Albemarle, and thence returned; and, with my tailor, bought some gold lace for my sleeve hands in Paternoster Row. The Duke of York is sent for last night, and expected to be here to-morrow.

13th. At noon with Sir G. Carteret to my Lord Mayor's to dinner, where much company in a little room. His name, Sir John Lawrence. Here were at table three Sir Richard Brownes, viz.: he of the Council, a clerk, and the Alderman,[1] and his son; and there was a little grandson, also Richard, who will hereafter be Sir Richard Browne. The alderman did here openly tell in boasting how he had, only upon suspicion of disturbances, if there had been any bad news from sea, clapped up several persons that he was afraid of; and that he had several times done the like, and would do, and take no bail where he saw it unsafe for the King. But by and by he said that he was now sued in the Exchequer for false imprisonment, that he had, upon the same score, imprisoned while he was Mayor four years ago, and asked advice about it. I told him I believed there was none, and told my story of Field, at which he was troubled, and said that it was then unsafe for any man to serve the King, and, I believed, knows not what to do therein; but that Sir Richard Browne, of the Council, advised him to speak with my Lord Chancellor about it. My Lord Mayor very respectful to me; and so I after dinner away, and found Sir J. Minnes ready with his coach and four horses at our office gate, for him and me to go out of town to meet the Duke of York coming from Harwich to town, and so as far as Ilford, and there 'light. By and by comes to us Sir John Shaw and Mr. Neale, that married the rich widow Gold, upon the same errand. After eating a dish of cream, we took coach again, hearing nothing of the Duke, and away home—a most pleasant evening and road.

14th. I met with Mr. Cooling, who

[1] In commemoration of his operation. See p. 1, *et seq.*

[2] See p. 175.

[1] Alderman Sir Richard Browne, Bart., was Lord Mayor in 1621, and Major-General of the Trained-bands; see Feb. 22, 1660. His son was Sir Richard Browne, Knight Sir Richard Browne, the Clerk of the Council, noticed Jan. 25, 1662, was of a different family. [B.]

observed to me how he finds everybody silent in the praise of my Lord Sandwich, to set up the Duke and the Prince; but that the Duke did, both to the King and my Lord Chancellor, write abundantly of my Lord's courage and service. And I this day met with a letter of Captain Ferrers, wherein he tells how my Lord was with his ship in all the heat of the day, and did most worthily. To Westminster; and there saw my Lord Marlborough brought to be buried, several Lords of the Council carrying him, and with the Heralds in some state.

15th. Up, and put on my new stuff suit with close knees, which becomes me most nobly, as my wife says. At noon put on my first laced band, all lace; and to Kate Joyce's to dinner, where my mother, wife, and abundance of their friends, and good usage. At Woolwich discoursed with Mr. Sheldon about my bringing my wife down for a month or two to his house, which he approves of, and, I think, will be very convenient. This day, the *Newsbook*[1] (upon Mr. Moore's showing L'Estrange Captain Ferrers's letter) did do my Lord Sandwich great right as to the late victory. The Duke of York not yet come to town. The town grows very sickly, and people to be afraid of it; there dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before; whereof but one in Fenchurch Street, and one in Broad Street, by the Treasurer's office.

16th. After dinner, and doing some business at the office, I to Whitehall, where the Court is full of the Duke and his courtiers returned from sea. All fat and lusty, and ruddy by being in the sun. I kissed his hands, and we waited all the afternoon. By and by saw Mr. Coventry, which rejoiced my very heart. Anon he and I, from all the rest of the company, walked into the Matted Gallery; where, after many expressions of love, we fell to talk of business; among other things, how my Lord Sandwich, both in his councils and personal service, hath done most honourably and serviceably. Sir J. Lawson is come to Greenwich; but his wound in his knee yet very bad. Jonas Poole, in the *Vanguard*, did basely, so as to be, or will be, turned out of his ship. Captain Holmes expecting, upon Sansum's death, to be made Rear-admiral to the Prince (but Harman[1] is put in) hath delivered up to the Duke his commission, which the Duke took and tore. He, it seems, had bid the Prince, who first told him of Holmes's intention, that he should dissuade him from it; for that he was resolved to take it if he offered it. Yet Holmes would do it, like a rash proud coxcomb. But he is rich, and hath, it seems, sought an occasion of leaving the service. Several of our captains have done ill. The great ships are the ships to do the business, they quite deadening the enemy. They ran away upon sight of the Prince. It is strange to see how people do already slight Sir William Barkeley,[2] my Lord Fitz-Harding's[3] brother, who, three months since, was the delight of the Court. Captain[4] Smith, of the *Mary*, the Duke talks mightily of; and some great thing will be done for him. Strange to hear how the Dutch do relate, as the Duke says, that they are the conquerors; and bonfires are made in Dunkirk in their behalf; though a clearer victory can never be expected. Mr. Coventry thinks they cannot have lost less than 6000 men, and we not dead above 200, and wounded about 400, in all about 600. Captain Grove, the Duke told us this day, hath done the basest thing at Lowestoft, in hearing of the guns, and could not, as others, be got out, but stayed there; for which he will be tried; and is reckoned a prating coxcomb, and of no courage.

17th. At the office find Sir W. Pen come home, who looks very well; and I am gladder to see him than otherwise I should be because of my hearing so well of him for his serviceableness in this late great action. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborn,[5] the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and came down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was

[1] *The Intelligencer* and *The News*, edited by Roger L'Estrange, appeared 1663-66. See p. 215.

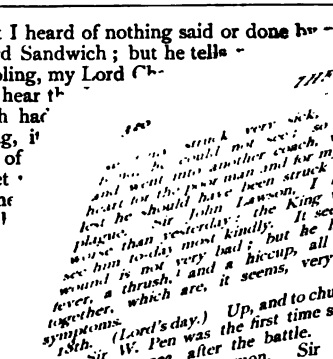
[1] John Harman, afterwards knighted.

[2] Commander of the *Swiftsure* in this action, and killed in the sea-fight the following year, when Vice-Admiral of the Blue. [B.] See June 16, 1666.

[3] Earl of Falmouth's. [4] Jeremiah, *w.s.*

[5] Lord Southampton lived on the north side of Bloomsbury Square. See p. 249.

that I heard of nothing said or done by Lord Sandwich; but he tells Cooling, my Lord Ch- did hear th- wich hav- King, it fall of meet wishe ing the to cr t-



THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

...struck very sick, and almost which is strange, the goldsmiths with ... could not see; so I lighted, whom I spoke to declare that they will ... into another coach, with a sad not be moved to part with money upon ... and went for the poor man and for myself also, the consideration of ten ... heart for the poor man and for myself also, the increase of their ... but he should have been struck with the they have. I find all the ... plague. Sir John Lawson, I hear, per cent which ... worse than yesterday: the King went to ... going out of town, the coaches ... see him to-day most kindly. It seems his ... is ... town almost ... wound is not very bad; but he hath a ... and waggons being all full of people going ... fever, a thrush, and a hiccup, all three ... into the country. ... together, which are, it seems, very bad ... symptoms.

22nd. In great pain whether to send my mother into the country to-day or no; I hearing, by my people, that the poor wretch hath a mind to stay a little longer, and I cannot blame her. At last, I resolved to put it to her, and she agreed to go, because of the sickness in town, and my intentions of removing my wife. She was to the last unwilling to go, but would not say so, but put it off till she lost her place in the coach, and was fain to ride in the waggon part.

18th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where Sir W. Pen was the first time since he came from sea, after the battle. Mr. Mills made a sorry sermon. Sir W. Batten and my Lady are returned from Harwich. I went to see them, and it is pretty to see how we appear kind one to another, though neither of us care 2d. one for another.

19th. To my little new goldsmith's,[2] whose wife, indeed, is one of the prettiest, modest, black women[3] that ever I saw. I paid for a dozen of silver salts £6:14:6. Thence to see Sir J. Lawson, who is better, but continues ill; his hiccup not being yet gone, could have little discourse with him.

20th. Thanksgiving day for victory over the Dutch. To the Dolphin Tavern, where all we officers of the Navy met with the Commissioners of the Ordnance by agreement, and dined; where good music at my direction. Our club came to 34s. a man, nine of us. By water to Fox-hall, and there walked an hour alone, observing the several humours of the citizens that were there this holiday, pulling off cherries,[4] and God knows what. This day I informed myself that there died four or five at Westminster of the plague, in several houses, upon Sunday last, in Bell Alley, over against the Palace Gate; yet people do think that the number will be fewer in the town than it was the last week. The Dutch are come out again with 20 sail under Bankert: supposed gone to the northward, to meet their East India fleet.

21st. I find our tallies will not be money in less than sixteen months, which is a sad thing for the King to pay all that interest for every penny he spends; and,

23rd. To a Committee for Tangier, where, unknown to me, comes my Lord Sandwich, who, it seems, came to town last night. After the Committee was up, my Lord Sandwich did take me aside in the robe-chamber, telling me how much the Duke and Mr. Coventry did, both in the fleet and here, make of him, and that in some opposition to the Prince; and, as a more private passage, he told me that he hath been with them both when they have made sport of the Prince, and laughed at him; yet that all the discourse of the town, and the printed relation, should not give him one word of honour, my Lord thinks very strange; he assuring me, that, though by accident the Prince was in the van in the beginning of the fight for the first pass, yet, all the rest of the day, my Lord was in the van, and continued so. That, notwithstanding all this noise of the Prince, he had hardly a shot in his side, nor a man killed, whereas he[1] hath above 30 in her hull, and not one mast whole nor yard; but the most battered ship of the fleet, and lost most men, saving Captain Smith of the *Mary*. That the most the Duke did was almost out of gun-shot; but that, indeed, the Duke did come up to my Lord's rescue, after he had a great while fought with four of them. How poorly Sir John Lawson performed, notwithstanding all that was said of him; and how his ship turned out of the way, while Sir J.

1 Ulceration. 2 John Colville of Lombard St.
3 Brunettes. 4 The game of bob-cherry.

1 Lord Sandwich.

Lawson himself was upon the deck, to the endangering of the whole fleet. It therefore troubles my Lord that Mr. Coventry should not mention a word of him in his relation. I did, in answer, offer that I was sure the relation was not compiled by Mr. Coventry, but by L'Estrange, out of several letters, as I could witness, and that Mr. Coventry's letter, that he did give the Duke of Albemarle, did give him as much right as the Prince; for I myself read it first, and then copied it out, which I promised to show my Lord, with which he was something satisfied. From that discourse my Lord did begin to tell me how much he was concerned to dispose of his children, and would have my advice and help; and propounded to match my Lady Jemimah to Sir G. Carteret's eldest son,[1] which I approved of, and did undertake the speaking with him about it as from myself, which my Lord liked. To one Mr. Finch,[2] one of the Commissioners of the Excise, to be informed about some things of the Excise, in order to our settling matters therein better. I find him a very discreet grave person. Creed and I took boat, and to Foxhall,[3] where we spent two or three hours talking of several matters very soberly, and contentfully to me, which, with the air and pleasure of the garden, was a great refreshment to me, and methinks that which we ought to joy ourselves in. Home by hackney-coach, which is become a very dangerous passage nowadays, the sickness increasing mightily.

24th. (Midsummer-day.) To Dr. Clerke's, and there I, in the best manner I could, broke my errand about a match between Sir G. Carteret's eldest son and my Lord Sandwich's eldest daughter, which he, as I knew he would, took with great content; and we both agreed that my Lord and he, being both men relating to the sea, under a kind aspect of His Majesty, already good friends, and both virtuous and good families, their alliance might be of good use to us; and he did undertake to find out Sir George this morning, and put the business in execution.

[1] Philip Carteret, afterwards knighted. He perished on board his father-in-law's (Lord Sandwich's) flagship, at the battle of Solebay. [B.]
[2] Daniel Finch. [3] Vauxhall.

So I to Whitehall, where I, with Creed and Povy, attended my Lord Treasurer, and did prevail with him to let us have an assignment for £15,000 or £20,000, which, I hope, will do our business for Tangier. To Sir G. Carteret, and, in the best manner I could, moved the business: he received it with great respect and content, and thanks to me, and promised that he would do what he possibly could for his son, to render him fit for my Lord's daughter, and showed great kindness to me, and sense of my kindness to him herein. Sir William Pen told me this day that Mr. Coventry is to be sworn a Privy Councillor, at which my soul is glad.

25th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, where, after I again visited Sir G. Carteret, and received his (and now his Lady's) full content in my proposal, my Lord Sandwich did direct me to return to Sir G. Carteret and give him thanks for his kind acceptation of this offer, and that he would the next day be willing to enter discourse with him about the business. My Lord, I perceive, intends to give £5000 with her, and expects about £800 per annum jointure. To Greenwich by water, thinking to have visited Sir J. Lawson, where, when I come, I find that he died this morning, at which I was much surprised, and indeed the nation hath a great loss; though I cannot, without dissembling, say that I am sorry for it, for he was a man never kind to me at all. Mr. Coventry, among other talk, entered upon the great question now in the House about the Duke's going to sea again; about which the whole House is divided. He did concur with me that, for the Duke's honour and safety, it were best, after so great a service and victory and danger, not to go again; and, above all, that the life of the Duke cannot but be a security to the Crown—if he were away, it being more easy to attempt anything upon the King; but how the fleet will be governed without him, the Prince[1] being a man of no government and severe in council, that no ordinary manc an offer any advice against his; saying truly that it had been better he had gone to Guinea, and that, were he away, it were easy to see how things might be ordered, my Lord Sand-

[1] Rupert.

wich being a man of temper and judgement as much as any man he ever knew, and that upon good observation he said this, and that his temper must correct the Prince's. But I perceive he is much troubled what will be the event of the question.

26th. To the Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Treasurer was, the first and only time he ever was there, and did promise us £15,000 for Tangier, and no more, which will be short. With Creed to the King's Head[1] ordinary, and good sport with one Mr. Nicholls, a prating coxcomb, that would be thought a poet, but would not be got to repeat any of his verses. Home, and there find my wife's brother and his wife, a pretty little modest woman, where they dined with my wife. He did come to desire my assistance for a living, and, upon his good promises of care, and that it should be no burden to me, I did say and promise I would think of finding something for him, and the rather because his wife seems a pretty discreet young thing, and humble, and he, above all things, desirous to do something to maintain her, telling me sad stories of what she endured in Holland; and I hope it will not be burdensome. The plague increases mightily, I this day seeing a house, at a bit-maker's over against St. Clement's Church, in the open street, shut up; which is a sad sight.

28th. I did take my leave of Sir William Coventry, who, it seems, was knighted and sworn a Privy Councillor two days since; who with his old kindness treated me, and I believe I shall ever find him a noble friend. Sir G. Carteret tells me how all things proceed between my Lord Sandwich and himself to full content, and both sides depend upon having the match finished presently, and professed great kindness to me, and said that now we were something akin. In my way to Westminster Hall I observed several plague-houses in King's Street and near the Palace. My Lord Sandwich is gone towards the sea to-day. It being a sudden resolution, I have taken no leave of him.

29th. By water to Whitehall, where the Court full of waggons and people ready to go out of town. This end of the town every day grows very bad of the plague. The Mortality Bill is come to 267; which is about ninety more than the last; and of these but four in the City, which is a great blessing to us. Took leave again of Mr. Coventry; though I hope the Duke is not gone to stay, and so do others too. Home, calling at Somerset House, where all were packing up too; the Queen-mother setting out for France this day, to drink Bourbon waters this year, she being in a consumption; and intends not to come till winter come twelvemonths.[1]

30th. To Whitehall, to the Duke of Albemarle, who I find at Secretary Bennet's, there being now no other great statesman, I think, but my Lord Chancellor, in town. At night back by water, and in the dark and against the tide shot the bridge,[2] groping with their pole for the way, which troubled me before I got through. So home, about one or two o'clock in the morning, my family at a great loss what was become of me. Thus this book of two years ends.[3] Myself and family in good health, consisting of myself and wife, Mercer, her woman, Mary, Alce, and Susan, our maids, and Tom, my boy. In a sickly time of the plague growing on. Having upon my hands the troublesome care of the Treasury of Tangier, with great sums drawn upon me, and nothing to pay them with; also the business of the office great. Considering of removing my wife to Woolwich; she lately busy in learning to paint, with great pleasure and success. All other things well; especially a new interest I am making, by a match in hand between the eldest son of Sir G. Carteret and my Lady Jemimah Montagu. The Duke of York gone down to the fleet; but all suppose not with the intent to stay there, as it is not fit, all men conceive, he should.

[1] At the corner of Chancery Lane.

July 1665

July 1st. To the Duke of Albemarle's by appointment, to give him an account of some disorder in the Yard at Portsmouth, by workmen's going away of their own

[1] She did not return. [2] *Cf.* p. 142.
[3] This marks the conclusion of the third volume of the MS.

accord, for lack of money, to get work of haymaking, or anything else, to earn themselves bread. To Westminster, where, I hear, the sickness increases greatly. Sad at the news that seven or eight houses in Bazing Hall[1] Street are shut up of the plague.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Sir G. Carteret did send me word that the business between my Lord and him is fully agreed on, and is mightily liked of the King and the Duke of York. Sir J. Lawson was buried late last night at St. Dustan's by us, without any company at all. The condition of his family is but very poor.

3rd. The season growing so sickly, that it is much to be feared how a man can escape having a share with others in it, for which the good Lord God bless me! or make me fitted to receive it.

4th. I hear this day the Duke and Prince Rupert are both come back from sea, and neither of them go back again. Bankert[2] is come home with the little fleet he has been abroad with, without doing anything, so that there is nobody of an enemy at sea. We are in great hopes of meeting with the Dutch East India fleet, which is mighty rich, or with De Ruyter, who is so also. Sir Richard Ford told me this day, at table, a fine account, how the Dutch were like to have been mastered by the present Prince of Orange his father to be besieged in Amsterdam,[3] having drawn an army of foot into the town, and horse near to the town by night, within three miles, and they never knew of it; but by chance the Hamburgh post in the night fell among the horse, and heard their design, and, knowing the way (it being very dark and rainy) better than they, went from them, and did give notice to the town before the others could reach the town, and so were saved. It seems this De Witt and another family, the Beckarts, were among the chief of the families that were enemies to the Prince, and were afterwards suppressed by the Prince, and continued so till he was, as they say, poisoned; and then they turned all again, as it was, against the young Prince, and have so carried it to this day, it being about 12 and 14 years, and De Witt in the head of them.

5th. Advised about sending my wife's bedding and things to-day to Woolwich, in order to her removal thither. Mr. Coventry tells me how matters are ordered in the fleet: my Lord Sandwich goes Admiral; under him Sir G. Ascue, and Sir T. Teddiman; Vice-Admiral, Sir W. Pen; and under him Sir W. Barkeley, and Sir Jos. Jordan; Rear-Admiral, Sir Thomas Allen; and under him Sir Christopher Mings,[1] and Captain Harman. Walked round to Whitehall, the Park being quite locked up; and I observed a house shut up this day in the Pell Mell, where heretofore, in Cromwell's time, we young men used to keep our weekly clubs. Sir G. Carteret do now take all my Lord Sandwich's business to heart, and makes it the same with his own. He tells me how at Chatham it was proposed to my Lord Sandwich to be joined with the Prince in the command of the fleet, which he was most willing to; but, when it came to the Prince, he was quite against it, saying there could be no government, but that it would be better to have two fleets, and neither under the command of the other, which he would not agree to. So the King was not pleased; but, without any unkindness, did order the fleet to be ordered as above, as to the Admirals and commands; so the Prince is come up; and Sir G. Carteret, I remember, had this word thence, that, says he, by this means, though the King told him that it would be but for this expedition, yet I believe we shall keep him out for altogether. He tells me how my Lord was much troubled at Sir W. Pen's being ordered forth (as it seems he is to go to Solebay, and with the best fleet he can, to go forth), and no notice taken of my Lord Sandwich going after him, and having the command over him. By water to Woolwich, where I found my wife come, and her two maids, and very prettily accommodated they will be; and I left them going to supper, grieved in my heart to part with my wife, being worse

[1] Basinghall. [2] Banckart, Dutch admiral.

[3] The period alluded to is 1650, when the States-General disbanded part of the forces which the Prince of Orange (William) wished to retain. The Prince attempted, but unsuccessfully, to possess himself of Amsterdam. [B.]

[1] Sir Christopher Myngs (1625-1666), son of a shoemaker, who rose to the rank of Admiral. He died of wounds received in the sea-fight in June 1666. See June 10, 1666.

by much without her, though some trouble there is in having the care of a family at home this plague time.

6th. Alderman Backewell is ordered abroad upon some private score with a great sum of money; wherein I was instrumental the other day in shipping him away. It seems some of his creditors have taken notice of it, and he was like to be broke yesterday in his absence; Sir G. Carteret telling me that the King and the kingdom must as good as fall with that man at this time; and that he was forced to get £4000 himself to answer Backewell's people's occasions, or he must have broke; but committed this to me as a great secret. I could not see Lord Brouncker, nor had much mind, one of the two great houses within two doors of him being shut up; and, Lord! the number of houses visited, which this day I observed through the town, quite round in my way, by Long Lane and London Wall. To Sir W. Batten, and spent the evening at supper; and, among other discourse, the rashness of Sir John Lawson for breeding up his daughter so high and proud, refusing a man of great interest, Sir W. Barkeley, to match her with a melancholy fellow, Colonel Norton's son,[1] of no interest nor good-nature nor generosity at all, giving her £6000, when the other would have taken her with two; when he himself knew that he was not worth the money himself in all the world, he did give her that portion, and is since dead, and left his wife and two daughters beggars, and the other gone away with £6000, and no content in it, through the ill qualities of her father-in-law and husband, who, it seems, though a pretty woman, contracted for her as if he had been buying a horse; and, worst of all, is now of no use to serve the mother and two little sisters in any stead at Court, whereas, the other might have done what he would for her; so here is an end of this family's pride, which, with good care, might have been what they would, and done well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, sailed last night from Solebay, with about sixty sail of ships, and my Lord Sandwich in the *Prince* and some others, it seems, going after them to overtake them.

[1] See August 29, 1666.

7th. At this time I have two tierces of claret, two quarter-casks of canary, and a smaller vessel of sack; a vessel of tent,[1] another of malaga, and another of white wine; all in my wine-cellar together; which, I believe, none of my friends of my name now alive ever had of his own at one time.

9th. (Lord's day.) To Sir G. Carteret, and there find my Lady[2] in her chamber, not very well, but looks the worst almost that ever I did see her in my life. It seems her drinking of the water at Tunbridge did almost kill her. Received with most extraordinary kindness by my Lady Carteret and her children, and dined most nobly. I took occasion to have much discourse with Mr. Ph. Carteret, and find him a very modest man; and I think verily of mighty good nature and pretty understanding. He did give me a good account of the fight with the Dutch. Took boat and home, and there shifted myself into my black silk suit; and, having promised Harman yesterday, I to his house, which I find very mean, and mean company. His wife very ill; I could not see her. Here I, with her father and Kate Joyce, who was also very ill, were godfathers and godmother to his boy, and was christened Will. Mr. Meriton[3] christened him. The most observable thing I found there to my content, was to hear him and his clerk tell me, that in this parish of Michell's,[4] Cornhill, one of the middlemost parishes, and a great one of the town, there hath, notwithstanding this sickliness, been buried of any disease, man, woman, or child, not one for thirteen months last past; which is very strange. And the like, in a good degree, in most other parishes, I hear, saving only of the plague in them. Down to my Lady Carteret's. It is mighty pretty to think how my poor Lady Sandwich, between her and me, is doubtful whether her daughter will like of the match or no, and how troubled she is for fear of it, which I do not fear at all, and desire her not to do it, but her fear is the most discreet and pretty that ever I did see.

[1] A kind of alicant; generally, a Spanish *red* wine.
[2] Sandwich.
[3] Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill.
[4] *I.e.* St. Michael's.

10th. Having a coach of Mr. Povy's attending me, by appointment, in order to my coming to dine at his country-house, at Brainford,[1] where he and his family is, I went, and Mr. Tasbrough with me therein, it being a pretty chariot, but most inconvenient as to the horses throwing dust and dirt into one's eyes and upon one's clothes. Creed rode before, and Mr. Povy and I after him in the chariot; and I was set down by him at the Park pale, where one of his saddle-horses was ready for me, he himself not daring to come into the house or be seen, because that a servant of his, out of his house, happened to be sick, but is not yet dead, but was never suffered to come into his house after he was ill. But this opportunity was taken to injure Povy, and most horribly he is abused by some persons hereupon, and his fortune, I believe, quite broke; but that he hath a good heart to bear, or a cunning one to conceal, his evil. It is, I perceive, an unpleasing thing to be at Court, everybody being fearful one of another, and all so sad inquiring after the plague, so that I stole away by my horse to Kingston, and there, with much trouble, was forced to press two sturdy rogues to carry me to London, and met at the waterside with Mr. Charnocke, Sir Philip Warwick's clerk, who had been with company, and was quite foxed. I took him with me in my boat, and so away to Richmond, and there, by night, walked with him to Mortlake, a very pretty walk, and there stayed a good while.

11th. All night down by water, a most pleasant passage, and came thither by two o'clock, and so walked from the Old Swan home, and there to bed to my Will, he lodging at my desire in my house.

12th. After doing what business I could in the morning, it being a solemn fast-day for the plague growing upon us, I took boat, and down to Deptford, where I stood with great pleasure an hour or two by my Lady Sandwich's bedside, talking to her, she lying prettily in bed, of my Lady Jemimah's being from my Lady Pickering's when our letters came to that place; she being at my Lord Montagu's, at Boughton. The truth is, I had received letters of it two days ago, but had dropped them, and was in a very extraordinary strait what to do for them, or what account to give my Lady; but sent to Mortlake, where I had been the night before, and there they were found, which with mighty joy came safe to me; but all ending with satisfaction to my Lady and me, though I find my Lady Carteret not much pleased with this delay, and principally because of the plague, which renders it unsafe to stay long at Deptford. I ate a bit, my Lady Carteret being the most kind lady in the world, and so took boat, and a fresh boat at the Tower, and so up the river, against tide all the way, I having lost it by staying prating to and with my Lady, and, from before one, made it seven before we got to Hampton Court; and, when I came there, all business was over, saving my finding Mr. Coventry at his chamber; and so away to my boat, and all night upon the water, and came home by two o'clock, shooting the bridge at that time of night. Heard Mr. Williamson repeat at Hampton Court to-day how the King of France hath lately set out a most high arrest[1] against the Pope, which is reckoned very lofty and high.

13th. By water, at night late, to Sir G. Carteret's,[2] but, there being no oars to carry me, I was fain to call a sculler that had a gentleman already in it, and he proved a man of love to music, and he and I sang together the way down

[1] Brentford.

[1] *I.e. arrêt.* 'The rupture between Alexander VII. and Louis XIV. was healed in 1664, by the treaty signed at Pisa, on Feb. 12. On August 9 the Pope's nephew, Cardinal Chigi, made his entry into Paris, as Legate, to give the King satisfaction for the insult offered at Rome by the Corsican guard to the Duc de Créqui, the French Ambassador. Cardinal Imperiali, Governor of Rome, asked pardon of the King in person, and all the hard conditions of the treaty were fulfilled. But no *arrêt* against the Pope was set forth in 1665. On the contrary, Alexander, now wishing to please the King, issued a Constitution on Feb. 2, 1665, ordering all the clergy of France, without any exception, to sign a formulary condemning the famous five propositions extracted from the works of Jansen; and on April 29, the King in person ordered the Parliament to register the bull. The Jansenist party, of course, demurred to this proceeding; the Bishops of Alais, Angers, Beauvais, and Pamiers issuing mandates calling upon their clergy to refuse. It was against these mandates, as being contrary to the King's declaration and the Pope's intentions, that the *arrêt* was directed.' [B.]

[2] Sir G. Carteret's official residence at Deptford.

with great pleasure. Above 700 died of the plague this week.

14th. I by water to Sir G. Carteret's, and there find my Lady Sandwich buying things for my Lady Jem.'s wedding: and my Lady Jem. is, beyond expectation, come to Dagenhams,[1] where Mr. Carteret is to go to visit her to-morrow; and my proposal of waiting on him, he being to go alone to all persons strangers to him, was well accepted, and so I go with him. But, Lord! to see how kind my Lady Carteret is to her! Sends her most rich jewels, and provides bedding and things of all sorts most richly for her, which makes my Lady and me out of our wits almost to see the kindness she treats us all with, as if they would buy the young lady.

15th. Mr. Carteret and I to the ferry-place at Greenwich, and there stayed an hour crossing the water to and again to get our coach and horses over; and by and by set out, and so toward Dagenhams. But, Lord! what silly discourse we had as to love-matters, he being the most awkward man ever I met with in my life as to that business. Thither we came, and by that time it began to be dark, and were kindly received by Lady Wright and my Lord Crewe. And to discourse they went, my Lord discoursing with him, asking of him questions of travel, which he answered well enough in a few words; but nothing to the lady from him at all. To supper, and after supper to talk again, he yet taking no notice of the lady. My Lord would have had me have consented to leaving the young people together to-night, to begin their amours, his staying being but to be little. But I advised against it, lest the lady might be too much surprised. So they led him up to his chamber, where I stayed a little, to know how he liked the lady, which he told me he did mightily; but, Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did. So I bid him good-night, and down to prayers, with my Lord Crewe's family; and, after prayers, my Lord, and Lady Wright, and I, to consult what to do; and it was agreed at last to have them go to church together, as the family used to do, though his lameness was a great objection against it. But at last my Lady Jem. sent me word by my Lady Wright that it would be better to do just as they used to do before his coming; and therefore she desired to go to church, which was yielded to them.

16th. (Lord's day.) I up, having lain with Mr. Moore in the chaplain's chamber. And, having trimmed myself, down to Mr. Carteret; and we walked in the gallery an hour or two, it being a most noble and pretty house that ever, for the bigness, I saw. Here I taught him what to do: to take the lady always by the hand to lead her, and telling him that I would find opportunity to leave them together, he should make these and these compliments, and also take a time to do the like to Lord Crewe and Lady Wright. After I had instructed him, which he thanked me for, owning that he needed my teaching him, my Lord Crewe came down and family, the young lady among the rest; and so by coaches to church four miles off; where a pretty good sermon, and a declaration of penitence of a man that had undergone the Church's censure for his wicked life. Thence back again by coach, Mr. Carteret having not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand, coming or going, which I told him of when we came home, and he will hereafter do it. So to dinner. My Lord excellent discourse. Then to walk in the gallery, and to sit down. By and by my Lady Wright and I go out, and then my Lord Crewe (he not by design), and lastly my Lady Crewe came out, and left the young people together. And a little pretty daughter of my Lady Wright's most innocently came out afterwards, and shut the door to, as if she had done it, poor child, by inspiration; which made us without have good sport to laugh at. They together an hour, and by and by church-time, whither he led her into the coach and into the church, where several handsome ladies. But it was most extraordinary hot that ever I knew it. So home again, and to walk in the gardens, where we left the young couple a second time; and my Lady Wright and I to walk together, who tells me that some new clothes must of necessity be made for Lady Jemimah, which and other things

[1] Dagenhams, or Dagnams, near Romford, the seat of Lady Wright, widow of Sir Henry Wright, and sister of Lady Sandwich.

I took care of. Anon to supper, and excellent discourse and dispute between my Lord Crewe and the chaplain, who is a good scholar, but a nonconformist. Here this evening I spoke with Mrs. Carter, my old acquaintance, that hath lived with my Lady these twelve or thirteen years, the sum of all whose discourse (and others for her) is that I would get her a good husband; which I have promised, but know not when I shall perform. After Mr. Carteret was carried to his chamber, we to prayers, and then to bed.

17th. Up all of us, and to billiards; my Lady Wright, Mr. Carteret, myself, and everybody. By and by the young couple left together. Anon to dinner; and after dinner Mr. Carteret took my advice about giving to the servants £10 among them, which he did, by leaving it to the chief man-servant, Mr. Medows, to do for him. Before we went, I took my Lady Jem. apart, and would know how she liked this gentleman, and whether she was under any difficulty concerning him. She blushed, and hid her face awhile; but at last I forced her to tell me. She answered that she could readily obey what her father and mother had done; which was all she could say, or I expect. So anon took leave, and for London. But, Lord! to see, among other things, how all these great people here are afraid of London, being doubtful of anything that comes from thence, or that hath lately been there, that I was forced to say that I lived wholly at Woolwich. In our way Mr. Carteret did give me mighty thanks for my care and pains for him, and is mightily pleased, though the truth is my Lady Jem. hath carried herself with mighty discretion and gravity, not being forward at all in any degree, but mighty serious in her answers to him, as by what he says and I observed, I collect. To Deptford, where mighty welcome, and brought the good news of all being pleased. Mighty mirth of my giving them an account of all; but the young man could not be got to say one word before me or my Lady Sandwich of his adventures; but, by what he afterwards related to his father and mother and sisters, he gives an account that pleases them mightily. Here Sir G. Carteret would have me lie all night, which I did most nobly, better than ever I did in my life, Sir G. Carteret being mighty kind to me, leading me to my chamber; and all their care now is to have the business ended, and they have reason, because the sickness puts all out of order, and they cannot safely stay where they are.

18th. To the 'Change, where a little business and a very thin Exchange; and so walked through London to the Temple, where I took water for Westminster to the Duke of Albemarle, to wait on him, and so to Westminster Hall, and there paid for my news-books, and did give Mrs. Michell, who is going out of town because of the sickness, and her husband a pint of wine. I was much troubled this day to hear at Westminster how the officers do bury the dead in the open Tuttle-fields,[1] pretending want of room elsewhere; whereas the New Chapel[2] churchyard was walled-in at the public charge in the last plague-time, merely for want of room; and now none, but such as are able to pay dear for it, can be buried there.

19th. To Deptford, where I find all full of joy, and preparing to go to Dagenhams to-morrow.

20th. To Deptford, and after dinner saw my Lady Sandwich and Mr. Carteret and his two sisters over the water, going to Dagenhams, and my Lady Carteret toward Cranborne.[3] Walked to Redriffe, where I hear the sickness is, and indeed is scattered almost everywhere, there dying 1089 of the plague this week. My Lady Carteret did this day give me a bottle of plague-water home with me. I received yesterday a letter from my Lord Sandwich, giving me thanks for my care about their marriage business, and desiring it to be dispatched, that no disappointment may happen therein. Lord! to see how the plague spreads! it being now all over King's Street, at the Axe, and next door to it, and in other places.

21st. To Anthony Joyce's, and there broke to him my desire to have Pall

[1] Tothill Fields, between the river and Tothill Street, Pimlico.

[2] Broadway, Westminster.

[3] The Royal Lodge of that name in Windsor Forest, occupied by Sir George Carteret, as Vice-Chamberlain to the King. [B.] See p. 336.

married to Harman, whose wife, poor woman, is lately dead, to my trouble, I loving her very much; and he will consider it. Late in my chamber, setting some papers in order; the plague growing very raging, and my apprehensions of it great.

22nd. The Duke of Albemarle being gone to dinner to my Lord of Canterbury's, I thither, and there walked and viewed the new hall, a new old-fashion hall,[1] as much as possible—begun, and means left for the ending of it, by Bishop Juxon. To Foxhall, where to the Spring garden; but I do not see one guest there, the town being so empty of anybody to come thither. Only, while I was there, a poor woman came to scold with the master of the house that a kinswoman, I think, of her's, that was newly dead of the plague, might be buried in the churchyard; for, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons, as they said she should. I by coach home, not meeting with but two coaches and but two carts from Whitehall to my own house, that I could observe, and the streets mighty thin of people. I met this noon with Dr. Burnett, who told me, and I find in the news-book this week that he posted upon the 'Change, that whoever did spread the report that, instead of dying of the plague, his servant was by him killed, it was forgery, and showed me the acknowledgment of the master of the pest-house, that his servant died of a bubo on his right groin and two spots on his right thigh, which is the plague. All the news is great: that we must of necessity fall out with France, for he will side with the Dutch against us. That Alderman Backewell is gone over, which indeed he is, with money, and that Ostend is in our present possession. But it is strange to see how poor Alderman Backewell is like to be put to it in his absence, Mr. Shaw, his right hand, being ill. And the Alderman's absence gives doubts to people, and I perceive they are in great straits for money, besides what Sir G. Carteret told me about fourteen days ago. Our fleet, under my Lord Sandwich, being about the latitude 55½ (which is a great secret), to the northward of the Texel.

[1] Converted into the archiepiscopal library by Archbishop Howley. [B.]

23rd. (Lord's day.) Called by Mr. Cutler, by appointment, and with him in his coach and four horses over London Bridge to Kingston, a very pleasant journey, and to Hampton Court, where I followed the King to chapel, and there heard a good sermon; and after sermon, with my Lord Arlington, Sir Thomas Ingram, and others, spoke to the Duke about Tangier, but not to much purpose. I was not invited any whither to dinner, though a stranger, which did also trouble me; but yet I must remember it is a Court, and indeed where most are strangers; but, however, Cutler carried me to Mr. Marriott's the housekeeper, and there we had a very good dinner and good company, among others Lilly, the painter. Thence to the council-chamber, but the council began late to sit; so that when I got free, and came back to look for Cutler, he was gone with his coach, without leaving any word with anybody to tell me so; so that I was forced with great trouble to walk up and down looking of him, and at last forced to get a boat to carry me to Kingston, and there, after eating a bit at a neat inn, which pleased me well, I took boat, and slept all the way, without intermission, from thence to Queenhive,[1] where, it being about two o'clock, too late and too soon to go home to bed, I lay and slept till about four.

24th. Up and home, and there dressed myself, and by appointment to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's, between six and seven o'clock, where I found him and my Lady almost ready, and by and by went over to the ferry, and took coach and six horses nobly for Dagenhams, himself and lady, and their little daughter Louisonne[2] and myself in the coach, where, when we came, we were bravely entertained, and spent the day most pleasantly with the young ladies, and I so merry as never before. With great content all the day, as I think I ever passed a day in my life, because of the contentfulness of our errand, and the nobleness of the company, and our manner of going. But I find Mr. Carteret as backward almost in his caresses

[1] Queenhithe. See p. 336.

[2] Louisa Marguerite Carteret, afterwards married to Sir Robert Atkins, of Seperton, Gloucestershire. [B.]

as he was the first day. At night, about seven o'clock, took coach again; but, Lord! to see in what a pleasant humour Sir G. Carteret hath been both coming and going, so light, so fond, so merry, so boyish (so much content he takes in this business) it is one of the greatest wonders I ever saw in my mind. In serious discourse he did say that, if he knew his son to be a debauchee, as many and most are nowadays about the Court, he would tell it, and my Lady Jem. should not have him; and so enlarged both he and she about the baseness and looseness of the Court, and told several stories of the Duke of Monmouth, and Richmond, and some great person, my Lord of Ormond's second son,[1] married to a lady[2] of extraordinary quality (fit and that might have been made a wife for the King himself), about six months since; and discoursed how much this would oblige the kingdom, if the King would banish some of these great persons publicly from the Court. We set out so late that it grew dark, so as we doubted the losing of our way; and a long time it was, or seemed, before we could get to the waterside, and that about eleven at night, where, when we came, all merry, we found no ferry-boat was there, nor no oars to carry us to Deptford. However, afterwards oars was called from the other side at Greenwich; but, when it came, a frolic (being mighty merry) took us, and there we would sleep all night in the coach in the Isle of Dogs: so we did, there being now with us my Lady Scott;[3] and with great pleasure drew up the glasses, and slept till daylight, and then, some victuals and wine being brought us, we ate a bit, and so up and took boat, merry as might be; and, when come to Sir G. Carteret's, there all to bed.

25th. Our good humour in everybody continuing, I slept till seven o'clock. Sad the story of the plague in the City, it growing mightily. This day my Lord Brouncker did give me Grant's book upon the Bills of Mortality, new printed and enlarged.[4] To my office; thence by coach to the Duke of Albemarle's, not meeting one coach, going nor coming. This day came a letter to me from Paris, from my Lord Hinchingbroke, about his coming over; and I have sent this night an order from the Duke of Albemarle for a ship of 36 guns to go to Calais to fetch him.

26th. To Greenwich, to the Park, where I heard the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several questions. The King mightily pleased with his new buildings there. I followed them to Castle's ship, in building, and there met Sir W. Batten, and thence to Sir G. Carteret's, where all the morning with them; they not having any but the Duke of Monmouth, and Sir W. Killigrew,[1] and one gentleman, and a page more. Great variety of talk, and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by they to dinner, and all to dinner and sat down to the King, saving myself, which, though I could not in modesty expect, yet, God forgive my pride! I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not. The King having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door. Down to Woolwich, and there I just saw and kissed my wife, and saw some of her painting, which is very curious; and away again to the King, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the Duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me! though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though, blessed be God! they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish leaping gallant that ever I saw, always in action, vaulting, or leaping, or clambering. Sad news of the death of so many in the parish of the plague; forty last night; the bell always going. To the Exchange, where I went up and sat talking with my beauty, Mrs. Batelier, a great while, who is indeed one of the finest women I ever

[1] See p. 300.
[2] Lady Mary Stuart, daughter of James, Duke of Richmond and Lennox.
[3] Caroline, second daughter of Sir George Carteret. See p. 212, note.
[4] See p. 121.

[1] (1606-1695), elder brother of Tom Killigrew; Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen Dowager (1660-1682).

saw in my life. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewell's died, and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw, and, being told he was dead, said he was very sorry for it. The sickness is got into our parish this week, and is got, indeed, everywhere; so that I begin to think of setting things in order, which I pray God enable me to put, both as to soul and body.

27th. With Mr. Gauden to Hampton Court, where I saw the King and Queen set out towards Salisbury, and after them the Duke and Duchess, whose hands I did kiss. And it was the first time I did ever, or did see anybody else, kiss her hand, and it was a most fine white and fat hand. But it was pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men, in velvet coats, caps with ribbons, and with laced bands, just like men. Only the Duchess herself it did not become. They gone, we, with great content, took coach again; and, hungry, came to Clapham about one o'clock, and Creed there, too, before us; where a good dinner, the house having dined, and so to walk up and down in the gardens, mighty pleasant. By and by comes, by promise to me, Sir G. Carteret, and viewed the house above and below, and sat and drank there, and I had a little opportunity to kiss and spend some time with the ladies above, his[1] daughter, a buxom lass, and his sister Fissant, a serious lady, and a little daughter of hers, that begins to sing prettily. Thence, with mighty pleasure, with Sir G. Carteret by coach, with great discourse of kindness with him to my Lord Sandwich, and to me also; and I every day see more good by the alliance. To Half-way House, and so home, in my way being shown my cousin Patience's house, which seems, at distance, a pretty house. At home met the weekly Bill, where above 1000 increased in the Bill; and of them, in all about 1700 of the plague, which hath made the officers this day resolve of sitting at Deptford, which puts me to some consideration what to do.

28th. Set out with my Lady Sandwich all alone with her with six horses to Dagenhams; going by water to the Ferry. And a pleasant going, and a good discourse; and, when there, very merry, and the young couple now well acquainted. But, Lord! to see in what fear all the people here do live. How they are afraid of us that come to them, insomuch that I am troubled at it, and wish myself away. But some cause they have; for the chaplain, with whom, but a week or two ago, we were here mighty high disputing, is since fallen into a fever, and dead, being gone hence to a friend's a good way off. A sober and a healthful man. These considerations make us all hasten the marriage, and resolve it upon Monday next, which is three days before we intended it.

29th. Up betimes, and, after viewing some of my wife's pictures, which now she is come to do very finely, to the office. At noon to dinner, where I hear that my Will is come in thither and laid down upon my bed, ill of the headache, which put me into extraordinary fear; and I studied all I could to get him out of the house, and set my people to work to do it without discouraging him, and myself went forth to the Old Exchange to pay my fair Batelier for some linen, and took leave of her, they breaking up shop for a while; and so by coach to Kate Joyce's, and there used all the vehemence and rhetoric I could to get her husband to let her go down to Brampton, but I could not prevail with him; he urging some simple reasons, but most that of profit, minding the house, and the distance, if either of them should be ill. However, I did my best, and more than I had a mind to do, but that I saw him so resolved against it, while she was mightily troubled at it. At last he yielded she should go to Windsor, to some friends there; so I took my leave of them, believing it is great odds that we ever all see one another again; for I dare not go any more to that end of the town. Will is gone to his lodging, and is likely to do well, it being only the headache.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up, and in my nightgown, cap, and neckcloth, undressed, all day long, lost not a minute, but in my chamber, setting my Tangier accounts to rights. Will is very well again. It was a sad noise to hear our bell to toll and ring so often to-day, either for deaths or burials; I think five or six times.

31st. Up, and very betimes by six o'clock at Deptford, and there find Sir G.

[1] Mr. Gauden's.

Carteret, and my Lady ready to go; I being in my new-coloured silk suit, and coat trimmed with gold buttons and gold broad lace round my hands, very rich and fine. By water to the Ferry, where, when we came, no coach there; and tide of ebb so far spent as the horse-boat could not get off on the other side the river to bring away the coach. So we were fain to stay there in the unlucky Isle of Dogs, in a chill place, the morning cool, and wind fresh, above two if not three hours, to our great discontent. Yet, being upon a pleasant errand, and seeing that it could not be helped, we did bear it very patiently; and it was worth my observing to see how, upon these two scores, Sir G. Carteret, the most passionate man in the world, and that was in greatest haste to be gone, did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while, at least not troubled so much as to fret and storm at it. Anon the coach comes; in the meantime there coming a News thither with his horse to go over, that told us he did come from Islington this morning; and that Proctor, the vintner of the Mitre in Wood Street, and his son are dead this morning there, of the plague; he having laid out abundance of money there, and was the greatest vintner for some time in London for great entertainments. We, fearing the canonical hour would be past before we got thither, did, with a great deal of unwillingness, send away the licence and wedding-ring. So that when we came, though we drove hard with six horses, yet we found them gone from home; and, going towards the church, met them coming from church, which troubled us. But, however, that trouble was soon over; hearing it was well done: they being both in their old clothes; my Lord Crewe giving her, there being three coachfuls of them. The young lady mighty sad, which troubled me; but yet I think it was only her gravity in a little greater degree than usual. All saluted her, but I did not, till my Lady Sandwich did ask me whether I saluted her or no. So to dinner, and very merry we were; but in such a sober way as never almost any wedding was in so great families; but it was much better. After dinner company divided, some to cards, others to talk. My Lady Sandwich and I up to settle accounts, and pay her some money. And mighty kind she is to me, and would fain have had me gone down for company with her to Hinchingbroke; but for my life I cannot. At night to supper, and so to talk; and which, methought, was the most extraordinary thing, all of us to prayers as usual, and the young bride and bridegroom too; and so, after prayers, soberly to bed; only I got into the bridegroom's chamber while he undressed himself, and there was very merry, till he was called to the bride's chamber, and into bed they went. I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtains drawn with the greatest gravity that could be, and so good-night. But the modesty and gravity of this business was so decent, that it was to me indeed ten times more delightful than if it had been twenty times more merry and jovial. Whereas I feared we must have sat up all night, we did here all get good beds, and I lay in the same I did before, with Mr. Brisband, who is a good scholar and sober man; and we lay in bed, getting him to give me an account of Rome, which is the most delightful talk a man can have of any traveller; and so to sleep. Thus I ended this month with the greatest joy that ever I did any in my life, because I have spent the greatest part of it with abundance of joy, and honour, and pleasant journeys, and brave entertainments, and without cost of money; and at last live to see the business ended with great content on all sides. This evening with Mr. Brisband, speaking of enchantments and spells, I telling him some of my charms; he told me this, of his own knowledge, at Bordeaux, in France. The words were these:—

Voyci un Corps mort,
Royde comme un Baston,
Froid comme Marbre,
Leger comme un Esprit,
Levons le au nom de Jesus Christ.

He saw four little girls, very young ones, all kneeling, each of them, upon one knee; and one began the first line, whispering in the ear of the next, and the second to the third, and the third to the fourth, and she to the first. Then the first began the second line, and so round quite through; and, putting each one finger only to a boy that lay flat upon his back on the ground, as if he was dead; at the end of the words,

they did with their four fingers raise this boy as high as they could reach; and Mr. Brisband, being there, and wondering at it, as also being afraid to see it, for they would have had him to have bore a part in saying the words, in the room of one of the little girls that was so young that they could hardly make her learn to repeat the words, did, for fear there might be some sleight used in it by the boy, or that the boy might be light, call the cook of the house, a very lusty fellow, as Sir G. Carteret's cook, who is very big, and they did raise him just in the same manner. This is one of the strangest things I ever heard, but he tells it me of his own knowledge, and I do heartily believe it to be true. I inquired of him whether they were Protestant or Roman Catholic girls; and he told me they were Protestant, which made it the more strange to me. Thus we end this month, as I said, after the greatest glut of content that ever I had; only under some difficulty because of the plague, which grows mightily upon us, the last week being about 1700 or 1800 of the plague. My Lord Sandwich at sea with a fleet of about 100 sail, to the Northward, expecting De Ruyter, or the Dutch East India fleet. My Lord Hinchingbroke coming over from France, and will meet his sister at Scott's Hall. Myself having obliged both these families in this business very much; as both my Lady and Sir G. Carteret and his Lady do confess exceedingly, and the latter do also now call me cousin, which I am glad of. So God preserve us all friends long, and continue health among us!

August 1665

August 1st. Lay long; then up, and my Lord Crewe and Sir G. Carteret being gone abroad, I first to see the bridegroom and bride, and found them both up, and he gone to dress himself. Thence down, and Mr. Brisband and I to billiards: anon came my Lord and Sir G. Carteret in, who have been looking abroad and visiting some farms that Sir G. Carteret hath thereabouts, and, among other things, report the greatest stories of the bigness of the calves they find there, ready to sell to the butchers—as big, they say, as little cows; and that they do give them a piece of chalk to lick, which they hold makes them white in the flesh within. About five o'clock Sir G. Carteret and his lady and I took coach with the greatest joy: drove hard, and it was night ere we got to Deptford, where, with much kindness from them to me, I left them, and home to the office, where I find all well.

2nd. Up, it being a public fast, as being the first Wednesday of the month, for the plague; within doors all day, and upon my monthly accounts late. I did find myself really worth £1900, for which the great God of Heaven and Earth be praised!

3rd. Up, and betimes to Deptford to Sir G. Carteret's, where, not liking the horse which had been hired by Mr. Unthwayt for me, I did desire Sir G. Carteret to let me ride his new £40 horse; and so to the ferry, where I was forced to stay a great while before I could get my horse brought over, and then mounted, and rode very finely to Dagenhams; all the way, people, citizens, walking to and fro, inquire how the plague is in the City this week by the Bill; which by chance, at Greenwich, I had heard was 2020 of the plague, and 3000 and odd of all diseases; but methought it was a sad question to be so often asked me. Coming to Dagenhams, I there met our company coming out of the house, having stayed as long as they could for me; so I let them go a little way before, and went and took leave of my Lady Sandwich, good woman, who seems very sensible of my service in this late business, and having her directions in some things, among others, to get Sir G. Carteret and my Lord to settle the portion, and what Sir G. Carteret is to settle, into land, soon as may be, she not liking it should lie long undone, for fear of death on either side. So took leave of her, and down to the buttery, and ate a piece of cold venison pie, and drank, and took some bread and cheese in my hand; and so mounted after them, Mr. Marr very kindly staying to lead me the way. By and by met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr. Marr telling me, by the way, how a maid servant of Mr. John Wright's, who lives thereabouts, falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an out-house, and a nurse appointed to

look to her; who, being once absent, the maid got out of the house at the window and ran away. The nurse coming and knocking, and, having no answer, believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in a great strait what to do to get her buried. At last resolved to go to Burntwood,[1] hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frighted him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And, passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne,[2] with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man, and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody look very ill, and in a sick dress, and stunk mightily; which the coachman also cried out upon. And presently they came up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a maid of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again. I, overtaking our young people, 'light, and into the coach to them, where mighty merry all the way; and anon came to the Blockhouse,[3] over against Gravesend, where we stayed a great while, in a little drinking-house. Sent back our coaches to Dagenhams. I, by and by, by boat to Gravesend, where no news of Sir G. Carteret come yet: so back again, and fetched them all over, but the two saddle-horses that were to go with us, which could not be brought over in the horse-boat, the wind and tide being against us, without towing; so we had some difference with some watermen, who would not tow them over under 20s., whereupon I swore to send one of them to sea, and will do it.

1 Brentwood.

2 He commanded a troop of horse in the Train-bands, 1662. [B.]

3 Tilbury Fort.

Anon some others did it for 10s. By and by comes Sir G. Carteret, and so we set out for Chatham: in my way overtaking some company, wherein was a lady, very pretty, riding singly, her husband in company with her. We fell into talk, and I read a copy of verses, which her husband showed me, and he discommended, but the lady commended; and I read them, so as to make the husband turn and commend them. By and by he and I fell into acquaintance, having known me formerly at the Exchequer. His name is Nokes over against Bow Church. He was servant to Alderman Dashwood. We promised to meet, if ever we came both to London again; and, at parting, I had a fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady. My Lady Carteret came to Chatham in a coach, by herself, before us. Great mind they have to buy a little hackney that I rode on from Greenwich, for a woman's horse.

4th. Up by five o'clock, and by six walked out alone, with my Lady Slaning,[1] to the Dockyard, where walked up and down, and so to Mr. Pett's, who led us into his garden, and there the lady, the best-humoured woman in the world, and a devout woman, I having spied her on her knees half an hour this morning in her chamber, clambered up to the top of the banqueting-house to gather nuts; and so to the Hill-house, to breakfast, and mighty merry. Then they took coach, and Sir G. Carteret kissed me himself heartily, and my Lady several times, with great kindness, and then the young ladies, and so, with much joy, bade 'God be with you!' and an end I think it will be to my mirth for a great while, it having been the passage of my whole life the most pleasing for the time, considering the quality and nature of the business, and my noble usage in the doing of it, and very many fine journeys, entertainments, and great company. So home, and found all things well, and letters that my Lord Hinchingbroke is arrived at Dover, and would be at Scott's Hall[2] this night, where the whole company will meet. I wish myself with them.

1 Sir George Carteret's eldest daughter Anne, married to Sir Nicholas Slaning. [B.]

2 A mansion, in the parish of Smeeth, near Ashford, Kent.

5th. In the morning up, and my wife[1] showed me several things of her doing, especially one fine woman's Persian head, mighty finely done, beyond what I could expect of her; and so away by water, having ordered in the yard six or eight bargemen to be whipped, who had last night stolen some of the King's cordage from out of the yard. De Ruyter is come home, with all his fleet, which is very ill news. I am told of a great riot upon Thursday last in Cheapside; Colonel Danvers, a delinquent, having been taken, and in his way to the Tower was rescued from the captain of the guard, and carried away; only one of the rescuers being taken.

7th. Talking with Mrs. Peg Pen, and looking over her pictures, and commended them; but, Lord! so far short of my wife's, as no comparison. Comes Rayner, the boat-maker, about some business, and brings a piece of plate with him, which I refused. He gone, then comes Luellin, about Mr. Deering's business of plank, to have the contract perfected, and offers me twenty pieces in gold, but I refused it.

8th. To my office a little, and then to the Duke of Albemarle's about some business. The streets empty all the way now, even in London, which is a sad sight. And to Westminster Hall, where talking, hearing very sad stories from Mrs. Mumford; among others, of Michell's son's family. And poor Will, that used to sell us ale at the Hall-door, his wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day. So home, through the City again, wishing I may have taken no ill in going; but I will go, I think, no more thither. The news of De Ruyter's coming home is certain; and told to the great disadvantage of our fleet, and the praise of De Ruyter; but it cannot be helped.

10th. My she-cousin Porter, the turner's wife, to tell me that her husband was carried to the Tower, for buying of some of the King's powder, and would have my help, but I could give her none, not daring to appear in the business. By and by to the office, where we sat all the morning; in great trouble to see the Bill this week rise so high, to above 4000 in all, and of them above 3000 of the plague. Home, to draw over anew my will, which I had bound myself by oath to dispatch by to-morrow night; the town growing so unhealthy, that a man cannot depend upon living two days.

11th. To the Exchequer, about striking new tallies, and I find the Exchequer, by proclamation, removing to Nonsuch.[1] Settling my house and all things in the best order I can, lest it should please God to take me away, or force me to leave my house.

12th. Sent for by Sir G. Carteret, to meet him and my Lord Hinchingbroke at Deptford, but my Lord did not come thither, he having crossed the river at Gravesend to Dagenhams, whither I dare not follow him, they being afraid of me; but Sir G. Carteret says he is a most sweet youth in every circumstance. Sir G. Carteret being in haste of going to the Duke of Albemarle and the Archbishop, he was pettish. The people die so, that now it seems they are fain to carry the dead to be buried by daylight, the nights not sufficing to do it in. And my Lord Mayor commands people to be within at nine at night all, as they say, that the sick may have liberty to go abroad for air. There is one also dead out of one of our ships at Deptford, which troubles us mightily—the *Providence* fire-ship, which was just fitted to go to sea; but they tell me to-day no more sick on board. And this day W. Bodham tells me that one is dead at Woolwich, not far from the Rope-yard. I am told, too, that a wife of one of the grooms at Court is dead at Salisbury; so that the King and Queen are speedily to be all gone to Milton. So God preserve us!

13th. (Lord's day.) It being very wet all day, clearing all matters, and giving instructions in writing to my executors, thereby perfecting the whole business of my will, to my very great joy; so that I shall be in much better state of soul, I hope, if it should please the Lord to call me away this sickly time. I find myself worth, besides Brampton estates, the sum of £2164, for which the Lord be praised!

14th. To Sir G. Carteret; and, among other things, he told me that he was not

[1] Pepys had gone to Woolwich, very late on the 4th.

[1] Nonsuch House, near Epsom.

for the fanfaron[1] to make a show with a great title, as he might have had long since, but the main thing to get an estate; and another thing, speaking of minding of business,—'By God!' says he, 'I will and have already almost brought it to that pass, that the King shall not be able to whip a cat, but I must be at the tail of it'; meaning so necessary he is, and the King and my Lord Treasurer all do confess it; which, while I mind my business, is my own case in this office of the Navy. After dinner, beat Captain Cocke at billiards; won about 8s. of him and my Lord Brouncker. This night I did present my wife with the diamond ring awhile since given me by Mr. Vines's brother, for helping him to be a purser, valued at about £10, the first thing of that nature I did give her. Great fears we have that the plague will be a great Bill this week.

15th. It was dark before I could get home, and so land at Churchyard stairs,[2] where, to my great trouble, I met a dead corpse of the plague, in the narrow alley,[3] just bringing[4] down a little pair of stairs. But I thank God I was not much disturbed at it. However, I shall beware of being late abroad again.

16th. To the Exchange, where I have not been a great while. But, Lord! how sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people, and very few upon the 'Change! Jealous of every door that one sees shut up, lest it should be the plague; and about us two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up. This day I had the ill news from Dagenhams, that my poor Lord of Hinchingbroke his indisposition is turned to the smallpox. Poor gentleman! that he should be come from France so soon to fall sick, and of that disease too, when he should be gone to see a fine lady, his mistress! I am most heartily sorry for it.

18th. To Sheerness, where we walked up and down, laying out the ground[5] to be taken in for a yard to lay provisions for cleaning and repairing of ships, and a most proper place it is for the purpose. Late in the dark to Gravesend, where great is the plague, and I troubled to stay there so long for the tide.

19th. Came letters from the King and Lord Arlington, for the removal of our office to Greenwich. I also wrote letters, and made myself ready to go to Sir G. Carteret, at Windsor; and, having borrowed a horse of Mr. Blackbrough, sent him to wait for me at the Duke of Albemarle's door; when, on a sudden, a letter comes to us from the Duke of Albemarle, to tell us that the fleet is all come back to Solebay, and are presently to be dispatched back again. Whereupon I presently by water to the Duke of Albemarle to know what news; and there I saw a letter from my Lord Sandwich to the Duke of Albemarle, and also from Sir W. Coventry and Captain Teddiman; how my Lord having commanded Teddiman with twenty-two ships (of which but fifteen could get thither, and of those fifteen but eight or nine could come up to play), to go to Bergen;[1] where, after several messages to and from the Governor of the Castle, urging that Teddiman ought not to come thither with more than five ships, and desiring time to think of it, all the while he suffering the Dutch ships to land their guns to the best advanage, Teddiman, on the second pretence, began to play at the Dutch ships, whereof ten East Indiamen, and in three hours' time, the town and castle, without any provocation, playing on our ships, they did cut all our cables, so as the wind, being off the land, did force us to go out, and rendered our fireships useless, without doing anything, but what hurt of course our guns must have done them; we having lost five commanders, besides Mr. Edward Montagu and Mr. Windham. Our fleet is come home, to our great grief, with not above five weeks' dry and six days' wet provisions: however, must go out again; and the Duke hath ordered the *Sovereign*, and all other ships ready, to go out to the fleet and strengthen them. This news troubles us all, but cannot be helped. Having read all this news, and received commands of the Duke with great content, he giving me the words which to my great joy he hath several times said to me, that his

[1] *I.e.* braggart.
[2] By London Bridge.
[3] Churchyard Alley.
[4] Being brought.
[5] The yard and fortifications of Sheerness were designed and first 'staked out' by Sir Bernard de Gomme (see March 24, 1667). The original plan is in the British Museum. [B.]

[1] See *Calendar of State Papers*, 1664-65; and *cf.* Denham's *Advice to a Painter*.

greatest reliance is upon me: and my Lord Craven also did come out to talk with me, and told me that I am in mighty esteem with the Duke, for which I bless God. Home; and having given my fellow-officers an account hereof at Chatham, and wrote other letters, I by water to Charing Cross, to the post-house, and there the people tell me they are shut up; and so I went to the new post-house, and there got a guide and horses to Hounslow. So to Staines, and there by this time it was dark night, and got a guide, who lost his way in the forest, till, by help of the moon (which recompences me for all the pains I ever took about studying of her motions), I led my guide into the way back again; and so we made a man rise that kept a gate, and so he carried us to Cranborne,[1] where in the dark I perceive an old house new building, with a great deal of rubbish, and was fain to go up a ladder to Sir G. Carteret's chamber. And there in his bed I sat down, and told him all my bad news, which troubled him mightily; but yet we were very merry, and made the best of it; and being myself weary did take leave, and, after having spoken with Mr. Fenn in bed, I to bed in my Lady's chamber that she uses to lie in, where the Duchess of York, that now is, was born. So to sleep; being very well, but weary, and the better by having carried with me a bottle of strong water, whereof now and then a sip did me good.

20th. (Lord's day.) Sir G. Carteret came and walked by my bedside half an hour, talking, and telling how my Lord is unblamable in all this ill success, he having followed orders; and that all ought to be imputed to the falseness of the King of Denmark, who, he told me as a secret, had promised to deliver up the Dutch ships to us; and we expected no less: and swears it will, and will easily, be the ruin of him and his kingdom, if we fall out with him, as we must in honour do; but that all that can be, must be to get the fleet out again, to intercept De Witt, who certainly will be coming home with the East India fleet, he being gone thither. I up, and to walk forth to see the place; and I find it to be a very noble seat in a noble forest, with the noblest prospect towards Windsor, and round about over many counties, that can be desired; but otherwise a very melancholy place, and little variety, save only trees. So took horse for Staines, and thence to Brainford,[1] to Mr. Povy's. Mr. Povy not being at home, I lost my labour —only ate and drank there with his lady, and told my bad news, and hear the plague is round about them there. So away to Brainford; and there, at the inn that goes down to the waterside, I 'light and paid off my post-horses, and so slipped on my shoes, and laid my things by, the tide not serving, and to church, where a dull sermon, and many Londoners. After church to my inn, and ate and drank, and so about seven o'clock by water, and got between nine and ten to Queenhive,[2] very dark; and I could not get my waterman to go elsewhere, for fear of the plague. Thence with a lantern, in great fear of meeting of dead corpses, carrying to be buried; but, blessed be God! met none, but did see now and then a link, which is the mark of them, at a distance.

21st. Called up, by message from my Lord Brouncker and the rest of my fellows, that they will meet me at the Duke of Albemarle's this morning; so I up, and weary, however, got thither before them, and spoke with my Lord, and with him and other gentlemen to walk in the Park, where, I perceive, he spends much of his time, having no whither else to go: and here I heard him speak of some Presbyter people that he caused to be apprehended yesterday at a private meeting in Covent Garden, which he would have released upon paying £5 per man for the poor, but it was answered they would not pay anything; so he ordered them to another prison from the guard. By and by comes my fellow-officers, and the Duke walked in, and to counsel with us; and that being done, we parted, and Sir W. Batten and I to the office, where, after business, I to his house to dinner, whither comes Captain Cocke, for whose epicurism a dish of partridges was sent for. Thence to my Lord Brouncker at Greenwich, to look after the lodgings appointed for us there for our office, which do by no means please us; they being in the heart of all the labourers and workmen there, which

[1] See p. 327.

[1] Brentford. [2] Queenhithe. See p. 328.

makes it as unsafe as to be, I think, at London. Mr. Hugh May, who is a most ingenuous man, did show us the lodgings, and his acquaintance I am desirous of. Messengers went to get a boat for me, to carry me to Woolwich, but all to no purpose; so I was forced to walk it in the dark, at ten o'clock at night, with Sir J. Minnes's George with me, being mightily troubled for fear of the dogs at Coome farm, and more for fear of rogues by the way, and yet more because of the plague which is there, which is very strange, it being a single house, all alone from the town, but it seems they used to admit beggars, for their own safety, to lie in their barns, and they brought it to them. To my wife, and having first viewed her last piece of drawing since I saw her, which is seven or eight days, which pleases me beyond anything in the world, to bed with great content, but weary.

22nd. Up, and being importuned by my wife and her two maids, which are both good wenches, for me to buy a necklace of pearl for her, and I promising to give her one of £60 in two years at furthest, and in less if she pleases me in her painting. I went away, and walked to Greenwich, in my way seeing a coffin with a dead body therein, dead of the plague, lying in an open close belonging to Coome farm, which was carried out last night; and the parish have not appointed anybody to bury it, but only set a watch there all day and night, that nobody should go thither or come thence; this disease making us more cruel to one another than we are to dogs. Walked to Redriffe, troubled to go through the little lane, where the plague is, but did, and took water and home, where all well.

23rd. Busy writing letters, and received a very kind and good one from my Lord Sandwich of his arrival with the fleet at Solebay, and the joy he has at my last news he met with, of the marriage of my Lady Jemimah; and he tells me more, the good news that all our ships, which were in such danger that nobody would insure upon them, from the Eastland,[1] were all safe arrived.

25th. This day I am told that Dr. Burnett,[1] my physician, is this morning dead of the plague; which is strange, his man dying so long ago,[2] and his house this month open again. Now himself dead. Poor unfortunate man!

26th. With Mr. Andrews and Mr. Yeabsly, talking about their business. We parted at my Lord Brouncker's door, where I went in, having never been there before, and there he made a noble entertainment for Sir J. Minnes, myself, and Captain Cocke, none else, saving some painted lady that dined there; I know not who she is.[3] But very merry we were, and after dinner into the garden, and to see his and her chamber, where some good pictures, and a very handsome young woman for my Lady's woman. By water home, in my way seeing a man taken up dead, out of the hold of a small catch that lay at Deptford. I doubt it might be the plague, which, with the thought of Dr. Burnett, did something disturb me. So home, sooner than ordinary, and, after supper, to read melancholy alone, and then to bed.

28th. To Mr. Colvill, the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets; but now how few people I see, and those looking like people that had taken leave of the world. To the Exchange, and there was not fifty people upon it, and but few more like to be, as they told me. I think to take adieu to-day of the London streets. In much the best posture I ever was in in my life, both as to the quantity and the certainty I have of the money I am worth; having most of it in my hand. But then this is a trouble to me what to do with it, being myself this day going to be wholly at Woolwich; but for the present I am

[1] Eastern Europe; the countries of the Baltic.

[1] See August 24, 1662. 'Dr. [Alex.] Burnett, Dr. Glover, and one or two more of the College of Physicians, with Dr. O'Dowd, which was licensed by my Lord's Grace of Canterbury, some surgeons, apothecaries, and Johnson, the chemist, died all very suddenly. Some say (but God forbid that I should report it for truth) that these, in a consultation together, if not all, yet the greatest part of them, attempted to open a dead corpse which was full of the tokens; and being in hand with the dissected body, some fell down dead immediately, and others did not outlive the next day at noon.'—J. Tillison to Dr. Sancroft, Sept. 14, 1665, in Ellis, *Orig. Letters* (Ser. II.), vi. 37 (quoted by B.).

[2] See pp. 318, 328.

[3] His mistress, Mrs. Williams. See p. 339.

resolved to venture it in an iron chest, at least for a while. Just now comes news that the fleet is gone, or going this day, out again, for which God be praised! and my Lord Sandwich hath done himself great right in it, in getting so soon out again. I met my wife walking to the waterside with her painter, Mr. Browne, and her maids. There I met Commissioner Pett and my Lord Brouncker; and the lady at his house had been there to-day, to see her.

29th. To Greenwich, and called at Sir Theophilus Biddulph's, a sober discreet man, to discourse of the preventing of the plague in Greenwich, and Woolwich, and Deptford, where in every place it begins to grow very great.

30th. Abroad, and met with Hadley, our clerk, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it increases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. I went forth, and walked towards Moorfields to see (God forgive my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corpse going to the grave; but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how everybody's looks, and discourse in the street, is of death, and nothing else; and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken.

31st. Up; and after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich; the plague having a great increase this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2000, making the general Bill 7000, odd 100; and the plague above 6000. Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the public, through the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its increase. In the City died this week 7496, and of them 6102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them. Our fleet gone out to find the Dutch, we having about 100 sail in our fleet, and in them the *Sovereign* one; so that it is a better fleet than the former with which the Duke was. All our fear is that the Dutch should be got in before them; which would be a very great sorrow to the public, and to me particularly, for my Lord Sandwich's sake. A great deal of money being spent, and the kingdom not in a condition to spare, nor a parliament, without much difficulty to meet, to give more. And to that; to have it said, what hath been done by our late fleets? As to myself, I am very well, only in fear of the plague, and as much of an ague, by being forced to go early and late to Woolwich, and my family to lie there continually. My late gettings have been very great, to my great content, and am likely to have yet a few more profitable jobs in a little while; for which Tangier and Sir W. Warren I am wholly obliged to.

September 1665

September 1st. At the Duke of Albemarle's I overheard some examinations of the late plot that is discoursed of, and a great deal of do there is about it. Among other discourses, I heard read an examination and discourse of Sir Philip Howard's[1] with one of the plotting party. These words being, 'Then,' said Sir P. Howard, 'if you so come over to the King, and be faithful to him, you shall be maintained, and be set up with a horse and arms,' and I know not what. And then said such a one, 'Yes, I will be true to the King.' And thus I believe twelve times Sir P. Howard answered him a 'damn me,' which was a fine way of rhetoric to persuade a Quaker or Anabaptist from his persuasion. And this was read in the hearing of Sir P. Howard, before the Duke and twenty more officers, and they made sport of it, only without any reproach, or he being anything ashamed of it. But the plotter did at last bid them remember that he had not told them what King he would be faithful to.

3rd. (Lord's day.) Up; and put on

[1] Seventh son of Thomas Howard, first Earl of Berkshire.

my coloured silk suit, very fine, and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear, because the plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the plague is done, as to periwigs, for nobody will dare to buy any hair, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the plague. I took my Lady Pen home, and her daughter Peg; and after dinner I made my wife show them her pictures, which did mad Peg Pen, who learns of the same man.[1] My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but, Lord! to consider the madness of people of the town, who will, because they are forbid, come in crowds along with the dead corpses to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the town for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street,[2] a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague; and himself and wife, now being shut up in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child, and so prevailed to have it received stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it, having put it into new fresh clothes, to Greenwich; where, upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the town. By water to Woolwich, in great apprehensions of an ague. Here was my Lord Brouncker's lady of pleasure,[3] who, I perceive, goes everywhere with him; and he, I find, is obliged to carry her, and make all the courtship to her that can be.

4th. Walked home, my Lord Brouncker giving me a very neat cane to walk with; but it troubled me to pass by Coome farm, where about twenty-one people have died of the plague.

5th. After dinner comes Colonel Blunt in his new chariot made with springs; as that was of wicker, wherein a while since we rode at his house.[1] And he hath rode, he says, now his journey, many miles in it with one horse, and out-drives any coach, and out-goes any horse, and so easy, he says. So, for curiosity, I went into it to try it, and up the hill to the heath,[2] and over the cart-ruts, and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends.

6th. To London, to pack up more things; and there I saw fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City, by the Lord Mayor's order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle's: all the way fires on each side of the Thames, and strange to see in broad daylight two or three burials upon the Bankside, one at the very heels of another: doubtless, all of the plague; and yet at least forty or fifty people going along with every one of them. The Duke mighty pleasant with me; telling me that he is certainly informed that the Dutch were not come home upon the 1st instant, and so he hopes our fleet may meet with them.

7th. To the Tower, and there sent for the Weekly Bill, and find 8252 dead in all, and of them 6978 of the plague; which is a most dreadful number, and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us. Thence to Brainford,[3] reading *The Villain*,[4] a pretty good play, all the way. There a coach of Mr. Povy's[5] stood ready for me, and he at his house ready to come in, and so we together merrily to Swakely,[6] to Sir R. Viner's: a very pleasant place, bought by him of Sir James Harrington's lady. He took us up and down with great respect, and showed us all his house and grounds; and it is a place not very modern in the garden nor house, but the most uniform in all that ever I saw; and some things to excess. Pretty to see over the screen of the hall (put up by Sir J. Harrington, a Long-Parliament man) the King's head,

[1] See p. 338. [2] Gracechurch Street.
[3] Mrs. Williams. See p. 337.

[1] See p. 312.
[2] Shooter's Hill, Blackheath. [3] Brentford.
[4] By Thomas Porter (acted 1662, printed 1663).
[5] Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, Aug. 6, 1666.
[6] Swakeley House, in the parish of Ickenham, Middlesex, was built in 1638 by Sir Edmund Wright, whose daughter marrying Sir James Harrington, one of Charles I.'s judges, he became possessed of it *jure uxoris*. The property was sold in 1665 to Sir Robert Vyner, Bart. [B.]

and my Lord of Essex on one side, and Fairfax on the other; and, upon the other side of the screen, the parson of the parish, and the Lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases, door-cases, and chimneys of all the house are marble. He showed me a black boy that he had, that died of a consumption; and, being dead, he caused him to be dried in an oven, and lies there entire in a box. By and by to dinner, where his lady[1] I find yet handsome, but hath been a very handsome woman; now is old. Hath brought him near £100,000, and now he lives, no man in England in greater plenty, and commands both King and Council with his credit he gives them. After dinner Sir Robert led us up to his long gallery, very fine, above stairs, and better, or such, furniture I never did see. A most pleasant journey we had back. Povy tells me, by a letter he showed me, that the King is not, nor hath been of late, very well, but quite out of humour; and, as some think, in a consumption, and weary of everything. He showed me my Lord Arlington's house[2] that he was born in, in a town called Harlington: and so carried me through a most pleasant country to Brainford, and there put me into my boat, and good-night. So I wrapped myself warm, and by water got to Woolwich about one in the morning.

9th. To my Lord Brouncker's, all of us, to dinner, where a good venison pasty, and mighty merry. Here was Sir W. Doyly,[3] lately come from Ipswich about the sick and wounded, and Mr. Evelyn and Captain Cocke. My wife also was sent for by my Lord Brouncker, and was here. After dinner my Lord and his mistress would see her home again, it being a most rainy afternoon, and I, forced to go to the office on foot, was almost wet to the skin, and spoiled my silk breeches almost. I was forced to get a bed at Captain Cocke's, where I find Sir W. Doyly, and he and Evelyn at supper; and I with them full of discourse of the neglect of our masters, the great officers of State, about all business, and especially that of money: having now some thousand prisoners, kept to no purpose at a great charge, and no money provided almost for the doing of it. We fell to talk largely of the want of some persons understanding to look after businesses, but all goes to rack. 'For,' says Captain Cocke, 'my Lord Treasurer, he minds his ease, and lets things go how they will: if he can have his £8000 per annum, and a game at l'ombre,[1] he is well. My Lord Chancellor he minds getting of money and nothing else; and my Lord Ashly will rob the Devil and the Altar, but he will get money if it be to be got.' But that which puts us into this great melancholy was news brought to-day, which Captain Cocke reports as a certain truth, that all the Dutch fleet, men-of-war and merchant East India ships, are got every one in from Bergen the 3rd of this month, Sunday last; which will make us all ridiculous. Full of these melancholy thoughts, to bed; where, though I lay the softest I ever did in my life, with a down bed, after the Danish manner, upon me,[2] yet I slept very ill, chiefly through the thoughts of my Lord Sandwich's concernment in all this ill success at sea.

10th. (Lord's day.) Walked home; being forced thereto by one of my watermen falling sick yesterday, and it was God's great mercy I did not go by water with them yesterday, for he fell sick on Saturday night, and it is to be feared of the plague. So I sent him away to London with his fellow; but another boat came to me this morning. My wife, before I came out, telling me the ill news that she hears, that her father is very ill, and then I

[1] Mary, daughter of John Whitchurch, and widow of Sir Thomas Hyde, Bart., of Albury, Herts. [B.]

[2] Dawley House, the family seat of the Bennets. Harlington, near Uxbridge, gave the title of Baron and Earl to Sir Henry Bennet. 'The mansion was alienated by Ford Grey, Earl of Tankerville, to Viscount Bolingbroke, since which it has often changed owners.' [B.]

[3] Sir William Doyly, of Shottisham, Norfolk, knighted 1642; created a Baronet 1663; M.P. for Yarmouth. Ob. 1677. He and Evelyn were at this time appointed Commissioners for the care of the sick and wounded seamen and prisoners of war. [B.]

[1] A Spanish card-game for three persons, with forty cards, much in vogue since Catherine of Braganza's coming. It took its name from the phrase of the leading player 'Jo soy l'ombre' (I am the man).

[2] A *duvet*. The restriction to 'Danish' is curious, unless it be that Pepys is recalling some experience in the Sound (1659).

told her I feared of the plague, for that the house is shut up. And so she much troubled, and did desire me to send them something, and I said I would, and will do so. But, before I came out, there happened news to come to me by an express from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwich's meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships, and six or seven others, and very good prizes; and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Wellbank, with the loss only of the *Hector*, poor Captain Cuttle. To Greenwich, and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Captain Cocke's, where I find my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and Sir J. Minnes, where we supped; there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Evelyn; but the receipt of this news did put us all into such an ecstasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Minnes and Mr. Evelyn such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our company this night was. Among other humours, Mr. Evelyn's repeating of some verses made up of nothing but the various acceptations of *may* and *can*, and doing it so aptly upon occasion of something of that nature, and so fast, did make us all die almost with laughing, and did so stop the mouth of Sir J. Minnes in the middle of all his mirth, and in a thing agreeing with his own manner of genius, that I never saw any man so outdone in all my life; and Sir J. Minnes's mirth, too, to see himself outdone, was the crown of all our mirth. In this humour we sat till about ten at night, and so my Lord and his mistress home, and we to bed.

11th. Over to the ferry, where Sir W. Batten's coach was ready for us, and to Walthamstow drove merrily, and there a good plain venison dinner. After dinner to billiards, where I won an angel.[1] Sir W. Hickes[2] was there, and my Lady Batten invited herself to dine with him this week, and she invited us all to dine with her there, which we agreed to, only to vex him, he being the most niggardly fellow, it seems, in the world. So to Greenwich, where my Lord Rutherford and Creed came from Court, and have brought me several orders for money to pay for Tangier; and among the rest £7000 and more to this Lord, which is an excellent thing to consider, that, though they can do nothing else, they can give away the King's money upon their progress. I did give him the best answer I could to pay him with tallies, and that is all they could get from me.

13th. My Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, and I took boat, and in my Lord's coach to Sir W. Hickes's, whither by and by my Lady Batten and Sir William comes. It is a good seat, with a fair grove of trees by it, and the remains of a good garden; but so let to run to ruin, both house and everything in and about it, so ill furnished and miserably looked after, I never did see in all my life. Not so much as a latch to his dining-room door, which saved him nothing, for the wind, blowing into the room for want thereof, flung down a great bow-pot[1] that stood upon the side-table, and that fell upon some Venice glasses, and did him a crown's worth of hurt. He did give us the meanest dinner, of beef, shoulder and umbles of venison, which he takes away from the keeper of the Forest,[2] and a few pigeons, and all in the meanest manner that ever I did see, to the basest degree. I was only pleased at a very fine picture of the Queen-mother, when she was young, by Vandyke; a very good picture, and a lovely face.

14th. To London, where I have not been now a pretty while. To the Duke of Albemarle, where I find a letter of the 12th from Solebay, from my Lord Sandwich, of the fleet's meeting with about eighteen more of the Dutch fleet, and his taking of most of them; and the messenger

[1] A gold coin, in value (at his time) about 10s.: so called from the figure of the archangel Michael slaying the dragon.

[2] Sir William Hickes, created a Baronet 1619. Ob. 1680, aged 84. His country-seat was called Ruckholts, or Rookwood, at Layton, in Essex, where he entertained King Charles II. after hunting. [B.]

[1] *I.e.* 'bough-pot,' a pot for 'boughs' or cut flowers. In later usage (nineteenth cent.) a bouquet.

[2] Cf. *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (v. 3): 'Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch. I will keep the sides to myself; *my shoulders for the fellow of this walk.*' The shoulders of all deer killed in his walk were the perquisite of the keeper or ranger. Hickes was Ranger of Epping Forest.

says they had taken three after the letter was wrote and sealed; which being twenty-one, and the fourteen took the other day, is [thirty]-five sail; some of which are good, and others rich ships. And, having taken a copy of my Lord's letter, I away toward the 'Change, the plague being all thereabouts. Here my news was highly welcome, and I did wonder to see the 'Change so full; I believe 200 people; but not a man or merchant of any fashion, but plain men all. And, Lord! to see how I did endeavour all I could to talk with as few as I could, there being now no observation of shutting up of houses infected, that to be sure we do converse and meet with people that have the plague upon them. I spent some thoughts upon the occurrences of this day, giving matter for as much content on one hand, and melancholy on another, as any day in all my life. For the first; the finding of my money and plate and all safe at London, and speeding in my business this day. The hearing of this good news to such excess, after so great a despair of my Lord's doing anything this year; adding to that, the decrease of 500 and more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it began; and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then, on the other side, my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City, within the walls, is increased, and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there. My meeting dead corpses of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noonday through the City in Fenchurch Street. To see a person sick of the sores carried close by me by Gracechurch in a hackney-coach. My finding the Angel Tavern, at the lower end of Tower Hill, shut up; and more than that, the alehouse at the Tower Stairs; and more than that, that the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago, at night. To hear that poor Payne, my waiter, hath buried a child, and is dying himself. To hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenhams, to know how they did there, is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water, and I believe he did get his infection that day at Brainford,[1] and is now dead of the plague. To hear that Captain Lambert and Cuttle are killed in the taking these ships; and that Mr. Sidney Montagu is sick of a desperate fever at my Lady Carteret's, at Scott's Hall. To hear that Mr. Lewis hath another daughter sick. And, lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewer and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulchre's parish, of the plague this week,—do put me into great apprehensions of melancholy, and with good reason. But I put off my thoughts of sadness as much as I can, and the rather to keep my wife in good heart, and family also.

15th. With Captain Cocke, and there drank a cup of good drink, which I am fain to allow myself during this plague time, by advice of all, and not contrary to my oath, my physician being dead, and surgeon out of the way, whose advice I am obliged to take. In much pain to think what I shall do this winter time; for going every day to Woolwich I cannot, without endangering my life; and staying from my wife at Greenwich is not handsome.

16th. To the office; where I find Sir J. Minnes gone to the fleet, like a doting fool, to do no good, but proclaim himself an ass; for no service he can do here, nor inform my Lord, who is come in thither to the buoy of the Nore, in anything worth his knowledge. The likelihood of the increase of the plague this week makes us a little sad. To Captain Cocke's, meaning to lie there, it being late, and, he not being at home, I walked to him to my Lord Brouncker's, and there stayed a while, they being at tables;[2] and so by and by parted, and walked to his house; and, after a mess of good broth, to bed, in great pleasure, his company being most excellent.

17th. (Lord's day.) To church, where a company of fine people, and a fine church, and very good sermon, Mr. Plume[3] being a very excellent scholar and preacher. To Gravesend in the Bezan[4] yacht, and there came to anchor for all night, and supped and talked, and with much pleasure at last settled ourselves to sleep, having

[1] Brentford. [2] Backgammon.
[3] Thomas Plume (1630-1704), then vicar of Greenwich. [4] See p. 148.

very good lodgings upon cushions in the cabin.

18th. By break of day we came to within sight of the fleet, which was a very fine thing to behold, being above 100 ships, great and small; with the flagships of each squadron distinguished by their several flags on their main-, fore-, or mizzen-masts. Among others, the *Sovereign*, *Charles*, and *Prince*; in the last of which my Lord Sandwich was. And so we came on board, and we find my Lord Sandwich newly up in his nightgown very well. He received us kindly; telling us the state of the fleet, lacking provisions, having no beer at all, nor have had, most of them, these three weeks or month, and but few days' dry provisions. And, indeed, he tells us that he believes no fleet was ever set to sea in so ill condition of provision, as this was when it went out last. He did inform us in the business of Bergen, so as to let us see how the judgement of the world is not to be depended on in things they know not; it being a place just wide enough, and not so much hardly, for ships to go through to it, the yard-arms sticking in the very rocks. He do not, upon his best inquiry, find reason to except against any part of the management of the business by Teddiman; he having stayed treating no longer than during the night, while he was fitting himself to fight, bringing his ship abreast, and not a quarter of an hour longer, as it is said; nor could more ships have been brought to play, as is thought. Nor could men be landed, there being 10,000 men effectively always in arms of the Danes; nor, says he, could we expect more from the Danes than he did, it being impossible to set fire on the ships but it must burn the town. But that wherein the Dane did amiss is, that he did assist them, the Dutch, all the time, while he was treating with us, when he should have been neutral to us both. But, however, he did demand but the treaty of us; which is, that we should not come with more than five ships. A flag of truce is said, and confessed by my Lord, that he believes it was hung out; but, while they did hang it out, they did shoot at us; so that it was not seen perhaps, or fit to cease upon sight of it, while they continued actually in action against us. But the main thing my Lord wonders at and condemns the Dane for is, that the blockhead, who is so much in debt to the Hollander, having now a treasure more by much than all his Crown was worth, and that which would for ever have beggared the Hollander, should not take this time to break with the Hollander, and thereby pay his debt, which must have been forgiven him, and have got the greatest treasure into his hands that ever was together in the world. By and by my Lord took me aside to discourse of his private matters, who was very free with me touching the ill condition of the fleet that it hath been in, and the good fortune that he hath had, and nothing else that these prizes are to be imputed to. He also talked with me about Mr. Coventry's dealing with him in sending Sir W. Pen away before him, which was not fair nor kind; but that he hath mastered and cajoled Sir W. Pen, that he hath been able to do nothing in the fleet, but been obedient to him; but withal tells me he is a man that is but of very mean parts, and a fellow not to be lived with, so false and base he is; which I knew well enough to be true; and did, as I had formerly done, give my Lord my knowledge of him. By and by was called a Council of War on board, when comes Sir W. Pen there, and Sir Christopher Mings, Sir Edward Spragg, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir Thomas Teddiman, and Sir Roger Cuttance. Great spoil, I hear, there hath been of the two East India ships, and that yet they will come into the King very rich; so that I hope this journey will be worth a £100 to me. So to our yacht again, having seen many of my friends there, and continued till we came into Chatham river. Among others, I hear that W. Howe will grow very rich by this late business, and grows very proud and insolent by it, but it is what I ever expected. I hear by everybody how much my poor Lord Sandwich was concerned for me during my silence a while, lest I had been dead of the plague in this sickly time.

19th. To Sir John Minnes's, where I find my Lady Batten come, and she and my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, and the whole houseful there at cards.

20th. Up, and, after being trimmed, the first time I have been touched by a barber these twelve months, I think, and

more, by and by Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten met, to go into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and so we four to Lambeth, and thence to the Duke of Albemarle, to inform him what we have done as to the fleet, which is very little, and to receive his direction. But, Lord! what a sad time it is to see no boats upon the river; and grass grows all up and down Whitehall court, and nobody but poor wretches in the streets! And, which is worst of all, the Duke showed us the number of the plague this week, brought in the last night from the Lord Mayor; that it is increased about 600 more than the last, which is quite contrary to our hopes and expectations, from the coldness of the late season. For the whole general number is 8297, and of them the plague 7165; which is more in the whole, by above 50, than the biggest Bill yet; which is very grievous to us all. I find Sir W. Batten and his lady gone home to Walthamstow with some necessity, hearing that a maid-servant of their's is taken ill.

21st. Up between five and six o'clock; and, by the time I was ready, my Lord Brouncker's coach comes for me; and taking Will Hewer with me, who is all in mourning for his father, who is lately dead of the plague, as my boy Tom's is also, I set out, and took about £100 with me to pay the fees at the Exchequer at Nonsuch, and so I rode in some fear of robbing. When I came thither, I find only Mr. Ward, who led me to Burgess's bedside, and Spicer's, who, watching of the house, as it is their turns every night, did lie long in bed to-day, and I find nothing at all done in my business, which vexed me. But, not seeing how to help it, I did walk up and down with Mr. Ward to see the House. Walked up and down the house and park; and a fine place it hath heretofore been, and a fine prospect about the house. A great walk of an elm and a walnut set one after another in order. And all the house on the outside filled with figures of stories, and good painting of Rubens' or Holbein's doing. And one great thing is that most of the house is covered, I mean the posts and quarters in the walls, with lead, and gilded. I walked also into the ruined garden. Strange to see how young W. Bowyer looks at 41 years; one would not take him for 24 or more, and is one of the greatest wonders I ever did see. I got to my Lord Brouncker's before night, and there I sat and supped with him, and his mistress, and Cocke, whose boy is yet ill. Thence, after losing a crown betting at tables, we walked home; Cocke seeing me to my new lodging.

22nd. At Blackwall. Here it is observable what Johnson tells us, that, in digging the late dock, they did, 12 feet under ground, find perfect trees overcovered with earth. Nut-trees, with the branches and the very nuts upon them; some of whose nuts he showed us. Their shells black with age; and their kernel, upon opening, decayed, but their shell perfectly hard as ever. And a yew-tree, upon which the very ivy was taken up whole about it, which, upon cutting with an adze, we found it to be rather harder than the living tree usually is. The arms, they say, were taken up at first whole, about the body, which is very strange. To Woolwich, and, my Lord Sandwich not being come, we took a boat, and about a mile off met him in his catch,[1] and boarded him, and came up with him; and, after making a little halt at my house, which I ordered, to have my wife see him, we all together by coach to Mr. Boreman's,[2] where Sir J. Minnes did receive him very handsomely, and there he is to lie; and Sir J. Minnes did give him, on the sudden, a very handsome supper and brave discourse, my Lord Brouncker, and Captain Cocke, and Captain Herbert being there, with myself. Here my Lord did witness great respect to me, and very kind expressions, and did take notice how I was overjoyed at first to see the King's letter to his Lordship, and told them how I did kiss it, and that, whatever he was, I did always love the King. Among other discourse concerning long life, Sir J. Minnes saying that his great-grandfather was alive in Edward the Vth's time, my Lord Sandwich did tell us how few there have been of his family since King Harry the VIIIth; that is to say, the then Chief Justice,[3] and his son[4] and the Lord

[1] Ketch, *n.s.*

[2] Afterwards Sir William Boreman, Clerk of the Green Cloth.

[3] Sir Edward Montagu (d. 1557).

[4] Sir Edward Montagu (d. 1602).

Montagu,[1] who was father to Sir Sidney,[2] who was his father. And yet, what is more wonderful, he did assure us, from the mouth of my Lord Montagu himself, that in King James's time, when he had a mind to get the King to cut off the entail of some land which was given in Harry the VIIIth's time to the family, with the remainder in the Crown, he did answer the King in showing how unlikely it was that ever it could revert to the Crown, but that it would be a present convenience to him; and did show that at that time there were 4000 persons derived from the very body of the Chief Justice. It seems the number of daughters in the family having been very great, and they too had most of them many children, and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. This he tells as a most known and certain truth. After supper my Lord Brouncker took his leave, and I also did mine, taking Captain Herbert home to my lodging to lie with me, who did mighty seriously inquire after who was that in the black dress with my wife yesterday, and would not believe that it was my wife's maid Mercer, but it was she.

23rd. To my Lord Sandwich, who did advise alone with me how far he might trust Captain Cocke in the business of the prize-goods, my Lord telling me that he hath taken into his hands £2000 or £3000 value of them: it being a good way, he says, to get money, and afterwards to get the King's allowance thereof, it being easier, he observes, to keep money when got of the King than to get it when it is too late. I advised him not to trust Cocke too far. Thence to Lambeth, his Lordship, and all our office, and Mr. Evelyn, to the Duke of Albemarle, where we sat down to consult of the disposing and supporting of the fleet with victuals and money, and for the sick men and prisoners; and I did propose the taking out some goods out of the prizes, to the value of £10,000, which was accorded to; but what inconveniences may arise from it, I do not yet see, but fear there may be many. Here we dined, and I did hear my Lord Craven whisper, as he is mightily possessed with a good opinion of me, much to my advantage, which my good Lord did second, and anon my Lord Craven did speak publicly of me to the Duke, in the hearing of all the rest; and the Duke did say something of the like advantage to me; I believe not much to the satisfaction of my brethren, but I was mightily joyed at it. Thence took leave, leaving my Lord Sandwich to go visit the Bishop of Canterbury. With Captain Cocke set out in the yacht for the fleet about ten o'clock at night.

24th. (Lord's day.) Waked, and up, and drank; and then, being about Grayes, and a very calm curious morning, we took our wherry, and to the fishermen, and bought a great deal of fine fish, and to Gravesend to White's, and had part of it dressed; and, in the meantime, we to walk about a mile from the town, and so back again; and there one of our watermen told us he had heard of a bargain of cloves for us, and we went to a blind[1] alehouse at the further end of the town, to a couple of wretched dirty seamen, who, poor wretches! had got together about 37 lb. of cloves, and 10 lb. of nutmegs, and we bought them of them, the first at 5s. 6d. per lb., and the latter at 4s., and paid them in gold; but, Lord! to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easy to be persuaded almost to anything. But it would never have been allowed by my conscience to have wronged the poor wretches, who told us how dangerously they had got some, and dearly paid for the rest of these goods.[2]

25th. Found ourselves come to the fleet, and so aboard the *Prince*: and there, after a good while in discourse, we did agree to a bargain of £5000 for my Lord Sandwich, for silk, cinnamon, nutmegs, and indigo. And I was near signing to an undertaking for the payment of the whole sum; but I did by chance escape it; having since, upon second thoughts, great cause to be glad of it, reflecting upon the craft and not good condition, it may be, of Captain Cocke. I could get no trifles for my wife. And so away to the *Prince*, and presently comes my Lord on board

[1] Eldest son of Sir Edward Montagu, who died in 1602. He was first Baron Montagu of Boughton. Sir Sidney was *his* youngest *brother*.

[2] Master of the Requests to Charles I. [B.] He died in 1644.

[1] Obscure.

[2] Stolen from the prizes.

from Greenwich, with whom, after a little discourse about his trusting of Cocke, we parted, and to our yacht; but, it being calm, we, to make haste, took our wherry towards Chatham; but, it growing dark, we were put to great difficulties, our simple, yet confident, waterman not knowing a step of the way; and we found ourselves to go backward and forward, which, in the dark night and a wild place, did vex us mightily. At last we got a fisher-boy by chance, and took him into the boat, and, being an odd kind of boy, did vex us too; for he would not answer us aloud when we spoke to him, but did carry us safe thither, though with a mistake or two; but I wonder they were not more. In our way I was astonished, and so were we all, at the strange nature of the sea-water in a dark night, that it seemed like fire upon every stroke of the oar, and, they say, is a sign of wind. We went to the Crown Inn at Rochester, and there to supper, and made ourselves merry with the poor fisher-boy, who told us he had not been in bed the whole seven years he came to 'prentice, and hath two or three more years to serve. We, in our clothes, to bed.

27th. Up and saw and admired my wife's picture of our Saviour, now finished, which is very pretty. By water to Greenwich, where to the King's Head, the great music-house, the first time I was ever there. Much troubled to hear from Creed, that he was told at Salisbury[1] that I am come to be a great swearer and drinker; but, Lord! to see how my late little drinking of wine is taken notice of by envious men, to my disadvantage. To Captain Cocke's, and, he not yet come from town, to Mr. Evelyn, where much company; and thence in his coach with him to the Duke of Albemarle, by Lambeth, who was in a mighty pleasant humour; and tells us that the Dutch do stay abroad, and our fleet must go out again, or be ready to do so. Here we got several things ordered, as we desired, for the relief of the prisoners, and sick and wounded men. Here I saw this week's Bill of Mortality, wherein, blessed be God! there is above 1800 decrease, being the first considerable decrease we have had. Most excellent discourse with Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning, wherein I find him a very fine gentleman, and particularly of painting, in which he tells me the beautiful Mrs. Middleton is rare, and his own wife do brave things. Captain Cocke brought one parcel of our goods by waggons, and I first resolved to have lodged them at our office; but the thoughts of its being the King's house altered our resolution, and so put them at his friend's, Mr. Glanville's, and there they are safe. Would the rest of them were so, too! In discourse, we came to mention my profit, and he offers me £500 clear, and I demand £600. We part to-night, and I lie at Mr. Glanville's house, there being none there but a maid-servant and a young man; being in some pain, partly from not knowing what to do in this business, having a mind to be at a certainty in my profit, and partly through his having Jack sick still, and his blackmore now also fallen sick. So he being gone, I to bed.

29th. I had my horse I borrowed of Mr. Gilethropp, Sir W. Batten's clerk, brought to me at Greenwich, and so set out and rode hard, and was at Nonsuch[1] by about eight o'clock, a very fine journey, and a fine day. There I came just about chapel-time, and so I went to chapel with them, and thence to the several offices about my tallies, which I find done, but strung for sums not to my purpose. But, Lord! what ado I had to persuade the dull fellows to it, especially Mr. Warder, Master of the Pells,[2] and yet without any manner of reason for their scruple. But, at last, I did, and so walked to Ewell,[3] and to horse again, and came to Greenwich before night. Sir Martin Noel is this day dead of the plague, in London, where he hath lain sick of it these eight days.

30th. The great burden we have upon us at this time at the office is the providing for prisoners and sick men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors all night and all day, poor wretches. Having been on shore, the Captains won't receive them on board, and other ships we have not to put them on, nor money to pay

[1] To which place the Court had retired. See July 27, 1665.

[1] See p. 334.

[2] The office of Clerk of the Pells (so called because the holder, an officer of Exchequer, kept records in the *pells* or parchments) was abolished in 1834.

[3] *Orig.* Yowell.

them off, or provide for them. God remove this difficulty! Hither came Luellin to me, and would force me to take Mr. Deering's 20 pieces in gold he did offer me a good while since, which I did, yet really and sincerely against my will and content, being not likely to reap any comfort in having to do with and be beholden to a man that minds more his pleasure and company than his business. Was set upon by the poor wretches, whom I did give words and some little money to, and the poor people went away like lambs, and, in good earnest, are not to be censured, if their necessities drive them to bad courses. Thence to the office, and then to Captain Cocke's, where I find Mr. Temple, the fat blade, Sir Robert Viner's chief man. I do end this month with the greatest content, and may say that these last three months, for joy, health, and profit, have been much the greatest that ever I received all my life in any twelve months, having nothing upon me but the consideration of the sickliness of the season to mortify me.

October 1665

October 1st. (Lord's day.) Embarked on board the Bezan, and came to the fleet about two of the clock. My Lord received me mighty kindly; and, among other things, to my great joy, he did assure me that he had wrote to the King and Duke about these prize-goods, and told me that they did approve of what he had done, and that he would own what he had done, and would have me tell all the world so, and did, under his hand, give Cocke and me his certificate of our bargains, and giving us full power of disposal of what we have so bought. This do ease my mind of all my fear. He did discourse to us of the Dutch fleet being abroad, eighty-five of them still. After supper Captain Cocke and I, and Temple, on board the Bezan, and there to cards for a while, and so to sleep. But, Lord! the mirth which it caused to me, to be waked in the night by their snoring round about me: I did laugh till I was ready to burst, and waked one of the two companions of Temple, who could not a good while tell where he was that he heard one laugh so, till he recollected himself, and I told him what it was at, and so to sleep again, they still snoring.

2nd. Having sailed all night, and I do wonder how they in the dark could find the way, we got by morning to Gillingham, and thence all walked to Chatham; and there, with Commissioner Pett, viewed the Yard; and, among other things, a team of four horses came close by us, he being with me, drawing a piece of timber, that I am confident one man could easily have carried upon his back. I made the horses be taken away, and a man or two to take the timber away with their hands. To Rochester, to visit the old Castle ruins, which hath been a noble place; but, Lord! to see what a dreadful thing it is to look upon the precipices, for it did fright me mightily. The place hath been great and strong in former ages. So to walk up and down the Cathedral, and thence to the Crown, whither Mr. Fowler, the Mayor of the town, was come in his gown, and is a very reverend magistrate. Took horses to Gravesend, and there stayed not, but got a boat, the sickness being very much in the town still, and so called on board my Lord Brouncker and Sir John Minnes, on board one of the East Indiamen at Erith, and there do find them full of envious complaints for the pillaging of the ships, but I did pacify them.

3rd. Sir W. Batten is gone this day to meet to adjourn the Parliament to Oxford. Comes one to tell me my Lord Rutherford is come; so I to the King's Head to him, where I find his lady, a fine young Scotch lady,[1] pretty handsome, and plain. My wife also, and Mercer, by and by comes, Creed bringing them; and so presently to dinner, and very merry. That being done, and some music and other diversions, at last away goes my Lord and Lady. This night I hear that of our two watermen that used to carry our letters, and were well on Saturday last, one is dead and the other dying, sick of the plague; the plague, though decreasing elsewhere, yet being greater about the Tower and thereabouts.

4th. This night comes Sir George

[1] Christian, daughter of Sir Alexander Urquhart of Cromarty. [B.]

Smith[1] to see me at the office, and tells me how the plague is decreased this week 740, for which God be praised! but that it increases at our end of the town still. All the town is full of Captain Cocke's being in some ill condition about prize-goods, his goods being taken from him, and I know not what. Being come to my wife at our lodging, I did go to bed, and left my wife with her people, to laugh and dance, and I to sleep.

5th. Among other things, talking of my sister Pall, and my wife of herself is very willing that I should give her £400 to her portion, and would have her married soon as we could; but this great sickness time do make it unfit to send for her up. Read a book of Mr. Evelyn's translating,[2] and sending me as a present, about directions for gathering a library; but the book is above my reach, but his epistle to my Lord Chancellor is a very fine piece. Then to Mr. Evelyn's, to discourse of our confounded business of prisoners and sick and wounded seamen, wherein he and we are so much put out of order. And here he showed me his gardens, which are, for variety of evergreens and hedge of holly, the finest things I ever saw in my life. Thence in his coach to Greenwich, and there to my office, all the way having fine discourse of trees and the nature of vegetables. Renewed my promises of observing my vows as I used to do; for I find that, since I left them off, my mind is run a-wool-gathering and my business neglected.

7th. Did business, though not much, at the office, because of the horrible crowd and lamentable moan of the poor seamen that lie starving in the streets for lack of money, which do trouble and perplex me to the heart; and more at noon, when we were to go through them, for then above a whole hundred of them followed us; some cursing, some swearing, and some praying to us. A letter came this afternoon from the Duke of Albemarle, signifying the Dutch to be in sight, with 80 sail, yesterday morning, off Solebay, coming right into the bay. God knows what they will and may do to us, we having no force abroad able to oppose them, but to be sacrificed to them. At night came two waggons from Rochester, with more goods from Captain Cocke; and in housing them came two of the Custom-house, and did seize them; but I showed them my *Transire*. However, after some angry words, we locked them up, and sealed up the key, and did give it to the constable to keep till Monday, and so parted. But, Lord! to think how the poor constable came to me in the dark, going home; 'Sir,' says he, 'I have the key, and, if you would have me do any service for you, send for me betimes to-morrow morning, and I will do what you would have me.' Whether the fellow do this out of kindness or knavery, I cannot tell; but it is pretty to observe. Talking with him in the high-way, came close by the bearers with a dead corpse of the plague; but, Lord! to see what custom is, that I am come almost to think nothing of it.

8th. (Lord's day.) A letter from the Duke of Albemarle to me, to order as many ships forth out of the river as I can presently, to join to meet the Dutch; having ordered all the Captains of the ships in the river to come to me, I did some business with them, and so to Captain Cocke's to dinner, he being in the country. But here his brother Solomon was, and, for guests, myself, Sir G. Smith, and a very fine lady, one Mrs. Penington, and two more gentlemen. But, both before and after dinner, most excellent witty discourse with this lady, who is a very fine witty lady, one of the best I ever heard speak, and indifferent handsome. To the office, where ended my business with the Captains; and I think of twenty-two ships we shall make shift to get out seven, God help us! men being sick, or provisions lacking. This day I hear the Pope is dead;[1] and one said that the news is that the King of France is stabbed, but that the former is very true, which will do great things sure, as to the troubling of that part of the world, the King of Spain[2] being so lately dead. And one thing more, Sir Martin Noel's lady is dead with grief for the death of her husband; but it seems nobody can make anything of his

[1] Sir George Smith, of St. Bartholomew, by the Exchange. [B.]

[2] *Instructions concerning Erecting of a Library*, a translation by Evelyn (1661) of Gabriel Naudé's *Advis pour dresser une Bibliothèque* (1627).

[1] A false report. [2] Philip IV.

estate, whether he be dead worth anything or no, he having dealt in so many things, public and private, as nobody can understand whereabouts his estate is, which is the fate of those great dealers at everything.

9th. Called upon Sir John Shaw, to whom I did give a civil answer about our prize goods, that all his dues, as one of the Farmers of the Customs, are paid, and showed him our *Transire*; with which he was satisfied, and parted. To the Duke of Albemarle, and what should it be, but to tell me that if my Lord Sandwich do not come to town, he do resolve to go with the fleet to sea himself, the Dutch, as he thinks, being in the Downs; and so desired me to get a pleasure-boat for to take him in to-morrow morning, and do many other things, and with a great liking of me, and my management especially, as that coxcomb Lord Craven do tell me, and I perceive it, and I am sure take pains enough to deserve it.

10th. Up, and receive a stop from the Duke of Albemarle of setting out any more ships, or providing a pleasure-boat for himself, which I am glad of, and do think, what I thought yesterday, that this resolution of his was a sudden one and silly. Sir G. Ascue says, that he did from the beginning declare against these [prize-] goods, and would not receive his dividend; and that he and Sir W. Pen are at odds about it, and that he fears Mings hath been doing ill offices to my Lord. I did to-night give my Lord an account of all this.

11th. Comes up my landlady, Mrs. Clerke, to make an agreement for the time to come; and I, for the having room enough, and to keep out strangers, and to have a place to retreat to for my wife, if the sickness should come to Woolwich, am to pay dear; so, for three rooms and a dining-room, and for linen, and bread and beer and butter, at nights and mornings, I am to give her £5: 10s. per month. To Erith, and there we met Mr. Seymour, one of the Commissioners for Prizes, and a Parliament-man, and he was mighty high, and had now seized our goods on their behalf; and he mighty imperiously would have all forfeited. But I could not but think it odd that a Parliament-man, in a serious discourse before such persons as we and my Lord Brouncker, and Sir John Minnes, should quote *Hudibras*, as being the book I doubt he hath read most. To Woolwich, where we had appointed to keep the night merrily; and so, by Captain Cocke's coach, had brought a very pretty child, a daughter of one Mrs. Tooker's, next door to my lodging, and so she and a daughter and kinsman of Mrs. Pett's made up a fine company at my lodgings at Woolwich, where my wife, and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbara[1] danced, and mighty merry we were, but especially at Mercer's dancing a jig, which she does the best I ever did see, having the most natural way of it, and keeps time the most perfectly I ever did see. This night is kept in lieu of yesterday, for my wedding-day[2] of ten years; for which God be praised! being now in an extreme good condition of health and estate and honour, and a way of getting more money, though at this hour under some discomposure, rather than damage, about some prize-goods that I have bought off the fleet, in partnership with Captain Cocke, and for the discourse about the world concerning my Lord Sandwich, that he hath done a thing so bad; and indeed it must needs have been a very rash act; and the rather because of a Parliament now newly met to give money, and will have some account of what hath already been spent, besides the precedent for a General to take what prizes he pleases, and the giving a pretence to take away much more than he intended, and all will lie upon him; and not giving to all the Commanders, as well as the Flags, he displeases all them, and offends even some of the Flags, thinking others to be better served than themselves; and, lastly, puts himself out of a power of begging anything again a great while of the King. Having danced with my people as long as I saw fit to sit up, I to bed, and left them to do what they would. I forgot that we had W. Hewer there, and Tom, and Golding, my barber at Greenwich, for our fiddler, to whom I did give 10s.

12th. About the prize-goods, and do find that extreme ill use was made of my Lord Sandwich's order. Having learned as much as I could, which was that the

[1] Sheldon: daughter of his Woolwich landlord. [B.]

[2] But *cf.* Oct. 10, 1664 (p. 284).

King and Duke were very severe in this point, whatever order they before had given my Lord in approbation of what he had done, and that all will come out, and the King see, by the entries at the Custom House, what all do amount to that had been taken, and so I took leave. So to Cocke, and he tells me that he hath cajoled with Seymour, who will be our friend; but that, above all, Seymour tells him that my Lord Duke did show him to-day an order from Court, for having all respect paid to the Earl of Sandwich, and what goods had been delivered by his order. Good news this week that there are about 600 less dead of the plague than the last.

13th. Sir Jeremiah Smith[1] to see me in his way to Court, and a good man he is, and one that I must keep fair with. To the Duke of Albemarle, where I find him with Lord Craven and Lieutenant of the Tower about him; among other things, talking of ships to get of the King to fetch coals for the poor of the city, which is a good work. But, Lord! to hear the silly talk between these three great people! Yet I have no reason to find fault, the Duke and my Lord Craven being my very great friends. My own proper accounts are in great disorder, having been neglected about a month. This, and the fear of the sickness, and providing for my family, do fill my head very full, besides the infinite business of the office, and nobody here to look after it but myself.

14th. My heart and head to-night is full of the Victualling business, being over-joyed and proud at my success in my proposal about it, it being read before the King, Duke, and the Cabal with complete applause and satisfaction; this Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry both writ me.

15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and, while I stayed for the barber, tried to compose a duo of counterpoint; and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berkenshaw's rule. Comes Mr. Povy's coach, and, more than I expected, him himself, to fetch me to Brainford;[2] so he and I immediately set out, having drunk a draught of mulled sack; and so rode most nobly, in his most pretty and best-contrived chariot in the world, with many new conveniences, his never having till now, within a day or two, been yet finished. Anon we came to his house, and so, with fresh horses, his noble fine horses, the best confessedly in England, the King having none such, he sent me to Sir Robert Viner's,[1] whom I met coming just from church; and he and I into his garden to discourse of money, but none is to be had. The Parliament, it seems, have voted the King £1,250,000, at £50,000 per month, tax for the war; and voted to assist the King against the Dutch, and all that shall adhere to them; and thanks to be given him for his care of the Duke of York, which last is a very popular vote on the Duke's behalf. The taxes of the last assessment, which should have been in good part gathered, are not yet laid, and that even in part of the City of London; and the chimney-money comes almost to nothing, nor anything else looked after.

16th. Up about seven o'clock; and, after drinking, and I observing Mr. Povy's being mightily mortified in his eating and drinking, and coaches and horses, he desiring to sell his best, and everything else, his furniture of his house, he walked with me to Sion,[2] and there I took water, in our way he discoursing of the wantonness of the Court, and how it minds nothing else. Upon the Exchange, which is very empty, God knows! and but mean people there. The news for certain that the Dutch are come with their fleet before Margate, and some men were endeavouring to come on shore when the post came away, perhaps to steal some sheep. I walked to the Tower; but, Lord! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets full of sores; and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that in Westminster there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week; God send it! At the Tower found my Lord Duke[3] and Duchess at dinner; so I sat down;

[1] Admiral (d. 1675). [2] Brentford.

[1] At Swakeley. See p. 339.

[2] Originally the gift of Edward VI. to the Duke of Somerset; later the seat of the Duke of Northumberland. [3] Of Albemarle.

and much good cheer, the Lieutenant and his lady and several officers with the Duke. But, Lord! to hear the silly talk was there would make one mad; the Duke having none almost but fools about him. Much talk about the Dutch, in reproach of them in whose hands the fleet is; but, Lord help him! there is something will hinder him and all the world in going to sea, which is want of victuals; for we have not wherewith to answer our service; and how much better it would have been if the Duke's advice had been taken for the fleet to have gone presently out; but God help the King while no better counsels are given, and what is given no better taken. I have received letters from my Lord Sandwich to-day, speaking very high about the prize-goods, that he would have us to fear nobody, but be very confident in what we have done, and not to confess any fault or doubt of what he hath done; for the King hath allowed it, and do now confirm it, and do send orders, as he says, for nothing to be disturbed that his Lordship hath ordered therein as to the division of the goods to the fleet; which do comfort us. To the Still Yard,[1] which place, however, is now shut up of the plague; but I was there, and we now make no bones of it. Much talk there is of the Chancellor's speech and the King's at the Parliament's meeting, which are very well liked; and that we shall certainly, by their speeches, fall out with France at this time, together with the Dutch, which will find us work.

18th. Making up my accounts of Tangier, which I did with great difficulty, and, after eating something, to bed, my mind eased of a great deal of figures and castings.

19th. Came to an agreement yesterday with my landlady for £6 per month, for so many rooms for myself, them, and my wife, and maid, when she shall come, and to pay besides for my diet. To the Duke of Albemarle this evening; and, among other things, spoke to him for my wife's brother Balty to be of his guard, which he kindly answered that he should. My business of the Victualling goes on as I would have it; and now my head is full how to make some profit of it to myself or people. To that end, when I came home, I wrote a letter to Mr. Coventry, offering myself to be the Surveyor-General, and am apt to think he will assist me in it, but I do not set my heart much on it, though it would be a good help.

20th. Up, and had my last night's letters brought back to me, which troubles me, because of my accounts, lest they should be asked for before they come, which I abhor, being more ready to give than they can be to demand them; so I sent away an express to Oxford with them, and another to Portsmouth, with a copy of my letter to Mr. Coventry.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Met some letters, which made me resolve to go after church to my Lord Duke of Albemarle's; so, after sermon, I took Cocke's chariot, and to Lambeth; but, in going and getting over the water and through Whitehall, I spent so much time, the Duke had almost dined. However, fresh meat was brought for me to his table, and there I dined, and full of discourse and very kind. There they are again talking of the prizes, and my Lord Duke did speak very broad that my Lord Sandwich and Pen should do what they would, and answer for themselves. For his part, he would lay all before the King.

23rd. On board the East India ship, where my Lord Brouncker had provided a great dinner. But I am troubled with the much talk and conceitedness of Mrs. Williams, in case she be not married to my Lord. Captain Taylor with me to the office, and there he and I reckoned; and I perceive I shall get £100 profit by my services of late to him, which is a very good thing.

24th. My Lord Sandwich is come to town; so I presently to Boreman's, where he is, and there found him; he mighty kind to me, but no opportunity of discourse private yet, which he tells me he must have with me; only his business is sudden to go to the fleet to get out a few ships to drive away the Dutch. To him again to Captain Cocke's, where he supped, and lies, and never saw him more merry; and here is Charles Harbord,[1] who the King hath lately knighted. My Lord, to my great content, did tell me before them, that never anything was read to the King

[1] See p. 146.

[1] Called Sir C. *Herbert* by Pepys, in error. Cf. Feb. 25, 1666 (p. 372).

and Council, all the chief Ministers of State being there, as my letter about the victualling was, and no more said upon it than a most thorough consent to every word was said.

25th. My Lord tells me that Mr. Coventry and he are not reconciled, but declared enemies; the only occasion of it being, he tells me, his ill usage from him about the first fight, wherein he had no right done him, which, methinks, is a poor occasion, for, in my conscience, that was no design of Coventry's. He tells me, as very private, that there are great factions at the Court between the King's party and the Duke of York's, and that the King, which is a strange difficulty, do favour my Lord in opposition to the Duke's party; that my Lord Chancellor, being, to be sure, the patron of the Duke's, it is a mystery whence it should be that Mr. Coventry is looked upon by him [1] as an enemy to him;[1] that if he had a mind himself to be out of this employment, as Mr. Coventry, he believes, wishes, and himself and I do incline to wish it also, in many respects, yet he believes he shall not be able, because of the King, who will keep him in on purpose, in opposition to the other party; that Prince Rupert and he are all possible friends in the world; that Coventry hath aggravated this business of the prizes, though never so great plundering in the world as while the Duke and he were at sea; and in Sir John Lawson's time he could take and pillage, and then sink a whole ship in the Straits, and Coventry say nothing to it; that my Lord Arlington is his fast friend; that the Chancellor is cold to him, and, though I told him that I and the world do take my Lord Chancellor, in his speech the other day, to have said as much as could be wished, yet he thinks he did not. That my Lord Chancellor do from hence begin to be cold to him, because of his seeing him and Arlington so great; that nothing at Court is minded but faction and pleasure, and nothing intended of general good to the Kingdom by anybody heartily; so that he believes with me that in a little time confusion will certainly come over all the nation. He told me how a design was carried on a while ago, for the Duke of York to raise an army in the North, and to be the General of it, and all this without the knowledge or advice of the Duke of Albemarle, which, when he came to know, he was so vexed, they were fain to let it fall to content him; that his matching with the family of Sir G. Carteret do make the difference greater between Coventry and him, they being enemies; that the Chancellor did, as everybody else, speak well of me the other day, but yet was, at the Committee for Tangier, angry that I should offer to suffer a bill of exchange to be protested.

[1] Clarendon.

26th. Sir Christopher Mings and I together by water to the Tower; and I find him a very witty well-spoken fellow, and mighty free to tell his parentage, being a shoemaker's son. I to the 'Change, where I hear how the French have taken two and sunk one of our merchantmen in the Straits, and carried the ships to Toulon; so that there is no expectation but we must fall out with them. The 'Change pretty full, and the town begins to be lively again, though the streets very empty, and most shops shut.

27th. To the Duke of Albemarle's, and there much company, but I stayed and dined, and he makes mighty much of me; and here he tells us the Dutch are gone, and have lost above 160 cables and anchors, through the late foul weather. He proposed to me from Mr. Coventry that I should be Surveyor-General of the Victualling business, which I accepted. But, indeed, the terms in which Mr. Coventry proposes it for me are the most obliging that ever I could expect from any man, and more; he saying that I am the fittest man in England, and that he is sure, if I will undertake, I will perform it; and that it will be also a very desirable thing that I might have this encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts. This, added to the letter I had three days since from Mr. Southerne,[1] signifying that the Duke of York had in his master's absence opened my letters, and commanded him to tell me that he did approve of my being the Surveyor-General, do make me joyful beyond myself that I cannot express it, to see that as I do take pains so God

[1] Secretary to Sir W. Coventry.

blesses me, and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains.

28th. Sir W. Clerke tells me the Parliament hath given the Duke of York £120,000, to be paid him after £1,250,000 is gathered upon the tax which they have now given the King; also that the Dutch have lately launched sixteen new ships; all which is great news. The King and Court, they say, have now finally resolved to spend nothing upon clothes, but what is of the growth of England; which, if observed, will be very pleasing to the people, and very good for them.

29th. (Lord's day.) In the street, at Woolwich, did overtake and almost run upon two women crying and carrying a man's coffin between them; I suppose the husband of one of them, which, methinks, is a sad thing.

31st. Meeting yesterday the Searchers, with their rods in their hands, coming from Captain Cocke's house, I did overhear them say that his black did not die of the plague. About nine at night I come home, and there find Mrs. Pierce come, and little Frank Tooker, and Mr. Hill, and other people, a great many dancing; and anon comes Mrs. Coleman[1] and her husband, and she sang very finely, though her voice is decayed as to strength, but mighty sweet though soft, and a pleasant jolly woman, and in mighty good humour. Among other things, Laneare[2] did, at the request of Mr. Hill, bring two or three the finest prints for my wife to see that ever I did see in all my life. But, for singing, among other things, we got Mrs. Coleman to sing part of the Opera, though she would not own she did get any of it without book in order to the stage; but, above all, her counterfeiting of Captain Cooke's part, in his reproaching his man with cowardice, 'Base slave,' etc., she do it most excellently. Thus we end the month merrily; and the more that, after some fears that the plague would have increased again this week, I hear for certain that there is above 400 less; the whole number of deaths being 1388, and of them of the plague 1031. Want of money in the Navy puts everything out of order. Men grow mutinous; and nobody here to mind the business of the Navy but myself. I in great hopes of my place of Surveyor-General of the Victualling, which will bring me £300 per annum.

[1] The wife of Mr. Edward Coleman, the singer. She played Ianthe in the first part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, in 1656.

[2] Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666), for a second time Master of the King's Music (1660). He was an art connoisseur, and had been commissioned by Charles I. to purchase pictures, etc. in Italy for the Royal Collections. He wrote music for masques by Campion and Ben Jonson.

November 1665

November 1st. Lay very long in bed, discoursing with Mr. Hill of most things of a man's life, and how little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour; and that, for myself, chance without merit brought me in; and that diligence only keeps me so, and will, living as I do among so many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary, that they cannot do anything without him. My Lord Brouncker with us to Mrs. Williams's lodgings, and Sir W. Batten, Sir Edmund Pooly,[1] and others; and there, it being my Lord's birthday, had every one a green ribbon tied in our hats very foolishly; and, methinks, mighty disgracefully for my Lord to have his folly so open to all the world with this woman.

4th. I hear that one of the little boys at my lodging is not well; and they suspect, by their sending for plaster[2] and fume,[3] that it may be the plague; so I sent Mr. Hater and W. Hewer to speak with the mother; but they returned to me, satisfied that there is no hurt nor danger, but the boy is well, and offers to be searched. After dinner to the office, and much troubled to have 100 seamen all the afternoon there, swearing below, and cursing us, and breaking the glass windows, and swear they will pull the house down on Tuesday next. I sent word of this to Court, but nothing will help it but money and a rope.

5th. (Lord's day.) To the Cockpit, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon; among

[1] M.P. for Bury St. Edmunds. [B.]

[2] See p. 355.

[3] A preparation giving off an aromatic vapour, used for disinfecting.

other things, reproaching the imperfection of human learning, he cried, 'All our physicians cannot tell what an ague is, and all our arithmetic is not able to number the days of a man'; which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetic, but that our understandings reach not the thing. I hear that the plague increases much at Lambeth, St. Martin's, and Westminster, and fear it will all over the city. By water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelyn, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little,[1] in distemper, in Indian ink, water-colours; graving; and, above all, the whole secret of mezzotinto, and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse, he hath been many years and now is about, about Gardenage,[2] which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making,[3] very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus Hiemalis*; leaves laid up in a book of several plants kept dry, which preserve colour, however, and look very finely, better than an herbal. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty epigrams; among others, of a lady looking in at a grate,[4] and being pecked at by an eagle that was there.

6th. Sir G. Carteret and I did walk an hour in the garden before the house, talking of my Lord Sandwich's business; what enemies he hath, and how they have endeavoured to bespatter him; and particularly about his leaving of 30 ships of the enemy, when Pen would have gone, and my Lord called him back again; which is most false. However, he says it was purposed by some hot-heads in the House of Commons, at the same time when they voted a present to the Duke of York, to have voted £10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crown to my Lord of Sandwich, but nothing came of it. But, for all this, the King is most firm to my Lord, and so is my Lord Chancellor, and my Lord Arlington; the Prince, in appearance, kind; the Duke of York silent, says no hurt, but admits others to say it in his hearing. Sir W. Pen the falsest rascal that ever was in the world; and that this afternoon the Duke of Albemarle did tell him that Pen was a very cowardly rogue, and one that hath brought all these roguish fanatic Captains into the fleet, and swears he should never go out with the fleet again; that Sir W. Coventry is most kind to Pen still, and says nothing nor do anything openly to the prejudice of my Lord. He agrees with me that it is impossible for the King to set out a fleet again the next year; and that he fears all will come to ruin, there being no money in prospect but these prizes, which will bring, it may be, £20,000, but that will signify nothing in the world for it.

7th. To Sir G. Carteret, and I with him by water; and, among other things, Lord! to see how he wondered to see the river so empty of boats, nobody working at the Custom-house quays; and how fearful he is and vexed that his man, holding a wine-glass in his hand for him to drink out of, did cover his hands, it being a cold, windy, rainy morning, under the waterman's coat, though he brought the waterman from six or seven miles up the river, too. Nay, he carried this glass with him for his man to let him drink out of at the Duke of Albemarle's, where he intended to dine, though this he did to prevent sluttery; for the same reason, he carried a napkin with him to Captain Cocke's, making him believe that he should eat with foul linen.

8th. It being a fast-day, all people were at church, and the office quiet; so I did much business, and at noon adventured to my old lodging. By water to Deptford, and, about eight o'clock at night, did take water, being glad I was out of the town; for the plague, it seems, rages there more than ever.

9th. At noon, by water, to the King's Head at Deptford, where Captain Taylor invites Sir W. Batten and Sir John

[1] In miniature.
[2] *Kalendarium Hortense, or the Gard'ners Almanac*, published in 1666.
[3] These are not known.
[4] Cage.

Robinson, who came in with a great deal of company from hunting, and brought in a hare alive, and a great many silly stories they tell of their sport, which pleases them mightily, and me not at all, such is the different sense of pleasure in mankind; and strange to see how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody. The Bill of Mortality, to all our griefs, is increased 399 this week, and the increase generally through the whole City and suburbs, which makes us all sad.

10th. In the evening news is brought me my wife is come; so I to her; and she told me, having herself been this day at my house at London, which was boldly done, that a neighbour of our's, Mr. Hollworthy, a very able man, is dead by a fall in the country from his horse, his foot hanging in the stirrup, and his brains beat out.

12th. (Lord's day.) They hope here the plague will be less this week. Reading over part of Mr. Stillingfleet's *Origines Sacrae*,[1] wherein many things are very good, and some frivolous.

14th. Captain Cocke and I in his coach through Kent Street, a sad place through the plague, people sitting sick and with plasters about them in the street begging. To the Duke of Albemarle by water, late, where I find he had remembered that I had appointed to come to him this day about money, which I excused not doing sooner; but I see, a dull fellow as he is, he do sometimes remember what another thinks he mindeth not. My business was about getting money of the East India Company; but, Lord! to see how the Duke himself magnifies himself in what he had done with the Company; and my Lord Craven what the King could have done without my Lord Duke, and a deal of stir; but most mightily what a brave fellow I am. Back by water, it raining hard, and so to the office, and stopped my going, as I intended, to the buoy of the Nore, and great reason I had to rejoice at it, for it proved the night of as great a storm as was almost ever remembered. This day I hear that my pretty grocer's wife, Mrs. Beversham, over the way there, her husband is lately dead of the plague at Bow, which I am sorry for, for fear of losing her neighbourhood.

15th. To the King's Head tavern,[1] where all the Trinity House dined to-day, to choose a new Master in the room of Hurlestone, that is dead, and Captain Crispe is chosen. After dinner who comes in but my Lady Batten, and a troop of a dozen women almost, and expected, as I found afterwards, to be made mighty much of, but nobody minded them; but the best jest was, that when they saw themselves not regarded, they would go away, and it was horrible foul weather; and my Lady Batten walking through the dirty lane[2] with new spick and span white shoes, she dropped one of her galoshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one, at which she was horribly vexed, and I led her; and, after vexing her a little more in mirth, I parted, and to Glanville's, where I knew Sir John Robinson, Sir G. Smith, and Captain Cocke were gone, and then, with the company of Mrs. Pennington, whose father,[3] I hear, was one of the Court of Justice, and died prisoner, of the stone, in the Tower, I made them, against their resolutions, to stay from hour to hour, till it was almost midnight, and a furious, dark, and rainy, and windy, stormy night, and, which was best, I, with drinking small beer, made them all drunk drinking wine, at which Sir John Robinson made great sport. But, they being gone, the lady and I very civilly sat an hour by the fireside, showing the folly of this Robinson, that makes it his work to praise himself, and all he says and do, like a heavy-headed coxcomb. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased 400; making the whole this week but 1300 and odd; for which the Lord be praised!

16th. To Erith; where, after making a little visit to Madam Williams, she did give me information of W. Howe's having bought eight bags of precious stones taken from about the Dutch Vice-Admiral's neck, of which there were eight diamonds, which

1 By Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699), afterwards Bishop of Worcester. It was published in 1662.

1 At the corner of Chancery Lane and Fleet Street.

2 Chancery Lane.

3 Isaac Pennington, an Alderman of London, convicted as one of the King's judges. His sentence was probably changed to imprisonment. He died on December 17, 1661. [B.]

cost him £4000 sterling in India, and hoped to have made £12,000 here for them. And that is told by one that sold him one of the bags, which hath nothing but rubies in it, which he had for 35s.; and that it will be proved he hath made £125 of one stone that he bought. This she desired, and I resolved, I would give my Lord Sandwich notice of. So I on board my Lord Brouncker; and there he and Sir Edmund Pooly carried me down into the hold of the India ship, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees; whole rooms full. And silk in bales, and boxes of copper-plate, one of which I saw opened. Having seen this, which was as noble a sight as ever I saw in my life, I away on board the other ship in despair to get the pleasure-boat of the gentlemen there to carry me to the fleet. They were Mr. Ashburnham,[1] and Colonel Wyndham;[2] but pleading the King's business, they did presently agree I should have it. So I presently on board, and got under sail, and had a good bed by the shift, of Wyndham's.

17th. Sailed all night, and got down to Quinbrough[3] water, where all the great ships are now come, and there on board my Lord, and was soon received with great content. And, after some little discourse, he and I on board Sir W. Pen; and there held a Council of War about many wants of the fleet; and so followed my Lord Sandwich, who was gone a little before me on board the *Royal James*. And there spent an hour, my Lord playing upon the guitar, which he now commends above all music in the world. As an infinite secret, my Lord tells me the factions are high between the King and the Duke, and all the Court are in an uproar with their loose amours; the Duke of York being in love desperately with Mrs. Stewart. Nay, that the Duchess herself is fallen in love with her new Master of the Horse, one Harry Sidney,[1] and another, Harry Savill.[2] So that God knows what will be the end of it. And that the Duke is not so obsequious as he used to be, but very high of late; and would be glad to be in the head of an army as General; and that it is said that he do propose to go and command under the King of Spain, in Flanders. That his amours to Mrs. Stewart are told the King, so that all is like to be naught among them. Away to my Bezan[3] again, and there to read in a pretty French book, *La Nouvelle Allegorique*, upon the strife between rhetoric and its enemies, very pleasant. So, after supper, to sleep, and sailed all night, and came to Erith before break of day.

18th. About nine of the clock I went on shore, and hired an ill-favoured horse, and away to Greenwich, to my lodgings, where I hear how rude the soldiers have been in my absence, swearing what they would do with me.

19th. (Lord's day.) Alone by water to Erith. Being come there, on board my Lord Brouncker, I find Captain Cocke and other company, the lady not well, and mighty merry we were; Sir Edmund Pooly[4] being very merry, and a right English gentleman, and one of the discontented cavaliers, that think their loyalty is not considered. After dinner, all on shore to my Lady Williams, and there drank and talked; but, Lord! the most impertinent bold woman with my Lord that ever I did see.

20th. Up before day, and so took horse for Nonsuch,[5] with two men with me, and the ways very bad, and the weather worse, for wind and rain. Thither, and I did get my tallies, and thence took horse, but it rained hard and blew; but got home very well. Here I find Mr. Deering come to trouble me about business, which I soon dispatched, he telling me that Luellin hath been dead this fortnight, of the plague, in St. Martin's Lane, which much surprised me.

[1] John Ashburnham (1603-1671), Groom of the Bedchamber to Charles I. and Charles II.

[2] Colonel Francis Wyndham, a distinguished loyalist, Governor of Dunster Castle, Somersetshire. He was created a baronet November 18, 1673. [B.]

[3] Queenborough.

[1] See p. 364.

[2] Henry Savile (1642-1687), one of the Gentlemen of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. He fought in the engagements off the North Foreland (1666) and in Burlington Bay (1672).

[3] See p. 148. [4] See p. 353. [5] See p. 334.

22nd. I was very glad to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1000, and the plague 600 and odd; and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost, and continues freezing. This day the first of the *Oxford Gazettes* came out, which is very pretty, full of news, and no folly in it: wrote by Williamson.[1] It pleased me to have it demonstrated that a Purser without professed cheating is a professed loser, twice as much as he gets.

23rd. Up betimes, and so, being trimmed, I to get papers ready against Sir H. Cholmely come to me by appointment, he being newly come over from Tangier. He did by and by come, and we settled all matters about his money, and he is a most satisfied man in me, and do declare his resolution to give me £200 per annum. It continuing to be a great frost, which gives us hopes for a perfect cure of the plague, he and I to walk in the Park, and there discoursed with grief of the calamity of the times. I brought him home, and had a good dinner for him. Captain Cuttance tells me how W. Howe is laid by the heels, and confined to the *Royal Katharine*, and his things all seized; and how, also, for a quarrel, which indeed my Lord the other night told me, Captain Ferrers having cut all over the back of another of my Lord's servants, is parted from my Lord. We in extraordinary lack of money and everything else to go to sea next year. My Lord Sandwich is gone from the fleet yesterday towards Oxford.

24th. To London, and there, in my way, at my old oyster-shop in Gracious Street,[2] bought two barrels of my fine woman of the shop, who is alive after all the plague, which now is the first observation or inquiry we make at London concerning everybody we know. To the 'Change, where very busy with several people, and mightily glad to see the 'Change so full, and hopes of another abatement still the next week. I went home with Sir G. Smith to dinner, sending for one of my barrels of oysters, which were good, though come from Colchester, where the plague hath been so much. Here a very brave dinner, though no invitation; and, Lord! to see how I am treated, that come from so mean a beginning, is matter of wonder to me. But it is God's mercy to me, and His blessing upon my taking pains, and being punctual in my dealings. Visited Mr. Evelyn, where most excellent discourse with him; among other things he showed me a ledger of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it,[1] which I take as a great rarity; and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also showed us several letters of the old Lord of Leicester's,[2] in Queen Elizabeth's time, under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth, and Queen Mary, Queen of Scots; and others, very venerable names. But, Lord! how poorly, methinks, they wrote in those days, and in what plain uncut paper.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up before day to dress myself to go toward Erith, which I would do by land, it being a horrible cold frost to go by water; so borrowed two horses of Mr. Howell and his friend, and with much ado set out, after my horses being frosted[3] (which I know not what it means to this day), and my boy having lost one of my spurs and stockings, carrying them to the smith's, and I borrowed a stocking, and so got up, and Mr. Tooker with me, and rode to Erith, and there on board my Lord Brouncker met with Sir W. Warren upon his business, among others, and did a great deal; Sir J. Minnes, as God would have it, not being there to hinder us with his impertinences. To my wife at Woolwich, where I found, as I had directed, a good dinner to be made against to-morrow, and invited guests in the yard, meaning to be merry, in order to her taking leave, for she intends to come in a day or two to me for altogether. But here, they tell me, one of the houses behind them is

[1] Afterwards Sir Joseph Williamson (1633-1701). The *Oxford Gazette* became, after No. 14, the *London Gazette*.

[2] Gracechurch Street.

[1] This ledger is now in the British Museum, amongst some of Pepys's papers, in the Ducket Collection. [B.]

[2] Amongst these documents, still in the Pepysian Library—for Evelyn complains (*Correspondence*, vol. iii. p. 381, edit. 1852) that he lent them to Pepys, who omitted to return them—are some letters relating to the death of Amy Robsart, Lady Robert Dudley [B.]

[3] Having their shoes roughened, or set with frost-nails against slipping.

infected, and I was fain to stand there a great while, to have their backdoors opened, but they could not, having locked them fast, against any passing through, so was forced to pass by them again, close to their sick beds, which they were removing out of the house, which troubled me; so I made them uninvite their guests, and to resolve of coming all away to me to-morrow.

27th. To the Duke of Albemarle, who is visited by everybody against his going to Oxford; and mighty kind to me; and upon my desiring his grace to give me his kind word to the Duke of York, if any occasion there were of speaking of me, he told me he had reason to do so; for there had been nothing done in the Navy without me. He is agog to go to sea himself the next year. To dinner, he most exceeding kind to me, to the observation of all that are there. With Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that my Lord hath received still worse and worse usage from some people about the Court. But the King is very kind, and the Duke do not appear the contrary; and my Lord Chancellor swore to him 'By——, I will not forsake my Lord of Sandwich.' I into London, it being dark night, by a hackney-coach; the first I have durst to go in many a day, and with great pain now for fear. But it being unsafe to go by water in the dark, and frosty cold, and I unable, being weary with my morning walk, to go on foot, this was my only way. Few people yet in the streets, nor shops open, here and there twenty in a place almost; though not above five or six o'clock at night. The Goldsmiths do decry the new Act for money to be all brought into the Exchequer and paid out thence, saying they will not advance one farthing upon it; and indeed it is their interest to say and do so. To Sir G. Smith's, it being now night, and there up to his chamber, and sat talking, and I barbing[1] against to-morrow; and anon, at nine at night, comes to us Sir G. Smith and the Lieutenant of the Tower, and there they sat talking and drinking till past midnight, and mighty merry we were, the Lieutenant of the Tower being in a mighty vein of singing, and he hath a very good ear and strong voice, but no manner of skill. Sir G. Smith showed me his Lady's closet, which was very fine; and, after being very merry, here I lay in a noble chamber, and mighty highly treated, the first night I have lain in London a long time.

[1] Shaving.

28th. Up before day, and Cocke and I took a hackney-coach appointed with four horses to take us up, and so carried us over London Bridge. But there, thinking of some business, I did light at the foot of the bridge, and by help of a candle at a stall, where some pavers were at work, I wrote a letter to Mr. Hater, and never knew so great an instance of the usefulness of carrying pen and ink and wax about one: so we, the way being very bad, to Nonsuch, and thence to Sir Robert Long's house,[1] a fine place, and dinner-time ere we got thither; but we had breakfasted a little at Mr. Gauden's, he being out of town though, and there borrowed Dr. Taylor's[2] sermons, and is a most excellent book, and worth my buying, where had a very good dinner, and curiously dressed, and here a couple of ladies, kinswomen of his, not handsome though, but rich, that knew me by report of The. Turner, and mighty merry we were. After dinner to talk of our business, and we parted. Captain Cocke and I through Wandsworth. Drank at Sir Allen Broderick's,[3] a great friend and comrade of Cocke's, whom he values above the world for a witty companion, and I believe he is so. So to Fox-hall,[4] and there took boat, and down to the Old Swan, and thence to Lombard Street, it being dark night, and thence to the Tower. Took boat, and down to Greenwich. Cocke home, and I to the office, and then to my lodgings, where my wife is come, and I am well pleased with it, only much trouble in those lodgings we have, the mistress of the house being so deadly dear in every-

[1] Sir Robert Long was Auditor of the Exchequer, which office was removed from Westminster to His Majesty's honour of Nonsuch, Aug. 15, 1665. On Sept. 22, 1670, the King demised the Great Park, Great Park Meadow, and the mansion-house called Worcester Park, to Sir Robert Long, Bart., for ninety-nine years. [B.]

[2] Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667).

[3] Son of Sir Thomas Broderick, of Richmond, Yorkshire, and Wandsworth, Surrey, knighted by Charles II., and Surveyor-general in Ireland to that King. [B.]

[4] Vauxhall.

thing we have; so that we do resolve to remove home soon as we know how the plague goes this week, which we hope will be a good decrease. So to bed.

29th. Home to my house, calling my wife, where the poor wretch is putting things in a way to be ready for our coming home, and so by water together to Greenwich.

30th. At noon comes Sir Thomas Allen, and I made him dine with me, and very friendly he is, and a good man, I think, but one that professes he loves to get and to save. Great joy we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague; so that we are encouraged to get to London soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw York's waggon go again this week to London, and was full of passengers; and tells me that my aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.

December 1665

December 1st. All the day long shut up in my little closet at my office. Then home by promise to my wife, to have mirth there. So we had our neighbours, little Miss Tooker and Mrs. Daniels, to dance, and after supper I to bed, and left them merry below, which they did not part from till two or three in the morning.

2nd. Dined with my wife at noon, and took leave of her, she being to go to London for altogether.

3rd. It being Lord's day, up and dressed and to church, thinking to have sat with Sir James Bunce[1] to hear his daughter[2] and her husband sing, that are so much commended, but was prevented by being invited into Colonel Cleggat's pew. However, there I sat, near Mr. Laneare,[3] with whom I spoke, and my fat brown beauty of our parish, the rich merchant's lady, a very noble woman,[4] and Madame Pierce. A good sermon of Mr. Plume's. To Captain Cocke's, and there dined with him and Colonel Wyndham, a worthy gentleman, whose wife[1] was nurse to the present King, and one that, while she lived, governed him and everything else, as Cocke says, as a minister of state; the old King putting mighty weight and trust upon her. They talked much of matters of State and persons, and particularly how my Lord Barkeley hath all along been a fortunate, though a passionate, and but weak, man as to policy; but as a kinsman, brought in and promoted by my Lord of St. Albans, and one that is the greatest vapourer in the world, this Colonel Wyndham says; and one to whom only, with Jack Ashburnham[2] and Colonel Legge,[3] the King's removal to the Isle of Wight from Hampton Court was communicated; and, though betrayed by their knavery, or at best by their ignorance, insomuch that they have all solemnly charged one another with their failures therein, and have been at daggers-drawing publicly about it, yet now none greater friends in the world.

4th. Home to my house at the office, where my wife hath got a dinner for me: and it was a joyful thing for us to meet here, for which God be praised! Here was her brother come to see her, and speak with me about business. It seems that my recommendation of him hath not only obtained his presently being admitted into the Duke of Albemarle's guards, and present pay, but also by the Duke's and Sir Philip Howard's direction to be put as a right-hand man, and other marks of special respect, at which I am very glad, partly for him, and partly to see that I am reckoned something in my recommendations. Upon the 'Change to-day Colvill tells me, from Oxford, that the King in person hath justified my Lord Sandwich to the highest degree; and is right in his favour to the uttermost.

6th. Up betimes, it being fast-day; and by water to the Duke of Albemarle,[4] who came to town from Oxford last

[1] An Alderman of London. [B.]
[2] Mrs. Chamberlain. See p. 362.
[3] See p. 353.
[4] See Dec. 13, 1665.

[1] Colonel Wyndham's wife was Anne, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Gerard, of Trent, Somersetshire. As to Mrs. Wyndham's influence over Charles II., when Prince of Wales, see Clarendon, vol. v. p. 153, ed. 1826. [B.]
[2] See p. 356.
[3] William Legge (? 1609-1670), father of George Legge, first Baron Dartmouth.
[4] At the Cockpit.

night. He is mighty brisk, and very kind to me, and asks my advice principally in everything. He surprises me with the news that my Lord Sandwich goes Ambassador to Spain speedily; though I know not whence this arises, yet I am heartily glad of it. I spent the afternoon upon a song of Solyman's words to Roxalana[1] that I have set, and so with my wife walked and Mercer to Mrs. Pierce's, where Captain Rolt and Mrs. Knipp,[2] Mr. Coleman and his wife,[3] and Laneare,[4] Mrs. Worship[5] and her singing daughter met; and by and by unexpectedly comes Mr. Pierce from Oxford. Here the best company for music I ever was in, in my life, and wish I could live and die in it, both for music and the face of Mrs. Pierce, and my wife, and Knipp, who is pretty enough; but the most excellent mad-humoured thing, and sings the noblest that ever I heard in my life, and Rolt, with her, some things together most excellently. I spent the night in an ecstasy almost; and, having invited them to my house a day or two hence, we broke up, Pierce having told me how the King hath done my Lord Sandwich all the right imaginable, by showing him his countenance before all the world on every occasion, to remove thoughts of discontent; and that he is to go Ambassador, and the Duke of York is made General of all forces by land and sea, and the Duke of Albemarle Lieutenant-General.

8th. To give order to my maid to buy things to send down to Greenwich for supper to-night; and I also to buy other things, as oysters, and lemons, 6d. per piece, and oranges, 3d. To Whitehall, where we found Sir G. Carteret with the Duke, and also Sir G. Downing, whom I had not seen in many years before. He greeted me very kindly, and I him; though methinks I am touched that it should be said that he was my master heretofore, as doubtless he will. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he is glad of my Lord's being made Ambassador, and that it is the greatest courtesy his enemies could do him; yet I find that he is not heartily merry upon it, and that it is no design of my Lord's friends, but the prevalence of his enemies, and that the Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert are like to go to sea together the next year. I pray God, when my Lord is gone, they do not fall hard upon the Vice-Chamberlain, being alone, and in so envious a place. By water down to Greenwich, and there found all my company come, that is, Mrs. Knipp, and an ill, melancholy, jealous-looking fellow, her husband, that spoke not a word to us all the night, Pierce and his wife, and Rolt, Mrs. Worship and her daughter, Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, and, to make us perfectly happy, there comes by chance to town Mr. Hill to see us. Most excellent music we had in abundance, and a good supper, dancing, and a pleasant scene of Mrs. Knipp's rising sick from table, but whispered me it was for some hard word or other her husband gave her just now when she laughed and was more merry than ordinary. But we got her in humour again, and mighty merry; spending the night, till two in the morning, with most complete content as ever in my life. And we to bed, Mr. Hill and I, whom I love more and more, and he us.

9th. My Lord Brouncker and I dined with the Duke of Albemarle. At table the Duchess, an ill-looked woman, complaining of her Lord's going to sea the next year, said these cursed words: 'If my Lord had been a coward, he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused, and made an Ambassador'; meaning my Lord Sandwich. This made me mad, and I believe she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it, but my

[1] In *The Siege of Rhodes* (part ii. act iv. sc. 2):—

'Beauty, retire! Thou dost my pity move.
Believe my pity, and then trust my love.
[*Exit* ROXOLANA.
At first I thought her by our Prophet sent,
As a reward for valour's toils,
More worth than all my father's spoils;
And now she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Power divine!
With new and painful arts
Of studied war I break the hearts
Of half the world, and she breaks mine.'

(Pepys and Evelyn write Roxalana).

[2] The actress. Her first rôle was Epicœne in Jonson's *Silent Woman*.

[3] See p. 353. [4] See pp. 353, 359.

[5] Sister of Mrs. Clerke, wife of Dr. Clerke. [B.] See Feb. 13, 1667.

Lord Brouncker, after we were come away, took notice of the words to me with displeasure. To Mr. Hill, and sang, among other things, my song of 'Beauty, retire,'[1] which he likes, only excepts against two notes in the base, but likes the whole very well.

11th. That I may remember it the more particularly, I thought fit to insert this memorandum of Temple's[2] discourse this night with me, which I took in writing from his mouth. Before the Harp and Cross money[3] was cried down, he and his fellow goldsmiths did make some particular trials what proportion that money bore to the old King's money, and they found that it generally came to, one with another, about £25 in every £100. Of this money there was, upon the calling of it in, £650,000 at least brought into the Tower; and from thence he computes that the whole money of England must be full £16,250,000, but, for all this, believes that there is above £30,000,000: he supposing that about the King's coming in (when he began to observe the quantity of the new money) people began to be fearful of this money's being cried down, and so picked it out and set it a-going as fast as they could to be rid of it; and he thinks £30,000,000 the rather, because, if there were but £16,250,000, the King having £2,000,000 every year, would have the whole money of the Kingdom in his hands in eight years. He tells me about £350,000 sterling was coined out of the French money, the proceeds of Dunkirk; so that, with what was coined of the Cross money, there is new coined about £1,000,000 besides the gold, which is guessed at £500,000. He tells me, that, though the King did deposit the French money in pawn all the while for the £350,000, he was forced to borrow thereupon till the tools could be made for the new minting in the present form. Yet the interest he paid for that time came to £35,000, Viner[4] having to his knowledge £10,000 for the use of £100,000 of it.

[1] *Supra*, p. 360. The manuscript of the setting is preserved in the Pepys library in Magdalene College, Cambridge.

[2] John Temple and John Seale were goldsmiths, at the Three Tuns, in Lombard Street. [B.]

[3] See p. 196.

[4] See p. 339.

13th. Invited by Sheriff Hooker, who keeps the poorest, mean, dirty table in a dirty house that ever I did see any Sheriff of London; and a plain, ordinary, silly man I think he is, but rich; only his son, Mr. Lethulier, I like, for a pretty, civil, understanding merchant; and the more by much, because he happens to be husband to our noble, fat, brave lady in our parish, that I and my wife admire so.[1] Thence away to the Pope's Head Tavern, and called to see my wife, who is well; though my great trouble is that my poor little parish is the greatest number this week in all the city within the walls, having six, from one the last week; and so by water to Greenwich. [2]To Mr. Pierce's, where he and his wife made me drink some tea. Away to the 'Change, and there hear the ill news, to my great and all our great trouble, that the plague is increased again this week, notwithstanding there hath been a day or two great frosts; but we hope it is only the effects of the late close warm weather, and, if the frost continue the next week, may fall again; but the town do thicken so much with people, that it is much if the plague do not grow again upon us.

15th. Met with Sir James Bunce. 'This is the time for you,' says he, 'that were for Oliver heretofore; you are full of employment, and we poor Cavaliers sit still and can get nothing'; which was a pretty reproach, I thought; but answered nothing to it, for fear of making it worse.

16th. News is come to-day of our Sound fleet being come.

17th. (Lord's day.) Word brought me that Cutler's coach is, by appointment, come to the Isle of Dogs for me, and so I over the water; and in his coach to Hackney, a very fine, cold, clear, frosty day. At his house I find him with a plain little dinner, good wine, and welcome. He is still a prating man; and, the more I know him, the less I find in him. A pretty house he hath here indeed, of his own building. His old mother was an object at dinner that made me not like it;

[1] Anne Hooker. See Dec. 3, *supra*, and Oct. 14, 1666.

[2] This sentence and the next precede the other sentences in this entry in later edd.

and, after dinner, to visit his sick wife I did not also take much joy in.

18th. To the 'Change, and walked as low as Duck Lane,[1] and inquired for some Spanish books. Home by water to Greenwich, the river beginning to be very full of ice, so as I was a little frighted, but got home well, it being dark.

20th. Took Sir Ellis Layton to Captain Cocke's, where my Lord Brouncker and Lady Williams dine, and we all mighty merry; but Sir Ellis Layton one of the best companions at a meal in the world.

21st. At noon all of us dined at Captain Cocke's at a good chine of beef and other good meat; but, being all frost-bitten, was most of it unroast; but very merry, and a good dish of fowl we dressed ourselves. Mr. Evelyn there, in very good humour.

22nd. I to my Lord Brouncker's, and there spent the evening by my desire in seeing his Lordship open to pieces and make up again his watch, thereby being taught what I never knew before; and it is a thing very well worth my having seen, and am mightily pleased and satisfied with it. Somewhat vexed at a snappish answer Madam Williams did give me to herself, upon my speaking a free word to her in mirth, calling her a mad jade. She answered we were not so well acquainted yet. But I was more at a letter from my Lord Duke Albemarle to-day, pressing us to continue our meetings for all Christmas, which, though everybody intended not to have done, yet I am concluded in it, who intended nothing else. The weather hath been frosty these eight or nine days, and so we hope for an abatement of the plague the next week, or else God have mercy upon us! for the plague will certainly continue the next year, if it do not.

23rd. This day one came to me with four great turkeys, as a present from Mr. Deane at Harwich, three of which my wife carried in the evening home with her to London in her coach.

24th. (Sunday.) To dinner, my landlady and her daughters with me, and had mince-pies, and very merry at a mischance her young son had, in the tearing of his new coat quite down the outside of his sleeve in the whole cloth. Then to church, and placed myself in the parson's pew under the pulpit, to hear Mrs. Chamberlain[1] in the next pew sing, who is daughter to Sir James Bunce, of whom I have heard much, and indeed she sings very finely.

25th. (Christmas-day.) To church in the morning, and there saw a wedding in the church, which I have not seen many a day; and the young people so merry one with another; and strange to see what delight we married people have to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition, every man and woman gazing and smiling at them. Here I saw again my beauty Lethulier. Home to look over and settle my papers, both of my accounts private and those of Tangier, which I have let go so long that it were impossible for any soul, had I died, to understand them, or ever come to good end in them. I hope God will never suffer me to come to that disorder again.

26th. To the office, where Sir John Minnes and my Lord Brouncker and I met, to give our directions to the Commanders of all the ships in the river to bring in lists of their ships' companies, where young Seymour, among 20 that stood bare, stood with his hat on, a proud, saucy, young man. To Mr. Cuttle's, being invited, and dined nobly and neatly; with a very pretty house and a fine turret at top, with winding stairs, and the finest prospect I know about all Greenwich, save the top of the hill. Saw some fine writing-work and flourishing[2] of Mr. Hoare, with one that I knew long ago, an acquaintance of Mr. Tomson's at Westminster, that is this man's clerk. It is the story of the several Archbishops of Canterbury, engrossed in vellum, to hang up in Canterbury Cathedral in tables, in lieu of the old ones, which are almost worn out.

27th. Home to my wife, and angry about her desiring a maid yet, before the plague is quite over. It seems Mercer is troubled that she hath not one under her, but I will not venture my family by increasing it, before it is safe.

30th. All the afternoon to my accounts; and there find myself, to my great joy, a great deal worth above £4000, for which the Lord be praised! and is principally

[1] A booksellers' haunt, now Duke Street, between Smithfield and Little Britain.

[1] See p. 359.

[2] Ornamental penmanship.

occasioned by my getting £500 of Cocke for my profit in his bargains of prize-goods, and from Mr. Gauden's making me a present of £500 more, when I paid him £8000 for Tangier.

31st. (Lord's day.) Thus ends this year, to my great joy, in this manner. I have raised my estate from £1300 in this year to £4400. I have got myself greater interest, I think, by my diligence, and my employments increased by that of Treasurer for Tangier and Surveyor of the Victuals. It is true we have gone through great melancholy because of the great plague, and I put to great charges by it, by keeping my family long at Woolwich, and myself and another part of my family, my clerks, at my charge, at Greenwich, and a maid at London; but I hope the King will give us some satisfaction for that. But now the plague is abated almost to nothing, and I intending to get to London as fast as I can. The Dutch war goes on very ill, by reason of lack of money; having none to hope for, all being put into disorder by a new Act that is made as an experiment to bring credit to the Exchequer, for goods and money to be advanced upon the credit of that Act. The great evil of this year, and the only one indeed, is the fall of my Lord Sandwich, whose mistake about the prizes hath undone him, I believe, as to interest at Court; though sent (for a little palliating it) Ambassador into Spain, which he is now fitting himself for. But the Duke of Albemarle goes with the Prince to sea this next year, and my Lord is very meanly spoken of; and, indeed, his miscarriage about the prize-goods is not to be excused, to suffer a company of rogues to go away with ten times as much as himself, and the blame of all to be deservedly laid upon him. My whole family hath been well all this while, and all my friends I know of, saving my aunt Bell, who is dead, and some children of my cousin Sarah's, of the plague. But many of such as I know very well, dead; yet, to our great joy, the town fills apace, and shops begin to be open again. Pray God continue the plague's decrease! for that keeps the Court away from the place of business, and so all goes to rack as to public matters, they at this distance not thinking of it.

January 1666

January 1st. Called up by five o'clock by Mr. Tooker, who wrote, while I dictated to him, my business of the Pursers; and so, without eating or drinking, till three in the afternoon, to my great content, finished it.[1]

2nd. Up by candle-light again, and, my business being done, to my Lord Brouncker's, and there find Sir J. Minnes and all his company, and Mr. Boreman and Mrs. Turner, but, above all, my dear Mrs. Knipp, with whom I sang, and in perfect pleasure I was to hear her sing, and especially her little Scotch song of 'Barbary Allen';[2] and to make our mirth the completer, Sir J. Minnes was in the highest pitch of mirth, and his mimical tricks, that ever I saw, and most excellent pleasant company he is, and the best mimic that ever I saw, and certainly would have made an excellent actor, and now would be an excellent teacher of actors. Then, it being past night, against my will, took leave.

3rd. I to the Duke of Albemarle and back again: and, at the Duke's, with great joy, I received the good news of the decrease of the plague this week to 70, and but 253 in all; which is the least Bill hath been known these twenty years in the City, though the want of people in London is it, that must make it so low below the ordinary number for Bills. So home, and find all my good company I had bespoke, as Coleman and his wife, and Laneare, Knipp and her surly husband; and good music we had, and, among other things, Mr. Coleman sang my words I set, of 'Beauty, retire,'[3] and they praise it mightily. Then to dancing and supper, and mighty merry till Mr. Rolt came in,

[1] This document is in the British Museum (*Harleian MS.*, 6287), and is entitled, 'A Letter from Mr. Pepys, dated at Greenwich, 1 Jan., 1665-6, which he calls his New Year's Gift to his hon. friend, Sir Wm. Coventry, wherein he lays down a method for securing his Majesty in husbandly execution of the Victualling Part of the Naval Expence.' It consists of nineteen closely-written folio pages, and is a remarkable specimen of Pepys's business habits. [B.]

[2] The Scots version is entitled *Sir John Grahame and Barbara Allan.* It and the English version, *Barbara Allen's Cruelty*, will be found in Percy's *Reliques.*

[3] *Ut.s.*, pp. 360, 361.

whose pain of the toothache made him no company, and spoilt ours; so he away, and then my wife's teeth fell of aching, and she to bed. So forced to break up all with a good song, and so to bed.

5th. I with my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams by coach with four horses to London, to my Lord's house in Covent Garden.[1] But, Lord! what staring to see a nobleman's coach come to town! And porters everywhere bow to us; and such begging of beggars! And delightful it is to see the town full of people again; and shops begin to open, though in many places seven or eight together, and more, all shut; but yet the town is full, compared to what it used to be. I mean the City end; for Covent Garden and Westminster are yet very empty of people, no Court nor gentry being there. Home, thinking to get Mrs. Knipp, but could not, she being busy with company, but sent me a pleasant letter, writing herself 'Barbary Allen.'[2] Reading a discourse about the river of Thames, the reason of its being choked up in several places with shelves; which is plain is by the encroachments made upon the River, and running out of causeways into the River at every wood-wharf; which was not heretofore, when Westminster Hall and Whitehall were built, and Redriffe Church, which now are sometimes overflown with water.

6th. To a great dinner and much company. Mr. Cuttle and his lady and I went, hoping to get Mrs. Knipp to us, having wrote a letter to her in the morning, calling myself 'Dapper Dicky,'[3] in answer to her's of 'Barbary Allen,' but could not, and am told by the boy that carried my letter that he found her crying; and I fear she lives a sad life with that ill-natured fellow her husband: so we had a great, but I a melancholy, dinner. After dinner to cards, and then comes notice that my wife is come unexpectedly to me to town: so I to her. It is only to see what I do, and why I come not home; and she is in the right that I would have a little more of Mrs. Knipp's company before I go away. My wife to fetch away my things from Woolwich, and I back to cards, and after cards to choose King and Queen, and a good cake there was, but no marks found; but I privately found the clove, the mark of the knave, and privately put it into Captain Cocke's piece, which made some mirth, because of his lately being known by his buying of clove and mace of the East India prizes. At night home to my lodging, where I find my wife returned with my things. It being Twelfth-Night, they had got the fiddler, and mighty merry they were; and I above came not to them, leaving them dancing, and choosing King and Queen.

7th. (Lord's day.) The town talks of my Lord Craven being to come into Sir G. Carteret's place; but sure it cannot be true. But I do fear those two families, his and my Lord Sandwich's, are quite broken: and I must now stand upon my own legs. With my wife and Mercer took boat and away home; but in the evening, before I went, comes Mrs. Knipp, just to speak with me privately, to excuse her not coming to see me yesterday, complaining how like a devil her husband treats her, but will be with us in town a week hence.

8th. To Bennett's, in Paternoster Row, few shops there being yet open, and there bought velvet for a coat, and camelot for a cloak for myself; and thence to a place to look over some fine counterfeit damasks to hang my wife's closet, and pitched upon one.

9th. To the office, where we met first since the plague, which God preserve us in! Pierce tells me how great a difference hath been between the Duke and the Duchess, he suspecting her to be naught with Mr. Sidney.[1] But some way or other the matter is made up; but he[2] was banished the Court, and the Duke for many days did not speak to the Duchess at all. He tells me that my Lord Sandwich is lost there at Court, though the King is particularly his friend. But people do speak everywhere slightly of him; which is a sad story to me, but I hope it may be better again. And that Sir G. Carteret is neglected, and

[1] In the Piazza.
[2] See Jan. 2, 1666.
[3] A song called 'Dapper Dicky' is in the British Museum; it begins, 'In a barren tree.' It was printed in 1710. [B.]

[1] Henry Sidney (1641-1704), afterwards Earl of Romney (1694). He was at this time Groom of the Bedchamber of the Duke of York, and Master of Horse to the Duchess. He has been praised as the handsomest man of his day. See p. 356.
[2] *i.e.* Sidney.

hath great enemies at work against him. That matters must needs go bad, while all the town, and every boy in the street, openly cries, 'The King cannot go away till my Lady Castlemaine be ready to come along with him'; she being lately put to bed.[1] And that he visits her and Mrs. Stewart every morning before he eats his breakfast.

10th. I do find Sir G. Downing to be a mighty talker, more than is true, which I now know to be so, and suspected it before. To my Lord Brouncker's house in Covent Garden. The plague is increased this week from seventy to eighty-nine. We have also great fear of our Hambrough fleet, of their meeting the Dutch; as also have certain news, that by storms Sir Jer. Smith's[2] fleet is scattered, and three of them come without masts back to Plymouth. Seeing and saluting Mrs. Stokes, my little goldsmith's wife in Paternoster Row, and there bespoke a silver chafing-dish for warming plates. To the Duke of Albemarle. Here I saw Sir W. Coventry's kind letter to him concerning my paper, and among others of his letters, which I saw all, and that is a strange thing, that whatever is writ to this Duke Albemarle all the world may see; for this very night he did give me Mr. Coventry's letter to read soon as it came to his hand, before he had read it himself, and bid me take out of it what concerned the Navy, and many things there was in it, which I should not have thought fit for him to have let anybody so suddenly see; but, among other things, find him profess himself to the Duke a friend into the inquiring further into the business of prizes, and advises that it may be public, for the righting the King, and satisfying the people, and getting the blame to be rightly laid where it should be, which strikes very hard upon my Lord Sandwich, and troubles me to read it. Besides, the Duchess cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen captains with feathers and ribbons, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea Captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make legs[1] as Captains nowadays can.

11th. At noon to dinner all of us by invitation to Sir W. Pen's, and much company. Among others, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Broome,[2] his poet, and Dr. Whistler, and his[3] son-in-law Lowther,[4] servant[5] to Mrs. Margaret Pen, and Sir Edward Spragg, a merry man, that sang a pleasant song pleasantly.

12th. I and my Lord Brouncker by coach a little way for discourse sake, till our coach broke, and tumbled me over him quite down the side of the coach, falling on the ground about the Stocks,[6] but up again. To my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse, at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed.

13th. Home with his Lordship to Mrs. Williams's, in Covent Garden, to dinner, the first time I ever was there, and there met Captain Cocke; and pretty merry, though not perfectly so, because of the fear that there is of a great increase again of the plague this week. And again my Lord Brouncker do tell us that he hath it from Sir John Baber,[7] who is related to my Lord Craven, that my Lord Craven do look after Sir G. Carteret's place, and do reckon himself sure of it.

14th. (Lord's day.) Long in bed, till raised by my new tailor, Mr. Penny, who comes and brings me my new velvet coat, very handsome, but plain. At noon ate the second of the two cygnets Mr. Shepley sent us for a New Year's gift. This afternoon, after sermon, comes my dear fair beauty of the Exchange, Mrs. Batelier, brought by her sister, an acquaintance of Mercer's, to see my wife. I saluted her with as much pleasure as I had done any a great while. We sat and talked together an hour, with infinite pleasure to me, and so the fair creature went away, and proves one of the modestest women, and pretty,

[1] Dec. 28, 1665. In a fellow's chamber in Merton College, Oxford, of George Fitzroy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. [B.]
[2] See Oct. 13, 1665.

[1] Be obsequious, play the courtier.
[2] Alexander Brome (1620-1666).
[3] Sir William Pen's.
[4] Anthony Lowther, of Marske, in Yorkshire (d. 1692), who shortly afterwards married Margaret Penn, was M.P. for Appleby in 1678 and 1679. [B.]
[5] Lover.
[6] Now occupied by the Mansion House.
[7] (1625-1704). Physician-in-Ordinary to the King.

that ever I saw in my life, and my wife judges her so too.

15th. To Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent Garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boreman's by night, where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life—much company, a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth, but all blank through the waywardness of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come. Not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger, I asking him, while we were in expectation what answer one of our many messengers would bring, what he thought, whether she would come or no, he answered that, for his part, he could not so much as think. At last, very late, and supper done, she came undressed, but it brought me no mirth at all; only, after all being done, without singing, or very little, and no dancing, Pierce and I to bed together, and he and I very merry to find how little and thin clothes they give us to cover us, so that we were fain to lie in our stockings and drawers, and lay all our coats and clothes upon the bed.

16th. Mightily troubled at the news of the plague's being increased, and was much the saddest news that the plague hath brought me from the beginning of it; because of the lateness of the year, and the fear we may with reason have of its continuing with us next summer. The total being now 375, and the plague 158.

17th. After dinner, late took horse, and I rode to Dagenhams in the dark. It was my Lord Crewe's desire that I should come, and chiefly to discourse with me of my Lord Sandwich's matters; and therein to persuade, what I had done already, that my Lord should sue out a pardon for his business of the prizes, as also for Bergen, and all he hath done this year past, before he begins his Embassy to Spain; for it is to be feared that the Parliament will fly out against him and particular men, the next Session. He is glad also that my Lord is clear of his sea-employment, though sorry, as I am, only in the manner of its bringing about. After supper up to wait on my Lady Crewe, who is the same weak silly lady as ever, asking such saintly questions.

18th. To Captain Cocke's, where Mrs. Williams was, and Mrs. Knipp. I was not heartily merry, though a glass of wine did a little cheer me. After dinner to the office. Anon comes to me thither my Lord Brouncker, Mrs. Williams, and Knipp. I brought down my wife in her night-gown,[1] she not being indeed very well, to the office to them. My wife and I anon and Mercer, by coach, to Pierce's; where mighty merry, and sing and dance with great pleasure; and I danced, who never did in company in my life.

19th. It is a remarkable thing how infinitely naked[2] all that end of the town, Covent Garden, is at this day of people, while the City is almost as full again of people as ever it was.

20th. I sent my boy home for some papers, where, he staying longer than I would have him, I became angry, and boxed my boy when he came, that I do hurt my thumb so much, that I was not able to stir all the day after, and in great pain.

22nd. At noon my Lord Brouncker did come, but left the keys of the chest we should open at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings, of my Lord Sandwich's, wherein Howe's supposed jewels[3] are; so we could not, according to my Lord Arlington's order, see them to-day: but we parted, resolving to meet here at night; my Lord Brouncker being going with Dr. Wilkins, Mr. Hooke,[4] and others to Colonel Blunt's, to consider again of the business of chariots, and to try their new invention; which I saw here my Lord Brouncker ride in; where the coachman sits astride upon a pole over the horse, but do not touch the horse, which is a pretty odd thing; but it seems it is most easy for the horse, and, as they say, for the man also. The first meeting of Gresham College since the plague. Dr. Goddard did fill us with talk, in defence of his and his fellow physicians going out of town in the plague-time; saying that their particular patients were most gone out of town, and they left at liberty; and a great deal more. But what, among other fine discourse, pleased me most, was Sir

[1] A dressing-gown. [2] Empty.
[3] See Nov. 16, 1665. [4] See pp. 298, 302.

G. Ent,[1] about respiration; that it is not to this day known, or concluded on, among physicians, nor to be done either, how the action is managed by nature, or for what use it is.

23rd. Good news beyond all expectation of the decrease of the plague, being now but 79, and the whole but 272. So home with comfort to bed. A most furious storm all night and morning.

24th. My Lord[2] and I, the weather being a little fairer, by water to Deptford, to Sir G. Carteret's house, where W. Howe met us, and there we opened the chests and saw the poor sorry rubies which have caused all this ado to the undoing of W. Howe; though I am not much sorry for it, because of his pride and ill nature. About 200 of these very small stones, and a cod of musk,[3] which it is strange I was not able to smell, is all we could find; so locked them up again, and my Lord and I, the wind being again very furious, so as we durst not go by water, walked to London quite round the bridge, no boat being able to stir; and, Lord! what a dirty walk we had, and so strong the wind, that in the fields we many times could not carry our bodies against it, but were driven backwards. We went through Horslydown, where I never was since a boy, that I went to inquire after my father, whom we did give over for lost coming from Holland. It was dangerous to walk the streets, the bricks and tiles falling from the houses, that the whole streets were covered with them; and whole chimneys, nay, whole houses, in two or three places, blowed down. But, above all, the pales[4] of London Bridge, on both sides, were blown away, so that we were fain to stoop very low for fear of blowing off of the bridge. We could see no boats in the Thames afloat, but what were broke loose, and carried through the bridge, it being ebbing water. And the greatest sight of all was, among other parcels of ships driven here and there in clusters together, one was quite overset, and lay with her masts all along in the water, and keel above water.

25th. It is now certain that the King of France hath publicly declared war against us, and God knows how little fit we are for it.

26th. Pleased mightily with what my poor wife hath been doing these eight or ten days with her own hands, like a drudge, in fitting the new hangings of our bed-chamber of blue, and putting the old red ones into my dressing-room.

28th. (Lord's day.) Took coach, and to Hampton Court, where we find the King, and Duke, and Lords, all in council; so we walked up and down: there being none of the ladies come, and so much the more business I hope will be done. The Council being up, out comes the King, and I kissed his hand, and he grasped me very kindly by the hand. The Duke also, I kissed his, and he mighty kind, and Sir W. Coventry. I found my Lord Sandwich there, poor man! I see with a melancholy face, and suffers his beard to grow on his upper lip more than usual. I took him a little aside, to know when I should wait on him, and where: he told me that it would be best to meet at his lodgings, without being seen to walk together; which I liked very well; and, Lord! to see in what difficulty I stand, that I dare not walk with Sir W. Coventry, for fear my Lord or Sir G. Carteret should see me; nor with either of them, for fear Sir W. Coventry should. I went down into one of the Courts, and there met the King and Duke; and the Duke called me to him. And the King came to me of himself, and told me, 'Mr. Pepys,' says he, 'I do give you thanks for your good service all this year, and I assure you I am very sensible of it.' And the Duke of York did tell me with pleasure that he had read over my discourse about pursers, and would have it ordered in my way, and so fell from one discourse to another. I walked with them quite out of the Court into the fields, and then back, and to my Lord Sandwich's chamber, where I find him very melancholy, and not well satisfied, I perceive, with my carriage to Sir G. Carteret, but I did not satisfy him that I have a very hard game to play; and he told me that he was sorry to see it, and the inconveniences which likely may fall upon me with him; but, for all that, I

[1] Sir George Ent (1604-1689), afterwards President of the College of Physicians.
[2] Brouncker.
[3] Musk-bag.
[4] Balustrades.

am not much afraid, if I can but keep out of harm's way. He hath got over the business of the prizes, so far as to have a privy seal passed for all that was in his distribution to the officers, which I am heartily glad of; and, for the rest, he must be answerable for what he is proved to have. But for his pardon for anything else, he thinks it not seasonable to ask it, and not useful to him; because that will not stop a Parliament's mouth, and for the King, he is sure of him. Took boat, and by water to Kingston, and so to our lodgings.

29th. Up, and to Court by coach, where to Council before the Duke of York, the Duke of Albemarle with us. My Lord Sandwich came in, in the middle of the business, and, poor man, very melancholy, methought, and said little at all, or to the business, and sat at the lower end, just as he came, no room being made for him, only I did give him my stool, and another was reached me. Mr. Evelyn and I into my Lord Brouncker's coach, and rode together with excellent discourse till we came to Clapham, talking of the vanity and vices of the Court, which makes it a most contemptible thing; and, indeed, in all his discourse, I find him a most worthy person. Particularly he entertained me with discourse of an Infirmary, which he hath projected for the sick and wounded seamen against the next year, which I mightily approve of; and will endeavour to promote it, being a worthy thing, and of use, and will save money. He set me down at Mr. Gauden's, where I took a book and into the gardens, and there walked and read till dark. Anon comes in Creed and Mr. Gauden, and his sons, and then they bring in three ladies, who were in the house, but I do not know them, his[1] daughter and two nieces, daughters of Dr. Whistler's, with whom and Creed mighty sport at supper; the ladies very pretty and mirthful. After supper I made the ladies sing, yet it was the saddest stuff I ever heard. However, we sat up late, and then I, in the best chamber, like a prince, to bed, and Creed with me, and, being sleepy, talked but little.

30th. Home, finding the town keeping the day solemnly, it being the day of the King's murder; and they being at church, I presently into the church. This is the first time I have been in the church since I left London for the plague, and it frighted me indeed to go through the church more than I thought it could have done, to see so many graves lie so high upon the churchyards where people have been buried of the plague. I was much troubled at it, and do not think to go through it again a good while.

31st. I find many about the City that live near the churchyards solicitous to have the churchyards covered with lime, and I think it is needful, and ours I hope will be done. To my Lord Chancellor's new house which he is building, only to view it, hearing so much from Mr. Evelyn of it; and, indeed, it is the finest pile I ever did see in my life, and will be a glorious house.[1] To Whitehall, and, to my great joy, people begin to bustle up and down there, the King holding his resolution to be in town to-morrow, and hath good encouragement, blessed be God! to do so, the plague being decreased this week to 56, and the total 227.

[1] Gauden's.

February 1666

February 2nd. My Lord Sandwich is come to town with the King and Duke. To London, and there, among other things, did look over some pictures at Cade's for my house, and did carry home a silver drudger[2] for my cupboard of plate, and did call for my silver chafing-dishes;[3] and with my wife looked over our plate, and picked out £40 worth, I believe, to change for more useful plate, to our great content, and then we shall have a very handsome cupboard of plate.

4th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon; expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and

[1] See p. 302. [2] Dredger, for sugar or spice. [3] See p. 365.

had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so as I was the less afraid for going through. My wife tells me my aunt James is lately dead of the stone.

5th. To the Sun, behind the Exchange, about seven o'clock, where I find all the five brothers Houblon, and mighty fine gentlemen they are all, and used me mighty respectfully. We were mighty civilly merry, and their discourses, having been all abroad, very fine.

7th. It being fast-day, I stayed at home all day long, putting my chamber in the same condition it was before the plague.

8th. Lord Brouncker with the King and Duke upon the water to-day, to see Greenwich house, and the yacht Castle is building of.

9th. To Westminster, to the Exchequer, about my Tangier business, and so to Westminster Hall, where the first day of the Term, and the Hall very full of people, and much more than was expected, considering the plague that hath been. Anon the five brothers Houblon came, and Mr. Hill, and a very good supper we had, and good company and discourse, with great pleasure. My new plate sets off my cupboard very nobly. A fine sight it is to see these five brothers thus loving one to another, and all industrious merchants. Mr. Hill's going for them to Portugal was the occasion of this entertainment.

10th. To the office. This day comes first Sir Thomas Harvy after the plague, having been out of town all this while. He was coldly received by us, and he went away before we rose also, to make himself appear yet a man less necessary. To supper, and to bed, being nowadays, for these four or five months, mightily troubled with my snoring in my sleep, and know not how to remedy it.

11th. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on a new black cloth suit to an old coat, that I make to be in mourning at Court, where they are all, for the King of Spain.[1] I to the Park, and walked two or three turns of the Pell Mell[2] with the company about the King and Duke; the Duke speaking to me a good deal. There met Lord Brouncker and Mr. Coventry, and discoursed about the Navy business; and all of us much at a loss that we yet can hear nothing of Sir Jeremy Smith's fleet, that went away to the Straits the middle of December, through all the storms that we have had since, that have driven back three or four of them with their masts by the board. Yesterday came out the King's Declaration of War against the French, but with such mild invitations of both them and the Dutch to come over hither with promise of their protection, that everybody wonders at it.

12th. Comes Mr. Cæsar, my boy's lute-master, whom I have not seen since the plague before, but he hath been in Westminster all this while very well; and tells me, in the height of it how bold people there were, to go in sport to one another's burials; and in spite, too, ill people would breathe in the faces, out of their windows, of well people going by.

13th. Ill news this night that the plague is increased this week, and in many places else about the town, and at Chatham and elsewhere.

14th. (St. Valentine's day.) This morning called up by Mr. Hill, who, my wife thought, had come to be her Valentine, she, it seems, having drawn him; but it proved not. However, calling him up to our bed-side, my wife challenged him. I took Mr. Hill to my Lord Chancellor's new house[1] that is building, and went with trouble up to the top of it; and there is the noblest prospect that ever I saw in my life, Greenwich being nothing to it; and in everything is a beautiful house, and most strongly built in every respect; and as if, as it hath, it had the Chancellor for its master. I stayed a meeting of the Duke of York's, and the officers of the Navy and Ordnance. My Lord Treasurer lying in bed of the gout.

15th. Mr. Hales[2] began my wife's portrait in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Catharine.[3] While he painted, Knipp, and Mercer, and I sang; and by and by comes Mrs. Pierce, with my name in her bosom for her Valen-

[1] Philip IV. died Sept. 17, 1665.
[2] See p. 75.

[1] See p. 368, and note.
[2] John Hayls, or Hales (d. 1679), portrait-painter, and rival of Lely and of Samuel Cooper, the miniaturist.
[3] A favourite pose, perhaps in compliment to the Queen. See p. 277.

tine, which will cost me money. We hear this night of Sir Jeremy Smith, that he and his fleet have been seen at Malaga; which is good news.

16th. To my Lord Sandwich, to talk of his affairs, and particularly of his prize-goods, wherein I find he is weary of being troubled, and gives over the care of it to let it come to what it will, having the King's release for the dividend made, and for the rest he thinks himself safe from being proved to have anything more. To the Coffee-House, the first time I have been there, where very full, and company it seems hath been there all the plague time. The Queen comes to Hampton Court to-night. With Mr. Hater in the garden, talking about a husband for my sister, and reckoning up all our clerks about us, none of which he thinks fit for her and her portion.

17th. News of Sir Jeremy Smith's being very well with his fleet at Cales.[1]

18th. (Lord's day.) It being a brave day, I walked to Whitehall, where the Queen and ladies are all come; I saw some few of them, but not the Queen, nor any of the great beauties. Thence took coach, and calling by the way at my bookseller's for a book writ about twenty years ago in prophecy of this year coming on, 1666, explaining it to be the mark of the beast.[2]

19th. To see my Lord Hinchingbroke, which I did, and I am mightily out of countenance in my great expectation of him by others' report, though he is indeed a pretty gentleman, yet nothing what I took him for, methinks, either as to person or discourse. I am told for certain, what I have heard once or twice already, of a Jew in town, that in the name of the rest do offer to give any man £10 to be paid £100, if a certain person now at Smyrna be within these two years owned by all the Princes of the East, and particularly the grand Signor, as the King of the world, in the same manner we do the King of England here, and that this man is the true Messiah. One named a friend of his that had received ten pieces in gold upon this score, and says that the Jew hath disposed of £1100 in this manner, which is very strange; and certainly this year of 1666 will be a year of great action; but what the consequences of it will be, God knows! To the 'Change, and from my stationer's thereabouts carried home by coach two books of Ogilby's,[1] his *Æsop* and *Coronation*,[2] which fell to my lot at his lottery.[3] Cost me £4 besides the binding. To my Lord Treasurer's, where the state of our Navy debts was laid open, there being but £1,500,000 to answer a certain expense and debt of £2,300,000. To Whitehall, and there saw the Queen at cards with many ladies, but none of our beauties were there. But glad I was to see the Queen so well, who looks prettily; and methinks hath more life than before, since it is confessed of all that she miscarried lately; Dr. Clerke telling me yesterday of it at Whitehall.[4]

20th. Up, and to the office; where, among other businesses, Mr. Evelyn's proposition about public Infirmaries was read and agreed on, he being there; and at noon I took him home to dinner, being desirous of keeping my acquaintance with him; and a most excellent humoured man I still find him, and mighty knowing. To my Lord Sandwich's, where, bolting into the dining-room, I there found Captain Ferrers going to christen a child of his, born yesterday, and I came just pat to be a godfather, along with my Lord Hinchingbroke and Madam Pierce, my Valentine. A little vexed to see myself so beset with people to spend me money. After that done, and gone and kissed the mother in bed, I away to Westminster Hall, and thence home, where little Mrs. Tooker stayed all night with us, and a pretty child

[1] Cadiz.

[2] *An Interpretation of the Number 666, wherein not only the manner how this Number ought to be interpreted is clearly proved and demonstrated; but it is also shewed that this number is an exquisite and perfect character, truly, exactly, and essentially describing that state of Government to which all other notes of Antichrist doe agree. With all knowne objections solidly and fully answered, that can be materially made against it.* By Francis Potter, 1642. See Nov. 4, 1666.

[1] John Ogilby (1600-1676).

[2] *Entertainment of Charles II. in his Passage through the City of London to his Coronation* (1662).

[3] At the old theatre, between Lincoln's Inn Fields and Vere Street. [B.]

[4] The medical details given by Pepys in the MS. of the *Diary*, disprove the charge made against Clarendon, that he had encouraged the King's marriage, with the knowledge that she was barren.

she is, and happens to be niece to my beauty that is dead, that lived at the Jack-anapes, in Cheapside.

21st. My brother John is shortly to be Master in Arts, and writes me this week a Latin letter that he is to go into orders this Lent. To the Duke's chamber, and here the Duke did bring out a book of great antiquity, of some of the customs of the Navy, about 100 years since, which he did lend us to read and deliver him back again. To Trinity House, being invited to an Elder Brother's feast; and there met and sat by Mr. Prin, and had good discourse about the privileges of Parliament, which, he says, are few to the Commons' House, and those not examinable by them, but only by the House of Lords. Thence with my Lord Brouncker to Gresham College, the first time after the sickness that I was there, and the second time any met. And here a good lecture of Mr. Hooke's about the trade of felt-making, very pretty; and anon he alone with me about the art of drawing pictures by Prince Rupert's rule and machine, and another of Dr. Wren's;[1] but he says nothing do like squares, or, which is the best in the world, like a dark room.[2]

22nd. We are much troubled that the sickness in general (the town being so full of people), should be but three, and yet of the particular disease of the plague there should be ten increase.

23rd. To my Lord Sandwich's, who did lie the last night at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It being fine walking in the morning, and the streets full of people again. There I stayed, and the house full of people come to take leave of my Lord, who this day goes out of town upon his embassy towards Spain; and I was glad to find Sir W. Coventry to come, though I know it is only a piece of courtship. To Mr. Hales's, and my wife's picture pleases me well, and I begin to doubt the picture of my Lady Peters my wife takes her posture from, and which is an excellent picture, is not of his making—it is so master-like. Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty, retire,'[1] which she sings and makes go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be. She also entertained me with repeating many of her own and others' parts of the playhouse, which she do most excellently; and tells me the whole practices of the playhouse and players, and is in every respect most excellent company. So I supped, and was merry at home all the evening, and the rather it being my birthday, 33 years, for which God be praised that I am in so good a condition of health and estate, and everything else as I am, beyond expectation, in all.

24th. At the office till past three o'clock. At that hour home, and ate a bit alone, my wife being gone out. So abroad by coach with Mr. Hill, who stayed for me to speak about business, and he and I to Hales's, where I find my wife, and her woman, and Pierce, and Knipp. There sang, and was mighty merry, and I joyed myself in it; but vexed at first to find my wife's picture not so like as I expected; but it was only his having finished one part, and not another, of the face; but, before I went, I was satisfied it will be an excellent picture. Here we had ale and cakes, and mighty merry, and sang my song, which she[2] now sings bravely, and makes me proud of myself. Thence left my wife to go home with Mrs. Pierce, while I home to the office, and there pretty late, and to bed, after fitting myself for to-morrow's journey.

25th. (Lord's day.) My wife up between three and four of the clock in the morning to dress herself, and I about five, and were all ready to take coach, she and I and Mercer, a little past five, but, to our trouble, the coach did not come till six. I hired it on purpose, and Lechmere to ride by. Through the city, it being clear day, to Brainford,[3] and so with our coach of four horses to Windsor, and so to Cranborne,[4] about eleven o'clock, and found my Lord[5] and the ladies at a sermon in the house; which being ended, we to them, and all the company glad to see us, and mighty merry

[1] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723).
[2] The *camera obscura*.

[1] See p. 360.
[2] Knipp (see preceding entry).
[3] Brentford.
[4] See p. 327.
[5] Sandwich.

to dinner. Here was my Lord, and Lord Hinchingbroke, and Mr. Sidney,[1] Sir Charles Harbord,[2] and Mr. Carteret, my Lady Carteret, my Lady Jemimah, and Lady Slaning.[3] After dinner to walk in the Park, my Lord and I alone; and he tells me my Lord of Suffolk, Lord Arlington, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Treasurer, Mr. Attorney Montagu, Sir Thomas Clifford in the House of Commons, Sir G. Carteret, and some others I cannot presently remember, are friends that I may rely on for him. He dreads the issue of this year, and fears there will be some very great revolutions before his coming back again. He doubts it is needful for him to have a pardon for his last year's actions, all which he did without commission, and at most but the King's private single word for that of Bergen; but he dares not ask it at this time, lest it should make them think that there is something more in it than yet they know; and if it should be denied, it would be of very ill consequence. He says, also, if it should in Parliament be enquired into the selling of Dunkirk though the Chancellor was the man that would have sold it to France, saying the King of Spain had no money to give for it, yet he will be found to have been the greatest adviser of it, which he is a little apprehensive may be called upon by this Parliament. He told me it would not be necessary for him to tell me his debts, because he thinks I know them so well. He tells me that for the match propounded of Mrs. Mallet for my Lord Hinchingbroke, it hath been lately off, and now her friends bring it on again, and an overture hath been made to him by a servant of hers, to compass the thing without consent of friends, she herself having a respect to my Lord's family; but my Lord will not listen to it but in a way of honour. Then I with the young ladies and gentlemen, who played on the guitar, and mighty merry, and anon to supper; and then my Lord going away to write, the young gentlemen to flinging of cushions, and other mad sports, till towards twelve at night; and then, being sleepy, I and my wife in a passage-room to bed, and slept not very well, because of noise.

26th. Called up about five in the morning, and my Lord up, and took leave, a little after six, very kindly of me and the whole company. So took coach and to Windsor, to the Garter, and thither sent for Dr. Childe,[1] who came to us and carried us to St. George's Chapel, and there placed us among the Knight's stalls; and pretty the observation, that no man, but a woman may sit in a Knight's place, where any brass plates are set; and hither came cushions to us, and a young singing-boy to bring us a copy of the anthem to be sung. And here, for our sakes, had this anthem and the great service sung extraordinary, only to entertain us. It is a noble place indeed, and a good choir of voices. Great bowing by all the people, the poor Knights particularly, to the Altar. After prayers, we to see the plate of the chapel, and the robes of Knights, and a man to show us the banners of the several Knights in being, which hang up over the stalls. And so to other discourse very pretty, about the Order. Was shown where the late King is buried, and King Henry the Eighth, and my Lady Seymour.[2] This being done, to the King's house, and to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates: it is the most romantic castle that is in the world. But, Lord! the prospect that is in the balcony in the Queen's lodgings, and the terrace and walk, are strange things to consider, being the best in the world, sure. And so, giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern, and there dined, the Doctor with us; and so took coach and away to Eton, the Doctor with me. Before we went to Chapel this morning, Kate Joyce, in a stage-coach going towards London, called to me. I went to her and saluted her, but could not get her to stay with us, having company. At Eton I left my wife in the coach, and he and I to the College, and there find all mighty fine. The school good, and the custom pretty of boys cutting their names in the shuts[3] of the window when they go to Cambridge, by

[1] Lord Sandwich's second son.
[2] Pepys writes 'Herbert' in error, as before. See p. 351.
[3] Sir G. Carteret's daughter Caroline. [B.]

[1] William Child (?1606-1697), composer to the King.
[2] Queen Jane Seymour.
[3] Struts (ed. 1895).

which many a one hath lived to see himself a Provost and Fellow, that hath his name in the window standing. To the Hall, and there find the boys' verses, '*De Peste*'; it being their custom to make verses at Shrove-tide. I read several, and very good they were; better, I think, than ever I made when I was a boy, and in rolls as long and longer than the whole Hall, by much. Here is a picture of Venice hung up, and a monument made of Sir H. Wotton's giving it to the College. Thence to the porter's, in the absence of the butler, and did drink of the College beer, which is very good; and went into the back fields to see the scholars play. And so to the chapel, and there saw, among other things, Sir H. Wotton's stone with this epitaph:

Hic jacet primus huius sententiae Author:—
Disputandi pruritus fit ecclesiae scabies.

But unfortunately the word 'Author' was wrong writ, and now so basely altered that it disgraces the stone. Thence took leave of the Doctor, and so took coach, and finely, but sleepy, away home, and got thither about eight at night, and, after a little at my office, I to bed; and an hour after was waked with my wife's quarrelling with Mercer, at which I was angry, and my wife and I fell out. But with much ado to sleep again, I beginning to practise more temper, and to give her her way.

28th. Mrs. Knipp and we dined together, she the pleasantest company in the world. After dinner I did give my wife money to lay out on Knipp, 20s.

March 1666

March 1st. Blessed be God! a good Bill this week we have; being but 237 in all, and 42 of the plague, and of them but six in the City; though my Lord Brouncker says that these six are most of them in new parishes, where they were not the last week.

2nd. To Sir Philip Warwick's by appointment. He showed me his house, which is yet all unhung, but will be a very noble house indeed. Mr. James Houblon told me in my ear this night that he and his brothers have resolved to give me £200 for helping them out with two or three ships. A good sum, and I did expect little less.

3rd. To Hales's, and there saw my wife sit, and I do like her picture mightily, and very like it will be, and a brave piece of work; but he do complain that her nose hath cost him as much work as another's face, and he hath done it finely indeed.

4th. (Lord's day.) All day at my Tangier and private accounts, having neglected them since Christmas, which I hope I shall never do again; for I find the inconvenience of it, it being ten times the labour to remember and settle things. But I thank God I did it at last, and brought them all fine and right; and I am, I think, by all appears to me (and I am sure I cannot be £10 wrong) worth about £4600, for which the Lord be praised! being the biggest sum I ever was worth yet.

5th. I was at it till past two o'clock on Monday morning, and then read my vows, and to bed with great joy. News for certain of the King of Denmark's declaring for the Dutch, and resolution to assist them.

6th. In the evening, being at Sir W. Batten's, I find my Lord Brouncker and Mrs. Williams, and they would of their own accord, though I had never obliged them, nor my wife neither, with one visit for many of theirs, go see my house and my wife; which I showed them, and made them welcome with wine and China oranges (now a great rarity since the war; none to be had). My house happened to be mighty clean, and did me great honour, and they mightily pleased with it.

7th. Up betimes, and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there; but he do not, but at Whitehall; so thither I went to him. We walked an hour in the Matted Gallery: he of himself began to discourse of the unhappy differences between him and my Lord of Sandwich; and, from the beginning to the end, did run through all passages wherein my Lord hath, at any time, gathered any dissatisfaction, and cleared himself to me most honourably; and in truth I do believe he do as he says. I did afterwards purge myself of all partiality in the business of Sir G. Carteret (whose story Sir W. Coventry did also run over), that I do mind the King's interest, notwithstanding my relation to him; all

which he declares he firmly believes, and assures me he hath the same kindness and opinion of me as ever. And when I said I was jealous of myself, that, having now come to such an income as I am, by his favour, I should not be found to do as much service as might deserve it, he did assure me, he thinks it not too much for me, but thinks I deserve it as much as any man in England. All this discourse did cheer my heart, and sets me right again, after a good deal of melancholy, out of fears of his disinclination to me, upon the differences with my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret; but I am satisfied thoroughly, and so went away quite another man, and, by the grace of God, will never lose it again by my folly in not visiting and writing to him, as I used heretofore to do. It being a holiday, a fast-day, I to Greenwich, to Captain Cocke's, where dined, he and Lord Brouncker, and Matt. Wren,[1] Boltele, and Major Cooper, who is also a very pretty companion; but they all drink hard, and, after dinner, to gaming at cards. The King and Duke are to go to-morrow to Audley End, in order to the seeing and buying of it of my Lord Suffolk.[2]

8th. To Hales's, where my wife is sitting; and, indeed, her face and neck, which are now finished, do so please me that I am not myself almost, in consideration of the fine picture that I shall be master of.

9th. Made a visit to the Duke of Albemarle, and to my great joy find him the same man to me he has been heretofore, which I was in great doubt of, through my negligence in not visiting of him a great while; and, having now set all to rights there, I shall never suffer matters to run so far backwards again as I have done of late, with reference to my neglecting him and Sir W. Coventry.

[1] Matthew Wren (1629-1672), eldest son of Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, secretary to Lord Clarendon (1660-67). He was one of the original members of the Royal Society.

[2] The King took possession of Audley End the following autumn, but the conveyance of the estate was not executed till May 8, 1699; of the purchase-money, which was £50,000, £20,000 remained on mortgage of the Hearth Tax in Ireland; and, in 1701, Henry Howard, fifth Earl of Suffolk, was allowed by the Crown, upon the debt being cancelled, to re-establish himself in the seat of his ancestors. It seems very doubtful whether the interest of the mortgage was ever received by the Suffolk family. [B.]

10th. I find at home Mrs. Pierce and Knipp come to dine with me. We were mighty merry; and, after dinner, I carried them and my wife out by coach to the New Exchange, and there I did give my Valentine, Mrs. Pierce, a dozen pair of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings, and Knipp for company, though my wife had by my consent laid out 20s. on her the other day, six pair of gloves. The truth is, I do indulge myself a little more in pleasure, knowing that this is the proper age of my life to do it; and out of my observation that most men that do thrive in the world do forget to take pleasure during the time that they are getting their estate, but reserve that till they have got one, and then it is too late for them to enjoy it.

12th. My uncle Talbot Pepys died the last week. All the news now is that Sir Jeremy Smith is at Cales[1] with his fleet; and Mings in the Elbe. The King is come this noon to town from Audley End, with the Duke of York and a fine train of gentlemen.

13th. The plague increased this week 29 from 28, though the total fallen from 238 to 207.

14th. With my Lord Brouncker towards London, and in our way called in Covent Garden, and took in Sir John (formerly Dr.) Baber; who hath this humour, that he will not enter into discourse while any stranger is in company, till he be told who he is that seems a stranger to him. This he did declare openly to me, and asked my Lord who I was. Thence to Guildhall, in our way taking in Dr. Wilkins, and there my Lord and I had full and large discourse with Sir Thomas Player,[2] the Chamberlain of the City, a man I have much heard of, about the credit of our tallies, which are lodged there for security to such as should lend money thereon to the use of the Navy. I had great satisfaction therein; and the truth is I find all our matters of credit to be in an ill condition. To walk all alone in the fields behind Gray's Inn, making an end of reading over my dear *Faber fortunae*,[3] of my Lord Bacon's. To Mrs.

[1] Cadiz.

[2] (1608-1672). His son (of the same name), who succeeded him in 1672, is the Rabsheka of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel* (Pt. II).

[3] See p. 243, *note*.

Pierce's, where I find her, my wife, Mrs. Worship and her daughter, and Harris the player, and Knipp, and Mercer, and Mrs. Barbary Sheldon, who is come this day to spend a week with my wife; and here with music we danced, and sang, and supped, till past one in the morning; and much mirth with Sir Anthony Apsley and one Colonel Sidney, who lodge in the house; and, above all, they are mightily taken with Mrs. Knipp.

15th. To Hales's, where I met my wife and people; and do find the picture, above all things, a most pretty picture, and mighty like my wife; and I asked him his price: he says £14; and, the truth is, I think he do deserve it.

17th. To Hales's, and paid him £14 for the picture, and £1 : 5s. for the frame. This day I began to sit, and he will make me, I think, a very fine picture. He promises it shall be as good as my wife's, and I to sit to have it full of shadows, and do almost break my neck looking over my shoulder to make the posture for him to work by.[1] Home, having a great cold: so to bed, drinking butter-ale.

19th. After dinner we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself to see with laughing: and particularly Lacy's[2] wardrobe, and Shotrell's.[3] But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light,[4] and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty. With Sir W. Warren, talking of many things belonging to us particularly, and I hope to get something considerably by him before the year be over. He gives me good advice of circumspection in my place, which I am now in great mind to improve; for I think our office stands on very ticklish terms, the Parliament likely to sit shortly, and likely to be asked more money, and we able to give a very bad account of the expense and of what we have done with what they did give before. Besides, the turning out the prize officers may be an example for the King's giving us up to Parliament's pleasure as easily, for we deserve it as much. Besides, Sir G. Carteret did tell me to-night how my Lord Brouncker, whose good-will I could have depended as much on as any, did himself to him take notice of the many places I have; and, though I was a painful man, yet the Navy was enough for any man to go through with in his own single place there, which much troubles me, and yet shall provoke me to more and more care and diligence than ever. My father propounds a match in the country for Pall, which pleased me well, of one that hath seven score and odd pounds land per annum in possession; and expects £1000 in money by the death of an old aunt. He hath neither father, mother, sister, nor brother, but demands £600 down, and £100 on the birth of first child, which I had some inclination to stretch to. He is kinsman to, and lives with, Mr. Phillips; but my wife tells me he is a drunken, ill-favoured, ill-bred country fellow.

21st. To the Duke of York, and did our usual business with him; but, Lord! how everything is yielded to presently, even by Sir W. Coventry, that is propounded by the Duke, as now to have Troutbecke,[1] his old surgeon, intended to go Surgeon-General to the fleet, to go Physician-General of the fleet, of which there never was any precedent in the world, and he for that to have £20 per month. Sir Robert Long

[1] See the picture, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

[2] John Lacy (d. 1681), comedian and playwright.

[3] Robert and William Shotterel both belonged to the King's Company at the opening of their new theatre [in 1663]. One of them, called by Downes a good actor, had been Quartermaster to the troop of horse in which Hart was serving as Lieutenant, and Burt as Cornet, under Charles the First's standard; but nothing further is recorded of his merits and career. Pepys refers to Robert Shotterel, who, it appears, was living in Playhouse Yard, Drury Lane, 1681-1684. [B.]

[4] Cf. Oct. 5, 1667.

[1] John Troutbecke in 1661 was Surgeon to the Life Guards, commanded by the Duke of Albemarle. [B.]

told us of the plenty of partridges in France, where he says the King of France and his company killed with their guns, in the plain de Versailles, 300 and odd partridges at one bout. With Sir W. Warren, who tells me that at the Committee of the Lords for the prizes to-day there passed very high words between my Lord Ashly and Sir W. Coventry about our business of the prize ships; and that my Lord Ashly did snuff and talk as high to him as he used to do to any ordinary seaman; and that Sir W. Coventry did take it very quietly; but yet for all did speak his mind soberly, and with reason; and went away, saying, he had done his duty therein.

24th. After the Committee up, I had occasion to follow the Duke into his lodgings, into a chamber where the Duchess was sitting to have her picture drawn by Lilly,[1] who was there at work. But I was well pleased to see that there was nothing near so much resemblance of her face in his work, which is now the second, if not the third time, as there was of my wife's at the very first time. Nor do I think at last it can be like, the lines not being in proportion to those of her face.

26th. My Lord Brouncker and I to the Tower, to see the famous engraver,[2] to get him to grave a seal for the office. And did see some of the finest pieces of work in embossed work that ever I did see in my life, for fineness and smallness of the images thereon. Here I also did see bars of gold melting; which was a fine sight.

28th. With Sir W. Clerke into St. James's Park, and met with Mr. Hayes, Prince Rupert's Secretary, who are mighty, both, brisk blades; but I fear they promise themselves more than they expect. To the Cockpit, and dined with a great deal of company at the Duke of Albemarle's, and a bad and dirty nasty dinner. This night, I am told, the Queen of Portugal,[3] the mother to our Queen, is lately dead, and news brought of it hither this day.

29th. This day, poor Jane, my old little Jane, came to us again, to my wife's and my great content, and we hope to take mighty pleasure in her, she having all the marks and qualities of a good and loving and honest servant, she coming by force away from the other place, where she hath lived ever since she went from us, and at our desire, her late mistress having used all the stratagems she could to keep her.

30th. Up, and away goes Alce, our cook-maid, a good servant, whom we loved and did well by her, and she an excellent servant, but would not bear being told of any fault in the fewest and kindest words, and would go away of her own accord, after having given her mistress warning fickly. I out to Lombard Street, and there received £2200 and brought it home; and, contrary to expectation, received £35 for the use of £2000 of it for a quarter of a year, where it hath produced me this profit, and hath been a convenience to me as to care and security of my house, and demandable at two days' warning, as this hath been. To Hales's, and there sat till almost quite dark upon working my gown, which I hired to be drawn in; an Indian gown.

31st. To my accounts, but, Lord! what a deal of do I have to understand any part of them; for I have sat up these four nights till past twelve at night to master them, but cannot. However, I do see that I must be grown richer than I was by a good deal last month.

April 1666

April 1st. (Lord's day.) To Charing Cross, to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find in bed: and he do receive me very civilly. My request was about suffering my wife's brother to go to sea, and to save his pay in the Duke's guards; which, after a little difficulty, he did with great respect agree to. I find him a very fine-spoken gentleman, and one of great parts, and very courteous. Meeting Dr. Allen, the physician, he, and I, and another walked in the Park, a most pleasant warm day, and to the Queen's chapel; where I do not so dislike the music. Here I saw on a post an invitation to all good Catholics to pray for the soul of such a one departed this life. The Queen, I hear, do not yet hear of the death of her mother, she being in a course of physic, that they dare not

[1] Lely.
[2] Roettiers. See page 184.
[3] Luiza, widow of Juan IV., and daughter of the Duke de Medina Sidonia.

tell it her. Up and down my Lord St. Albans his new building and market-house,[1] looking to and again into every place building. I this afternoon made a visit to my Lady Carteret, whom I understood newly come to town; and she took it mighty kindly, but I see her face and heart are dejected from the condition her husband's matters stand in. But I hope they will do all well enough; and I do comfort her as much as I can, for she is a noble lady.

2nd. Walking with Mr. Gauden in Westminster Hall, to talk of his son Benjamin; and I propounded a match for him, and at last named my sister, which he embraces heartily; and, full of it, did go with him to London to the 'Change; and there with Sir W. Warren, who very wisely did show me that my matching my sister with Mr. Gauden would undo me in all my places, everybody suspecting me in all I do; and I shall neither be able to serve him, nor free myself from imputation of being of his faction, while I am placed for his severest check. I was convinced that it would be for neither of our interests to make this alliance. To Westminster Hall, where I purposely took my wife well-dressed into the Hall to see and be seen; and, among others, met Howlet's daughter, who is newly married, and is she I call wife, and one I love mightily.

4th. Home, and, being washing-day, dined upon cold meat.

5th. At Viner's was shown the silver plates, made for Captain Cocke to present to my Lord Brouncker; and I chose a dozen of the same weight to be bespoke for myself, which he told me yesterday he would give me. The plague is, to our great grief, increased nine this week, though decreased a few in the total. And this increase runs through many parishes, which makes us much fear the next year.

6th. Up mighty betimes upon my wife's going this day towards Brampton. I could not go, but W. Hewer hath leave from me to go the whole day's journey with her. Met by agreement with Sir Stephen Fox and Mr. Ashburnham, and discoursed the business of our Excise tallies; the former being Treasurer of the Guards, and the other Cofferer of the King's household. This day great news of the Swedes' declaring for us against the Dutch, and, so far as that, I believe it.

7th. To Hales's, and there find Mrs. Pierce. She had done sitting the first time, and indeed her face is mighty like at first dash. About ten of the clock, W. Hewer comes to me to tell me that he left my wife well this morning at Bugden, which was great riding, and brings me a letter from her.

8th. (Lord's day.) To the Duke of York, where we all met to hear the debate between Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Wayth; the former complaining of the latter's ill usage of him at the late pay of his ship; but a very sorry poor occasion he had for it. The Duke did determine it with great judgement, chiding both, but encouraging Wayth to continue to be a check to all captains in anything to the King's right. And, indeed, I never did see the Duke do anything more in order, nor with more judgement than he did pass the verdict in this business. The Court full this morning of the news of Tom Cheffin's[1] death, the King's closet-keeper. He was as well last night as ever, playing at tables[2] in the house, and not very ill this morning at six o'clock, yet dead before seven; they think, of an imposthume in his breast. But it looks fearfully among people nowadays, the plague, as we hear, increasing everywhere again. To the Chapel, but could not get in to hear well. But I had the pleasure, once in my life, to see an Archbishop[3] (this was of York) in a pulpit. Then at a loss how to get home to dinner, having promised to carry Mrs. Hunt thither. At last got my Lord Hinchingbroke's coach, he staying at Court; and so took her up to Axe Yard, and home and dined; and good discourse of the old matters of the Protector and his family, she having a relation to them. The Protector[4] lives in France: spends about £500 per annum. To St. James's Chapel, thinking to have heard a Jesuit preach, but came too late.

9th. By coach to Mrs. Pierce's, and with her and Knipp and Mrs. Pierce's boy

[1] Jermyn Street and St. Albans Market, afterwards known as St. James's Market.

[1] Thomas Chiffinch (1600-1666).
[2] Backgammon. [3] Richard Sterne (?1596-1683).
[4] Richard Cromwell.

and girl, abroad, thinking to have been merry at Chelsea; but being come almost to the house by coach near the waterside, a house alone, I think the Swan, a gentleman walking by called to us to tell us that the house was shut up of the sickness. So we, with great affright, turned back, being holden to the gentleman; and went away, I for my part in great disorder, for Kensington.

10th. To the office, and again all the afternoon, the first time of our resolution to sit both forenoons and afternoons.

11th. My people to work about setting rails upon the leads of my wife's closet, a thing I have long designed. To Hales's, where there was nothing found to be done more to my picture, but the music, which now pleases me mightily, it being painted true. To Gresham College, where a great deal of do and formality in choosing of the Council and officers. I had three votes to be of the Council, who am but a stranger, nor expected any, my Lord Brouncker being confirmed President.

12th. My Lady Pen comes to me, and takes me into her house, where I find her daughter and a pretty lady of her acquaintance, one Mrs. Lowther,[1] sister, I suppose, of her servant[2] Lowther's, with whom I, notwithstanding all my resolution to follow business close this afternoon, did stay talking, and playing the fool almost all the afternoon. Mrs. Margaret Pen grows mighty homely, and looks old. Thence to the office, where my Lord Brouncker came: and he and I had a little fray, he being, I find, a very peevish man, if he be denied what he expects, and very simple in his arguments.

13th. Called up by my wife's brother, for whom I have got a commission from the Duke of York for Muster-Master of one of the divisions, of which Harman[3] is Rear-Admiral. To the Queen's chapel, it being Good-Friday, where people were all upon their knees very silent; but, it seems, no mass this day. To Mr. Hales's, where he and I presently resolved of going to Whitehall, to spend an hour in the galleries there among the pictures, and we did so, to my extraordinary satisfaction, he showing me the difference in the paintings, and I do not find so many good things as I thought there was.

15th. (Lord's day.)[1] Walked into the Park to the Queen's chapel, and there heard a good deal of their mass, and some of their music, which is not so contemptible, I think, as our people would make it, it pleasing me very well; and, indeed, better than the anthem I heard afterwards at Whitehall, at my coming back. I stayed till the King went down to receive the sacrament, and stood in his closet with a great many others, and there saw him receive it, which I did never see the manner of before. But I do see very little difference between the degree of the ceremonies used by our people in the administration thereof, and that in the Roman church, saving that, methought, our Chapel was not so fine, nor the manner of doing it so glorious, as it was in the Queen's chapel. Thence walked to Mr. Pierce's, and there dined: very good company and good discourse, they being able to tell me all the businesses of the Court; the amours and the mad doings that are there: how for certain Mrs. Stewart is become the King's mistress; and that the King hath many bastard children that are known and owned, besides the Duke of Monmouth. To the Park, and thence home to Mr. Pierce again; and he being gone forth, she, and I, and the children out by coach to Kensington, to where we were the other day, and with great pleasure stayed till night; and were mighty late getting home, the horses tiring and stopping. The horses at Ludgate Hill made a final stop; so there I lighted, and with a link walked home.

16th. Comes Mrs. Mercer, and fair Mrs. Turner, a neighbour of hers, to visit me. I stayed a great while with them, being taken with this pretty woman, though a mighty silly, affected, citizen woman she is.

17th. To the office, but, Lord! what a conflict I had with myself, my heart tempting me 1000 times to go abroad about some pleasure or other, notwithstanding the weather foul. However, I did not budge, and, to my great content, did a great deal of business.

[1] Margaret Lowther, subsequently married to John Holmes, afterwards knighted. [B.]
[2] Lover. [3] See p. 319.

[1] Easter Day.

18th. To Mr. Lilly's, the painter's; and there saw the heads, some finished, and all begun, of the Flagmen[1] in the late great fight with the Duke of York against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber,[2] and very finely they are done indeed. Here are the Prince's, Sir G. Ascue's, Sir Thomas Teddiman's, Sir Christopher Mings's, Sir Joseph Jordan's, Sir William Barkeley's, Sir Thomas Allen's, and Captain Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarle's; and will be my Lord Sandwich's, Sir W. Pen's, and Sir Jeremy Smith's.[3] I was very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house. To the Exchange, and there did see great plenty of fine prints; but did buy only a print of an old pillar in Rome made for a Naval triumph, which, for the antiquity of the shape of the ships, I buy and keep.

21st. I down to walk in the garden at Whitehall, it being a mighty hot and pleasant day; and there was the King, who, among others, talked to us a little; and, among other pretty things, he swore merrily that he believed the ketch that Sir W. Batten bought the last year at Colchester was of his own getting, it was so thick to its length. Another pleasant thing he said of Christopher Pett, commending him that he will not alter his moulds[4] upon any man's advice; 'as,' says he, 'Commissioner Taylor, I fear, do of his new *London*, that he makes it differ, in hopes of mending the old *London*, built by him.' 'For,' says he, 'he finds that God hath put him into the right, and so will keep in it while he is in.' 'And,' says the King, 'I am sure it must be God put him in, for no art of his own ever could have done it'; for it seems he cannot give a good account of what he do as an artist. Thence with my Lord Brouncker in his coach to Hyde Park, the first time I have been there this year. There the King was; but I was sorry to see my Lady Castlemaine, for the mourning forcing all the ladies to go in black, with their hair plain, and without spots, I find her to be a much more ordinary woman than ever I durst have thought she was; and, indeed, is not so pretty as Mrs. Stewart.

[1] Admirals. [2] Now at Greenwich.
[3] Pepys omits Sir John Lawson. [4] Of his ships.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Up, and put on my new black coat, long down to my knees. To Whitehall, where all in deep mourning for the Queen's mother. To the Queen's Chapel at St. James's, and there saw a little maid baptized; many parts and words whereof are the same with that of our Liturgy, and little that is more ceremonious than ours. To Worcester House,[1] and there stayed and saw the Council up. Back to the Cockpit, and there took my leave of the Duke of Albemarle, who is going to-morrow to sea. He seems mightily pleased with me, which I am glad of; but I do find infinitely my concernment in being careful to appear to the King and Duke to continue my care of his business, and to be found diligent as I used to be. Sat a great while with Will Joyce, who came to see me the first time since the plague, and find him the same impertinent prating coxcomb that ever he was.

23rd. To Whitehall, where I had the opportunity to take leave of the Prince, and again of the Duke of Albemarle; and saw them kiss the King's hand and the Duke's; and much content, indeed, there seems to be in all people at their going to sea, and they promise themselves much good from them. This morning the House of Parliament do meet, only to adjourn again till winter. The plague, I hear, increases in the town much, and exceedingly in the country everywhere. Bonfires in the street, for being St. George's day, and the King's Coronation, and the day of the Prince and Duke's going to sea.

24th. Comes Mr. Bland to me, the first time since his coming from Tangier; and tells me, in short, how all things are out of order there, and like to be; and the place never likely to come to anything while the soldiers govern all, and do not encourage trade.

25th. I to the office, where Mr. Prin came to meet about the Chest business;[2] and, till company came, did discourse with me a good while in the garden about the laws of England, telling me the many faults in them; and, among others, their obscurity through multitude of long statutes, which he is about to abstract out of all of a sort; and, as he lives, and Parliaments come, get them put into laws, and the other

[1] See p. 41. [2] At Chatham.

statutes repealed, and then it will be a short work to know the law. Having supped upon the leads, to bed. The plague, blessed be God! is decreased sixteen this week.

28th. My wife to her father's, to carry him some ruling work,[1] which I have advised her to let him do. It will get him some money. She was also to look after a necklace of pearl, which she is mighty busy about, I being contented to lay out £80 in one for her. Balty took leave of us, going to sea, and upon very good terms, to be Muster-Master of a squadron, which will be worth £100 this year to him, besides keeping him the benefit of his pay in the Guards.

29th. (Lord's day.) To church, where Mr. Mills, a lazy sermon upon the Devil's having no right to anything in this world. To Mr. Evelyn's, where I walked in his garden till he came from church, with great pleasure reading Ridly's Discourse, all my way going and coming, upon the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law.[2] He being come home, he and I walked together in the garden with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man; and the more I know him, the more I love him. Weary to bed, after having my hair of my head cut shorter, even close to my skull, for coolness, it being mighty hot weather.

30th. I after dinner to even all my accounts of this month; and, bless God! I find myself, notwithstanding great expenses of late, viz., £80 now to pay for a necklace, near £40 for a set of chairs and couch, near £40 for my three pictures —yet I do gather, and am worth £5200. My wife comes home by and by, and hath pitched upon a necklace with three rows, which is a very good one, and £80 is the price. So ends this month with great layings-out. Good health and gettings, and advanced well in the whole of my estate, for which God make me thankful!

May 1666

May 1st. At noon my cousin Thomas Pepys did come to me, to consult about the business of his being a Justice of the Peace, which he is much against; and, among other reasons, tells me, as a confidant, that he is not free to exercise punishment according to the Act against Quakers and other people, for religion. Nor do he understand Latin, and so is not capable of the place as formerly, now all warrants do run in Latin. Nor he in Kent, though he be of Deptford parish, his house standing in Surrey.[1] However, I did bring him to incline towards it, if he be pressed to take it. I do think it may be some repute to me to have my kinsman in Commission there, specially if he behave himself to content in the country. To Redriffe, reading a new French book my Lord Brouncker did give me to-day, *L'Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*,[2] being a pretty libel against the amours of the Court of France. My wife tells me the ill news that our Susan is sick, and gone to bed, with great pain in her head and back, which troubles us all.

2nd. With Captain Cocke to my office, to consult about serving him in getting him some money, he being already tired of his slavery to my Lord Brouncker, and the charge it costs him, and gets no manner of courtesy from him for it.

3rd. Up, and to send up and down for a nurse to take the girl[3] home, and would have given anything. I offered to the only one that we could get 20s. per week, and we to find clothes, and bedding, and physic, and would have given 30s., as demanded, but desired an hour or two's time. Sent for the girl's mother; she came, and undertakes to get her daughter a lodging and nurse at next door to her, though she dare not for the parish's sake, whose sexton her husband is, to have her into her own house.

4th. To Mr. Hales, to see what he had done to Mrs. Pierce's picture, and whatever he pretends, I do not think it will ever be so good a picture as my wife's. Thence home to dinner, and had a great fray with my wife about Browne's coming to teach her to paint, and sitting with me at table, which I will not yield to. I do thoroughly believe she means no hurt in it; but very angry we were, and I resolved all

[1] Paper to be ruled for accounts.

[2] *A View of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law* (1607), by Sir Thomas Ridley (? 1550-1629), Master in Chancery, and Chancellor of Winchester.

[1] Hatcham, near New Cross.

[2] By Roger de Rabutin, Comte de Bussy (1618-1693).

[3] Susan.

into my having my will done, without disputing, be the reason what it will; and so I will have it. This evening, being weary of my late idle courses, I bound myself to very strict rules till Whitsunday next.

5th. It being a fine moonshine, my wife and Mercer came into the garden, and, my business being done, we sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure to ourselves and neighbours, by their casements opening.

8th. Comes Mr. Downing, the anchor-smith, who had given me 50 pieces in gold the last month to speak for him to Sir W. Coventry, for his being smith at Deptford; but, after I had got it granted to him, he finds himself not fit to go on with it, so lets it fall. I therefore in honour and conscience took him home and forced him to take the money again, and glad to have given him so much cause to speak well of me.

9th. To Whitehall, and heard the Duke commend Deane's ship the *Rupert* before the *Defiance*, built by Castle, in hearing of Sir W. Batten, which pleased me mightily. To Pierce's, where I find Knipp. Thence with them to Cornhill, to call and choose a chimneypiece for Pierce's closet. My wife mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women; and, when they were gone, called them I know not what, which vexed me, having been so innocent with them.

10th. Going out towards Hackney by coach for the air, the silly coachman carries us to Shoreditch, which was so pleasant a piece of simplicity in him and us, that made us mighty merry.

11th. To the 'Change, to speak with Captain Cocke, among other things, about the getting of the silver plates[1] of him, which he promises to do; but in discourse he tells me that I should beware of my fellow-officers; and by name told me that my Lord Brouncker should say in his hearing, before Sir W. Batten, of me, that he could undo the man, if he would; wherein I think he is a fool; but, however, it is requisite I be prepared against the man's friendship. Thence home to dinner alone, my wife being abroad. After dinner to the setting some things in order in my dining-room; and by and by comes my wife home, and Mrs. Pierce with her, so I lost most of this afternoon with them, and in the evening abroad with them—our long tour by coach, to Hackney, so to Kingsland, and then to Islington, there entertaining them by candlelight very well, and so home with her, set her down, and so home, and to bed.

12th. I find my wife troubled at my checking her last night in the coach, in her long stories out of *Grand Cyrus*,[1] which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner. This she took unkindly, and I think I was to blame indeed; but she do find with reason, that, in the company of Pierce, Knipp, or other women that I love, I do not value her, or mind her as I ought. However, very good friends by and by. Met Sir G. Downing on Whitehall bridge, and there walked half an hour, talking of the success of the late new Act; and indeed, it is very much, that that hath stood really in the room of £800,000[2] now since Christmas, being itself but £1,250,000. And so I do really take it to be a very considerable thing done by him; for the beginning, end, and every part of it is to be imputed to him. This day came home again my little girl Susan, her sickness proving an ague, and she had a fit soon almost as she came home. The fleet is not yet gone from the Nore. The plague increases in many places, and is 53 this week with us.

13th. (Lord's day.) To Westminster, and into St. Margett's[3] Church, where I heard a young man play the fool upon the doctrine of Purgatory.

14th. To the Exchequer, and there met Sir G. Downing, and my Lord of Oxford coming by, also took him, and showed him his whole method of keeping his books, and everything of it, which indeed is very pretty. In the evening out with my wife and my aunt Wight, to take the air, and happened to have a pleasant race between our hackney-coach and a gentleman's.

15th. I to my Lord Crewe's, who is

[1] See April 5 (p. 377).

[1] *Artamène ou le Grand Cyrus* (1649 *et seq.*), by Mlle. de Scudéry.

[2] There appears to be some error in these figures. [B.]

[3] St. Margaret's.

very lately come to town, and he talked for half an hour of the business of the war, wherein he is very doubtful, from our want of money, that we shall fail; and I do concur with him therein. After some little discourse of ordinary matters, I away to Sir Philip Warwick's again, and he was come in, and gone out to my Lord Treasurer's; whither I followed him, and there my business was to be told that my Lord Treasurer hath got £10,000 for us in the Navy, to answer great necessities, which I did thank him for; but the sum is not considerable. [The five brothers Houblon came, and Mr. Hill, to my house; and here they were till about eleven at night.][1]

16th. To the Exchequer, where the lazy rogues have not yet done my tallies, which vexes me. To Mr. Hales, and paid him for my picture, and Mr. Hill's, for the first £14 for the picture, and 25s. for the frame, and for the other £7 for the picture, it being a copy of his only, and 5s. for the frame; in all £22: 10s. I am very well satisfied in my pictures, and so took them in another coach home: with great pleasure my wife and I hung them.

19th. Mr. Deane and I did discourse about his ship *Rupert*, built by him, which succeeds so well as he hath got great honour by it, and I some by recommending him; the King, Duke, and everybody saying it is the best ship that was ever built. And then he fell to explain to me his manner of casting the draught of water which a ship will draw beforehand; which is a secret the King and all admire in him; and he is the first that hath come to any certainty beforehand, of foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launched.

20th. (Lord's day.) With my wife to church. At noon dined mighty nobly, ourselves alone. After dinner my wife and Mercer by coach to Greenwich, to be gossip to Mrs. Daniel's child. I discoursed awhile with Mr. Yeabsly, whom I met and took up in my coach with me, and who hath this day presented my Lord Ashly with £100 to bespeak his friendship to him in his accounts now before us; and my Lord hath received it, and so I believe is as bad, as to bribes, as what the world says of him. My wife much pleased with the reception she had, and she was godmother, and did hold the child at the font, and it is called John.

21st. I away, in some haste, to my Lord Ashly, where it is stupendous to see how favourably, and yet closely, my Lord Ashly carries himself to Mr. Yeabsly in his business, so as I think we shall do his business for him in very good manner. But it is a most extraordinary thing to observe, and that which I would not but have had the observation of for a great deal of money.

23rd. Towards Whitehall, calling in my way on my Lord Bellasis, where I came to his bedside, and he did give me a full and long account of his matters, how he left them at Tangier. Declares himself fully satisfied with my care: seems cunningly to argue for increasing the number of men there. Told me the whole story of his gains by the Turkey prizes, which he owns he hath got about £5000 by. Promised me the same profits Povy was to have had; and, in fine, I find him a pretty subtle man; and so I left him. Stayed at Sir G. Carteret's chamber till the Council rose, and then he and I, by agreement this morning, went forth in his coach by Tyburn, to the Park; discoursing of the state of the Navy as to money, and the state of the kingdom too, how ill able to raise more; and of our office, as to the condition of the officers, he giving me caution as to myself, that there are those that are my enemies as well as his, and by name my Lord Brouncker, who hath said some odd speeches against me. So that he advises me to stand on my guard; which I shall do, and, unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me, will be acute enough for any of them. My right eye sore and full of humour of late, I think, by my late change of my brewer, and having of 8s. beer.

24th. Mr. Shepley is newly come out of the country and come to see us. He left all well there; but I perceive under some discontent in my Lord's behalf, thinking that he is under disgrace with the King; but he is not so, as Sir G. Carteret assures me.

25th. Captain Cocke tells me my silver plates are ready for me, and shall be sent

[1] This sentence does not appear in later texts.

me speedily; and proposes another proposition of serving us with a thousand tons of hemp, and tells me it shall bring me £500 if the bargain go forward, which is a good word. A gentleman arrived here this day, Mr. Brown of St. Maloes,[1] among other things tells me the meaning of the setting out of dogs every night out of the town walls, which are said to secure the city; but it is not so, but only to secure the anchors, cables, and ships that lie dry, which might otherwise in the night be liable to be robbed. And these dogs are set out every night, and called together in every morning by a man with a horn, and they go in very orderly.

27th. (Lord's day.) To church, my wife with me. Home to dinner, whither came my uncle Wight, and aunt and uncle Norbury.

28th. Mr. Lovett and his wife came to see us. They are a pretty couple, and she a fine bred woman. They dined with us, and Browne, the painter, and she plays finely on the lute. My wife and I were well pleased with her company. To bed, my wife telling me where she hath been to-day with my aunt Wight, and seen Mrs. Margaret Wight, and says that she is one of the beautifullest women that ever she saw in her life—the most excellent nose and mouth. They have been also to see pretty Mrs. Batelier, and conclude her to be a prettier woman than Mrs. Pierce, whom my wife led my aunt to see also this day.

29th. (King's birthday, and Restoration day.) Waked with the ringing of bells all over the town; so up before five o'clock, and to the office. At noon I did, upon a small invitation of Sir W. Pen's, go and dine with Sir W. Coventry at his office, where great good cheer and many pleasant stories of Sir W. Coventry. After dinner to the Victualling Office; and there, beyond belief, did acquit myself very well to full content; so that, beyond expectation, I got over that second rub in this business; and if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone. My wife comes to me, to tell me, that if I would see the handsomest woman in England, I shall come home presently; and who should it be but the pretty lady of our parish, that did heretofore sit on the other side of our church, over against our gallery, that is since married; she with Mrs. Anne Jones, one of this parish, that dances finely. And so I home; and indeed she is a pretty black woman, her name Mrs. Horsely. But, Lord! to see how my nature could not refrain from the temptation; but I must invite them to go to Foxhall, to Spring Gardens, though I had freshly received minutes of a great deal of extraordinary business. However, I sent them before with Creed, and I did some of my business; and so after them, and find them there, in an arbour, and had met with Mrs. Pierce and some company with her. So here I spent 20s. upon them, and were pretty merry. Among other things, had a fellow that imitated all manner of birds, and dogs, and hogs with his voice, which was mighty pleasant. Stayed here till night; then set Mrs. Pierce in at the New Exchange; and ourselves took coach, and so set Mrs. Horsely home, and then home ourselves, but with great trouble in the streets by bonfires, it being the King's birthday and day of Restoration; but, Lord! to see the difference how many there were on the other side, and so few on ours, the City side of the Temple, would make one wonder the difference between the temper of one sort of people and the other; and the difference among all between what they do now, and what it was the night when Monk came into the City. Such a night as that I never think to see again, nor think it can be.

30th. I find the Duke gone out with the King to-day on hunting. Word is brought me that my father and my sister are come; he, poor man, looks very well, and hath rode up this journey on horseback very well, only his eyesight and hearing is very bad. I stayed and dined with them, my wife being gone by coach to Barnet, with W. Hewer and Mercer, to meet them, and they did come Ware way. To Lord Ashly, who, it is strange to see, how prettily he dissembles his favour to Yeabsly's business, which none in the world could mistrust, only I, that am privy to his being bribed. My wife tells me that Balty's wife is brought to bed, by some fall or fit, before her time, of a great child, but dead. If the woman do

[1] St. Malo (St. Mellos, edit. 1895).

well, we have no reason to be sorry, because his staying a little longer without a child will be better for him and her.

31st. Saw all my family up, and my father and sister, who is a pretty good-bodied woman, and not over thick, as I thought she would have been, but full of freckles, and not handsome in face. To dinner with my father and sister and family, mighty pleasant all of us; and, among other things, with a sparrow that our Mercer hath brought up now for three weeks, which is so tame that it flies up and down, and upon the table, and eats and pecks, and do everything so pleasantly, that we are mightily pleased with it. A public Fast-day, appointed to pray for the good success of the fleet. But it is a pretty thing to consider how little a matter they make of this keeping of a fast, that it was not so much as declared time enough to be read in the churches the last Sunday; but ordered by proclamation since; I suppose upon some sudden news of the Dutch being come out. Thus ends the month, with my mind oppressed by my defect in my duty of the Victualling, which lies upon me as a burden, till I get myself into a better posture therein. As to public business; by late tidings of the French fleet being come to Rochelle (how true, though, I know not) our fleet is divided; Prince Rupert being gone with about thirty ships to the Westward, as is conceived, to meet the French, to hinder their coming to join with the Dutch. My Lord Duke of Albemarle lies in the Downs with the rest, and intends presently to sail to the Gunfleet.

June 1666

June 1st. Dined at aunt Wight's. Here dined the fair Mrs. Margaret Wight, who is a very fine lady, but the cast of her eye, got only by an ill habit, do her much wrong, and her hands are bad; but she hath the face of a noble Roman lady. My uncle and Woolly and I out into their yard, to talk about what may be done hereafter to all our profits by prize-goods, which did give us reason to lament the loss of the opportunity of the last year, which, if we were as wise as we are now, and at the peaceable end of all those troubles that we met with, all might have been such a hit as will never come again in this age.

2nd. Up, and to the office, where certain news is brought us of a letter come to the King this morning from the Duke of Albemarle, dated yesterday at eleven o'clock, as they were sailing to the Gunfleet, that they were in sight of the Dutch fleet, and were fitting themselves to fight them; so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged; besides, several do aver that they heard the guns yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the Board into a toss. Presently came orders for our sending away to the fleet a recruit of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling Office, and thence upon the river among several vessels, to consider of the sending them away; and, lastly, down to Greenwich, and there appointed two yachts to be ready for them; and did order the soldiers to march to Blackwall. Having set all things in order against the next flood, I went on shore with Captain Erwin at Greenwich, and into the Park, and there we could hear the guns from the fleet most plainly. We walked to the waterside, and there seeing the King and Duke come down in their barge to Greenwich House, I to them, and did give them an account of what I was doing. They went up to the Park to hear the guns of the fleet go off. All our hopes now are that Prince Rupert with his fleet is coming back, and will be with the fleet this even; a message being sent to him for that purpose on Wednesday last; and a return is come from him this morning, that he will intend to sail from St. Ellen's point about four in the afternoon yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this even, and the fresh going off of the guns makes us believe the same. Down to Blackwall, and there saw the soldiers, who were by this time gotten most of them drunk, shipped off. But, Lord! to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted, and let off their guns, was strange sport. In the evening came up the river the *Catharine* yacht, Captain Fazeby, who hath brought over my Lord

of Ailesbury[1] and Sir Thomas Liddall[2] (with a very pretty daughter, and in a pretty travelling-dress) from Flanders, who saw the Dutch fleet on Thursday, and ran from them; but from that hour to this hath not heard one gun, nor any news of any fight. Having put the soldiers on board, I home.

3rd. (Lord's day; Whitsunday.) Up, and by water to Whitehall, and there met with Mr. Coventry, who tells me the only news from the fleet is brought by Captain Elliott, of the *Portland*, which, by being run on board by the *Guernsey*, was disabled from staying abroad; so is come in to Aldbrough. That he saw one of the Dutch great ships blown up, and three on fire. That they began to fight on Friday; and, at his coming into port, he could make another ship of the King's coming in, which he judged to be the *Rupert*: that he knows of no other hurt to our ships. With this good news I home by water again, and to church in the sermon-time, and with great joy told it my fellows in the pew. After church-time to the Exchange, as full of people, and hath been all this noon, as of any other day, only for news. To Whitehall, and there met with this bad news further, that the Prince came to Dover but at ten o'clock last night, and there heard nothing of a fight; so that we are defeated of all our hopes of his help to the fleet. It is also reported by some Victuallers that the Duke of Albemarle and Holmes their flags were shot down, and both fain to come to anchor to renew their rigging and sails. A letter is also come this afternoon, from Harman in the *Henery*;[3] which is she that was taken by Elliott for the *Rupert*; that being fallen into the body of the Dutch fleet, he made his way through them, was set on by three fire-ships, one after another, got two of them off, and disabled the third; was set on fire himself; upon which many of his men leapt into the sea and perished; among others, the parson first. Have lost above 100 men, and a good many women (God knows what is become of Balty), and at last quenched his own fire, and got to Aldbrough; being, as all say, the greatest hazard that ever any ship escaped, and so bravely managed by him. The mast of the third fire-ship fell into their ship on fire, and hurt Harman's leg, which makes him lame now, but not dangerous. I to Sir G. Carteret, who told me there hath been great bad management in all this; that the King's orders that went on Friday for calling back the Prince were sent but by the ordinary post on Wednesday; and came to the Prince his hands but on Friday; and then, instead of sailing presently, he stays till four in the evening. And that which is worst of all, the *Hampshire*, laden with merchants' money, come from the Straits, set out with or but just before the fleet, and was in the Downs by five in the clock yesterday morning; and the Prince with his fleet came to Dover but at ten of the clock at night. This is hard to answer, if it be true. This puts great astonishment into the King, and Duke, and Court, everybody being out of countenance. Home by the 'Change, which is full of people still, and all talk highly of the failure of the Prince, in not making more haste after his instructions did come, and of our managements here in not giving it sooner, and with more care and oftener.

4th. To Whitehall, where, when we come, we find the Duke at St. James's, whither he is lately gone to lodge. So, walking through the Park, we saw hundreds of people listening at the Gravel-pits,[1] and to and again in the Park, to hear the guns. I saw a letter, dated last night, from Strowd, Governor of Dover Castle, which says that the Prince came thither the night before with his fleet; but that for the guns which we writ that we heard, it is only a mistake for thunder; and, so far as to yesterday, it is a miraculous thing that we all Friday, and Saturday, and yesterday did hear everywhere most plainly the guns go off, and yet at Deal[2] and Dover, to last night, they did not hear one word of a fight, nor think they heard one gun. This, added to what I have set down before, the other day, about the *Catharine*, makes room for a great dispute

[1] Robert Bruce (d. 1685), second Earl of Elgin (1663), and first Earl of Ailesbury (1664).

[2] Of Ravensworth Castle, Durham, succeeded his grandfather, the first Baronet, 1650. He had three daughters. Ob. 1697. [B.]

[3] The *Henry*.

[1] At Kensington.

[2] Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, June 1, 1666.

in philosophy, how we should hear it and they not, the same wind that brought it to us being the same that should bring it to them: but so it is. Major Halsey, however, who was sent down on purpose to hear the news, did bring news this morning that he did see the Prince and his fleet at nine of the clock yesterday morning, four or five leagues to sea behind the Goodwin, so that, by the hearing of the guns this morning, we conclude he is come to the fleet. After waiting upon the Duke with Sir W. Pen, who was commanded to go to-night by water down to Harwich, to dispatch away all the ships he can, I home; where no sooner come, but news is brought me of a couple of men come to speak with me from the fleet; so I down, and who should it be but Mr. Daniel, all muffled up, and his face as black as the chimney, and covered with dirt, pitch, and tar, and powder, and muffled with dirty clouts, and his right eye stopped with oakum. He is come last night at five o'clock from the fleet, with a comrade of his that hath endangered another eye. They were set on shore at Harwich this morning, and at two o'clock, in a catch[1] with about twenty more wounded men from the *Royal Charles*. They being able to ride, took post about three this morning, and were here between eleven and twelve. I went presently into the coach with them, and carried them to Somerset House Stairs, and there took water, all the world gazing upon us, and concluding it to be news from the fleet, and everybody's face appeared expecting of news, to the Privy Stairs, and left them at Mr. Coventry's lodging, he, though, not being there; and so I into the Park to the King, and told him my Lord General was well the last night at five o'clock, and the Prince come with his fleet and joined with his about seven. The King was mightily pleased with this news, and so took me by the hand and talked a little of it, I giving him the best account I could; and then he bid me to fetch the two seamen to him, he walking into the house. So I went and fetched the seamen into the Vane Room to him, and there he heard the whole account.

[1] Ketch.

THE FIGHT.

How we found the Dutch fleet at anchor on Friday, half seas over, between Dunkirk and Ostend, and made them let slip their anchors. They about ninety, and we less than sixty. We fought them, and put them to the run, till they met with about sixteen sail of fresh ships, and so bore up again. The fight continued till night, and then again the next morning from five till seven at night. And so, too, yesterday morning they began again, and continued till about four o'clock, they chasing us for the most part of Saturday and yesterday, we flying from them. The Duke himself, and then those people who were put into the catch, by and by spied the Prince's fleet coming, upon which De Ruyter called a little council, being in chase at this time of us, and thereupon their fleet divided into two squadrons; forty in one, and about thirty in the other, the fleet being at first about ninety, but, by one accident or other, supposed to be lessened to about seventy; the bigger to follow the Duke, the less to meet the Prince. But the Prince came up with the General's fleet, and the Dutch came together again, and bore towards their own coast, and we with them; and now what the consequence of this day will be, we know not. The Duke was forced to come to anchor on Friday, having lost his sails and rigging. No particular person spoken of to be hurt but Sir W. Clerke, who hath lost his leg, and bore it bravely. The Duke himself had a little hurt in his thigh, but signified little. The King did pull out of his pocket about twenty pieces in gold, and did give it Daniel for himself and his companion; and so parted, mightily pleased with the account he did give him of the fight, and the success it ended with, of the Prince's coming, though it seems the Duke did give way again and again. The King did give order for care to be had of Mr. Daniel and his companion; and so we parted from him, and then met the Duke of York, and gave him the same account; and so broke up, and I left them going to the surgeon's. So home, about four o'clock, to dinner, and was followed by several people to be told the news, and good news it is. God send we may

hear a good issue of this day's business! To the Crown, behind the 'Change, and there supped at the club with my Lord Brouncker, Sir G. Ent, and others of Gresham College; and all our discourse is of this fight at sea, and all are doubtful of the success, and conclude all had been lost if the Prince had not come in, they having chased us the greatest part of Saturday and Sunday. Thence with my Lord Brouncker and Creed by coach to Whitehall, where fresh letters are come from Harwich, where the *Gloucester*, Captain Clerke, is come in, and says that on Sunday night, upon coming in of the Prince, the Duke did fly; but all this day they have been fighting; therefore they did face again, to be sure. Captain Bacon of the *Bristol* is killed. They cry up Jenings of the *Ruby* and Saunders of the *Sweepstakes*. They condemn mightily Sir Thomas Teddiman for a coward, but with what reason time must show.

5th. At noon, though I should have dined with my Lord Mayor and Aldermen at an entertainment of Commissioner Taylor's, yet, it being a time of expectation of the success of the fleet, I did not go. No manner of news this day, but of the *Rainbow's* being put in from the fleet, maimed as the other ships are.

6th. By water to St. James's, it being a monthly fast-day for the plague. There we all met, and did our business as usual with the Duke. By and by walking a little further, Sir Philip Frowde[1] did meet the Duke with an express to Sir W. Coventry (who was by) from Captain Taylor, the Storekeeper at Harwich, being the narration of Captain Hayward of the *Dunkirk*; who gives a very serious account, how upon Monday the two fleets fought all day till seven at night, and then the whole fleet of Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again. That Sir Christopher Mings is wounded in the leg; that the General is well. That it is conceived reasonably, that of all the Dutch fleet, which, with what recruits they had, came to one hundred sail, there is not above fifty got home: and of them, few, if any, of their flags. And that little Captain Bell, in one of the fireships, did at the end of the day fire a ship of 70 guns. We were all so overtaken with this good news that the Duke ran with it to the King, who was gone to chapel, and there all the Court was in a hubbub, being rejoiced over head and ears in this good news. Away I go by coach to the New Exchange, and there did spread this good news a little, though I find it had broke out before. And so home to our own church, it being the common Fast-day, and it was just before sermon; but, Lord! how all the people in the church stared upon me to see me whisper to Sir John Minnes and my Lady Pen. Anon I saw people stirring and whispering below, and by and by comes up the sexton from my Lady Ford to tell me the news, which I had brought, being now sent into the church by Sir W. Batten in writing, and passed from pew to pew. But that which pleased me as much as the news, was, to have the fair Mrs. Middleton at our church, who indeed is a very beautiful lady. My father to Hales's, where my father is to begin to sit to-day for his picture, which I have a desire to have. At home, drawing up my vows for the rest of the year to Christmas; but, Lord! to see in what a condition of happiness I am, if I would but keep myself so; but my love of pleasure is such, that my very soul is angry with itself for my vanity in so doing. Home, and my father and wife not coming in, I proceeded with my coach to take a little air as far as Bow all alone, and there turned back; but, before I got home, the bonfires were lighted all the town over, and I, going through Crouched Friars, seeing Mercer at her mother's gate, stopped, and light, and into her mother's, the first time I ever was there, and find all my people, father and all, at a very fine supper at W. Hewer's lodging, very neatly, and to my great pleasure. After supper into his chamber, which is mighty fine, with pictures and everything else, very curious. Thence to the gate, with all the women about me, and Mrs. Mercer's son had provided a great many serpents,[1] and so I made the women all fire some serpents. By and by comes in our fair neighbour, Mrs. Turner, and two neighbour's daughters, Mrs. Tite, the

[1] A loyal officer in the army of Charles I., afterwards Secretary to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York. [B.]

[1] A variety of fireworks.

elder of which, a long red-nosed silly jade, the younger, a pretty black girl,[1] and the merriest sprightly jade that ever I saw. Idled away the whole night till twelve at night at the bonfires in the streets. Some of the people thereabouts going about with muskets, and did give me two or three volleys of their muskets, I giving them a crown to drink; and so home. Mightily pleased with this happy day's news, and the more, because confirmed by Sir Daniel Harvy,[2] who was in the whole fight with the General, and tells me that there appear but thirty-six in all of the Dutch fleet left at the end of the voyage when they ran home. The joy of the City was this night exceeding great.

7th. Up betimes, and to my office about business, Sir W. Coventry having sent me word that he is gone down to the fleet to see how matters stand, and to be back again speedily; and with the same expectation of congratulating ourselves with the victory that I had yesterday. But my Lord Brouncker and Sir T. H.[3] that came from Court tell me the contrary news, which astonishes me: that is to say, that we are beaten, lost many ships and good commanders; have not taken one ship of the enemy's; and so can only report ourselves a victory; nor is it certain that we were left masters of the field. But, above all, that the Prince ran on shore upon the Galloper, and there stuck; was endeavoured to be fetched off by the Dutch, but could not; and so they burned her; and Sir G. Ascue is taken prisoner, and carried into Holland. This news do much trouble me, and the thoughts of the ill consequences of it, and the pride and presumption that brought us to it. At noon to the 'Change, and there find the discourse of town, and their countenances much changed; but yet not very plain. By and by comes Mr. Wayth to me, and, discoursing of our ill success, he tells me plainly, from Captain Page's own mouth, who hath lost his arm in the fight, that the Dutch did pursue us two hours before they left us, and then they suffered us to go on homewards, and they retreated towards their coast; which is very sad news. The Duke much damped in his discourse, touching the late fight, and all the Court talk sadly of it. The Duke did give me several letters he had received from the fleet, and Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen, who are gone down thither, for me to pick out some works to be done for the setting out the fleet again; and so I took them home with me, and was drawing out an abstract of them till midnight. And, as to news, I do find great reason to think that we are beaten in every respect, and that we are the losers. The Prince upon the Galloper, where both the *Royal Charles* and *Royal Catharine* had come twice aground, but got off. The *Essex* carried into Holland, the *Swiftsure* missing, Sir W. Barkeley, ever since the beginning of the fight. Captains Bacon, Tearne, Wood, Mootham, Whitty, and Coppin, slain. The Duke of Albemarle writes that he never fought with worse officers in his life, not above twenty of them behaving themselves like men. Sir William Clerke lost his leg, and in two days died. The *Loyal George*, *Seven Oaks*, and *Swiftsure* are still missing, and have never, as the General writes himself, engaged with them. It was as great an alteration to find myself required to write a sad letter instead of a triumphant one to my Lady Sandwich this night, as ever on any occasion I had in my life.

8th. To my very great joy I find Balty come home without any hurt, after the utmost imaginable danger he hath gone through in the *Henery*,[1] being upon the quarter-deck with Harman all the time, and for which service, Harman I heard this day, commended most seriously and most eminently by the Duke of York. As also the Duke did do most utmost right to Sir Thomas Teddiman, of whom a scandal[2] was raised, but without cause, he having behaved himself most eminently brave all the whole fight, and to extraordinary great service and purpose, having given Trump[3] himself such a broadside as was hardly ever given to any ship. Mings is shot through the face, and into the shoulder, where the bullet is lodged. Young Holmes[4]

[1] Brunette.
[2] Ranger of Richmond Park. He was brother-in-law of the Edward Montagu killed at Bergen. [B.]
[3] Sir Thomas Harvey.

[1] The *Henry*.
[2] See p. 387.
[3] Van Tromp.
[4] Afterwards Sir John Holmes. He married Margaret Lowther.

is also ill wounded, and Atber in the *Rupert*. Balty tells me the case of the *Henery*; and it was, indeed, most extraordinary sad and desperate. After dinner Balty and I to my office, and there talked a great deal of this fight; and I am mightily pleased in him, and have great content in, and hopes of, his doing well. Thence out to Whitehall to a Committee for Tangier, but it met not. But, Lord! to see how melancholy the Court is under the thoughts of this last overthrow (for so it is) instead of a victory, so much and so unreasonably expected. We hear the *Swiftsure*, Sir W. Barkeley, is come in safe to the Nore, after her being absent ever since the beginning of the fight, wherein she did not appear at all from beginning to end.

9th. The Court is divided about the *Swiftsure* and the *Essex's* being safe; and wagers and odds laid on both sides. Sir W. Coventry is come to town; so I to his chamber. But I do not hear that he is at all pleased or satisfied with the late fight; but he tells me more news of our suffering, by the death of one or two captains, more than I knew before. But he do give over the thoughts of the safety of the *Swiftsure* or *Essex*.

10th. (Lord's day.) I met with Pierce, the surgeon, who is lately come from the fleet, and tells me that all the commanders, officers, and even the common seamen do condemn every part of the late conduct of the Duke of Albemarle; both in his fighting at all, running among them in his retreat, and running the ships on ground; so as nothing can be worse spoken of. That Holmes, Spragg, and Smith do all the business, and the old and wiser commanders nothing: so as Sir Thomas Teddiman, whom the King and all the world speak well of, is mightily discontented, as being wholly slighted. He says we lost more after the Prince came than before too. The Prince was so maimed, as to be forced to be towed home. He says all the fleet confess their being chased home by the Dutch; and yet the body of the Dutch that did it was not above forty sail at most; and yet this put us into the fright, as to bring all our ships on ground. He says, however, that the Duke of Albemarle is as high almost as ever, and pleases himself to think that he hath given the Dutch their bellies full, without sense of what he hath lost us; and talks how he knows now the way to beat them. But he says, that even Smith himself, one of his creatures, did himself condemn the late conduct from the beginning to the end. He tells me further, how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham,[1] going at noonday with all his gentlemen with him to visit her in Scotland Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price,[2] to go up and down the Privy Stairs, but will be owned publicly; and so she is. Mr. Brouncker, it seems, was the pimp to bring it about, and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling-out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queen, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning), but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in, and overhearing, did whisper in the ear aside, and told her she was a bold impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the Court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them: and so she came, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her. So, putting all together, we are, and are like to be, in a sad condition; we are endeavouring to raise money by borrowing it of the City, but I do not think the City will lend a farthing. Sir G. Carteret and I walked an hour in the churchyard, under Henry the Seventh's Chapel, he being lately come from the fleet; and tells me,

[1] Margaret Brook, who married Sir John Denham, May 25, 1665. [2] A Maid of Honour.

as I hear from everybody else, that the management in the late fight was bad, from top to bottom. That several said that this would not have been, if my Lord Sandwich had had the ordering of it. Nay, he tells me that certainly, had my Lord Sandwich had the misfortune to have done as they have done, the King could not have saved him. There is, too, nothing but discontent among the officers; and all the old experienced men are slighted. He tells me, to my question, but as a great secret, that the dividing of the fleet did proceed first from a proposition from the fleet, though agreed to hence; but he confesses it arose from want of due intelligence. He do, however, call the fleet's retreat on Sunday a very honourable one, and that the Duke of Albemarle did do well in it, and it would have been well if he had done it sooner, rather than venture the loss of the fleet and Crown, as he must have done, if the Prince had not come. He was surprised when I told him I heard that the King did intend to borrow some money of the City, and would know who had spoke of it to me; I told him Sir Ellis Layton this afternoon. He says it is a dangerous discourse, for that the City certainly will not be invited to do it; and then, for the King to ask it and be denied will be the beginning of our sorrow. He seems to fear we shall all fall to pieces among ourselves. This evening we hear that Sir Christopher Mings is dead of his late wounds; and Sir W. Coventry did commend him to me in a most extraordinary manner. But this day, after three days' trial in vain, and the hazard of the spoiling of the ship in lying till next spring, besides the disgrace of it, news is brought that the *Loyal London* is launched at Deptford.

11th. I, with my Lady Pen and her daughter, to see Harman, whom we find lame in bed. His bones of his ankle are broke, but he hopes to do well soon; and a fine person by his discourse he seems to be; and he did plainly tell me that at the Council of War before the fight it was against his reason to begin the fight then, and the reasons of most sober men there, the wind being such, and we to windward, that they could not use their lower tier of guns, which was a sad thing for us to have the honour and weal of the nation ventured so foolishly. Late comes Sir J. Bankes to see me, and tells me that, coming up from Rochester, he overtook three or four hundred seamen, and he believes every day they come flocking from the fleet in like numbers; which is a sad neglect there, when it will be impossible to get others; and we have little reason to think these will return presently again.

12th. Walking in the galleries at Whitehall, I find the Ladies of Honour dressed in their riding garbs, with coats and doublets with deep skirts, just for all the world like mine, and buttoned their doublets up the breast, with periwigs and with hats; so that, only for a long petticoat dragging under their men's coats, nobody could take them for women in any point whatever; which was an odd sight, and a sight did not please me. It was Mrs. Wells and another fine lady that I saw thus.

13th. Sir H. Cholmely tells me there are great jars between the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle, about the latter's turning out one or two of the commanders put in by the Duke of York. Among others, Captain du Tell, a Frenchman,[1] put in by the Duke of York, and mightily defended by him; and is therein led by Monsieur Blancford, that it seems hath the same command over the Duke of York as Sir W. Coventry hath; which raises ill blood between them. And I do in several little things observe that Sir W. Coventry hath of late, by the bye, reflected on the Duke of Albemarle and his captains, particularly in that of old Teddiman, who did deserve to be turned out this fight, and was so; but I heard Sir W. Coventry say that the Duke of Albemarle put in one as bad as he is in his room, and one that did as little. With Balty to Hales's by coach. Here I find my father's picture begun, and so much to my content, that it joys my very heart to think that I should have his picture so well done; who, besides that he is my father, and a man that loves me, and hath ever done so, is also, at this day, one of the most careful and innocent men in the world. Invited to Sir Christopher Mings's funeral, but find them gone to church.

[1] See p. 403.

However, I into the church, which is a fair large church, and a great chapel, and there heard the service, and stayed till they buried him, and then out; and there met with Sir W. Coventry, who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he, and went with him into his coach; and, being in it with him, there happened this extraordinary case, one of the most romantic that I ever heard of in my life, and could not have believed, but that I did see it; which was this. About a dozen able, lusty, proper men came to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them that spoke for the rest began, and said to Sir W. Coventry, 'We are here a dozen of us that have long known, and loved, and served our dead commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fireship among us all, here is a dozen of us, out of all which, choose you one to be commander; and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him; and, if possible, do that which shall show our memory of our dead commander, and our revenge.' Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved, as well as I, who could hardly abstain from weeping, and took their names, and so parted; telling me that he would move His Royal Highness as in a thing very extraordinary, which was done. The truth is Sir Christopher Mings was a very stout man, and a man of great parts and most excellent tongue among ordinary men; and, as Sir W. Coventry says, could have been the most useful man at such a pinch of time as this. He was come into great renown here at home, and more abroad in the West Indies. He had brought his family into a way of being great; but, dying at this time, his memory and name (his father being always, and at this day, a shoemaker, and his mother a hoyman's[1] daughter), of which he was used frequently to boast, will be quite forgot in a few months, as if he had never been, nor any of his name be the better by it; he having not had time to will any estate, but is dead poor rather than rich. So we left the church and crowd. Walked to Mrs. Bagwell's, and went into her house; but I was not a little fearful of what she told me but now, which is, that her servant was dead of the plague, and that she had new-whitened the house all below stairs, but that above stairs they are not so fit for me to go up to, they being not so. So I parted thence with a very good will, but very civilly, and away to the water-side, and sent for a pint of sack, and drank what I would, and gave the waterman the rest.

[1] One in charge of a hoy. This statement has been disputed (see *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*).

14th. With my wife and father to Hales's, and there looked only on my father's picture, which is mighty like; and so away to Whitehall to a Committee for Tangier, where the Duke of York was, and Sir W. Coventry, and a very full committee; and, instead of having a very prejudiced meeting, they did, though inclined against Yeabsly, yield to the greatest part of his account, so as to allow of his demands to the value of £7000 and more, and only give time for him to make good his pretence to the rest; which was mighty joy to me: and so we rose up. But I must observe the force of money, which did make my Lord Ashly to argue and behave himself in the business with the greatest friendship, and yet with all the discretion imaginable; and it will be a business of admonition and instruction to me concerning him (and other men, too, for aught I know) as long as I live.

15th. Mr. Bland presented me yesterday with a very fine African mat, to lay upon the ground under a bed of state, being the first fruits of our peace with Guyland. To the Exchequer, but could not persuade the blockheaded fellows to do what I desire, of breaking my great tallies into less, notwithstanding my Lord Treasurer's order, which vexed me so much that I would not bestow more time and trouble among a company of dunces. Creed came and dined with me; but, Lord! to hear how he pleases himself in behalf of my Lord Sandwich, in the miscarriage of the Duke of Albemarle.

16th. The King, Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry are gone down to the fleet. To Woolwich and Deptford, all the way down and up reading of *The Mayor*

of Quinborough,[1] a simple play. Comes Mr. Williamson, Sir Arthur Ingram, and Jack Fen, to see the new ships, and a very fine gentleman Mr. Williamson is. It seems the Dutch do mightily insult of their victory, and they have great reason. Sir W. Barkeley was killed before his ship taken; and there he lies dead in a sugar-chest,[2] for everybody to see, with his flag standing up by him; and Sir George Ascue is carried up and down the Hague for people to see.

17th. (Lord's day.) To Christ Church, and there heard a silly sermon. To Joyce's, where William Joyce and his wife were, and had a good dinner; but, Lord! how sick was I of the company, only hope I shall have no more of it a good while; but am invited to Will's this week; and his wife, poor, unhappy woman! cried to hear me say that I could not be there, she thinking that I slight her: so they got me to promise to come. Down to the milk-house, and drank three glasses of whey, and then up into the Strand again.

18th. To the office, and so to Lombard Street, to borrow a little money upon a tally, but cannot. To my Lord Bellasis, by invitation, and there dined with him, and his lady and daughter; and at dinner there played to us a young boy, lately come from France, where he had been learning a year or two on the violin, and plays finely. But it was pretty to see how passionately my Lord's daughter loves music. Sir W. Coventry is returned this night from the fleet; he being the activest man in the world, and we all, myself particularly, more afraid of him than of the King or his service, for aught I see; God forgive us! This day the great news is come of the French their taking the island of St. Christopher's from us; and it is to be feared they have done the like of all those islands thereabouts: this makes the City mad.

19th. I to Sir G. Carteret's by appointment; where, I perceive by him, the King is going to borrow some money of the City; but I fear it will do no good, but hurt. He tells me how the General[1] is displeased, and there have been some high words between the General and Sir W. Coventry. And it may be so; for I do not find Sir W. Coventry so highly commending the Duke as he used to be, but letting fall, now and then, some little jerks;[2] as this day, speaking of news from Holland, he says, 'I find their victory begins to shrink there, as well as ours here.' Here I met with Captain Cocke, and he tells me that the first thing the Prince said to the King upon his coming, was complaining of the Commissioners of the Navy; that they could have been abroad in three or four days but for us; that we do not take care of them: which I am troubled at, and do fear may in violence break out upon this office some time or other; for we shall not be able to carry on the business.

20th. Up, but in some pain of the colic. I have of late taken too much cold by washing my feet, and going in a thin silk waistcoat, without any other coat over it, and open-breasted. I did this morning give my father some money to buy him a horse, and for other things to himself and my mother and sister, among them £20, which the poor man takes with infinite kindness.

21st. Up, and at the office all the morning; where by several circumstances I find Sir W. Coventry and the Duke of Albemarle do not agree as they used to do; Sir W. Coventry commending Aylett (in some reproach to the Duke), whom the Duke hath put out for want of courage; and found fault with Steward, whom the Duke keeps in, though as much in fault as any commander in the fleet. At noon home to dinner, my father, sister, and wife dining at Sarah Giles's, poor woman! where I should have been, but my pride

1 By Thomas Middleton.

2 'Whitehall, July 15. This day arrived a trumpet from the States of Holland, who came over from Calais in the Dover packet-boat, with a letter to his Majesty, that the States have taken order for the embalming the body of Sir William Berkeley, which they have placed in the chapel of the great church at the Hague, a civility they profess to owe to his corpse, in respect to the quality of his person, the greatness of his command, and of the high courage and valour he showed in the late engagement; desiring his Majesty to signify his pleasure about the further disposal of it.'—*The London Gazette*, No. 69. Frederick Ruysch, the Dutch anatomist, undertook, by order of the States-General, to inject the body; and it, already somewhat decomposed, was sent over to England as well prepared as if it had been the fresh corpse of a child. [B.]

1 Duke of Albemarle.

2 Cutting remarks, flicks of sarcasm.

would not suffer me. At Mr. Debasty's I saw, in a gold frame, a picture of a fluter playing on his flute, which, for a good while, I took for painting, but at last observed it was a piece of tapestry, and is the finest that ever I saw in my life for figures, and good natural colours, and a very fine thing it is indeed. Sir George Smith tells me that this day my Lord Chancellor and some of the Court have been with the City, and that the City have voted to lend the King £100,000; which, if soon paid, as he says he believes it will, will be a greater service than I did ever expect at this time from the City.

22nd. Up, and before I went out Mr. Peter Barr sent me a tierce of claret, which is very welcome. All day upon my Tangier accounts; my father, wife, and sister late abroad on the water.

23rd. My father and sister very betimes took their leave; and my wife, with all possible kindness, went with them to the coach, I being mightily pleased with their company so long, and my father with his being here, and it rejoices my heart that I am in a condition to do anything to comfort him, he is such innocent company. To Tower Wharf, but could get no watermen, they being now so scarce, by reason of the great press; so to the Custom House, and there, with great threats, got a couple to ferry me down to Deptford, all the way reading *Pompey the Great*[1] (a play translated from the French by several noble persons; among others, my Lord Buckhurst), that to me is but a mean play, and the words and sense not very extraordinary. From Deptford I walked to Redriffe, and in my way was overtaken by Bagwell, lately come from sea in the *Providence*, who did give me an account of several particulars in the late fight, and how his ship was deserted basely by the *York*, Captain Swanly commander.

24th. (Sunday.) To Whitehall. There I hear that Sir Francis Prujean is dead,[2] after being married to a widow about a year, or thereabouts. He died very rich, and had, for the last year, lived very handsomely, his lady bringing him to it. He was no great painstaker in person, yet died very rich; and, as Dr. Clerke says, was of a very great judgement, but hath writ nothing to leave his name to posterity. In the gallery, among others, met with Major Halsey, a great creature of the Duke of Albemarle's; who tells me that the Duke, by name, hath said that he expected to have the work here up in the River done, having left Sir W. Batten and Mr. Phipps there. He says that the Duke of Albemarle do say that this is a victory we have had, having, as he was sure, killed them 8000 men, and sunk about fourteen of their ships; but nothing like this appears true. He lays much of the little success we have had, however, upon the fleet's being divided by order from above, and the want of spirit in the commanders; and that he was commanded by order to go out of the Downs to the Gunfleet, and in the way meeting the Dutch fleet, what should he do? should he not fight them? especially having beat them heretofore at a great disadvantage. He tells me further, that, having been down with the Duke of Albemarle, he finds that Holmes and Spragge do govern most business of the Navy; and by others I understand that Sir Thomas Allen is offended thereat, that he is not so much advised with as he ought to be. He tells me also, as he says, of his own knowledge, that several people, before the Duke went out, did offer to supply the King with £100,000, provided he would be treasurer of it, to see it laid out for the Navy; which he refused, and so it died. But I believe none of this. This day I saw my Lady Falmouth,[1] with whom I remember now I have dined at my Lord Barkeley's heretofore, a pretty woman; she was now in her second or third mourning, and pretty pleasant in her looks. By and by the Council rises, and Sir W. Coventry came out; and he and I went aside, and discoursed of much business of the Navy; and afterwards took his coach, and to Hyde Park he and I alone: there we had much talk. First, he started a

[1] Corneille's *Pompée*, translated by Edmund Waller, Lord Buckhurst, Sir C. Sedley, and S. Godolphin. See Dryden's reference to it in his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

[2] See p. 222.

[1] Mary, daughter of Hervey Bagot, Maid of Honour to the Duchess of York (1660), widow of Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth. She married, secondly, Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, and died in 1679.

discourse of a talk he hears about the town, which, says he, is a very bad one, and fit to be suppressed, if we knew how; which is, the comparing of the success of the last year with that of this; saying that that was good, and that bad. I was as sparing in speaking as I could, being jealous of him and myself also, but wished it could be stopped; but said I doubted it could not otherwise than by the fleet's being abroad again, and so finding other work for men's minds and discourse. Then to discourse of himself, saying that he heard that he was under the lash of people's discourse about the Prince's not having notice of the Dutch being out and for him to come back again, nor the Duke of Albemarle notice that the Prince was sent for back again: to which he told me very particularly how careful he was the very same night that it was resolved to send for the Prince back, to cause orders to be writ, and waked the Duke, who was then in bed, to sign them; and that they went by express that very night, being the Wednesday night before the fight, which began on the Friday; and that for sending them by the post express, and not by gentlemen on purpose, he made a sport of it, and said, I knew of none to send it with, but would at least have lost more time in fitting themselves out than any diligence of theirs beyond that of the ordinary post would have recovered. I told him that this was not so much the town talk as the reason of dividing the fleet. To this he told me he ought not to say much; but did assure me in general that the proposition did first come from the fleet;[1] and the resolution not being prosecuted with orders so soon as the General thought fit, the General did send Sir Edward Spragge up on purpose for them; and that there was nothing in the whole business which was not done with the full consent and advice of the Duke of Albemarle. But he did add (as the Catholics call *le secret de la Messe*), that Sir Edward Spragge—who had, even in Sir Christopher Mings's time, put in to be the great favourite of the Prince, but much more now had a mind to be the great man with him, and to that end had a mind to have the Prince at a distance from the Duke of Albemarle, that they might be doing something alone—did, as he believed, put on this business of dividing the fleet, and that thence it came. He tells me, as to the business of intelligence, the want whereof the world did complain much of, that for that it was not his business; and, as he was therefore to have no share in the blame, so he would not meddle to lay it anywhere else. That De Ruyter was ordered by the States not to make it his business to come into much danger, but to preserve himself, as much as was fit, out of harm's way, to be able to direct the fleet. He do, I perceive, with some violence, forbear saying anything to the reproach of the Duke of Albemarle; but, contrarily, speaks much of his courage; but I do as plainly see that he do not like the Duke of Albemarle's proceedings, but, contrarily, is displeased therewith. And he do plainly diminish the commanders put in by the Duke, and do lessen the miscarriages of any that have been removed by him. He concurs with me that the next bout will be a fatal one to one side or other; because, if we be beaten, we shall not be able to set out our fleet again. He do confess with me that the hearts of our seamen are much saddened; and for that reason, among others, wishes Sir Christopher Mings was alive, who might inspire courage and spirit into them. Speaking of Holmes, how great a man he is, and that he do for the present, and hath done all the voyage, kept himself in good order and within bounds; but, says he, a cat will be a cat still, and, some time or other, out his humours must break again. He do not disown but that the dividing of the fleet upon the presumptions that were then had (which, I suppose, was the French fleet being come this way) was a good resolution. Having had all this discourse, he and I back to Whitehall; and there I left him, being in a little doubt whether I had behaved myself in my discourse with the policy and circumspection which ought to be used to so great a courtier as he is, and so wise and factious a man, and by water home, and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. News from Sir W. Coventry, that the Dutch are certainly come out. All this day on the water entertained myself with the play of Commenius.[1] Mrs.

[1] See June 10, 1666.

[1] John Amos Comenius; *Schola-Ludus seu En-*

Pen carried us to two gardens at Hackney, which I every day grow more and more in love with, Mr. Drake's, one where the garden is good, and house and the prospect admirable; the other my Lord Brooke's, where the gardens are much better, but the house not so good, nor the prospect good at all. But the gardens are excellent; and here I first saw oranges grow: some green, some half, some a quarter, and some full ripe, on the same tree; and one fruit of the same tree do come a year or two after the other. I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious[1] of them, and ate it, and it was just as other little green oranges are; as big as half the end of my little finger. Here were also great variety of other exotic plants, and several labyrinths, and a pretty aviary. This being the first day of my putting on my black stuff bombazin suit.

26th. In the morning came Mr. Chichly[2] to Sir W. Coventry, to tell him the ill success of the guns made for the *Loyal London*; which is, that in the trial every one of the great guns, the whole cannon of seven, as I take it, broke in pieces.

27th. To Sir W. Coventry's chamber, where I saw his father my Lord Coventry's picture hung up, done by Stone,[3] who then brought it home. It is a good picture, drawn in his judge's robes, and the great seal by him. And, while it was hanging up, 'This,' says Sir W. Coventry, merrily, 'is the use we make of our fathers.' But what I observed most from the discourse,[4] was this of Sir W. Coventry, that he do look upon ourselves in a desperate condition. The issue of all standing upon this one point, that by the next fight, if we beat, the Dutch will certainly be content to take eggs for their money[5] (that was his expression); or, if we be beaten, we must be contented to make peace, and glad if we can have it without paying too dear for it. And withal we do rely wholly upon the Parliament's giving us more money the next sitting, or else we are undone. To Mr. Hales's, to pay for my father's picture, which cost me £10 the picture, and 25s. the frame. I did this afternoon visit my Lord Bellasis, who professes all imaginable satisfaction in me. My Lord is going down to his garrison to Hull, by the King's command, to put it in order for fear of an invasion; which course, I perceive, is taken upon the seacoasts round; for we have a real apprehension of the King of France's invading us.

28th. The Dutch are now known to be out, and we may expect them every hour upon our coast. But our fleet is in pretty good readiness for them.

29th. To the office; where I met with a letter from Dover, which tells me, and it came by express, that news is brought over by a gentleman from Callice,[1] that the Dutch fleet, 130 sail, are come upon the French coast; and that the country is bringing in pick-axes, and shovels, and wheel-barrows into Callice;[1] that there are 6000 men armed on head, back, and breast, Frenchmen, ready to go on board the Dutch fleet, and will be followed by 12,000 more. That they pretend they are to come to Dover; and that thereupon the Governor of Dover Castle is getting the victuallers' provisions out of the town into the Castle to secure it. But I do think this a ridiculous conceit; but a little time will show.

30th. Mightily troubled all this morning with going to my Lord Mayor (Sir Thomas Bludworth, a silly man, I think) and other places, about getting shipped some men that they have these two last nights pressed in the City out of the houses: the persons wholly unfit for sea, and many of them people of very good fashion, which is a shame to think of, and carried to Bridewell they are, yet without being impressed with money legally as they ought to be. But to see how the King's business is done; my Lord Mayor himself did scruple, at this time of extremity, to do this thing, because he had not money to pay the press-money to the men (he told me so himself); nor to take up boats to carry them down

cyclopædia Viva (hoc est) Januæ Linguarum Praxis Comica (1664). [1] Careful.

[2] Thomas Chicheley (1618-1694), knighted and made Master-General of the Ordnance in 1670.

[3] Thomas Coventry, first Baron Coventry, and Lord Keeper, died in 1640. Henry Stone ('Old Stone'), the painter, died in 1653. He and Nicholas, the younger (d. 1647), and John (d. 1667), sculptors, were sons of Nicholas Stone, the elder (1586-1647), the architect and sculptor.

[4] They were talking of a navy contract.

[5] Content to be put off with something of no value. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 161.

[1] Calais.

through bridge to the ships I had prepared to carry them down in; insomuch that I was forced to promise to be his paymaster, and he did send his City Remembrancer afterwards to the office, and at the table, in the face of the officers, I did out of my own purse disburse £15 to pay for their pressing and diet last night and this morning; which is a thing worth record of my Lord Mayor. Busy about this all the morning, and about the getting off men pressed by our officers of the fleet into the service, even our own men that are at the office, and the boats that carry us. So that it is now become impossible to have so much as a letter carried from place to place, or any message done for us; nay, out of Victualling ships full loaden to go down to the fleet, and out of the vessels of the officers of the Ordnance, they press men, so that for want of discipline in this respect I do fear all will be undone. Late to bed; and, while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid, Luce, had like to have broken her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs; but, which I was glad of, the poor girl did only bruise her head, but at first did lie on the ground groaning and drawing her breath, like one a-dying.

July 1666

July 1st. (Sunday.) Comes Sir W. Pen to town, which I little expected, having invited my Lady and her daughter Peg to dine with me to-day; which at noon they did, and Sir W. Pen with them; and pretty merry we were. And though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him; his good service at Sheerness, in getting out the fleet, being much taken notice of, and reported to the King and Duke, even from the Prince and Duke of Albemarle themselves, and made the most of to me and them by Sir W. Coventry; therefore, I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him. To the Tower several times about the business of the pressed men, and late at it till twelve at night, shipping of them. But, Lord! how some poor women did cry; and in my life I never did see such natural expression of passion as I did here in some women's bewailing themselves, and running to every parcel of men that were brought, one after another, to look for their husbands, and wept over every vessel that went off, thinking they might be there, and looking after the ship as far as ever they could by moonlight, that it grieved me to the heart to hear them. Besides, to see poor patient labouring men and housekeepers, leaving poor wives and families, taken up on a sudden by strangers, was very hard, and that without press-money, but forced against all law to be gone. It is a great tyranny.

2nd. Up betimes, and forced to go to my Lord Mayor's about the business of the pressed men; and, indeed, I find him a mean man of understanding and dispatch of any public business. Thence, out of curiosity, to Bridewell, to see the pressed men, where there are about 300; but so unruly that I durst not go among them: and they have reason to be so, having been kept these three days prisoners, with little or no victuals, and pressed out, and, contrary to all course of law, without press-money, and men that are not liable to it. Here I met with prating Colonel Cox, one of the City colonels, heretofore a great presbyter; but to hear how the fellow did commend himself and the service he do the King; and, like an ass, at Paul's did take me out of my way on purpose to show me the gate, the little north gate, where he had two men shot close by him on each side, and his own hair burnt by a bullet-shot, in the insurrection of Venner,[1] and himself escaped. Called by Peg Pen to her house, where her father and mother, and Mrs. Norton, the second Roxalana,[2] a fine woman, indifferent handsome, good body and hand, and good mind, and pretends to sing, but do it not excellently. I found one of the vessels loaden with the Bridewell birds in a great mutiny, and they would not sail, not they; but with good words, and cajoling the ringleader into the Tower (where, when he was come, he was clapped up in the hole), they were got very quietly; but I think it is much if they do not run the vessel on ground.

[1] Thomas Venner, leader of the Fifth-Monarchy rising in 1661. See p. 63.

[2] The first was Mrs. Davenport. See p. 118 and p. 360 (*note*).

3rd. Mr. Finch, one of the Commissioners of Excise, and I walked two hours together in the garden, talking of many things; sometimes of Mr. Povy, whose vanity, prodigality, neglect of his business, and committing it to unfit hands hath undone him and outed him of all his public employments, and the thing set on foot by a revival of a business, wherein he had three or four years ago, by surprise, got the Duke of York to sign to having a sum of money paid out of the Excise, before some that was due to him, and now the money is fallen short, and the Duke never likely to be paid. This being revived hath undone Povy. Then we fell to discourse of the Parliament and the great men there, and, among others, Mr. Vaughan,[1] whom he reports as a man of excellent judgement and learning, but most passionate and opiniastre.[2] He had done himself the most wrong, though he values it not, that is, the displeasure of the King, in his standing so long against the breaking of the Act for a triennial Parliament; but yet do believe him to be a most loyal gentleman. He told me Mr. Prin's character; that he is a man of mighty labour and reading and memory, but the worst judge of matters, or layer together of what he hath read, in the world; which I do not, however, believe him in; that he believes him very true to the King in his heart, but can never be reconciled to episcopacy; that the House do not lay much weight upon him, or anything he says. Settling my last month's accounts, and, to my great joy, find myself worth about £5600. News came yesterday from Harwich that the Dutch had appeared on our coast with their fleet, and, we believe, did go to the Gunfleet, and they are supposed to be there now; but I have heard nothing of them to-day. Yesterday Dr. Whistler, at Sir W. Pen's, told me that Alexander Brome, the great song-maker, is lately dead.[3]

4th. Thanks be to God! the plague is, as I hear, increased but two this week; but in the country, in several places, it rages mightily, and particularly in Colchester, where it hath long been, and is believed will quite depopulate the place. With the Duke, all of us, discoursing about the places where to build ten great ships; the King and Council have resolved on none to be under third-rates; but it is impossible to do it, unless we have more money towards the doing it than yet we have in any view. But, however, the show must be made to the world. In the evening Sir W. Pen came to me, and we walked together, and talked of the late fight. I find him very plain that the whole conduct of the late fight was ill; that two-thirds of the commanders of the whole fleet have told him so; they all saying that they durst not oppose it at the Council of War, for fear of being called cowards, though it was wholly against their judgement to fight that day with the disproportion of force, and then we not being able to use one gun of our lower tier, which was a greater disproportion than the other. Besides, we might very well have stayed in the Downs without fighting, or anywhere else, till the Prince could have come up to them; or, at least, till the weather was fair, that we might have the benefit of our whole force in the ships that we had. He says three things must be remedied, or else we shall be undone by this fleet. 1. That we must fight in a line, whereas we fight promiscuously, to our utter and demonstrable ruin; the Dutch fighting otherwise; and we, whenever we beat them. 2. We must not desert ships of our own in distress, as we did, for that makes a captain desperate, and he will fling away his ship, when there are no hopes left him of succour. 3. That ships, when they are a little shattered, must not take the liberty to come in of themselves, but refit themselves the best they can, and stay out—many of our ships coming in with very small disablenesses. He told me that our very commanders, nay, our very flag-officers, do stand in need of exercising among themselves, and discoursing the business of commanding a fleet; he telling me that even one of our flag-men in the fleet did not know which tack lost the wind, or kept it, in the last engagement. He says it was pure dismaying and fear that made them all run upon the Galloper, not having their wits about them; and that it was a miracle they were not all

[1] See p. 252. [2] See p. 263 (*note*). [3] See p. 365.

lost. He much inveighs upon my discoursing of Sir John Lawson's saying heretofore, that sixty sail would do as much as one hundred; and says that he was a man of no counsel at all, but had got the confidence to say as the gallants did, and did propose to himself to make himself great by them, and saying as they did; but was no man of judgement in his business, but hath been out in the greatest points that have come before them. And then, in the business of forecastles, which he did oppose, all the world sees now the use of them for shelter of men. He did talk very rationally to me, insomuch that I took more pleasure this night in hearing him discourse than I ever did in my life in anything that he said.

5th. At noon dined, and Mr. Shepley with me, who came to town the other day. I lent him £30 in silver upon 30 pieces in gold. But to see how apt everybody is to neglect old kindnesses! I must charge myself with the ingratitude of being unwilling to lend him so much money without pawn, if he should have asked it, but he did not.

6th. To the Tower, about shipping of some more pressed men, and, that done, away to Broad Street, to Sir G. Carteret, who is at a pay of tickets all alone; and I believe not less than one thousand people in the streets. But it is a pretty thing to observe that, both there and everywhere else, a man shall see many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men; men being so afraid of the press. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, and, after dinner, had much discourse about our public business; and he do seem to fear every day more and more what I do; which is, a general confusion in the State; plainly answering me to the question, who is it that the weight of the war depends upon? that it is only Sir W. Coventry. He tells me, too, the Duke of Albemarle is dissatisfied, and that the Duchess do curse Coventry as the man that betrayed her husband to the sea; though I believe that it is not so. Thence to Lombard Street, and received £2000, and carried it home: whereof £1000 in gold. This I do for security sake, and convenience of carriage; though it costs me above £70 the change of it, at 18½d. per piece. Being at home, I there met with a letter from Bab. Allen,[1] to invite me to be godfather to her boy, with Mrs. Williams, which I consented to, but know not the time when it is to be.

7th. Creed tells me he finds all things mighty dull at Court; and that they now begin to lie long in bed; it being, as we suppose, not seemly for them to be found playing and gaming as they used to be; nor that their minds are at ease enough to follow those sports, and yet not knowing how to employ themselves, though there be work enough for their thoughts and counsels and pains, they keep long in bed. But he thinks with me that there is nothing in the world can help us but the King's personal looking after his business and his officers, and that with that we may yet do well; but otherwise must be undone; nobody at this day taking care of anything, nor hath anybody to call him to account for it. To bed; and it proved the hottest night that ever I was in in my life, and thundered and lightened all night long, and rained hard. But, Lord! to see in what fear I lay a good while, hearing of a little noise of somebody walking in the house: so rang the bell, and it was my maids going to bed about one o'clock in the morning. But the fear of being robbed, having so much money in the house, was very great, and is still so, and do much disquiet me.

8th. (Lord's day.) To church, wife and Mercer and I, in expectation of hearing some mighty preacher to-day, Mrs. Mary Batelier sending us word so; but it proved an ordinary silly lecturer, which made me merry, and she laughed upon us to see her mistake. I expected to have had news sent me of Knipp's christening to-day; but, hearing nothing of it, I did not go, though I fear it is but their forgetfulness, and so I may disappoint them. To church, after dinner, again, a thing I have not done a good while before, go twice in one day.

9th. To my office, where busy till come to by Lovett and his wife. Home with them, and there find my aunt Wight with my wife, come to take her leave of

[1] Mrs. Knipp. See Jan. 5 and July 8, 1666 (p. 364).

her, being going[1] for the summer into the country; and there was also Mrs. Mary Batelier and her sister, newly come out of France, a black,[2] very black, woman, but mighty good-natured people both, as ever I saw. Here I made the black one sing a French song, which she did mighty innocently, and then Mrs. Lovett play on the lute, which she do very well; and then Mercer and I sang; and so, with great pleasure, I left them, having showed them my chamber, and £1000 in gold, which they wondered at, and given them sweetmeats, and shown my aunt Wight my father's picture, which she admires.

10th. To the office; the yard being very full of women (I believe above three hundred) coming to get money for their husbands and friends that are prisoners in Holland; and they lay clamouring, and swearing, and cursing us, that my wife and I were afraid to send a venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's to be baked, for fear of their offering violence to it; but it went, and no hurt done. To the Tower to speak with Sir John Robinson about the bad condition of the pressed men for want of clothes. Home, and there find my wife and the two Mrs. Bateliers walking in the garden; and then they and we and Mrs. Mercer, the mother, and her daughter Anne, and our Mercer, to supper to a good venison-pasty and other good things, and had a good supper, and very merry, Mistress Bateliers being both very good-humoured. We sang and talked, and then led them home, and there they made us drink; and, among other things, did show us, in cages, some birds brought from Bordeaux, that are all fat, and examining one of them, they are so, almost all fat. Their name is ortolans, which are brought over to the King for him to eat, and indeed are excellent things.

11th. I away by coach to St. James's, and there hear that the Duchess is lately[3] brought to bed of a boy. By and by called to wait on the Duke, the King being present; and there agreed, among other things, on the places to build the ten new great ships ordered to be built, and as to the relief of prisoners in Holland. And then about several stories of the baseness of the King of Spain's being served with officers: they in Flanders having as good common men as any Prince in the world, but the veriest cowards for the officers, nay, for the general officers, as the General and Lieutenant-General, in the whole world. But, above all things, the King did speak most in contempt of the ceremoniousness of the King of Spain, that he do nothing but under some ridiculous form or other. I shall get in near £2000 into my own hands, which is in the King's, upon tallies; which will be a pleasure to me, and satisfaction to have a good sum in my own hands, whatever evil disturbances should be in the State; though it troubles me to lose so great a profit as the King's interest of ten per cent for that money. To the office. I there met with a command from my Lord Arlington, to go down to a galliot[1] at Greenwich, by the King's particular command, that is going to carry the Savoy Envoy over, and we fear there may be many Frenchmen then on board; and so I have a power and command to search for and seize all that have not passes from one of the Secretaries of State, and to bring them and their papers in custody. So I to the Tower, and got a couple of musketeers with me, and Griffen and my boy Tom, and so down; and, being come, found none on board but two or three servants, looking to horses and dogs, there on board. On shore at Greenwich, the night being late, and the tide against us: so, having sent before, to Mrs. Clerke's, and there had a good bed, and well received, the whole people rising to see me.

12th. Up again by five o'clock, and away to the Tower, and thence, having shifted myself, to St. James's, to Goring House, there to wait on my Lord Arlington, to give him an account of my night's work, but he was not up, being not long since married:[2] so, after walking up and down the house below, being the house I was

[1] About to go. [2] Brunette.

[3] On the 4th. Charles, Duke of Kendal, died May 22, 1667. [B.]

[1] A small galley.

[2] To Isabella, daughter of Louis de Nassau, Lord of Beverwaert, and Count of Nassau, natural son of Prince Maurice. She was sister of the Countess of Ossory; her daughter by Lord Arlington was afterwards first Duchess of Grafton. [B.]

See p. 440.

once at Hartlib's[1] sister's wedding, and is a very fine house, and finely furnished; and then I away to St. James's, and with Sir W. Coventry into London, to the office. And all the way I observed him mightily to make mirth of the Duke of Albemarle and his people about him, saying that he was the happiest man in the world for doing of great things by sorry instruments; and so particularised in Sir W. Clerke, and Riggs, and Halsey, and others; and then, again, said that the only quality eminent in him was that he did persevere; and indeed he is a very drudge, and stands by the King's business. And this he said, that one thing he was good at, that he never would receive an excuse if the thing was not done; listening to no reasoning for it, be it good or bad. And then he began to say what a great man Warcupp was, and something else, and what was that but a great liar; and told me a story, how at table he did, they speaking about antipathies, say, that a rose touching his skin anywhere would make it rise and pimple; and, by and by the dessert coming, with roses upon it, the Duchess[2] bid him try, and they did; but they rubbed and rubbed, but nothing would do in the world, by which his lie was found.[3] He spoke contemptibly of Holmes and his myrmidons, that came to take down the ships from hence, and have carried them without any necessaries, or anything almost, that they will certainly be longer getting ready than if they had stayed here. In fine, I do observe he hath no esteem nor kindness for the Duke's matters, but, contrarily, do slight him and them; and I pray God the kingdom do not pay too dear by this jarring; though this block-headed Duke I did never expect better from.

14th. Up betimes to the office to write fair a laborious letter I wrote as from the Board to the Duke of York, laying out our want of money again; and particularly the business of Captain Cocke's tender of hemp, which my Lord Brouncker brought in, under an unknown hand, witnout name, wherein his Lordship will have no great success, I doubt. That being done, I down to Thames Street, and there agreed for four or five tons of cork, to send this day to the fleet, being a new device to make barricados with, instead of junk.[1] After a song in the garden, which is now the greatest pleasure I take, and indeed do please me mightily, to bed. This evening I had Davila[2] brought home to me, and find it a most excellent history as ever I read.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where our lecturer made a sorry silly sermon upon the great point of proving the truth of the Christian religion. Walked to the Park, and there, it being mighty hot and I weary, lay down by the canal, upon the grass, and slept awhile, and was thinking of a lampoon which hath run in my head this week, to make up the late fight at sea, and the miscarriages there; but other businesses put it out of my head: and so home, and there drank a great deal of small beer; and so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields, to take the air, as far as beyond Hackney, and so back again, in our way drinking a great deal of milk, which I drank to take away my heartburn. Home, and to bed in some pain, and fear of more. In mighty pain all night long, which I impute to the milk that I drank upon so much beer; the cold to my washing my feet the night before.

16th. A wonderful dark sky, and shower of rain this morning. At Harwich a shower of hail as big as walnuts. Passed the day with Balty, who is come from sea for a day or two before the fight, and I perceive could be willing fairly to be out of the next fight, and I cannot much blame him, he having no reason by his place to be there; however, would not have him to be absent manifestly to avoid being there.

17th. I went and bought a common riding-cloak for myself, to save my best. It cost me but 30s., and will do my turn mighty well. This day I did bid Balty to agree with ———, the Dutch painter, which he once led me to, to see landscapes, for a winter-piece of snow, which indeed is a

[1] See p. 41. [2] Of Albemarle.
[3] Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, June 18, 1670.

[1] Old cables, oakum, etc., made up into ship-fenders, etc.

[2] *Storia delle Guerre civili di Francia*, by Enrico Caterino Davila (1631) It was translated in 1647-48 by Sir C. Cotterell and W. Aylesbury.

good piece, and costs me but 40s., which I would not take the money again for, it being, I think, very good.

18th. To St. James's after my fellows; and here, among other things, before us all, the Duke of York did say that now at length he is come to a sure knowledge that the Dutch did lose in the late engagements twenty-nine captains and thirteen ships. Upon which Sir W. Coventry did publicly move that, if his Royal Highness had this of a certainty, it would be of use to send this down to the fleet, and to cause it to be spread about the fleet, for the recovering of the spirits of the officers and seamen; who are under great dejectedness, for want of knowing that they did do anything against the enemy, notwithstanding all that they did to us: which, though it be true, yet methought was one of the most dishonourable motions to our countrymen that ever was made; and is worth remembering. Thence with Sir W. Pen home, calling at Lilly's, to have a time appointed when to be drawn among the other Commanders of Flags the last year's fight; and so full of work Lilly is, that he was fain to take his table-book out to see how his time is appointed, and appointed six days hence for him[1] to come between seven and eight in the morning.[2] Thence with him home; and there by appointment I find Dr. Fuller, now Bishop of Limerick, in Ireland; whom I knew in his low condition at Twittenham.[3] And find the Bishop the same good man as ever; and, in a word, kind to us, and, methinks, one of the comeliest and most becoming prelates in all respects that ever I saw in my life. During dinner comes an acquaintance of his, Sir Thomas Littleton;[4] whom I knew not while he was in my house, but liked his discourse: and afterwards, by Sir W. Pen, do come to know that he is one of the greatest speakers in the House of Commons, and the usual second to the great Vaughan: so was sorry I did observe him no more, and gain more of his acquaintance. Walked to Woolwich, reading *The Rival Ladies*[1] all the way, and find it a most pleasant and fine writ play.

19th. Full of wants of money, and much stores to buy, for to replenish the stores, and no money to do it with. Balty takes his leave of us, he going towards the fleet, where he will pass through one great engagement more before he be two days older, I believe. The fleet is sailed this morning; God send us good news of them!

20th. To Lovett's, there to see how my picture goes on to be varnished, a fine crucifix,[2] which will be very fine; and here I saw some fine prints, brought from France by Sir Thomas Crewe. Lovett did present me with a varnished staff, very fine and light to walk with. Came Mrs. Daniel and her sister Sarah, and dined with us; and old Mr. Hawly, whose condition pities me, he being forced to turn under parish-clerk at St. Giles's—I think at the other end of the town.

21st. At noon walked in the garden with Commissioner Pett, newly come to town, who tells me how infinite the disorders are among the commanders and all officers of the fleet. No discipline; nothing but swearing and cursing, and everybody doing what they please; and the Generals, understanding no better, suffer it, to the reproaching of this Board, or whoever it will be. He himself hath been challenged twice to the field, or something as good, by Sir Edward Spragge and Captain Seymour. He tells me that captains carry, for all the late orders, what men they please. So that he fears, and I do no less, that God Almighty cannot bless us while we keep in this disorder that we are in: he observing to me, too, that there is no man of counsel or advice in the fleet; and the truth is the gentlemen-captains will undo us, for they are not to be kept in order, their friends about the King and Duke, and their own houses, are

[1] Sir W. Penn.

[2] Lely's painting is preserved in Greenwich Hospital.

[3] Twickenham, where William Fuller (1608-1675) had kept a school. He was afterwards Bishop of Lincoln.

[4] Afterwards made Treasurer of the Navy, in conjunction with Sir Thomas Osborne. He was the eldest son of Sir Adam Littleton, of Stoke Milburgh, Salop. He married Anne, daughter of Edward Lord Littleton, the Lord Keeper, and died in 1681, aged 57. [B.] His son Sir Thomas Littleton, (?1647-1710) Speaker of the House of Commons, was also Treasurer of the Navy.

[1] By Dryden.

[2] This played some part in Pepys's later troubles when he was suspected of being a Catholic.

so free, that it is not for any person but the Duke himself to have any command over them.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Walked to Whitehall, where saw nobody almost, but walked up and down with Hugh May, who is a very ingenious man. Among other things, discoursing of the present fashion of gardens to make them plain, that we have the best walks of gravel in the world, France having none, nor Italy; and our green of our bowling alleys is better than any they have. So our business here being air, this is the best way, only with a little mixture of statues, or pots, which may be handsome, and so filled with another pot of such or such a flower or green as the season of the year will bear. And then for flowers, they are best seen in a little plat[1] by themselves: besides, their borders spoil the walks of another garden: and then for fruit, the best way is to have walls built circularly one within another, to the South, on purpose for fruit, and leave the walking garden only for that use. Thence walked through the House, where most people mighty hush and, methinks, melancholy. I see not a smiling face through the whole Court; and, in my conscience, they are doubtful of the conduct again of the Generals, and I pray God they may not make their fears reasonable. Sir Richard Fanshaw is lately dead[2] at Madrid. The fleet cannot get clear of the River, but expect the first wind to be out, and then to be sure to fight. The Queen and Maids of Honour are at Tunbridge.

23rd. Comes Simpson, the joiner; and he and I with great pains contriving presses to put my books up in: they now growing numerous, and lying one upon another on my chairs, I lose the use to avoid the trouble of removing them, when I would open a book. All full of expectation of the fleet's engagement, but it is not yet. Sir W. Coventry says they are eighty-nine men-of-war; but one fifth-rate, and that, the *Sweepstakes*, which carries forty guns. They are most infinitely[3] manned. He tells me the *Loyal London*, Sir J. Smith, which, by the way, he commends to be the best ship in the world, large and small, hath above eight hundred men; and, moreover, takes notice, which is worth notice, that the fleet hath lain now near fourteen days without any demand for a farthing-worth of anything of any kind, but only to get men. He also observes, that with this excess of men, nevertheless, they have thought fit to leave behind them sixteen ships, which they have robbed of their men, which certainly might have been manned, and they been serviceable in the fight, and yet the fleet well manned, according to the excess of supernumeraries, which we hear they have. At least, two or three of them might have been left manned, and sent away with the Gottenburgh ships. They conclude this to be much the best fleet, for force of guns, greatness and number of ships and men, that ever England did see; being, as Sir W. Coventry reckons, besides those left behind, eighty-nine men-of-war, and twenty fireships, though we cannot hear that they have with them above eighteen. The French are not yet joined with the Dutch, which do dissatisfy the Hollanders, and, if they should have a defeat, will undo De Witt;[1] the people generally of Holland do hate this league with France.

24th. Busy very late, till midnight, drawing up a representation of the state of my victualling business to the Duke in writing, I now having the advantage of having had two fleets dispatched in better condition than ever any fleets were yet, I believe—at least, with least complaint; and by this means I shall with the better confidence get my bills out for my salary.

25th. At Whitehall we find the Court gone to Chapel, it being St. James's day. And, by and by, while they are at chapel, and we waiting chapel being done, came people out of the Park, telling us that the guns are heard plainly. And so everybody to the Park, and by and by the chapel done; and the King and Duke into the bowling-green, and upon the leads, whither I went, and there the guns were plain to be heard; though it was pretty to hear how confident some would be in the loudness of the guns, which it was as much as ever I could do to hear them. By and by the King to dinner, and I waited there his

[1] Plot.

[2] Sir Richard Fanshawe, ambassador to Spain. He died June 16, 1666.

[3] Excessively, over-. See the following sentences.

[1] Pepys seems to have foreseen the fate of De Witt. [B.]

dining; but, Lord! how little I should be pleased, I think, to have so many people crowding about me; and, among other things, it astonished me to see my Lord Berkshire[1] waiting at table, and serving the King drink, in that dirty pickle as I never saw man in my life. Here I met Mr. Williams, who would have me to dine where he was invited to dine, at the Back-stairs. So, after the King's meat was taken away, we thither; but he could not stay, but left me there among two or three of the King's servants, where we dined with the meat that came from his table; which was most excellent, with most brave drink cooled in ice, which, at this hot time, was welcome; and I, drinking no wine, had metheglin[2] for the King's own drinking, which did please me mightily.

26th. Dined at home: Mr. Hunt and his wife, who is very gallant, and newly come from Cambridge, because of the sickness, with us. With my wife and Mercer to my Lord Chancellor's new house, and there carried them up to the leads, where I find my Lord Chamberlain, Lauderdale, Sir Robert Murray, and others, and do find it the most delightful place for prospect that ever was in the world, it even ravishing me; and that is all, in short, I can say of it. To the office, but no news at all from the fleet.

27th. To Whitehall. The waterman tells me that news is come that our ship *Resolution* is burnt, and that we had sunk four or five of the enemy's ships. To Sir W. Coventry's lodging, and there he showed me Captain Talbot's letter, wherein he says that the fight began on the 25th: that our White Squadron began with one of the Dutch squadrons, and then the Red with another, so hot that we put them both to giving way; and so they continued in pursuit all the day, and as long as he stayed with them: that the Blue fell to the Zealand squadron; and, after a long dispute, he against two or three great ships, he received eight or nine dangerous shots, and so came away; and says he saw the *Resolution* burned by one of their fireships, and four or five of the enemy's; but says that two or three of our great ships were in danger of being fired by our own fireships, which Sir W. Coventry nor I cannot understand. But, upon the whole, he and I walked two or three turns in the Park under the great trees; and do doubt that this gallant is come away a little too soon, having lost never a mast nor sail. And then we did begin to discourse of the young gentlemen-captains, which he was very free with me in speaking his mind of the unruliness of them; and what a loss the King hath of his old men; and now of this Hannam, of the *Resolution*, if he be dead. He told me how he is disturbed to hear the commanders at sea called cowards here on shore, and that he was yesterday concerned publicly at a dinner to defend them, against somebody that said that not above twenty of them fought as they should do, and indeed it is derived from the Duke of Albemarle himself, who wrote so to the King and Duke, and that he told them how they fought four days, two of them with great disadvantage. The Count de Guiche,[1] who was on board De Ruyter, writing his narrative home in French of the fight, do lay all the honour that may be upon the English courage above the Dutch, and that he himself[2] was sent down from the King and Duke of York after the fight, to pray them to spare none that they thought had not done their parts, and that they had removed but four, whereof Du Tell is one, of whom he would say nothing; but, it seems, the Duke of York hath been much displeased at his removal, and hath now taken him into his service,[3] which is a plain affront to the Duke of Albemarle; and two of the others, Sir W. Coventry did speak very slenderly of their faults. Only the last, which was old Teddiman, he says, is in fault, and hath little to excuse himself with; and that, therefore, we should not be forward in condemning men of want of courage, when the Generals, who are both men of metal, and hate cowards, and had the sense of our

[1] Thomas Howard, second son of Thomas, first Earl of Suffolk, created Earl of Berkshire, 1626, K.G. He died in 1669, aged nearly 90. [B.]

[2] See page 13.

[1] Eldest son of the Duc de Grammont.

[2] Sir W. Coventry.

[3] As Yeoman of the Cellar and Cup-bearer. This step of the Duke of York is alluded to in the *Poems on State Affairs*, vol. i. p. 36, ed. 1703:—

'Cashier the memory of Dutell, raised up
To taste, instead of death, his Highness' cup.' [B.]

See p. 390.

ill success upon them, thought fit to remove no more of them, when desired by the King and Duke of York to do it, without respect to any favour any of them can pretend to in either of them.

28th. To the Pope's Head, where my Lord Brouncker and his mistress dined and Commissioner Pett, Dr. Charleton,[1] and myself entertained with a venison-pasty by Sir W. Warren. Here very pretty discourse of Dr. Charleton's, concerning Nature's fashioning every creature's teeth according to the food she intends them; and that men's, it is plain, was not for flesh, but for fruit, and that he can at any time tell the food of a beast unknown by the teeth; and that all children love fruit, and none brought to flesh, but against their wills at first. Thence with my Lord to his coach-house, and there put in six horses into his coach, and he and I alone to Highgate. Being come thither, we went to my Lord Lauderdale's house[2] to speak with him, and find him and his lady, and some Scotch people, at supper: pretty odd company, though my Lord Brouncker tells me my Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgement. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the violin some Scotch tunes only; several, and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them, by their praising and admiring them; but, Lord! the strangest air that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world; and the better the music, the more sick it makes him; and that of all instruments, he hates the lute most, and next to that the bagpipe.

29th. (Lord's day.) Before sermon was done at Church, comes news by a letter to Sir W. Batten, to my hand, of the late fight, which I sent to his house, he at church. But, Lord! with what impatience I stayed till sermon was done, to know the issue of the fight, with a thousand hopes and fears and thoughts about the consequences of either. At last sermon is done, and he come home, and the bells immediately rung soon as the church was done. But coming to Sir W. Batten to know the news, his letter said nothing of it; but all the town is full of a victory. By and by a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings;[1] had taken two of their great ships; but, by the orders of the Generals, they are burned. This being, methought, but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleets, and four days having no tidings of them, I was still impatient; but could know no more. I to Sir W. Batten, where the Lieutenant of the Tower[2] was, and Sir John Minnes, and the news I find is what I had heard before; only that our Blue squadron, it seems, was pursued the most of the time, having more ships, a great many, than its number allotted to its share. Young Seymour is killed, the only captain slain. The *Resolution* burned; but, as they say, most of her crew and commander saved. This is all, only we keep the sea, which denotes a victory, or at least that we are not beaten; but no great matters to brag of, God knows.

30th. To Sir W. Coventry, at St. James's, where I find him in his new closet, which is very fine, and well supplied with handsome books. I find him speak very slightly of the late victory: dislikes their staying with the fleet up their coast, believing that the Dutch will come out in fourteen days, and then we, with our unready fleet, by reason of some of the ships being maimed, shall be in bad condition to fight them upon their coast: is much dissatisfied with the great number of men, and their fresh demands of twenty-four victualling-ships, they going out the other day as full as they could stow. He spoke slightly of the Duke of Albemarle, saying, when De Ruyter came to give him a broadside—'Now,' says he, chewing of tobacco the while, 'will this fellow come and give me two broadsides, and then he will run;' but it seems he held him to it two hours, till the Duke himself was forced to retreat, to refit, and was towed off, and De Ruyter stayed for him till he came back again to fight. One in the ship saying to the Duke, 'Sir, methinks De Ruyter hath given us

[1] Walter Charleton (1619-1707), physician-in-ordinary to the King.
[2] On the eastern side of Highgate Hill.

[1] 'The Dutch fleet escaped to the Weelings and Goree [Goeree Gat]' (*Cal. of State Papers*, 1665-1666, p. 591).
[2] Sir John Robinson.

more than two broadsides;' 'Well,' says the Duke, 'but you shall find him run by and by;' and so he did, says Sir W. Coventry; but after the Duke himself had been first made to fall off. The *Resolution* had all brass guns, being the same that Sir J. Lawson had in her in the Straits. It is observed, that the two fleets were even in number to one ship. Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her, which I acknowledge; but it is because that the girl do take music mighty readily, and she do not, and music is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed, in some little discontent, but no words from me.

31st. The Court empty, the King being gone to Tunbridge, and the Duke of York a-hunting. I had some discourse with Povy, who is mightily discontented, I find, about his disappointments at Court; and says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here: no faith, no truth, no love, nor any agreement between man and wife, nor friends. He would have spoke broader, but I put it off to another time; and so parted. Povy discoursed with me about my Lord Peterborough's £50, which his man did give me from him, the last year's salary I paid him, which he would have Povy pay him again; but I have not taken it to myself yet, and therefore will most heartily return him, and mark him out for a coxcomb. Povy went down to Mr. Williamson's, and brought me up this extract out of the Flanders letters to-day come:—That Admiral Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Friesland, with many captains and men, are slain; that De Ruyter is safe, but lost 250 men out of his own ship; but that he is in great disgrace, and Trump in better favour; that Bankert's ship is burned, himself hardly escaping with a few men on board De Haes; that fifteen captains are to be tried the seventh of August; and that the hangman was sent from Flushing to assist the Council of War. How much of this is true, time will show. Mighty well, and end this month in content of mind and body. The public matters looking more safe for the present than they did, and we having a victory of the Dutch just such as I could have wished, and as the kingdom was fit to bear, enough to give us the name of conquerors, and leave us masters of the sea, but without any such great matters done as should give the Duke of Albemarle any honour at all, or give him cause to rise to his former insolence.

August 1666

August 1st. Walked over the Park with Sir W. Coventry, who I clearly see is not thoroughly pleased with the late management of the fight, nor with anything that the Generals do: only is glad to hear that De Ruyter is out of favour, and that this fight hath cost them 5000 men, as they themselves do report. And it is a strange thing, as he observes, how now and then the slaughter runs on one hand; there being 5000 killed on theirs, and not above 400 or 500 killed and wounded on ours, and as many flag-officers on theirs as ordinary captains on ours; there being Everson, and the Admiral and Vice-Admiral of Friesland on theirs, and Seymour, Martin, and ——— on ours.

2nd. To the office, where we sat, and in discourse at the table with Sir W. Batten I was obliged to tell him it was an untruth, which did displease him mightily, and parted at noon very angry with me. Balty's wife is in great pain for her husband, not hearing of him since the fight; but I understand he was not in it, going hence too late.

3rd. The death of Everson, and the report of our success, beyond expectation, in the killing of so great a number of men, hath raised the estimation of the late victory considerably; but it is only among fools; for all that was but accidental. But this morning, getting Sir W. Pen to read over the Narrative with me, he did sparingly, yet plainly, say that we might have intercepted their Zealand squadron coming home, if we had done our parts; and more, that we might have spooned[1] before

[1] Or 'spoomed,' *i.e.* gone before the wind, without sail. Cf. Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, iii. 96 ('When virtue spooms before a prosperous gale').

the wind as well as they, and have overtaken their ships in the pursuit, in all the while.

4th. Mr. Cooke dined with us, who is lately come from Hinchingbroke. The family all well. This evening Sir W. Pen came into the garden, and walked with me, and told me that he had certain notice that at Flushing they are in great distraction. De Ruyter dares not come on shore for fear of the people; nor anybody open their houses or shops for fear of the tumult: which is a very good hearing.

5th. (Lord's day.) To the church, where, I believe, Mrs. Horsely goes, by Merchant-tailors' hall, and there I find in the pulpit, Elborough, my old schoolfellow[1] and a simple rogue, and yet I find preaching a very good sermon, and in as right a parson-like manner, and in good manner too, as I have heard anybody; and the church very full, which is a surprising consideration. After dinner with my wife and Mercer and Jane by water up as high as Mortlake with great pleasure, and a fine day, reading over the second part of the *Siege of Rhodes*, with great delight. We landed, and walked at Barn-elms, and then at the neat-houses I landed, and bought a melon,[2] and we did also land and eat and drink at Wandsworth, and so to the Old Swan, and thence walked home. It being a mighty fine cool evening, my wife and I spent an hour in the garden talking of our living in the country, when I shall be turned out of the office, as I fear the Parliament may find faults enough to remove us all. Nan, at Sir W. Pen's, lately married to one Markeham, a kinsman of Sir W. Pen's, a pretty wench she is.

6th. To my Lady Montagu's, at Westminster, and there visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, newly come from Hinchingbroke, and find him a mighty sober gentleman, to my great content. In Fenchurch Street met with Mr. Battersby; says he, 'Do you see Dan Rawlinson's[3] door shut up?' which I did, and wondered. 'Why,' says he, 'after all this sickness, and himself spending all the last year in the country, one of his men is now dead of the plague, and his wife and one of his maids sick, and himself shut up;' which troubles me mightily. So home; and there do hear also from Mrs. Sarah Daniel that Greenwich is at this time much worse than ever it was, and Deptford too: and she told us that they believed all the town would leave the town, and come to London; which is now the receptacle of all the people from all infected places. God preserve us! After dinner in comes Mrs. Knipp, and I sat and talked with her, it being the first time of her being here since her being brought to bed. I very pleasant to her; but perceive my wife hath no great pleasure in her being here. However, we talked and sang, and were very pleasant. By and by comes Mr. Pierce and his wife, the first time she also hath been here since her lying-in, both having been brought to bed of boys, and both of them dead. Knipp and I sang, and then I offered to carry them home, and to take my wife with me, but she would not go: so I with them, leaving my wife in a very ill humour. However, I would not be removed from my civility to them, but sent for a coach, and went with them; and in our way, Knipp saying that she came out of doors without a dinner to us, I took them to Old Fish Street,[1] to the very house and woman where I kept my wedding dinner, where I never was since, and there I did give them a jowl of salmon, and what else was to be had. And here we talked of the ill-humour of my wife, which I did excuse as much as I could, and they seemed to admit of it, but did both confess they wondered at it; but from thence to other discourse of my Lord Brouncker. They told me how poorly my Lord carried himself the other day to his kinswoman, Mrs. Howard, and was displeased because she called him uncle to a little gentlewoman that is there with him, which he will not admit of; for no relation is to be challenged from others to a lord, and did treat her thereupon very rudely and ungenteely. Knipp tells me also that my Lord keeps another woman besides Mrs. Williams; and that, when I

[1] See p. 413.
[2] Orig. 'millon.'
[3] A London wine merchant, descended from the Graisdales of Lancashire, father of Sir Thomas Rawlinson, President of Bridewell Hospital, and Lord Mayor in 1706; two of whose sons, Thomas and Richard, LL.D., were well known as eminent antiquaries and book collectors. [B.]

[1] Famed for fish-dinners.

was there the other day, there was a great hubbub in the house, Mrs. Williams being fallen sick, because my Lord was gone to his other mistress, making her wait for him till his return from the other mistress; and a great deal of do there was about it; and Mrs. Williams swooned[1] at it, at the very time when I wondered at the reason of my being received so negligently. I set them both at home, Knipp at her house, her husband being at the door; and glad she was to be found to have stayed out so long with me and Mrs. Pierce, and none else. Home, and there find my wife mightily out of order, and reproaching Mrs. Pierce and Knipp as wenches, and I know not what. But I did give her no words to offend her, and quietly let all pass.

7th. Comes Mr. Reeve, with a twelve-foot glass. Up to the top of the house, and there we endeavoured to see the moon, and Saturn, and Jupiter; but the heavens proved cloudy, and so we lost our labour, having taken pains to get things together, in order to the managing of our long glass. I receive fresh intelligence that Deptford and Greenwich are now afresh exceedingly afflicted with the sickness more than ever.

8th. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musical sounds made by strings, mighty prettily; and told me that having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with her wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note that it answers to in music during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined; but his discourse in general of sound was mighty fine. To St. James's, where we attended with the rest of my fellows on the Duke, whom I found with two or three patches upon his nose and about his right eye, which came from his being struck with the bough of a tree the other day in his hunting; and it is a wonder it did not strike out his eye. After we had done our business with him, which is now but little, the want of money being such as leaves us but little to do but to answer complaints of the want thereof, the representing of our want of money being now become useless. To Bow, to my Lady Pooly's,[1] where my wife was with Mr. Batelier and his sisters; and there I found a noble supper. About ten o'clock we rose from table, and sang a song; and so home in two coaches, Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and my wife and I in one, and Mercer alone in the other; and, after being examined at Allgate whether we were husbands and wives, home. I find Reeves there, it being a mighty fine bright night, and so upon my leads, though very sleepy, till one in the morning, looking on the moon and Jupiter, with his twelve-foot glass, and another of six foot that he hath brought with him to-night, and the sights mighty pleasant, and one of the glasses I will buy. So to bed mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure, Reeves lying at my house; and mighty proud I am, and ought to be thankful to God Almighty that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

9th. Mightily pleased with a Virgin's head that my wife is now doing of. In the evening to Lombard Street, about money, to enable me to pay Sir G. Carteret's £3000 which he hath lodged in my hands, in behalf of his son and my Lady Jemimah, towards their portion. Mrs. Rawlinson is dead of the sickness, and her maid continues mighty ill. He[2] himself is got out of the house. I met with Mr. Evelyn in the street, who tells me the sad condition at this very day at Deptford for the plague, and more at Deal, within his precinct as one of the Commissioners for sick and wounded seamen, that the town is almost quite depopulated.

10th. Homeward, and hear in Fenchurch Street that now the maid is also dead at Mr. Rawlinson's; so that there are three dead in all, the wife, a man-servant, and maid-servant. Pleased to hear of Mrs. Barbara Sheldon's good fortune, who is like to have Mr. Wood's son, the mast-maker, a very rich man, and to be married speedily, she being already mighty fine upon it.

12th. (Lord's day.) I and my wife up to her closet, to examine her kitchen accounts, and there I took occasion to fall out with her, for her buying a laced handkercher and pinner without my leave.

[1] Orig. 'swounded.'

[1] Wife of Sir Edmund Pooly, *n.s.*

[2] Daniel Rawlinson. See p. 406.

From this we began both to be angry, and so continued till bed.

13th. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies, being both quiet and silent. To Paul's churchyard, to treat with a bookbinder to come and gild the backs of all my books, to make them handsome, to stand in my new presses.

14th. (Thanksgiving day.)[1] Comes Mr. Foley and his man, with a box of a great variety of carpenter's and joiner's tools, which I had bespoke, which please me mightily; but I will have more. Povy tells me how mad my letter makes my Lord Peterborough, and what a furious letter he hath writ to me in answer, though it is not come yet. This did trouble me; for though there be no reason, yet to have a nobleman's mouth open against a man may do a man hurt; so I endeavoured to have found him out and spoke with him, but could not. So to the chapel, and heard a piece of the Dean of Westminster's[2] sermon, and a special good anthem before the King, after sermon. After dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Bear Garden;[3] where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing the dogs—one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first, which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents[4] and rockets; and there mighty merry, my Lady Pen and Peg going thither with us, and Nan Wright, till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our business being most spent, we went into Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and fell into dancing, W. Batelier dancing well; and dressing, him and I, and one Mr. Banister, who, with my wife, come over also with us, like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Peg Pen put on periwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

15th. Mighty sleepy; slept till past eight of the clock, and was called up by a letter from Sir W. Coventry; which, among other things, tells me how we have burned one hundred and sixty ships of the enemy within the Fly.[1] I up, and with all possible haste, and in pain for fear of coming late, it being our day of attending the Duke of York, to St. James's, where they are full of the particulars; how they are generally good merchant-ships, some of them laden and supposed rich ships. We spent five fireships upon them. We landed on the Schelling,[2] Sir Philip Howard with some men, and Holmes, I think, with others, about 1000 in all, and burned a town; and so came away. By and by the Duke of York with his books showed us the very place and manner; and that it was not our design and expectation to have done this, but only to have landed on the Fly, and burned some of their stores; but, being come in, we spied those ships, and with our long boats, one by one, fired them, our ships running all aground, it being so shoal water. We were led to this by, it seems, a renegado captain of the Hollanders, who found himself ill used by De Ruyter for his good service, and so came over to us, and hath done us good service; so that now we trust him, and he himself did go on this expedition. The service is very great, and our joys as great for it. All this will make the Duke of Albemarle in repute again, I doubt. Down the river, reading *The Adventures of Five Hours*,[3] which the more I read the more I admire. The guns of the Tower going off, and

[1] For the victory over the Dutch.

[2] John Dolben (1625-1686), afterwards Archbishop of York.

[3] The Bear Garden was situated on Bankside, close to the precinct of the Clinke Liberty, and very near to the old Palace of the bishops of Winchester. [B.]

[4] Cf. p. 387.

[1] Vlieland. [2] See pp. 410, 519. [3] See p. 198.

there being bonfires also in the street for this late good success.

16th. This day Sir W. Batten did show us at the table a letter from Sir T. Allen, which says that we have taken ten or twelve ships, since the late great expedition of burning their ships and town, laden with hemp, flax, tar, deals, etc. This was good news; but by and by comes in Sir G. Carteret, and he asked us with full mouth what we would give for good news. Says Sir W. Batten, 'I have better than you, for a wager.' They laid sixpence, and we that were by were to give sixpence to him that told the best news. So Sir W. Batten told his of the ten or twelve ships. Sir G. Carteret did then tell us that, upon the news of the burning of the ships and town, the common people of Amsterdam did besiege De Witt's house, and he was forced to flee to the Prince of Orange, who is gone to Cleve, to the marriage of his sister. This we concluded all the best news, and my Lord Brouncker and myself did give Sir G. Carteret our sixpence a-piece, which he did give Mr. Smith to give to the poor. Thus we made ourselves mighty merry.

17th. Down by water to Woolwich, and had a piece of bridecake sent me by Mrs. Barbary[1] into the boat after me, she being here at her uncle's, with her husband, Mr. Wood's son, and mighty nobly married, they say; she was very fine, and he very rich, a strange fortune for so odd a looked maid, though her hands and body be good, and nature very good, I think. With Captain Erwin, discoursing about the East Indies, where he hath often been. And, among other things, he tells me how the King of Siam seldom goes out without thirty or forty thousand people with him, and not a word spoke, nor or hum or cough in the whole company to be heard. He tells me the punishment frequently there for malefactors is cutting off the crown of their head, which they do very dexterously, leaving their brains bare, which kills them presently. He told me, what I remember he hath once done heretofore, that everybody is to lie flat down at the coming by of the King, and nobody to look upon him upon pain of death. And that he and his fellows, being strangers, were invited to see the sport of taking a wild elephant; and they did only kneel, and look towards the King. Their dragoman[1] did desire them to fall down, for otherwise he should suffer for their contempt of the King. The sport being ended, a messenger comes from the King, which the dragoman[1] thought had been to take away his life; but it was to enquire how the strangers liked the sport. The dragoman[1] answered, that they did cry it up to be the best that ever they saw, and that they never heard of any Prince so great in everything as this King. The messenger being gone back, Erwin and his company asked their dragoman[1] what he had said, which he told them 'But why,' say they, 'would you say that without our leave, it being not true?' 'It is no matter for that,' says he; 'I must have said it, or have been hanged; for our King do not live by meat, nor drink, but by having great lies told him.' In our way back we came by a little vessel that came into the river this morning, and says she left the fleet in Sole Bay, and that she hath not heard, she belonging to Sir W. Jennings in the fleet, of any such prizes taken as the ten or twelve I enquired about, and said by Sir W. Batten yesterday to be taken; so I fear it is not true. I had the good fortune to see Mrs. Stewart, who is grown a little too tall, but is a woman of most excellent features. The narrative of the late expedition in burning the ships is in print, and makes it a great thing; and I hope it is so. Sir Richard Ford did, very understandingly, methought, give us an account of the original of the Holland Bank, and the nature of it, and how they do never give any interest at all to any person that brings in their money, though what is brought in upon the public faith interest is given by the State for. The unsafe condition of a Bank under a Monarch, and the little safety to a Monarch to have any; or Corporation alone (as London in answer to Amsterdam) to have so great a wealth or credit, it is, that makes it hard to have a Bank here. And, as to the former, he did tell us how it sticks in the memory of most merchants how the late King (when by the war between Holland and France and Spain all the bullion of Spain was brought hither, one third of it to be coined; and indeed it was found advantageous to the

[1] Sheldon. See pp. 349, 407.

[1] Orig. 'druggerman.'

merchant to coin most of it) was persuaded in a strait, by my Lord Cottington,[1] to seize upon the money in the Tower; which, though in a few days the merchants concerned did prevail to get it released, yet the thing will never be forgot. Sir John Minnes came home to-night, not well, from Chatham, where he hath been at a pay, holding it at Upnor Castle, because of the plague so much in the town of Chatham. He hath, they say, got an ague, being so much on the water.

18th. At my little mercer's in Lombard Street, who hath the pretty wench, like the old Queen, and there cheapened[2] some stuffs to hang my room.

19th. (Lord's day.) Comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, bringing me a lantern, with pictures in glass, to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and satellites, very fine, with my twelve-foot glass, but could not Saturn, he being very dark. Spong and I had also several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, particularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither.

20th. Waked this morning about six o'clock with a violent knocking at Sir J. Minnes's door, to call up Mrs. Hammon, crying out that Sir J. Minnes is a-dying. I saw him on Saturday, after his fit of the ague, and then he was pretty lusty: which troubles me mightily, for he is a very good, harmless, honest gentleman, though not fit for business. To Deptford by water, reading *Othello, Moor of Venice*, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but, having so lately read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing. All the afternoon upon my Tangier accounts, getting Tom Wilson to help me in writing as I read; and I find myself right to a farthing, in an account of £127,000. I visited Sir J. Minnes, who is much impatient by these few days' sickness, and I fear indeed it will kill him.

21st. Mr. Batelier told me, being with some others at Bordeaux, making a bargain with another man at a tavern for some clarets, they did hire a fellow to thunder, which he had the art of doing upon a deal board, and to rain and hail, that is, make the noise of, so as did give them a pretence of undervaluing their merchants' wines, by saying this thunder would spoil and turn them: which was so reasonable to the merchant, that he did abate two pistoles per tun for the wine, in belief of that.

22nd. I to St. James's, and there with the Duke of York. I had opportunity of much talk with Sir W. Pen to-day, he being newly come from the fleet; and he do much undervalue the honour that is given to the conduct of Holmes in burning the ships and town,[1] saying it was a great thing indeed, and of great profit to us in being of great loss to the enemy, but that it was wholly a business of chance. Mrs. Knipp tells me my song of 'Beauty Retire'[2] is mightily cried up, which I am not a little proud of; and do think I have done 'It is Decreed'[3] better, but I have not finished it. My closet is doing by an upholsterer, which I am pleased with, but fear my purple will be too sad for that melancholy room. My wife, Knipp, and Mercer by coach to Moorfields, and there saw Polichinello, which pleases me mightily.

23rd. Sir W. Coventry sent me word that the Dutch fleet is certainly abroad; and so we are to hasten all we have to send to our fleet with all speed. But, Lord! to see how my Lord Brouncker undertakes the dispatch of the fireships, when he is no more fit for it than a porter; and all the while Sir W. Pen, who is the most fit, is unwilling to displease him, and do not look after it; and so the King's work is like to be well done.

24th. Comes Sympson, to set up my other new presses[4] for my books, to my

[1] Sir Francis Cottington (? 1578-1652), younger son of Philip Cottington, of Godmanston, Somerset, created Lord Cottington of Hanworth in 1631. He was Lord Treasurer in 1643. See p. 589.

[2] Bargained for.

[1] The town burned [see p. 408] was Brandaris, a place of 1000 houses, on the isle of Schelling: the ships lay between that island and the Fly [*i.e.* Vlieland], the adjoining island. This attack probably provoked that by the Dutch on Chatham. [B.] Cf. p. 519. [2] *s.s.* p. 360.

[3] 'It is decreed—nor shall thy fate, O Rome!
Resist my vow, though hills were set on hills.'
Catiline's opening speech in Jonson's *Catiline*.

[4] The presses are preserved with their original contents in the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* in Magdalene College, Cambridge.

most extraordinary satisfaction; so that I think it will be as noble a closet as any man hath; though, indeed, it would have been better to have had a little more light. This afternoon comes Mrs. Barbary Sheldon, now Mrs. Wood, to see my wife: I was so busy I would not see her. But she came, it seems, mighty rich in rings and fine clothes, and like a lady, and says she is matched mighty well, at which I am very glad, but wonder at her good fortune, and the folly of her husband.

26th. (Lord's day.) I was a little disturbed with news my Lord Brouncker brought me, that we are to attend the King at Whitehall this afternoon, and that it is about a complaint from the Generals against us. Sir W. Pen and I by coach to Whitehall, and there stayed till the King and Cabinet met in the Green Chamber, and then we were called in; and there the King began with me, to hear how the victuals of the fleet stood. I did in a long discourse tell him and the rest, the Duke of York, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, both the Secretaries, Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, how it stood, wherein they seemed satisfied, but press mightily for more supplies; and the letter of the Generals, which was read, did lay their not going, or too soon returning from the Dutch coast, this next bout, to the want of victuals. They then proceeded to the enquiry after the fireships; and did all very superficially, and without any severity at all. But, however, I was in pain, after we came out, to know how I had done; and hear well enough. But, however, it shall be a caution to me to prepare myself against a day of inquisition. Being come out, I met with Mr. Moore; and he and I an hour together in the Gallery, telling me how far they are gone in getting my Lord Sandwich's pardon, so as the Chancellor is prepared in it; and Sir H. Bennet do promote it, and the warrant for the King's signing is drawn. The business between my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mrs. Mallet is quite broke off; he attending her at Tunbridge, and she declaring her affections to be settled, and he not being fully pleased with the vanity and liberty of her carriage. Thence to discourse of the times; and he tells me he believes both my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, as well as my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret, have reason to fear, and are afraid of this Parliament now coming on. He tells me that Bristol's faction is getting ground apace against my Lord Chancellor. He told me that my Lord Coventry[1] was a cunning crafty man, and did make as many bad decrees in Chancery as any man; and that, in one case, that occasioned many years' dispute, at last when the King came in, it was hoped by the party grieved to get my Lord Chancellor to reverse a decree of his. Sir W. Coventry took the opportunity of the business between the Duke of York and the Duchess, and said to my Lord Chancellor that he had rather be drawn up Holborn to be hanged than live to see any decree of his father's reversed. And so the Chancellor did not think fit to do it, but it still stands, to the undoing of one Norton,[2] a printer, about his right to the printing of the Bible, and Grammar, etc. Sir J. Minnes had a very bad fit this day, and a hiccup do take him, which is a very bad sign.

27th. Up, and to my new closet. Then to break open a window to the leads' side in my old closet, which will enlighten the room mightily, and make it mighty pleasant. Sir G. Carteret tells me what is done about my Lord's pardon, and is not for letting the Duke of York know anything of it beforehand, but to carry it as speedily and quietly as we can. He seems to be very apprehensive that the Parliament will be troublesome and inquisitive into faults; but seems not to value them as to himself.

28th. At noon I, with my wife and Mercer, to Philpott Lane,[3] a great cook's shop, to the wedding of Mr. Longracke, our purveyor, a civil man, and hath married a sober serious maid. Here I met much ordinary company, I going thither at his great request; but there was Mr. Madden and his lady, a fine, noble, pretty lady, and he a fine gentleman seems to be. We four were most together; but the whole company was very simple and innocent. After dinner the young women went to dance; among others, Mr. Christopher Pett his daughter, who is a very pretty modest girl: I am mightily taken with her. That

[1] The Lord-Keeper (1578-1640.)
[2] Roger Norton, of Little Britain, one of the King's Printers.
[3] Off Fenchurch Street.

being done, we broke up mighty civilly, the bride and bridegroom going to Greenwich, they keeping their dinner here only for my sake. To the office, and anon on a sudden called to meet Sir W. Pen and Sir W. Coventry, who did read me a letter from the Generals to the King, a most scurvy letter, reflecting most upon Sir W. Coventry, and then upon me for my accounts (not that they are not true, but that we do not consider the expense of the fleet), and then upon the whole office, in neglecting them and the King's service, and this in very plain and sharp and menacing terms. But a great supply must be made, and shall be, in grace of God!

29th. Found Sir W. Pen talking to Orange Moll, of the King's house, who, to our great comfort, told us that they began to act on the 18th of this month. So on to St. James's, in the way Sir W. Pen telling me that Mr. Norton that married Sir J. Lawson's daughter[1] is dead. She left £800 a year jointure, a son to inherit the whole estate. She freed from her father-in-law's tyranny, and is in condition to help her mother, who needs it; of which I am glad, the young lady being very pretty. To St. James's, and there Sir W. Coventry took Sir W. Pen and me apart, and read to us his answer to the General's letter to the King that he read last night; wherein he is very plain, and states the matter in full defence of himself, and of me with him, which he could not avoid; which is a good comfort to me, that I happen to be involved with him in the same cause. And then, speaking of the supplies which have been made to this fleet, more than ever in all kinds to any, even that wherein the Duke of York himself was, 'Well,' says he, 'if this will not do, I will say, as Sir J. Falstaff did to the Prince, "Tell your father, that if he do not like this, let him kill the next Percy himself."'[2]

31st. Much pleased to-day with thoughts of gilding the backs of all my books alike, in all my new presses.

1 See p. 324.

2 'If your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself.'—*I. Hen. IV.*, v., 4, 139.

September 1666

September 1st. My wife and I to Polichinello, but were there horribly frighted to see young Killigrew come in, with a great many more young sparks: but we hid ourselves, so as we think they did not see us.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gown, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the backside of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again, and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it began this morning in the King's baker's[1] house in Pudding Lane,[2] and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the waterside, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steelyard, while I was there. Everybody endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging

1 Faryner.

2 Between Eastcheap and Lower Thames Street.

into the river, or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs, by the waterside, to another. And, among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies, till they burned their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far as the Steelyard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other things, the poor steeple[1] by which pretty Mrs. ——— lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to Whitehall, with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat; and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people came about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw; and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor[2] from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bid me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, 'Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it.' That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaac Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brother's things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, who were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone; she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner, Mrs. Batelier came to enquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes, who, it seems, are related to them, whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lombard Street, and farther; and, among

[1] St. Lawrence Poultney.
[2] Sir Thomas Bludworth.

others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes[1] receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse[2] and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttulph's Wharf[3] below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water; and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals[4] in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to Whitehall by appointment, and there walked to St. James's Park; and there met my wife, and Creed, and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and they stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary[1] and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruin. So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater came with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine, it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather, carry much of my goods into the garden; and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man! to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so

[1] Humphrey Stocks, of Lombard Street.

[2] James Carcasse was a clerk in the office for issuing tickets to the seamen. He published a 4to volume of poems in 1679, called *Lucida Intervalla*, the following extract from which strongly reflecting upon Pepys, has been printed in *Notes and Queries* (*Ser. I.*), vol. ii. p. 87:—

'Get thee behind me, then, dumb devil, begone,
The Lord hath Ephthatha said to my tongue.
Him I must praise who open'd hath my lips,
Sent me from Navy to the Ark by Pepys;
By Mr. Pepys, who hath my rival been
For the Duke's favour, more than years thirteen;
But I excluded, he high and fortunate,
This Secretary I could never mate.
But Clerk of th' Acts, if I'm a parson, then
I shall prevail, the voice outdoes the pen;
Though in a gown, the challenge I may make,
And wager win, save, if you can, your stake.
To th' Admiral I all submit, and vail——' [B.]

[3] Botolph's Wharf, Billingsgate.

[4] A rectangular or oblong spinet (Fr. *clavecin rectangulaire*. 'The plural, or rather dual, in organs, regals, virginals, with "pair" signifies a gradation or sequence, as now-a-days a pair of stairs.' Grove, *Hist. of Music*, *s.v.*

[1] Barbara Sheldon, *n.s.*

much noise being in my house, taking down of goods.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Green.[1] Which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then and all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them, myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Dock. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. ———, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with anything through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of York came this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet, he being now General, and having the care of all. This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, met her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she came home, did bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keep one in her quality. At night lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and after me my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing anything.

4th. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate;[1] and my hands so few, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to the Tower Street, and there met the fire burning three or four doors beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovels, etc., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten, not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my parmesan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of York was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's; but I happened not to be within. This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of York's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business,[2] but received no answer. This

[1] Bethnal Green.

[1] Irongate Stairs, Lower Thames Street.

[2] The letter, among the *Pepys MSS.*, is printed by [B.]—

Sir,—The fire is now very neere us, as well on Tower Streete as Fanchurch Street side, and we little hope of our escape but by that remedy, to the want whereof we doe certainly owe the loss of the City, namely, the pulling down of houses in the way of the fire. This way Sir W. Pen and myself have so far concluded upon the practising, that he is gone to Woolwich and Deptford to supply himself with men and necessarys in order to the doeing thereof, in case at his returne our condition be not bettered,

night Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them) and her husband supped with my wife and me at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin or anything, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then walking into the garden, and saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Street, and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Tavern on this side, which was very near us; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Street, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten people more than anything; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned; so that the fire is got so far that way, and all the Old Bailey, and was running down to Fleet Street; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. I wrote to my father this night, but, the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cries of fire, it being come to Barking Church, which is the bottom of our lane.[1] I up; and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2350, W. Hewer and Jane down by Proundy's boat to Woolwich; but, Lord! what a sad sight it was by moonlight to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I came, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all; which troubled me, because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Sheldon's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask anybody how it was with us, till I came and saw it was not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Mark Lane end as ours; it having only burned the dial of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; everywhere great fires, oil-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there ate a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing[2] since Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fenchurch Street, Gracious[3] Street, and Lombard Street all in dust. The Exchange

and that he meets with his R. H[s] approbation, which I have thus undertaken to learn of you. Pray please to let me have this night, at whatever hour it is, what his R. H[s] directions are in this particular. Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten having left us, we cannot add, though we are well assured of their, as well as all the neighbourhood's, concurrence.

Your obedient Servant,

S. P.

Sir W. Coventry,
Sept. 4, 1666.

[1] Seething Lane.
[2] But cf. entry of previous day.
[3] Gracechurch.

a sad sight, nothing standing there of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Into Moorfields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the town among the hot coals), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and everybody keeping his goods together by themselves; and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day; drank there, and paid twopence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house on fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' chapel in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in a chimney, joining to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight; though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarm of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

6th. Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gauden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishopsgate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out; which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this, on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets, but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannels,[1] sweeping of water; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broken open in the street, and people give and take handfuls out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwark, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch;[1] but to the Swan, and there was trimmed: and then to Whitehall, but saw nobody; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks; no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped. At home did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire), to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there, with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it was to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire these three days and nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oil.

7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharf. Walked thence, and saw all the town burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the choir fallen into St. Faith's[2]; Paul's school also, Ludgate and Fleet Street; my father's house, and the

[1] Water-courses ('channels') in the streets.

[1] See p. 346. [2] See p. 425.

church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at Whitehall, and everybody had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no public distractions upon this fire, which is what everybody fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods: the militia is in arms everywhere. Our fleets, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by foul weather were parted, to our great loss, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a show, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Boulogne, and our fleet come to St. Ellen's.[1] We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what. Thence to the Swan, and there drank; and so home, and find all well. My Lord Brouncker, at Sir W. Batten's, tells us the General[2] is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did give orders for my house to be made clean; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs. Markham came to see my wife. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear what is bid for houses all up and down here; a friend of Sir W. Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custom House shall be; thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others, would have it at the other end of the town. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down. So here I went the first time into a naked bed,[1] only my drawers on; and did sleep pretty well; but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in general; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile End Green, and several other places about the town; and Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8th. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, 'when we can get any, or what shall we do for it?' He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we could, without any books. Our discourse, as everything else, was confused. The fleet is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind to carry them to the Downs, or towards Boulogne, where they say the Dutch fleet is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eels upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cockpit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here. Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him: he is courted in appearance by everybody. He very kind to us; and I perceive he lays by all business of the fleet at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home, where met my brother John, come to town to see how things are done with us, and then presently he with me to

[1] St. Helen's, Isle of Wight.
[2] The Duke of Albemarle.

[1] In older usage, the phrase 'to my naked bed' means simply 'to bed,' but here there may be an allusion to the lack of curtains, etc.

Gresham College; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City. Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brother with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours, and much good discourse; among others, of the low spirits[1] of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2s. 6d. among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they came to steal. Sir W. Coventry told me of another this morning in Holborn, which he showed the King: that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that came to but 2s. 6d. a man among the neighbours he would give but 18d. Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journal-book, to enter for five days past. I was much frighted and kept awake in my bed by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boy's not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of some people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

9th. (Sunday.) Up; and was trimmed, and sent my brother to Woolwich to my wife, to dine with her. I to church, where our parson made a melancholy but good sermon; and many and most in the church cried, specially the women. The church mighty full; but few of fashion, and most strangers. I walked to Bednall Green, and there dined well (but a bad venison pasty) at Sir W. Rider's. Good people they are, and good discourse; and his daughter, Middleton, a fine woman, discreet. Thence home, and to church again, and there preached Dean Harding;[1] but, methinks a bad poor sermon, though proper for the time; nor eloquent, in saying at this time that the City is reduced from a large folio to a decimo-tertio.[2] So to my office, there to write down my journal, and take leave of my brother, whom I sent back this afternoon, though raining, which it hath not done a good while before. But I had no room or convenience for him here till my house is fitted; but I was very kind to him, and do take very well of him his journey. I did give him 40s. for his pocket, and so, he being gone, and it presently raining, I was troubled for him, though it is good for the fire. Anon to Sir W. Pen's to bed, and made my boy Tom to read me asleep.

10th. All the morning clearing our cellars, and breaking in pieces all my old lumber, to make room, and to prevent fire. And then to Sir W. Batten's, and dined; and there hear that Sir W. Rider says that the town is full of the report of the wealth that is in his house, and would be glad that his friends would provide for the safety of their goods there. This made me get a cart; and thither, and there brought my money all away. Took a hackney-coach myself, the hackney-coaches now standing at Allgate. Much wealth, indeed, there is at his house. Blessed be God! I got all mine well thence, and lodged it in my office; but vexed to have all the world see it: and with Sir W. Batten, who would have taken away my hands before they were stowed. By and by comes brother Balty from sea, which I was glad of; and so got him and Mr. Tooker, and the boy, to watch with them all in the office all night, while I went down to my wife, to Woolwich.

11th. By water with my gold, and laid it with the rest in my office. In the evening at Sir W. Pen's at supper: he in a mad, ridiculous, drunken humour; and it seems there have been some late distances between his lady and him, as my wife tells me. After supper, I home, and with Mr. Hater, Gibson,[3] and Tom alone, got all my chests and money into the farther cellar with much pains, but

[1] *I.e.* 'poor spirit,' 'contemptible conduct.'

[1] Nathaniel Hardy (1618-1670), Dean of Rochester.
[2] An unusual form!
[3] Richard Gibson, Navy Clerk.

great content to me when done. So very late and weary to bed.

12th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen to St. James's by water, and there did our usual business with the Duke of York.

13th. Up, and down to Tower Wharf; and there, with Balty and labourers from Deptford, did get my goods housed well at home. So down to Deptford again, to fetch the rest, and there ate a bit of dinner at the Globe, with the master of the Bezan[1] with me, while the labourers went to dinner. Here I hear that this poor town do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day. So to Sir G. Carteret's to work, and there did, to my content, ship off in the Bezan all the rest of my goods, saving my pictures and fine things, that I will bring home in wherries, when the house is fit to receive them: and so home, and unload them by carts and hands before night, to my exceeding satisfaction; and so, after supper, to bed in my house, the first time I have lain there; and lay with my wife in my old closet upon the ground, and Balty and his wife in the best chamber, upon the ground also.

14th. Up, and to work, having carpenters come to help in setting up bedsteads and hangings; and at that trade my people and I all the morning, till pressed by public business to leave them against my will in the afternoon; and yet I was troubled at being at home, to see all my goods lie up and down in the house in a bad condition; and strange workmen going to and fro might take what they would almost. All the afternoon busy; and Sir W. Coventry came to me, and found me, as God would have it, in my office, and people about me setting my papers to rights; and there discoursed about getting an account ready against the Parliament, and thereby did create me infinite of business, and to be done on a sudden; which troubled me; but, however, he being gone, I about it late, and to good purpose. And so home, having this day also got my wine out of the ground again, and set it in my cellar; but with great pain to keep the porters that carried it in from observing the money-chests there. This day, poor Tom Pepys, the turner, was with me, and Kate Joyce, to bespeak places, one for himself, the other for her husband. She tells me he hath lost £140 per annum, but have seven houses left.

15th. Captain Cocke says he hath computed that the rents of the houses lost by this fire in the City comes to £600,000 per annum; that this will make the Parliament more quiet than otherwise they would have been, and give the King a more ready supply; that the supply must be by excise, as it is in Holland; that the Parliament will see it necessary to carry on the war; that the late storm hindered our beating the Dutch fleet, who were gone out only to satisfy the people, having no business to do but to avoid us; that the French, as late in the year as it is, are coming; that the Dutch are really in bad condition, but that this unhappiness of ours do give them heart; that there was a late difference between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry about neglect in the latter to send away an express of the other's in time; that it came before the King, and the Duke of York concerned himself in it; but this fire hath stopped it. The Dutch fleet is not gone home, but rather to the North, and so dangerous to our Gottenburgh fleet. That the Parliament is likely to fall foul upon some persons; and, among others, on the Vice-chamberlain;[1] though, we both believe, with little ground. That certainly never so great a loss as this was borne so well by citizens in the world; he believing that not one merchant upon the 'Change will break upon it. That he do not apprehend there will be any disturbance in State upon it; for that all men are busy in looking after their own business to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters, and home to bed; and find, to my infinite joy, many rooms clean; and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights nowadays with dreams of fire and falling down of houses.

16th. (Lord's day.) At noon, with my wife, against her will, all undressed and dirty, dined at Sir W. Pen's, where was all the company of our families in town: but, Lord! so sorry a dinner—venison

[1] See p. 148.

[1] Sir G. Carteret.

baked in pans, that the dinner I have had for his lady alone hath been worth four of it.

17th. Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth: but, Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to-day! By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleet should be passed by our fleet, who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchant-men; when the same day the *Success*, Captain Ball, made their whole fleet, and came to Brighthelmstone,[1] and thence at five o'clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry news thereof; so that we do much fear our missing them. Here came in and talked with him Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness everywhere, and stirring up and down.

18th. It was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well. Troubled at my wife's hair coming off so much. This day the Parliament met, and adjourned till Friday, when the King will be with them.

19th. To St. James's, and did our usual business before the Duke of York; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden's come to kiss his hands, a mighty modish French-like gentleman. Thence to Whitehall, with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood,[3] about Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. Another time, he and Pinchbacke and Dr. Goffe,[4] now a religious man, Pinchbacke did begin a frolic to drink out of a glass with a toad in it; he did it without harm. Goffe, who knew sack would kill the toad, called for sack; and, when he saw it dead, says he, 'I will have a quick toad, and will not drink from a dead toad.' By that means, no other being to be found, he escaped the health. To Deptford, and got all my pictures put into wherries, and my other fine things, and landed them all very well, and brought them home, and got Symson to set them all up to-night. I and the boy to finish and set up my books and everything else in my house till two in the morning, and then to bed; but mightily troubled, and even in my sleep, by missing four or five of my biggest books, Speed's *Chronicle* and Maps, and the two parts of Waggoner,[1] and a book of cards. Two little pictures of sea and ships, and a little gilt frame belonging to my plate of the River, I want; but my books do heartily trouble me. Most of my gilt frames are hurt. This day I put on two shirts, the first time this year, and do grow well upon it; so that my disease is nothing but wind.

20th. The fleet is come into the Downs. Nothing done, nor French fleet seen: we drove all from our anchors. But Sir G. Carteret says news is come that De Ruyter is dead, or very near it, of a hurt in his mouth, upon the discharge of one of his own guns; which put him into a fever, and he likely to die, if not already dead. In the afternoon, out by coach, my wife with me through all the ruins, to show her them, which frets her much, and it is a sad sight indeed. To the office, to even[2] my journal, and then home.

21st. W. Hewer tells me that Sir W. Pen hath a hamper more than his own, which he took for a hamper of bottles of wine. They were carried into a wine-cellar. I sent for Harry, and he brought me by and by my hamper to my great joy, with the same books I missed, and three more great ones. I did give him 5s. for his pains. The Parliament met to-day, and the King to be with them. At the office, about our accounts, which now draw near the time they should be ready, the House having ordered Sir G.

[1] Brighton. See p. 467.

[2] First Baron Clifford of Chudleigh (1672).

[3] Clerk of the Spicery to Charles I.; and, after the Restoration, Clerk to the Board of Green Cloth. [B.]

[4] Dr. Stephen Goffe (1605-1681). He had become a Catholic in 1641, and had been Chaplain to Queen Henrietta Maria and tutor to Crofts (Duke of Monmouth).

[1] Lucas Wagenaer's *Speculum Nauticum*, published at Leyden in 1585 (in Dutch) and in 1586 (in Latin). It was translated by A. Ashley (*The Mariner's Mirrour*, 1588).

[2] Write up.

Carteret, upon his offering them, to bring them in on Saturday next. Home, and there, with great pleasure, very late new setting all my books; and now I am in as good condition as I desire to be in all worldly respects. The Lord of Heaven make me thankful, and continue me therein!

22nd. My house is so clean as I never saw it or any other house in my life, and everything in as good condition as ever before the fire; but with about £20 cost, one way or other, besides about £20 charge, in removing my goods, and do not find that I have lost anything but two little pictures of ships and sea, and a little gold frame for one of my sea-cards. My glazier indeed is so full of work that I cannot get him to come to perfect my house. In the afternoon I paid for the two lighters that carried my goods to Deptford, and they cost me £8.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Mr. Wayth and I by water to Whitehall, and there at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings Sir W. Coventry met, and we did debate the whole business of our accounts to the Parliament; where it appears to us that the charge of the war from September 1, 1664 to this Michaelmas will have been but £3,200,000, and we have paid, in that time, somewhat about £2,200,000; so that we owe above £900,000: but our method of accounting, though it cannot, I believe, be far wide from the mark, yet will not abide a strict examination if the Parliament should be troublesome. Here happened a pretty question of Sir W. Coventry, whether this account of ours will not put my Lord Treasurer to a difficulty to tell what is become of all the money the Parliament have given in this time for the war, which hath amounted to about £4,000,000, which nobody there could answer; but I perceive they did doubt what his answer could be. My wife and I for pleasure to Foxhall, and there ate and drank, and so back home.

24th. Up and down to look for Sir W. Coventry; and at last found him and Sir G. Carteret with the Lord Treasurer at Whitehall, consulting how to make up my Lord Treasurer's general account, as well as that of the Navy particularly. Found that Sir G. Carteret had altered his account since he did give me the abstract of it: so all my letter must be writ over again. So to Sir G. Carteret, to speak a little about the alteration; and there, looking over the book Sir G. Carteret intends to deliver to the Parliament of his payments since September 1, 1664, I find my name the very second for flags, which I had bought for the Navy, of calico, once, about 500 and odd pounds, which vexed me mightily. At last, I concluded of scraping out my name, and putting in Mr. Tooker's, which eased me; though the price was such as I should have had glory by. Here I saw my Lady Carteret lately come to town, who, good lady! is mighty kind, and I must make much of her.

25th. With all my people to get the letter writ over;[1] and by coach to my Lord Brouncker's, and got his hand to it; and then to the Parliament House, and got it signed by the rest, and then delivered it at the House door to Sir Philip Warwick; Sir G. Carteret being gone into the House with his book of accounts under his arm, to present to the House. With Ned Pickering, who continues still a lying bragging coxcomb, telling me that my Lord Sandwich may thank himself for all his misfortune; for not suffering him and two or three good honest fellows more to take them by the throats that spoke ill of him, and told me how basely Lionel Walden[2] hath carried himself towards my Lord, by speaking slightly of him, which I shall remember. All night still mightily troubled in my sleep with fires and houses pulling down.

26th. By coach home, calling at Bennet's, our late mercer, who is come into Covent Garden to a fine house, looking down upon the Exchange; and I perceive many Londoners every day come; and Mr. Pierce hath let his wife's closet, and the little blind[3] bedchamber, and a garret to a silk-man for £50 fine, and £30 per annum, and £40 per annum more for dieting the master and two prentices. By Mr. Dugdale[4] I hear the great loss of books in St. Paul's Churchyard, and at their Hall also, which they value at about

1 About the Navy accounts.
2 M.P. for Huntingdon. [B.]
3 Dark. Cf. p. 345.
4 John Dugdale (1628-1700), afterwards Norroy Herald; son of Sir William Dugdale, Garter King-of-Arms.

£150,000; some booksellers being wholly undone, and among others, they say, my poor Kirton. And Mr. Crumlum, all his books and household stuff burned; they trusting to St. Faith's, and the roof of the church falling broke the arch down into the lower church, and so all the goods burned. A very great loss. His father[1] hath lost above £1000 in books; one book newly printed, a Discourse, it seems, of Courts. Here I had the hap to see my Lady Denham; and at night went into the dining-room, and saw several fine ladies; among others, Castlemaine, but chiefly Denham again: and the Duke of York, taking her aside and talking to her in the sight of all the world, all alone; which was strange, and what I also did not like. Here I met with good Mr. Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering; for the Duke of York talks a little to her, and then she goes away, and then he follows her again like a dog. He observes that none of the nobility come out of the country at all to help the King, or comfort him, or prevent commotions at this fire, but do as if the King were nobody; nor ne'er a priest comes to give the King and Court good counsel, or to comfort the poor people that suffer; but all is dead, nothing of good in any of their minds: he bemoans it, and says he fears more ruin hangs over our heads. My wife tells me she hath bought a gown of 15s. a yard; the same, before her face, my Lady Castlemaine this day bought also, which I seemed vexed for, though I do not grudge it her, but to incline her to have Mercer again. Our business was tendered to the House to-day, and a Committee of the whole House chosen to examine our accounts, and a great many Hotspurs enquiring into it. Sir W. Pen proposes his and my looking out into Scotland about timber, and to use Pett there; for timber will be a good commodity this time of building the City. Our fleet abroad, and the Dutch too, for all we know; the weather very bad; and under the command of an unlucky man, I fear. God bless him, and the fleet under him!

27th. A very furious blowing night all the night; and my mind still mightily perplexed with dreams, and burning the rest of the town, and waking in much pain for the fleet. I to look out Penny, my tailor, to speak for a cloak and cassock for my brother, who is coming to town; and I will have him in a canonical dress, that he may be the fitter to go abroad with me. To Sir W. Coventry's, and there dined with him and Sir W. Batten, the Lieutenant of the Tower, and Mr. Thin,[1] a pretty gentleman, going to Gottenburgh. No news of the fleet yet, but that they went by Dover on the 25th towards the Gunfleet; but whether the Dutch be yet abroad or no, we hear not. De Ruyter is not dead, but like to do well. Most think that the gross[2] of the French fleet are gone home again.

28th. Comes the bookbinder to gild the backs of my books. Sir W. Pen broke to me a proposition of his and my joining in a design of fetching timber and deals from Scotland, by the help of Mr. Pett upon the place; which, while London is building, will yield good money. I approve it.

29th. Sir W. Coventry and I find, to our great joy, that the wages, victuals, wear and tear, cast by the medium of the men, will come to above £3,000,000; and that the extraordinaries, which all the world will allow us, will arise to more than will justify the expense we have declared to have been at since the war; viz. £320,000.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I have not been a good while; and there the church infinitely thronged with strangers since the fire came into our parish; but not one handsome face in all of them, as if, indeed, there was a curse, as Bishop Fuller heretofore said, upon our parish. Here I saw Mercer come into the church, but she avoided looking up. Home, and a good dinner; and then to have my hair cut against winter close to my head, and then to church again. A sorry sermon, and away home. This

[1] *I.e.* William Dugdale (1605-1686), referred to in previous note. He was then Norroy Herald. The book was the *Origines Juridiciales* (1666). He was knighted in 1677.

[1] Thomas Thynne (1640-1714), then Envoy Extraordinary to Sweden. He succeeded his father, Sir Thomas Thynne, Bart., and in 1682 was created Viscount Weymouth.

[2] The main body.

month ends with my mind full of business and concernment how this office will speed with the Parliament, which begins to be mighty severe in the examining our accounts and the expense of the Navy this war.

October 1666.

October 1st. All the morning at the office, getting the list of all the ships and vessels employed since the war, for the Committee of Parliament.

2nd. Sir G. Carteret tells me how our lists are referred to a Sub-committee to consider and examine, and that I am ordered to be there. With Mr. Slingsby, of the Tower, who did inform me mightily in several things, among others, that the heightening or lowering of money is only a cheat, and do good to some particular men, which, if I can but remember how, I am now by him fully convinced of. Into the Committee-chamber before the Committee sat, and there heard Birch discourse highly and understandingly about the Navy business, and a proposal made heretofore to farm the Navy; but Sir W. Coventry did abundantly answer him, and is a most excellent person. By and by the Committee met, and appointed me to attend them to-morrow, to examine our lists. This put me into a mighty fear and trouble, they doing it in a very ill-humour, methought. When come home, I to Sir W. Pen's, to his boy, for my book, and there find he hath it not, but delivered it to the door-keeper of the Committee for me. This, added to my former disquiet, made me stark mad, considering all the nakedness of the office lay open in papers within those covers. But, coming to our rendezvous at the Swan Tavern, in King Street, I found they have found the housekeeper, and the book simply locked up in the Court.

3rd. Waked betimes, mightily troubled in mind, and in the most true trouble that I ever was in my life, saving in the business last year of the East India prizes. So up; and by and by, by eight o'clock, comes Birch, the first, with the list and books of accounts delivered in. He calls me to work, and there he and I began; when, by and by, comes Garraway,[1] the first time I ever saw him, and Sir W. Thompson, and Mr. Boscawen. They to it, and I did make shift to answer them better than I expected. Sir W. Batten, Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen came in, but presently went out; and J. Minnes came in, and said two or three words from the purpose, but to do hurt; and so away he went also, and left me all the morning with them alone to stand or fall. After dinner to work again, only the Committee and I, till dark night; and ended with good peace and much seeming satisfaction; but I find them wise and reserved, and instructed to hit all our blots. To Whitehall, and there among the ladies, and saw my Lady Castlemaine never looked so ill, nor Mrs. Stewart neither, as in this plain natural dress. I was not pleased with either of them. Find my father and my brother come to town—my father without my expectation, but glad I am to see him. Home, to set up all my folio books, which are come home gilt on the backs, very handsome to the eye. This night W. Pen told me W. Batten swears he will have nothing to do with the privateer,[2] if his son do not go Lieutenant, which angers me and him; but we will be even with him, one way or other.

4th. Up, and mighty betimes to Sir W. Coventry, to give him an account of yesterday's work, which do give him good content. He did then tell me his speech lately to the House in his own vindication about the report of his selling of places, he having a small occasion offered him by chance; which he did desire, and took, and did it to his content, and, he says, to the House's seeming to approve of it, by their hum. He confessed how long he had done it, and how he desired to have something else; and, since then, he had taken nothing, and challenged all the world. To Sir G. Carteret, and there discoursed much of the want of money, and our being designed for destruction. How the King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way of examining

[1] William Garraway or Garway, the M.P., who was appointed with Sir William Coventry and Sir Thomas Meeres in 1674 to confer with Lord Shaftesbury, in the matter of the charge against Pepys of being 'a Papist, or Popishly inclined.'

[2] The *Flying Greyhound* (*infra*).

his accounts, and is become but as a private man. He says the King is troubled at it, but they talk an entry[1] shall be made that it is not to be brought into example; that the King must, if they do not agree presently, make them a courageous[2] speech, which, he says, he may do, the City of London being now burned, and himself master of an army, better than any prince before him. After dinner the bookbinder came, and I sent by him some more books to gild.

5th. The Sub-committee have made their report to the Grand Committee, and in pretty kind terms. Captain Cocke told me of a wild motion made in the House of Lords by the Duke of Buckingham, for all men that have cheated the King to be declared traitors and felons; and that my Lord Sandwich was named. This had put me into great pain; so the Vice-chamberlain, who had heard nothing of it, having been all day in the city, away with me to Whitehall; and there told me that, upon my Lord Ahsly's asking their direction whether, being a peer, he should bring in his accounts to the Commons, which they did give way to, the Duke of Buckingham did move that, for the time to come, what I have written above might be declared by some fuller law than heretofore. Lord Ashly answered that it was not the fault of present laws, but want of proper ones; and the Lord Chancellor said that a better law, he thought, might be made; so the House laughing did refer it to him to bring in a Bill for that purpose. Mr. Kirton's kinsman, my bookseller, came in my way; and so I am told by him that Mr. Kirton is utterly undone, and made £2000 or £3000 worse than nothing, from being worth £7000 or £8000. That the goods laid in the Churchyard fired through the windows those in St. Faith's church;[3] and those coming to the warehouses' doors fired them, and burned all the books and the pillars of the church, so as the roof, falling down, broke quite down; which it did not do in the other places of the church, which is alike pillared, which I knew not before; but, being not burned, they stand still. He do believe there is above £150,000 of books burned; all the great booksellers almost undone; not only these, but their warehouses at their Hall, and under Christchurch, and elsewhere being all burned. A great want therefore there will be of books, specially Latin books and foreign books; and, among others, the Polyglots[1] and new Bible, which he believes will be presently worth £40 apiece.

6th. Up, and having seen my brother in his cassock, which I am not the most satisfied in, being doubtful at this time what courses to have him profess too soon. Sir W. Coventry and I fell to talk of our sad condition by want of a Comptroller:[2] and it was his words, that he believes, besides all the shame and trouble he hath brought on the office, the King had better have given £100,000 than ever have had him there. He did discourse about some of these discontented Parliament-men, and says that Birch is a false rogue; but that Garraway is a man that hath not been well used by the Court, though very stout to death, and hath suffered all that is possible for the King from the beginning. But, discontented as he is, yet he never knew a Session of Parliament but that he hath done some good deed for the King before it rose. I told him the passage Cocke told me of—his having begged a brace of bucks of the Lord Arlington for him, and, when they came to him, he sent them back again. Sir W. Coventry told me it is much to be pitied that the King should lose the service of a man so able and faithful; and that he ought to be brought over, but that it is always observed that by bringing over one discontented man you raise up three in his room; which is a State lesson I never knew before. But when others discover your fear, and that discontent procures favour, they will be discontented too, and impose on you. This morning my wife told me of a fine gentlewoman my Lady Pen tells her of, for £20 per annum, that sings, dances, plays on four or five instruments, and many other fine things, which pleases

[1] In the Journals of the House of Commons. [B.]
[2] Vigorous, 'threatening.'
[3] Or 'St. Faith under Paul's,' a four-aisled crypt beneath the choir of the old church of St. Paul's.

[1] The English Polyglot Bible, edited (1654-57) by Brian Walton, afterwards Bishop of Chester.
[2] Sir John Minnes performing the duties inefficiently. [B.]

me mightily: and she sent to have her see her, which she did this afternoon; but sings basely, and is a tawdry wench that would take £8; but neither my wife nor I think her fit to come.

7th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, where met by Sir W. Batten and Lord Brouncker, to attend the King and Duke of York at the Cabinet; but nobody had determined what to speak of, but only in general to ask for money. So I was forced immediately to prepare in my mind a method of discoursing. And anon we were called in to the Green Room, where the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Lord Chancellor, Lord Treasurer, Duke of Albemarle, Sirs G. Carteret, W. Coventry, Morrice. Nobody beginning, I did, and made a current,[1] and, I thought, a good speech, laying open the ill state of the Navy: by the greatness of the debt; greatness of the work to do against next year; the time and materials it would take; and our incapacity, through a total want of money. I had no sooner done, but Prince Rupert rose up and told the King, in a heat, that whatever the gentleman had said, he had brought home his fleet in as good a condition as ever any fleet was brought home; that twenty boats would be as many as the fleet would want; and all the anchors and cables left in the storm might be taken up again. This arose from my saying, among other things we had to do, that the fleet was come in —the greatest fleet that ever his Majesty had yet together, and that in as bad condition as the enemy or weather could put it; and to use Sir W. Pen's words, who is upon the place taking a survey, he dreads the reports he is to receive from the Surveyors of its defects. I therefore did only answer, that I was sorry for his Highness's offence, but that what I said was but the report we received from those entrusted in the fleet to inform us. He muttered and repeated what he had said; and so, after a long silence on all hands, nobody, not so much as the Duke of Albemarle, seconding the Prince, nor taking notice of what he said, we withdrew. I was not a little troubled at this passage, and the more when speaking with Jack Fenn about it, he told me that the Prince will be asking who this Pepys is, and find him to be a creature of my Lord Sandwich's, and therefore this was done only to disparage him. Anon they broke up, and Sir W. Coventry came out; so I asked his advice. He told me he had said something to salve it, which was, that his Highness had, he believed, rightly informed the King that the fleet is come in good condition to have stayed out yet longer, and have fought the enemy, but yet that Mr. Pepys his meaning might be that, though in so good condition, if they should come in and lie all the winter, we shall be very loath to send them to sea for another year's service without great repairs. He said it would be no hurt if I went to him, and showed him the report himself brought up from the fleet, where every ship, by the Commander's report, do need more or less, and not to mention more of Sir W. Pen for doing him a mischief. So I said I would, but do not think that all this will redound to my hurt, because the truth of what I said will soon appear. Thence, having been informed that, after all this pains, the King hath found out how to supply us with £5000 or £6000, when £100,000 were at this time but absolutely necessary, and we mention £50,000. This is every day a greater and greater omen of ruin. God fit us for it! I made my brother, in his cassock, to say his grace this day, but I like his voice so ill, that I begin to be sorry he hath taken this order.[1]

8th. Towards noon by water to Westminster Hall, and there by several hear that the Parliament do resolve to do something to retrench Sir G. Carteret's great salary; but cannot hear of anything bad they can lay to his charge. The House did this day order to be engrossed the Bill against importing Irish cattle: a thing, it seems, carried on by the Western Parliament-men, wholly against the sense of most of the rest of the House; who think, if you do this, you give the Irish again cause to rebel. Mr. Pierce says the Duke of York and Duke of Albemarle do not agree. The Duke of York is wholly given up to this Denham.[2] The Duke of Albemarle and Prince Rupert do less agree. The King hath yesterday in

[1] Fluent.

[1] *I.e.* taken holy orders.

[2] See p. 423.

Council, declared his resolution of setting a fashion[1] for clothes, which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good. By and by comes down from the Committee Sir W. Coventry, and I find him troubled at several things happened this afternoon, which vexes me also; our business looking worse and worse, and our work growing on our hands. Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand with; the end thereof must be speedy ruin. The Dutch insult and have taken off Bruant's[2] head, which they had not dared do (though found guilty of the fault he did die for, of something of the Prince of Orange's faction) till just now, which speaks more confidence in our being worse than before. Alderman Maynell, I hear, is dead. Thence returned in the dark by coach all alone, full of thoughts of the consequences of this ill complexion of affairs, and how to save the little I have, which, if I can do, I have cause to bless God that I am so well, and shall be well contented to retreat to Brampton, and spend the rest of my days there. So to my office, and finished my Journal, with resolutions, if God bless me, to apply myself soberly to settle all matters myself, and expect the event of all with comfort.

9th. To the office, where we sat the first day since the fire, I think. Home, and my uncle Thomas was there, and dined with my brother and I.

10th. (Fast-day for the fire.) With Sir W. Batten by water to Whitehall, and anon had a meeting before the Duke of York, where pretty to see how Sir W. Batten, that carried the surveys of all the fleet with him, to show their ill condition to the Duke of York, when he found the Prince there, did not speak one word, though the meeting was of his asking—for nothing else; and when I asked him, he told me he knew the Prince too well to anger him, so that he was afraid to do it. Thence with him to Westminster, to the parish church,[3] where the Parliament-men, and Stillingfleete in the pulpit. So full, no standing there; so he and I to eat herrings at the Dog Tavern. And then to church again, and there was Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit, whom they cry up so much, a young man, and of a mighty ready tongue. I heard a little of his sermon, and liked it, but the crowd so great I could not stay. Captain Cocke, who is mighty conversant with Garraway and those people, tells we what they object as to the mal-administration of things as to money. But that they mean well, and will do well; but their reckonings are very good, and show great faults, as I will insert here. They say the King hath had towards this war expressly thus much:—

Royal Aid	£2,450,000
More	1,250,000
Three months' tax given the King by a power of raising a month's tax of £70,000 every year for three years .	210,000
Customs, out of which the King did promise to pay £240,000, which, for two years, come to	480,000
Prizes, which they moderately reckon at	300,000
A debt declared by the Navy, by us .	900,000
	£5,590,000
The whole charge of the Navy, as we state it for two years and a month, hath been but	3,200,000
So what has become of all this sum? .	£2,390,000

He and I did bemoan our public condition. He tells me the Duke of Albemarle is under a cloud, and they have a mind at Court to lay him aside. This I know not; but all things are not right with him; and I am glad of it, but sorry for the time. So home to supper, it being my wedding night, but how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten.[2]

11th. *Memorandum.* I had taken my Journal during the fire and the disorders following in loose papers until this very day, and could not get time to enter them in my book till January 18, in the morning, having made my eyes sore by frequent attempts this winter to do it. But now it

[1] See October 13 and 15.

[2] Du Buat, a partisan of the Prince of Orange who had been scheming for a peace with England.

[3] St. Margaret's. Dr. Sancroft, Dean of St. Paul's, preached before His Majesty at the Cathedral; Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter, before the House of Lords, in Westminster Abbey; and Dr. Stillingfleet and Dr. Frampton, before the House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster.—*The London Gazette*, No. 94. [B.]

[1] Robert Frampton (1622-1708), afterwards Dean of Gloucester (1673), and Bishop of Gloucester (1680).

[2] It was eleven. Cf. pp. 284, 349.

is done; for which I thank God! and pray never the like occasion may happen.

12th. Taking leave of my poor father, who is setting out this day for Brampton by the Cambridge coach, he having taken a journey to see the City burned, and to bring my brother to town. To St. James's, and there, from Sir W. Coventry, do hear how the House have cut us off £150,000 of our wear and tear, for that which was saved by the King while the fleet lay in harbour in winter. However, he seems pleased, and so am I, that they have abated no more; and do intend to allow of 28,000 men for the next year; and this day have appointed to declare the sum they will give the King,[1] and to propose the way of raising it; so that this is likely to be the great day. My wife came home, and hath brought her new girl I have helped her to, of Mr. Falconbridge's. She is wretched poor, and but ordinary favoured; and we fain to lay out seven or eight pounds worth of clothes upon her back, which, methinks, do go against my heart; and I do not think I can ever esteem her as I could have done another that had come fine and handsome; and, which is more, her voice, for want of use, is so furred, that it do not at present please me; but her manner of singing is such, that I shall, I think, take great pleasure in it. Well, she is come, and I wish us good fortune in her. Notice of a meeting of the Commissioners of Tangier to-morrow, and so I must have my accounts ready for them.

13th. My accounts cost me till four o'clock in the morning, and, which was pretty to think, I was above an hour, after I had made all right, in casting up of about twenty sums, being dozed with much work, and had for forty[2] times together forgot to carry the 60 which I had in my mind, in one denomination which exceeded 60; and this did confound me for above an hour together. To my Lord Bellasis, whom I find kind, but he had drawn some new proposal to deliver to the Lords' Commissioners to-day; wherein one was, that the garrison would not be well paid without some goldsmith's undertaking the paying of the bills of exchange for tallies. He professing so much kindness to me, and saying that he would not be concerned in the garrison without me; and that, if he continued in the employment, no man should have to do with the money but myself. I did ask his Lordship's meaning of the proposition in his paper. He told me he had not much considered it, but that he meant no harm to me. I told him I thought it would render me useless; whereupon he did very frankly, after my seeming denials for a good while, cause it to be writ over again, and that clause left out, which did satisfy me abundantly. To Whitehall, and there the Duke of York (who is gone over to all his pleasures again, and leaves off care of business, what with his woman, my Lady Denham, and his hunting three times a week) was just come in from hunting. So I stood and saw him dress himself, and try on his vest, which is the King's new fashion, and he will be in it for good and all on Monday next, and the whole Court: it is a fashion, the King says, he will never change.[1] He being ready, he and my Lord Chancellor, and Duke of Albemarle, and Prince Rupert, Lord Bellasis, Sir H. Cholmly, Povy, and myself met at a Committee for Tangier. My Lord Bellasis's propositions were read and discoursed of, about reducing the garrison to less charge; and, indeed, I am mad in love with my Lord Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out well, and with the greatest easiness and authority that ever I saw man in my life. I did never observe how much easier a man do speak when he knows all the company to be below him, than in him; for though he spoke, indeed, excellent well, yet his manner and freedom of doing it, as if he played with it, and was informing only all the rest of the company, was mighty pretty. He did call again and again upon Mr. Povy for his accounts. I did think fit to make the solemn tender of my accounts that I intended. I said something that was liked, touching the want of money, and the bad credit of our tallies. My Lord Chancellor moved that, without any trouble to any of the rest of the Lords, I might alone attend the King, when he was with his private Council, and open the state of the garrison's want of credit; and all that could be done,

[1] The Parliament voted this day a supply of £1,800,000. See p. 429.

[2] Cf. note p. 312.

[1] See Oct. 8, *supra*.

should. Most things moved were referred to Committees, and so we broke up: and, at the end, Sir W. Coventry came; so I away with him, and he discoursed with me something of the Parliament's business. They have voted giving the King for the next year £1,800,000; which, were it not for his debts, were a great sum. He says he thinks the House may say no more to us for the present, but that we must mend our manners against the next trial, and mend them we will. Sir J. Minnes most certainly must be removed, or made a Commissioner, and somebody else Comptroller.

14th. (Lord's day.) To church, which was mighty full; and my beauties, Mrs. Lethulier[1] and fair Batelier, both there. A very foul morning, and rained. Sent for my cloak to go out of the church with. To Westminster Abbey. I met with Sir Stephen Fox,[2] who told me how much right I had done myself, and how well it is represented by the Committee to the House my readiness to give them satisfaction in everything when they were at the office. I was glad of this. He did further discourse of Sir W. Coventry's great abilities, and how necessary it were that I were of the House to assist him. I did not own it, but do myself think it were not unnecessary, if either he should die, or be removed to the Lords, or anything happen to hinder his doing the like service the next trial; which makes me think that it were not a thing very unfit; but I will not move in it.

15th. Colvill tells me of the viciousness of the Court; the contempt the King brings himself into thereby; his minding nothing, but doing all things just as his people about him will have it; the Duke of York becoming a slave to this Denham, and wholly minds her; that there really were amours between the Duchess and Sidney; that there is reason to fear that, as soon as the Parliament have raised this money, the King will see that he hath got all that he can get, and then make up a peace; that Sir W. Coventry is of the cabal with the Duke of York, and Brouncker, with this Denham; which is a shame, and I am sorry for it, and that Sir W. Coventry do make her visits; but yet I hope it is not so. Pierce tells me, that as little agreement as there is between the Prince[1] and Duke of Albemarle, yet they are likely to go to sea again; for the first will not be trusted alone, and nobody will go with him but this Duke of Albemarle. He tells me much how all the commanders of the fleet and officers that are sober men do cry out upon their bad discipline, and the ruin that must follow if it continue. But that which I wonder most at, it seems their secretaries have been the most exorbitant in their fees to all sorts of the people, that it is not to be believed that they durst do it, so as it is believed they have got £800 apiece by the very vacancies in the fleet. He tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is concluded to be with child again; and that all the people about the King do make no scruple of saying that the King do intrigue with Mrs. Stewart, who, he says, is a most excellent-natured lady. This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black ribbon like a pigeon's leg; and, upon the whole, I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment.[2] I fear that Pen will be Comptroller, which I shall grudge a little. The Duke of Buckingham called Sir W. Coventry aside, and spoke a good while with him. I did presently fear it might be to discourse something of

[1] See p. 361.

[2] 1627-1716.

[1] Rupert.

[2] Rugge, in his *Diurnal*, thus describes the new court costume:—'1666, Oct. 11. In this month His Majestie and whole Court changed the fashion of their clothes—viz., a close coat of cloth, pinkt with a white taffety under the cutts. This in length reached the calf of the leg, and upon that a sercoat cutt at the breast, which hung loose and shorter than the vest six inches. The breeches the Spanish cut, and buskins some of cloth, some of leather, but of the same colour as the vest or garment; of never the like fashion since William the Conqueror.' Evelyn says, 'It was a comely and manly habit, too good to hold, it being impossible for us, in good earnest, to leave the Monsieur's vanities long.' See also his *Diary*, Oct. 18, 1666. It is represented in a portrait of Lord Arlington, by Sir P. Lely, formerly belonging to Lord de Clifford, and engraved in Lodge's *Illustrious Persons*. [B.] Louis XIV. ordered his servants to wear the dress: see p. 441.

his design to blemish my Lord of Sandwich, in pursuance of the wild motion he made the other day in the House. Sir W. Coventry, when he came to me again, told me that he had wrought a miracle, which was the convincing of the Duke of Buckingham that something—he did not name what—that he had intended to do was not fit to be done, and that the Duke is gone away of that opinion. By and by the House rose; and then I with Sir G. Carteret, and walked in the Exchequer Court. I observing to him how friendly Sir W. Coventry carried himself to him in these late inquiries, when, if he had borne him any spleen, he could have had what occasion he pleased offered him, he did confess he found the same thing, and would thank him for it. Away with him to his lodgings at Whitehall to dinner, where my Lady Carteret is, and mighty kind, both of them, to me. Their son and my Lady Jemimah will be here very speedily. She tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is to wear short coats[1] above their ankles; which she and I do not like, but conclude this long train be mighty graceful. But she cries out of the vices of the Court, and how they are going to set up plays already; and how, the next day after the late great fast, the Duchess of York did give the King and Queen a play. Nay, she told me that they have heretofore had plays at Court, the very nights before the fast for the death of the late King. She do much cry out upon these things, and that which she believes will undo the whole nation; and I fear so too. This day the great debate was in Parliament, the manner of raising the £1,800,000 they voted the King on Friday; and, at last, after many proposals, one moved that the chimney-money might be taken from the King, and an equal revenue of something else might be found for the King, and people be enjoined to buy off this tax of chimney-money for ever at eight years' purchase, which will raise present money, as they think, £1,600,000, and the State be eased of an ill burden, and the King be supplied of something as good or better for his use. The House seems to like this, and put off the debate to to-morrow.

[1] Petticoats, skirts.

16th. To the office, where sat to do little business but hear clamours for money. Hearing my brother play a little upon the lyra viol, which he do so as to show that he hath a love to music and a spirit for it.

17th. To dinner alone with my brother, with whom I had now the first private talk I have had, and find he hath preached but twice in his life. I did give him some advice to study pronunciation, but I do fear he will never make a good speaker; nor, I fear, any general good scholar, for I do not see that he minds optics or mathematics of any sort, nor anything else that I can find. I know not what he may be at divinity and ordinary school-learning. However, he seems sober, and that pleases me. To Whitehall, and there heard the Duke discourse, which he did mighty scurrilously, of the French, and with reason, that they should give Beaufort[1] orders when he was to bring, and did bring, his fleet hither, that his rendezvous for his fleet, and for all slugs[2] to come to, should be between Calais and Dover; which did prove the taking of La Roche,[3] who, among other slugs behind, did, by their instructions, make for that place, to rendezvous with the fleet; and Beaufort, seeing them as he was returning, took them for the English fleet, and wrote word to the King of France that he had passed by the English fleet, and the English fleet durst not meddle with him. The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon whites makes them look too much like magpies, and therefore hath bespoke one of plain velvet.

18th. The waters so high in the roads, by the late rains, that our letters came not in till to-day. Towards Lovett's, in the way wondering at what a good pretty wench our Barker makes, being now put into good clothes, and fashionable, at my charge; but it becomes her so, that I do not now think much of it, and is an example of the power of good clothes and dress. To Lovett's house, where I stood godfather. But it was pretty, that, being a Protestant, a man stood by and was my proxy to answer for me. A priest christened

[1] François de Vendôme, Duc de Beaufort (1616-1669). [2] Slow-sailing vessels. [3] See p. 618.

it, and the boy's name is Samuel. The ceremonies many, and some foolish. The priest in a gentleman's dress, more than my own; but is a Capuchin, one of the Queen-mother's priests. He did give my proxy and the woman proxy (my Lady Bills,[1] absent, had a proxy also) good advice to bring up the child, and, at the end, that he ought never to marry the child nor the godmother, nor the godmother the child or the godfather; but, which is strange, they say the mother of the child and the godfather may marry. By and by the Lady Bills comes in, a well-bred but crooked woman. The poor people of the house had good wine and a good cake; and she a pretty woman in her lying-in dress. It cost me near 40s. the whole christening; to midwife 20s., nurse 10s., maid 2s. 6d., and the coach 5s. The business of buying off the chimney-money is passed in the House: and so the King to be satisfied some other way, and the King supplied with the money raised by this purchasing off of the chimneys.

19th. To Povy's, who continues as much confounded in all his business as ever he was; and would have had me paid money as like a fool as himself, which I troubled him in refusing; but I did persist in it. Sir Robert Viner told me a little of what, in going home, I had seen; also a little of the disorder and mutiny among the seamen at the Treasurer's office, which did trouble me, considering how many more seamen will come to town every day, and no money for them. A Parliament sitting, and the Exchange close by, and an enemy to hear of and laugh at it. Viner, too, and Backewell were sent for this afternoon; and was before the King and his Cabinet about money; they declaring they would advance no more, it being discoursed of in the House of Parliament for the King to issue out his privy-seals to them to command them to trust him, which gives them reason to decline trusting. We do not do the King any service, but rather abuse and betray his service by being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not. Sir G. Carteret asked me whether £50 or £60 would do us any good; and when I told him the very rum man must have £200, he held up his eyes as if we had asked a million. The Duke of York did confess that he did not see how we could do anything without a present supply of £20,000, and so we broke up, and all parted. Nothing but distraction and confusion; which makes me wish with all my heart that I were well and quietly settled, with what little I have got, at Brampton, where I might live peaceably, and study, and pray for the good of the King and my country.

20th. Commissioner Middleton[1] says, that the fleet was in such a condition as to discipline, as if the Devil had commanded it; so much wickedness of all sorts. Inquiring how it came to pass that so many ships had miscarried this year, he tells me that he inquired; and the pilots do say, that they dare not do nor go but as the Captains will have them; and, if they offer to do otherwise, the Captains swear they will run them through. He says that he heard Captain Digby,[2] my Lord of Bristol's son, a young fellow that never was but one year, if that, in the fleet, say that he did hope he should not see a tarpaulin[3] have the command of a ship within this twelve months. He observed, while he was on board the Admiral, when the fleet was at Portsmouth, that there was a faction there. Holmes commanded all on the Prince's side, and Sir Jeremy Smith on the Duke's; and everybody that came did apply themselves to one side or other; and when the Duke of Albemarle was gone away to come hither, then Sir Jeremy Smith did hang his head, and walked in the General's ship but like a private commander. He says he was on board the Prince, when the news came of the burning of London: and all the Prince said was, that now Shipton's prophecy was out;[4] and he

[1] Lady Diana Fane, daughter of Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland, widow of Edward Pelham, of Brocklesby, Lincolnshire, remarried John Bills, of Caen Wood, Highgate. [B.]

[1] Thomas Middleton, who had been made a Commissioner of the Navy in 1664. [B.]

[2] Francis Digby. [3] A sailor, 'tar.'

[4] Evidently the concluding passage of 'Mother Shipton's Prophecies,'—viz., 'A ship come sayling up the Thames to London, and the master of the ship shall weepe, and the mariners shall aske him why he weepeth, being he hath made so good a voyage, and he shall say, "Ah, what a goodlie citie this was, none in the world comparable to it; and now there is scarcely left any house that can

heard a young commander presently swear, that a citizen's wife that would not take under half-a-piece before would be contented with half-a-crown: and made mighty sport of it. My Lord Chancellor, the other day, did ask Sir G. Carteret how it came to pass that his friend Pepys do so much magnify the bad condition of the fleet. Sir G. Carteret tells me that he answered him that I was but the mouth of the rest, and spoke what they have dictated to me; which did, as he says, presently take off his displeasure. With Sir G. Carteret home to dinner, with him my lady and Mr. Asburnham, the Cofferer. They talk that the Queen hath a great mind to alter her fashion, and to have the feet seen; which she loves mightily. I met with the King's declaration about his proceedings with the King of Denmark, and particularly the business of Bergen; but it is so well writ, that, if it be true, the King of Denmark is one of the most absolute wickedness in the world for a person of his quality. Met Mr. Povy by appointment, and he and I till late at night evening[1] of all accounts between us; but that which troubles me most is that I am to refund to the ignoble Lord Peterborough what he had given us six months ago, because we did not supply him with money.

21st. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, and there attended the Cabinet, and was called in before the King and them to give an account of our want of money for Tangier, and that which is no welcome thing to be the solicitor for, and to see how like an image the King sat and could not speak one word when I had delivered myself was very strange: only my Lord Chancellor did ask me whether I thought it was in nature at this time to help us to anything. So I was referred to another meeting of the Lords' Commissioners for Tangier and my Lord Treasurer. Walking with Sir H. Cholmly long in the gallery, he told me, among many other things, how Harry Killigrew[2] is banished the Court lately, for saying that my Lady Castlemaine was a little wanton when she was young. This she complained to the King of; and he sent to the Duke of York, whose servant he is, to turn him away. The Duke of York hath done it, but takes it ill of my Lady that he was not complained to first. She attended him to excuse it; but ill blood is made by it. Sir H. Cholmly tells me how Mr. Williamson stood in a little place to have come into the House of Commons, and they would not choose him: they said, 'No courtier.' And, which is worse, Bab May went down in great state to Winchelsea with the Duke of York's letters, not doubting to be chosen; and there the people chose a private gentleman in spite of him, and cried out they would have no Court pimp to be their burgess; which are things that bode very ill.

22nd. At the Temple Church, looking with pleasure on the monuments and epitaphs.

23rd. Sir W. Batten told me Sir R. Ford would accept of one-third of my profit of our private man-of-war, and bear one-third of the charge, and be bound in the Admiralty, which I did like mightily of, and did draw up a writing, as well as I could, to that purpose. After dinner down by water to Shadwell, to see Betty Michell, the first time I was ever in their new dwelling since the fire.

24th. Holmes did last Sunday deliver in his articles to the King and Cabinet against Smith,[1] and Smith has given in his answer, and lays his not accompanying the fleet to his pilot, who would not undertake to carry the ship further; which the pilot acknowledges. The thing is not accommodated, but only taken up, and both sides commanded to be quiet, but no peace like to be. The Duke of Albemarle is Smith's friend, and hath publicly swore that he would never go to sea again, unless Holmes's commission were taken from him. I find by Hayes,[2] that they did expect great glory in coming home in so good condition as they did with the fleet; and therefore I the less wonder that the Prince was distasted with my discourse the other day about the sad state of the

let us have drinke for our money."'—Quoted from the edition of 1641, which Prince Rupert might have seen. [B.]

[1] Settling.

[2] The younger (b. 1637), son of Tom Killigrew, the elder (1612-1683), by his first wife, Cecilia Crofts. Henry Killigrew (1613-1700), Master of the Savoy, and father of Anne Killigrew, was his uncle.

[1] Sir Jeremy.

[2] Prince Rupert's Secretary.

fleet. But it pleases me to hear that he did expect great thanks, and lays the fault of the want of it upon the fire, which deadened everything, and the glory of his services. Called my wife, and, it being moonshine, took her into the garden, and there laid open our condition as to our estate, and the danger of my having it all[1] in the house at once, in case of any disorder or troubles in the State, and therefore resolved to remove part of it to Brampton, and part some whither else, and part in my own house, which is very necessary, and will tend to our safety, though I shall not think it safe out of my own sight.

25th. To Mrs. Pierce's, where she was making herself mighty fine to go to a great ball to-night at Court, being the Queen's birthday; so the ladies for this one day wear laces, but are to put them off again to-morrow. To Mrs. Williams's, where we met Knipp. I was glad to see the jade. Made her sing; and she told us they begin at both houses to act on Monday next. But I fear, after all this sorrow, their gains will be but little. Mrs. Williams says the Duke's house will now be much the better of the two, because of their women; which I am glad to hear. The House of Parliament makes mighty little haste in settling the money; but they fall into faction, and libels have been found in the House. Among others, one yesterday, wherein they reckon up divers great sums to be given away by the King—£10,000 to Sir W. Coventry, for wear and tear, the point he stood upon to advance that sum by, for them to give the King; Sir G. Carteret £50,000 for something else, I think supernumeraries; and so to Matt. Wren £5000 for passing the Canary Company's patent; and so a great many other sums to other persons.

26th. Up, and all the morning within doors, beginning to set my accounts in order from before this fire, I being behindhand with them ever since; and this day I got most of my tradesmen to bring in their bills, and paid them. Nothing done in the House yet, as to finishing the bill for money, which is a mighty sad thing, all lying at stake for it.

27th. Up, and there comes to see me my Lord Bellasis, which was a great honour. He tells me great news, yet but what I suspected, that Vernatty is fled, and so hath cheated him and twenty more, but most of all, I doubt, Mr. Povy. He tells me how the two Houses begin to be troublesome; the Lords to have quarrels one with another. My Lord Duke of Buckingham having said to the Lord Chancellor, who is against the passing of the Bill for prohibiting the bringing over of Irish cattle, that whoever was against the Bill was there led to it by an Irish interest, or an Irish understanding, which is as much as to say he is a fool; this bred heat from my Lord Chancellor, and something he[1] said did offend my Lord of Ossory, my Lord Duke of Ormond's son,[2] and they two had hard words, upon which the latter sends a challenge to the former; of which the former complains to the House, and so the business is to be heard on Monday next. Then, as to the Commons; some ugly knives, like poignards, to stab people with, about two or three hundred of them, were brought in yesterday to the House, found in one of the house's rubbish that was burned, and said to be the house of a Catholic. This and several letters out of the country, saying how high the Catholics are everywhere, and bold in the owning their religion, have made the Commons mad, and they presently voted that the King be desired to put all Catholics out of employment, and other high things; while the business of money hangs in the hedge. Home to dinner, where Mrs. Pierce and her boy and Knipp, who sings as well, and is the best company in the world, dined with us, and infinite merry. The playhouses begin to play next week. Towards evening I took them out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought things, and I did give each of them a pair of jesimy[3] plain gloves, and another of white. Here Knipp and I walked up and down to see handsome faces, and did see several. Then carried each of them home, and, with great pleasure and content, home myself.

[1] *i.e.*, his money. See p. 438.

[1] Buckingham.

[2] Thomas Butler, Earl of Ossory, had been created an English Peer, as Lord Butler of Moore Park, in 1665.

[3] Jasmine, *n.s.*

28th. (Lord's day.) Captain Guy to dine with me, and he and I much talk together. He cries out of the discipline of the fleet, and confesses really that the true English valour we talk of is almost spent and worn out; few of the commanders doing what they should do, and he much fears we shall therefore be beaten the next year. He assures me we were beaten home the last June fight, and that the whole fleet was ashamed to hear of our bonfires. He commends Smith, and cries out of Holmes for an idle, proud, conceited, though stout, fellow. He tells me we are to owe the loss of so many ships on the sands, not to any fault of the pilots, but to the weather; but in this I have good authority to fear there was something more. He says the Dutch do fight in very good order, and we in none at all. He says that in the July fight both the Prince and Holmes had their bellyfuls, and were fain to go aside; though, if the wind had continued, we had utterly beaten them. He do confess the whole to be governed by a company of fools, and fears our ruin. The *Revenge* having her forecastle blown up with powder, to the killing of some men in the River, and the *Diamond's* being overset in the careening at Sheerness are further marks of the method all the King's work is now done in. The *Foresight* also and another come to disasters in the same place this week, in the cleaning; which is strange.

29th. Up, and to the office to do business, and thither comes to me Sir Thomas Teddiman, and he and I walked a good while in the garden together, discoursing of the disorder and discipline of the fleet, wherein he told me how bad everything is; but was very wary in speaking anything to the dishonour of the Prince or Duke of Albemarle, but do magnify my Lord Sandwich much before them both for ability to serve the King, and do heartily wish for him here; for he fears that we shall be undone the next year, but that he will, however, see an end of it. To Westminster; and I find the new Lord Mayor Bolton[1] a-swearing at the Exchequer, with some of the Aldermen and Livery; but, Lord! to see how meanly they now look, who upon this day used to be all little lords, is a sad sight, and worthy consideration; and everybody did reflect with pity upon the poor City, to which they are now coming to choose and swear their Lord Mayor, compared with what it heretofore was. To my goldsmith, to bid him look out for some gold for me; and he tells me that guineas, which I bought 2000 of not long ago, and cost me but 18½d. change, will now cost me 22d.; and but very few to be had at any price. However, some more I will have, for they are very convenient, and of easy disposal. To Whitehall, and into the new playhouse there, the first time I ever was there, and the first play I have seen since before the great plague. By and by Mr. Pierce comes, bringing my wife and his, and Knipp. By and by the King and Queen, Duke and Duchess, and all the great ladies of the Court; which, indeed, was a fine sight. But the play being *Love in a Tub*,[1] a silly play, and though done by the Duke's people, yet having neither Betterton nor his wife,[2] and the whole thing done ill, and being ill also, I had no manner of pleasure in the play. Besides, the House, though very fine, yet bad for the voice, for hearing. The sight of the ladies, indeed, was exceeding noble; and, above all, my Lady Castlemaine. The play done by ten o'clock.

30th. Mr. Hater staying most of the afternoon abroad, he came to me, poor man, to make excuse, and it was that he had been looking out for a little house for his family. His wife being much frightened in the country with the discourses of troubles and disorders like to be, and therefore durst not be from him, he is forced to bring her to town. This is now the general apprehension of all people; particulars I do not know, but my own fears are also great, and I do think it time to look out to save something, if a storm should come.

[1] Sir William Bolton. [B.]

November 1666

November 1st. Up, and was presented by Burton, one of our smiths' wives, with

[1] *The Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*, by Sir George Etherege. [2] See p. 242.

a very noble cake, which I presently resolved to have my wife go with to-day, and some wine, and house-warm my Betty Michell, which she readily resolved to do. From dinner my wife and my brother, and W. Hewer and Barker, away to Betty Michell's, to Shadwell.

2nd. On board the *Ruby*, French prize, the only ship of war we have taken from any of our enemies this year. It seems a very good ship, but with galleries quite round the stern, to walk in as a balcony, which will be taken down. She had also about forty good brass guns, but will make little amends to our loss in the *Prince*. I also did buy some apples and pork; by the same token the butcher commended it as the best in England for cloth[1] and colour. And for his beef, says he, 'Look how fat it is; the lean appears only here and there a speck, like beauty-spots.'

3rd. This morning comes Mr. Lovett, and brings me my print of the Passion, varnished by him, and the frame black, which indeed is very fine, though not so fine as I expected; however, pleases me exceedingly. This and the sheets of paper he prepared for me came to £3; and though it be more than is fit to lay out on pleasure, yet, it being ingenious, I did not think much of it.

4th. (Lord's day.) My tailor's man brings my vest[2] home, and coat to wear with it, and belt and silver-hilted sword; so I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so do my wife. Being dressed, to church; and after church pulled my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markham into my house to dinner, and Sir J. Minnes he got Mrs. Peg along with him. I had a good dinner for them, and very merry; and so, it being very cold, to Whitehall, and was mighty fearful of an ague, my vest being new and thin, and the coat cut not to meet before upon my vest. I waited in the gallery till the Council was up, and did speak with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, who tells me my Lord General is become mighty low in all people's opinion, and that he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York. The people at Court do see the difference between his and the Prince's management, and my Lord Sandwich's. That the business which he is put upon, of crying out against the Catholics and turning them out of all employment, will undo him, when he comes to turn the officers out of the army; and this is a thing of his own seeking. That he is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with. Of whom he told me this story; that once the Duke of Albemarle in his drink taking notice, as of a wonder, that Nan Hyde should ever come to be Duchess of York: 'Nay,' says Troutbecke, 'ne'er wonder at that; for if you will give me another bottle of wine, I will tell you as great, if not greater, a miracle.' And what was that, but that our dirty Bess (meaning his Duchess) should come to be Duchess of Albemarle? Sir G. Carteret shows me a long letter, all in cipher, from my Lord Sandwich to him. The contents he hath not yet found out, but he tells me my Lord is not sent for home, as several people have inquired after of me. Began to read Potter's *Discourse upon 666*,[1] which pleases me mightily.

5th. To my Lady Peterborough,[2] who had sent to speak with me. She makes mighty moan of the badness of the times, and her family as to money. My Lord's passionateness for want thereof, and his want of coming in of rents, and no wages from the Duke of York. No money to be had there for wages nor disbursements, and therefore prays my assistance about his pension. I was moved with her story, and promised I would try what I could do in a few days. To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined, and mightily made of. Here my Lord, and Sir Thomas Crewe, Mr. John, and Dr. Crewe, and two strangers. The best family in the world for goodness and sobriety. Here, beyond my expectation, I met my Lord Hinchingbroke, who is come to town two days since from Hinchingbroke, and brought his sister and brother Carteret with him, who are at Sir G. Carteret's. After dinner I and Sir Thomas Crewe went aside to discourse of public matters, and do find by him that all the country gentlemen are publicly jealous

[1] Skin, surface, 'coat.'
[2] The new fashion. See pp. 428, 429.

[1] *An Interpretation of the Number 666* (1642), by Francis Potter (1594-1678). See p. 370.
[2] See p. 213.

of the courtiers in the Parliament, and that they do doubt everything that they propose; and that the true reason why the country gentlemen are for a land-tax and against a general excise is, because they are fearful that if the latter be granted they shall never get it down again; whereas the land-tax will be but for so much, and, when the war ceases, there will be no ground got by the Court to keep it up. He says the House would be very glad to get something against Sir G. Carteret, and will not let their inquiries die till they have got something. He do, from what he hath heard at the Committee for examining the burning of the City, conclude it as a thing certain that it was done by plots; it being proved by many witnesses that endeavours were made in several places to increase the fire, and that both in City and country it was bragged by several Papists that upon such a day or in such a time we should find the hottest weather that ever was in England, and words of plainer sense. But my Lord Crewe was discoursing at table how the Judges have determined in the case whether the landlords or the tenants, who are, in their leases, all of them generally tied to maintain and uphold their houses, shall bear the loss of the fire; and they say that tenants should, against all casualties of fire beginning either in their own or in their neighbour's; but, where it is done by an enemy, they are not to do it. And this was by an enemy, there having been one convicted and hanged upon this very score. This is an excellent salvo[1] for the tenants, and for which I am glad, because of my father's house. After dinner and this discourse I took coach, and at the same time find my Lord Hinchingbroke and Mr. John Crewe and the Doctor going out to see the ruins of the City; so I took the Doctor into my hackney-coach (and he is a very fine sober gentleman), and so through the City. But, Lord! what pretty and sober observations he made of the City and its desolation; till anon we came to my house, and there I took them upon Tower Hill to show them what houses were pulled down there since the fire; and then to my house, where I treated them with good wine of several sorts, and they took it mighty respectfully, and a fine company of gentlemen they are; but above all I was glad to see my Lord Hinchingbroke drink no wine at all. So we broke up, and all took coach again, and I carried the Doctor to Chancery Lane, and thence I to Whitehall, where I stayed walking up and down till night, and then got almost into the playhouse, having much mind to go and see the play at Court this night; but, fearing how I should get home, because of the bonfires and the lateness of the night to get a coach, I did not stay; but having this evening seen my Lady Jemimah, who is come to town, and looks very well and fat; and heard how Mr. John Pickering is to be married this week, and to a fortune with £5000; and seen a rich necklace of pearl and two pendants of diamonds which Sir G. Carteret hath presented her[1] with since her coming to town, I home by coach, but met not one bonfire through the whole town in going round by the wall, which is strange, and speaks the melancholy disposition of the City at present, while never more was said of, and feared of, and done against the Papists than just at this time.

[1] Reservation.

6th. After dinner down alone by water to Deptford, reading *Duchess of Malfi*,[2] the play, which is pretty good. At night home, and there find Mr. Batelier, who supped with us, and good company he is.

7th. Called at Faythorne's, to buy some prints for my wife to draw by this winter, and here did see my Lady Castlemaine's picture, done by him from Lilly's, in red chalk and other colours, by which he hath cut it in copper to be printed. The picture in chalk is the finest thing I ever saw in my life, I think; and I did desire to buy it; but he says he must keep it awhile to correct his copper-plate[3] by, and, when that is done, he will sell it me. By the Duke of York his discourse to-day in his chamber, they have it at Court, as well as we here, that a fatal day is to be expected shortly, of some great mischief; whether by the Papists, or what, they are not certain. But the day is disputed; some say next Friday, others a day sooner, others later; and I hope all will prove a foolery. But it is observable how everybody's fears are busy at this time.

[1] Lady Jemima Carteret.
[2] By John Webster. [3] See p. 444.

8th. I to Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. Grey, who tells me the House is sitting still (and now it was six o'clock) and likely to sit till midnight; and have proceeded fair to give the King his supply presently; and herein have done more to-day than was hoped for. Sir W. Coventry did this night tell me how the business is about Sir J. Minnes; that he is to be a Commissioner, and my Lord Brouncker and Sir W. Pen are to be Comptroller jointly, which I am very glad of, and better than if they were either of them alone; and do hope truly that the King's business will be better done thereby, and infinitely better than now it is. Mr. Grey did assure me this night that he was told this day, by one of the greater Ministers of State in England, and one of the King's Cabinet, that we had little left to agree on between the Dutch and us towards a peace, but only the place of treaty; which do astonish me to hear, but I am glad of it, for I fear the consequence of the war. But he says that the King, having all the money he is like to have, we shall be sure of a peace in a little time.

9th. To Mrs. Pierce's, by appointment, where we find good company: a fair lady, my Lady Prettyman,[1] Mrs. Corbet,[2] Knipp; and for men, Captain Downing, Mr. Lloyd, Sir W. Coventry's clerk, and one Mr. Tripp, who dances well. After our first bout of dancing, Knipp and I to sing, and Mercer and Captain Downing, who loves and understands music, would by all means have my song of 'Beauty, retire':[3] which Knipp had spread abroad, and he extols it above anything he ever heard. Going to dance again, and then comes news that Whitehall was on fire; and presently more particulars, that the Horse-guard was on fire;[4] and so we ran up to the garret, and find it so; a horrid great fire; and by and by we saw and heard part of it blown up with powder. The ladies began presently to be afraid: one fell into fits. The whole town in an alarm. Drums beat and trumpets, and the Horse-guards everywhere spread, running up and down in the street. And I began to have mighty apprehensions how things might be, for we are in expectation, from common fame, this night, or to-morrow, to have a massacre, by the having so many fires one after another, as that in the City, and at same time begun in Westminster, by the Palace, but put out; and since in Southwark, to the burning down some houses; and now this do make all people conclude there is something extraordinary in it; but nobody knows what. By and by comes news that the fire has slackened; so then we were a little cheered up again, and to supper, and pretty merry. But, above all, there comes in the dumb boy that I knew in Oliver's time, who is mightily acquainted here, and with Downing; and he made strange signs of the fire, and how the King was abroad, and many things they understood, but I could not, which I wondered at, and discoursing with Downing about it, 'Why,' says he, 'it is only a little use, and you will understand him, and make him understand you with as much ease as may be.' So I prayed him to tell him that I was afraid that my coach would be gone, and that he should go down and steal one of the seats out of the coach and keep it, and that would make the coachman to stay. He did this, so that the dumb boy did go down, and, like a cunning rogue, went into the coach, pretending to sleep; and by and by fell to his work, but finds the seats nailed to the coach. So he could not do it; however, stayed there, and stayed the coach till the coachman's patience was quite spent, and beat the dumb boy by force, and so went away. So the dumb boy came up, and told him all the story, which they below did see all that passed, and knew it to be true. After supper, another dance or two, and then news that the fire is as great as ever, which puts us all to our wits' end; and I

[1] Margaret, daughter of Sir Matthew Mennes, K.B., and wife of Sir John Prettyman, Bart., M.P. for Leicester. [B.]

[2] Perhaps the actress. [3] See p. 360.

[4] 'Nov. 9. Between seven and eight at night, there happened a fire in the Horse Guard House, in the Tilt Yard, over against Whitehall, which at first arising, it is supposed, from some snuff of a candle falling amongst the straw, broke out with so sudden a flame, that at once it seized the north-west part of that building; but being so close under His Majesty's own eye, it was, by the timely help His Majesty and His Royal Highness caused to be applied, immediately stopped, and by ten o'clock wholly mastered, with the loss only of that part of the building it had at first seized."—*The London Gazette*, No. 103. [B.]

mightily anxious to go home, but the coach being gone, and it being about ten at night, and rainy dirty weather, I knew not what to do; but to walk out with Mr. Batelier, myself resolving to go home on foot, and leave the women there. And so did; but at the Savoy got a coach, and came back and took up the women; and so, having, by people come from the fire, understood that the fire was overcome and all well, we merrily parted, and home. Stopped by several guards and constables quite through the town, round the wall, as we went, all being in arms. Being come home, we to cards, till two in the morning, and drinking lamb's-wool.[1] So to bed.

10th. The Parliament did fall foul of our accounts again yesterday; and we must arm to have them examined, which I am sorry for; it will bring great trouble to me, and shame upon the office. With my Lord Brouncker and Sir Thomas Harvy to Cocke's house, and there Mrs. Williams and other company, and an excellent dinner. Mr. Temple's wife, after dinner, fell to play on the harpsichon,[2] till she so tired everybody, that I left the house without taking leave, and no creature left standing by her to hear her. Read an hour, to make an end of Potter's *Discourse of 666*,[3] which I like all along, but his close is most excellent; and, whether it be right or wrong, is mighty ingenious. This is the fatal day that everybody hath discoursed for a long time to be the day that the Papists, or I know not who, have designed to commit a massacre upon;[4] but, however, I trust in God we shall rise to-morrow morning as well as ever. I hear that my Lady Denham is exceeding sick, even to death, and that she says, and everybody else discourses, that she is poisoned; and Creed tells me that it is said that there hath been a design to poison the King. What the meaning of all these sad signs is, the Lord only knows; but every day things look worse and worse. God fit us for the worst!

11th. (Lord's day.) To church, myself and wife, where the old dunce Meriton,[5] of St. Martin's, Westminster, did make a very good sermon, beyond my expectation. To my uncle Wight's, and their entertainment so bad, that I am in pain to be there. Wooly's wife, a silly woman, and not very handsome, but no spirit in her at all; and their discourse mean, and the fear of the troubles of the times hath made them not to bring their plate to town, since it was carried out upon the business of the fire, so that they drink in earth and a wooden can, which I do not like.

12th. Creed tells me of my Lady Denham, whom everybody says is poisoned, and she hath said it to the Duke of York; but is upon the mending hand, though the town says she is dead this morning. Going to Sir R. Viner's, I did get such a splash and spots of dirt upon my new vest, that I was out of countenance to be seen in the street. This day I received 450 pieces of gold more of Mr. Stokes, but cost me 22½d. change; but I am well contented with it, I having now nearly £2800 in gold, and will not rest till I get full £3000. Home to dinner, though Sir R. Viner would have stayed us to dine with him, he being sheriff; but, poor man, was so out of countenance, that he had no wine ready to drink to us, his butler being out of the way, though we know him to be a very liberal man. I took my wife out, intending to have gone and have seen my Lady Jemimah at Whitehall, but so great a stop there was at the New Exchange, that we could not pass in half-an-hour, and therefore 'light, and then home. My wife and all the maids abed but Jane, whom I put confidence in—she and I, and my brother, and Tom, and W. Hewer, did bring up all the remainder of my money, and my plate-chest, out of the cellar, and placed the money in my study, with the rest, and the plate in my dressing-room; but indeed I am in great pain to think how to dispose of my money, it being wholly unsafe to keep it all in coin in one place. Creed and I did stop, the Duke of York being just going away from seeing of it, at Paul's, and in the Convocation-House Yard did there see the body of Robert Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died 1404. He

[1] Hot ale, mixed with the pulp of roasted apples, sugar, and spice. [2] Harpsichord.
[3] See p. 435. [4] See p. 436 and p. 447.
[5] John Meriton (1638-1704) was rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and appears to have been a Sunday lecturer at St. Martin's. See p. 324.

fell down in his tomb out of the great church into St. Faith's this late fire, and is here seen his skeleton with the flesh on; but all tough and dry like a spongy dry leather or touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside. A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor; and now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others. Many flocking to see it.

13th. To Bishopsgate Street, and there bought some drinking-glasses, a case of knives, and other things, in expectation of my Lord Hinchingbroke's coming to dine with me. So home, and do here receive notice from my Lord Hinchingbroke that he is not well, and so not in condition to come, which I am not in much trouble for, because of the disorder my house is in, by the bricklayers coming to mend the chimney in my dining-room for smoking, which they were upon almost till midnight, and have now made it very pretty, and do carry smoke exceeding well. This evening came all the Houblons to me, to invite me to sup with them to-morrow night. I did take them home, and there we sat and talked a good while, and a glass of wine, and then parted till to-morrow night. So at night, well satisfied in the alteration of my chimney, I to bed.

14th. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me; and there stayed reading of Waller's[1] verses, while she finished dressing, her husband being by. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us! I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate Street, and then home with her. She tells me how Smith,[2] of the Duke's house, hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play; which makes everybody sorry, he being a good actor, and, they say, a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him. Here she and me alone at dinner to some good victuals, that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchingbroke's, if he had come. My wife and I intended to have seen my Lady Jemimah at Whitehall, but the Exchange Street was so full of coaches, everybody, as they say, going thither to make themselves fine against to-morrow night, we could not do anything, only my wife to see her brother. Sir G. Carteret tells me that just now my Lord Hollis had been with him, and wept to think in what a condition we are fallen. He showed me my Lord Sandwich's letter to him, complaining of the lack of money, which Sir G. Carteret is at a loss how in the world to get the King to supply him with, and wishes him, for that reason, here; for that he fears he will be brought to disgrace there, for want of supplies. To the Pope's Head, where all the Houblons were, and Dr. Croone.[1] Dr. Croone told me that, at the meeting at Gresham College to-night, which, it seems, they now have every Wednesday again, there was a pretty experiment of the blood of one dog let out, till he died, into the body of another on one side, while all his own ran out on the other side.[2] The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like; but, as Dr. Croone says, may, if it takes, be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body.

15th. To Mrs. Pierce's, where I find her as fine as possible, and Mr. Pierce going to the ball at night at Court, it being the Queen's birthday. I also to the ball, and with much ado got up to the loft, where with much trouble I could see very well. Anon the house grew full, and the candles light, and the King and Queen and all the ladies sat; and it was, indeed, a glorious sight to see Mrs. Stewart in black and white lace, and her head and shoulders dressed with diamonds, and the like many great ladies more, only the Queen none; and the King in his rich vest of some rich silk and silver trimming, as the Duke of York and all the dancers were, some of cloth of silver, and others of

1 Edmund Waller.

2 William Smith (d. 1696). The animosity of the Mohawks compelled him to retire from the stage for ten years (1685-1695).

1 William Croone (1633-1684), physician, Professor of Rhetoric at Gresham College. He was the founder of the Croonian Lectureship.

2 The experiment of 'Transfusion.'

other sorts, exceeding rich. Presently after the King was come in, he took the Queen, and about fourteen more couple there was, and began the bransles.[1] As many of the men as I can remember presently were the King, Duke of York, Prince Rupert, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buckingham, Lord Douglas, Mr. [George] Hamilton, Colonel Russell, Mr. Griffith, Lord Ossory, Lord Rochester; and of the ladies, the Queen, Duchess of York, Mrs. Stewart, Duchess of Monmouth, Lady Essex Howard,[2] Mrs. Temple,[3] Swede's Ambassadress, Lady Arlington,[4] Lord George Barkeley's daughter,[5] and many others I remember not; but all most excellently dressed in rich petticoats and gowns, and diamonds, and pearls. After the bransles, then to a corant,[6] and now and then a French dance; but that so rare that the corants grew tiresome, that I wished it done. Only Mrs. Stewart danced mighty finely, and many French dances, specially one the King called the New Dance, which was very pretty; but, upon the whole matter, the business of the dancing of itself was not extraordinary pleasing. But the clothes and sight of the persons were indeed very pleasing, and worth my coming, being never likely to see more gallantry while I live, if I should come twenty times. About twelve at night it broke up. So away home with my wife, who was displeased with the dull dancing, and satisfied with the clothes and persons. My Lady Castlemaine, without whom all is nothing, being there, very rich, though not dancing.

16th. This noon I met with Mr. Hooke, and he tells me the dog which was filled with another dog's blood at the College the other day is very well, and like to be so as ever, and doubts not its being found of great use to men; and so do Dr. Whistler, who dined with us at the tavern.

17th. In the afternoon shut myself up in my chamber, and there till twelve at night finishing my great letter to the Duke of York, which do lay the ill condition of the Navy so open to him, that it is impossible if the King and he minds anything of their business, but it will operate upon them to set all matters right, and get money to carry on the war, before it be too late, or else lay out for a peace upon any terms. It was a great convenience to-night that what I had writ foul in short-hand I could read to W. Hewer, and he take it fair in shorthand, so as I can read it to-morrow to Sir W. Coventry, and then come home, and Hewer read it to me while I take it in longhand to present, which saves me much time.

18th. (Lord's day.) On foot to Whitehall, where by appointment I met Lord Brouncker at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there I read over my great letter, and they approved it; so I think it is as good a letter in the manner, and believe it is the worst in the matter of it, as ever came from any office to a prince. To Sir W. Batten. He was in a huff, which I made light of, but he signed the letter, though he would not go, and liked the letter well. Sir W. Pen, it seems, he would not stay for it; so, making slight of Sir W. Pen's putting so much weight upon his hand, I to Whitehall, and there met Lord Brouncker, and he signed it, and so I delivered it to Mr. Chiffinch, and he to Sir W. Coventry, in the cabinet, the King and Council being sitting, where I leave it to its fortune.

19th. To Berkshire House,[1] where my Lord Chancellor hath been ever since the fire. To the Bull-Head tavern, where I have not been since Mr. Chetwind and the time of our club, and here had six bottles of claret filled, and I sent them to Mrs. Martin, whom I had promised some of my own, and, having none of my own, sent her this. Took coach to Whitehall, and there visited my Lady Jemimah, at Sir G. Carteret's lodgings. Here was Sir

[1] See p. 170.

[2] Only daughter of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, afterwards married to Edward Griffin, Lord Griffin of Braybrooke. [B.]

[3] Anne, daughter of Thomas Temple, of Frankton, in Warwickshire, second wife of Sir Charles Lyttelton, who had been Governor of Jamaica. [B.]

[4] See July 12, 1666 (p. 399).

[5] George Lord Berkeley had six daughters. [B.]

[6] Coranto; *cf.* p. 192.

[1] The Earl of Berkshire's town-house, St. James's, purchased by Charles II., and presented to the Duchess of Cleveland (Lady Castlemaine), and thereafter called Cleveland House. Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, preserves the association. It was bought in 1730 by the Duke of Bridgewater. The modernized Bridgewater House occupies the site.

Thomas Crewe, who told me how hot words grew again to-day in the House of Lords between my Lord Ossory and Ashly, the former saying that something said by the other was said like one of Oliver's Council. Ashly said he must give him reparation, or he would take it his own way. The House therefore did bring my Lord Ossory to confess his fault, and ask pardon for it, as he did also to my Lord Buckingham, for saying that something was not truth that my Lord Buckingham had said.

20th. To church, it being thanksgiving day for the cessation of the plague; but, Lord! how the town do say that it is hastened before the plague is quite over, there dying some people still, but only to get ground for plays to be publicly acted, which the Bishops would not suffer till the plague was over; and one would think so, by the suddenness of the notice given of the day, which was last Sunday, and the little ceremony. The sermon being dull of Mr. Minnes, and people with great indifferency come to hear him. By coach to Berkshire House, and there did get a very great meeting; the Duke of York being there, and much business done, though not in proportion to the greatness of the business, and my Lord Chancellor sleeping and snoring the greater part of the time.

21st. I to wait on Sir Philip Howard, whom I find dressing himself in his night-gown and turban like a Turk, but one of the finest persons that ever I saw in my life. He had several gentlemen of his own waiting on him, and one playing finely on the guitar; he discourses as well as ever I heard man, in few words and handsome. He expressed all kindness to Balty, when I told him how sick he is: he says that, before he comes to be mustered again, he must bring a certificate of his swearing the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, and having taken the Sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This, I perceive, is imposed on all.

22nd. My Lord Brouncker did show me Hollar's new print of the City,[1] with a pretty representation of that part which is burnt, very fine indeed; and tells me that he was yesterday sworn the King's servant, and that the King hath commanded him to go on with his great map of the City,[1] which he was upon before the City was burned, like Gombout of Paris,[2] which I am glad of. Mr. Batelier tells me the news how the King of France hath, in defiance to the King of England, caused all his footmen to be put into vests,[3] and that the noblemen of France will do the like; which, if true, is the greatest indignity ever done by one Prince to another, and would excite a stone to be revenged; and I hope our King will, if it be so, as he tells me it is;[4] being told by one that came over from Paris with my Lady Fanshaw, who is come over with the dead body of her husband,[5] and that saw it before he came away. This makes me mighty merry, it being an ingenious kind of affront; but yet it makes me angry to see that the King of England is become so little as to have the affront offered him. Batelier did bring us some oysters to-night, and some bottles of new French wine of this year, mighty good, but I drank but little.

23rd. Attended the Duke of York, where, among other things, we had a complaint of Sir William Jennings's[6] against his lieutenant, Le Neve, one that had been long the Duke's page, and for whom the Duke of York hath great kindness.

1 'A Map or Ground Plott of the Citty of London, with the Suburbes thereof, so far as the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction doeth extend; by which is exactly demonstrated the present condition since the last sad accident by fire; the blanke space signifying the burnt part, and where the houses be, those places yet standing.—W. Hollar, f. 1666. Cum Privilegio Regis.' [B.]

1 Hollar engraved, in 1675, 'A new Map of the Cities of London, Westminster, and the Borough of Southwarke, with their Suburbs; showing the streets, lanes, alleys, courts, etc., with other remarks, as they are now truely and carefully delineated; and the prospect of London, as it was flourishing before the destruction by fire.' Sold by Robert Green and Robert Morden. [B.]

2 Gombout's Plan of Paris, on a very large scale, was engraved in 1642. [B.]

3 See p. 429. *Cf.* Brunetta's device in *The Spectator*, No. 80.

4 Perhaps this influenced Charles II. in abandoning his new costume, which, at all events, was shortly discontinued. [B.] See Evelyn's *Diary*, Oct. 18, 1666.

5 Sir Richard Fanshawe.

6 Brother of Sir Robert Jennings, of Ripon. He attended James the Second after his abdication, and served as a Captain in the French Navy. [B.]

It was a drunken quarrel, where one was as blameable as the other. It was referred to further examination, but the Duke of York declared that as he would not favour disobedience, so neither drunkenness. I spoke with Sir G. Downing about our prisoners in Holland, and their being released; which he is concerned in, and most of them are. Then, discoursing of matters of the House of Parliament, he tells me that it is not the fault of the House, but the King's own party, that have hindered the passing of the Bill for money, by their popping in of new projects for raising it; which is a strange thing; and mighty confident he is that what money is raised will be raised and put into the same form that the last was, to come into the Exchequer; and, for aught I see, I must confess I think it is the best way.

24th. With Sir J. Minnes by coach to Stepney to the Trinity House, where it is kept again now since the burning of their other house in London. And here a great many met at Sir Thomas Allen's feast, of his being made an Elder Brother; but he is sick, and so could not be there. Here was much good company, and very merry; but the discourse of Scotland, it seems, is confirmed, and that they are 4000 of them in arms, and do declare for King and Covenant, which is very ill news.[1] I pray God deliver us from the ill consequences we may justly fear from it. Sir Philip Warwick, I find, is full of trouble in his mind to see how things go, and what our wants are; and so I have no delight to trouble him with discourse, though I honour the man with all my heart, and I think him to be a very able, right-honest man. To read the late printed discourse of witches by a member of Gresham College;[2] the discourse being well writ, in good style, but methinks not very convincing.

25th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, and there to the chapel, where in my usual place I heard one of the King's chaplains, one Mr. Floyd, preach. He was out two or three times in his prayer, and as many in his sermon, but yet he made a most excellent good sermon, of our duty to imitate the lives and practice of Christ and the saints departed, and did it very handsomely, and excellent style; but was a little overlarge in magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates, that we have seen in our memories in the world, whom God hath taken from us. At the end of the sermon an excellent anthem; but it was a pleasant thing, an idle companion in our pew, a prating bold counsellor that hath been heretofore at the Navy Office, and noted for a great eater and drinker, not for quantity, but of the best, his name Tom Bales, said, 'I know a fitter anthem for this sermon,' speaking only of our duty of following the saints, and I know not what. 'Cooke should have sung, "Come, follow, follow me."'[1] To Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where much company. Among others, Mr. Carteret and my Lady Jemimah, and Mr.[2] Ashburnham, the great man, who is a pleasant man, and that hath seen much of the world, and more of the Court. Into the Court, and attended there till the Council met, and then was called in, and I read my letter. My Lord Treasurer declared that the King had nothing to give till the Parliament did give him some money. So the King did of himself bid me to declare to all that would take our tallies for payment, that he should, soon as the Parliament's money do come in, take back their tallies, and give them money; which I giving him occasion to repeat to me, it coming from him against the *grê*,[3] I perceive, of my Lord Treasurer, I was content therewith, and went out. All the talk of Scotland, where the highest report, I perceive, runs but upon three or four hundred in arms; but they believe that it will grow more, and do seem to apprehend it much, as if the King of France had a hand in it. My Lord Lauderdale do make nothing of it, it seems, and people do censure him for it, he from the beginning saying that there was nothing in it, whereas it do appear to be a pure rebellion; but no persons of

[1] The Dumfries rising.

[2] *Philosophical Considerations touching Witches and Witchcraft*, by Joseph Glanvill (1666).

[1] The first line of *The Fairy Queen*, which, with the air, is printed in the *Musical Miscellany*. Lond. 1729, vol. ii. p. 22. [B.] The opera of the *Fairy Queen*, based on *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, with music by Purcell, was printed in 1692.

[2] John.

[3] Pleasure, will.

quality being in it, all do hope that it cannot amount to much. Here I saw Mrs. Stewart this afternoon, methought the beautifullest creature that ever I saw in my life, more than ever I thought her, so often as I have seen her; and I do begin to think do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least now. This being St. Catherine's day, the Queen was at mass by seven o'clock this morning; and Mr. Ashburnham do say that he never saw any one have so much zeal in his life as she hath: and, the question being asked by my Lady Carteret, much beyond the bigotry that ever the old Queen-mother had. I spoke with Mr. May,[1] who tells me that the design of building the City do go on apace, and by his description it will be mighty handsome, and to the satisfaction of the people; but I pray God it come not out too late. Mr. Ashburnham to-day at dinner told how the rich fortune Mrs. Mallett reports of her servants;[2] that my Lord Herbert[3] would have her; my Lord Hinchingbroke was indifferent to have her;[4] my Lord John Butler[5] might not have her; my Lord of Rochester would have forced her; and Sir —— Popham,[6] who nevertheless is likely to have her, would do anything to have her.[7]

26th. Into the House of Parliament, where, at a great Committee, I did hear, as long as I would, the great case against my Lord Mordaunt,[8] for some arbitrary proceedings of his against one Taylor, whom he imprisoned, and did all the violence to imaginable, only to get him to give way to his abusing his daughter. Here was Mr. Sawyer,[9] my old chamberfellow, a counsel against my Lord; and I was glad to see him in so good play.

1 Hugh May. 2 *I.e.*, lovers.
3 Afterwards sixth Earl of Pembroke.
4 They had quarrelled. (See Aug. 26, 1666.) She, perhaps, was piqued at Lord Hinchinbroke's refusal 'to compass the thing without consent of friends' (see Feb. 25, 1666), whence her expression, 'indifferent' to have her. [B.]
5 Seventh son of the Duke of Ormond, created in 1676 Baron of Aghrim, Viscount of Clonmore, and Earl of Gowran. [B.]
6 Probably Sir Francis Popham, K.B. [B.]
7 [B.] has refined the original.
8 See p. 293.
9 Afterwards Sir Robert Sawyer (1633-1692), Attorney-General from 1681 to 1687. He had been admitted a Pensioner at Magdalene College, Cambridge, June, 1648. [B.]

Here I met, before the committee sat, with my cousin Roger Pepys, the first time I have spoke with him this parliament. He hath promised to come, and bring Madam Turner with him (who is come to town to see the City, but hath lost all her goods of all kinds in Salisbury Court, Sir William Turner having not endeavoured, in her absence, to save one penny) to dine with me on Friday next. Roger bids me to help him to some good rich widow; for he is resolved to go, and retire wholly, into the country; for, he says, he is confident we shall be all ruined very speedily, by what he sees in the State. No news from the North at all to-day; and the news-book makes the business nothing, but that they are all dispersed.

27th. At Sir G. Carteret's find my Lord Hinchingbroke, who promises to dine with me to-morrow, and bring Mr. Carteret along with him. To my Lord Crewe, and had some good discourse with him, he doubting that all will break in pieces in the kingdom; and that the taxes now coming out, which will tax the same man in three or four several capacities, as for land, office, profession, and money at interest, will be the hardest that ever came out; and do think that we owe it, and the lateness of its being given, wholly to the unpreparedness of the King's own party, to make their demand and choice; for they have obstructed the giving it by land-tax, which had been done long since. Having ended my visit, I spoke to Sir Thomas Crewe, to invite him and his brother John to dinner to-morrow; and so homewards, calling at the cook's, who is to dress it, to bespeak him, and then home, and there set things in order for a very fine dinner.

28th. To Whitehall; where, though it blows hard and rains hard, yet the Duke of York is gone a-hunting. We therefore lost our labour, and so to get things ready against dinner at home: and at noon comes my Lord Hinchingbroke, Sir Thomas Crewe, Mr. John Crewe, Mr. Carteret, and Brisband. I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook, and commended, as indeed they deserved, for exceeding well done. We ate with great pleasure, and I enjoyed myself in it;

eating in silver plates, and all things mighty rich and handsome about me. Till dark at dinner, and then broke up with great pleasure, especially to myself; and they away, only Mr. Carteret and I to Gresham College, where they meet now weekly again, and here they had good discourse how this late experiment of the dog, which is in perfect good health, may be improved for good uses to men. Here was Mr. Henry Howard, that will hereafter be Duke of Norfolk, who is admitted this day into the Society, and being a very proud man, and one that values himself upon his family, writes his name, as he do everywhere, Henry Howard of Norfolk.

29th. I late at the office, and all the news I hear I put into a letter this night to my Lord Brouncker at Chatham, thus:—

'I doubt not of your Lordship's hearing of Sir Thomas Clifford's succeeding Sir H. Pollard[1] in the Comptrollership of the King's house; but perhaps our ill, but confirmed, tidings from the Barbados may not have reached you yet, it coming but yesterday; viz., that about eleven ships, whereof two of the King's, the *Hope* and *Coventry*, going thence with men to attack St. Christopher's, were seized by a violent hurricane, and all sunk—two only of thirteen escaping, and those with loss of masts, etc. My Lord Willoughby himself is involved in the disaster, and I think two ships thrown upon an island of the French, and so all the men, to 500, become their prisoners. 'Tis said, too, that eighteen Dutch men-of-war are passed the Channel, in order to meet with our Smyrna ships; and some, I hear, do fright us with the King of Sweden's seizing our mast-ships at Gottenburgh. But we have too much ill news true, to afflict ourselves with what is uncertain. That which I hear from Scotland is the Duke of York's saying, yesterday, that he is confident the Lieutenant-General there hath driven them into a pound, somewhere towards the mountains.'

To show how mad we are at home, here, and unfit for any troubles: my Lord St. John did, a day or two since, openly pull a gentleman in Westminster Hall by the nose, one Sir Andrew Henly, while the Judges were upon their benches, and the other gentleman did give him a rap over the pate with his cane, of which fray the Judges, they say, will make a great matter: men are only sorry the gentleman did proceed to return a blow; for, otherwise, my Lord would have been soundly fined for the affront, and may be yet for his affront to the Judges.

30th. To Whitehall; and pretty to see, it being St. Andrew's day, how some few did wear St. Andrew's cross;[1] but most make a mockery at it, and the House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also; people having no mind to observe the Scotch saints' days till they hear better news from Scotland.

[1] Sir Hugh Pollard, Bart., M.P. for Devonshire. He died Nov. 27, 1666. [B.]

December 1666

December 1st. Walking to the Old Swan, I did see a cellar in Tower Street in a very fresh fire, the late great winds having blown it up. It seemed to be only of log-wood, that hath kept the fire all this while in it. Going further, I met my late Lord Mayor Bludworth, under whom the City was burned. But, Lord! the silly talk that this silly fellow had, only how ready he would be to part with all his estate in these difficult times to advance the King's service, and complaining that now, as everybody did lately in the fire, everybody endeavours to save himself, and let the whole perish: but a very weak man he seems to be. By coach home, in the evening, calling at Faythorne's, buying three of my Lady Castlemaine's heads, printed this day,[2] which indeed is, as to the head, I think, a very fine picture, and like her. I did this afternoon get Mrs. Michell to let me only have a sight of a pamphlet lately printed, but suppressed and much called after, called *The Catholic's Apology*;[3] lamenting the severity of Parliament against them, and comparing it with the lenity of other

[1] *Cf.* p. 696. [2] See p. 436.

[3] *An Apology in behalf of the Papists*, by Roger Palmer, first Earl of Castlemaine. The piece has not his name, but it was answered by Lloyd, Bishop of St. Asaph, in 1667; and Lord Castlemaine and Robert Pugh, a secular priest, his assistant, published a reply to the Bishop, in 1668. Both the Earl's pamphlets were seized by order of the House of Commons.—Walpole's *Noble Authors*. [B.]

princes to Protestants; giving old and late instances of their loyalty to their princes, whatever is objected against them; and excusing their disquiets in Queen Elizabeth's time, for that it was impossible for them to think her a lawful Queen, if Queen Mary, who had been owned as such, were so; one being the daughter of the true, and the other of a false wife: and that of the Gunpowder Treason, by saying that it was only the practice of some of us, if not the King, to trepan some of their religion into it, it never being defended by the generality of their Church, nor indeed known by them; and ends with a large Catalogue, in red letters, of the Catholics which have lost their lives in the quarrel of the late King and this. The thing is very well writ indeed.

2nd. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to Mr. Martin's, where find the company almost all come to the christening of Mrs. Martin's child, a girl. A great deal of good plain company. After sitting long, till the church was done, the parson comes, and then we to christen the child. I was godfather, and Mrs. Holder (her husband, a good man, I know well) and a pretty lady, that waits, it seems, on my Lady Bath, at Whitehall, her name Mrs. Noble, were godmothers. After the christening comes in the wine and the sweetmeats, and then to prate and tattle, and then very good company they were, and I among them. Here was old Mrs. Michell and Howlett, and several of the married women of the Hall, whom I knew maids. Here was also Mrs. Burroughs and Mrs. Bales, the young widow, whom I led home, and having stayed till the moon was up, I took my pretty gossip[1] to Whitehall with us, and I saw her in her lodging, and then my own company again took coach, and no sooner in the coach but something broke, that we were fain there to stay till a smith could be fetched, which was above an hour, and then it costing me 6s. to mend. Away round by the wall and Cow Lane,[2] for fear it should break again, and in pain about the coach all the way. I went to Sir W. Batten's, and there I hear more ill news still; that all our New England fleet, which went out lately, are put back a third time by foul weather, and dispersed, some to one port and some to another; and their convoys also to Plymouth; and whether any of them be lost or not, we do not know. This, added to all the rest, do lay us flat in our hopes and courages, everybody prophesying destruction to the nation.

3rd. Up, and, among a great number of people that came to speak with me, one was my Lord Peterborough's gentleman, who comes to me to dun me to get some money advanced for my Lord; and I demanding what news, he tells me that at Court they begin to fear the business of Scotland more and more, and that the Duke of York intends to go to the North to raise an army, and that the King would have some of the nobility and others to go and assist; but they were so served the last year, among others his Lord, in raising forces at their own charge, for fear of the French invading us, that they will not be got out now, without money advanced to them by the King, and this is likely to be the King's case for certain, if ever he comes to have need of any army. By water to Westminster, and there to the Exchequer, and put my tallies in a way of doing for the last quarter. At noon home. More cheerful than I have been a good while, to hear that for certain the Scotch rebels are all routed; they having been so bold as to come within three miles of Edinburgh,[1] and there given two or three repulses to the King's forces, but at last were mastered. Three or four hundred killed or taken, among which their leader, Wallis,[2] and seven ministers, they having all taken the Covenant a few days before, and sworn to live and die in it, as they did; and so all is likely to be there quiet again. There is also the very good news come of four New England ships come home safe to Falmouth with masts for the King; which is a blessing mighty unexpected, and without which, if for nothing else, we must have failed the next year. But God be praised for thus much good fortune, and send us the continuance of his favour in other things!

6th. After dinner my wife and brother, in another habit,[3] go out to see a play;

[1] Mrs. Noble, *q.s.*

[2] Running from West Smithfield to Snow Hill; now King Street

[1] Rullion Green. [2] Col. Wallace.

[3] *I.e.*, not in clerical dress.

but I am not to take notice that I know of my brother's going. This day, in the *Gazette*, is the whole story of defeating of the Scotch rebels, and of the creation of the Duke of Cambridge, Knight of the Garter.[1]

7th. To the King's playhouse, where two acts were almost done when I came in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of *The Maid's Tragedy*;[2] a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor, and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publicly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play.

8th. The great Proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday; which makes the King and Court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the playhouses and brothels, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the Court by thirty or forty voices. It is a Proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a Committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this war. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard,[3] who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, £20,000 since the King came in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowly,[4] who was by, and heard it, that Tom Killigrew should publicly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, 'There is a good, honest, able man, that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the Court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it.' This, he says, is most true: but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration. To the King's playhouse, and there did see a good part of *The English Monsieur*,[1] which is a mighty pretty play, very witty and pleasant. And the women do very well; but, above all, little Nelly,[2] that I am mightily pleased with the play, and much with the House, more than ever I expected, the women doing better than ever I expected, and very fine women. Here I was in pain to be seen, and hid myself; but, as God would have it, Sir John Chichly came, and sat just by me. I hear that this Proviso in Parliament is mightily ill taken by all the Court party as a mortal blow, and that that strikes deep into the King's prerogative, which troubles me mightily. In much fear of ill news of our colliers. A fleet of two hundred sail, and fourteen Dutch men-of-war between them and us; and they coming home with small convoy; and the City in great want, coals being at £3 : 3s. per chaldron,[3] as I am told. I saw smoke in the ruins this very day.

9th. (Lord's day.) Up, not to church, but to my chamber, and there began to enter into this book my journal for September, which in the fire-time I could not enter here, but in loose papers. At noon dined, and then to my chamber all the afternoon and night, looking over and tearing and burning all the unnecessary letters, which I have had upon my file for four or five years backward, which I intend to do quite through all my papers, that I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping, and fit to be seen, if I should miscarry.

10th. Captain Cocke, with whom I walked in the garden, tells me how angry the Court is at the late Proviso brought in

[1] James, Earl and Duke of Cambridge, second son of the Duke of York, and one of the five boys who all died infants. At the time when he was created K.G., he was only three years and five months old. He died seven months afterwards. [B.]

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[3] The dramatist (1626-1698), Dryden's brother-in-law.

[4] Abraham Cowley, the poet.

[1] A comedy, by James Howard (printed 1674), brother of Sir Robert, *q.v.*

[2] Nell Gwyn, who played Lady Wealthy.

[3] Four quarters, or 32 bushels.

by the House. How still my Lord Chancellor is, not daring to do or say anything to displease the Parliament; that the Parliament is in a very ill humour, and grows every day more and more so; and that the unskilfulness of the Court and their difference among one another is the occasion of all not agreeing in what they would have, and so they give leisure and occasion to the other part to run away with what the Court would not have.

11th. To St. Clement's Church, to Mrs. Turner's lodgings, hard by, to take our leaves of her. She is returning to the North to her children, whereby, I perceive, her husband hath clearly got the mastery of her, and she is likely to spend her days there.[1] Here were several people come to see and take leave of her, she going to-morrow; among others, my Lady Mordant,[2] which was Betty Turner, a most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good-natured. This day the Poll Bill was to be passed, and great endeavours used to take away the Proviso.

12th. Sir H. Cholmley did with grief tell me how the Parliament hath been told plainly that the King hath been heard to say, that he would dissolve them rather than pass this Bill with the Proviso; but tells me that the Proviso is removed, and now carried that it shall be done by a Bill by itself. He tells me how the King hath lately paid above £30,000, to clear debts of my Lady Castlemaine's; and that she and her husband are parted for ever, upon good terms, never to trouble one another more. He says that he hears £400,000 hath gone into the Privy-purse since this war; and that it is that hath consumed so much of our money, and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. The very good news is just come of our four ships from Smyrna, come safe without convoy even into the Downs, without seeing any enemy; which is the best, and indeed only considerable good news to our Exchange, since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it do cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange, and met little Batelier, who sits here but at £3 per annum, whereas he sat at the other at £100, which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now as the other did at that rent. From the 'Change to Captain Cocke's, and there, by agreement, dined, and there was Charles Porter, Temple, Fenn, Debasty, whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment, Matt. Wren, Major Cooper, and myself, mighty merry and pretty discourse. They talk for certain that now the King do follow Mrs. Stewart wholly, and my Lady Castlemaine not above once a week; that the Duke of York do not haunt my Lady Denham so much; that she troubles him with matters of State, being of my Lord Bristol's faction, and that he avoids; that she is ill still. News this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clown.

13th. Met Captain Cocke, and had a second time his direction to bespeak £100 of plate, which I did at Sir R. Viner's, being twelve plates more, and something else I have to choose. W. Hewer dined with me, and showed me a *Gazette*,[1] in

[1] John Turner, here alluded to, was the eldest son and heir of Sir William Turner, Lord Mayor of London in 1669, better known as the founder of Kirkleatham Hospital, in Yorkshire. [B.]

[2] Wife of Sir George Mordaunt, Bart. of Massingham, Norfolk, and daughter of Nicholas Johnson, of London, niece to Sir W. Turner, above-mentioned. [B.]

[1] The *Gazette* of April 23-26, 1666, which contains the following remarkable passage:—

'At the Sessions in the Old Bailey, John Rathbone, an old army colonel, William Saunders, Henry Tucker, Thomas Flint, Thomas Evans, John Myles, Will. Westcot, and John Cole, officers or soldiers in the late Rebellion, were indicted for conspiring the death of his Majesty and the overthrow of the Government. Having laid their plot and contrivance for the surprisal of the Tower, the killing his Grace the Lord General, Sir John Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Sir Richard Brown; and then to have declared for an equal division of lands, etc. *The better to effect this hellish design, the City was to have been fired*, and the portcullis let down to keep out all assistance; and the Horse Guards to have been surprised in the inns where they were quartered, several ostlers having been gained for that purpose. The Tower was accordingly viewed, and its surprise ordered by boats over the moat, and from thence to scale the wall. One Alexander, not yet taken, had likewise distributed money to these conspirators; and, for the carrying on the design more effectually, they were told of a Council of the great ones that sat frequently in London, from whom issued all orders; which Council received their directions from another in Holland, who sat with the States; and that *the third of September* was pitched on for the attempt, as being found by Lilly's Almanack,

April last, which I wonder should never be remembered by anybody, which tells how several persons were then tried for their lives, and were found guilty of a design of killing the King and destroying the Government; and as a means to it, to burn the City; and that the day intended for the plot was the 3rd of last September. And the fire did indeed break out on the 2nd of September, which is very strange, methinks, and I shall remember it. Sir W. Warren and Mr. Moore both tell me that my Lord Sandwich is called home, and that he do grow more and more in esteem everywhere, and is better spoken of.

14th. By coach to Whitehall, seeing many smokes of the fire by the way yet, and took up into the coach with me a country gentleman, who asked me room to go with me, it being dirty—one come out of the North to see his son, after the burning of his house; a merchant here. Endeavoured to wait on the Duke of York, but he would not stay from the Parliament. Met my good friend Mr. Evelyn, and walked with him a good while, lamenting our condition for want of good council, and the King's minding of his business and servants. The house sat till three o'clock, and then up: and I home with Sir Stephen Fox to his house to dinner, and the Cofferer [1] with us. There I find Sir S. Fox's lady, a fine woman, and seven the prettiest children of theirs that ever I knew almost. A very genteel dinner, and in great state and fashion, and excellent discourse; and nothing like an old experienced man and a courtier, and such is the Cofferer Ashburnham. The House have been mighty hot to-day against the Paper Bill,[2] showing all manner of averseness to give the King money; which these courtiers do take mighty notice of, and look upon the others as bad rebels as ever the last were. But the courtiers did carry it against those men upon a division of the House, a great many, that it should be committed; and so it was; which they reckon good news. Home, where I find Foundes his present of a fair pair of candlesticks and half a dozen of plates come, which cost him full £50, and is a very pretty present; and here I met with, sealed up, from Sir H. Cholmely, the lampoon, or the *Mock Advice to a Painter*,[1] abusing the Duke of York and my Lord Sandwich, Pen, and everybody, and the King himself, and all the matters of the navy and war. I am sorry for my Lord Sandwich's having so great a part in it.

15th. To the office, where my Lord Brouncker, newly come to town, from his being at Chatham and Harwich to spy enormities: and at noon I with him and his lady, Williams, to Captain Cocke's, where a good dinner, and very merry. Good news to-day upon the Exchange, that our Hamburgh fleet is got in; and good hopes that we may soon have the like of our Gottenburgh, and then we shall be well for this winter. And by and by comes in Matt. Wren[2] from the Parliament-house; and tells us that he and all his party of the House, which is the Court party, are fools, and have been made so this day by the wise men of the other side; for, after the Court party had carried it yesterday so powerfully for the Paper Bill, yet now it is laid aside wholly, and to be supplied by a land-tax; which it is true will do well, and will be the sooner finished, which was the great argument for the doing of it. But then it shows them fools, that they would not permit this to have been done six weeks ago, which they might have had. And next, they have parted with the Paper Bill, which, when once begun, might have proved a very good flower in the Crown,

and a scheme erected for that purpose, to be a lucky day, a planet then ruling which prognosticated the downfall of Monarchy. The evidence against these persons was very full and clear, and they were accordingly found guilty of High Treason.' [B.] See p. 438.

[1] William Ashburnham, younger brother of John Ashburnham, and first cousin of the Duke of Buckingham. [B.]

[2] 'A Bill for raising part of the supply for his Majesty by an imposition on Sealed Paper and Parchment.'

[1] 'Advices' and 'Instructions' to Painters had become the literary mode, especially in satire, since the publication of Waller's *Instructions to a Painter* (1666). *Cf.*

'Each puny brother of the rhyming trade
At every turn implores the Painter's aid,
And fondly enamour'd of his own foul brat
Cries in an ecstasy, Paint this, Draw that.'

(From a broadside of 1680, quoted in Mr. Drury's edition of *Waller's Poems*, p. 335.)

[2] See p. 374.

as any there. So they are truly outwitted by the other side.

16th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, and there walked up and down to the Queen's side, and there saw my dear Lady Castlemaine, who continues admirable, methinks, and I do not hear but that the King is the same to her still as ever. Anon to chapel, by the King's closet, and heard a very good anthem. Then with Lord Brouncker to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; and there we sat with him and talked. He is weary of anything to do, he says, in the Navy. He tells us this Committee of Accounts will enquire sharply into our office. To Sir P. Neale's chamber; Sir Edward Walker being there, and telling us how he hath lost many fine rolls of antiquity in heraldry by the late fire, but hath saved the most of his papers. Here was also Dr. Wallis,[1] the famous scholar and mathematician; but he promises little. Lord Brouncker tells me that he do not believe the Duke of York will go to sea again, though there are many about the King that would be glad of any occasion to take him out of the world, he standing in their ways; and seemed to mean the Duke of Monmouth, who spends his time the most viciously and idly of any man, nor will be fit for anything; yet he speaks as if it were not impossible but the King would own him for his son, and that there was a marriage between his mother and him; and that nothing can help us but the King's making a peace soon as he hath this money; and thereby putting himself out of debt, and so becoming a good husband, and then he will neither need this nor any other Parliament, till he can have one to his mind; for no Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good, but that they will spoil one another, and that therefore it hath been the practice of kings to tell Parliaments what he hath for them to do, and give them so long time to do it in, and no longer.

17th. Comes Mr. Cæsar,[2] and then Goodgroome,[1] and, what with one and the other, nothing but music with me this morning, to my content; and the more, to see that God Almighty hath put me into condition to bear the charge of all this. So out to the 'Change, and did a little business, and then home, where they two musicians and Mr. Cooke came to see me, and Mercer to go along with my wife this afternoon to a play. My wife well home in the evening from the play; which I was glad of, it being cold and dark, and she having her necklace of pearl on, and none but Mercer with her. Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each, in order to my having an alphabet[2] of my whole, which will be of great ease to me.

18th. I hear the ill news that poor Batters, that had been born and bred a seaman, and brought up his ship from sea but yesterday, was, going down from me to his ship, drowned in the Thames, which is a sad fortune, and do make me afraid, and will do, more than ever I was.

19th. Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston,[3] the organist. He says many of the music are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages; nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the alms of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one link, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three links. Thence I up to the Lords' House to inquire for my Lord Bellasis; and there hear how at a conference this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester,[4] my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked him whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, yes, and that

1 John Wallis (1616-1703), Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford.

2 William Cæsar was a composer and teacher of music. He was Pepys's boy's lute-master. *Cf.* Feb. 12, 1666 (p. 369). 'Some of his songs are in different collections of the time, under the name of William Cæsar, *alias* Smegergill.' [B.]

1 John Goodgroome (?1630-?1704), lutenist and composer, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal.

2 Catalogue.

3 John Hingston (d. 1683), who had been in the service of Charles I. and Cromwell, and was now in that of Charles II.

4 Henry Pierrepoint, second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester, 1645. Ob. 1680. See an account of this quarrel in Lord Clarendon's *Life*, vol. iii. p. 153, edit. 1827. [B.]

he durst not do this were he anywhere else: Buckingham replied, yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself; Dorchester said that he lied. With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwig, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and, upon coming into the House, the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon. I down into the Hall, and there the Lieutenant of the Tower took me with him, and would have me to the Tower to dinner; where I dined at the head of his table, next his lady,[1] who is comely and seeming sober and stately, but very proud and very cunning, or I am mistaken, and wanton, too. This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower £350. Thence home, and upon Tower Hill saw about 300 or 400 seamen get together; and one, standing upon a pile of bricks, made his sign, with his handkercher, upon his stick, and called all the rest to him, and several shouts they gave. This made me afraid; so I got home as fast as I could. But by and by Sir W. Batten and Sir R. Ford do tell me, that the seamen have been at some prisons to release some seamen, and the Duke of Albemarle is in arms, and all the Guards at the other end of the town; and the Duke of Albemarle is gone with some forces to Wapping, to quell the seamen; which is a thing of infinite disgrace to us. I sat long talking with them; and among other things, Sir R. Ford made me understand how the House of Commons is a beast not to be understood, it being impossible to know beforehand the success almost of any small plain thing, there being so many to think and speak to any business, and they of so uncertain minds and interests and passions. He did tell me, and so did Sir W. Batten, how Sir Allen Broderick and Sir Allen Apsly[2] did come drunk the other day into the House, and did both speak for half an hour together, and could not be either laughed, or pulled, or bid to sit down and hold their peace, to the great contempt of the King's servants and cause; which I am grieved at with all my heart.

[1] Anne, daughter of Sir George Whitmore. [B.]
[2] See p. 207.

20th. Home to dinner, where was Balty come, who is well again. Here dined with me also Mrs. Batters, poor woman! now left a sad widow by the drowning of her husband the other day. I pity her, and will do her what kindness I can. Out with Balty, setting him down at the Maypole[1] in the Strand.

21st. I spent all the afternoon in putting some things, pictures especially, in order, and pasting my Lady Castlemaine's print on a frame, which I have made handsome, and is a fine piece.

22nd. News from Hogg that our ship hath brought in a Lubecker to Portsmouth, likely to prove prize, of deals.

23rd. (Lord's day.) To church, where a vain fellow with a periwig preached, chaplain, as by his prayer appeared, to the Earl of Carlisle.

24th. It being frost and dry, as far as Paul's, and so back again through the City by Guildhall, observing the ruins thereabouts, till I did truly lose myself. I this morning did buy me a pair of green spectacles, to see whether they will help my eyes or no. So to the 'Change, and went to the Upper 'Change, which is almost as good as the old one; only shops are but on one side. No news yet of our Gottenburgh fleet; which makes us have some fears, it being of mighty concernment to have our supply of masts safe. I met with Mr. Cade to-night, my stationer; and he tells me that he hears for certain that the Queen-Mother is about and hath near finished a peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like, but seems to fear it will be a means to introduce Popery.

25th. (Christmas day.) Lay pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribs of beef roasted and mince pies; only my wife, brother, and Barker, and plenty of good wine of my own, and my heart full of true joy; and thanks to God Almighty for the goodness of my condition at this day. After dinner I began to teach my wife and Barker my song, 'It is decreed,'[2] which

[1] See p. 10. [2] See p. 410.

pleases me mightily. Walked alone on foot to the Temple, thinking to have seen a play all alone; but there, missing of any bills, concluded there was none, and so back home; and there with my brother reducing the names of all my books to an alphabet,[1] and then to supper and to bed.

26th. To the Duke's house, to a play. It was indifferently done, Gosnell not singing, but a new wench, that sings naughtily.[2] Thence home, and there Mr. Andrews to the viol, who plays most excellently on it. Then to dance, here being Pembleton come, by my wife's direction, and a fiddler; and we got, also, the elder Batelier to-night, and Nan Wright, and mighty merry we were, and danced; and so till twelve at night, and to supper, and then to cross-purposes,[3] mighty merry, and then to bed.

27th. Up; and called up by the King's trumpets, which cost me 10s. By coach to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Scornful Lady*[4] well acted; Doll Common[5] doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the widow very well, and will be an excellent actor, I think. In other parts the play not so well done as need be, by the old actors. This day a house or two was blown up with powder in the Minories, and several people spoiled, and many dug out from under the rubbish.

28th. I to my Lord Crewe's, where I find and hear the news how my Lord's brother, Mr. Nathaniel Crewe, hath an estate of £600 or £700 per annum left him by the death of an old acquaintance of his, but not akin to him at all. And this man is dead without will, but had, about ten years since, made over his estate to this Mr. Crewe, to him and his heirs for ever, and given Mr. Crewe the keeping of the deeds in his own hand all this time; by which, if he would, he might have taken present possession of the estate, for he knew what they were. This is as great an action of confident friendship as this latter age, I believe, can show. From hence to the Duke's House, and there saw *Macbeth* most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come. I did go to Whitehall, and got my Lord Bellasis to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players, the King and all waiting, which was absurd, saw *Henry the Fifth* well done by the Duke's people, and in most excellent habits, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words, and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till twelve at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty, and moonshine.

29th. Called up with news from Sir W. Batten that Hogg hath brought in two prizes more; and so I thither, and hear the particulars, which are good; one of them, if prize, being worth £4000; for which God be thanked! Then to the office, and have the news brought us of Captain Robinson's coming with his fleet from Gottenburgh; dispersed, though, by foul weather. But he hath light of five Dutch men-of-war, and taken three, whereof one is sunk; which is very good news to close up the year with, and most of our merchantmen already heard of to be safely come home, though after long lookings-for, and now to several ports, as they could make them.

30th. (Lord's day.) To church. Here was a collection for the sexton; but it came into my head why we should be more bold in making the collection while the psalm is singing than in the sermon or prayer.

31st. To my accounts, wherein, at last, I find them clear and right; but, to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been £573 less than my last; it being this year in all but £2986; whereas, the last, I got £3560. And then again my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last by £644, my whole spendings last year being but £509; whereas this year, it appears, I have spent £1154, which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am master of a better estate than I am. Yet, blessed be God! and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find

[1] See p. 449. [2] Badly.
[3] A parlour game.
[4] By Beaumont and Fletcher (printed 1616).
[5] Mrs. Corey. See p. 707.

myself worth in money, all good, above £6200; which is above £1800 more than I was the last year. Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation, and, therefore, generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four maids and one clerk, Tom, in my house, and my brother, now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our healths all well; public matters in a most sad condition; seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed; nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending of the money; the City less and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious, negligent Court, and all sober men there fearful of the ruin of the whole kingdom this next year; from which, good God deliver us! One thing I reckon remarkable in my own condition is, that I am come to abound in good plate, so as at all entertainments to be served wholly with silver plates, having two dozen and a half.

January 1667

January 1st. Lay long, being a bitter, cold, frosty day, the frost being now grown old, and the Thames covered with ice.

2nd. My wife up, and with Mrs. Pen to walk in the fields to frost-bite themselves. I found the Court full of great apprehensions of the French, who have certainly shipped landsmen, great numbers, at Brest; and most of our people here guess his design for Ireland. We have orders to send all the ships we can possible to the Downs. Every day bringing us news of new mutinies among the seamen; so that our condition is like to be very miserable. Mr. George Montagu tells me of the King displeasing the House of Commons by evading their Bill for examining Accounts, and putting it into a Commission, though therein he hath left out Coventry and ——[1], and named all the rest the Parliament named, and all country Lords, not one courtier; this do not please them. He finds the enmity almost over for my Lord Sandwich. Up to the Painted Chamber, and there heard a conference between the House of Lords and Commons about the Wine Patent; which I was exceeding glad to be at, because of my hearing exceeding good discourses, but especially from the Commons; among others, Mr. Swinfen,[1] and a young man, one Sir Thomas Meres:[2] and do outdo the Lords infinitely. Alone to the King's House, and there saw *The Custom of the Country*,[3] the second time of its being acted, wherein Knipp does the Widow well; but, of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst — having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable;[4] only Knipp sings a song admirably.

3rd. By invitation to dinner to Sir W. Pen's, where my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Batten, and his lady, myself, and wife, Sir J. Minnes, and Mr. Turner. Indifferent merry, to which I contributed the most, but a mean dinner, and in a mean manner. This day, I hear, hath been a conference between the two Houses about the Bill for examining Accounts, wherein the House of Lords their proceedings in petitioning the King for doing it by Commission are, in great heat, voted by the Commons, after the conference, unparliamentary.

4th. Comes our company to dinner; my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Pen, his lady, and Peg, and her servant,[5] Mr. Lowther.[6] I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well, had Sir J. Minnes, who had fallen lame, and his sister, and niece, and Sir W. Batten come, which was a great content to me to be without them. I did make them all gaze to see themselves served so nobly in plate, and a neat dinner, indeed, though but of seven dishes. My Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table. At night

[1] A blank in the MS. [B.]

[1] See p. 160.

[2] M.P. for Lincoln, made a Commissioner of the Admiralty, 1679. [B.]

[3] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

[4] Pepys repeats this criticism on Aug. 1, 1667. Dryden comments upon the play at the close of his preface to his *Fables*.

[5] Lover, *u.s.* [6] See p. 365.

to sup, and then to cards; and, last of all, to have a flagon of ale and apples,[1] drunk out of a wood cup,[2] as a Christmas draught, which made all merry; and they full of admiration at my plate. Mr. Lowther a pretty gentleman, too good for Peg. Sir W. Pen was much troubled to hear the song I sung, 'The New Droll'[3]—it touching him home.

5th. With my wife to the Duke's house, and there saw *Mustapha*,[4] a most excellent play.

6th. (Lord's day.) To church, where a dull doctor, a stranger, made a dull sermon. Young Michell and I, it being an excellent frosty day, did walk out. He showed me the baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the late great fire began;[5] and thence all along Thames Street, where I did view several places, and so up by London Wall, by Blackfriars, to Ludgate; and thence to Bridewell, which I find to have been heretofore an extraordinary good house, and a fine coming to it, before the house by the bridge was built; and so to look about St. Bride's church and my father's house, and so walked home.

7th. Lord Brouncker tells me that my Lady Denham is at last dead. Some suspect her poisoned, but it will be best known when her body is opened to-day, she dying yesterday morning. The Duke of York is troubled for her; but hath declared he will never have another public mistress again; which I shall be glad of, and would the King would do the like. He tells me how the Parliament is grown so jealous of the King's being unfair to them in the business of the Bill for examining Accounts, Irish Bill, and the business of the Papists, that they will not pass the business for money till they see themselves secure that those Bills will pass; which they do observe the Court to keep off till all the Bills come together, that the King may accept what he pleases, and what he pleases to reject. He tells me how Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk hath given[1] our Royal Society all his grandfather's library:[2] which noble gift they value at £1000; and gives them accommodation to meet in at his house, Arundel House, they being now disturbed at Gresham College. To the Duke's house and saw *Macbeth*, which, though I saw it lately, yet appears a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable.[3]

8th. My uncle Thomas with me to receive his quarterage. He tells me his son Thomas is set up in Smithfield, where he hath a shop—I suppose, a booth. Saw the catalogue of my books, which my brother hath wrote out, now perfectly alphabetical.

9th. In a hackney-coach to Whitehall, the way being most horribly bad upon the breaking up of the frost, so as not to be passed almost. I do hear, by my Lord Brouncker, that for certain Sir W. Coventry hath resigned his place of Commissioner; which I believe he hath done upon good grounds of security to himself, from all the blame which must attend our office this next year; but I fear the King will suffer by it. Thence to Westminster Hall, and there to the conference of the Houses about the word 'Nuisance,'[4] which the Commons would have, and the Lords will not, in the Irish Bill. The Commons do it professedly to prevent the King's dispensing with it; which Sir Robert Howard and others did expressly repeat often: viz., 'that no King ever could do anything which was hurtful to his people.' Now

[1] 'Lambs-wool' *u.s.* p. 438. [2] Or mazer.
[3] There is a song called 'The New Droll,' in a scarce volume, entitled *The Loyal Garland*, printed for T. Passinger, at the Three Bibles, on London Bridge, 1686: see *Fugitive Tracts*, published by the Percy Society, 1849. [B.]
[4] See p. 308. [5] See p. 412.

[1] At Evelyn's suggestion.
[2] Thomas, Earl of Arundel. Mr. Howard gave the Society all the printed books; but the MSS. he divided between the Society and the College of Arms. In the year 1831, an arrangement was made between the Trustees of the British Museum and the Royal Society, the consent of the Duke of Norfolk having been obtained, by which the Society's portion of the MSS. was transferred to the Museum. [B.]
[3] Pepys's reflection on this critical problem, pressing in England since Sidney's day, is interesting. Cf. Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.
[4] In the 'Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland and other parts beyond the Seas,' the Lords proposed to insert 'Detriment and Mischief' instead of 'Nuisance.' The Lords finally consented that the latter word should stand in the Bill. [B.]
See p. 454.

the Lords did argue that it was an ill precedent, and that which will ever hereafter be used as a way of preventing the King's dispensation with Acts; and therefore rather advise to pass the Bill without that word, and let it go accompanied with a petition to the King, that he will not dispense with it; this being a more civil way to the King. They answered well, that this do imply that the King should pass their Bill, and yet with design to dispense with it; which is to suppose the King guilty of abusing them. And more, they produce precedents for it; namely, that against new buildings, and about leather, where the word 'Nuisance' is used to the purpose; and further, that they do not rob the King of any right he ever had, for he never had a power to do hurt to his people, nor would exercise it; and therefore there is no danger, in the passing this Bill, of imposing on his prerogative; and concluded, that they think they ought to do this, so as the people may really have the benefit of it when it is passed, for never any people could expect so reasonably to be indulged something from a King, they having already given him so much money, and are likely to give more. Thus they broke up, both adhering to their opinions; but the Commons seemed much more full of judgment and reason than the Lords. Then the Commons made their Report to the Lords of their vote, that their Lordships' proceedings in the Bill for examining Accounts were unparliamentary; they having, while a Bill was sent up to them from the Commons about the business, petitioned his Majesty that he would do the same thing by his Commission. They did give their reasons: viz., that it had no precedent; that the King ought not to be informed of anything passing in the Houses till it comes to a Bill; that it will wholly break off all correspondence between the two Houses, and in the issue wholly infringe the very use and being of Parliaments. Thence to Faythorne, and bought a head or two; one of them my Lord of Ormond's, the best I ever saw. To Arundel House, where first the Royal Society meet, by the favour of Mr. Harry Howard, who was there. And here was a great meeting of worthy noble persons; but my Lord Brouncker, who pretended to make a congratulatory speech upon their coming thither, and great thanks to Mr. Howard, did do it in the worst manner in the world.

11th. Sir W. Warren told me, how my Lord Brouncker should take notice of the two flagons[1] he saw at my house at dinner, at my late feast, and merrily, yet I know enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them. This I am glad to hear, though vexed to see his ignoble soul, but I shall beware of him, and yet it is fit he should see I am no mean fellow, but can live in the world, and have something.

14th. Busy till night, pleasing myself mightily to see what a deal of business goes off a man's hands when he stays by it. Sir W. Batten tells me, the Lords do agree at last with the Commons about the word 'Nuisance' in the Irish Bill, and do desire a good correspondence between the two Houses; and that the King do intend to prorogue them the last of this month.

15th. This afternoon Knipp acts Mrs. Weaver's great part in *The Indian Emperor*,[2] and is coming on to be a great actor. But I am so fell to my business, that I, though against my inclination, will not go.

16th. Sir W. Coventry came to me aside in the Duke's chamber, to tell that he had not answered part of a late letter of mine, because *littera scripta manet*. About his leaving the office, he tells me, it is because he finds that his business at Court will not permit him to attend it; and then he confesses that he seldom of late could come from it with satisfaction, and therefore would not take the King's money for nothing. I professed my sorrow for it, and prayed the continuance of his favour; which he promised. I do believe he hath acted like a very wise man in reference to himself; but I doubt it will prove ill for the King, and for the office. Prince Rupert, I hear, is very ill; yesterday given over, but better to-day. Then with the Duke of York to the King, to receive his commands for stopping the sale this day of some prize-goods at the Prize-Office, fit for the Navy; and received the King's commands, and carried them

[1] Presented by Mr. Gauden: see p. 273.
[2] By Dryden.

to the Lords' House, to my Lord Ashly, who was angry much thereat, and I am sorry it fell to me to carry the order. So, against his will, he signed a note I writ to the Commissioners of Prizes, which I carried and delivered to Kingdon, at their new office in Aldersgate Street. Sir Stephen Fox, among other things, told me his whole mystery in the business of the interest he pays as Treasurer for the Army. They give him 12d. per pound quite through the Army, with condition to be paid weekly. This he undertakes upon his own private credit, and to be paid by the King at the end of every four months. If the King pay him not at the end of every four months, then, for all the time he stays longer, my Lord Treasurer, by agreement, allows him eight per cent per annum for the forbearance. So that, in fine, he hath about twelve per cent from the King and the Army, for fifteen or sixteen months' interest; out of which he gains soundly, his expense being about £130,000 per annum; and hath no trouble in it, compared, as I told him, to the trouble I must have to bring in an account of interest. After supper my wife told me how she had moved to W. Hewer the business of my sister for a wife to him, which he received with mighty acknowledgments, as she says, above anything; but says he hath no intention to alter his condition; so that I am in some measure sorry she ever moved it; but I hope he will think it only came from her. Talk there is of a letter to come from Holland, desiring a place of treaty; but I do doubt it. This day I observe still, in many places, the smoking remains of the late fire: the ways mighty bad and dirty. This night Sir R. Ford told me how this day, at Christ Church Hospital, they have given a living of £200 per annum to Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance, which I wonder at, he commending him mightily; but am glad of it. He tells me, too, how the famous Stillingfleet[1] was a Bluecoat boy.

18th. This morning came Captain Cocke to me, and tells me that the King comes to the House this day to pass the Poll Bill and the Irish Bill; and that, though the Faction is very froward in the House, yet all will end well there. But he says that one had got a Bill ready to present in the House against Sir W. Coventry, for selling of places, and says he is certain of it, and how he was withheld from doing it. He says that the Vice-chamberlain is now one of the greatest men in England again, and was he that did prevail with the King to let the Irish Bill go with the word 'Nuisance.' He told me, that Sir G. Carteret's declaration of giving double to any man that will prove that any of his people have demanded or taken anything for forwarding the payment of the wages of any man (of which he sent us a copy yesterday, which we approved of) is set up, among other places, upon the House of Lords' door. I do not know how wisely this is done. This morning, also, there came to the office a letter from the Duke of York, commanding our payment of no wages to any of the muster-masters of the fleet the last year, but only two, my brother Balty, taking notice that he had taken pains therein, and one Ward, who, though he had not taken so much as the other, yet had done more than the rest. At night I, by appointment, home, where W. Batelier and his sister Mary, and the two Mercers, to play at cards and sup, and did cut our great cake lately given us by Russell: a very good one. Here very merry late. Sir W. Pen told me this night how the King did make them a very sharp speech in the House of Lords to-day, saying that he did expect to have had more Bills; that he purposes to prorogue them on Monday come se'nnight; that whereas they have unjustly conceived some jealousies of his making a peace, he declares he knows of no such thing or treaty; and so left them. But with so little effect, that as soon as he came into the House, Sir W. Coventry moved that, now the King hath declared his intention of proroguing them, it would be loss of time to go on with the thing they were upon, when they were called to the King, which was the calling over the defaults of Members appearing in the House; for that, before any person could now come or to be brought to town, the House would be up. Yet the Faction did desire to delay time, and contend so as to come to a division of the House;

[1] See p. 310.

where, however, it was carried, by a few voices, that the debate should be laid by. But this shows that they are not pleased, or that they have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure.

19th. Sir W. Batten tells me that at his coming to my Lord Ashly, yesterday morning, to tell him what prize-goods he would have saved for the Navy, and not sold, according to the King's order on the 17th, he fell quite out with him in high terms; and he says, too, that they did go on with the sale yesterday, even of the very hemp, and other things, at which I am astonished, and will never wonder at the ruin of the King's affairs, if this be suffered.

20th. (Lord's day.) I was sorry to hear of the heat the House was in yesterday, about the ill management of the Navy; though I think they were well answered, both by Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, as he informs me of the substance of their speeches. I to church, and there, beyond expectation, find our seat, and all the church, crammed by twice as many people as used to be; and to my great joy find Mr. Frampton[1] in the pulpit; and I think the best sermon, for goodness and oratory, without affectation or study, that ever I heard in my life. The truth is, he preaches the most like an apostle that ever I heard man; and it was much the best time that I ever spent in my life at church. His text, Ecclesiastes xi., verse 8th, — 'But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all, yet let him remember the days of darkness, for they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.' To Whitehall, and there walked in the Park, and a little to my Lord Chancellor's, where the King and Cabinet met, and there met Mr. Brisband, with whom good discourse, and there he did lend me *The Third Advice to a Painter*,[2] a bitter satire upon the service of the Duke of Albemarle the last year. I took it home with me, and will copy it, having the former.

21st. To the Swede's Resident's[3] in the Piazza, to discourse with him about two of our prizes. A cunning fellow. He lives in one of the great houses there, but ill-furnished; and came to us out of bed in furred mittens and furred cap. Up to the Lords' House, and there came mighty seasonably to hear the Solicitor about my Lord Buckingham's pretence to the title of Lord Rosse.[1] Mr. Attorney Montagu is also a good man, and so is old Sir P. Ball;[2] but the Solicitor[3] and Scroggs[4] after him are excellent men. To Deptford, and walked home, and there came into my company three drunken seamen, but one especially, who told me such stories, calling me Captain, as made me mighty merry, and they would leap and skip, and kiss what maids they met all the way. I did at first give them money to drink, lest they should know who I was, and so become troublesome to me. This night, at supper, comes from Sir W. Coventry the Order of Council[5] for my Lord Brouncker to do all the Comptroller's part relating to the Treasurer's accounts, and Sir W. Pen, all relating to the Victualler's, and Sir J. Minnes to do the rest. This, I hope, will do much better for the King, and, I think, will give neither of them ground to overtop me, as I feared they would; which pleases me mightily. This evening Mr. Wren and Captain Cocke called upon me at the office, and there told me how the House was in better temper to-day, and hath passed the Bill for the remainder of the money, but not to be passed finally till they have done some other things which they will have passed with it; wherein they are very open what their meaning is, which was but doubted before, for they do in all respects doubt the King's pleasing them.

23rd. To St. James's, to see the organ Mrs. Turner told me of the other night, of my late Lord Aubigny's; and I took my Lord Brouncker with me, he being acquainted with my present Lord Almoner, Mr. Howard,[6] brother to the Duke of Norfolk;

[1] See p. 427. [2] By Denham. See p. 448 *note*.
[3] Sir James Barkman Leyenburg.

[1] De Ros. [2] Queen's Attorney-General.
[3] Sir Heneage Finch (1621-1682).
[4] Sir William Scroggs (? 1623-1683), King's Serjeant, 1669; afterwards Chief-Justice of the King's Bench.
[5] Dated January 16, 1667, and printed in *Memoirs relating to the Conduct of the Navy*, 8vo, 1729, p. 59. [B.]
[6] Philip Howard (1629-1694), third son of Henry Howard, third Earl of Arundel. He was made a Cardinal by Clement X. in 1675, and was known as the 'Cardinal of Norfolk.' He was Queen Catherine's first chaplain, and later her Lord Almoner.

so he and I did see the organ, but I do not like it, it being but a bauble, with a virginal joining to it; so I shall not meddle with it. The Almoner seems a good-natured gentleman: here I observed the desk which he hath, [made] to remove, and is fastened to one of the arms of his chair. I do also observe the counterfeit windows there was, in the form of doors with looking-glasses instead of windows, which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter, I think; and I have some thoughts to have the like in one of my rooms. He discoursed much of the goodness of the music in Rome, but could not tell me how long music had been in any perfection in that church, which I would be glad to know. He speaks much of the great buildings that this Pope,[1] whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist, hath done in his time. Away, and my Lord and I walking into the Park, I did observe the new buildings; and my Lord, seeing I had a desire to see them, they being the place for the priests and friars, he took me back to my Lord Almoner; and he took us quite through the whole house and chapel, and the new monastery, showing me most excellent pieces in waxwork: a crucifix given by a Pope to Mary, Queen of Scots, where a piece of the Cross is; two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of the crucifix: several fine pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures. I saw the dortoire[2] and the cells of the priests, and we went into one; a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, set with books. The priest was in his cell, with his hair-clothes to his skin, bare-legged, with a sandal only on, and his little bed without sheets, and no feather-bed; but yet, I thought, soft enough. His cord about his middle; but in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life. A pretty library they have. And I was in the refectoire,[3] where every man his napkin, knife, cup of earth,[4] and basin of the same; and a place for one to sit and read while the rest are at meals. And into the kitchen I went, where a good neck of mutton at the fire, and other victuals boiling. I do not think they fared very hard. Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the Park; and mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins. So away with the Almoner in his coach, talking merrily about the difference in our religions, to Whitehall, and there we left him. To take up my wife and Mercer, and to Temple Bar to the Ordinary, and had a dish of meat for them, they having not dined, and thence to the King's house, and there saw *The Humorous Lieutenant*:[1] a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall, and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and, going out, they called us, and so we stayed for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly,[2] a most pretty woman, who acted the great part of Celia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall,[3] which is my little Roman-nose black girl,[4] that is mighty pretty; she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for *The Goblins*, a play of Suckling's[5] not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and specially kissing of Nell. In our way home we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny, which put me into a great fright; and, when I came home, I hear of no disturbance there of the seamen, but that one of them, being arrested to-day, others do go and rescue him.

24th. At the office we were frighted with news of fire at Sir W. Batten's by a chimney taking fire, and it put me into much fear and trouble, but with a great many hands and pains it was soon stopped. I home, where most of my company come of this end of the town—Mercer and her sister, Mr. Batelier and Pembleton, my Lady Pen, and Peg, and Mr. Lowther

[1] Alexander VII.
[2] Dormitory.
[3] Refectory.
[4] Earthenware.

[1] See p. 79.
[2] Nell Gwyn.
[3] Betty Hall, Sir Philip Howard's mistress. See pp. 479, 701.
[4] Brunette.
[5] Sir John Suckling. *The Goblins* was printed in 1646.

(but did not stay long, and I believe it was by Sir W. Pen's order, for they had a great mind to have stayed), and also Captain Rolt. And, anon, at about seven or eight o'clock, comes Mr. Harris, of the Duke's playhouse, and brings Mrs. Pierce with him, and also one dressed like a country-maid with a straw hat on; and, at first, I could not tell who it was, though I expected Knipp; but it was she coming off the stage just as she acted this day in *The Goblins*; a merry jade. Now my house is full, and four fiddlers that play well. Harris I first took to my closet; and I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, a man of fine conversation; and so is Rolt. So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant's daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humour, and danced with great pleasure; and then sang and then danced, and then sang many things of three voices—both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things, Harris sang his Irish song, the strangest in itself, and the prettiest (sung by him) that ever I heard. Then to supper in the office, a cold good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner also, and Mrs. Markham: after supper to dancing again and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then, with extraordinary pleasure, broke up—only towards morning Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and, among other things, our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sang the other two parts, that did almost ravish me, and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them; and it proved dark, and a misly[1] night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed; and we waked her, and sang a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied: only the music did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30s.

25th. This afternoon I saw the Poll Bill, now printed; wherein I do fear I shall be very deeply concerned, being to be taxed for all my offices, and then for my money that I have, and my title, as well as my head. It is a very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed, it will hardly ever be collected duly. The late invention of Sir G. Downing's is continued of bringing all the money into the Exchequer; and Sir G. Carteret's three pence is turned for all the money of this act into but a penny per pound, which I am sorry for. This day the House hath passed the Bill for the Assessment, which I am glad of; and also our little Bill, for giving any of us in the office the power of justice of peace, is done as I would have it.

27th. (Lord's day.) To Sir Philip Warwick, by appointment, to meet Lord Bellasis, and up to his chamber, but find him unwilling to discourse of business on Sundays; so did not enlarge. Went down and sat in a low room, reading Erasmus *De scribendis epistolis*, a very good book, especially one letter of advice to a courtier most true and good, which made me once resolve to tear out the two leaves that it was writ in, but I forbore it. Roger Pepys and I to walk in the Pell Mell. I find by him that the House of Parliament continues full of ill humours; and do say how, in their late Poll Bill, which cost so much time, the yeomanry, and indeed two-thirds of the nation, are left out to be taxed; that there is not effectual provision enough made for collection of the money; and then, that after a man his goods are distrained and sold, and the overplus returned, I am to have ten days to make my complaints of being overrated if there be cause, when my goods are sold, and that is too late. These things they are resolved to look into again, and mend them before they rise, which they expect at furthest on Thursday next. Here we met with Mr. May, and he and we to talk of several things, of building, and such like matters. Walked to Whitehall, and there I showed my cousin Roger the Duchess of York

[1] Drizzly.

sitting in state, while her own mother stands by her; and my Lady Castlemaine, whom he approves to be very handsome, and wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without. Her little black boy came by him; and, a dog being in his way, the little boy swore at the dog: 'Now,' says he, blessing himself, 'would I whip this child till the blood came, if it were my child!' and I believe he would. But he do by no means like the liberty of the Court, and did come with expectation of finding them playing at cards to-night, though Sunday; for such stories he is told, but how true I know not.[1] My wife tells me Mr. Frampton is gone to sea, and so she lost her labour to-day in thinking to hear him preach.

28th. To Westminster, where I spent the morning at the Lords' House door, to hear the conference between the two Houses about my Lord Mordaunt, of which there was great expectation, many hundreds of people coming to hear it. But, when they came, the Lords did insist upon my Lord Mordaunt's having leave to sit upon a stool uncovered within their bar, and that he should have counsel, which the Commons would not suffer, but desired leave to report their Lordships' resolution to the House of Commons; and so parted for this day, which troubled me, I having by this means lost the whole day. Here I hear from Mr. Hayes that Prince Rupert is very bad still,[2] and so bad, that he do now yield to be trepanned. Much work I find there is to do in the two Houses in a little time, and much difference there is between them in many things to be reconciled; as in the Bill for examining our accounts, Lord Mordaunt's Bill for building the city, and several others. The goldsmith home with me, and I paid him £15: 15s. for my silver standish.[3] He tells me gold holds up its price still, and did desire me to let him have what old 20s. pieces I have, and he would give me 3s. 2d. change for each. Comes Mr. Gauden at my desire to me, and to-morrow I shall pay him some money, and shall see what present he will make me, the hopes of which he do make me part with my money out of my chest, which I should not otherwise do. After supper and reading a little, and my wife's cutting off my hair short, which is grown too long upon my crown of my head, I to bed.

29th. To the office, where Sir W. Pen and I look much askew one upon another, though afterward business made us speak friendly enough, but yet we hate one another. Sir W. Batten came to me, and tells me that there is news upon the Exchange to-day that my Lord Sandwich's coach and the French Ambassador's at Madrid, meeting and contending for the way, they shot my Lord's postillion and another man dead;[1] and that we have killed 25 of theirs, and that my Lord is well. How true this is I cannot tell. Comes Mrs. Turner to me, to make her complaint of her sad usage from my Lord Brouncker, that he thinks much she hath not already got another house, though he himself hath employed her night and day ever since his first naming of the matter, to make part of her house ready for him, as he ordered, and promised she should stay till she had fitted herself; by which I perceive he is a rotten-hearted false man, and, therefore, I must beware of him accordingly. I did pity the woman, and gave her the best counsel I could; and so, falling to other discourse, I made her laugh and merry, as sad as she came to me; so that I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long.

30th. Fast-day for the King's death. At night, it being a little moonshine and fair weather, into the garden, and with Mercer sang till my wife put me in mind of its being a fast-day; and so I was sorry for it, and stopped, and home to cards.

31st. Mr. Osborne comes from Mr. Gauden, and takes money and notes for £4000, and leaves me acknowledgment for £4800 and odd; implying as if D. Gauden would give the £800 between Povy and myself, but how he will divide it I know not. The Parliament is not yet up, being finishing some Bills. Thus the month ends: myself in very good health and content of mind in my family. All our heads full in the office at this dividing of the Comptroller's duty. Parliament, upon breaking up, having given the King money with much ado, and great heats, and

[1] *Cf.* Evelyn, *Diary*, Feb. 1685.
[2] See p. 297.
[3] Inkstand.

[1] Cf. the episode described on p. 102.

neither side pleased, neither King nor them. The imperfection of the Poll Bill, which must be mended before they rise, there being several horrible oversights to the prejudice of the King, is a certain sign of the care anybody hath of the King's business. Nobody knows who commands the fleet next year, or, indeed, whether we shall have a fleet or no. Great preparations in Holland and France, and the French have lately take Antigo[1] from us, which vexes us.

February 1667

February 1st. Much surprised to hear this day at Deptford that Mrs. Batters is going already to be married to him that is now the Captain of her husband's ship. She seemed the most passionate mourner in the world.

2nd. This night comes home my new silver snuff-dish, which I do give myself for my closet. I am very well pleased this night with reading a poem I brought home with me last night from Westminster Hall, of Dryden's[2] upon the present war; a very good poem.

3rd. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, and there to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there stayed till he was ready, talking, and among other things of the Prince's[3] being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed through the Stone Gallery, we asking at the door of his lodgings, and were told so. We are full of wishes for the good success; though I dare say but few do really concern themselves for him in our hearts. With others into the House, and there hear that the work is done to the Prince in a few minutes without any pain at all to him, he not knowing when it was done. It was performed by Moulins.[4] Having cut the outward table, as they call it, they find the inner all corrupted, so as it came out without any force; and their fear is, that the whole inside of his head is corrupted[5] like that, which do yet make them afraid of him; but no ill accident appeared in the doing of the thing, but all with all imaginable success, as Sir Alexander Frazier did tell me himself, I asking him, who is very kind to me. To Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; and before dinner he tells me that he believes the Duke of York will go to sea with the fleet, which I am sorry for in respect to his person, but yet there is no person in condition to command the fleet, now the Captains are grown so great, but him. By and by to dinner, where very good company. Among other discourse, we talked much of Nostradamus[1] his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the City of London, some of whose verses are put into Booker's[2] *Almanac* this year: and Sir G. Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up, or his tomb opened, after he was buried; but they did after sixty years do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brass, saying what a wicked and unfaithful people the people of that place were, who after so many vows should disturb and open him such a day and year and hour; which, if true, is very strange. Then we fell to talking of the burning of the City; and my Lady Carteret herself did tell us how abundance of pieces of burnt papers were cast by the wind as far as Cranborne;[3] and among others she took up one, or had one brought her to see, which was a little bit of paper that had been printed, whereon there remained no more nor less than these words: 'Time is, it is done.'[4] Away home, and received some letters from Sir W. Coventry, touching the want of victuals to Kempthorne's[5]

[1] Antigua. [2] *Annus Mirabilis.* [3] Rupert.
[4] James Molines (1628-1686), surgeon-in-ordinary to Charles II. and James II.
[5] See pp. 297, 459.

[1] Michael Nostradamus, physician and astrologer (1503-1566).
[2] John Booker (1603-1667), astrologer and writing-master at Hadley. He compiled the *Telescopium Uranium* (from 1631) and other almanacs. The words quoted by him from Nostradamus are (as given by [B.])—

'Le sang du juste à Londres fera faute,
Brusles par foudre de vingt trois les six,
La dame antique cherra de place haute,
De mesme secte plusieurs seront occis.'
(II., li.)

[3] In Windsor Forest. See p. 327.
[4] Sir C. Wren, it is well known, took up a stone from the ruins of St. Paul's having the word *Resurgam* inscribed, which he adopted. [B.]
[5] John Kempthorne (1620-1679), who was knighted in 1670, had been rear-admiral of the Blue in the action on July 27, 1666.

fleet going to the Straits and now in the Downs; which did trouble me, he saying that his disappointment might prove fatal; and the more, because Sir W. Coventry do intend to come to the office upon business to-morrow morning, and I shall not know what answer to give him. Fell to read a little of Hakewill's *Apology*,[1] and did satisfy myself mighty fair in the truth of the saying that the world do not grow old at all, but is in as good condition in all respects as ever it was as to nature.

4th. D. Gauden did give me a good cordial this morning, by telling me that he do give me five of the eight hundred pounds on his account remaining in my hands to myself, for the service I do him in my victualling business, and £100 for my particular share of the profits of my Tangier employment as Treasurer. When Sir W. Coventry did come, and the rest met, I did appear unconcerned, and did give him answer pretty satisfactory what he asked me; so that I did get off this meeting without any ground lost. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's playhouse, and there saw *Heraclius*,[2] an excellent play, to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others, Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffs, as my wife calls them; and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily, but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallett, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, came into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to[3] Mrs. Mallett,[4] and now smiled upon her, and she on him. I had sitting next to me a woman, the likest my Lady Castlemaine that ever I saw anybody like another; but she is acquainted with every fine fellow, and called them by their name, Jack, and Tom, and before the end of the play frisked to another place. Home, and to my chamber, and there finished my catalogue of my books with my own hand.

5th. Heard this morning that the Prince is much better, and hath good rest. All the talk is that my Lord Sandwich hath perfected the peace with Spain; which is very good, if true. Sir H. Cholmely was with me this morning, and told me of my Lord Bellasis's base dealings with him by getting him to give him great gratuities to near £2000 for his friendship in the business of the Mole, and hath been lately underhand endeavouring to bring another man into his place as Governor, so as to receive his money of Sir H. Cholmely for nothing. To the King's house, to see *The Chances*.[1] A good play I find it, and the actors most good in it; and pretty to hear Knipp sing in the play very properly, 'All night I weep';[2] and sang it admirably. The whole play pleases me well; and most of all, the sight of many fine ladies—among others, my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Middleton; the latter of the two hath also a very excellent face and body, I think. Thence by coach to the New Exchange, and there laid out money, and I did give Betty Michell two pair of gloves and a dressing-box; and so home in the dark, over the ruins, with a link. To the office. There came to me Mr. Young and Whistler, flag-makers, and with mighty earnestness did present me with, and press me to take a box, wherein I could not guess there was less than £100 in gold; but I do wholly refuse, and did not at last take it. The truth is, not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity from, nor knowing any considerable courtesy that ever I did do them, but desirous to keep myself free from their reports, and to have it in my power to say I had refused their offer.

6th. To Westminster Hall, and walked up and down, and hear that the Prince do still rest well by day and night, and out of pain; so as great hopes are conceived of him; though I did meet Dr. Clerke and

[1] *An Apology or Declaration of the Power and Providence of God in the Government of the World* (1627), by George Hakewill (1578-1649).
[2] See p. 249. [3] Lover of. [4] See p. 443.

[1] Beaumont and Fletcher.
[2] An interpolation in the play. The song 'All night I muse, all day I cry' is found in *Wits Recreations* (1645). See Mennis and Smith's edition (1817), ii. 325, and Hotten's reprint (p. 335)

Mr. Pierce, and they do say they believe he will not recover it, they supposing that his whole head within is eaten by this corruption, which appeared in this piece of the inner table. To Whitehall, to attend the Council; but they sat not to-day. So to Sir. W. Coventry's chamber, and find him within, and with a letter from the Downs in his hands, telling the loss of the *St. Patrick* coming from Harwich in her way to Portsmouth; and would needs chase two ships, she having the Malago fireship in company, which from English colours put up Dutch, and he would clap on board the Vice-Admiral; and after long dispute the Admiral comes on the other side of him, and both together took him. Our fireship (Seely) not coming in to fire all three, but came away, leaving her in their possession, and carried away by them: a ship[1] built at Bristol the last year, of fifty guns and upwards, and a most excellent good ship.

7th. Talking with my brother upon matters relating to his journey to Brampton to-morrow, I looking another way heard him fall down, and turned my head, and he was fallen down all along upon the ground dead,[2] which did put me into a great fright; and, to see my brotherly love! I did presently lift him up from the ground, he being as pale as death; and, being upon his legs, he did presently come to himself, and said he had something come into his stomach very hot. He knew not what it was, nor ever had such a fit before. To the office, late doing business, and then home, and find my brother pretty well. I did this night give him 20s. for books, and as much for his pocket, and 15s. to carry him down. Poor fellow! he is so melancholy, and withal, my wife says, harmless, that I begin to love him, and would be loath he should not do well.

8th. This morning my brother John came up to my bedside, and took his leave of us. He gone, I up, and to the office. Sir W. Batten came this morning from the House, where the King hath prorogued this Parliament to October next. I am glad they are up. The Bill for Accounts was not offered, the party being willing to let it fall; but the King did tell them he expected it. They are parted with great heartburnings, one party against the other. Pray God bring them hereafter together in better temper! It is said that the King do intend himself in this interval to take away Lord Mordaunt's government,[1] so as to do something to appease the House against they come together, and let them see he will do that of his own accord which is fit, without their forcing him; and that he will have his Commission for Accounts go on; which will be good things. At dinner we talked much of Cromwell; all saying he was a brave fellow, and did owe his crown he got to himself as much as any man that ever got one.

9th. Read a piece of a play, *Every Man in his Humour*, wherein is the greatest propriety of speech that ever I read in my life: and so to bed. This noon came my wife's watchmaker, and received £12 of me for her watch; but Captain Rolt coming to speak with me about a little business he did judge of the work to be very good, and so I am well contented.

10th. (Lord's day.) To church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself nor the people. Home, where came Mr. Carter,[2] my old acquaintance of Magdalene College, who hath not been here of many years. He hath spent his time in the country with the Bishop of Carlisle[3] much. He is grown a very comely person, and of good discourse, and one that I like very much. We had much talk of all our old acquaintance of the College, concerning their various fortunes; wherein, to my joy, I met not with any that have sped better than myself. Mrs. Turner do tell me very odd stories how Mrs. Williams do receive the applications of people, and hath presents, and she is the hand that receives all, while my Lord Brouncker do the business.

11th. With Creed to Westminster Hall, and there up and down, and hear that Prince Rupert is still better and better; and that he did tell Dr. Troutbecke expressly that my Lord Sandwich is ordered home. I hear, too, that Prince

[1] The *St. Patrick*. [2] Unconscious.

[1] He was Constable of Windsor Castle.
[2] Charles Carter. See p. 60.
[3] Edward Rainbowe (1608-1684).

Rupert hath begged the having of all the stolen prize-goods which he can find, and that he is looking out anew after them, which at first troubled me; but I do see it cannot come to anything, but is done by Hayes, or some of his little people about him. Here, among other news, I bought the King's speech at proroguing the House the other day, wherein are some words which cannot but impart some prospect of a peace, which God send us!

12th. With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian music; and here we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the Italian Signor Baptista,[1] who hath composed a play in Italian for the Opera,[2] which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician; which is very much; and did sing the whole from the words without any music pricked, and played all along upon a harpsicon[3] most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so know not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which, therefore, cannot be natural to anybody else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as, it may be, I should be, if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry, T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say most excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the music. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent. This done, T. Killigrew and I to talk; and he tells me how the audience at his house is not above half so much as it used to be before the late fire. That Knipp is like to make the best actor that ever came upon the stage, she understanding so well: that they are going to give her £30 a year more. That the stage is now by his pains a thousand times better and more glorious than ever heretofore. Now, wax-candles, and many of them; then, not above 3 lbs. of tallow; now, all things civil, no rudeness anywhere; then, as in a bear-garden: then, two or three fiddlers; now, nine or ten of the best: then, nothing but rushes upon the ground, and everything else mean; now, all otherwise: then, the Queen seldom and the King never would come; now, not the King only for state, but all civil people do think they may come as well as any. He tells me that he hath gone several times, eight or ten times he tells me, hence to Rome, to hear good music; so much he loves it, though he never did sing or play a note. That he hath ever endeavoured in the late King's time and in this to introduce good music, but he never could do it, there never having been any music here better than ballads. Nay, says 'Hermit poor'[1] and 'Chevy Chase' was all the music we had; and yet no ordinary fiddlers get so much money as ours do here, which speaks our rudeness still. That he hath gathered our Italians from several Courts in Christendom, to come to make a concert for the King, which he do give £200 a year apiece to: but badly paid, and do come in the room of keeping four ridiculous gondolas,[2] he having got the King to put them away, and lay out money this way; and indeed I do commend him for it, for I think it is a very noble undertaking. He do intend to have some times of the year these operas to be performed at the two present theatres, since he is defeated in what he intended in Moorfields on purpose for it; and he tells me plainly that the City audience was as good as the Court, but now they are most gone. Baptista tells me that Giacomo Charissimi[3] is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio,[4] who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them. My great wonder is, how this man do to keep in memory so perfectly the music of the whole act, both for the voice and the instrument too.

1 Giovanni Battista Draghi, an Italian musician, organist to Queen Catherine (1677).
2 He composed interludes for Shadwell's opera of *Psyche* (1674).
3 Harpsichord. He had great reputation as a player on this instrument.

1 'Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure,' in *The Phœnix Nest* (1593). This line is quoted in *Hudibras*, I. ii. 1168.
2 See p. 100.
3 Giacomo Carissimi (1604-1674).
4 ? Vincentio. *Cf.* p. 465.

I confess I do admire it: but in recitativo the sense much helps him, for there is but one proper way of discoursing and giving the accents. Having done our discourse, we all took coaches, my Lord's and T. Killigrew's, and to Mrs. Knipp's chamber, where this Italian is to teach her to sing her part. And so we all thither, and there she did sing an Italian song or two very fine, while he played the bass upon a harpsicon[1] there; and exceedingly taken I am with her singing, and believe that she will do miracles at that and acting. Her little girl is mighty pretty and witty.

13th. To the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; but troubled to see that, at this time, after our declaring a debt to the Parliament of £900,000, and nothing paid since, but the debt increased, and now the fleet to set out; to hear that the King hath ordered but £35,000 for the setting out of the fleet, out of the Poll Bill, to buy all provisions, when five times as much had been little enough to have done anything to purpose. They have, indeed, ordered more for paying off of seamen and the Yards for some time, but not enough for that neither. The Prince, I hear, is every day better and better. To Dr. Clerke's, by invitation. Here was his wife, painted, and her sister Worship, a widow now, and mighty pretty in her mourning. Here was also Mr. Pierce and Mr. Floyd, Secretary to the Lords Commissioners of Prizes, and Captain Cooke, to dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes, and everything poor. Discoursed most about plays and the Opera, where, among other vanities, Captain Cooke had the arrogance to say that he was fain to direct Sir W. Davenant in the breaking of his verses into such and such lengths, according as would be fit for music, and how he used to swear at Davenant, and command him that way, when W. Davenant would be angry, and find fault with this or that note—a vain coxcomb he is, though he sings and composes so well. Dr. Clerke did say that Sir W. Davenant is no good judge of a dramatic poem, finding fault with his choice of *Henry the Fifth*,[2] and others, for the stage, when I do think, and he confesses, *The Siege of Rhodes* as good as ever was writ. Cooke gone, Dr. Clerke fell to reading a new play, newly writ, of a friend's of his; but, by his discourse and confession afterwards, it was his own. Some things, but very few, moderately good; but infinitely far from the conceit, wit, design, and language of very many plays that I know; so that, but for compliment, I was quite tired with hearing it. There was a very great disorder this day at the Ticket Office, to the beating and bruising of the face of Carcasse very much. A foul evening this was to-night, and I mightily troubled to get a coach home; and, which is now my common practice, going over the ruins in the night, I rid with my sword drawn in the coach.

14th. To the office, where Carcasse comes with his plastered face, and called himself Sir W. Batten's martyr, which made W. Batten mad almost, and mighty quarrelling there was. By coach to my Lord Chancellor's, and there a meeting: the Duke of York, Duke of Albemarle, and several other Lords of the Commission of Tangier. And there I did present a state of my accounts, and managed them well; and my Lord Chancellor did say, though he was, in other things, in an ill humour, that no man in England was of more method, nor made himself better understood than myself. But going, after the business of money was over, to other businesses, of settling the garrison, he did fling out, and so did the Duke of York, two or three severe words touching my Lord Bellasis: that he would have no Governor come away from thence in less than three years; no, though his lady were with child. 'And,' says the Duke of York, 'there should be no Governor continue so, longer than three years.' 'And,' says Lord Arlington, 'when our rules are once set, and upon good judgment declared, no Governor should offer to alter them.' 'We must correct the many things that are amiss there; for,' says the Lord Chancellor, 'you must think we do hear of more things amiss than we are willing to speak before our friends' faces.' My Lord Bellasis would not take notice of their reflecting on him, and did wisely. H. Cholmely and I to the Temple, and

[1] Harpsichord.

[2] Probably Lord Orrery's play. See pp. 276, 282.

there walked in the dark in the walks talking of news; and he surprises me with the certain news that the King did last night in Council declare his being in treaty with the Dutch: that they had sent him a very civil letter, declaring that, if nobody but themselves were concerned, they would not dispute the place of treaty, but leave it to his choice; but that, being obliged to satisfy therein a Prince of equal quality with himself, they must except any place in England or Spain. Also the King hath chosen the Hague, and thither hath chose my Lord Hollis and Harry Coventry[1] to go Ambassadors to treat; which is so mean a thing, as all the world will believe, that we do go to beg a peace of them, whatever we pretend. And it seems all our Court are mightily for a peace, taking this to be the time to make one, while the King hath money, that he may save something of what the Parliament hath given him to put him out of debt, so as he may need the help of no more Parliaments, as to the point of money: but our debt is so great, and expense daily so increased, that I believe little of the money will be saved between this and the making of the peace up. But that which troubles me most is that we have chosen a son of Secretary Morris, a boy never used to any business, to go Secretary to the Embassy.[2] This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines.

15th. Peg Pen is married[3] this day privately; no friends, but two or three relations of his and hers. Borrowed many things of my kitchen for dressing their dinner. This wedding, being private, is imputed to its being just before Lent, and so in vain to make new clothes till Easter, that they might see the fashions as they are like to be this summer; which is reason good enough. Mrs. Turner tells me she hears Sir W. Pen gives £4500 or £4000 with her.

16th. To my Lord Brouncker's, and there was Sir Robert Murray, a most excellent man of reason and learning, and understands the doctrine of music, and everything else I could discourse of, very finely. Here came Mr. Hooke, Sir George Ent, Dr. Wren, and many others; and by and by the music, that is to say, Signor Vincentio,[1] who is the master-composer, and six more, whereof two eunuchs, so tall, that Sir T. Harvey said well that he believes they do grow large as our oxen do, and one woman very well dressed and handsome enough, but would not be kissed, as Mr. Killigrew, who brought the company in, did acquaint us. They sent two harpsicons[2] before; and by and by, after tuning, they began; and, I confess, very good music they made; that is, the composition exceeding good, but yet not at all more pleasing to me than what I have heard in English by Mrs. Knipp, Captain Cooke, and others. Their justness in keeping time by practice much before any that we have, unless it be a good band of practised fiddlers. I find that Mrs. Pierce's little girl is my Valentine, she having drawn me; which I was not sorry for, it easing me of something more that I must have given to others. But here I do first observe the fashion of drawing of mottoes as well as names; so that Pierce, who drew my wife, did draw also a motto, and this girl drew another for me. What mine was I have forgot; but my wife's was, 'Most virtuous and most fair'; which, as it may be used, or an anagram made upon each name, might be very pretty. One wonder I observed to-day, that there was no music in the morning to call up our new-married people, which is very mean, methinks.

17th. (Lord's day.) To my Lord Chancellor's, where I met with, and had much pretty discourse with one of the Progers's that knew me; and it was pretty to hear him tell me, of his own accord, as a matter of no shame, that in Spain he had a pretty woman, his mistress, whom, when money grew scarce with him, he was forced to leave, and afterwards heard how she and

[1] Henry (1619-1686), third son of Thomas, first Lord Coventry; Secretary of State (1672-1679).
[2] Humphrey Morris or Morice (? 1640-1696), son of Sir William Morice, Secretary of State.
[3] To Anthony Lowther.

[1] See p. 463, *note*.
[2] Harpsichords.

her husband lived well, she being kept by an old friar; but this, says he, is better than as our ministers do, who have wives that lay up their estates, and do no good nor relieve any poor—no, not our greatest prelates. Stayed till the Council was up, and attended the King and Duke of York round the Park, and was asked several questions by both; but I was in pain lest they should ask me what I could not answer; as the Duke of York did the value of the hull of the *St. Patrick* lately lost,[1] which I told him I could not presently answer; though I might have easily furnished myself to answer all those questions. They stood a good while to see the ganders and geese in the water. At home, by appointment, comes Captain Cocke to me, to talk of State matters, and about the peace; who told me that the whole business is managed between Kevet, Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and my Lord Arlington, who hath, through his wife[2] there, some interest. We have proposed the Hague, but know not yet whether the Dutch will like it; or, if they do, whether the French will. We think we shall have the help of the information of their affairs and state, and the helps of the Prince of Orange his faction; but above all, that De Witt, who hath all this while said he cannot get peace, his mouth will now be stopped, so that he will be forced to offer fit terms for fear of the people; and, lastly, if France or Spain do not please us, we are in a way presently to clap up a peace with the Dutch, and secure them. But we are also in treaty with France, as he says; but it must be to the excluding our alliance with the King of Spain or House of Austria; which we do not know presently what will be determined in. He tells me the Vice-Chamberlain is so great with the King, that, let the Duke of York, and Sir W. Coventry, and this Office, do or say what they will, while the King lives, Sir G. Carteret will do what he will; and advises me to be often with him, and eat and drink with him; and tells me that he doubts he is jealous of me, and was mighty mad to-day at our discourse to him before the Duke of York. But I did give him my reasons that the Office is concerned to declare that, without money, the King's work cannot go on. He assures me that Henry Brouncker is one of the shrewdest fellows for parts in England, and a dangerous man; that, while we want money so much in the Navy, the Officers of the Ordnance have at this day £300,000 good in tallies, which they can command money upon; that Harry Coventry, who is to go upon this treaty with Lord Hollis (who he confesses to be a very wise man) into Holland, is a mighty quick ready man, but not so weighty as he should be, he knowing him so well in his drink as he do; that, unless the King do something against my Lord Mordaunt and the Patent for the Canary Company, before the Parliament next meets, he do believe there will be a civil war before there will be any more money given, unless it may be at their perfect disposal; and that all things are now ordered to the provoking of the Parliament against they come next, and the spending the King's money, so as to put him into a necessity of having it at the time it is prorogued for, or sooner. This evening, going to the Queen's side[1] to see the ladies, I did find the Queen, the Duchess of York, and another or two at cards, with the room full of great ladies and men; which I was amazed at to see on a Sunday, having not believed it; but, contrarily, flatly denied the same a little while since to my cousin Roger Pepys.[2] Going by water, read the answer to *The Apology for Papists*,[3] which did like me mightily.

18th. To the King's house, to *The Maid's Tragedy*;[4] but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would, and did sit with her mask on, all the play, and, being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively,

[1] See p. 462. [2] See Nov. 15, 1666.

[1] The Queen's apartments at Whitehall.
[2] See p. 459. [3] See p. 444.
[4] By Beaumont and Fletcher.

that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty.

19th. At noon home, and there find old Mr. Michell and Howlett come to desire mine and my wife's company to dinner to their son's, and so away by coach with them, it being Betty's wedding-day a year, as also Shrove Tuesday. Here I made myself mighty merry; and a mighty pretty dinner we had in this little house, to my exceeding great content, and my wife's, and my heart pleased to see Betty. After dinner, I fell to read the Acts about the building of the City again; and indeed the laws seem to be very good, and I pray God I may live to see it built in that manner! This morning I hear that our discourse of peace is all in the dirt; for the Dutch will not like of the place,[1] or at least the French will not agree to it; so that I do wonder what we shall do, for carry on the war we cannot.

20th. To Whitehall, by the way observing Sir W. Pen's carrying a favour to Sir W. Coventry, for his daughter's wedding, and saying that there was others for us, when we will fetch them, which vexed me, and I am resolved not to wear it when he orders me one. His wedding hath been so poorly kept, that I am ashamed of it; for a fellow that makes such a flutter as he do. When we came to the Duke of York here, I heard discourse how Harris of his playhouse is sick, and everybody commends him, and, above all things, for acting the Cardinal. They talked how the King's violin, Bannister,[2] is mad that the King hath a Frenchman[3] come to be chief of some part of the King's music, at which the Duke of York made great mirth. Then withdrew to his closet, where all our business, lack of money, and prospect of the effects of it, such as made Sir W. Coventry say publicly before us all that he do heartily wish that his Royal Highness had nothing to do in the Navy, whatever become of him; and much dishonour, he says, is likely to fall under the management of it. The Duke of York was angry, as much as he could be, or ever I saw him, with Sir G. Carteret, for not paying the masters of some ships on Monday last, according to his promise. With the 'Chequer men to the Leg, in King Street, and there had wine for them; and there was one in company with them, that was the man that got the vessel to carry over the King from Bredhemson[1] who hath a pension of £200 per annum, but ill paid, and the man is looking after getting of a prize-ship to live by; but the trouble is that this poor man, who hath received no part of his money these four years, and is ready to starve almost, must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension. He told me several particulars of the King's coming thither, which was mighty pleasant, and shows how mean a thing a king is, how subject to fall, and how like other men he is in his afflictions. I with Lord Bellasis, to the Lord Chancellor's. Lord Bellasis tells me how the King of France hath caused the stop to be made to our proposition of treating in the Hague; that he being greater than they, we may better come and treat at Paris; so that God knows what will become of the peace! He tells me, too, as a grand secret, that he do believe the peace offensive and defensive between Spain and us is quite finished, but must not be known, to prevent the King of France's present falling upon Flanders. He do believe the Duke of York will be made General of the Spanish armies there, and Governor of Flanders, if the French should come against it, and we assist the Spaniard: that we have done the Spaniard abundance of mischief in the West Indies, by our privateers at Jamaica, which they lament mightily, and I am sorry for it to have it done at this time. By and by came to my Lord Chancellor, who heard mighty quietly my complaints for lack of money, and spoke mighty kind to me; but little hopes of help therein.

21st. To the office, where sat all the morning, and there a furious conflict between Sir W. Pen and I, in few words, and on a sudden occasion, of no great moment. but very bitter, and smart[2] on one another, and so broke off, and to our

[1] See next entry, and p. 468.
[2] John Banister (1630-1679), leader of the Royal orchestra (1663). [3] Louis Grabut; see p. 561.

[1] Brighthelmstone (Brighton). See p. 32.
[2] Stared (ed. 1895).

business, my heart as full of spite as it could hold, for which God forgive me and him! At the end came witnesses on behalf of Mr. Carcasse; but, instead of clearing him, I find they were brought to recriminate Sir W. Batten, and did it by oath very highly, that made the old man mad, and, I confess, me ashamed, so that I caused all but ourselves to withdraw, being sorry to have such things declared in the open office, before 100 people. But it was done home, and I believe true, though W. Batten denies all, but is cruel mad, and swore one of them, he or Carcasse, should not continue in the office, which is said like a fool.

22nd. All of us, that is to say, Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Batten, T. Harvy, and myself, to Sir W. Pen's house, where some other company. It is instead of a wedding dinner for his daughter, whom I saw in paltry clothes, nothing new but a bracelet that her servant[1] had given her, and ugly she is, as heart can wish. A sorry dinner, not anything handsome or clean, but some silver plates they borrowed of me. My wife was here too. We had favours given us all, and we put them in our hats, I against my will, but that my Lord and the rest did.

23rd. This day I am, by the blessing of God, 34 years old, in very good health and mind's content, and in condition of estate much beyond whatever my friends could expect of a child of their's, this day 34 years. The Lord's name be praised! and may I be thankful for it.

24th. (Lord's day.) My Lady Pen did, going out of church, ask me whether we did not make a great show at Court to-day, with all our favours in our hats. To Whitehall, and there meeting my Lord Arlington, he, by I know not what kindness, offered to carry me along with him to my Lord Treasurer's, whither, I told him, I was going. I believe he had a mind to discourse of some Navy businesses, but Sir Thomas Clifford coming into the coach to us, we were prevented; which I was sorry for, for I had a mind to begin an acquaintance with him. He speaks well, and hath pretty slight superficial parts, I believe. He, in our going, talked much of the plain habit of the Spaniards; how the King and Lords themselves wear but a cloak of Colchester baize,[1] and the ladies mantles, in cold weather, of white flannel: and that the endeavours frequently of setting up the manufacture of making these stuffs there have only been prevented by the Inquisition: the English and Dutchmen that have been sent for to work, being taken with a Psalm-book or Testament, and so clapped up, and the house pulled down by the Inquisitors; and the greatest Lord in Spain dare not say a word against it, if the word Inquisition be but mentioned. Captain Cocke did tell me what I must not forget: that the answer of the Dutch, refusing the Hague for a place of treaty, and proposing Boysse,[2] Breda, Bergen-op-Zoome, or Maastricht, was seemingly stopped by the Swede's Ambassador (though he did show it to the King, but the King would take no notice of it, nor does not) from being delivered to the King; and he hath wrote to desire them to consider better of it; so that, though we know their refusal of the place, yet they know not that we know it, nor is the King obliged to show his sense of the affront. That the Dutch are in very great straits, so as to be said to be not able to set out their fleet this year. By and by comes Sir Robert Viner and my Lord Mayor to ask the King's directions about measuring out the streets according to the New Act[3] for building of the City, wherein the King is to be pleased.[4] But he says that the way proposed in Parliament, by Colonel Birch, would have been the best, to have chosen some persons in trust, and sold the whole ground, and let it be sold again by them, with preference to the old owner, which would have certainly caused the City to be built where these Trustees pleased; whereas now, great differences will be, and the streets built by fits, and

[1] Lover (*M.S.*): *i.e.* Anthony Lowther.

[1] *Bays*, and *says*, and *serges*, and several sorts of stuffs, which I neither can nor do desire to name, are made in and about Colchester.—Fuller's *Worthies*, quoted by [B.].

[2] Bois-le-Duc ('s Hertogenbosch).

[3] Entitled An Act for Rebuilding the City of London, 19th Car. II. cap. 3. [B.]

[4] See Sir Christopher Wren's Proposals for rebuilding the City of London after the great fire, with an engraved Plan of the principal Streets and Public Buildings, in Elmes's *Memoirs of Sir Christopher Wren*, Appendix, p. 61. The originals are in All Souls' College Library, Oxford. [B.]

not entire till all differences be decided. This, as he tells it, I think would have been the best way. I enquired about the Frenchman that was said to fire the City, and was hanged for it, by his own confession, that he was hired for it by a Frenchman of Roane,[1] and that he did with a stick reach in a fire-ball in at a window of the house; whereas the master of the house, who is the King's baker,[2] and his son, and daughter, do all swear there was no such window, and that the fire did not begin thereabouts. Yet the fellow, who, though a mopish besotted fellow, did not speak like a madman, did swear that he did fire it; and did not this like a madman; for, being tried on purpose, and landed with his keeper at the Town Wharf, he could carry the keeper to the very house. Asking Sir R. Viner what he thought was the cause of the fire, he tells me that the baker, son, and his daughter did all swear again and again that their oven was drawn by ten o'clock at night: that, having occasion to light a candle about twelve, there was not so much fire in the bake-house as to light a match for a candle, so that they were fain to go into another place to light it: that about two in the morning they felt themselves almost choked with smoke, and rising, did find the fire coming upstairs; so they rose to save themselves; but that, at that time, the bavins[3] were not on fire in the yard. So that they are, as they swear, in absolute ignorance how this fire should come; which is a strange thing, that so horrid an effect should have so mean and uncertain a beginning. By and by called into the King and Cabinet, and there had a few insipid words about money for Tangier, but to no purpose. Going through bridge by water, my waterman told me how the mistress of the Bear tavern, at the bridge-foot, did lately fling herself into the Thames, and drowned herself; which did trouble me the more, when they tell me it was she that did live at the White Horse tavern in Lombard Street, which was a most beautiful woman, as most I have seen. It seems she hath had long melancholy upon her, and hath endeavoured to make away with herself often.

1 *I.e.* Rouen. *Cf* Howell's *State Trials*, vi.
2 See p. 412. 3 Brushwood for bakers' ovens.

25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it. At my goldsmith's did observe the King's new medal, where, in little,[1] there is Mrs. Stewart's face as well done as ever I saw anything in my whole life, I think; and a pretty thing it is, that he should choose her face to represent Britannia by.[2]

27th. Up by candle-light, about six o'clock, and by water down to Woolwich, I being at leisure this day, the King and Duke of York being gone down to Sheerness to lay out the design for a fortification there to the river Medway;[3] and so we do not attend the Duke of York as we should otherwise have done. To the Dockyard, and went into Mr. Pett's; and there, beyond expectation, he did present me with a Japan cane, with a silver head, and his wife sent me by him a ring, with a Woolwich stone, now much in request; which I accepted, the values not being great: and then, at my asking, did give me an old draught of an ancient-built ship, given him by his father, of the *Bear*, in Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Hunt, newly came out of the country, tells me the country[4] is much impoverished by the greatness of taxes: the farmers do break every day almost, and £1000 a year become not worth £500. He told me some ridiculous pieces of thrift of Sir G. Downing's, who is his countryman, in inviting some poor people, at Christmas last, to charm the country people's mouths; but did give them nothing but beef, porridge, pudding, and pork, and nothing said all dinner, but only his mother[5] would say, 'It's good broth, son.' He would answer, 'Yes, it is good broth.' Then, says his lady, 'Confirm all, and say, Yes, very good broth.' By and by she would begin and

1 In miniature. 2 See note, p. 177.
3 The first fortification at Sheerness was erected by Sir Bernard de Gomme. The original draft is in the British Museum. [B.] See p. 477.
4 Cambridgeshire.
5 Margaret, daughter of Robert Brett, D.D. [B.]

say, 'Good pork': 'Yes,' says the mother, 'good pork.' Then he cries, 'Yes, very good pork.' And so they said of all things; to which nobody made any answer, they going there not out of love or esteem of them, but to eat his victuals, knowing him to be a niggardly fellow; and with this he is jeered now all over the country. Comes Captain Story, of Cambridge, to me, about a bill for pressed money;[1] but, Lord! to see the natures of men; how this man, hearing my name, did ask me of my country, and told me of my cousin Roger, that he was not so wise a man as his father; for that he do not agree in Parliament with his fellow burgesses and knights of the shire, whereas I know very well the reason; for he is not so high a flier as Mr. Chichley and others, but loves the King better than any of them, and to better purpose. But yet he says that he is a very honest gentleman, and thence runs into a hundred stories of his own services to the King, and how he at this day brings in the taxes before anybody here thinks they are collected: discourse very absurd to entertain a stranger with. Met Mr. Cooling, who tells me of my Lord Duke of Buckingham's being sent for last night, by a Sergeant-at-Arms,[2] to the Tower, for treasonable practices, and that the King is infinitely angry with him, and declared him no longer one of his Council. I know not the reason of it, or occasion. Took up my wife to the Exchange, and there bought things for Mrs. Pierce's little daughter, my Valentine, and so to her house, where we find Knipp, who also challengeth me for her Valentine. She looks well, sang well; and very merry we were for half an hour. Tells me Harris is well again, having been very ill. To Sir W. Pen's, and sat with my Lady, and the young couple[3] (Sir William out of town) talking merrily; but they make a very sorry couple, methinks, though rich.

28th. Mr. Holliard dined with us, and pleasant company he is. I love his company, and he secures[4] me against ever having the stone again. He gives it me, as his opinion that the City will never be built again together, as is expected, while any restraint is laid upon them. He hath been a great loser, and would be a builder again, but he says he knows not what restricting there will be, so as it is unsafe for him to begin. I did within these six days see smoke still remaining of the late fire in the City; and it is strange to think how, to this very day, I cannot sleep at night without great terrors of fire. Mr. Gauden tells me more than I knew before, that he hath orders to get all the victuals he can to Plymouth, and the Western ports, and other out-ports, and some to Scotland, so that we do intend to keep but a flying fleet this year; which, it may be, may preserve us a year longer, but the end of it must be ruin. Sir J. Minnes this night tells me that he hears for certain that ballads are made of us in Holland for begging of a peace; which I expected, but am vexed at. So ends this month, with nothing of weight upon my mind, but for my father and mother, who are both very ill, and have been so for some weeks: whom God help! but I do fear my poor father will hardly be ever thoroughly well again.

[1] Earnest money, given on enlistment.
[2] See p. 471.
[3] Anthony Lowther and his wife Margaret Penn.
[4] Gives me confidence.

March 1667

March 1st. In Mark Lane I do observe, it being St. David's day, the picture of a man dressed like a Welshman, hanging by the neck upon one of the poles that stand out at the top of one of the merchants' houses, in full proportion, and very handsomely done; which is one of the oddest sights I have seen a good while. Being returned home, I find Greeting, the flageolet-master, come, and teaching my wife; and I do think my wife will take pleasure in it, and it will be easy for her, and pleasant. So to the office, and then before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me. Tom Woodall, the known surgeon,

is killed at Somerset House by a Frenchman.[1]

2nd. After dinner with my wife to the King's house to see *The Maiden Queen*, a new play of Dryden's, mightily commended for the regularity of it, and the strain and wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell[2] which is Florimel,[3] that I never can hope ever to see the like done again, by man or woman. The King and Duke of York were at the play. But so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, then most and best of all when she comes in like a young gallant;[4] and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her.

3rd. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, where, walking in the galleries, I met Mr. Pierce, who tells me the story of Tom Woodall, the surgeon, killed in a drunken quarrel, and how the Duke of York hath a mind to get him[5] one of his places in St. Thomas's Hospital. It is believed that the Dutch will yield to have the treaty at London or Dover, neither of which will get our King any credit, we having already consented to have it at the Hague; which, it seems, De Witt opposed, as a thing wherein the King of England must needs have some profound design, which in my conscience he hath not. They do also tell me that news is this day come to the King that the King of France is come with his army to the frontiers of Flanders, demanding leave to pass through their country towards Poland, but is denied, and thereupon that he is gone into the country. How true this is I dare not believe till I hear more. I walked into the Park, it being a fine but very cold day; and there took two or three turns the length of the Pell Mell; and there I met Serjeant Bearcroft, who was sent for the Duke of Buckingham, to have brought him prisoner to the Tower. He came to town this day, and brings word that, being overtaken and outrid by the Duchess of Buckingham within a few miles of Westhorp,[1] he believes she got thither about a quarter of an hour before him, and so had time to consider; so that, when he came, the doors were kept shut against him. The next day, coming with officers of the neighbour market-town to force open the doors, they were open for him, but the Duke gone; so he took horse presently, and heard upon the road that the Duke of Buckingham was gone before him for London; so that he believes he is this day also come to town before him; but no news is yet heard of him. This is all he brings. Thence to my Lord Chancellor's, and there, meeting Sir H. Cholmely, he and I walked in my Lord's garden, and talked; and, among other things, of the treaty; and he says there will certainly be a peace, but I cannot believe it. He tells me that the Duke of Buckingham his crimes, as far as he knows, are his being of a cabal with some discontented persons of the late House of Commons, and opposing the desires of the King in all his matters in that House; and endeavouring to become popular, and advising how the Commons' House should proceed, and how he would order the House of Lords. And that he hath been endeavouring to have the King's nativity calculated; which was done, and the fellow now in the Tower about it; which itself hath heretofore, as he says, been held treason, and people died for it; but by the Statute of Treason, in Queen Mary's times and since, it hath been left out. He tells me that this silly Lord hath provoked, by his ill carriage, the Duke of York, my Lord Chancellor, and all the great persons; and therefore most likely will die. He tells me, too, many practices of treachery against this King; as betraying him in Scotland, and giving Oliver an account of the King's private councils; which the King knows very well, and hath yet pardoned him.

6th. To Whitehall; and here the Duke of York did acquaint us, and the King did the like also, afterwards coming in,

[1] [B.] adds 'in a drunken quarrel' (*Cf.* March 3). Ed. 1895 reads, 'But the occasion Sir W. Batten could not tell me.'

[2] Nell Gwyn. [3] A maid of honour.

[4] Act V. sc. i. See p. 472. [5] Pierce.

[1] Westhorpe, in Suffolk, originally the residence of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; it was probably afterwards granted by the Crown to the Duke of Buckingham. [B.]

with his resolution of altering the manner of the war this year; that is, we shall keep what fleet we have abroad in several squadrons; so that now all is come out; but we are to keep it as close as we can, without hindering the work that is to be done in preparation to this. Great preparations there are to fortify Sheerness and the yard at Portsmouth, and forces are drawing down to both those places, and elsewhere by the seaside; so that we have some fear of an invasion; and the Duke of York himself did declare his expectation of the enemy's blocking us up here in the River, and therefore directed that we should send away all the ships that we have to fit out hence. Sir W. Pen told me, going with me this morning to Whitehall, that for certain the Duke of Buckingham is brought into the Tower, and that he hath had an hour's private conference with the King before he was sent thither. Everybody complains of the dearness of coals, being at £4 per chaldron, the weather, too, being become most bitter cold, the King saying to-day that it was the coldest day he ever knew in England. Thence by coach to my Lord Crewe's, where very welcome. Here I find they are in doubt where the Duke of Buckingham is; which makes me mightily reflect on the uncertainty of all history, when, in a business of this moment, and of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth. Here dined my old acquaintance, Mr. Borfett, that was my Lord Sandwich's chaplain, and my Lady Wright and Dr. Boreman, who is a preacher at St. Giles's in the Fields, who after dinner did give my Lord an account of two Papist women lately converted, whereof one wrote her recantation, which he showed under her own hand mighty well drawn, so as my Lord desired a copy of it, after he had satisfied himself from the Doctor, that to his knowledge she was not a woman under any necessity. To Deptford, and then by water home, wondrous cold, and reading a ridiculous ballad made in praise of the Duke of Albemarle, to the tune of St. George, the tune being printed, too; and I observe that people have great encouragement to make ballads of him of this kind. There are so many, that hereafter he will sound like Guy of Warwick. To Sir H. Cholmely's, a pretty house, and a fine, worthy, well-disposed gentleman he is. He tells me, among other things, that he hears of little hopes of a peace, their demands being so high as we shall never grant, and could tell me that we shall keep no fleet abroad this year, but only squadrons. So to the 'Change, and there bought 32s. worth of things for Mrs. Knipp, my Valentine, which is pretty to see how my wife is come to convention with me, that, whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her as much.

7th. Hearing that Knipp is at my house, I home, and it is about a ticket for a friend of hers. I do love the humour of the jade very well. To Devonshire House,[1] to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and there I received a ring. To the Duke's playhouse, and saw *The English Princess*, or *Richard the Third*;[2] a most sad melancholy play, and pretty good; but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedies are; only little Miss Davis[3] did dance a jig after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play; so that it came in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and, the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day[4] at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day, Commissioner Taylor came to me for advice, and would force me to take ten pieces in gold of him, which I had no mind to, he being become one of our number at the Board. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows! coals at a very great price.[5]

8th. To Westminster Hall, where I saw Mr. Martin, the purser, come through with a picture in his hand, which he had bought, and observed how all the people of the Hall did fleer and laugh upon him, crying, 'There is plenty grown upon a sudden'; and

[1] Off Bishopsgate Street; the site of Devonshire Square.

[2] A tragedy, by J. Caryll (1625-1711).

[3] Mary Davis, one of Sir William Davenant's company, and well known between 1663 and 1669 as a dancer, and as a mistress of Charles II.

[4] Florimel's dance in *The Maiden Queen*, V. i. ('Come on, sirs, play me a jig; you shall see how I baffle him'). See p. 471.

[5] £4 the chaldron (*n.s.*) *Cf.* pp. 446, 489.

and, the truth is, I was a little troubled that my favour should fall on so vain a fellow as he, and the more because, methought, the people do gaze upon me as the man that had raised him, and as if they guessed whence my kindness to him springs. To Whitehall, where I find all met at the Duke of York's chamber; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and Carcasse is called in, and I read the depositions and his answers, and he added with great confidence and good words, even almost to persuasion, what to say; and my Lord Brouncker, like a very silly solicitor, argued against me and all for him; and, being asked first by the Duke of York his opinion, did give it for his being excused. I next did answer the contrary very plainly, and had, in this dispute, which vexed and will never be forgot by my Lord, many occasions of speaking severely, and did, against his bad practices. Commissioner Pett, like a fawning rogue, sided with my Lord, but to no purpose; and Sir W. Pen, like a cunning rogue, spoke mighty indifferently, and said nothing in all the fray, like a knave as he is. But Sir W. Batten spoke out, and did come off himself by the Duke's kindness very well; and then Sir G. Carteret, and Sir W. Coventry, and the Duke of York himself, flatly as I said; and so he[1] was declared unfit to continue in, and therefore to be presently discharged the office; which, among other good effects, I hope will make my Lord Brouncker not *alloquer* so high. Sir H. Cholmely and I to the Temple, and there parted, he telling me of my Lord Bellasis's want of generosity, and that he[2] will certainly be turned out of his government, and he[3] thinks himself stands fair for it.

9th. Captain Cocke, who was here to-night, did tell us that he is certain that yesterday a proclamation was voted at the Council, touching the proclaiming of my Lord Duke of Buckingham a traitor, and that it will be out on Monday.

10th. (Lord's day.)[4] Yesterday the King did publicly talk of the King of France's dealing with all the Princes of Christendom. As to the States of Holland, he[5] hath advised them, on good grounds, to refuse to treat with us at the Hague, because of having opportunity of spies, by reason of our interest in the house of Orange; and then, it being a town in one particular province, it would not be fit to have it, but in a town wherein the provinces have equal interest, as at Maastricht, and other places named. That he advises them to offer no terms, nor accept of any, without his privity and consent, according to agreement; and tells them, if not so, he hath in his power to be even with them, the King of England being come to offer any terms he pleases: and that my Lord St. Albans is now at Paris, Plenipotentiary, to make what peace he pleases; and so he can make it, and exclude them, the Dutch, if he sees fit. A copy of this letter of the King of France's the Spanish Ambassador here gets, and comes and tells all to our King; which our King denies, and says the King of France only uses his power of saying anything. At the same time the King of France writes to the Emperor that he is resolved to do all things to express affection to the Emperor, having it now in his power to make what peace he pleases between the King of England and him, and the States of the United Provinces; and, therefore, that he would not have him concern himself in a friendship with us; and assures him that, on that regard, he will not offer anything to his disturbance in his interest in Flanders or elsewhere. He writes, at the same time, to Spain, to tell him that he wonders to hear of a league almost ended between the Crown of Spain and England, by my Lord Sandwich, and all without his privity, while he was making a peace upon what terms he pleased with England: that he is a great lover of the Crown of Spain, and would take the King and his affairs, during his minority, into his protection, nor would offer to set his foot in Flanders, or anywhere else, to disturb him; and, therefore, would not have him to trouble himself to make peace with anybody; only he hath a desire to offer an exchange, which he thinks may be of moment to both sides: that is, that he[1] will enstate the King of Spain in the kingdom of Portugal, and he and the Dutch will put him into possession of Lisbon; and, that being done, he[1] may

[1] See p. 414. [2] Bellasis. [3] Cholmely.
[4] 11th (Ed. 1895). [5] The King of France.

[1] King of France.

have Flanders: and this, they say, do mightily take in Spain, which is sensible of the fruitless expense Flanders, so far off, gives them; and how much better it would be for them to be master of Portugal; and the King of France offers, for security herein, that the King of England shall be bond for him, and that he will counter-secure the King of England with Amsterdam; and, it seems, hath assured our King, that if he will make a league with him, he will make a peace exclusive to the Hollander. These things are almost romantic, but yet true, as Sir H. Cholmely tells me the King himself did relate it all yesterday; and it seems as if the King of France did think other princes fit for nothing but to make sport for him: but simple princes they are, that are forced to suffer this from him.

11th. The proclamation is this day come out against the Duke of Buckingham, commanding him to come in to one of the Secretaries, or to the Lieutenant of the Tower. A silly vain man to bring himself to this: and there be many hard circumstances in the proclamation of the causes of this proceeding of the King's, which speak great displeasure of the King's, and crimes of his.

12th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home, and there find Mr. Goodgroome, whose teaching of my wife only by singing over and over again to her, and letting her sing with him, not by herself, to correct her faults, I do not like at all, but was angry at it; but have this content, that I do think she will come to sing pretty well, and to trill in time, which pleases me well. This day a poor seaman, almost starved for want of food, lay in our yard a-dying. I sent him half-a-crown, and we ordered his ticket to be paid.

13th. Having done our usual business with the Duke of York, I away; and meeting Mr. D. Gauden in the presence-chamber, he and I to talk; and among other things he tells me, and I do find everywhere else, also, that our masters do begin not to like of their counsels in fitting out no fleet, but only squadrons, and are finding out excuses for it; and, among others, he tells me a Privy-Councillor did tell him that it was said in Council that a fleet could not be sent out this year, for want of victuals, which gives him and me great alarm, but me especially: for had it been so, I ought to have represented it; and therefore it put me in policy presently to prepare myself to answer this objection, if ever it should come about, by drawing up a state of the Victualler's stores, which I will presently do. The Duke of Buckingham is concluded gone over sea, and, it is thought, to France.

14th. To my Lord Treasurer's. Here we fell into discourse with Sir Stephen Fox, and, among other things, of the Spanish manner of walking, when three together, and showed me how, which was pretty, to prevent differences. By and by comes the King and Duke of York, and presently the officers of the Ordnance were called; my Lord Berkeley, Sir John Duncomb, and Mr. Chichly; then my Lord Brouncker, Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself; where we find only the King and Duke of York, and my Lord Treasurer, and Sir G. Carteret; when I only did speak, laying down the state of our wants, which the King and Duke of York seemed very well pleased with, and we did get what we asked, £500,000, signed upon the eleven months' tax: but that is not so much ready money, or what will raise £40,000 per week, which we desired, and the business will want. The King did prevent my offering anything by and by as Treasurer for Tangier, telling me that he had ordered us £30,000 on the same tax; but that is not what we would have to bring our payments to come within a year. So we gone out, in went others; viz., one after another, Sir Stephen Fox for the army, Captain Cocke for sick and wounded, Mr. Ashburnham[1] for the household, Thence Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and I, back again; I mightily pleased with what I had said and done, and the success thereof.

15th. Letters this day come to Court do tell us that we are not likely to agree, the Dutch demanding high terms, and the King of France the like, in a most braving manner. This morning I was called up by Sir John Winter, poor man! come in a sedan from the other end of the town, about helping the King in the business of

[1] William Ashburnham, the Cofferer.

bringing down his timber to the seaside, in the Forest of Dean.

16th. The weather is now grown warm again, after much cold; and it is observable that within these eight days I did see smoke remaining, coming out of some cellars, from the late great fire, now above six months since.

17th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall Chapel. There I put my wife in the pew below, but it was pretty to see, myself being but in a plain band, and every way else ordinary, how the verger took me for her man, and I was fain to tell him she was a kinswoman of my Lord Sandwich's, he saying that none under knights-baronets' ladies are to go into that pew. I to the Duke of York's lodging, where in his dressing-chamber, he talking of his journey to-morrow or next day to Harwich, to prepare some fortifications there; so that we are wholly upon the defensive part this year. I to walk in the Park, where to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard a friar preach with his cord about his middle, in Portuguese, something I could understand, showing that God did respect the meek and humble, as well as the high and rich. He was full of action, but very decent and good, I thought, and his manner of delivery very good. Then I went back to Whitehall, and there up to the closet, and spoke with several people till sermon was ended, which was preached by the Bishop of Hereford,[1] an old good man, that they say made an excellent sermon. He was by birth a Catholic,[2] and a great gallant, having £1500 per annum, patrimony, and is a Knight Baronet; was turned from his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud.[3] He and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Ward, are the two Bishops that the King do say he cannot have bad sermons from. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmely, who tells me that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasis do go no more to Tangier, and that he do believe he do stand in a likely way to go Governor; though he says, and showed me, a young silly lord, one Lord Allington,[4] who hath offered a great sum of money to go, and will put hard for it, he having a fine lady,[1] and a great man would be glad to have him out of the way. The King is very kind to my Lord Sandwich, and did himself observe to Sir G. Carteret, how those very people, meaning the Prince and Duke of Albemarle, are punished in the same kind as they did seek to abuse my Lord Sandwich.

18th. Comes my old good friend, Mr. Richard Cumberland,[2] to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years. In his plain country-parson's dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him to come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me to-day; which he did do: and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give £100 more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as, I fear, he is able to do; and I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged. Comes Captain Jenifer to me, a great servant of my Lord Sandwich's, who tells me that he do hear for certain, though I do not yet believe it, that Sir W. Coventry is to be Secretary of State, and my Lord Arlington Lord Treasurer. I only wish that the latter were as fit for the latter office as the former is for the former, and more fit than my Lord Arlington. Anon Sir W. Pen came and talked with me in the garden, and tells me that for certain the Duke of Richmond is to marry Mrs. Stewart, he having this day brought in an account of his estate and debts to the King on that account. My father's letter this day do tell me of his own continued illness, and that my mother grows so much worse, that he fears she cannot long continue,

[1] Herbert Croft (1603-1691).

[2] He had become a Catholic at St. Omer.

[3] Not so; but by Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham.

[4] William Alington, second Baron Alington, of Killard, Ireland, created an English Baron, 1682, by the title of Baron Alington, of Wymondley, Hertfordshire (extinct in 1692). [B.]

[1] His second wife, Juliana, daughter of Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden. [B.]

[2] Richard Cumberland (1631-1718), afterwards Bishop of Peterborough (1691). He and Pepys were at Magdalene College together.

which troubles me very much. This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of angling with a minnikin,[1] a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling, and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness. The secret I like mightily.

19th. It comes in my mind this night to set down how a house was the other day in Bishopsgate Street blowed up with powder; a house that was untenanted; but, thanks be to God, it did no more hurt; and all do conclude it a plot. This afternoon I am told again that the town do talk of my Lord Arlington's being to be Lord Treasurer, and Sir W. Coventry to be Secretary of State; and that for certain the match is concluded between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, which I am well enough pleased with; and it is pretty to consider how his quality will allay people's talk; whereas, had a meaner person married her, he would for certain have been reckoned a cuckold at first dash.

20th. To our church to the vestry, to be assessed by the late Poll Bill, where I am rated as an Esquire, and for my office; all will come to about £50. But not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought to be, for all my offices. The Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart were betrothed last night. It is strange how Rycaut's[2] *Discourse of Turkey*, which before the fire I was asked but 8s. for, there being all but twenty-two or thereabouts burned, I did now offer 20s., and he demands 50s., and I think I shall give it him, though it be only as a monument of the fire. I met with a sad letter from my brother, who tells me my mother is declared by the doctors to be past recovery, and that my father is also very ill; so that I fear we shall see a sudden change there. God fit them and us for it!

21st. To the Duke of York's playhouse, where unexpectedly I came to see only the young men and women of the house act; they having liberty to act for their own profit on Wednesdays and Fridays this Lent: and the play they did yesterday, being Wednesday, was so well-taken, that they thought fit to venture it publicly to-day; a play of my Lord Falkland's called *The Wedding Night*,[1] a kind of a tragedy, and some things very good in it, but the whole together, I thought, not so. I confess I was well enough pleased with my seeing it; and the people did do better, without the great actors, than I did expect, but yet far short of what they do when they are there. Our trial for a good prize came on to-day, the *Phoenix*, worth £2000 or £3000 when by and by Sir W. Batten told me we had got the day, which was mighty welcome news to me and us all. But it is pretty to see what money will do. Yesterday Walker[2] was mighty cold on our behalf, till Sir W. Batten promised him, if we sped in this business of the goods, a coach; and if at the next trial we sped for the ship, we would give him a pair of horses. And he hath strove for us to-day like a prince, though the Swede's Agent was there with all the vehemence he could to save the goods, but yet we carried it against him.

22nd. My wife having dressed herself in a silly dress of a blue petticoat uppermost, and a white satin waistcoat and white hood, though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's, did, together with my being hungry, which always makes me peevish, make me angry. The Duke of York, instead of being at sea as Admiral, is now going from port to port, as he is this day at Harwich, and was the other day with the King at Sheerness, and hath ordered at Portsmouth how fortifications shall be made to oppose the enemy, in case of invasion, which is to us a sad consideration, and shameful to the nation, especially for so many proud vaunts as we have made against the Dutch, and all from the folly of the Duke of Albemarle, who did throw us into this war.

23rd. At the office, where Sir W. Pen came, being returned from Chatham, from considering the means of fortifying the river Medway, by a chain at the stakes, and ships laid there with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships; all our care now being to fortify ourselves

[1] A lute- or fiddle-string: more strictly the treble-string.

[2] Sir Paul Rycaut (1628-1670).

[1] *The Marriage Night*, by Henry Cary, third Lord Falkland (printed 1664).

[2] See p. 46.

against their invading us. Vexed with our maid Luce, our cookmaid, who is a good drudging servant in everything else, and pleases us, but that she will be drunk, and hath been so last night and all this day, that she could not make clean the house. My fear is only fire.

24th. (Lord's day.) With Sir G. Carteret and Sir J. Minnes; and they did talk of my Lord Brouncker, whose father, it seems, did give Mr. Ashburnham, and the present Lord Bristol £1200 to be made an Irish lord, and swore the same day that he had not 12d. left to pay for his dinner; they made great mirth at this, my Lord Brouncker having lately given great matter of offence both to them and us all, that we are at present mightily displeased with him. By and by to the Duke of York, where we all met, and there was the King also; and all our discourse was about fortifying of the Medway and Harwich, which is to be entrenched quite round, and Portsmouth: and here they advised with Sir Godfrey Lloyd[1] and Sir Bernard de Gum,[2] the two great engineers, and had the plates drawn before them; and indeed all their care they now take is to fortify themselves, and are not ashamed of it; for when by and by my Lord Arlington came in with letters, and seeing the King and Duke of York give us and the officers of the Ordnance directions in this matter, he did move that we might do it as privately as we could, that it might not come into the Dutch *Gazette* presently, as the King's and Duke of York's going down the other day to Sheerness was, the week after, in the Haarlem *Gazette*. The King and Duke of York both laughed at it, and made no matter, but said, 'Let us be safe, and let them talk, for there is nothing will trouble them more, nor will prevent their coming more, than to hear that we are fortifying ourselves.' And the Duke of York said further, 'What said Marshal Turenne, when some in vanity said that the enemies were afraid, for they entrenched themselves? "Well," says he, "I would they were not afraid, for then they would not entrench themselves, and so we could deal with them the better."' Away thence, and met with Sir H. Cholmely, who tells me that he do believe the government of Tangier is bought by my Lord Allington for a sum of money to my Lord Arlington, and something to Lord Bellasis. I did this night give the waterman who uses to carry me 10s. at his request, for the painting of his new boat, on which shall be my arms.

25th. Went over Mr. Povy's house, which lies in the same good condition as ever, which is most extraordinary fine, and he was now at work with a cabinet-maker, making of a new inlaid table. Called at Mr. Lilly's, who was working; and indeed his pictures are without doubt much beyond Mr. Hales's, I think I may say I am convinced; but a mighty proud man he is, and full of state. To the King's playhouse; and by and by comes Mr. Lowther and his wife and mine, and into a box, forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of. Sir W. Pen and I in the pit, and here saw *The Maiden Queen* again; which indeed the more I see the more I like, and is an excellent play, and so done by Nell, her merry part, as cannot be better done in nature.[1]

26th. I have cause to be joyful this day, for my being cut of the stone this day nine years. The condition I am in, in reference to my mother, makes it unfit for me to keep my usual feast. To Exeter House, where the judge was sitting, and there heard our cause pleaded; Sir —— Turner,[2] Sir W. Walker, and Sir Ellis Layton being our counsel against only Sir Robert Wiseman[3] on the other. The second of our three counsel was the best, and indeed did speak admirably, and is a very shrewd man. Nevertheless, as good as he did make our case, and the rest, yet when Wiseman came to argue, nay, and though he did begin so sillily that we laughed in scorn in our sleeves at him, he did so state the case, that the judge[4] did not think fit to decide the cause to-night, but took to to-morrow,

[1] Sir Godfrey Lloyd had been a Captain in Holland, and was knighted by Charles at Brussels, in 1657. [B.]

[2] Sir Bernard de Gomme (1620-1685), engineer-in-chief. See p. 469.

[1] See p. 471. [2] Sir Edward Turner.

[3] D.C.L., King's Advocate, 1669. [B.]

[4] Sir Leoline Jenkins (1623-1685).

and did stagger us in our hopes, so as to make us despair of the success. I am mightily pleased with the judge, who seems a very rational, learned, and uncorrupt man, though our success doth shake me.

27th. I heard from Sir John Bankes, though I cannot fully conceive the reason of it, that it will be impossible to make the Exchequer ever a true bank to all intents, unless the Exchequer stood nearer the Exchange, where merchants might with ease, while they are going about their business, at all hours, and without trouble or loss of time, have their satisfaction, which they cannot have now without much trouble, and loss of half a day, and no certainty of having the offices open. To the Castle Tavern, by Exeter House; and there Sir Ellis Layton, whom I find a wonderful witty ready man for sudden answers and little tales, and sayings very extraordinary witty. He did give me a full account, upon my demand, of this judge of the Admiralty, Judge Jenkins; who he says, is a man never practised in this Court, but taken merely for his merit and ability's sake from Trinity Hall, where he had always lived; only by accident the business of the want of a judge being proposed, the present Archbishop of Canterbury sent for him up; and here he is, against the *gré* and content of the old doctors, made judge, but is a very excellent man both for judgment and temper, yet majesty enough, and by all men's report, not to be corrupted. After dinner to the Court, where Sir Ellis Layton did make a very silly motion in our behalf, but did neither hurt nor good. After him Walker and Wiseman; and then the judge did pronounce his sentence; for some—a part of the goods and ship, and the freight of the whole, to be free, and returned and paid by us; and the remaining, which was the greater part, to be ours. The loss of so much troubles us; but we have got a pretty good part, thanks be to God! Received from my brother the news of my mother's dying on Monday, about five or six o'clock in the afternoon, and that the last time she spoke of her children was on Friday last, and her last words were, 'God bless my poor Sam!' The reading hereof did set me a-weeping heartily. Found it necessary to go abroad with my wife to look after the providing mourning to send into the country—some to-morrow, and more against Sunday, for my family, being resolved to put myself and wife, and Barker and Jane, W. Hewer and Tom, in mourning, and my two under-maids, to give them hoods and scarfs and gloves. So to my tailor's, and up and down, and then home, and to bed, my heart sad, though my judgment at ease.

28th. I down by water to our prize (part of whose goods were condemned yesterday) the *Lindeboome*, and there we did drink some of her wine, very good. But it did grate my heart to see the poor master come on board, and look about into every corner, and find fault that she was not so clean as she used to be, though methought she was very clean; and to see his new masters come in, that had nothing to do with her, did trouble me to see him.

29th. The great streets in the City are marked out with piles drove into the ground; and if ever it be built in that form with so fair streets, it will be a noble sight. To a periwig-maker's, and there bought two periwigs, mighty fine; indeed, too fine, I thought, for me; but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for £4: 10s. the two. To the Bull Head Tavern, whither was brought my French gun; and one Truelocke, the famous gunsmith, that is a mighty ingenious man, did take my gun in pieces, and made me understand the secrets thereof; and upon the whole I do find it a very good piece of work, and truly wrought; but for certain not a thing to be used much with safety; and he do find that this very gun was never yet shot off. Balty tells me strange stories of his mother. Among others, how she, in his absence in Holland, did pawn all the things that he had got in his service under Oliver, and run of her own accord, without her husband's leave, into Flanders, and that his purse, and 4s. a week which his father receives of the French church, is all the subsistence his father and mother have, and that about £20 a year maintains them; which, if it please God, I will find one way or other to provide for them, to remove that scandal away.

30th. To see the silly play of my Lady Newcastle's, called *The Humorous Lovers*;[1] the most silly thing that ever came upon a stage. I was sick to see it, but yet would not but have seen it, that I might the better understand her. Here I spied Knipp and Betty,[2] of the King's house, and sent Knipp oranges, but, having little money about me, did not offer to carry them abroad.

31st. (Lord's day.) To church; and with my mourning very handsome, and new periwig, make a great show. Walked to my Lord Treasurer's, where the King, Duke of York, and the Cabal, and much company without; and a fine day. Anon came out from the Cabal my Lord Hollis and Mr. H. Coventry,[3] who, it is conceived, have received their instructions from the King this day; they being to begin their journey towards their treaty at Breda speedily, their passes being come. Here I saw the Lady Northumberland[4] and her daughter-in-law, my Lord Treasurer's daughter, my Lady Percy,[5] a beautiful lady indeed. The month shuts up only with great desires of peace in all of us, and a belief that we shall have a peace, in most people, if it can be had on any terms, for there is a necessity of it; for we cannot go on with the war, and our masters are afraid to come to depend upon the good will of the Parliament any more, as I do hear.

April 1667

April 1st. To Whitehall, and there had the good fortune to walk with Sir W. Coventry into the garden, and there read our melancholy letter to the Duke of York, which he likes. And so to talk; and he flatly owns that we must have a peace, for we cannot set out a fleet;[6] and, to use his own words, he fears that we shall soon have enough of fighting in this new way, which we have thought on for this year. He bemoans the want of money, and discovers himself jealous that Sir G. Carteret do not look after, or concern himself for getting, money; and did further say, that he[1] and my Lord Chancellor do at this very day labour all they can to vilify this new way of raising money, and making it payable, as it now is, into the Exchequer; and that in pursuance hereof my Lord Chancellor hath prevailed with the King, in the close of his speech to the House, to say, that he did hope to see them come to give money as it used to be given, without so many provisos, meaning this new method of the Act. While we were talking, there came Sir Thomas Allen with two ladies, one of which was Mrs. Rebecca Allen, that I knew heretofore, the clerk of the rope-yard's daughter at Chatham, poor heart! come to desire favour for her husband,[2] who is clapt up, being a Lieutenant, for sending a challenge to his Captain, in the most saucy base language that could be writ. I perceive Sir W. Coventry is wholly resolved to bring him to punishment; for, 'bear with this,' says he, 'and no discipline shall ever be expected.' Sir J. Minnes did tell of the discovery of his own great-grandfather's murder, fifteen years after he was murdered. Mrs. Turner came to my office, and did walk an hour with me in the garden, telling me stories how Sir Edward Spragge hath lately made love to our neighbour, a widow, Mrs. Hollworthy, who is a woman of estate, and wit and spirit, and do contemn him the most, and sent him away with the greatest scorn in the world; also odd stories how the parish talks of Sir W. Pen's family, how poorly they clothe their daughter so soon after marriage, and do say that Mr. Lowther was married once before, and some such thing there hath been, whatever the bottom of it is. But to think of the clatter they make with his coach, and his own fine clothes, and yet how meanly they live within doors, and nastily, and borrowing everything of neighbours.

2nd. Mr. Deane hath promised me a very fine draught of the *Rupert*, which I

[1] By her husband, William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle: yet *cf.* p. 484. She may have had some share in it.

[2] Betty Hall. See p. 457.

[3] See February 14, 1667.

[4] Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk, wife of Algernon, tenth Earl of Northumberland. [B.]

[5] Lady Elizabeth Wriothesley, daughter of the last Earl of Southampton, married to Joscelin, Lord Percy. [B.]

[6] Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, June 28 and July 29, 1667.

[1] Carteret.

[2] See p. 733.

will make one of the beautifullest things that ever was seen of the kind, she being a ship that will deserve it.

3rd. To the Duke of York, where Sir G. Carteret did say that he had no funds to raise money on; and being asked by Sir W. Coventry whether the eleven months' tax was not a fund, he answered, 'No, that the bankers would not lend money upon it.' Then Sir W. Coventry burst out and said he did supplicate his Royal Highness, and would do the same to the King, that he would remember who they were that did persuade the King from parting with the chimney-money to the Parliament, and taking that in lieu which they would certainly have given, and which would have raised infallibly ready money; meaning the bankers and the farmers of the chimney-money, whereof Sir G. Carteret, I think, is one; saying plainly, that whoever did advise the King to that, did, as much as in them lay, cut the King's throat, and did wholly betray him: to which the Duke of York did assent; and remembered that the King did say again and again at the time, that he was assured, and did fully believe, the money would be raised presently upon a land-tax. This put us all into a stound; and Sir W. Coventry went on to declare that he was glad he was come to have so lately[1] concern in the Navy as he hath, for he cannot now give any good account of the Navy business; and that all his work now was to be able to provide such orders as would justify his Royal Highness in the business, when it shall be called to account; and that he do do, not concerning himself whether they are or can be performed, or no; and that when it comes to be examined, and falls on my Lord Treasurer, he cannot help it, whatever the issue of it shall be. One thing more Sir W. Coventry did say to the Duke of York, when I moved again, that of about £9000 debt to Lanyon,[2] at Plymouth, he might pay £3700 worth of prize-goods, that he bought lately at the candle,[3] out of this debt due to him from the King; and the Duke of York, and Sir G. Carteret, and Lord Barkeley saying, all of them, that my Lord Ashly would not be got to yield to it, who is Treasurer of the Prizes, Sir W. Coventry did plainly desire that it might be declared whether the proceeds of the prizes were to go to the helping on of the war, or no; and, if it were, how then could this be denied? which put them all into another stound; and it is true, God forgive us! Thence to the chapel, and there, by chance, hear that Dr. Crew[1] is to preach; and so into the organ-loft, where I met Mr. Carteret, and my Lady Jemimah, and Sir Thomas Crewe's two daughters, and Dr. Childe playing; and Dr. Crew did make a very pretty, neat, sober, honest sermon; and delivered it very readily, decently, and gravely, beyond his years; so as I was exceedingly taken with it, and I believe the whole chapel, he being but young; but his manner of his delivery I do like exceedingly. His text was, 'But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' The Dutch letters are come, and say that the Dutch have ordered a pass to be sent for our Commissioners, and that it is now upon the way, coming with a trumpeter blinded, as is usual. But I perceive everybody begins to doubt the success of the treaty, all their hopes being only that if it can be had on any terms, the Chancellor will have it; for he dare not come before a Parliament, nor a great many more of the courtiers, and the King himself do declare he do not desire it, nor intend it but on a strait; which God defend him from! Here I hear how the King is not so well pleased of this marriage between the Duke of Richmond and Mrs. Stewart, as is talked; and that he,[2] by a wile did fetch her to the Bear, at the Bridge-foot, where a coach was ready, and they are stole away into Kent,[3] without the King's leave; and that the King hath said he will never see her more; but people do think that it is only a trick. This day I saw Prince Rupert abroad in the Vane-room, pretty well as he used to be, and looks as well, only something appears to be under his periwig on the crown of his head.

[1] ? Little. [B.] But the correction is not necessary.
[2] One of the contractors for the victualling of Tangier.
[3] See p. 54, *note*.

[1] Nathaniel Crew, third Lord Crew of Stene (1633-1722), afterwards Bishop of Durham.
[2] The Duke.
[3] To Cobham Hall, near Gravesend. See p. 489.

4th. I find the Duke of Albemarle at dinner with sorry company, some of his officers of the Army; dirty dishes, and a nasty wife at table, and bad meat, of which I made but an ill dinner. Pretty to hear how she talked against Captain Du Tell,[1] the Frenchman, that the Prince and her husband put out the last year; and how, says she, the Duke of York hath made him, for his good services, his Cupbearer; yet he fired more shot into the Prince's ship, and others of the King's ships, than of the enemy. And the Duke of Albemarle did confirm it, and that somebody in the fight did cry out that a little Dutchman, by his ship, did plague him more than any other; upon which they were going to order him to be sunk, when they looked and found it was Du Tell, who, as the Duke of Albemarle says, had killed several men in several of our ships. He said, but for his interest, which he knew he had at Court, he had hanged him at the yard's-arm, without staying for a Court-martial. One Colonel Howard,[2] at the table, magnified the Duke of Albemarle's fight in June last, as being a greater action than ever was done by Cæsar. The Duke of Albemarle did say it had been no great action (had all his number fought, as they should have done) to have beat the Dutch; but of his 55 ships not above 25 fought. He did give an account that it was a fight he was forced to; the Dutch being come in his way, and he being ordered to the buoy of the Nore, he could not pass by them without fighting, nor avoid them without great disadvantage and dishonour; and this Sir G. Carteret, I afterwards giving him an account of what he said, says is true, that he was ordered up to the Nore. But I remember he said, had all his captains fought, he would no more have doubted to have beat the Dutch, with all their number, than to eat the apple that lay on his trencher. My Lady Duchess, among other things, discoursed of the wisdom of dividing the fleet;[3] which the General said nothing to, though he knew well that it came from themselves in the fleet, and was brought up hither by Sir Edward Spragge. Colonel Howard, asking how the Prince did, the Duke of Albemarle answering, 'Pretty well'; the other replied, 'But not so well as to go to sea again.' 'How!' says the Duchess, 'what should he go for, if he were well, for there are no ships for him to command? And so you have brought your hogs to a fair market,' said she. It was pretty to hear the Duke of Albemarle himself to wish that they would come on our ground, meaning the French, for that he would pay them, so as to make them glad to go back to France again; which was like a general, but not like an admiral. One at the table told an odd passage in this late plague: that at Petersfield, I think, he said, one side of the street had every house almost infected through the town, and the other, not one shut up. Dinner being done, Balty and I to the Park, and, out of pity to his father, told him what I had in my thoughts to do for him about the money—that is, to make him Deputy-Treasurer to the fleet, which I have done by getting Sir G. Carteret's consent, and an order from the Duke of York for £1500 to be paid to him. He promises the whole profit to be paid to my wife, to be disposed of as she sees fit, for her father and mother's relief. I made Sir G. Carteret merry, with telling him how many land-admirals we are to have this year: Allen at Plymouth, Holmes at Portsmouth, Spragge for Medway, Teddiman at Dover, Smith to the Northward, and Harman to the Southward. My Lady Carteret was on the bed to-day, having been let blood, and tells me of my Lady Jemimah's being big-bellied. With Sir Stephen Fox, talking of the sad condition of the King's purse, and affairs thereby; and how sad the King's life must be, to pass by his officers every hour, that are four years behindhand unpaid. My Lord Barkeley[1] I met with there, and fell into talk with him on the same thing, wishing to God that it might be remedied; to which he answered, with an oath, that it was as easy to remedy it as anything in the world; saying, that there is himself and three more would venture their carcases upon it to pay all the King's debts in three years, had they the managing his revenue, and putting

[1] See p. 403.
[2] Son of the Earl of Berkshire. [B.]
[3] See Nov. 1, 1667, *infra*.

[1] Of Stratton.

£300,000 in his purse, as a stock. But, Lord! what a thing is this to me, that do know how likely a man my Lord Barkeley of all the world is to do such a thing as this. Sir W. Coventry tells me plainly that to all future complaints of lack of money, he will answer but with the shrug of the shoulder; which methought did come to my heart, to see him to begin to abandon the King's affairs, and let them sink or swim. My wife had been to-day at Whitehall to the Maundy, it being Maundy Thursday; but the King did not wash the poor people's feet himself, but the Bishop of London did it for him. To Hackney, where good neat's tongue, and things to eat and drink, and very merry, the weather being mighty pleasant; and here I was told that at their church they have a fair pair[1] of organs, which play while the people sing, which I am mighty glad of, wishing the like at our church at London, and would give £50 towards it.

5th. In the street met with Mr. Sanchy, my old acquaintance at Cambridge, reckoned a great minister here in the City, and by Sir Richard Ford particularly, which I wonder at; for methinks, in his talk, he is but a mean man. Mr. Young was talking about the building of the City again; and he told me that those few churches that are to be new built are plainly not chosen with regard to the convenience of the City; they stand a great many in a cluster about Cornhill; but that all of them are either in the gift of the Lord Archbishop, or Bishop of London, or Lord Chancellor, or gift of the City. Thus all things, even to the building of churches, are done in this world! And then he says, which I wonder at, that he should not in all this time see, that Moorfields have houses two storeys high in them, and paved streets, the City having let leases for seven years, which he do conclude will be very much to the hindering the building of the City; but it was considered that the streets cannot be passable in London till the whole street be built; and several that had got the ground of the City for charity, to build sheds on, had got the trick presently to sell that for £60, which did not cost them £20 to put up; and so the City, being very poor in stock, thought it as good to do it themselves, and therefore let leases for seven years of the ground in Moorfields; and a good deal of this money, thus advanced, hath been employed for the enabling them to find some money for Commissioner Taylor, and Sir W. Batten, towards the charge of the *Loyal London*,[1] or else, it is feared, it had never been paid. This morning came to me the Collectors for my Poll-money; for which I paid for my title as Esquire and place of Clerk of Acts, and my head and wife's, and servants', and their wages, £40: 17s.; and though this be a great deal, yet it is a shame I should pay no more: that is, that I should not be assessed for my pay, as in the Victualling business and Tangier: and for my money, which, of my own accord, I had determined to charge myself with £1000 money, till coming to the Vestry, and seeing nobody of our ablest merchants, as Sir Andrew Rickard, to do it, I thought it not decent for me to do it.

6th. To the Tower wharf, to attend the shipping of soldiers, to go down to man some ships going out, and pretty to see how merrily some, and most, go and how sad others—the leave they take of their friends, and the terms that some wives, and other wenches asked to part with them: a pretty mixture. Away to the Exchange, and mercers and drapers, up and down, to pay all my scores occasioned by this mourning for my mother; and emptied a £50 bag, and it was a joy to me to see that I am able to part with such a sum, without much inconvenience; at least, without any trouble of mind.

7th. (Lord's day.)[2] To walk in the Park, and heard the Italian music at the Queen's chapel, whose composition is fine, but yet the voices of eunuchs I do not like. To Whitehall, and there saw the King come out of chapel after prayers in the afternoon, which he is never at but after having received the sacrament; and the Court, I perceive, is quite out of mourning; and some very fine; among others, my Lord Gerard, in a very rich vest and coat. Here I met with my Lord Bellasis: and it is pretty to see what a formal story he tells me of his leaving his place upon the death

[1] See note on p. 414.

[1] Given by the City to the King. See p. 402.

[2] Easter Day.

of my Lord Cleveland,[1] by which he is become Captain of the Pensioners; and that the King did leave it to him to keep the other or take this; whereas, I know the contrary, that they had a mind to have him away from Tangier. Into Moorfields, and did find houses built two storeys high, and like to stand; and it must become a place of great trade, till the City be built; and the street is already paved as London streets used to be.

8th. Away to the Temple, to my new bookseller's; and there I did agree for Rycaut's late *History of the Turkish Policy*,[2] which cost me 55s.; whereas it was sold plain before the late fire for 8s., and bound and coloured as this is, for 20s.; for I have bought it finely bound and truly coloured, all the figures, of which there was but six books done so, whereof the King and Duke of York, and Duke of Monmouth, and Lord Arlington, had four. The fifth was sold, and I have bought the sixth. Home, and there find all things in readiness for a good dinner. By and by come my guests, Dr. Clerke and his wife, and Mrs. Worship,[3] and her daughter; and then Mr. Pierce and his wife, and boy, and Betty; and then I sent for Mercer; so that we had, with my wife and I, twelve at table, and very good and pleasant company, and a most neat and excellent, but dear, dinner; but, Lord! to see with what envy they looked upon all my fine plate was pleasant; for I made the best show I could, to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thinks herself very great. We sat long; and, after dinner, went out by coaches, thinking to have seen a play, but came too late to both houses, and then they had thoughts of going abroad somewhere; but I thought all the charge ought [not] to be mine, and therefore endeavoured to part the company; and so ordered it to set them all down at Mrs. Pierce's; and there my wife and I and Mercer left them in good humour, and we three to the King's house, and saw the latter end of *The Surprisal*,[4] wherein was no great matter. Thence away to Polichinello,[1] and there had three times more sport than at the play, and so home.

9th. Towards noon, I to the Exchange, and there do hear mighty cries for peace, and that otherwise we shall be undone; and yet I do suspect the badness of the peace we shall make. Several do complain of abundance of land flung up by tenants out of their hands for want of ability to pay their rents; and by name, that the Duke of Buckingham hath £6000 so flung up. And my father writes that Jasper Trice, upon this pretence of his tenants' dealing with him, is broke up housekeeping, and gone to board with his brother Naylor at Offord, which is very sad. To the King's house, and there saw *The ~~Taming of a Shrew~~*, ~~which~~ hath some very good pieces in it, but generally is but a mean play; and the best part, 'Sawny,'[2] done by Lacy; and hath not half its life, by reason of the words, I suppose, not being understood, at least by me. Sir W. Batten tells me how he hath found his lady's jewels again, which have been so long lost, and a servant imprisoned and arraigned, and they were in her closet under a china cup; but Mrs. Turner and I, and others, do believe that they were only disposed of by my Lady, in case she had died, to some friends of her's, and now laid there again.

10th. I began to discourse with Sir W. Coventry the business of Tangier, which, by the removal of my Lord Bellasis, is now to have a new Governor; and did move him, that at this season all the business of reforming the garrison might be considered, while nobody was to be offended; and I told him it is plain that we do overspend our revenue: that it is of no more profit to the King than it was the first day, nor in itself of better credit; no more people of condition willing to live there, nor anything like a place likely to turn his Majesty to account: that it hath been hitherto, and, for aught I see, likely only to be used as a job to do a kindness

[1] Thomas Wentworth (1591-1667), fourth Baron Wentworth of Nettlestead, and first Earl of Cleveland. In 1660 he was made Captain of the Gentlemen Pensioners.

[2] See p. 476.

[3] The sister of Mrs. Clerke.

[4] By Sir Robert Howard.

[1] In Moorfields: see p. 410.

[2] Pepys saw Lacy's play, *Sawney the Scot, or the Taming of a Shrew* (pr. 1698), a travesty of Shakespeare's play. This Scottish character appears to have been a favourite with Lacy. Cf. Evelyn, *Diary*, Oct. 3, 1662.

to some Lord, or he that can get to be Governor. Sir W. Coventry agreed with me, so as to say, that unless the King hath the wealth of the Mogul, he would be a beggar to have his businesses ordered in the manner they now are: that his garrisons must be made places only of convenience to particular persons: that he hath moved the Duke of York in it; and that it was resolved to send no Governor thither till there had been Commissioners sent to put the garrison in order, so as that he that goes may go with limitations and rules to follow, and not to do as he please, as the rest have hitherto done. That he is not afraid to speak his mind, though to the displeasure of any man; and that I know well enough; but that, when it is come, as it is now, that to speak the truth in behalf of the King plainly do no good, but all things bore down by other measures than by what is best for the King, he hath no temptation to be perpetually fighting of battles, it being more easy to him on those terms to suffer things to go on without giving any man offence, than to have the same thing done, and he contract the displeasure of all the world, as he must do, that will be for the King. To the King's little chapel; and afterwards to see the King heal the King's Evil, wherein no pleasure, I having seen it before;[1] and then to see him and the Queen, and Duke of York and his wife, at dinner in the Queen's lodgings; and so with Sir G. Carteret to his lodgings to dinner; where very good company; and after dinner he and I to talk alone how things are managed, and to what ruin we must come if we have not a peace. He did tell me one occasion, how Sir Thomas Allen, whom I took for a man of known courage and service on the King's side, was tried for his life in Prince Rupert's fleet, in the late times, for cowardice, and condemned to be hanged, and fled to Jersey; where Sir G. Carteret received him, not knowing the reason of his coming thither; and that thereupon Prince Rupert wrote to the Queen-Mother his dislike of Sir G. Carteret's receiving a person that stood condemned; and so Sir G. Carteret was forced to bid him betake himself to some other place. This was strange to me. Our Commissioners are preparing to go to Breda to the treaty, and to design to be going the next week. Blessed be God! I hear that my father is better and better, and will, I hope, live to enjoy some cheerful days; but it is strange what he writes me, that Mr. Weaver, of Huntingdon, who was a lusty, likely, and but a youngish man, should be dead.

11th. I to the 'Change, and there hear of the loss of a little East Indiaman, valued at about £20,000, coming home alone, and safe to within ten leagues of Scilly, and there snapt by a French caper.[1] With Balty to Sir G. Carteret's office, and there with Mr. Fenn dispatched the business of Balty's £1500 he received for the contingencies of the fleet, whereof he received about £253 in pieces of eight at a goldsmith's there hard by, which did puzzle me and him to tell; for I could not tell the difference by sight, only by bigness, and that is not always discernible, between a whole and half-piece and quarter-piece. To Whitehall, thinking there to have seen the Duchess of Newcastle's coming this night to Court, to make a visit to the Queen, the King having been with her yesterday, to make her a visit since her coming to town. The whole story of this lady is a romance, and all she does is romantic. Her footmen in velvet coats, and herself in antique dress, as they say; and was the other day at her own play, *The Humorous Lovers*;[2] the most ridiculous thing that ever was wrote, but yet she and her Lord mightily pleased with it; and she, at the end, made her respects to the players from her box, and did give them thanks. There is as much expectation of her coming to Court, that so people may come to see her, as if it were the Queen of Sheba:[3] but I lost my labour, for she did not come this night. There have been two fires in the City within this week.

12th. Coming home, saw my door and hatch open, left so by Luce, our cookmaid, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's footboy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it. By water to Whitehall, and

[1] See p. 38.

[1] Privateer. [2] See p. 479.
[3] *Orig.*, Sweden.

there did our usual business before the Duke of York; but it fell out that, discoursing of matters of money, it rose to a mighty heat, very high words arising between Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, the former in his passion saying that the other should have helped things if they were so bad; and the other answered, so he would, and things should have been better, had he been Treasurer of the Navy. I was mightily troubled at this heat, and it will breed ill blood between them, I fear; but things are in that bad condition, that I do daily expect we shall all fly in one another's faces, when we shall be reduced, every one, to answer for himself. We broke up; and I soon after to Sir G. Carteret's chamber, where I find the poor man telling his lady privately, and she weeping. I went into them, and did seem, as indeed I was, troubled for this; and did give the best advice I could, which, I think, did please them; and they do apprehend me their friend, as indeed I am, for I do take the Vice-chamberlain for a most honest man. He did assure me that he was not, all expenses and things paid, clear in estate £15,000 better than he was when the King came in; and that the King and Lord Chancellor did know that he was worth, with the debt the King owed him, £50,000, I think, he said, when the King came into England.

13th. Wrote to my father, who, I am glad to hear, is at some ease again, and I long to have him in town, that I may see what can be done for him here; for I would fain do all I can, that I may have him live, and take pleasure in my doing well in the world.

14th. (Lord's day.) Took out my wife, and the two Mercers, and two of our maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica House,[1] where I never was before, and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green; and there, with much pleasure, spent little, and so home.

15th. Called up by Sir H. Cholmely, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune, and poor. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King, and Queen, and Duke of York and Duchess there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called *The Change of Crowns*, a play of Ned Howard's,[1] the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought Hooker's *Polity*, the new edition,[2] and Dugdale's *History of the Inns of Court*, of which there was but a few saved out of the fire, and Playford's[3] new Catch-book, that hath a great many new fooleries in it.

16th. Home to dinner, and in haste to carry my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday, she not knowing it. But there, contrary to expectation, find *The Silent Woman*.[4] However, in; and there Knipp came into the pit. I took her by me, and here we met with Mrs. Horsley, the pretty woman—an acquaintance of Mercer's, whose house is burnt. Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part[5] to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone[6] went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this *Silent Woman*, as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Thence took them all to the Cake-house, in Southampton Market-place.[7] Pierce told us the story how, in good earnest, the King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the

[1] Between Jamaica Road and the river, in the line of Cherry Garden Street.

[1] Edward, brother of Sir Robert Howard. The play does not appear to have been printed.

[2] The edition of 1666, edited by Gauden (Bishop of Exeter); with a Life by Izaak Walton.

[3] John Playford, the elder (1623-? 1686).

[4] By Ben Jonson.

[5] In *The Change of Crowns*, on the 15th.

[6] Michael Mohun (? 1620-1684), the actor, mentioned on p. 56.

[7] Afterwards called Bloomsbury Market.

King his jewels again. As he[1] tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life. Pretty to hear them talk of yesterday's play, and I durst not own to my wife that I had seen it.

17th. In our way, in Tower Street, we saw Desbrough[2] walking on foot; who is now no more a prisoner, and looks well, and just as he used to do heretofore. To the King's playhouse, and saw a piece of *Rollo*,[3] a play I like not much, but much good acting in it: the house very empty.

18th. With my wife to the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Wits*,[4] a play I formerly loved, and is now corrected and enlarged; but, though I like the acting, yet I like not much in the play now. The Duke of York and W. Coventry gone to Portsmouth makes me thus to go to plays.

19th. To the playhouse, where saw *Macbeth*,[5] which, though I have seen it often, yet is it one of the best plays for a stage, and a variety of dancing and music, that ever I saw. My wife tells me that she finds by W. Hewer that my people do observe my minding my pleasures more than usual, which I confess, and am ashamed of, and so from this day take upon me to leave it till Whitsunday. Some talk of Sir W. Pen's being to buy Wanstead House of Sir Robert Brookes; and I dare be hanged if ever he could mean to buy that great house, that knows not how to furnish one that is not the tenth part so big.

20th. Met Mr. Rolt, who tells me the reason of no play to-day at the King's house. That Lacy had been committed to the porter's lodge for his acting his part in the late new play, and being thence released to come to the King's house, he there met with Ned Howard, the poet of the play, who congratulated his release; upon which Lacy cursed him as that it was the fault of his nonsensical play that was the cause of his ill usage. Mr. Howard did give him some reply; to which Lacy answered him, that he was more a fool than a poet; upon which Howard did give him a blow on the face with his glove; upon which Lacy, having a cane in his hand, did give him a blow over the pate. Here Rolt and others that discoursed of it in the pit did wonder that Howard did not run him through, he being too mean a fellow to fight with. But Howard did not do anything but complain to the King of it; so the whole house is silenced, and the gentry seem to rejoice much at it, the house being become too insolent. Home, having brought with me from Fenchurch Street a hundred of sparrowgrass,[1] cost 18d. We had them and a little bit of salmon, which my wife had a mind to, cost 3s. So to supper.

21st. (Lord's day.) I have a mind to buy enough ground to build a coach-house and stable; for I have had it much in my thoughts lately that it is not too much for me now, in degree or cost, to keep a coach, but contrarily, that I am almost ashamed to be seen in a hackney. To Hackney church, where very full, and found much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money, and he could not help me. So my wife and Mercer ventured into a pew, and I into another. A knight and his lady very civil to me when they came, being Sir G. Viner and his lady—rich in jewels, but most in beauty—almost the finest woman that ever I saw. That which we went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the schools, whereof there is great store, very pretty; and also the organ, which is handsome, and tunes the psalm, and plays with the people; which is mighty pretty, and makes me mighty earnest to have a pair at our church, I having almost a mind to give them a pair,[2] if they would settle a maintenance on them for it.

22nd. To the Lord Chancellor's house,[3] the first time I have been therein; and it is very noble, and brave pictures of the ancient and present nobility. The King was vexed the other day for having no paper laid for him at the Council-table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne[4] did tell his Majesty he would call the person[5] whose work it was to provide it: who, being

1 'She' (*i.e.* Mrs. Pierce), ed. 1895.
2 Major-General John Desborough (1608-1680), Cromwell's brother-in-law.
3 *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*. See p. 75.
4 See p. 96. 5 See p. 287.

1 Asparagus. 2 See note p. 414.
3 See p. 302. 4 Clerk of the Council.
5 See p. 488.

come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out £400 or £500 for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain; and many such mementos the King do nowadays meet withal, enough to make an ingenuous man mad.

23rd. (St. George's day.) The feast being kept at Whitehall, out of design, as it is thought, to make the best countenance we can to the Swede's Ambassadors,[1] before their leaving us to go to the treaty abroad, to show some jollity.

24th. To St. James's, and there the Duke of York was preparing to go to some further ceremonies about the Garter, that he could give us no audience. To Sir John Duncomb's lodging in the Pell Mell, in order to the money spoken of in the morning; and there awhile sat and discoursed; and I find that he is a very proper man for business, being very resolute and proud, and industrious. He told me what reformation they had made in the office of the Ordnance, taking away Legg's[2] fees: and have got an order that no Treasurer after him shall ever sit at the Board; and it is a good one: that no master of the Ordnance here shall ever sell a place. He tells me they have not paid any increase of price for anything during this war, but in most have paid less; and at this day have greater stores than they know where to lay, if there should be peace, and than ever was any time this war. Then to talk of news: that he thinks the want of money hath undone the King, for the Parliament will never give the King money without calling all people to account, nor, as he believes, will ever make war again, but they will manage it themselves: unless, which I proposed, he would visibly become a severer inspector into his own business and accounts, and that would gain upon the Parliament yet: which he confesses and confirms as the only lift to set him upon his legs, but says that it is not in his nature ever to do. He thinks that much of our misfortune hath been for want of an active Lord Treasurer, and that such a man as Sir W. Coventry would do the business thoroughly.

26th. To Whitehall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. While I was waiting in the Matted Gallery, a young man was working in Indian ink the great picture of the King and Queen[1] sitting, by Vandyke; and did it very finely. Met with Ned Pickering, who tells me the ill news of his nephew Gilbert, who is turned a very rogue. Then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn, with whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock; talking of the badness of the Government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King: that it is not in his nature to gainsay anything that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our Ministers of State, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then, from the negligence of the Clergy, that a Bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always: that the King would fain have some of the same gang to be Lord Treasurer, which would be yet worse, for now some delays are put to the getting gifts of the King, as Lady Byron,[2] who had been, as he called it, the King's seventeenth mistress abroad, did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for £4000 worth of plate to be made for her; but by delays, thanks be to God! she died[3] before she had it. He tells me mighty stories of the King of France, how great a prince he is. He hath made a code to shorten the law; he hath put out all the ancient commanders of castles that were become hereditary; he hath made all the friars subject to the bishops, which before were only subject to Rome, and so were hardly the King's subjects, and that none shall become *religieux* but at such an age, which he thinks will in a few years ruin the Pope, and bring France into a patriarchate. He

[1] George Flemming and Peter Julius Coyet.

[2] William Legge (?1609-1670), who was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance in 1660. He was the father of the first Baron Dartmouth.

[1] Charles I. and Henrietta Maria.

[2] Eleanor, daughter of Robert Needham, Viscount Kilmurrey, and widow of Peter Warburton, became, in 1644, the second wife of John Byron, first Lord Byron. [B.]

[3] In 1663.

confirmed to me the business of the want of paper at the Council-table the other day,[1] which I have observed; Wooly being to have found it, and did, being called, tell the King to his face the reason of it; and Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the Court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes,[2] and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters: and the King of France did never grant Lavalliere[3] anything to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards. He told me the whole story of Mrs. Stewart's going away from Court, he knowing her well; and believes her, up to her leaving the Court, to be as virtuous as any woman in the world; and told me, from a Lord that she told it to but yesterday, with her own mouth, and a sober man, that when the Duke of Richmond did make love to her, she did ask the King, and he did the like also; and that the King did not deny it, and [she] told this Lord that she was come to that pass as to have resolved to have married any gentleman of £1500 a-year that would have had her in honour; for it was come to that pass, that she could not longer continue at Court without prostituting herself to the King,[4] whom she had so long kept off, though he had liberty more than any other had, or he ought to have, as to dalliance.[5] She told this Lord that she had reflected upon the occasion she had given the world to think her a bad woman, and that she had no way but to marry and leave the Court, rather in this way of discontent than otherwise, that the world might see that she sought not anything but her honour; and that she will never come to live at Court more than when she comes to town to kiss the Queen her Mistress's hand: and hopes, though she hath little reason to hope, she can please her Lord so as to reclaim him, that they may yet live comfortably in the country on his estate. She told this Lord that all the jewels she ever had given her at Court, or any other presents, more than the King's allowance of £700 per annum out of the Privy-purse for her clothes, were, at her first coming the King did give her a necklace of pearl of about £1100,[1] and afterwards, about seven months since, when the King had hopes to have obtained some courtesy of her, the King did give her some jewels, I have forgot what, and I think a pair of pendants. The Duke of York, being once her Valentine, did give her a jewel of about £800; and my Lord Mandeville, her Valentine this year, a ring of about £300; and the King of France would have had her mother,[2] who, he says, is one of the most cunning women in the world, to have let her stay in France, saying that he loved her not as a mistress, but as one that he could marry as well as any lady in France; and that, if she might stay, for the honour of his Court he would take care she should not repent. But her mother, by command of the Queen-mother, thought rather to bring her into England; and the King of France did give her a jewel: so that Mr. Evelyn believes she may be worth in jewels about £6000, and that that is all she hath in the world: and a worthy woman; and in this hath done as great an act of honour as ever was done by woman. That now the Countess Castlemaine do carry all before her; and among other arguments

[1] See p. 486. [2] Yet Louis did likewise. [3] Louise Françoise de la Baume le Blanc de la Vallière, had four children by Louis XIV., of whom only two survived—Marie Anne Bourbon, called Mademoiselle de Blois, born in 1666, afterwards married to the Prince de Conti, and the Comte de Vermandois, born in 1667. In that year (the very year in which Evelyn was giving this account to Pepys), the Duchy of Vaujour and two Baronies were created in favour of La Vallière and her daughter, who, in the deed of creation, was legitimatized, and styled Princess. [B.]

[4] Even at a much later time, Mrs. Godolphin well resolved 'not to talk foolishly to men, *more especially* THE KING,'—'be sure *never to talk to* THE KING.' *Life*, by Evelyn. [B.]

[5] Evelyn evidently believed the Duchess of Richmond to be innocent; and his testimony, coupled with her own declaration, ought to weigh down all the scandal which Pepys reports from other sources. [B.]

[1] Which she returned to the King. [B.]

[2] This lady's name nowhere appears. She was the wife of the Hon. Walter Stuart, M.D., third son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre. The Duchess of Richmond, Frances Teresa, was her elder daughter. The younger, Sophia, married the Hon. Henry Bulkeley, master of the household to Charles II. and James II. [B.]

to prove Mrs. Stewart to have been honest to the last, he says that the King's keeping in still with my Lady Castlemaine do show it; for he never was known to keep two mistresses in his life, and would never have kept to her had he prevailed anything with Mrs. Stewart. She is gone yesterday with her Lord to Cobham.[1] He did tell me of the ridiculous humour of our King and Knights of the Garter the other day, who, whereas heretofore their robes were only to be worn during their ceremonies and service, these, as proud of their coats, did wear them all day till night, and then rode into the Park with them on. Nay, and he tells me he did see my Lord Oxford and the Duke of Monmouth in a hackney-coach with two footmen in the Park, with their robes on; which is a most scandalous thing, so as all gravity may be said to be lost among us. By and by we discoursed of Sir Thomas Clifford,[2] whom I took for a very rich and learned man, and of the great family of that name. He tells me he is only a man of about seven-score pounds a-year, of little learning more than the law of a justice of peace, which he knows well: a parson's son, got to be burgess in a little borough in the West, and here fell into the acquaintance of my Lord Arlington, whose creature he is, and never from him; a man of virtue, and comely, and good parts enough; and hath come into his place with a great grace, though with a great skip over the heads of a great many, as Chichly and Denham, and some Lords that did expect it. By the way, he tells me, that of all the great men of England there is none that endeavours more to raise those that he takes into favour than my Lord Arlington; and that, on that score, he is much more to be made one's patron than my Lord Chancellor, who never did, nor never will do, anything, but for money.[3] Certain news of the Dutch being abroad on our coast with twenty-four great ships. Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet: herself, whom I never saw before, as I have heard her often described, for all the town-talk is nowadays of her extravagances, with her velvet-cap, her hair about her ears; many black patches, because of pimples about her mouth; naked-necked, without anything about it, and a black just-au-corps.[1] She seemed to me a very comely woman: but I hope to see more of her on May-day.

27th. This afternoon I got in some coals at 23s. per chaldron, a good hearing,[2] I thank God—having not been put to buy a coal all this dear time, that during this war poor people have been foreed to give 45s. and 50s., and £3. My wife and people busy these late days, and will be for some time, making of shirts and smocks. With Mr. Moore, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's family, which he tells me is in very bad condition, for want of money and management, my Lord's charging them with bills, and nobody, nor anything provided to answer them.

28th. (Lord's day.) After dinner, by water, the day being mighty pleasant, and the tide serving finely, reading in Boyle's book of colours,[3] as high as Barn Elms, and there took one turn alone, and then back to Putney Church, where I saw the girls of the schools, few of which pretty; and there I came into a pew, and met with little James Pierce, which I was much pleased at, the little rogue being very glad to see me: his master, Reader to the Church. Here was a good sermon and much company, but I sleepy, and a little out of order, at my hat falling down through a hole beneath the pulpit, which, however, after sermon, by a stick, and the help of the clerk, I got up again. And so by water, the tide being with me again, down to Deptford, and there I walked down the Yard, Shish and Cox with me, and discoursed about cleaning of the wet dock, and heard, which I had before, how, when the dock was made, a ship of nearly 500 tons was there found: a ship supposed of Queen Elizabeth's time, and well wrought, with a great deal of stone-shot in her, of eighteen inches diameter, which

[1] Cobham Hall, in Kent. See p. 480.

[2] Eldest son of Hugh Clifford, of Ugbrook, in Devonshire, created Baron Clifford of Chudleigh, in 1672. [3] See p. 340.

[1] Or 'justico,' or 'justycoat,' or 'justicord' (Fr. *juste au corps*), a woman's outer coat, fashionable in Paris from about 1650.

[2] Good news.

[3] *Experiments and Considerations touching Colours* (1664).

was shot then in use: and afterwards meeting with Captain Perriman and Mr. Castle at Halfway Tree, they tell me of stone-shot of thirty-six inches diameter, which they shot out of mortar-pieces.

29th. I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of York's son, is very sick; and my Lord Treasurer very bad of the stone, and hath been so some days. Sir G. Carteret tells me my Lord Arlington hath done like a gentleman by him in all things. He says, if my Lord [1] were here, he were the fittest man to be Lord Treasurer of any man in England; and he thinks it might be compassed; for he confesses that the King's matters do suffer through the inability of this man, who is likely to die, and he will propound him to the King. It will remove him from his place at sea, and the King will have a good place to bestow. He says to me, that he could wish, when my Lord comes, that he would think fit to forbear playing, as a thing below him, and which will lessen him, as it do my Lord St. Albans, in the King's esteem: and as a great secret tells me that he hath made a match for my Lord Hinchingbroke to a daughter of my Lord Burlington's,[2] where there is great alliance, £10,000 portion; a civil family, and relation to my Lord Chancellor, whose son hath married one of the daughters;[3] and that my Lord Chancellor do take it with very great kindness, so that he do hold himself obliged by it. My Lord Sandwich hath referred it to my Lord Crew, Sir G. Carteret, and Mr. Montagu, to end it. My Lord Hinchingbroke and the lady know nothing yet of it. It will, I think, be very happy. Home, where I settled to my chamber about my accounts till twelve at night, when news is brought me that there is a great fire at Southwark; so we up to the leads, and then I and the boy down to the end of our lane, and there saw it, it seeming pretty great, but nothing to the fire of London, that it made me think little of it. We could at that distance see an engine play—that is, the water go out, it being moonlight. By and by, it began to slacken, and then I home and to bed.

30th. Sir John Winter to discourse with me about the forest of Dean, and then about my Lord Treasurer, and asking me whether, as he had heard, I had not been cut for the stone, I took him to my closet, and there showed it to him, of which he took the dimensions, and I believe will show my Lord Treasurer it. I met with Mr. Pierce, and he tells me the Duke of Cambridge is very ill and full of spots about his body, that Dr. Frazier knows not what to think of it.

[1] Sandwich. [2] Richard Boyle, first Earl.
[3] Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, married Lady Henrietta Boyle. [B.]

May 1667

May 1st. To Westminster; in the way meeting many milkmaids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly[1] standing at her lodgings' door in Drury Lane in her smock sleeves and bodice, looking upon one; she seemed a mighty pretty creature. My Lord Crew walked with me, giving me an account of the meeting of the Commissioners for Accounts, whereof he is one. How some of the gentlemen, Garraway, Littleton, and others, did scruple at their first coming there, being called thither to act, as Members of Parliament, which they could not do by any authority but that of the Parliament, and therefore desired the King's direction in it, which was sent for by my Lord Bridgewater, who brought answer, very short, that the King expected they should obey his Commission. Then they went on, and observed upon a power to be given them of administering and framing an oath, which they thought they could not do by any power but Act of Parliament; and the whole Commission did think fit to have the Judges' opinion in it; and so, drawing up their scruples in writing, they all attended the King, who told them he would send to the Judges to be answered, and did so; who have, my Lord tells me, met three times about it, not knowing what answer to give it; and they have met this week, doing nothing but expecting the solution of the Judges in this point. My Lord tells me he do believe this Commission will do more hurt than good; it may undo some accounts, if these men shall think fit; but

[1] Nell Gwyn.

it can never clear an account, for he must come into the Exchequer for all this. Besides, it is a kind of inquisition that hath seldom ever been granted in England; and he believes it will never, besides, give any satisfaction to the People or Parliament, but be looked upon as a forced, packed business of the King, especially if these Parliament-men that are of it shall not concur with them; which he doubts they will not, and, therefore, wishes much that the King would lay hold of this fit occasion, and let the Commission fall. Then to talk of my Lord Sandwich, whom my Lord Crew hath a great desire might get to be Lord Treasurer if the present Lord should die, as it is believed he will, in a little time; and thinks he can have no competitor but my Lord Arlington, who, it is given out, desires it; but my Lord thinks not, for that the being Secretary do keep him a greater interest with the King than the other would do: at least, do believe, that if my Lord would surrender him his Wardrobe place, it would be a temptation to Arlington to assist my Lord in getting the Treasurer's. I did object to my Lord[1] that it would be no place of content, nor safety, nor honour for my Lord, the State being so indigent as it is, and the King so irregular, and those about him, that my Lord must be forced to part with anything to answer his warrants; and that, therefore, I do believe the King had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious cabal, than a sober man that will mind the public, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom. This my Lord was moved at, and said that he did not indeed know how to answer it, and bid me think of it; and so said he himself would also do. He do mightily cry out of the bad management of our monies, the King having had so much given him; and yet, when the Parliament do find that the King should have £900,000 in his purse by the best account of issues they have yet seen, yet we should report in the Navy a debt due from the King of £900,000; which, I did confess, I doubted was true in the first, and knew to be true in the last, and did believe that there was some great miscarriages in it: which he owned to believe also, saying, that at this rate it is not in the power of the kingdom to make a war, nor answer the King's wants. Thence away to the King's playhouse, and saw *Love in a Maze*;[2] but a sorry play: only Lacy's clown's part, which he did most admirably indeed; and I am glad to find the rogue at liberty again.[3] Here was but little, and that ordinary, company. We sat at the upper bench next the boxes; and I find it do pretty well, and have the advantage of seeing and hearing the great people, which may be pleasant when there is good store. Now was only Prince Rupert and my Lord Lauderdale, and my Lord ———,[4] the naming of whom puts me in mind of my seeing, at Sir Robert Viner's, two or three great silver flagons, made with inscriptions as gifts of the King to such and such persons of quality as did stay in town the late great plague, for the keeping things in order in the town. But here was neither Hart, Nell, nor Knipp; therefore, the play was not likely to please me. Thence Sir W. Pen and I in his coach, Tyburn way, into the Park, where a horrid dust, and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we, and almost all went for, was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being followed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so white curtains, and everything black and white, and herself in her cap. But that which I did see, and wonder at with reason, was to find Peg Pen in a new coach, with only her husband's pretty sister[5] with her, both patched and very fine, and in much the finest coach in the park, and I think that ever I did see one or other, for neatness and richness in gold, and everything that is noble. My Lady Castlemaine, the King, my Lord St. Albans, Mr. Jermyn, have not so neat a coach, that ever I saw. And, Lord! to have them have this, and nothing else that is correspondent, is to me one of the most ridiculous sights that ever I did see, though her present dress was well enough; but to live in the condition

[1] Crew.

[2] See p. 128.

[3] See p. 486.

[4] Probably Craven. [B.]

[5] Margaret Lowther, afterwards the wife of Sir John Holmes. [B.]

they do at home, and be abroad in this coach, astonishes me. When we had spent half an hour in the Park, we went out again, weary of the dust, and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and to St. James's. But we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us: so we lost our labours, and then home; where we find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off; I suppose Sir W. Pen do not allow of them in his sight. Sir W. Pen did give me an account this afternoon of his design of buying Sir Robert Brookes's fine house at Wanstead; which I so wondered at, and did give him reasons against it, which he allowed of: and told me that he did intend to pull down the house and build a less, and that he should get £1500 by the old house, and I know not what fooleries. But I will never believe he ever intended to buy it, for my part;[1] though he troubled Mr. Gauden to go and look upon it, and advise him in it.

2nd. To my Lord Treasurer's, who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business.

3rd. To the Duke of York's chamber, which, as it is now fretted at the top, and the chimney-piece made handsome, is one of the noblest and best-proportioned rooms that ever, I think, I saw. Among other things, we had a proposition of Mr. Pierce's, for being continued in pay, or something done for him, in reward of his pains as Surgeon-General; forasmuch as Troutbecke,[2] that was never a doctor before, hath got £200 a-year settled on him for nothing but that one voyage with the Duke of Albemarle. The Duke and the whole company did show most particular kindness to Mr. Pierce, everybody moving for him, and the Duke himself most, that he is likely to be a very great man, I believe. To Westminster by coach; the Cofferer[3] telling us odd stories how he was dealt with by the men of the Church at Westminster in taking a lease of them at the King's coming in,[4] and particularly the devilish covetousness of Dr. Busby.[1] Sir Stephen Fox, in discourse, told him how he is selling some land he hath, which yields him not above three per cent, if so much, and turning it into money, which he can put out at ten per cent; and, as times go, if they be like to continue, it is the best way for me to keep money going so, for aught I see. Took a turn with my old acquaintance Mr. Pechell, whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, though otherwise a good-natured man. This day the news is come that the fleet of the Dutch, or about 20 ships, which came upon our coasts upon design to have intercepted our colliers, but by good luck failed, is gone to the Frith,[2] and there lies, perhaps to trouble the Scotch privateers, which have galled them of late very much, it may be more than all our last year's fleet.

4th. To the office, where a great conflict I had with Sir W. Warren, he bringing a letter to the Board, flatly in words charging them with their delays in passing his accounts, which have been with them these three years, part of which I said was not true, and the other indecent. So I writ in the margin of the letter, 'Returned as untrue,' and, by consent of the Board, did give it him again.

5th. (Lord's day.) Sir John Robinson tells me he hath now got a street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's through Cannon Street to the Tower, which will be very fine. He and others this day, where I was in the afternoon, do tell me of at least six or eight fires within these few days; and continually stirs of fires, and real fires there have been, in one place or other, almost ever since the late great fire, as if there was a fate sent people for fire. I walked over the Park to Sir W. Coventry's. We talked of Tangier, of which he is ashamed; also that it should put the King to this charge for no good in the world; and now a man going over that is a good soldier, but a

[1] Pepys's conjecture proved right. The house was not sold till Sir R. Brookes's death, when his heirs alienated it to Sir Josiah Child. [B.]

[2] See Nov. 4, 1666.

[3] William Ashburnham.

[4] The lease here mentioned was of one of the prebendal mansions in the Cloisters, known as Ashburnham House. The Cottonian Library was deposited in it at a later period; and, in 1731, the disastrous fire occurred there, which consumed so many treasures, and injured others. [B.]

[1] Richard Busby (1606-1695), headmaster of Westminster School. In 1660 he was made a Prebendary of Westminster.

[2] Firth of Forth. See two days later.

debauched man, which the place need not to have. And so used these words: 'That this place was to the King as my Lord Carnarvon[1] says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth provided by God for the payment of debts.' This day Sir W. Coventry tells me the Dutch fleet shot some shot, four or five hundred, into Burntisland in the Frith,[2] but without any hurt; and so are gone.

6th. To dinner, where Creed came, whom I vexed devilishly with telling him a wise man, and good friend of his and mine, did say that he lately went into the country to Hinchingbroke; and, at his coming to town again, had shifted his lodgings, only to avoid paying to the Poll Bill, which is so true that he blushed, and could not in words deny it.

7th. To St. James's; but there find Sir W. Coventry gone out betimes this morning, on horseback, with the King and Duke of York, to Putney Heath, to run some horses.

8th. To inquire about the ground behind our house, of which I have a mind to buy enough to make a stable and coach-house; for I do see that my condition do require it, as well that it is more charge to my purse to live as I do than to keep one.

9th. Sir W. Coventry tells me he hears stories of Commissioner Pett, of selling timber to the Navy under other names, which I told him I believe is true, and did give him an instance. He told me also how his clerk Floyd he hath put away for his common idleness and ill company, and particularly that yesterday he was found not able to come and attend him, by being run into the arm in a squabble, though he pretends it was done in the streets by strangers, at nine at night, by the Maypole in the Strand.[3] Sir W. Coventry did write to me this morning to recommend him another, which I could find in my heart to do W. Hewer for his good; but do believe he will not part with me, nor have I any mind to let him go. I would my brother were fit for it, I would adventure him there. He insists upon an unmarried man, that can write well, and hath French enough to transcribe it only from a copy, and may write shorthand, if it may be. To my Lord Chancellor at Clarendon House. Mightily pleased with the nobleness of this house, and the brave furniture and pictures, which indeed is very noble. With Sir G. Carteret in his coach into Hyde Park, telling me all his concernments, and how he is gone through with the purchase for my Lady Jemimah and her husband; how the Treasury is like to come into the hands of a Committee: but that not that, nor anything else, will do our business, unless the King himself will mind his business, and how his servants do execute their parts; that the King is very kind to him, and to my Lord Sandwich, and that he doubts not but at his coming home, which he expects about Michaelmas, he will be very well received. My Lady Jemimah looks to lie down about two months hence. In our street, at the Three Tuns' Tavern, I find a great hubbub; and what was it but two brothers had fallen out, and one killed the other. And who should they be but the two Fieldings; one whereof, Basil, was page to my Lady Sandwich; and he hath killed the other,[1] himself being very drunk, and so is sent to Newgate.

10th. At noon to Kent's, at the Three Tuns' Tavern; and there the constable of the parish did show us the picklocks and dice that were found in the dead man's pocket, and but 18d. in money; and a table-book, wherein were entered the names of several places where he was to go; and among others Kent's house, where he was to dine, and did dine yesterday; and after dinner went into the church, and there saw his corpse with the wound in his left breast: a sad spectacle, and a broad wound, which makes my hand now shake to write of it. His brother intending, it seems, to kill the coachman, who did not please him, this fellow stepped in, and took away his sword; who thereupon took out his knife, which was of the fashion, with a falchion blade, and a little cross at the hilt like a dagger; and with that stabbed him. Drove hard towards Clerkenwell,[2] thinking to have overtaken

[1] Charles Dormer, second Earl of Carnarvon.
[2] See May 3, *supra*.
[3] See p. 10.

[1] It was Basil who was killed. He was the fourth son of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond. [B.]
[2] Newcastle House stood in Clerkenwell Close.

my Lady Newcastle, whom I saw before us in her coach, with a 100 boys and girls running looking upon her; but I could not; and so she got home before I could come up to her. But I will get a time to see her.

11th. My wife being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that, Creed and I into the Park, and walked, a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me for, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home; but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to my chamber, to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her night-gown, and we began calmly, that, upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more—of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton—she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more: and so all very good friends as ever. My wife and I bethought ourselves to go to a French house to dinner, and so inquired out Monsieur Robins, my periwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent Garden, did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost had the table covered, and clean glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage[1] first, and then a piece of bœuf-a-la-mode, all exceeding well seasoned, and to our great liking; at least it would have been anywhere else but in this bad street, and in a perriwig-maker's house; but to see the pleasant and ready attendance that we had, and all things so desirous to please, and ingenious in the people, did take me mightily. Our dinner cost us 6s. Walked over the fields to Kingsland, and back again; a walk, I think, I have not taken these twenty years; but puts me in mind of my boy's time,[1] when I boarded at Kingsland, and used to shoot with my bow and arrows in these fields. A very pretty place it is; and little did any of my friends think I should come to walk in these fields in this condition and state that I am. Then took coach again, and home through Shoreditch; and at home my wife finds Barker to have been abroad, and telling her so many lies about it, that she struck her, and the wench said she would not stay with her; so I examined the wench, and found her in so many lies myself, that I was glad to be rid of her, and so resolved having her go away to-morrow.

13th. My wife rising to send away Barker, according to our resolution last night, and she did do it with more clothes than have cost us £10, and 20s. in her purse, which I did for the respect I bear Mr. Falconbridge, otherwise she had not deserved half of it. This morning came Sir H. Cholmely to me for a tally or two; and tells me that he hears that we are by agreement to give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like; but I do not know the importance of it. Sir Philip Warwick do please himself, like a good man, to tell some of the good ejaculations of my Lord Treasurer concerning the little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain, and other things fit for a dying man.

14th. To my Lord Chancellor's, where I met Mr. Povy, expecting the coming of the rest of the Commissioners for Tangier. Here I understand how the two Dukes, both the only sons of the Duke of York, are sick even to danger, and that on Sunday last they were both so ill, as that the poor Duchess was in doubt which would die first: the Duke of Cambridge of some general disease; the other little Duke,[2] whose title I know not, of the

[1] Soup.

[1] Boyhood.

[2] Charles Stuart, Duke of Kendal, born 1666. See p. 498.

convulsion fits, of which he had four this morning. Fear that either of them might be dead did make us think that it was the occasion that the Duke of York and others were not come to the meeting of the Commission which was designed, and my Lord Chancellor did expect. And it was pretty to observe how, when my Lord sent down to St. James's to see why the Duke of York came not, and Mr. Povy, who went, returned, my Lord (Chancellor) did ask, not how the Princes or the Dukes do, as other people do, but 'How do the children?' which methought was mighty great, and like a great man and grandfather. I find everybody mightily concerned for these children, as a matter wherein the State is much concerned that they should live.

15th. I away with Sir G. Carteret to London, talking all the way: and he do tell me that the business of my Lord Hinchingbroke his marriage with my Lord Burlington's daughter is concluded on by all friends; and that my Lady is now told of it, and do mightily please herself with it; which I am mighty glad of. News still that my Lord Treasurer is so ill as not to be any man of this world; and it is said that the Treasury shall be managed by Commission. I would to God Sir G. Carteret, or my Lord Sandwich, be in it! But the latter is the more fit for it.

16th. This being Holy Thursday,[1] when the boys go on procession round the parish, we were to go to the Three Tuns' Tavern, to dine with the rest of the parish; where all the parish almost was, Sir Andrew Rickard and others; and of our house, J. Minnes, W. Batten, W. Pen, and myself; and Mr. Mills did sit uppermost at the table. Sir John Fredericke[2] and Sir R. Ford did talk of Paul's School, which, they tell me, must be taken away;[3] and then I fear it will be long before another place, such as they say is promised, is found; but they do say that the honour of their company[4] is concerned in the doing of it, and that it is a thing that they are obliged to do. To my Lord Treasurer's, where I find the porter crying, and suspected it was that my Lord is dead; and, poor Lord! we did find that he was dead just now; and the crying of the fellow did so trouble me, that considering I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more, I did give him 3s.; but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of his Lord, whose house will be no more frequented. There is a good man gone: and I pray God that the Treasury may not be worse managed by the hand or hands it shall now be put into; though, for certain, the slowness, though he was of great integrity, of this man, and remissness, have gone as far to undo the nation, as anything else that hath happened; and yet, if I knew all the difficulties that he hath lain under, and his instrument Sir Philip Warwick, I might be brought to another mind. It is remarkable that this afternoon Mr. Moore came to me, and there, among other things, did tell me how Mr. Moyer,[1] the merchant, having procured an order from the King and Duke of York and Council, with the consent of my Lord Chancellor, and by assistance of Lord Arlington, for the releasing out of prison his brother, Samuel Moyer, who was a great man in the late times in Haberdashers' Hall, and was engaged under hand and seal to give the man that obtained it so much in behalf of my Lord Chancellor; but it seems my Lady Duchess of Albemarle had before undertaken it for so much money, but hath not done it. The Duke of Albemarle did the next day send for this Moyer, to tell him, that notwithstanding this order of the King and Council's being passed for release of his brother, yet, if he did not consider the pains of some friends of his, he would stop that order. This Moyer being an honest, bold man, told him that he was engaged to the hand that had done the thing to give him a reward; and more he could not give, nor could own any kindness done by his Grace's interest; and so parted. The next day Sir Edward Savage did take the said Moyer in tax about it, giving ill words of this Moyer and his brother; which

[1] Ascension Day.
[2] Lord Mayor of London, 1662, and President of Christ's Hospital. [B.]
[3] It remained.
[4] The Mercers' Company, under whose superintendence St. Paul's School was placed by Dean Colet, the Founder. [B.]

[1] Lawrence Moyer, of Low Leyton, in Essex. [B.]

he not being able to bear, told him he would give to the person that had engaged him what he promised, and not anything to anybody else; and that both he and his brother were as honest men as himself, or any man else; and so sent him going, and bid him do his worst. It is one of the most extraordinary cases that ever I saw or understood; but it is true.

17th. To R. Viner's with 600 pieces of gold to turn into silver, for the enabling me to answer Sir G. Carteret's £3000; which he now draws all out of my hand towards the paying for a purchase he hath made for his son and my Lady Jemimah, in Northamptonshire,[1] of Sir Samuel Luke,[2] in a good place; a good house, and near all her friends; which is a very happy thing.

19th. (Lord's day.) To church, where my old acquaintance, that dull fellow, Meriton,[3] made a good sermon, and hath a strange knack of a grave serious delivery, which is very agreeable. Great talk of the good end that my Lord Treasurer made; closing his own eyes, and setting his mouth, and bidding adieu with the greatest content and freedom in the world; and is said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer did. Mr. Howe came to see us; and, among other things, told us how the Barristers and Students of Gray's Inn rose in rebellion against the Benchers the other day, who outlawed them, and a great deal of do; but now they are at peace again.

20th. Among other news, I hear that the Commissioners for the Treasury were named by the King yesterday; but who they are nobody could tell; but the persons are the Lord Chancellor, the two Secretaries, Lord Ashly, and others say Sir W. Coventry and Sir John Duncomb, but all conclude the Duke of Albemarle; but reports do differ. It being a broken day, did walk abroad, first through the Minories, the first time I have been over the Hill to the postern-gate, and seen the place, since the houses were pulled down about that side of the Tower, since the fire. I find it everywhere doubted whether we shall have a peace or no, and the captain of one of our ships that went with the Ambassadors do say, that the seamen of Holland in his hearing did defy us, and called us English dogs, and cried out against peace, and that the great people there do oppose peace, though he says the common people do wish it.

21st. To Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there viewed several coach-houses. Thence home; but, Lord! how it went against my heart to go away from the very door of the Duke's play-house, and my Lady Castlemaine's coach and many great coaches there to see *The Siege of Rhodes*. I was very near making a forfeit, but I did command myself. Mrs. Turner and I sat up talking alone of our neighbours. As to my Lord Brouncker, she says how Mrs. Griffin, our housekeeper's wife, hath it from his maid, that comes to her house often, that they are very poor; that the other day Mrs. Williams was fain to send a jewel to pawn; that my Lord hath put the King to infinite charge since his coming thither, and hath had of Foly, the ironmonger, £50 worth in locks and keys for his house, having some of £4 and £5 a lock, such as is in the Duke's closet; that he do not keep Mrs. Williams now for love, but need, he having another mistress that he keeps in Covent Garden. Then we fell to talk of Sir W. Pen, and his family and rise. She[1] says that he was a pitiful [fellow] when she first knew them; that his lady was one of the sourest dirty women that ever she saw; that they took two chambers, one over another, for themselves and child, in Tower Hill; that for many years together they ate more meals at her house than at their own: did call brothers and sisters the husbands and wives; that her husband was godfather to one, and she godmother to another (this Margaret) of their children, by the same token that she was fain to write with her own hand a letter to Captain Twiddy, to stand for a godfather for her; that she brought my Lady, who then was a dirty

[1] An error for Bedfordshire. The place was Hawnes, which belonged to the Lukes of Cople, who, about 1654, had sold it to Sir Humphrey Winch, from whom, and not directly from Sir Samuel Luke, Sir George Carteret purchased it in 1667. [B.]

[2] Sir Samuel Luke is supposed to have been the original of Butler's Hudibras.

[3] See p. 438.

[1] Mrs. Turner.

slattern, with her stockings hanging about her heels, so that afterwards the people of the whole Hill did say that Mrs. Turner had made Mrs. Pen a gentlewoman, first to the knowledge of my Lady Vane,[1] Sir Henry's lady, and him to the knowledge of most of the great people that then he sought; and that his rise hath been his giving of large bribes, wherein, and she agrees with my opinion and knowledge before therein, he is very profuse. This made him General; this got him out of the Tower when he was in; and hath brought him into what he is now, since the King's coming in: that long ago, indeed, he would drink the King's health privately with Mr. Turner; but that when he saw it fit to turn Roundhead, and was offered by Mr. Turner to drink the King's health, he answered 'No'; he was changed, and now he that would make him drink the King's health, or any health but the Protector's and State's, or to that purpose, he would be the first man should sheath his sword in his guts. That at the King's coming in, he did send for her husband, and told him what a great man Sir W. Coventry was like to be, and that he having all the records in his hands of the Navy, if he would transcribe what was of most present use of the practice of the Navy, and give them him to give Sir W. Coventry from him, it would undoubtedly do his business of getting him a principal officer's place; that her husband was at £5 charge to get these presently writ; that Sir W. Pen did give them Sir W. Coventry as from himself, which did set him up with W. Coventry, and made him what he is, and never owned anything of Mr. Turner in them; by which he left him in the lurch, though he did promise the Duke of Albemarle to do all that was possible, and made no question of Mr. Turner's being what he desired; and when afterwards, too, did propose to him the getting of the Purveyor's place for him, he did tell Mr. Turner it was necessary to present Sir W. Coventry 100 pieces, which he did, and W. Coventry took 80 of them: so that he was W. Coventry's mere broker, as Sir W. Batten and my Lady did once tell my Lady Duchess of Albemarle, in the case of Mr. Falconer, whom W. Pen made to give W. Coventry £200 for his place of Clerk of the Rope Yard of Woolwich, and to settle £80 a year upon his daughter Peg, after the death of his wife, and a gold watch presently to his wife. That my Lady and Peg have themselves owned to her that Sir W. Coventry and Sir W. Pen had private marks to write to one another by, that when they in appearance writ a fair letter in behalf of anybody, that they had a little mark to show they meant it only in show: this, these silly people did confess themselves of him. That his rise hath been by her and her husband's means, and that it is a most inconceivable thing how this man can have the face to use her and her family with the neglect that he do them. That he was in the late war a most devilish plunderer, and that got him his estate, which he hath in Ireland, and nothing else. Upon the whole, she told me stories ought to confirm me that he is the most false fellow that ever was born of woman, and that so she thinks and knows him to be.

22nd. Up, and by water to Whitehall to Sir G. Carteret, who tells me now for certain how the Commission for the Treasury is disposed of: viz., to Duke of Albemarle, Lord Ashly, Sir W. Coventry, Sir John Duncomb,[1] and Sir Thomas Clifford: at which, he says, all the whole Court is disturbed; it having been once concluded otherwise into the other hands formerly mentioned in yesterday's[2] notes, but all of a sudden the King's choice was

[1] Lady Vane was Frances, daughter of Sir Christopher Wray, Bart., of Ashby, Lincolnshire. [B.]

[1] Marvell thus refers in his *Last Instructions to a Painter* (ll. 745-758) to Sir John Duncomb's transference to the Treasury from the Ordnance.

'Southampton dead, much of the treasure's care,
And place in council, fell to Duncomb's share.
All men admired he to that pitch could fly:
Powder ne'er blew man up so soon, so high;
But sure his late good husbandry in petre [*i.e.* saltpetre]
Showed him to manage the Exchequer meeter;
And who the forts would not vouchsafe a corn,
To lavish the King's money more would scorn;
Who hath no chimneys, to give all, is best
And ablest speaker, who of law hath least;
Who less estate for Treasurer most fit,
And for a Chancellor he that has least wit.
But the true cause was, that in's brother May,
The Exchequer might the Privy-purse obey.'

[2] See May 20.

changed, and these are to be the men; the first of which is only for a puppet to give honour to the rest. He do presage that these men will make it their business to find faults in the management of the late Lord Treasurer, and in discouraging the bankers: but I am, whatever I in compliance do say to him, of another mind, and my heart is very glad of it, for I do expect they will do much good, and that it is the happiest thing that hath appeared to me for the good of the nation since the King came in. Thence to St. James's, and up to the Duke of York; and there in his chamber Sir W. Coventry did of himself take notice of this business of the Treasury, wherein he is in the Commission, and desired that I would be thinking of anything fit for him to be acquainted with for the lessening of charge and bettering of our credit, and what our expense hath been since the King's coming home, which he believes will be one of the first things they shall inquire into: which I promised him, and from time to time, which he desires, will give him an account of what I can think of worthy his knowledge. I am mighty glad of this opportunity of professing my joy to him in what choice the King hath made, and the hopes I have that it will save the kingdom from perishing: and how it do encourage me to take pains again, after my having through despair neglected it! which he told me of himself that it was so with him, that he had given himself up to more ease than ever he expected, and that his opinion of matters was so bad, that there was no public employment in the kingdom should have been accepted by him but this which the King hath now given him; and therein he is glad, in hopes of the service he may do therein; and in my conscience he will. So into the Duke of York's closet; and there, among other things, Sir W. Coventry did take notice of what he told me the other day, about a report of Commissioner Pett's dealing for timber in the Navy, and selling it to us in other names; and, besides his own proof, did produce a paper I had given him this morning about it, in the case of Widow Murford and Morecocke, which was so handled that the Duke of York grew very angry, and commanded us presently to fall into the examination of it, saying that he would not trust a man for his sake that lifts up the whites of his eyes. And it was declared that if he be found to have done so, he should be reckoned unfit to serve the Navy; and I do believe he will be turned out; and it was, methought, a worthy saying of Sir W. Coventry to the Duke of York, 'Sir,' says he, 'I do not make this complaint out of any disrespect to Commissioner Pett, but because I do love to do these things fairly and openly.' Comes my poor father, much better than I expected. I am mighty glad to see him come well to town. To the King's house, where I did give 18d., and saw the two last acts of *The Goblins*,[1] a play I could not make anything of by these two acts, but here Knipp spied me out of the tiring-room, and came to the pit door, and I out to her, and kissed her, she only coming to see me, being in a country-dress, she and others having, it seems, had a country-dance in the play, but she no other part: so we parted, and I into the pit again till it was done. The house full, but I had no mind to be seen. To Sir W. Batten's, and there got some more part of my dividend of the prize-money. This day coming from Westminster with W. Batten, we saw at Whitehall stairs a fisher-boat, with a sturgeon that he had newly catched in the River; which I saw, but it was but a little one; but big enough to prevent my mistake of that for a colt, if ever I become Mayor of Huntingdon.[2]

23rd. Home, and with my father dined, and, poor man! he hath put off his travelling-clothes to-day, and is mighty spruce, and I love to see him cheerful. Sir John Duncomb is sworn yesterday a Privy Councillor. This day I hear also that last night the Duke of Kendal, second son of the Duke of York, did die; and that the other, Duke of Cambridge, continues very ill still.

1 By Sir John Suckling; printed in 1646.

2 During a very high flood in the meadows between Huntingdon and Godmanchester, something was seen floating, which the Godmanchester people thought was a black *pig*, and the Huntingdon folk declared was a *sturgeon*; when rescued from the waters, it proved to be *a young donkey*. This mistake led to the one party being styled 'Godmanchester black pigs,' and the other 'Huntingdon Sturgeons,' terms not altogether forgotten at this day. [B.]

24th. My wife not well, but yet engaged by invitation to go with Sir W. Pen. I got her to go with him by coach to Islington to the old house, where his lady and Madam Lowther,[1] with her exceeding fine coach and mean horses, and her mother-in-law did meet us, and two of Mr. Lowther's brothers, and here dined upon nothing but pigeon-pies, which was such a thing for him to invite all the company to, that I was ashamed. But after dinner was all our sport, when there came in a juggler, who, indeed, did show us so good tricks as I have never seen in my life, I think, of legerdemain, and such as my wife hath since seriously said that she would not believe but that he did them by the help of the devil. Here, after a bad dinner, and but ordinary company, saving that I discern good parts in one of the sons, who, methought, did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said, we broke up, and I and Sir W. Pen to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Maiden Queen*,[2] which, though I have often seen, yet pleases me infinitely, it being impossible, I think, ever to have the Queen's part, which is very good and passionate, and Florimel's part, which is the most comical that ever was made for woman, ever done better than they are by young Marshall and Nelly.

25th. At noon came Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and dined with me. About 4 o'clock comes Mrs. Pierce to see my wife, and I into them, and there find Pierce very fine, and in her own hair, which do become her, and so says my wife, ten times better than lighter hair, her complexion being mighty good.

26th. (Lord's day.) My wife and I to church, where several strangers of good condition came to our pew. After dinner I by water alone to Westminster to the parish church,[3] and there did entertain myself with my perspective glass up and down the church, by which I had the great pleasure of seeing and gazing at a great many very fine women; and what with that, and sleeping, I passed away the time till sermon was done. I away to my boat, and, up with it as far as Barn Elms, reading of Mr. Evelyn's late new book against Solitude,[1] in which I do not find much excess of good matter, though it be pretty for a bye discourse.[2] I walked the length of the Elms, and with great pleasure saw some gallant ladies and people come with their bottles, and basket, and chairs, and form, to sup under the trees, by the waterside, which was mighty pleasant; so home. All our discourse about Brampton, and my intentions to build there if I could be free of my engagement to my Uncle Thomas and his son, that they may not have what I have built, against my will, in case of me and my brothers being without heirs male; which is the true reason why I am against laying out money upon that place, together with my fear of some inconvenience by being so near Hinchingbroke; being obliged to be a servant to that family, and subject to what expense they shall cost me; and to have all that I shall buy, or do, esteemed as got by the death of my uncle, when indeed what I have from him is not worth naming.

27th. There came Richardson, the bookbinder, with one of Ogilby's[3] Bibles in quires for me to see and buy, it being Mr. Cade's, my stationer's; but it is like to be so big that I shall not use it. The new Commissioners of the Treasury have chosen Sir G. Downing for their Secretary; and I think in my conscience they have done a great thing in it; for he is active and a man of business, and values himself upon having of things do well under his hand; so that I am mightily pleased in their choice. Abroad, and stopped at Bear Garden stairs,[4] there to see a prize fought. But the house so full there was no getting in there, so forced to go through an alehouse into the pit, where the bears are baited; and upon a stool did see them fight, which they did very furiously, a butcher and a waterman. The former had the better all along, till by and by the latter dropped his sword out of his hand, and the butcher, whether not seeing his sword dropped I know not, but did give him a cut over the wrist, so as he was

1 Mary, widow of Morgan Davis, third wife of Alderman Robert Lowther. [B.]
2 See p. 471.
3 St. Margaret's.

1 'My little book in answer to Sir Geo. Mackenzie was now published, entitled *Public Employment and an Active Life, with its Appanages, preferred to Solitude*.'—Evelyn's *Diary*, Feb. 15, 1667.
2 Evelyn said, later, that he was not serious.
3 See p. 370. 4 At Bankside.

disabled to fight any longer. But, Lord! to see how in a minute the whole stage was full of watermen to revenge the foul play, and the butchers to defend their fellow, though most blamed him; and there they all fell to it to knocking down and cutting many on each side. It was pleasant to see, but that I stood in the pit, and feared that in the tumult I might get some hurt. At last the rabble broke up, and so I away. The Duke of Cambridge very ill still.

28th. Up, and by coach to St. James's, where I find Sir W. Coventry desirous to have spoke with me. It was to read over a draught of a letter which he hath made for his brother Commissioners and him to sign to us, demanding an account of the whole business of the Navy accounts; and I perceive, by the way he goes about it, that they will do admirable things. He tells me that they have chosen Sir G. Downing their Secretary, who will be as fit a man as any in the world; and he said, by the by, speaking of the bankers being fearful of Sir G. Downing's being Secretary, he being their enemy, that they did not intend to be ruled by their Secretary, but do the business themselves. My heart is glad to see so great hopes of good to the nation as will be by these men; and it do me good to see Sir W. Coventry so cheerful as he now is on the same score. My wife away down with Jane and W. Hewer to Woolwich, in order to a little air and to lie there to-night, and so to gather May-dew to-morrow morning, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only thing in the world to wash her face with; and I am contented with it. I by water to Foxhall,[1] and there walked in Spring Garden. A great deal of company, and the weather and garden pleasant; and it is very pleasant and cheap going thither, for a man may go to spend what he will, or nothing, all is one. But to hear the nightingale and other birds, and here fiddles, and there a harp, and here a Jew's trump, and here laughing, and there fine people walking, is mighty divertising.[2] Among others, there were two pretty women alone, that walked a great while, which being discovered by some idle gentlemen, they would needs take them up; but to see the poor ladies how they were put to it to run from them, and they after them, and sometimes the ladies put themselves along with other company, then the other drew back; at last, the last did get off out of the house, and took boat and away. I was troubled to see them abused so; and could have found in my heart, as little desire of fighting as I have, to have protected the ladies.

29th. Our parson Mills having the offer of another benefice[1] by Sir Robert Brookes, who was his pupil, he by my Lord Barkeley[2] is made one of the Duke's Chaplains, which qualifies him for two livings. But to see how slightly such things are done, the Duke of York only taking my Lord Barkeley's word upon saying, that we the officers of the Navy do say that he is a good man and minister of our parish, and the Duke of York admits him to kiss his hand, but speaks not one word to him; but so a warrant will be drawn from the Duke of York to qualify him, and there's an end of it. My wife comes home from Woolwich, but did not dine with me, going to dress herself against night, to go to Mrs. Pierce's to be merry, where we are to have Knipp and Harris and other good people. I at my accounts. Anon comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining, which is too soon, so that I was horrid angry, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me, to direct her any way to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad; and so in the evening to my chamber, vexed, and to my accounts, which I ended to my great content, and did make amends for the loss of our mirth this night, by getting this done.

30th. After dinner I walked to Arundel House, the way very dusty, the day of meeting of the Society being changed from Wednesday to Thursday, which I knew not before, because the Wednesday is a Council-day, and several of the Council

[1] Vauxhall. [2] Entertaining, 'diverting.'

[1] The rectory of Wanstead, in Essex, to which he was presented. [B.] [2] Of Stratton.

are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council; where I find very much company, in expectation of the Duchess of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society; and was, after much debate, *pro* and *con.*, it seems many being against it; and we do believe the town will be full of ballads of it. Anon comes the Duchess with her women attending her; among others, the Ferabosco,[1] of whom so much talk is that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is indeed black, and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise a very ordinary woman I do think, but they say sings well. The Duchess hath been a good, comely woman; but her dress so antic,[2] and her deportment so ordinary, that I do not like her at all, nor did I hear her say anything that was worth hearing, but that she was full of admiration, all admiration. Several fine experiments were shown her of colours, loadstones, microscopes, and of liquors; among others, of one that did, while she was there, turn a piece of roasted mutton into pure blood, which was very rare. Here was Mrs. Moore of Cambridge, whom I had not seen before, and I was glad to see her; as also a very black boy that ran up and down the room, somebody's child in Arundel House. After they had shown her many experiments, and she cried till she was full of admiration, she departed, being led out and in by several Lords that were there; among others, Lord George Barkeley and Earl of Carlisle, and a very pretty young man, the Duke of Somerset.

31st. At the Treasury chamber. Here I saw Duncomb look as big, and take as much state on him, as if he had been born a lord. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmely, who tells me that he is told this day by Secretary Morris that he believes we are, and shall be, only fooled by the French; and that the Dutch are very high and insolent, and do look upon us as come over only to beg a peace; which troubles me very much, and I do fear it is true. Thence to Sir G. Carteret at his lodgings; who, I perceive, is mightily displeased with this new Treasury; and he hath reason, for it will eclipse him; and he tells me that my Lord Ashly says they understand nothing; and he says he believes the King do not intend they shall sit long. But I believe no such thing, but that the King will find such benefit by them as he will desire to have them continue, as we see he hath done, in the late new Act that was so much decried about the King; but yet the King hath since permitted it, and found good by it. He says, and I believe, that a great many persons at Court are angry at the rise of this Duncomb, whose father, he tells me, was a Long-Parliament-man, and a great Committee-man; and this fellow used to carry his papers to Committees after him; he was a kind of an attorney; but for all this, I believe will be a great man, in spite of all, In the evening home, and there, to my unexpected satisfaction, did get my intricate accounts of interest, which have been of late much perplexed by mixing of some moneys of Sir G. Carteret's with mine, evened and set right; and so late to supper, and with great quiet to bed; finding by the balance of my account that I am creditor £6900, for which the Lord of Heaven be praised!

[1] Cf. p. 278. [2] Grotesque.

June 1667

June 1st. Up; and there comes to me Mr. Commander, whom I employ about hiring of some ground behind the office, for the building of me a stable and coach-house: for I do find it necessary for me, both in respect of honour and the profit of it also, my expense in hackney-coaches being now so great, to keep a coach, and therefore will do it. Having given him some instructions about it, I to the office; where we have news that our peace with Spain, as to trade, is wholly concluded, and we are to furnish him with some men for Flanders against the French. How they will agree with the French, I know not; but they say that he also hath liberty to get what men he pleases out of England. But for the Spaniard, I hear that my Lord Castlehaven is raising a regiment of 4000 men which he is to command there; and several young gentlemen are going over in commands with him; and they say the

Duke of Monmouth is going over only as a traveller, not to engage on either side, but only to see the campaign, which will be becoming him much more than to live wenching and roguing, as he now do.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Being weary and almost blind with writing and reading so much to-day, I took boat, and up the river all alone as high as Putney almost, and then back again, all the way reading, and finishing Mr. Boyle's book of Colours,[1] which is so chemical, that I can understand but little of it, but enough to see that he is a most excellent man.

3rd. Met Mr. Mills, our parson, whom I went back with to bring him to Sir W. Coventry, to give him the form of a qualification for the Duke of York to sign to, to enable him to have two livings; which was a service I did, but much against my will, for a lazy fat priest. Sir William Doyly did lay a wager with me the Treasurership would be in one hand, notwithstanding this present Commission, before Christmas; on which we did lay a poll of ling, a brace of carps, and a pottle of wine; and Sir W. Pen and Mr. Scowen to be at the eating of them. Thence down by water to Deptford, it being Trinity Monday, when the Master is chosen, and there, finding them all at church, and thinking they dined, as usual, at Stepney, I turned back, having a good book in my hand, the *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, wrote by his own servant,[2] and to Ratcliffe; and so walked to Stepney, and spent my time in the churchyard, looking over the gravestones, expecting when the company would come by. Finding no company stirring, I sent to the house to see; and, it seems, they dine not there, but at Deptford: so I back again to Deptford; and there find them just sat down. And so I down with them; and we had a good dinner of plain meat, and good company at our table; among others, my good Mr. Evelyn, with whom, after dinner, I stepped aside, and talked upon the present posture of our affairs; which is, that the Dutch are known to be abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships; and the French come into the Channel with twenty sail of men-of-war, and five fire-ships, while we have not a ship at sea to do them any hurt with; but are calling in all we can, while our Ambassadors are treating at Breda; and the Dutch look upon them as come to beg peace, and use them accordingly; and all this through the negligence of our Prince, who had power, if he would, to master all these with the money and men that he hath had the command of, and may now have, if he would mind his business. But, for aught we see, the kingdom is likely to be lost, as well as the reputation of it is, for ever; notwithstanding so much reputation got and preserved by a rebel that went before him. In the Treasury-chamber an hour or two, where we saw the Country Receivers and Accountants come to attend; and one of them, a brisk young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind, as the present fashion among the blades is,[1] committed to the Serjeant. By and by, I, upon desire, was called in, and delivered in my report of my Accounts. Present, Lord Ashly, Clifford, and Duncomb, who, being busy, did not read it; but committed it to Sir George Downing, and so I was dismissed; but, Lord! to see how Duncomb do take upon him is an eyesore, though I think he deserves great honour, but only the suddenness of his rise, and his pride. But I do like the way of these lords, that they admit nobody to use many words, nor do they spend many words themselves, but in great state do hear what they see necessary, and say little themselves, but did withdraw. Thence Creed and I by water up to Foxhall,[2] and over against it stopped, thinking to see some cock-fighting; but it was just being done,[3] and, therefore, back again to Spring Garden, and then to walk up and down the garden, reflecting upon the bad management of things now, compared with what it was in the late rebellious times, when men, some for fear, and some for religion, minded their

[1] See p. 489.
[2] Written by George Cavendish, c. 1557.

[1] The 'Monmouth cock.' Cf. *The Spectator*, No. 129. 'During our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country squires appear still in the Monmouth cock.' It was succeeded in 1706, by the 'Ramillie cock.'
[2] Vauxhall. [3] Ending, concluding.

business, which none now do by being void of both.

4th. Mr. Commander tells me, after all, that I cannot have a lease of the ground for my coach-house and stable, till a suit in law be ended. I am a little sorry, because I am pretty full in my mind of keeping a coach; but yet, when I think of it again, the Dutch and French both at sea, and we poor, and still out of order, I know not yet what turns there may be.

5th. To the Commissioners of the Treasury, and, after long waiting, I find them all sat; and, among the rest, Duncomb lolling, with his heels upon another chair, by that that he sat upon. Captain Perriman brings us word how the *Happy Return's* crew below in the Hope, ordered to carry the Portuguese[1] Ambassador to Holland (and the Ambassador, I think, on board), refuse to go till paid; and by their example two or three more ships are in a mutiny; which is a sad consideration, while so many of the enemy's ships are at this day triumphing in the sea. Sir G. Carteret showed me a gentleman coming by in his coach, who hath been sent for up out of Lincolnshire, I think he says he is a justice of peace, that the Council have laid by the heels here, and here lies in a messenger's hands, for saying that a man and his wife are but one person, and so ought to pay but 12d. for both to the Poll Bill; by which others were led to do the like; and so here he lies prisoner.

6th. With my father and wife to Sir W. Pen's to dinner, which they invited us to out of their respect to my father, as a stranger; though I know them as false as the devil himself, and that it is only that they think it fit to oblige me; wherein I am a happy man, that all my fellow-officers are desirous of my friendship. Mr. Pierce tells me that the Duke of Cambridge is yet living, but every minute expected to die.

7th. With Mr. Townsend, whom I sent for to come to me to discourse upon my Lord Sandwich's business; for whom I am in some pain, lest the Accounts of the Wardrobe may not be in so good order as may please the new Lords Treasurers, who are quick-sighted, and under obligations of recommending themselves to the King and the world, by their finding and mending of faults, and are, most of them, not the best friends to my Lord.

8th. Up, and to the office, where all the news this morning is that the Dutch are come with a fleet of eighty sail to Harwich, and that guns were heard plain by Sir W. Rider's people at Bednall Green,[1] all yesterday even. Home, where our dinner a ham of French bacon, boiled with pigeons, an excellent dish. The news is confirmed that the Dutch are off Harwich, but had done nothing last night. The King hath sent down my Lord of Oxford to raise the countries there; and all the Western barges are taken up to make a bridge over the River, about the Hope, for horse to cross the River, if there be occasion.

9th. (Lord's day.) I hear that the Duke of Cambridge, who was given over long since by the Doctors, is now likely to recover; for which God be praised! To Sir W. Coventry, and there talked with him a great while; and mighty glad I was of my good fortune to visit him, for it keeps in my acquaintance with him, and the world sees it, and reckons my interest accordingly. In comes my Lord Barkeley, who is going down to Harwich also to look after the militia there; and there is also the Duke of Monmouth, and with him a great many young Hectors, Lord Chesterfield, my Lord Mandville, and others; but to little purpose, I fear, but to debauch the country women thereabouts. My Lord Barkeley wanting some maps and Sir W. Coventry recommending the six maps of England[2] that are bound up for the pocket, I did offer to present my Lord with them, which he accepted; and so I will send them him. Took boat, and up, all alone, as high as Barn Elms, and there took a turn; and then to my boat again, and home, reading and making an end of the book I lately bought—a merry satire, called *The Visions*, translated from the Spanish[3] by L'Estrange, wherein there are many very pretty things; but the translation is, as to the rendering it into English expression, the best that ever I saw, it

[1] *Orig.* Portugal.

[1] Bethnal Green.

[2] By Hollar.

[3] Of Francisco de Quevedo.

being impossible almost to conceive that it should be a translation. I find an order come for the getting some fire-ships presently to annoy the Dutch, who are in the King's Channel, and expected up higher.

10th. Up; and news brought us that the Dutch are come up as high as the Nore; and more pressing orders for fire-ships. W. Batten, W. Pen, and I to St. James's; where the Duke of York gone this morning betimes, to send away some men down to Chatham. So we three to Whitehall, and met Sir W. Coventry, who presses all that is possible for fire-ships. So we three to the office presently; and thither comes Sir Fretcheville Hollis,[1] who is to command them all in some exploits he is to do with them on the enemy in the River. So we all down to Deptford, and pitched upon ships and set men at work: but, Lord! to see how backwardly things move at this pinch, notwithstanding that, by the enemy's being now come up as high as almost the Hope, Sir J. Minnes, who was gone down to pay some ships there, hath sent up the money; and so we are possessed of money to do what we will with. Yet partly ourselves, being used to be idle and in despair, and partly people that have been used to be deceived by us as to money won't believe us; and we know not, though we have it, how almost to promise it; and our wants such, and men out of the way, that it is an admirable thing to consider how much the King suffers, and how necessary it is in a State to keep the King's service always in a good posture and credit. Down to Greenwich, where I find the stairs full of people, there being a great riding[2] there to-day for a man, the constable of the town, whose wife beat him. Down to Gravesend, where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come, with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries; and the bulwark[1] not able to have stood half an hour had they come up; but the Dutch are fallen down from the Hope and Shellhaven as low as Sheerness, and we do plainly at this time hear the guns play. Yet I do not find the Duke of Albemarle intends to go thither, but stays here to-night, and hath, though the Dutch are gone, ordered our frigates to be brought to a line between the two blockhouses; which I took then to be a ridiculous thing. I find the townsmen had removed most of their goods out of the town, for fear of the Dutch coming up to them; and from Sir John Griffen,[2] that last night there was not twelve men to be got in the town to defend it; which the master of the house tells me is not true, but that the men of the town did intend to stay, though they did indeed, and so had he, at the Ship, removed their goods. Thence went to an Ostend man-of-war, just now come up, who met the Dutch fleet, who took three ships that he came convoying hither from him: says they are as low as the Nore, or thereabouts.

11th. Brouncker came to us, who is just now going to Chatham upon a desire of Commissioner Pett's, who is very fearful of the Dutch, and desires help for God and the King and kingdom's sake. So Brouncker goes down, and Sir J. Minnes also, from Gravesend. This morning Pett writes us word that Sheerness is lost last night, after two or three hours' dispute. The enemy hath possessed himself of that

[1] Sir Frescheville Holles (1641-1672), son of Gervase Holles, the antiquary. He fell in the battle of Southwold Bay (1672). He is praised by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis* (clxxv.):—

'Young Hollis on a muse by Mars begot,
Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds,
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.'

[2] It was an ancient custom in Berkshire, when a man had beaten his wife, for the neighbours to parade in front of his house, for the purpose of serenading him with kettles, and horns, and handbells, and every species of 'rough music,' by which name the ceremony was designated. Perhaps the *riding* mentioned by Pepys was a punishment somewhat similar. Malcolm (*Manners of London*) quotes from the *Protestant Mercury*, that a porter's lady, who resided near Strand Lane, beat her husband with so much violence and perseverance, that the poor man was compelled to leap out of the window to escape her fury. Exasperated at this virago, the neighbours made a 'riding,'—*i.e.*, a pedestrian procession, headed by a drum, and accompanied by a chemise, displayed for a banner. The manual musician sounded the tune of 'You round-headed cuckolds, come dig, come dig!' and nearly seventy coalheavers, carmen, and porters, adorned with large horns fastened to their heads, followed. [B.]

[1] That is, the blockhouse. There were formerly considerable fortifications at Gravesend. [B.]

[2] An error for Sir John Griffith, captain of the fort at Gravesend, who was knighted at Whitehall, Jan. 2, 1665. [B.]

place; which is very sad, and puts us into great fears of Chatham. After dinner. by W. Hewer's lucky advice, went to Mr. Fenn, and did get him to pay me about £400 of my wages, and W. Hewer received it for me, and brought it home this night. Home, and there to our business, hiring some fire-ships, and receiving, every hour almost, letters from Sir W. Coventry calling for more fire-ships: and an order from Council to enable us to take any man's ships; and Sir W. Coventry, in his letter to us, says he do not doubt but at this time, under an invasion, as he owns it to be, the King may, by law, take any man's goods. At this business late, and then home; where a great deal of serious talk with my wife about the sad state we are in, and especially from the beating up of drums this night for the trainbands upon pain of death to appear in arms to-morrow morning with bullet and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight; which, considering the soldiers drawn out to Chatham and elsewhere, looks as if they had a design to ruin the City and give it up to be undone; which, I hear, makes the sober citizens to think very sadly of things.

12th. Up very betimes to our business at the office, there hiring of more fire-ships; and at it close all the morning. At noon home, and Sir W. Pen dined with us. By and by, after dinner, my wife out by coach to see her mother; and I in another, being afraid, at this busy time, to be seen with a woman in a coach, as if I were idle, towards The. Turner's; but met Sir W. Coventry's boy; and there in a letter find that the Dutch had made no motion since their taking Sheerness; and the Duke of Albemarle writes that all is safe as to the great ships against any assault, the boom and chain being so fortified; which put my heart into great joy. When I come to Sir W. Coventry's chamber, I find him abroad; but his clerk, Powell, do tell me that ill news is come to Court of the Dutch breaking the chain at Chatham; which struck me to the heart. And to Whitehall to hear the truth of it; and there, going up the stairs, I did hear some lackeys speaking of sad news come to Court, saying, there is hardly anybody in the Court but do look as if he cried. I would not go into the house for fear of being seen, but slunk out and got into a coach. I met Roger Pepys, newly come out of the country. He and I talked aside a little, he offering a match for Pall, one Barnes, of whom we shall talk more the next time. His father married a Pepys; in discourse, he told me that his grandfather, my great grandfather, had £800 per annum, in Queen Elizabeth's time, in the very town of Cottenham; and that we did certainly come out of Scotland with the Abbot of Crowland.[1] Home, where all our hearts do now ache; for the news is true, that the Dutch have broke the chain and burned our ships, and particularly the *Royal Charles*: other particulars I know not, but it is said to be so. And, the truth is, I do fear so much that the whole kingdom is undone, that I do this night resolve to study with my father and wife what to do with the little that I have in money by me, for I give up all the rest that I have in the King's hands, for Tangier, for lost. So God help us! and God knows what disorders we may fall into, and whether any violence on this office, or perhaps some severity on our persons, as being reckoned by the silly people, or perhaps may, by policy of State, be thought fit to be condemned by the King and Duke of York, and so put to trouble; though, God knows! I have, in my own person, done my full duty, I am sure. Home, and to bed with a heavy heart. The manner of my advising this night with my father was, I took him and my wife up to her chamber, and shut the door; and there told them the sad state of the times how we are like to be all undone; that I do fear some violence will be offered to this office, where all I have in the world is; and resolved upon sending it away — sometimes into the country — sometimes my father to lie in town, and have the gold with him at Sarah Giles's.

1 Some light on this vague statement is thrown by a note in the *Liber Talboti Pepys* printed in Lord Braybrooke's Life of Pepys.—'William Pepys, who died at Cottenham, 10 *H.* 8, was brought up by the Abbat of Crowland, in Huntingdonshire, and he was borne in Dunbar, in Scotland, a gentleman, whom the said Abbat did make his Bayliffe of all his lands in Cambridgeshire, and placed him in Cottenham; which William aforesaid had three sonnes, Thomas, John, and William, to whom Margaret, was mother naturallie, all of whom left issue.'

13th. No sooner up but hear the sad news confirmed of the *Royal Charles* being taken by them, and now in fitting by them —which Pett should have carried up higher by our several orders, and deserves, therefore, to be hanged for not doing it—and burning several others; and that another fleet is come up into the Hope. Upon which news the King and Duke of York have been below[1] since four o'clock in the morning, to command the sinking of ships at Barking Creek, and other places, to stop their coming up higher; which put me into such a fear, that I presently resolved of my father's and wife's going into the country; and, at two hours' warning, they did go by the coach this day, with about £1300 in gold in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear. They gone, I continued in fright and fear what to do with the rest. W. Hewer hath been at the banker's, and hath got £500 out of Backewell's hands of his own money; but they are so called upon that they will be all broke, hundreds coming to them for money: and they answer him, 'It is payable at twenty days—when the days are out, we will pay you'; and those that are not so, they make tell over their money, and make their bags false, on purpose to give cause to retell it, and so spend time. I cannot have my 200 pieces of gold again for silver, all being bought up last night that were to be had, and sold for 24s. and 25s. apiece. So I must keep the silver by me, which sometimes I think to fling into the house of office, and then again know not how I shall come by it, if we be made to leave the office. Every minute some one or other calls for this or that order; and so I forced to be at the office, most of the day, about the fire-ships which are to be suddenly fitted out: and it's a most strange thing that we hear nothing from any of my brethren at Chatham; so that we are wholly in the dark, various being the reports of what is done there; insomuch that I sent Mr. Clapham express thither to see how matters go. I did, about noon, resolve to send Mr. Gibson away after my wife with another 1000 pieces, under colour of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith; who is, as I hear, with some ships at Newcastle; which I did really send to him, and may, possibly, prove of good use to the King; for it is possible, in the hurry of business, they may not think of it at Court, and the charge of an express is not considerable to the King. The King and Duke of York up and down all the day here and there: some time on Tower Hill, where the City militia was; where the King did make a speech to them, that they should venture themselves no further than he would himself. I also sent, my mind being in pain, Saunders after my wife and father, to overtake them at their night's lodgings, to see how matters go with them. In the evening, I sent for my cousin Sarah[1] and her husband, who came; and I did deliver them my chest of writings[2] about Brampton, and my brother Tom's papers, and my journals, which I value much; and did send my two silver flagons[3] to Kate Joyce's; that so, being scattered what I have, something might be saved. I have also made a girdle, by which, with some trouble, I do carry about me £300 in gold about my body, that I may not be without something in case I should be surprised; for I think, in any nation but our's, people that appear (for we are not indeed so) so faulty as we, would have their throats cut. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and several others, to the office, and tell me that never were people so dejected as they are in the City all over at this day; and do talk most loudly, even treason; as, that we are bought and sold—that we are betrayed by the Papists; and others, about the King, cry out that the office of the Ordnance hath been so backward as no powder to have been at Chatham nor Upnor Castle till such a time, and the carriages all broken; that Legg is a Papist; that Upnor, the old good castle built by Queen Elizabeth, should be lately slighted; that the ships at Chatham should not be carried up higher. They look upon us as lost, and remove their families and rich goods in the City; and do think verily that the French, being come down with his army to Dunkirk, it is to invade us, and that we shall be invaded. Mr.

[1] Below London Bridge.

[1] Gyles. [2] Documents.
[3] See pp. 272, 273, etc.

Clerke, the solicitor, comes to me about business, and tells me that he hears that the King hath chosen Mr. Pierpont[1] and Vaughan[2] of the West, Privy Councillors; that my Lord Chancellor was affronted in the Hall this day, by people telling him of his Dunkirk House[3]; and that there are regiments ordered to be got together, whereof to be commanders my Lord Fairfax, Ingoldsby, Bethell, Norton, and Birch, and other Presbyterians; and that Dr. Bates will have liberty to preach. Now, whether this be true or not, I know not; but do think that nothing but this will unite us together. Late at night comes Mr. Hudson, the cooper, my neighbour, and tells me that he came from Chatham this evening at five o'clock, and saw this afternoon the *Royal James*, *Oak*, and *London*, burnt by the enemy with their fire-ships: that two or three men-of-war came up with them, and made no more of Upnor Castle's shooting than of a fly; that those ships lay below Upnor Castle, but therein, I conceive, he is in an error; that the Dutch are fitting out the *Royal Charles*; that we shot so far as from the Yard thither, so that the shot did no good, for the bullets grazed on the water; that Upnor played hard with their guns at first, but slowly afterwards, either from the men being beat off, or their powder spent.[4] But we hear that the fleet in the Hope is not come up any higher the last flood; and Sir W. Batten tells me that ships are provided to sink in the River, about Woolwich, that will prevent their coming up higher if they should attempt it. I made my will also this day, and did give all I had equally between my father and wife.

14th. Up, and to the office; where Mr. Fryer comes and tells me that there are several Frenchmen and Flemish ships in the River, with passes from the Duke of York for carrying of prisoners, that ought to be parted from the rest of the ships, and their powder taken, lest they do fire themselves when the enemy comes, and so spoil us; which is good advice, and I think I will give notice of it; and did so. But it is pretty odd to see how everybody, even at this high time of danger, puts business off of their own hands! He says that he told this to the Lieutenant of the Tower, to whom I, for the same reason, was directing him to go; and the Lieutenant of the Tower bade him come to us, for he had nothing to do with it; and yesterday comes Captain Crew, of one of the fire-ships, and told me that the officers of the Ordnance would deliver his gunner's materials, but not compound them,[1] but that we must do it; whereupon I was forced to write to them about it; and one that like a great many came to me this morning by and by comes—Mr. Wilson, and, by direction of his, a man of Mr. Gauden's; who came from Chatham last night, and saw the three ships burnt, they lying all dry, and boats going from the men-of-war to fire them. But that, that he tells me of worst consequence is, that he himself, I think he said, did hear many Englishmen on board the Dutch ships speaking to one another in English; and that they did cry and say, 'We did heretofore fight for tickets; now we fight for dollars!' and did ask how such and such a one did, and would commend themselves to them; which is a sad consideration. And Mr. Lewes, who was present at this fellow's discourse to me, did tell me, that he is told that when they took the *Royal Charles*, they said that they had their tickets signed, and showed some, and that now they came to have them paid, and would have them paid before they parted. And several seamen came this morning to me, to tell me that, if I would get their tickets paid, they would go and do all they could against the Dutch; but otherwise they would not venture being killed, and lose all they have already fought for; so that I was forced to try

1 William Pierrepont (1607-1678), younger son of the first Earl of Kingston.

2 See p. 252. 3 See p. 302.

4 Cf. Marvell (*Last Instructions to a Painter*, ll. 601-610):—

'Our seamen, whom no danger's shape could fright,
Unpaid, refuse to mount their ships, for spite;
On to their fellows swim on board the Dutch,
Who show the tempting metal in their clutch.
Oft had he [Monk] sent, of Duncomb and of Legge,
Cannon and powder, but in vain, to beg;
And Upnor's Castle's ill-deserted wall,
Now needful does for ammunition call.
He finds, where'er he succour might expect,
Confusion, folly, treachery, fear, neglect.'

1 *I.e.* would deliver the ingredients separately, not mixed as gunpowder.

what I could do to get them paid. This man tells me that the ships burnt last night did lie above Upnor Castle, over against the Dock; and the boats came from the ships of war and burnt them; all which is very sad. And masters of ships, that we are lately taking up, do keep from their ships all their stores, or as much as they can, so that we can dispatch them, having not time to appraise them nor secure their payment; only some little money we have, which we are fain to pay the men we have with, every night, or they will not work. And indeed the hearts as well as affections of the seamen are turned away; and in the open streets in Wapping, and up and down, the wives have cried publicly, 'This comes of your not paying our husbands; and now your work is undone, or done by hands that understand it not.' And Sir W. Batten told me that he was himself affronted with a woman, in language of this kind, on Tower Hill publicly yesterday; and we are fain to bear it, and to keep one at the office door to let no idle people in, for fear of firing of the office and doing us mischief. The City is troubled at their being put upon duty: summoned one hour, and discharged two hours after; and then again summoned two hours after that; to their great charge as well as trouble. And Pelling, the apothecary,[1] tells me the world says all over, that less charge than what the kingdom is put to, of one kind or other, by this business, would have set out all our great ships. It is said they did in open streets yesterday, at Westminster, cry, 'A Parliament! a Parliament!' and I do believe it will cost blood to answer for these miscarriages. We do not hear that the Dutch are come to Gravesend; which is a wonder. But a wonderful thing it is that to this day we have not one word yet from Brouncker, or Peter Pett, or J. Minnes, of anything at Chatham. The people that come hither to hear how things go, make me ashamed to be found unable to answer them; for I am left alone here at the office; and the truth is, I am glad my station is to be here, near my own home and out of danger, yet in a place of doing the King good service. I have this morning good news from Gibson; three letters from three several stages, that he was safe last night as far as Royston, at between nine and ten at night. The dismay that is upon us all, in the business of the kingdom and Navy at this day, is not to be expressed otherwise than by the condition the citizens were in when the City was on fire, nobody knowing which way to turn themselves, while everything concurred to greaten the fire; as here the easterly gale and spring-tides for coming up both rivers, and enabling them to break the chain. D. Gauden did tell me yesterday, that the day before at the Council they were ready to fall together by the ears at the Council-table, arraigning one another of being guilty of the counsel that brought us into this misery, by laying up all the great ships. Mr. Hater tells me at noon that some rude people have been, as he hears, at my Lord Chancellor's, where they have cut down the trees before his house and broke his windows; and a gibbet either set up before or painted upon his gate, and these three words writ: 'Three sights to be seen; Dunkirk, Tangier, and a barren Queen.'[1] It gives great matter of talk that it is said there is at this hour, in the Exchequer, as much money as is ready to break down the floor. This arises, I believe, from Sir G. Downing's late talk of the greatness of the sum lying there of people's money, that they would not fetch away, which he showed me and a great many others. Most people that I speak with are in doubt how we shall do to secure our seamen from running over to the Dutch; which is a sad but very true consideration at this day. At noon I am told that my Lord Duke of Albemarle is made Lord High Constable; the meaning whereof at this time I know not, nor whether it be true or no.[2] Dined, and Mr. Hater and W. Hewer with me; where they do speak very sorrowfully of the posture of the times, and how people do cry out in the streets of their being bought and sold; and both they, and everybody that come to me, do tell me that people make nothing of talking treason in the streets openly: as, that they are bought and sold, and governed by Papists, and that we are betrayed by people about the King, and shall be delivered up to the French, and I know not what. At dinner

[1] *Orig.* 'Potticary.

[1] See p. 370.

[2] A false rumour.

we discoursed of Tom of the Wood, a fellow that lives like a hermit near Woolwich, who, as they say, and Mr. Bodham, they tell me, affirms that he was by at the Justice's when some did accuse him there for it, did foretell the burning of the City, and now says that a greater desolation is at hand. Thence we read and laughed at Lilly's prophecies this month, in his *Almanac* this year.[1] So to the office after dinner; and thither comes Mr. Pierce, who tells me his condition, how he cannot get his money, about £500 (which, he says, is a very great part of what he hath for his family and children), out of Viner's hand; and indeed it is to be feared that this will wholly undo the bankers. He says he knows nothing of the late affronts to my Lord Chancellor's house, as is said, nor hears of the Duke of Albemarle's being made High Constable; but says that they are in great distraction at Whitehall, and that everywhere people do speak high against Sir W. Coventry[2]; but he agrees with me that he is the best Minister of State the King hath, and so from my heart I believe. At night came home Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, who only can tell me that they have placed guns at Woolwich and Deptford, and sunk some ships below Woolwich and Blackwall, and are in hopes that they will stop the enemy's coming up. But strange our confusion! that among them that are sunk they have gone and sunk without consideration the *Franakin*,[3] one of the King's ships, with stores to a very considerable value, that hath been long loaden for supply of the ships; and the new ship at Bristol, and much wanted there; and nobody will own that they directed it, but do lay it on Sir W. Rider. They speak also of another ship, loaden to the value of £80,000, sunk with the goods in her, or at least was mightily contended for by him, and a foreign ship, that had the faith of the nation for her security: this Sir R. Ford tells us. And it is too plain a truth, that both here and at Chatham the ships that we have sunk have many, and the first of them, been ships completely fitted for fire-ships at great charge. But most strange the backwardness and disorder of all people, especially the King's people in pay, to do any work, Sir W. Pen tells me, all crying out for money; and it was so at Chatham, that this night comes an order from Sir W. Coventry to stop the pay of the wages of that Yard; the Duke of Albemarle having related, that not above three of 1100 in pay there did attend to do any work there. This evening having sent a messenger to Chatham on purpose, we have received a dull letter from my Lord Brouncker and Peter Pett, how matters have gone there this week; but not so much, or so particularly, as we knew it by common talk before, and as true. I doubt they will be found to have been but slow men in this business; and they say the Duke of Albemarle did tell my Lord Brouncker to his face that his discharging of the great ships there was the cause of all this; and I am told that it is become common talk against my Lord Brouncker. But in that he is to be justified, for he did it by verbal order from Sir W. Coventry, and with good intent; and it was to good purpose, whatever the success be, for the men would have but spent the King so much the more in wages, and yet not attended on board to have done the King any service; and as an evidence of that, just now, being the 15th day in the morning that I am writing yesterday's passages, one is with me, Jacob Bryan, Purser of the *Princess*, who confesses to me that he hath but 180 men borne at this day in victuals and wages on that ship lying at Chatham, being lately brought in thither; of which 180 there was not above five appeared to do the King any service at this late business. And this morning also, some of the *Cambridge's* men came up from Portsmouth, by order

[1] Probably the following prognostications amused Pepys and his friends:—'The several lunations of this month do rather portend sea-fights, wars, etc., than give hopes of peace, particularly the several configurations do very much threaten Holland with a most strange and unusual loss at sea, if they shall dare to fight His Majesty's forces. Still poor Poland is threatened either by the Muscovites or wandering Cossacks. Strange rumours dispersed in London, some vain people abuse His Majesty's subjects with untruths and ill-grounded suggestions. Much division in London about building; perhaps that may occasion those vain and idle reports. Strange news out of Holland, as if all were in an uproar; we believe they are now in a sad and fearful condition.' [B.]

[2] See Evelyn's *Diary*, July 29, 1667.

[3] B. prints 'Francklin'; but see *Cal. of State Papers* (Domestic Series), 1666-1668, etc.

from Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who boasted to us the other day that he had sent for 50, and would be hanged if 100 did not come up that would do as much as twice the number of other men: I say some of them, instead of being at work at Deptford, where they were intended, do come to the office this morning to demand the payment of their tickets; for otherwise they would, they said, do no more work; and are, as I understand from everybody that has to do with them, the most debauched, damning, swearing rogues that ever were in the Navy, just like their profane commander. Home, being at pretty good ease by a letter from my wife, brought by Saunders, that my father and wife got well last night to their inn and out again this morning, and Gibson's being got safe to Caxton at twelve last night.

15th. All the morning at the office. No news more than last night; only Purser Tyler comes and tells me that he being at all the passages in this business at Chatham, he says there have been horrible miscarriages, such as we shall shortly hear of: that the want of boats hath undone us; and it is commonly said, and Sir J. Minnes under his hand tells us, that they were employed by the men of the Yard to carry away their goods; and I hear that Commissioner Pett will be found the first man that began to remove; he is much spoken against, and Brouncker is complained of and reproached for discharging the men of the great ships heretofore. At noon Mr. Hater dined with me; and tells me he believes that it will hardly be the want of money alone that will excuse to the Parliament the neglect of not setting out a fleet, it having never been done in our greatest straits, but however unlikely it appeared, yet when it was gone about, the State or King did compass it; and there is something in it. At night comes, unexpectedly so soon, Mr. Gibson, who left my wife well, and all got down well with them, but not with himself, which I was afraid of, and cannot blame him, but must myself be wiser against another time. He had one of his bags broke, through his breeches, and some pieces dropped out, not many, he thinks, but two, for he light, and took them up, and went back and could find no more. But I am not able to tell how many, which troubles me, but the joy of having the greatest part safe there makes me bear with it, so as not to afflict myself for it. Home and to my flageolet. Played with pleasure, but with a heavy heart; only it pleased me to think how it may please God I may live to spend my time in the country with plainness and pleasure, though but with little glory.

16th. (Lord's day.) Comes Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, whom he had brought to town to settle at the Temple, but, by reason of our present stirs, will carry him back again with him this week. He seems to be but a silly lad. I sent them to church this morning. Roger Pepys told me that when I come to his house he will show me a decree in Chancery, wherein there was twenty-six men all housekeepers in the town of Cottenham, in Queen Elizabeth's time, of our name. By and by occasion offered for my writing to Sir W. Coventry a plain bold letter touching lack of money; which, when it was gone, I was afraid might give offence: but upon two or three readings over again the copy of it, I was satisfied it was a good letter; only Sir W. Batten signed it with me, which I could wish I had done alone.

17th. Every moment business of one kind or other about the fire-ships and other businesses, most of them vexatious for want of money, the commanders all complaining that, if they miss to pay their men a night, they run away; seamen demanding money of them by way of advance, and some of Sir Fretcheville Hollis's men, that he so bragged of, demanding their tickets to be paid, or they would not work; this Hollis, Sir W. Batten and W. Pen say, proves a conceited, idle, prating, lying fellow. Captain Cocke tells me there have been great endeavours of bringing in the Presbyterian interest, but that it will not do. He named to me several of the insipid lords that are to command the armies that are to be raised. He says the King and Court are all troubled, and the gates of the Court were shut up upon the first coming of the Dutch to us, but they do mind the business no more than ever: that the bankers, he fears, are broke as to ready-money, though Viner had £100,000 by him when our trouble begun: that he and the Duke of Albemarle have received into

their own hands, of Viner, the former £10,000, and the latter £12,000, in tallies or assignments, to secure what was in his hands of their's; and many other great men of our masters have done the like; which is no good sign, when they begin to fear the main. He and everybody cries out of the office of the Ordnance, for their neglects, both at Gravesend and Upnor, and everywhere else. This night, late, comes a porter with a letter from Monsieur Pratt, to borrow £100 for my Lord Hinchingbroke, to enable him to go out with his troop in the country, as he is commander; but I did find an excuse to decline it. Among other reasons to myself, this is one, to teach him the necessity of being a good husband, and keeping money or credit by him.

18th. To the office, and by and by word was brought me that Commissioner Pett is brought to the Tower,[1] and there laid up close prisoner; which puts me into a fright, lest they may do the same with us as they do with him. Great news to-night of the blowing up of one of the Dutch greatest ships, while a Council of War was on board: the latter part, I doubt, is not so, it not being confirmed since; but the former, that they had a ship blown up, is said to be true. This evening comes Sir G. Carteret to the office, to talk of business at Sir W. Batten's; where all to be undone for want of money, there being none to pay the Chest at their public pay the 24th of this month, which will make us a scorn to the world. After he had done there, he and I into the garden, and walked; and the greatest of our discourse is his sense of the requisiteness of his parting with his being Treasurer of the Navy, if he can, on any good terms. He do harp upon getting my Lord Brouncker to take it on half profit, but that he is not able to secure him in paying him so much. My Lady Jem goes down to Hinchingbroke to lie down, because of the troubles of the times here. He tells me now the great question is whether a Parliament or no Parliament; and says the Parliament itself cannot be thought able at present to raise money, and therefore it will be to no purpose to call one.

19th. Comes an order from Sir R. Browne, commanding me this afternoon to attend the Council-board, with all my books and papers touching the Medway. I was ready to fear some mischief to myself, though it appears most reasonable that it is to inform them about Commissioner Pett. And so took coach and to the Council-chamber lobby, where I met Mr. Evelyn. While we were discoursing over our public misfortunes, I am called into a large Committee of the Council: present the Duke of Albemarle, Anglesey, Arlington, Ashly, Carteret, Duncomb, Coventry, Ingram, Clifford, Lauderdale, Morrice, Manchester, Craven, Carlisle, Bridgewater. And after Sir W. Coventry's telling them what orders His Royal Highness had made for the safety of the Medway, I told them to their full content what we had done, and showed them our letters. Then was Peter Pett called in, with the Lieutenant of the Tower. He is in his old clothes, and looked most sillily. His charge was chiefly the not carrying up of the great ships, and the using of the boats in carrying away his goods; to which he answered very sillily, though his faults to me seem only great omissions. Lord Arlington and Coventry very severe against him; the former saying that, if he was not guilty, the world would think them all guilty.[1] The latter urged that there

[1] 'June 17th. This day, Commissioner Pett, to whom was committed the care of the Yard at Chatham, with the affairs of the Navy there, was committed close prisoner to the Tower, in order to his farther examination.'—*The London Gazette*, No. 166. [B.]

[1] Cf. Marvell (*Last Instructions to a Painter*, ll. 717-742):—

'After this loss, to relish discontent,
Some one must be accused by Parliament;
All our miscarriages on Pett must fall,
His name alone seems fit to answer all.
Whose counsel first did this mad war beget?
Who all commands sold through the Navy? Pett.
Who would not follow when the Dutch were beat?
Who treated out the time at Bergen? Pett.
Who the Dutch fleet with storms disabled met,
And, rifling prizes, them neglected? Pett.
Who with false news prevented the *Gazette*?
The fleet divided? writ for Rupert? Pett.
Who all our seamen cheated of their debt?
And all our prizes who did swallow? Pett.
Who did advise no Navy out to set?
And who the forts left unprepared? Pett.
Who to supply with powder did forget
Languard, Sheerness, Gravesend, and Upnor? Pett.
Who all our ships exposed in Chatham net?
Who should it be but the fanatic Pett?

must be some faults, and that the Admiral must be found to have done his part. I did say an unhappy word, which I was sorry for, when he complained of want of oars for the boats; and there was, it seems, enough, and good enough, to carry away all the boats with from the King's occasions. He said he used never a boat till they were all gone but one; and that was to carry away things of great value, and these were his models of ships; which, when the Council, some of them, had said they wished that the Dutch had had them instead of the King's ships, he answered, he did believe the Dutch would have made more advantage of the models than of the ships, and that the King had had greater loss thereby; this they all laughed at. After having heard him for an hour or more, they bade him withdraw. He being gone, they caused Sir Richard Browne[1] to read over his minutes; and then my Lord Arlington moved that they might be put into my hands to put into form, I being more acquainted with such business; that they were so. So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got out into the Court it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me, that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too; but afterwards I found that most did take me to be there to bear evidence against P. Pett; but my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that I did think fit to give T. Hater, whom I took with me, to wait the event, my closet-key and directions where to find £500 and more in silver and gold, and my tallies, to remove, in case of any misfortune to me. Home, and after being there a little, my wife came, and two of her fellow-travellers with her, with whom we drank: a couple of merchant-like men, I think, but have friends in our country. They being gone, my wife did give so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold, that made me mad; and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday, when they were gone to church, in open daylight, in the midst of the garden; where, for aught they knew, many eyes might see them; which put me into trouble, and I presently cast about, how to have it back again to secure it here, the times being a little better now.

Pett, the sea-architect in making ships,
Was the first cause of all these naval slips.
Had he not built, none of these faults had been;
If no creation, there had been no sin;
But his great crime, one boat away he sent,
That lost our fleet, and did our flight prevent.'

[1] Clerk of the Council.

20th. Mr. Barber told me that all the discourse yesterday, about that part of the town where he was, was that Mr. Pett and I were in the Tower; and I did hear the same before. Busy all the afternoon; in the evening did treat with, and in the end agree, but by some kind of compulsion, with the owners of six merchant-ships, to serve the King as men-of-war. But, Lord! to see how against the hair it is with these men and everybody to trust us and the King; and how unreasonable it is to expect they should be willing to lend their ships, and lay out £200 or £300 a man to fit their ships for the new voyages, when we have not paid them half of what we owe them for their old services! I did write so to Sir W. Coventry this night.

21st. My wife shows me a letter from her father, who is going over sea, and this afternoon would take his leave of her. I sent him by her three Jacobuses in gold, having real pity for him and her. This day comes news from Harwich that the Dutch fleet are all in sight, near 100 sail great and small, they think, coming towards them; where, they think, they shall be able to oppose them; but do cry out of the falling back of the seamen, few standing by them, and those with much faintness. The like they write from Portsmouth, and their letters this post are worth reading. Sir H. Cholmely came to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever: and that the night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with my Lady Castlemaine, at the Duchess of Monmouth's, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. All the Court afraid of a Parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a Parliament.

22nd. In the evening came Captain Hart and Haywood to me about the six

merchant-ships now taken up for men-of-war; and in talk they told me about the taking of the *Royal Charles*; that nothing but carelessness lost the ship, for they might have saved her the very tide that the Dutch came up, if they would have but used means and had had but boats; and that the want of boats plainly lost all the other ships. That the Dutch did take her with a boat of nine men, who found not a man on board her, and her laying so near them was a main temptation to them to come on; and presently a man went up and struck her flag and jack, and a trumpeter sounded upon her 'Joan's placket is torn':[1] that they did carry her down at a time, both for tides and wind, when the best pilot in Chatham would not have undertaken it, they heeling her on one side to make her draw little water; and so carried her away safe. They being gone, by and by comes Sir W. Pen, who hath been at Court; and in the first place, I hear the Duke of Cambridge is dead;[2] which is a great loss to the nation, having, I think, never an heir male now of the King's or Duke's to succeed to the Crown. He tells me that they do begin already to damn the Dutch, and call them cowards at Whitehall, and think of them and their business no better than they used to do; which is very sad. The King did tell him himself, which is so, I was told, here in the City, that the City hath lent him £10,000, to be laid out towards securing of the River of Thames; which methinks, is a very poor thing, that we should be induced to borrow by such mean sums. He tells me that it is most manifest that one great thing making it impossible for us to have set out a fleet this year, if we could have done it for money or stores, was the liberty given the beginning of the year for the setting out of merchantmen, which did take up, as is said, above ten, if not fifteen thousand seamen; and this appears in the Council-books.

23rd. (Lord's day.) To my chamber, and there all the morning reading in my Lord Coke's Pleas of the Crown,[3] very fine and noble reading. To Woolwich, and there called on Mr. Bodham; and he and I to see the batteries newly raised; which, indeed, are good works to command the River below the ships that are sunk, but not above them. It is a sad sight to see so many good ships there sunk in the River, while we would be thought to be masters of the sea. Cocke says the bankers cannot, till peace returns, ever hope to have credit again; so that they can pay no more money, but people must be contented to take public security such as they can give them; and if so, and they do live to receive the money thereupon, the bankers will be happy men. Fenn read me an order of Council passed the 17th instant, directing all the Treasurers of any part of the King's revenue to make no payments but such as shall be approved by the present Lords Commissioners; which will, I think, spoil the credit of all his Majesty's service, when people cannot depend upon payment anywhere. But the King's declaration in behalf of the bankers, to make good their assignments for money, is very good, and will, I hope, secure me. Cocke says that he hears it is come to it now that the King will try what he can soon do for a peace; and if he cannot, that then he will cast all upon the Parliament to do as they see fit; and in doing so, perhaps, he may save us all. The King of France, it is believed, is engaged for this year;[1] so that we shall be safe as to him. The great misery the City and kingdom is like to suffer for want of coals[2] in a little time is very visible, and, is feared, will breed a mutiny; for we are not in any prospect to command the sea for our colliers to come, but rather, it is feared, the Dutch may go and burn all our colliers at Newcastle; though others do say that they lie safe enough there. No news at all of late from Breda[3] what our Treaters do.

[1] For an account of this air see Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, ii. 518.
[2] He died on June 20, at Richmond.
[3] The third part of the *Institutes*.

[1] Louis XIV. was at this time in Flanders, with his Queen, his mistresses, and all his Court. Turenne commanded under him. Whilst Charles was hunting moths at Lady Castlemaine's, and the English fleet was burning, Louis was carrying on the campaign with vigour. Armentières was taken on May 28; Charleroi on June 2, St. Winox on the 6th, Furnes on the 12th, Ath on the 16th, Tournay on the 24th; the Escarpe on July 6, Courtray on the 18th, Audenarde on the 31st, and Lisle on August 27. [B.]
[2] See p. 517. [3] See p. 539.

[1] In the evening comes Mr. Povy about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us; a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day; but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he[2] hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at Whitehall into his[3] closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him; that Mr. Brouncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family are of the same strain, and will do anything to please him; that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above £60,000 per annum, when he hath not £40,000; that the Duchess is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expenseful; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man, to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas, now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povy did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, showing in faithfulness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above £20,000 per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion to it; to which he answered, that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper; at which Povy was startled, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to show it to the Duke of York's Commissioners;[4] who read, examined, and approved of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He[1] tells me that the other day, upon this ill news of the Dutch being upon us, Whitehall was shut up, and the Council called and sat close; and, by the way, he do assure me, from the mouth of some Privy Councillors, that at this day the Privy Council in general do know no more what the state of the kingdom as to peace and war is than he or I; nor who manages it, nor upon whom it depends; and there my Lord Chancellor did make a speech to them, saying that they knew well that he was no friend to the war from the beginning, and therefore had concerned himself little in, nor could say much to it; and a great deal of that kind, to discharge himself of the fault of the war. Upon which my Lord Anglesey rose up, and told his Majesty that he thought their coming now together was not to inquire who was, or was not, the cause of the war, but to inquire what was, or could be, done in the business of making a peace, and in whose hands that was, and where it was stopped or forwarded; and went on very highly to have all made open to them; and, by the way, I remember that Captain Cocke did the other day tell me that this Lord Anglesey hath said, within few days, that he would willingly give £10,000 of his estate that he was well secured of the rest, such apprehensions he hath of the sequel of things, as giving all over for lost. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do; that the King is, at this day, every

[1] In later edd. the sentences from this point are placed under the 24th, after the words 'any other inconvenience.' [2] Povy. [3] The Duke's.
[4] The Commissioners for regulating the Duke of York's affairs, in May, 1667, were John Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Colonel Robert Werden, and Colonel Anthony Eyre.—*Household Book*, at Audley End. [B.] [1] Povy.

night in Hyde Park with the Duchess of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine. That he[1] is concerned of late by my Lord Arlington in the looking after some buildings that he is about in Norfolk,[2] where my Lord is laying out a great deal of money; and that he, Mr. Povy, considering the unsafeness of laying out money at such a time as this, and, besides, the enviousness of the particular county, as well as all the kingdom, to find him building and employing workmen, while all the ordinary people of the country are carried down to the seasides for securing the land, he thought it becoming him to go to my Lord Arlington (Sir Thomas Clifford by), and give it as his advice to hold his hands a little; but my Lord would not, but would have him go on, and so Sir Thomas Clifford advised also, which one would think, if he were a statesman, should be a sign of his foreseeing that all should do well. He tells me that there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him, and applying himself to him for favours, when he came first up to town to be a Parliament-man.

24th. Troubled a little at a letter from my father, which tells me of an idle companion, one Coleman, who went down with him and my wife in the coach, and came up again with my wife, a pensioner of the King's guard, and one that my wife indeed made the feast for on Saturday last, though he did not come; but, if he knows nothing of our money, I will prevent any other inconvenience.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his new chariot (which indeed is plain, but pretty and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath, and yet do not cost him, harness and all, above £32) to Whitehall; where stayed a very little; and thence to St. James's to Sir W. Coventry, whom I have not seen since before the coming of the Dutch into the river, nor did indeed know how well to go to see him, for shame either to him or me, or both of us, to find ourselves in so much misery. I find that he and his fellow Treasurers are in the utmost want of money, and do find fault with Sir G. Carteret, that, having kept the mystery of borrowing money to himself so long, to the ruin of the nation, as Sir W. Coventry said in words to Sir W. Pen and me, he should now lay it aside and come to them for money for every penny he hath, declaring that he can raise no more; which, I confess, do appear to me the most like ill-will of anything that I have observed of Sir W. Coventry, when he himself did tell us, on another occasion at the same time, that the bankers who used to furnish them money are not able to lend a farthing, and he knows well enough that that was all the mystery Sir G. Carteret did use, that is, only his credit with them. He told us the masters and owners of the two ships that I had complained of, for not readily setting forth their ships, which we had taken up to make men-of-war, had been yesterday with the King and Council, and had made their case so well understood, that the King did owe them for what they had earned the last year, and that they could not set them out again without some money or stores out of the King's Yards; the latter of which Sir W. Coventry said must be done, for that they were not able to raise money for them, though it was but £200 a ship; which do show us our condition to be so bad, that I am in a total despair of ever having the nation do well. After that talking awhile, and all out of heart with stories of want of seamen, and seamen's running away, and their demanding a month's advance, and our being forced to give seamen 3s. a-day to go hence to work at Chatham, and other things that show nothing but destruction upon us; for it is certain that, as it now is, the seamen of England, in my conscience, would, if they could, go over and serve the King of France or Holland rather than us. Up to the Duke of York to his chamber, where he seems to be pretty easy, and now and then merry; but yet one may perceive in all their minds there is something of trouble and care, and with good reason.

[1] Povy.

[2] At Euston Hall, in Suffolk, which afterwards came into the Grafton family, by the marriage of the first Duke with Lord Arlington's only child. [B.]

Thence to Whitehall, with Sir W. Pen, by chariot; and there in the Court met with my Lord Anglesey; and he to talk with Sir W. Pen, and told him of the masters of ships being with the Council yesterday, and that we were not in condition, though the men were willing, to furnish them with £200 of money, already due to them as earned by them the last year, to enable them to set out their ships again this year for the King; which he is amazed at; and when I told him, 'My Lord, this is a sad instance of the condition we are in,' he answered, that it was so indeed, and sighed; and so parted: and he up to the Council-chamber, where I perceive they sit every morning. It is worth noting that the King and Council, in their order of the 23rd instant, for unloading three merchant-ships taken up for the King's service for men-of-war, do call the coming of the Dutch 'an invasion.' I was told yesterday that Mr. Oldenburg,[1] our Secretary at Gresham College, is put into the Tower, for writing news to a virtuoso in France, with whom he constantly corresponds in philosophical matters; which makes it very unsafe at this time to write, or almost do anything. Several captains came to the office yesterday and to-day, complaining that their men come and go when they will, and will not be commanded, though they are paid every night, or may be. Nay, this afternoon comes Harry Russell from Gravesend, telling us that the money carried down yesterday for the Chest at Chatham had like to have been seized upon yesterday, in the barge there, by seamen, who did beat our watermen: and what men should these be but the boat's crew of Sir Fretcheville Hollis, who used to brag so much of the goodness and order of his men, and his command over them. Sir H. Cholmely tells me great news; that this day in Council the King hath declared that he will call his Parliament in thirty days; which is the best news I have heard a great while, and will, if anything, save the kingdom. How the King came to be advised to this, I know not; but he tells me that it was against the Duke of York's mind flatly, who did rather advise the King to raise money as he pleased; and against the Chancellor's, who told the King that Queen Elizabeth did do all her business in eighty-eight[1] without calling a Parliament, and so might he do, for anything he saw. But, blessed be God! it is done; and pray God it may hold, though some of us must surely go to the pot, for all must be flung up to them, or nothing will be done.

26th. The Parliament is ordered to meet the 25th of July, being, as they say, St. James's day; which every creature is glad of. Walking to the Old Swan, I met Sir Thomas Harvy, whom, asking the news of the Parliament's meeting, he told me it was true, and they would certainly make a great rout among us. I answered, I did not care for my part, though I was ruined, so that the Commonwealth might escape ruin by it. He answered, that is a good one, in faith; for you know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office; but for my part, says he, I must look to be removed; but then, says he, I doubt not but I shall have amends made me; for all the world knows upon what terms I came in, which is a saying that a wise man would not unnecessarily have said, I think, to anybody, meaning his buying his place of my Lord Barkeley.[2] Colonel Reymes tells me of a letter come last night, or the day before, from my Lord St. Albans, out of France, wherein he says, that the King of France did lately fall out with him, giving him ill names, saying that he had belied him to our King, by saying that he had promised to assist our King, and to forward the peace; saying that indeed he had offered to forward the peace at such a time, but it was not accepted of, and so he thinks himself not obliged, and would do what was fit for him; and so made him to go out of his sight in great displeasure: and he hath given this account to the King, which. Colonel Reymes tells me, puts them into new melancholy at Court, and he believes hath forwarded the resolution of calling the Parliament. At Whitehall spied Mr. Povy, who tells me, as a great secret, which none knows but himself, that Sir G. Carteret hath parted with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, by consent, to my Lord Anglesey, and is to be Treasurer of Ireland in his stead; but upon what terms it is, I know not: and that it is in his power to bring me to as great a friendship and con-

[1] See p. 283.

[1] 1588. [2] Of Stratton.

fidence in my Lord Anglesey as ever I was with Sir W. Coventry. Such is the want already of coals, and the despair of having any supply, by reason of the enemy's being abroad, and no fleet of ours to secure them, that they are come this day to £5 : 10s. per chaldron.

27th. Wakened this morning about three o'clock by a letter from Sir W. Coventry to W. Pen, that the Dutch are come up to the Nore again, and he knows not whether farther or no. Horrible trouble with the backwardness of the merchants to let us have their ships, and seamen's running away, and not to be got or kept without money. Proclamations come out this day for the Parliament to meet the 25th of next month; for which God be praised! and another to invite seamen to bring in their complaints, of their being ill-used in the getting their tickets and money. Pierce tells me that he hears for certain fresh at Court that France and we shall agree; and more, that yesterday was damned at the Council, the Canary Company; and also that my Lord Mordaunt hath laid down his commission. Pierce tells me that all the town do cry out of our office, for a pack of fools; but says that everybody speaks either well, or at least the best of me. But he tells me how Matt. Wren should say that he was told that I should say that W. Coventry was guilty of the miscarriage at Chatham, though I myself, as he confesses, did tell him otherwise, and that it was wholly Pett's fault. He hath rectified Wren in his belief of this, and so all is well. News this tide that about 80 sail of the Dutch, great and small, were seen coming up the river this morning; and this tide some of them to the upper end of the Hope.

28th. Sir W. Batten is come to town. I to see him; he is very ill of his fever, and come only for advice. Sir J. Minnes, I hear also, is very ill all this night, worse than before. We find the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry gone this morning, by two o'clock, to Chatham, to come home to-night: and it is fine to observe how both the King and Duke of York have, in their several late journeys to and again, done them in the night, for coolness. To Sir G. Carteret, and I dined with my Lady and good company, and good dinner. My Lady and the family in very good humour upon this business of his parting with his place of Treasurer of the Navy, which I perceive they do own. They tell me that the Duke of Buckingham hath surrendered himself to Secretary Morrice, and is going to the Tower. Mr. Fenn, at the table, says that he hath been taken by the watch two or three times of late, at unseasonable hours, but so disguised that they could not know him: and when I came home, by and by, Mr. Lowther tells me that the Duke of Buckingham do dine publicly this day at Wadlow's, at the Sun Tavern; and is mighty merry, and sent word to the Lieutenant of the Tower that he would come to him as soon as he had dined. Now, how sad a thing it is, when we come to make sport of proclaiming men traitors, and banishing them, and putting them out of their offices, and Privy Council, and of sending to and going to the Tower: God have mercy on us! At table, my Lady and Sir Philip Carteret have great and good discourse of the greatness of the present King of France—what great things he hath done, that a man may pass, at any hour of the night, all over that wild city[1] with a purse in his hand and no danger: that there is not a beggar to be seen in it, nor dirt lying in it; that he hath married two of Colbert's daughters to two of the greatest princes of France, and given them portions—bought the greatest dukedom in France, and given it to Colbert;[2] and ne'er a prince in France dare whisper against it, whereas here our King cannot do any such thing, but everybody's mouth is open against him for it, and the man that hath the favour also. That to several commanders that had not money to set them out to the present campaign, he did of his own accord send them £1000 sterling

[1] Paris.

[2] The Carterets gave Pepys a rosy picture of seventeenth century Paris. "Colbert had three daughters, of whom the eldest was just married when Pepys wrote, viz., Jean Marie Therèse, to the Duc de Chevreuse, on February 3, 1667. The second daughter, Henriette Louise, was not married to the Duc de St. Aignan till January 21, 1671; and the third, Marie Anne, to the Duc de Mortemart, February 14, 1679. Colbert himself was never made a Duke. His highest title was Marquis de Seignelay. [B.]"

Thence to Whitehall, with Sir W. Pen, by chariot; and there in the Court met with my Lord Anglesey; and he to talk with Sir W. Pen, and told him of the masters of ships being with the Council yester- and that we were not in condition the men were willing, to furn- £200 of money, alread- earned by them the them to get out their for the King; whi- when I told him instance of the answered, the and so part chamber, mornin- and C insta- tak- w- j

Elizabeth di- eight[1] w- mi- ...elling told us the news of the ...ow the officers of the Navy are ...at upon, and a great many greater ...but do think that I shall do well ...enough; and I think, if I have justice, I shall. We hear that the Dutch are gone down again; and, thanks be to God! the trouble they give us this second time is not very considerable.

29th. My cousin Thomas Pepys,[2] of Hatcham, came to see me, and he thinks nothing but a union of religious interests will ever settle us; and I do think that, and the Parliament's taking the whole management of things into their hands, and severe inquisitions into our miscarriages, will help us. To my wife, to whom I now propose the going to Chatham, who, mightily pleased with it, sent for Mercer to go with her, but she could not go, having friends at home; and the poor wretch was contented to stay at home, on condition to go to Epsom next Sunday. Talking with Sir W. Batten, he did give me an account how ill the King and Duke of York was advised to send orders for our frigates and fire-ships to come from Gravesend, soon as ever news came of the Dutch being returned into the river, wherein no seamen, he believes, was advised with; for, says he, we might have done just as Warwick[3] did, when he, W. Batten,[4] came with the King and the like fleet, in the late wars, into the river; for Warwick did not run away from them, but sailed before them when they sailed, and came to anchor when they came to anchor, and always kept in a small distance from them; so as to be able to take every opportunity of any of their ships running aground, or change of wind, or anything else, to his advantage. So might we have done with our fire-ships; and we have lost an opportunity of taking or burning a good ship of theirs, which was run aground about Holehaven, I think he said, with the wind so as their ships could not get her away; but we might have done what we would with her, and, it may be, done them mischief, too, with the wind.

30th. (Lord's day.) Up about three

[1] Richard Boyle (1612-1697), first Earl of Burlington and second Earl of Cork.

[2] See p. 525.

[3] See p. 313.

[3] Robert Rich, second Earl of Warwick (1587-1658).

[4] See p. 33, note.

o'clock, and Creed and I got ourselves ready, and took coach at our gate, it being very fine weather, and the cool of the morning, and with much pleasure, without any stop, got to Rochester about ten of the clock. At the landing-place, I met my Lord Brouncker and my Lord Douglas,[1] and all the officers of the soldiers in the town, waiting there for the Duke of York, whom they heard was coming. By and by comes my Lord Middleton, well mounted: he seems a fine soldier, and so everybody says he is; and a man, like my Lord Teviot, and indeed most of the Scotch gentry, as I observe, of few words. After seeing the boats come up from Chatham, with them that rowed with bandoliers about their shoulders, and muskets in their boats—they being the workmen of the Yard, who have promised to redeem their credit, lost by their deserting the service when the Dutch were there—I and Creed down by boat to Chatham Yard. Thence to see the batteries made; which, indeed, are very fine, and guns placed so as one would think the River should be very secure. I was glad, as also it was new to me, to see so many fortifications as I have of late seen, and so up to the top of the Hill, there to look, and could see towards Sheerness, to spy the Dutch fleet, but could make out none but one vessel, they being all gone. Here I was told, that, in all the late attempt, there was but one man that they knew killed on shore; and that was a man that had lain upon his belly upon one of the hills, on the other side of the River, to see the action; and a bullet came, and so he was killed. Thence back to the dock, and in my way saw how they are fain to take the deals of the rope-house to supply other occasions, and how sillily the country troopers look, that stand upon the passes there; and, methinks, as if they were more willing to run away than to fight, and it is said that the country soldiers did first run at Sheerness, but that then my Lord Douglas's men did run also; but it is excused that there was no defence for them towards the sea, that so the very beach did fly in their faces as the bullets came, and annoyed them, they having, after all this preparation of the officers of the ordnance, only done something towards the land, and nothing at all towards the sea. The people here everywhere do speak very badly of Sir Edward Spragge, as not behaving himself as he should have done in that business, going away with the first, and that old Captain Pyne, who, I am here told, and no sooner, is Master-Gunner of England, was the last that stayed there. Thence by barge, it raining hard, down to the chain; and in our way did see the sad wrecks of the poor *Royal Oak*, *James*, and *London*; and several other of our ships by us sunk, and several of the enemy's, whereof three men-of-war that they could not get off, and so burned. I do not see that Upnor Castle hath received any hurt by them, though they played long against it; and they themselves shot till they had hardly a gun left upon the carriages, so badly provided they were; they have now made two batteries on that side, which will be very good, and do good service. So to the chain, and there saw it fast at the end on Upnor side of the River; very fast, and borne up upon the several stages across the River; and where it is broke nobody can tell me. I went on shore on Upnor side to look upon the end of the chain; and caused the link to be measured, and it was six inches and one-fourth in circumference. It seems very remarkable to me, and of great honour to the Dutch, that those of them that did go on shore to Gillingham, though they went in fear of their lives, and were some of them killed; and, notwithstanding their provocation at Schelling;[1] yet killed none of our people nor plundered their houses, but did take some things of easy carriage, and left the rest, and not a house burned; and, which is to our eternal disgrace, that what my Lord Douglas's men, who came after them, found there, they plundered and took all away; and the watermen that carried us did further tell us, that our own soldiers are far more terrible to those people of the country-towns than the Dutch themselves. We were told at the batteries, upon my seeing of the field-guns that were there, that, had they come a day sooner, they had been able to have saved all; but they had no orders, and lay lingering

[1] James, second Marquis of Douglas (? 1646-1700).

[1] Terschelling, at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee, on which Sir Robert Holmes had landed. See p. 408.

[1] In the evening comes Mr. Povy about business; and he and I to walk in the garden an hour or two, and to talk of State matters. He tells me his opinion that it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving us; a lazy Prince, no Council, no money, reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day; but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he[2] hath known them brought through the Matted Gallery at Whitehall into his[3] closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed, and gone to others laid in bed for him; that Mr. Brouncker is not the only pimp, but that the whole family are of the same strain, and will do anything to please him; that, besides the death of the two Princes lately, the family is in horrible disorder by being in debt by spending above £60,000 per annum, when he hath not £40,000; that the Duchess is not only the proudest woman in the world, but the most expensesful; and that the Duke of York's marriage with her hath undone the kingdom, by making the Chancellor so great above reach, who otherwise would have been but an ordinary man, to have been dealt with by other people; and he would have been careful of managing things well, for fear of being called to account; whereas, now he is secure, and hath let things run to rack, as they now appear. That at a certain time Mr. Povy did carry him an account of the state of the Duke of York's estate, showing in faithfulness how he spent more than his estate would bear, by above £20,000 per annum, and asked my Lord's opinion to it; to which he answered, that no man that loved the King or kingdom durst own the writing of that paper; at which Povy was startled, and reckoned himself undone for this good service, and found it necessary then to show it to the Duke of York's Commissioners;[4] who read, examined, and approved of it, so as to cause it to be put into form, and signed it, and gave it the Duke. Now the end of the Chancellor was for fear that his daughter's ill housewifery should be condemned. He[1] tells me that the other day, upon this ill news of the Dutch being upon us, Whitehall was shut up, and the Council called and sat close; and, by the way, he do assure me, from the mouth of some Privy Councillors, that at this day the Privy Council in general do know no more what the state of the kingdom as to peace and war is than he or I; nor who manages it, nor upon whom it depends; and there my Lord Chancellor did make a speech to them, saying that they knew well that he was no friend to the war from the beginning, and therefore had concerned himself little in, nor could say much to it; and a great deal of that kind, to discharge himself of the fault of the war. Upon which my Lord Anglesey rose up, and told his Majesty that he thought their coming now together was not to inquire who was, or was not, the cause of the war, but to inquire what was, or could be, done in the business of making a peace, and in whose hands that was, and where it was stopped or forwarded; and went on very highly to have all made open to them; and, by the way, I remember that Captain Cocke did the other day tell me that this Lord Anglesey hath said, within few days, that he would willingly give £10,000 of his estate that he was well secured of the rest, such apprehensions he hath of the sequel of things, as giving all over for lost. He tells me, speaking of the horrid effeminacy of the King, that the King hath taken ten times more care and pains in making friends between my Lady Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, when they have fallen out, than ever he did to save his kingdom; nay, that upon any falling out between my Lady Castlemaine's nurse and her woman, my Lady hath often said she would make the King to make them friends, and they would be friends and be quiet; which the King hath been fain to do; that the King is, at this day, every

[1] In later edd. the sentences from this point are placed under the 24th, after the words 'any other inconvenience.' [2] Povy. [3] The Duke's.
[4] The Commissioners for regulating the Duke of York's affairs, in May, 1667, were John Lord Berkeley of Stratton, Colonel Robert Werden, and Colonel Anthony Eyre.—*Household Book*. at Audley End. [B.] [1] Povy.

night in Hyde Park with the Duchess of Monmouth, or with my Lady Castlemaine. That he[1] is concerned of late by my Lord Arlington in the looking after some buildings that he is about in Norfolk,[2] where my Lord is laying out a great deal of money; and that he, Mr. Povy, considering the unsafeness of laying out money at such a time as this, and, besides, the enviousness of the particular county, as well as all the kingdom, to find him building and employing workmen, while all the ordinary people of the country are carried down to the seasides for securing the land, he thought it becoming him to go to my Lord Arlington (Sir Thomas Clifford by), and give it as his advice to hold his hands a little; but my Lord would not, but would have him go on, and so Sir Thomas Clifford advised also, which one would think, if he were a statesman, should be a sign of his foreseeing that all should do well. He tells me that there is not so great confidence between any two men of power in the nation at this day, that he knows of, as between my Lord Arlington and Sir Thomas Clifford; and that it arises by accident only, there being no relation nor acquaintance between them, but only Sir Thomas Clifford's coming to him, and applying himself to him for favours, when he came first up to town to be a Parliament-man.

24th. Troubled a little at a letter from my father, which tells me of an idle companion, one Coleman, who went down with him and my wife in the coach, and came up again with my wife, a pensioner of the King's guard, and one that my wife indeed made the feast for on Saturday last, though he did not come; but, if he knows nothing of our money, I will prevent any other inconvenience.

25th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen in his new chariot (which indeed is plain, but pretty and more fashionable in shape than any coach he hath, and yet do not cost him, harness and all, above £32) to Whitehall; where stayed a very little; and thence to St. James's to Sir W. Coventry, whom I have not seen since before the coming of the Dutch into the river, nor did indeed know how well to go to see him, for shame either to him or me, or both of us, to find ourselves in so much misery. I find that he and his fellow Treasurers are in the utmost want of money, and do find fault with Sir G. Carteret, that, having kept the mystery of borrowing money to himself so long, to the ruin of the nation, as Sir W. Coventry said in words to Sir W. Pen and me, he should now lay it aside and come to them for money for every penny he hath, declaring that he can raise no more; which, I confess, do appear to me the most like ill-will of anything that I have observed of Sir W. Coventry, when he himself did tell us, on another occasion at the same time, that the bankers who used to furnish them money are not able to lend a farthing, and he knows well enough that that was all the mystery Sir G. Carteret did use, that is, only his credit with them. He told us the masters and owners of the two ships that I had complained of, for not readily setting forth their ships, which we had taken up to make men-of-war, had been yesterday with the King and Council, and had made their case so well understood, that the King did owe them for what they had earned the last year, and that they could not set them out again without some money or stores out of the King's Yards; the latter of which Sir W. Coventry said must be done, for that they were not able to raise money for them, though it was but £200 a ship; which do show us our condition to be so bad, that I am in a total despair of ever having the nation do well. After that talking awhile, and all out of heart with stories of want of seamen, and seamen's running away, and their demanding a month's advance, and our being forced to give seamen 3s. a-day to go hence to work at Chatham, and other things that show nothing but destruction upon us; for it is certain that, as it now is, the seamen of England, in my conscience, would, if they could, go over and serve the King of France or Holland rather than us. Up to the Duke of York to his chamber, where he seems to be pretty easy, and now and then merry; but yet one may perceive in all their minds there is something of trouble and care, and with good reason.

[1] Povy.

[1] At Euston Hall, in Suffolk, which afterwards came into the Grafton family, by the marriage of the first Duke with Lord Arlington's only child. [B.]

to a cockpit, where, it seems, there was a public cockpit, and set fire to the straw in it, and hath a fire-ball at the end of the straw, which did take fire, and so it prevailed and burned the house; and, among other things they carried away, he took six of the cocks that were at the cockpit; and afterwards the boys told us how they had one dressed, by the same token it was so hard they could not eat it. But that which was most remarkable was the impudence of this Holmes, who hath been arraigned often, and still got away; and on this business was taken, and broke loose just at Newgate Gate; and was last night luckily taken about Bow, where he got loose, and ran into the river, and hid himself in the rushes; and they pursued him with a dog, and the dog got him and held him till he was taken. But the impudence of the fellow was such, that he denied he ever saw the boys before, or ever knew the Russia House, or that the people knew him; and by and by the mistress of the Russia House was called in, being indicted at the same time about another thing; and she denied that the fellow was of her acquaintance, when it was pretty to see how the little boys did presently fall upon her, and ask her how she durst say so, when she was always with them when they met at her house, and particularly when she came in her smock before a dozen of them, at which the Court laughed, and put the woman away. Well, this fellow Holmes was found guilty of the act of burning the house, and other things that he stood indicted for.[1] And then there were other good cases, as of a woman that came to serve a gentlewoman, and in three days ran away, betimes in the morning, with a great deal of plate and rings and other good things. It was time very well spent to be here. Here I saw how favourable the judge was to a young gentleman that struck one of the officers, for not making him room: told him he had endangered the loss of his hand, but that he hoped he had not struck him, and would suppose that he had not struck him. The Court then rose, and I to dinner with my Lord Mayor and Sheriffs; where a good dinner and good discourse, the judge being there. There was also tried this morning Fielding, which I thought had been Basil — but it proved the other, and Basil was killed —that killed his brother, who was found guilty of murder, and nobody pitied him. The judge seems to be a worthy man and able; and do intend for these rogues that burned this house to be hung in some conspicuous place in the town, for an example.

5th. Sir G. Carteret did come to us. He told us that the Great Seal is passed to my Lord Anglesey for Treasurer of the Navy; so that now he do no more belong to us; and I confess, for his sake, I am glad of it. No news, but that the Dutch are gone clear from Harwich northward, and have given out that they are going to Yarmouth.

6th. Mr. Williamson told me that Mr. Coventry is coming over with a project of a peace; which, if the States agree to, and our King, when their Ministers on both sides have showed it them, we shall agree, and that is all; but the King, I hear, do give it out plain that the peace is concluded. This day, with great satisfaction, I hear that my Lady Jemimah is brought to bed at Hinchingbroke of a boy.[1]

7th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Moore tells me that the discontented Parliament-men are fearful that the next sitting the King will try for a general excise, by which to raise him money, and then to fling off the Parliament, and raise a land-army and keep them all down like slaves; and it is gotten among them, that Bab. May, the Privy-purse. had been heard to say that £300 a-year is enough for any country gentleman; which makes them mad, and they do talk of £600,000 or £800,000 gone into the Privy-purse this war, when in King James's time it arose but to £5000, and in King Charles's but £10,000 in a year. He tells me that a goldsmith in town told him that, being with some plate with my Lady Castlemaine lately, she directed her woman (the great beauty), 'Wilson,' says she, 'make a note for this, and for that, to the Privy-purse for money.' He tells me a little more of

[1] He was hanged on July 11, 1667. [B.]

[1] George Carteret, in 1681 created Baron Carteret of Hawnes, co. Bedford, in consideration of the eminent services rendered by his father and grandfather to Charles II. [B.]

the baseness of the courses taken at Court in the case of Mr. Moyer,[1] who is at liberty, and is to give £500 for his liberty; but now the great ones are divided, who shall have the money, the Duke of Albemarle on one hand, and another Lord on the other; and that it is fain to be decided by having the person's name put into the King's warrant for his liberty, at whose intercession the King shall own that he is set at liberty; which is a most lamentable thing, that we do professedly own that we do these things, not for right and justice sake, but only to gratify this or that person about the King. God forgive us all! Busy till the evening, and then with my wife and Jane over to Half-way house, a very good walk; and there drank, and in the cool of the evening back again, and sang with pleasure upon the water, and were mightily pleased in hearing a boatful of Spaniards sing. Jane of late mighty fine, by reason of a laced whisk her mistress hath given her, which makes her a very graceful servant. But, above all, my wife and I were the most surprised in the beauty of a plain girl, which we met in the little lane going from Redriffe stairs into the fields, one of the prettiest faces that we think we ever saw in our lives.

8th. Mr. Coventry is come from Breda, as was expected; but, contrary to expectation, brings with him two or three articles which do not please the King: as, to retrench the Act of Navigation, and then to ascertain what are contraband goods; and then that those exiled persons, who are or shall take refuge in their country, may be secure from any further prosecution. Whether these will be enough to break the peace upon, or no, he cannot tell; but I perceive the certainty of peace is blown over. To Charing Cross, there to see the great boy and girl that are lately come out of Ireland, the latter eight, the former but four years old, of most prodigious bigness for their age. I tried to weigh them in my arms, and find them twice as heavy as people almost twice their age; and yet I am apt to believe they are very young. Their father a little sorry fellow, and their mother an old Irish woman. They have had four children of this bigness, and four of ordinary growth, whereof two of each are dead. If, as my Lord Ormond certifies, it be true that they are no older, it is very monstrous.

9th. This day my Lord Anglesey, our new Treasurer, came the first time to the Board; and I do perceive he is a very notable man, and understanding, and will do things regular, and understand them himself, not trust Fenn, as Sir G. Carteret did, and will solicit soundly for money, which I do fear was Sir G. Carteret's fault, that he did not do that enough, considering the age we live in. This evening comes news for certain that the Dutch are with their fleet before Dover, and that it is expected they will attempt something there. The business of the peace is quite dashed again.

12th. Met at Whitehall with Sir H. Cholmely, he telling me that undoubtedly the peace is concluded; for he did stand yesterday where he did hear part of the discourse at the Council-table, and there did hear the King argue for it. Among other things, that the spirits of the seamen were down, and the forces of our enemies were grown too great and many for us, and he would not have his subjects overpressed: for he knows an Englishman would do as much as any man upon hopeful terms; but where he sees he is overpressed, he despairs as soon as any other; and, besides that, they have already such a load of dejection upon them, that they will not be in temper a good while again. He heard my Lord Chancellor say to the King, 'Sir,' says he, 'the whole world do complain publicly of treachery, that things have been managed falsely by some of your great ministers. Sir,' says he, 'I am for your Majesty's falling into a speedy inquiry into the truth of it, and, where you meet with it, punish it. But, at the same time, consider what you have to do, and make use of your time for having a peace; for more money will not be given without much trouble, nor is it, I fear, to be had of the people, nor will a little do it to put us into condition of doing our business.' But the other day Sir H. Cholmely tells me he[1] did say at his table, 'Treachery!' says he; 'I could wish we could prove there was anything of that sort in it; for that would imply some wit and thoughtfulness; but we are ruined

[1] See p. 495.

[1] The Chancellor.

merely by folly and neglect.' And so they did all argue for peace, and so he do believe that the King hath agreed to the three points Mr. Coventry brought over, which I have mentioned before. The Duke of Buckingham was before the Council the other day, and there did carry it very submissively and pleasingly to the King; but to my Lord Arlington, who did prosecute the business, he was most bitter and sharp, and very slighting. As to the letter about his employing a man to cast the King's nativity, says he to the King, 'Sir, this is none of my hand, and I refer it to your Majesty whether you do not know this hand.' The King answered, that it was indeed none of his, and that he knew whose it was, but could not recall it presently. 'Why,' says he, 'it is my sister of Richmond's,[1] some frolic or other of her's about some certain person; and there is nothing of the King's name in it, but it is only said to be his by supposition, as is said.' The King, it seems, was not very much displeased with what the Duke had said; but, however, he is still in the Tower, and no discourse of his being out in haste, though my Lady Castlemaine hath so far solicited for him that the King and she are quite fallen out: he comes not to her, nor hath for some three or four days; and parted with very foul words, the King calling her a jade that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all; and she calling him a fool; and told him if he was not a fool, he would not suffer his businesses to be carried on by fools that did not understand them, and cause his best subjects, and those best able to serve him, to be imprisoned; meaning the Duke of Buckingham. And it seems she was not only for his liberty, but to be restored to all his places; which, it is thought, he will never be. It was computed that the Parliament had given the King for this war only, besides all prizes, and besides the £200,000 which he was to spend of his own revenue, to guard the sea above £5,000,000 and odd £100,000; which is a most prodigious sum. Sir H. Cholmely, as a true English gentleman, do decry the King's expenses of his Privy-purse, which in King James's time did not rise to above £5,000 a-year, and in King Charles's to £10,000, do now cost us above £100,000, besides the great charge of the monarchy, as the Duke of York £100,000 of it, and other limbs of the Royal family, and the Guards, which, for his part, says he, 'I would have all disbanded, for the King is not the better by them, and would be as safe without them; for we have had no rebellions to make him fear anything.' But, contrarily, he is now raising of a land army, which this Parliament and kingdom will never bear; besides, the commanders they put over them are such as will never be able to raise or command them; but the design is, and the Duke of York, he says, is hot for it, to have a land army, and so to make the government like that of France. It is strange how everybody do nowadays reflect upon Oliver, and commend him, what brave things he did, and made all the neighbour princes fear him; while here a prince, come in with all the love and prayers and good liking of his people, who have given greater signs of loyalty and willingness to serve him with their estates than ever was done by any people, hath lost all so soon, that it is a miracle what way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time. Sir Thomas Crew tells me how I am mightily in esteem with the Parliament; there being harangues made in the House to the Speaker, of Mr. Pepys's readiness and civility to show them everything.

13th. Mighty hot weather, I lying this night, which I have not done, I believe, since a boy, with only a rug and a sheet upon me. Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her £100 a-year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crew told me that Lacy lies a-dying; nor will receive any ghostly[1] advice from a Bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. My wife and I to the New Exchange, to pretty made Mrs. Smith's shop, where I left my wife, and I mightily pleased with this Mrs. Smith, being a very pleasant woman. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet everybody's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now

[1] Cf. p. 124.

[1] Spiritual.

the King hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes, with all his heart, a war; but that the King is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in this City, a stranger, to one that told him that the peace was concluded, 'Well,' says he, 'and have you a peace?' 'Yes,' says the other. 'Why, then,' says he, 'hold your peace!' partly reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not fit to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it. Sir Thomas Crew yesterday speaking of the King of France, how great a man he is; 'why,' says he, 'all the world thought that when the last Pope died[1] there would have been such bandying between the Crowns of France and Spain, whereas, when he was asked what he would have his ministers at Rome do, why, says he, let them choose who they will; if the Pope will do what is fit, the Pope and I will be friends. If he will not, I will take a course with him; therefore, I will not trouble myself; and thereupon the election[2] was dispatched in a little time (I think in a day), and all ended.'

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and my wife, a little before four, and to make us ready; and by and by Mrs. Turner came to us by agreement, and she and I stayed talking below while my wife dressed herself, which vexed me that she was so long about it, keeping us till past five o'clock before she was ready. She ready; and taking some bottles of wine, and beer, and some cold fowl with us into the coach, we took coach and four horses, which I had provided last night, and so away. A very fine day, and so towards Epsom, talking all the way pleasantly, and particularly of the pride and ignorance of Mrs. Lowther, in having of her train carried up.[3] The country very fine, only the way very dusty. To Epsom, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company, and I drank the water: they did not, but I did drink four pints. And to the town, to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house. W. Hewer rode with us, and I left him and the women, and myself walked to the church, where few people to what I expected, and none I knew, but all the Houblons, brothers, and them after sermon I did salute, and walk with towards my inn. James did tell me that I was the only happy man of the Navy, of whom, he says, during all this freedom the people hath taken to speaking treason, he hath not heard one bad word of me, which is a great joy to me; for I hear the same of others, but do know that I have deserved as well as most. We parted to meet anon, and I to my women into a better room, which the people of the house borrowed for us, and there to a good dinner, and were merry, and Pembleton came to us, who happened to be in the house, and there talked and were merry. After dinner, he gone, we all lay down (the day being wonderful hot) to sleep, and each of us took a good nap, and then rose; and here Tom Wilson came to see me, and sat and talked an hour; and I perceive he hath been much acquainted with Dr. Fuller (Tom) and Dr. Pierson, and several of the great cavalier parsons during the late troubles; and I was glad to hear him talk of them, which he did very ingenuously, and very much of Dr. Fuller's art of memory, which he did tell me several instances of. By and by he parted, and we took coach and to take the air, there being a fine breeze abroad; and I carried them to the well, and there filled some bottles of water to carry home with me; and there I talked with the two women that farm the well, at £12 per annum, of the lord of the manor. Mr. Evelyn[1] with his lady, and also my Lord George Barkeley's lady,[2] and their fine daughter, that the King of France liked so well, and did dance so rich in jewels before the King at the ball I was at, at our Court, last

[1] Alexander VII.; *cf.* p. 174. He died May 22, 1667.
[2] Clement IX.; elected June 20, 1667.
[3] See p. 518

[1] This was probably Richard Evelyn, of Woodcote Park, near Epsom, and his wife Elizabeth, daughter of George Mynne, of Horton in Epsom, both of which places belonged to her. [B.]
[2] Elizabeth, daughter of John Massingberd. [B].

winter, and also their son,[1] a Knight of the Bath, were at church this morning. Here W. Hewer's horse broke loose, and we had the sport to see him taken again. Then I carried them to see my cousin Pepys's house, and 'light, and walked round about it, and they like it, as indeed it deserves, very well, and is a pretty place; and then I walked them to the wood hard by, and there got them in the thickets till they lost themselves, and I could not find the way into any of the walks in the wood, which indeed are very pleasant, if I could have found them. At last got out of the wood again; and I, by leaping down the little bank, coming out of the wood, did sprain my right foot, which brought me great pain, but presently, with walking, it went away for the present, and so the women and W. Hewer and I walked upon the Downes, where a flock of sheep was; and the most pleasant and innocent sight that ever I saw in my life. We found a shepherd and his little boy reading, far from any houses or sight of people, the Bible to him; so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father, and talked with him; and I find he had been a servant in my cousin Pepys's house, and told me what was become of their old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world in my mind for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen knit stockings of two colours mixed, and of his shoes shod with iron, both at the toe and heels, and with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and, taking notice of them, 'why,' says the poor man, 'the Downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these,' says he, 'will make the stones fly till they ring before me.' I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful, and I tried to cast stones with his horn crook. He values his dog mightily, that would turn a sheep any way which he would have him, when he goes to fold them: told me there was about eighteen score sheep in his flock, and that he hath four shillings a-week the year round for keeping of them: and Mrs. Turner, in the common fields here, did gather one of the prettiest nosegays that ever I saw in my life. So to our coach, and through Mrs. Minnes's[1] wood, and looked upon Mr. Evelyn's house; and so over the common, and through Epsom town to our inn, in the way stopping a poor woman with her milk-pail, and in one of my gilt tumblers did drink our bellyfuls of milk, better than any cream; and so to our inn, and there had a dish of cream, but it was sour, and so had no pleasure in it; and so paid our reckoning, and took coach, it being about seven at night, and passed and saw the people walking with their wives and children to take the air, and we set out for home, the sun by and by going down, and we in the cool of the evening all the way with much pleasure home, talking and pleasing ourselves with the pleasure of this day's work. Mrs. Turner mightily pleased with my resolution, which, I tell her, is never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach, and with my wife on the Saturday to go sometimes for a day to this place, and then quit to another place; and there is more variety and as little charge, and no trouble, as there is in a country-house. Anon it grew dark, and we had the pleasure to see several glow-worms, which was mighty pretty, but my foot begins more and more to pain me, which Mrs. Turner, by keeping her warm hand upon it, did much ease: but so that when we came home, which was just at eleven at night, I was not able to walk from the lane's end to my house without being helped. So to bed, and there had a cere-cloth[2] laid to my foot, but in great pain all night long.

15th. I was not able to go to-day to wait on the Duke of York with my fellows, but was forced in bed to write out particulars for their discourse there. Anon comes Mrs. Turner, and new-dressed my foot, and did it so, that I was at much ease presently. Our poor Jane very sad for the death of her poor brother, who hath left

[1] Charles, eldest son, summoned to Parliament as Baron Berkeley, *vita patris*, 1680. He died in 1710, having succeeded his father in the Earldom in 1698. [B.]

[1] See p. 525 *note*. [2] Plaster.

a wife and two small children. I did give her 20s. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him.

16th. To the Office without much pain, and there sat all the morning.

17th. Home, where I am saluted with the news of Hogg's bringing a rich Canary prize to Hull; and Sir W. Batten do offer me £1000 down for my particular share, besides Sir Richard Ford's part, which do tempt me; but yet I would not take it, but will stand and fall with the company. He and two more, the *Panther* and *Fanfan*, did enter into consortship; and so they have all brought in each a prize, though ours worth as much as both theirs, and more. However, it will be well worth having, God be thanked for it! This news makes us all very glad. I at Sir W. Batten's did hear the particulars of it; and there for joy he did give the company that were there a bottle or two of his own last year's wine, growing at Walthamstow, than which the whole company said they never drank better foreign wine in their lives. The Duke of Buckingham is, it seems, set at liberty, without any further charge against him or other clearing of him, but let to go out; which is one of the strangest instances of the fool's play with which all public things are done in this age, that is to be apprehended. And it is said that when he was charged with making himself popular—as indeed he is, for many of the discontented Parliament, Sir Robert Howard, and Sir Thomas Meres, and others, did attend at the Council-chamber when he was examined—he should answer, that whoever was committed to prison by my Lord Chancellor or my Lord Arlington, could not want being popular. But it is worth considering the ill state a Minister of State is in under such a Prince as ours is; for, undoubtedly, neither of those two great men would have been so fierce against the Duke of Buckingham at the Council-table the other day, had they not been assured of the King's good liking, and supporting them therein: whereas, perhaps at the desire of my Lady Castlemaine, who, I suppose, hath at last overcome the King, the Duke of Buckingham is well received again, and now these men delivered up to the interest he can make for his revenge. He told me over the story of Mrs. Stewart, much after the manner which I was told it by Mr. Evelyn; only he says it is verily believed that the King did never intend to marry her to any but himself, and that the Duke of York and Lord Chancellor were jealous of it; and that Mrs. Stewart might be got with child by the King, or somebody else, and the King own a marriage before his contract, for it is but a contract, as he tells me, to this day, with the Queen, and so wipe their noses of the Crown; and that, therefore, the Duke of York and Chancellor did do all they could to forward the match with my Lord Duke of Richmond, that she might be married out of the way; but, above all, it is a worthy part that this good lady hath acted. My sister Michell[1] came from Lee[2] to see us; but do tattle so much of the late business of the Dutch coming thither that I am weary of it. Yet it is worth remembering what she says: that she hath heard both seamen and soldiers swear they would rather serve the Dutch than the King, for they should be better used. She saw the *Royal Charles* brought into the river by them; and how they shot off their great guns for joy, when they got her out of Chatham River.

18th. Very well employed at the office till evening; and then, being weary, took out my wife and Will Batelier by coach to Islington, but no pleasure in our going, the way being so dusty that one durst not breathe. Drank at the old house, and so home.

19th. One tells me that, by letter from Holland, the people there are made to believe that our condition in England is such as they may have whatever they will ask; and that so they are mighty high, and despise us, or a peace with us; and there is too much reason for them to do so. The Dutch fleet are in great squadrons everywhere still about Harwich, and were lately at Portsmouth; and the last letters say at Plymouth, and now gone to Dartmouth to destroy our Straits fleet lately got in thither; but God knows whether they can do it any hurt, or no.

20th. Towards the 'Change, at noon, in my way observing my mistake yesterday

[1] The wife of Balthazar St. Michel (Balty), Mrs. Pepys's brother.

[2] Leigh, opposite Sheerness.

in Mark Lane, that the woman I saw was not the pretty woman I meant, the line-maker's[1] wife, but a new-married woman, very pretty, a strong-water seller: and in going by, to my content, I find that the very pretty daughter at the Ship tavern, at the end of Billiter Lane, is there still, and in the bar; and, I believe, is married to him that is new come, and hath new trimmed the house. Home to dinner, and then to the office, we having dispatched away Mr. Oviatt to Hull, about our prizes there; and I have wrote a letter of thanks by him to Lord Bellasis, who had writ to me to offer all his service for my interest there, but I dare not trust him.

21st. (Lord's day.) I and my wife and Mercer up by water to Barn Elms, where we walked by moonshine, and called at Lambeth, and drank and had cold meat in the boat, and did eat, and sang, and down home by almost twelve at night, very fine and pleasant, only could not sing ordinary songs with the freedom that otherwise I would. Here Mercer tells me that the pretty maid of the Ship tavern is married there, which I am glad of. So having spent this night, with much serious pleasure to consider that I am in a condition to fling away an angel[2] in such a refreshment to myself and family, we home and to bed, leaving Mercer, by the way, at her own door.

22nd. Up to my Lord Chancellor's, where was a Committee of Tangier in my Lord's room, where he sits to hear causes, and where all the Judges' pictures hang up,[3] very fine. But to see how Sir W. Coventry did oppose both my Lord Chancellor and the Duke of York himself, about the Order of the Commissioners of the Treasury to me for not paying of pensions, and with so much reason, and eloquence so natural, was admirable. And another thing, about his pressing for the reduction of the charge of Tangier, which they would have put off to another time; 'But,' says he, 'the King suffers so much by the putting off of the consideration of reductions of charge that he is undone; and therefore I do pray you, sir,' to his Royal Highness, 'that when anything offers of the kind, you will not let it escape you.' Here was a great bundle of letters brought hither, sent up from sea, from a vessel of ours that hath taken them after they had been flung over by a Dutchman; wherein, among others, the Duke of York did read the superscription of one to De Witt, thus—'To the most wise, foreseeing, and discreet, These, etc.'; which, I thought with myself, I could have been glad might have been duly directed to any one of them at the table, though the greatest men in this kingdom. The Duke of York, the Lord Chancellor, my Lord Duke of Albemarle, Arlington, Ashley, Peterborough, and Coventry, the best of them all for parts, I perceive they do all profess their expectation of a peace, and that suddenly. Sir W. Coventry did declare his opinion that if Tangier were offered us now, as the King's condition is, he would advise against the taking it; saying, that the King's charge is too great, and must be brought down, it being, like the fire of this City, never to be mastered till you have brought it under you; and that these places abroad are but so much charge to the King, and we do rather hitherto strive to greaten them than lessen them; and then the King is forced to part with them, 'as,' says he, 'he did with Dunkirk, by my Lord Teviot's making it so chargeable to the King as he did that, and would have done Tangier, if he had lived.' I perceive he is the only man that do seek the King's profit, and is bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion. With much pleasure reflecting upon our discourse to-day at the Tangier meeting, and crying up the worth of Sir W. Coventry. Creed tells me of the fray between the Duke of Buckingham at the Duke's playhouse the last Saturday (and it is the first day I have heard that they have acted at either the King's or Duke's houses this month or six weeks) and Henry Killigrew, whom the Duke of Buckingham did soundly beat and take away his sword, and make a fool of, till the fellow prayed him to spare his life; and I am glad of it; for it seems in this business the Duke of Buckingham did carry himself very innocently and well,

[1] Maker of ropes, clothes-'lines,' etc.

[2] See p. 84, note.

[3] See Lady Theresa Lewis's *Lives of the Friends and Contemporaries of Lord Chancellor Clarendon; illustrative of Portraits in his Gallery*, 1852, 3 vols. [B.]

and I wish he had paid this fellow's coat well.[1] I heard something of this at the 'Change to-day; and it is pretty to hear how people do speak kindly of the Duke of Buckingham, as one that will inquire into faults; and therefore they do mightily favour him. And it puts me in mind that, this afternoon, Billing, the Quaker, meeting me in the Hall, came to me, and after a little discourse did say, 'Well,' says he, 'now you will be all called to an account'; meaning the Parliament is drawing near.

23rd. Comes sudden news to me by letter from the Clerk of the Cheque at Gravesend, that there were thirty sail of Dutch men-of-war coming up into the Hope this last tide; which I told Sir W. Pen of; but he would not believe it, but laughed, and said it was a fleet of bilanders[2] and that the guns that were heard was the salutation of the Swede's Ambassador that comes over with them. But within half an hour comes another letter from Captain Proud, that eight of them were come into the Hope, and thirty more following them, at ten this morning. By and by comes an order from Whitehall to send down one of our number to Chatham, fearing that, as they did before, they may make a show first up hither, but then go to Chatham: so my Lord Brouncker do go, and we here are ordered to give notice to the merchant men-of-war, gone below the barricado at Woolwich, to come up again.

24th. Betimes this morning comes a letter from the Clerk of the Cheque at Gravesend to me, to tell me that the Dutch fleet did come all into the Hope yesterday noon, and held a fight with our ships from thence till seven at night; that they had burned twelve fire-ships, and we took one of theirs, and burned five of our fire-ships. But then rising and going to Sir W. Batten, he tells me that we have burned one of their men-of-war, and another of theirs is blown up; but how true that is, I know not. But these fellows are mighty bold, and have had the fortune of the wind easterly this time to bring them up, and prevent our troubling them with our fire-ships; and, indeed, have had the winds at their command from the beginning, and now do take the beginning of the spring, as if they had some great design to do. About five o'clock down to Gravesend, all the way with extraordinary content reading of Boyle's *Hydrostatics*,[1] which the more I read and understand, the more I admire, as a most excellent piece of philosophy; and as we come nearer Gravesend, we hear the Dutch fleet and ours a-firing their guns most distinctly and loud. So I landed, and discoursed with the landlord of the Ship, who undeceives me in what I heard this morning about the Dutch having lost two men-of-war, for it is not so, but several of their fire-ships. He do say, that this afternoon they did force our ships to retreat, but that now they are gone down as far as Shield-haven;[2] but what the event hath been of this evening's guns they know not, but suppose not much, for they have all this while shot at good distance one from another. They seem confident of the security of this town and the River above it, if ever the enemy should come up so high; their fortifications being so good, and guns many. But he do say that people do complain of Sir Edward Spragg, that he hath not done extraordinary; and more of Sir W. Jenings, that he came up with his tamkins[3] in his guns. Having eaten a bit of cold venison and drank, I away, took boat, and homeward again, with great pleasure, the moon shining, and it being a fine pleasant cool evening, and got home by half-past twelve at night, and so to bed.

25th. At night Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and myself, and Sir R. Ford, did meet in the garden to discourse about our prizes at Hull. It appears that Hogg is the veriest rogue, the most observable embezzler, that ever was known. This vexes us, and made us very free and plain with Sir W. Pen, who hath been his great patron, and as very a rogue as he. But he do now seem to own that his opinion is changed of him, and that he will join with

1 'To pay' or 'to baste' his coat, *i.e.* to beat him.

2 Dutch coasters of the hoy type. Cf. Dryden, *Hind and Panther*—

'Why choose we then like bilanders to creep
Along the coast, and land in view to keep,
When safely we may launch into the deep?'
(I. ll. 128-130.)

1 Robert Boyle's *Hydrostatical Paradoxes* (1666).

2 Shellhaven, on the coast of Essex.

3 Tompions, or gun-stopples.

us in our strictest inquiries, and did sign to the letters we had drawn, which he had refused before, and so seemingly parted good friends. I demanded of Sir R. Ford and the rest what passed to-day at the meeting of Parliament: who told me that, contrary to all expectation by the King that there would be but a thin meeting, there met above 300 this first day, and all the discontented party; and, indeed, the whole House seems to be no other almost. The Speaker told them, as soon as they were sat, that he was ordered by the King to let them know he was hindered by some important business to come to them and speak to them, as he intended; and, therefore, ordered him to move that they would adjourn themselves till Monday next, it being very plain to all the House that he expects to hear by that time of the sealing of the peace, which by letters, it seems, from my Lord Hollis, was to be sealed the last Sunday.[1] But before they would come to the question whether they would adjourn, Sir Thomas Tomkins steps up and tells them, that all the country is grieved at this new-raised standing army; and that they thought themselves safe enough in their train-bands; and that, therefore, he desired the King might be moved to disband them. Then rises Garraway and seconds him, only with this explanation, which he said he believed the other meant; that, as soon as peace should be concluded, they might be disbanded. Then rose Sir W. Coventry, and told them that he did approve of what the last gentleman said; but also, that at the same time he did no more than what, he durst be bold to say, he knew to be the King's mind, that as soon as peace was concluded he would do it of himself. Then rose Sir Thomas Littleton, and did give several reasons from the uncertainty of their meeting again but to adjourn, in case news comes of the peace being ended before Monday next, and the possibility of the King's having some about him that may endeavour to alter his own, and the good part of his Council's advice, for the keeping up of the land-army; and, therefore, it was fit that they did present it to the King as their desire, that, as soon as peace was concluded, the land-army might be laid down, and that this their request might be carried to the King by them of their House that were Privy Councillors; which was put to the vote, and carried *nemine contradicente*. So after this vote passed, they adjourned; but it is plain what the effects of this Parliament will be, if they be suffered to sit, that they will fall foul upon the faults of the Government; and I pray God they may be permitted to do it, for nothing else, I fear, will save the King and kingdom than the doing it betimes.

26th. No news at all this day what we have done to the enemy, but that the enemy is fallen down, and we after them, but to little purpose.

27th. To the office, where I hear that Sir John Coventry[1] is come over from Breda, a nephew, I think, of Sir W. Coventry's; but what message he brings I know not. This morning news is come that Sir Jos. Jordan is come from Harwich, with sixteen fire-ships and four other little ships of war; and did attempt to do some execution upon the enemy, but did it without discretion, as most do say, so as they have been able to do no good, but have lost four of their fire-ships. They attempted this, it seems, when the wind was too strong, that our grapplings could not hold: others say we came to leeward of them, but all condemn it as a foolish management. They are come to Sir Edward Spragg about Lee, and the Dutch are below at the Nore. At the office all the morning; and at noon to the 'Change, where I met Fenn; and he tells me that Sir John Coventry do bring the confirmation of the peace; but I do not find the 'Change at all glad of it, but rather the worse, they looking upon it as a peace made only to preserve the King for a time in his lusts and ease, and to sacrifice trade and his kingdoms only to his own pleasures; so that the hearts of merchants are quite down. He tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemaine are quite broke off, and she

[1] The peace was signed on the 31st; see August 9 (p. 539).

[1] (d. 1682.) The slitting of his nose on Dec. 21, 1670, by Sir Thomas Sandys and other ruffians, who resented his reference to the King's relations with actresses, was the cause of the passing of the 'Coventry Act' against mutilation. See the verses on this subject attributed to Marvell.

is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it;[1] and she will have it christened in the Chapel at Whitehall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into Whitehall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. He tells me that the King and Court were never in the world so bad as they are now for gaming, swearing, women, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought. He told me that Sir G. Carteret was at this end of the town; so I went to visit him in Broad Street; and there he and I together: and he is mightily pleased with my Lady Jem's having a son; and a mighty glad man he is. He[2] tells me, as to news, that the peace is now confirmed, and all that over. He says it was a very unhappy motion in the House the other day about the land-army; for, whether the King hath a mind of his own to do the thing desired or no, his doing it will be looked upon as a thing done only in fear of the Parliament. He says that the Duke of York is suspected to be the great man that is for raising of this army, and bringing things to be commanded by an army; but that he do know that he is wronged therein. He do say that the Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion in the Government, and sobriety; and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world. He tells me the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this, and the next to that, to the ruin of himself and business; that he is at the command of any woman like a slave, though he be the best man to the Queen in the world, with so much respect, and never lies a night from her; but yet cannot command himself in the presence of a woman he likes. It raining this day all day to our great joy, it having not rained, I think, this month before, so as the ground was everywhere so burned and dry as could be; and no travelling in the road or streets in London, for dust.

28th. All the morning close, to draw up a letter to Sir W. Coventry upon the tidings of peace, taking occasion, before I am forced to it, to resign up to his Royal Highness my place of the Victualling, and to recommend myself to him by promise of doing my utmost to improve this peace in the best manner we may, to save the kingdom from ruin.

29th. Up, and with Sir W. Batten to St. James's, to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where, among other things, he came to me, and told me that he had received my yesterday's letters, and that we concurred very well in our notions; and that, as to my place which I had offered to resign of the Victualling, he had drawn up a letter at the same time for the Duke of York's signing for the like places in general raised during this war; and that he had done me right to the Duke of York, to let him know that I had, of my own accord, offered to resign mine. The letter do bid us to do all things, particularizing several, for the laying up of the ships and easing the King of charge; to that the war is now professedly over. By and by up to the Duke of York's chamber; and there all the talk was about Jordan's coming with so much indiscretion, with his four little frigates and sixteen fire-ships from Harwich, to annoy the enemy. His failures were of several sorts, I know not which the truest: that he came with so strong a gale of wind, that his grapplings would not hold; that he did come by their lee; whereas, if he had come athwart their hawse, they would have held; that they did not stop a tide, and come up with a windward tide, and then they would not have come so fast. Now, there happened to be Captain Jenifer by, who commanded the *Lily* in this business, and thus says: that, finding the Dutch not so many as they expected, they did not know [but] that there were more of them above, and so were not so earnest to the setting upon these; that they did do what they could to make the fire-ships fall in among the enemy; and, for their lives, neither Sir

[1] Charles owned only four children by Lady Castlemaine—Anne, Countess of Sussex, and the Dukes of Southampton, Grafton, and Northumberland. The last of these was born in 1665. The paternity of all her other children was certainly doubtful. [B.] See July 30 (p. 536).

[2] Sir George Carteret.

J. Jordan nor others could, by shooting several times at them, make them go in; and it seems they were commanded by some idle fellows, such as they could of a sudden gather up at Harwich; which is a sad consideration that, at such a time as this, where the saving the reputation of the whole nation lay at stake, and after so long a war, the King had not credit to gather a few able men to command these vessels. He says that, if they had come up slower, the enemy would, with their boats and their great sloops, which they have to row with a great many men, and did, come and cut up several of our fire-ships, and would certainly have taken most of them, for they do come with a great provision of these boats on purpose, and to save their men, which is bravely done of them, though they did, on this very occasion, show great fear, as they say, by some men leaping overboard out of a great ship, as these were all of them of sixty and seventy guns apiece, which one of our fire-ships laid on board, though the fire did not take. But yet it is brave to see what care they do take to encourage their men to provide great stores of boats to save them, while we have not credit to find one boat for a ship. And, further, he told us that this new way used by Deane, and this Sir W. Coventry observed several times, of preparing of fire-ships, do not do the work; for the fire, not being strong and quick enough to flame up, so as to take the rigging and sails, lies smothering a great while, half an hour before it flames, in which time they can get the fire-ship off safely, though, which is uncertain, and did fail in one or two this bout, it do serve to burn our own ships. But what a shame it is to consider how two of our ships' companies did desert their ships for fear of being taken by their boats, our little frigates being forced to leave them, being chased by their greater! And one more company did set their ship on fire, and leave her; which afterwards a Feversham fisherman came up to, and put out the fire, and carried safe into Feversham, where she now is, which was observed by the Duke of York, and all the company with him, that it was only want of courage, and a general dismay and abjectness of spirit upon all our men; and others did observe our ill management, and God Almighty's curse upon all that we have in hand, for never such an opportunity was of destroying so many good ships of theirs as we now had. But to see how negligent we were in this business, that our fleet of Jordan's should not have any notice where Spragg was, nor Spragg of Jordan's, so as to be able to meet and join in the business, and help one another; but Jordan, when he saw Spragg's fleet above, did think them to be another part of the enemy's fleet! While, on the other side, notwithstanding our people at Court made such a secret of Jordan's design that nobody must know it, and even this Office itself must not know it; nor for my part I did not, though Sir W. Batten says by others' discourse to him he had heard something of it; yet De Ruyter, or he that commanded this fleet, had notice of it, and told it to a fisherman of ours that he took and released on Thursday last, which was the day before our fleet came to him. But then, that, that seems most to our disgrace, and which the Duke of York did take special and vehement notice of, is, that when the Dutch saw so many fire-ships provided for them, themselves lying, I think, about the Nore, they did with all their great ships, with a north-east wind, as I take it they said, but whatever it was, it was a wind that we should not have done it with, turn down to the Middle-ground; which the Duke of York observed, never was nor would have been undertaken by ourselves. And whereas some of the company answered, it was their great fear, not their choice, that made them do it, the Duke of York answered, that it was, it may be, their fear and wisdom that made them do it; but yet their fear did not make them mistake, as we should have done, when we have had no fear upon us, and have run our ships on ground. And this brought it into my mind, that they managed their retreat down this difficult passage, with all their fear, better than we could do ourselves in the main sea, when the Duke of Albemarle ran away from the Dutch, when the *Prince* was lost, and the *Royal Charles* and the other great ships came on ground upon the Galloper. Thus, in all things, in wisdom,

courage, force, knowledge of our own streams, and success, the Dutch have the best of us, and do end the war with victory on their side. The Duke of York being ready, we into his closet, but, being in haste to go to the Parliament House, he could not stay. So we parted, and to Westminster Hall, where the Hall full of people to see the issue of the day, the King being to come to speak to the House to-day. One thing extraordinary was, this day a man, a Quaker,[1] came naked through the Hall, only very civilly tied about the loins to avoid scandal, and with a chafing-dish of fire and brimstone burning upon his head, did pass through the Hall, crying, 'Repent! repent!' Presently comes down the House of Commons, the King having made then a very short and no pleasing speech to them at all, not at all giving them thanks for their readiness to come up to town this busy time; but told them that he did think he should have had occasion for them, but had none, and therefore did dismiss them to look after their own occasions till October; and that he did wonder any should offer to bring in a suspicion that he intended to rule by an army, or otherwise than by the laws of the land, which he promised them he would do; and so bade them go home and settle the minds of the country in that particular; and only added, that he had made a peace which he did believe they would find reasonable, and a good peace, but did give them none of the particulars thereof. Thus they are dismissed again to their general great distaste, I believe the greatest that ever Parliament was, to see themselves so fooled, and the nation in certain condition of ruin, while the King, they see, is only governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him. The Speaker, they found, was kept from coming in the morning to the House on purpose, till after the King was come to the House of Lords, for fear they should be doing anything in the House of Commons to the further dissatisfaction of the King and his courtiers. They do all give up the kingdom for lost that I speak to; and do hear what the King says, how he and the Duke of York do do what they can to get up an army, that they may need no more Parliaments: and how my Lady Castlemaine hath, before the late breach between her and the King, said to the King that he must rule by an army, or all would be lost, and that Bab. May hath given the like advice to the King, to crush the English gentlemen, saying that £300 a-year was enough for any man but them that lived at Court. I am told that many petitions were provided for the Parliament, complaining of the wrongs they have received from the Court and courtiers, in city and country, if the Parliament had but sat; and I do perceive they all do resolve to have a good account of the money spent before ever they give a farthing more; and the whole kingdom is everywhere sensible of their being abused, insomuch that they forced their Parliament-men to come up to sit; and my cousin Roger told me that (but that was in mirth) he believed, if he had not come up, he should have had his house burned. The kingdom never in so troubled a condition in this world as now; nobody pleased with the peace, and yet nobody daring wish for the continuance of the war, it being plain that nothing do nor can thrive under us. Here I saw old good Mr. Vaughan,[1] and several of the great men of the Commons, and some of them old men, that are come 200 miles, and more, to attend this session of Parliament; and have been at great charge and disappointments in their other private business; and now all to no purpose, neither to serve their country, content themselves, nor receive any thanks from the King. It is verily expected by many of them that the King will continue the prorogation in October, so as, if it be possible, never to have this Parliament more. My Lord Bristol took

[1] Defoe in his *History of the Plague* imagines a like case:—'Another ran about naked, except a pair of drawers about his waist, crying day and night, like a man that Josephus mentions, who cried, *Woe to Jerusalem!* a little before the destruction of that city. So this poor naked creature cried, *O, the great and the dreadful God!* and said no more, but repeated those words continually, with a voice and countenance full of horror, a swift pace, and nobody could ever find him to stop, or rest, or take any sustenance, at least that ever I could hear of. I met this poor creature several times in the streets, and would have spoke to him, but he would not enter into speech with me or any one else; but held on his dismal cries continually.' Defoe had probably heard of the Quaker. [B.]

[1] John Vaughan, *M.S.*

his place in the House of Lords this day, but not in his robes; and, when the King came in, he withdrew; but my Lord of Buckingham was there as brisk as ever, and sat in his robes; which is a monstrous thing, that a man should be proclaimed against, and put in the Tower, and released without any trial, and yet not restored to his places. But, above all, I saw my Lord Mordaunt as merry as the best, that it seems hath done such further indignities to Mr. Taylor[1] since the last sitting of Parliament as would hang him, if there were nothing else, would the King do what were fit for him; but nothing of that is now likely to be. After having spent an hour or two in the hall, my cousin Roger and I and Creed to the Old Exchange, where I find all the merchants sad at this peace and breaking up of the Parliament, as men despairing of any good to the nation, which is a grievous consideration; and so home. Cousin Roger and Creed to dinner with me, and very merry; but among other things they told me of the strange bold sermon of Dr. Creeton yesterday before the King; how he preached against the sins of the Court, and particularly against adultery, over and over instancing how for that single sin in David the whole nation was undone; and of our negligence in having our castles without ammunition and powder when the Dutch came upon us; and how we have no courage nowadays, but let our ships be taken out of our harbour. Here Creed did tell us the story of the duel last night, in Covent Garden, between Sir H. Bellasis and Tom Porter. It is worth remembering the silliness of the quarrel, and is a kind of emblem of the general complexion of this whole kingdom at present. They two dined yesterday at Sir Robert Carr's,[2] where it seems people do drink high, all that come. It happened that these two, the greatest friends in the world, were talking together; and Sir H. Bellasis talked a little louder than ordinary to Tom Porter, giving of him some advice. Some of the company standing by said, 'What! are they quarrelling, that they talk so high?' Sir H. Bellasis, hearing it, said, 'No!' says he: 'I would have you know I never quarrel, but I strike; and take that as a rule of mine!' 'How?' says Tom Porter, 'strike! I would I could see the man in England that durst give me a blow!' With that Sir H. Bellasis did give him a box of the ear; and so they were going to fight there, but were hindered. And by and by Tom Porter went out; and, meeting Dryden the poet, told him of the business, and that he was resolved to fight Sir H. Bellasis presently; for he knew, if he did not, they should be friends to-morrow, and then the blow would rest upon him; which he would prevent, and desired Dryden to let him have his boy to bring him notice which way Sir H. Bellasis goes. By and by he is informed that Sir H. Bellasis's coach was coming: so Tom Porter went out of the Coffee-house where he stayed for the tidings, and stopped the coach, and bade Sir H. Bellasis come out. 'Why,' says H. Bellasis, 'you will not hurt me coming out, will you?' 'No,' says Tom Porter. So out he went, and both drew: and Sir H. Bellasis having drawn and flung away his scabbard, Tom Porter asked him whether he was ready? The other answering him he was, they fell to fight, some of their acquaintance by. They wounded one another, and H. Bellasis so much that it is feared he will die; and finding himself severely wounded, he called to Tom Porter, and kissed him, and bade him shift for himself; 'for,' says he, 'Tom, thou hast hurt me; but I will make shift to stand upon my legs till thou mayest withdraw, and the world not take notice of you, for I would not have thee troubled for what thou hast done.' And so whether he did fly or no I cannot tell; but Tom Porter showed H. Bellasis that he was wounded too: and they are both ill, but H. Bellasis to fear of life. And this is a fine example; and H. Bellasis a Parliament-man,[1] too, and both of them extraordinary friends! Among other discourse, my cousin Roger told us as a thing certain, that the Archbishop of Canterbury, that now is,[2] do keep a wench, and that he is as very a wencher as can be; and tells us it is a thing

[1] See p. 443.
[2] Baronet, of Sleaford, Lincolnshire. [B.]

[1] Member for Grimsby.
[2] Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop since 1663.

publicly known that Sir Charles Sedley had got away one of the Archbishop's wenches from him, and the Archbishop sent to him to let him know that she was his kinswoman, and did wonder that he would offer any dishonour to one related to him. To which Sir Charles Sedley is said to answer, 'Pray tell his Grace that I believe he finds himself too old, and is afraid that I should outdo him among his girls, and spoil his trade.' But he makes no more of doubt to say that the Archbishop is a wencher, and known to be so, which is one of the most astonishing things that I have heard of, unless it be, what for certain he says is true, that my Lady Castlemaine hath made a Bishop lately, namely, her uncle, Dr. Glenham, who, I think they say, is Bishop of Carlisle;[1] a drunken swearing rascal, and a scandal to the Church; and do now pretend to be Bishop of Lincoln,[2] in competition with Dr. Rainbow,[3] who is reckoned as worthy a man as most in the Church for piety and learning: which are things so scandalous to consider, that no man can doubt but we must be undone that hears of them. Cousin Roger did acquaint me in private with an offer made of his marrying of Mrs. Elizabeth Wiles, whom I know; a kinswoman of Mr. Honiwood's, an ugly old maid, but a good housewife, and is said to have £2500 to her portion; but if I can find that she hath but £2000, which he prays me to examine, he says he will have her, she being one he hath long known intimately, and a good housewife, and discreet woman; though I am against it in my heart, she being not handsome at all; and it hath been the very bad fortune of the Pepyses that ever I knew, never to marry an handsome woman, excepting Ned Pepys.[4] To Whitehall; and, looking out of the window into the garden, I saw the King (whom I have not had any desire to see since the Dutch came upon the coast first to Sheerness, for shame that I should see him, or he me, methinks, after such a dishonour) come upon the garden; with him two or three idle Lords; and instantly after him, in another walk, my Lady Castlemaine, led by Bab. May: at which I was surprised, having but newly heard the stories of the King and her being parted for ever. So I took Mr. Povy, who was there, aside, and he told me all—how imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it: with that she made a slighting 'puh' with her mouth, and went out of the house, and never came in again till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvy's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of some other cares, having but this morning broken up such a Parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King, that whoever did get it, he should own it; and the bottom of the quarrel is this:—She is fallen in love with young Jermyn,[1] who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth;[2] the King is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her; so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed! But he tells me for certain that nothing is more sure than that the King, and Duke of York, and the Chancellor are desirous and labouring all they can to get an army, whatever the King says to the Parliament; and he believes that they are at last resolved to stand and fall all three together: so that he says in terms that the match of the Duke of York with the Chancellor's daughter hath undone the nation. He tells me also that the King hath not greater enemies in the world than those of his own family; for there is not an officer in the house almost but curses him for letting them starve, and there is not a farthing of money to be raised for the buying them bread. To walk in

[1] Henry Glenham, D.D., was Dean of Bristol in 1661; but he was never raised to the Bench. [B.]

[2] Lincoln was vacant by the translation of Benjamin Laney to Ely, on May, 24, previously. Wm. Fuller, Bishop of Limerick, was made Bishop of Lincoln, on Sept. 17, following. [B.]

[3] Dr. Edward Rainbow, Bishop of Carlisle, *u.s.*

[4] Edward Pepys, of Broomsthorpe, *u.s.*

[1] Henry Jermyn, afterwards Earl of Dover.

[2] Lady Falmouth re-married Charles, Lord Buckhurst, afterwards the sixth Earl of Dorset. [B.]

the garden with my wife, telling her of my losing £300 a-year by my place that I am to part with, which do a little trouble me, but we must live with somewhat more thrift. Many guns were heard this afternoon, it seems, at Whitehall and in the Temple garden very plain; but what it should be nobody knows, unless the Dutch be driving our ships up the river. To-morrow we shall know.

30th. To the Treasury-chamber, where I did speak with the Lords. Here I do hear that there are three Lords more to be added to them; my Lord Bridgewater, my Lord Anglesey, and my Lord Chamberlain.[1] Thence with Creed to Whitehall; in our way, meeting with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary, on horseback, who stopped to speak with us, and he proved very drunk, and did talk, and would have talked all night with us, I not being able to break loose from him, he holding me so by the hand. But, Lord! to see his present humour, how he swears at every word, and talks of the King and my Lady Castlemaine in the plainest words in the world. And from him I gather that the story I learned yesterday is true—that the King hath declared that he did not get the child of which she is conceived at this time. But she told him, 'God damn me, but you shall own it!'[2] It seems, he is jealous of Jermyn, and she loves him so, that the thoughts of his marrying of my Lady Falmouth puts her into fits of the mother; and he, it seems, hath been with her from time to time, continually, for a good while; and once, as this Cooling says, the King had like to have taken him a-bed with her, but that he was fain to creep under the bed into her closet. Mr. Cooling told us how the King, once speaking of the Duke of York's being mastered by his wife, said to some of the company by, that he would go no more abroad with this Tom Otter,[3] meaning the Duke of York, and his wife. Tom Killigrew, being by, said, 'Sir, pray which is the best for a man, to be a Tom Otter to his wife or to his mistress?' meaning the King's being so to my Lady Castlemaine. Thus he went on; and speaking then of my Lord Sandwich, whom he professed to love exceedingly, says Creed, 'I know not what, but he is a man, methinks, that I could love for himself, without other regards.' He talked very lewdly; and then took notice of my kindness to him on shipboard seven years ago, when the King was coming over, and how much he was obliged to me; but says, 'Pray look upon this acknowledgement of a kindness in me to be a miracle; for,' says he, 'it is against the law at Court for a man that borrows money of me, even to buy his place with. to own it the next Sunday'; and then told us his horse was a bribe, and his boots a bribe; and told us he was made up of bribes, as an Oxford scholar is set out with other men's goods when he goes out of town, and that he makes every sort of tradesman to bribe him; and invited me home to his house, to taste of his bribe wine. I never heard so much vanity from a man in my life; so, being now weary of him, we parted, and I took coach, and carried Creed to the Temple. There set him down, and to my office, till my eyes began to ache, and then home to supper; a pullet, with good sauce, to my liking, and then to play on the flageolet with my wife, which she now does very prettily, and so to bed.

31st. Among other things, did examine a fellow of our private man-of-war, who we have found come up from Hull, with near £500 worth of pieces of eight, though he will confess but 100 pieces. But it appears that there have been fine doings there. Major Halsey, speaking much of my doing business, and understanding business, told me how my Lord General do say that I am worth them all. To Marrowbone,[1] where my Lord Mayor and Aldermen, it seems, dined to-day; and were just now going away, methought, in a disconsolate con-

1 Edward, second Earl of Manchester.

2 See pp. 531, 535.

3 Thomas Otter, 'a land and sea captain' in Ben Jonson's *Epicœne, or The Silent Woman*. Cf. Mrs. Otter's speech to him in Act iii. sc. i.—'Is this according to the instrument when I married you? that I would be princess and reign in mine own house; and you would be my subject, and obey me? What did you bring me should make you thus peremptory? Do I allow you your half-crown a-day, to spend where you will, among your gamesters, to vex and torment me at such times as these? Who gives you your maintenance?'

1 The Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, by the Conduit head. Stratford Place, Oxford Street, occupies the site.

dition, compared with their splendour they formerly had, when the City was standing.

August 1667

August 1st. Dined at Sir W. Pen's, only with Mrs. Turner and her husband, on a venison-pasty, that stunk like a devil. However, I did not know it till dinner was done. We had nothing but only this, and a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two. Mrs. Markham was here, with her great belly. I was very merry, and after dinner, upon a motion of the women, I was got to go to the play with them—the first I have seen since before the Dutch coming upon our coast, and so to the King's house, to see *The Custom of the Country*.[1] The house mighty empty, more than ever I saw it; and an ill play. After the play, we went into the house, and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us by coach to the Neat Houses[2] in the way to Chelsea; and there, in a box in a tree,[3] we sat and sang, and talked and ate; my wife out of humour, as she always is, when this woman is by. So, after it was dark, we home. Set Knipp down at home, who told us the story how Nell is gone from the King's house, and is kept by my Lord Buckhurst. Home, the gates of the City shut, it being so late; and at Newgate we find them in trouble, some thieves having this night broke open prison. So we through, and home; and our coachman was fain to drive hard from two or three fellows, which he said were rogues, that he met at the end of Blowbladder Street, next Cheapside. So set Mrs. Turner home, and then we home, and I to the office a little; and so home and to bed, my wife in an ill humour still.

2nd. Mr. Gauden came to me, and he and I home to my chamber, and there reckoned, and I received my profits for Tangier of him, and £250 on my victualling score. He is a most noble-minded man as ever I met with, and seems to own himself much obliged to me, which I will labour to make him; for he is a good man also: and, in fine, I had much matter of joy by this morning's work, receiving above £400 of him, on one account or other; and a promise that, though I lay down my victualling place, yet, as long as he continues victualler, I shall be the better by him.

3rd. To the office, there to enable myself, by finishing our great account, to give it to the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; which I did, and there was called in to them, to tell them only the total of our debt of the Navy on the 25th of May last, which is above £950,000. Here I find them mighty hot in their answer to the Council-board about our Treasurer's threepences of the Victualling, and also against the present farm of the Customs, which they do most highly inveigh against.

4th. (Lord's day.) Busy at my office from morning till night, in writing with my own hand fair our large general account of the expense and debt of the Navy, which lasted me till midnight to do, that I was almost blind.

5th. To St. James's, where we did our ordinary business with the Duke of York, where I perceive they have taken the highest resolution in the world to become good husbands, and to retrench all charge; and to that end we are commanded to give him an account of the establishment in the seventh year of the late King's reign, and how offices and salaries had been increased since; and I hope it will end in the taking away some of our Commissioners. After done with the Duke of York, and coming out through his dressing-room, I there spied Signor Francisco[1] tuning his guitar, and Monsieur de Puy with him, who did make him play to me, which he did most admirably—so well that I was mightily troubled that all that pains should have been taken upon so bad an instrument. I hear the ill news of our loss lately of four rich ships, two from Guinea, one from Gallipoli, all with rich oils; and the other from Barbados, worth, as is guessed, £80,000. But here is strong talk, as if Harman had taken some of the Dutch East India ships, but I dare not yet believe it, and brought them into Lisbon. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *Love's Tricks, or The School of Compli-*

1 See pp. 281, 452.
2 On the riverside at Millbank, to the west of Vauxhall Bridge.
3 Perhaps a summer-house in the branches, like those at Robinson, near Paris.

1 Evelyn refers to him as a harpsichord-player; *Diary*, Dec. 2, 1674, and Jan. 27, 1682.

ments;[1] a silly play, only Miss Davis's dancing in a shepherd's clothes did please us mightily.

6th. A full Board. Here, talking of news, my Lord Anglesey did tell us that the Dutch do make a further bogle with us about two or three things, which they will be satisfied in, he says, by us easily; but only in one, it seems, they do demand that we shall not interrupt their East Indiamen coming home, and of which they are in some fear; and we are full of hopes that we have 'light upon some of them, and carried them into Lisbon, by Harman; which God send! But they, which do show the low esteem they have of us, have the confidence to demand that we shall have a cessation on our parts, and yet they at liberty to take what they will; which is such an affront, as another cannot be devised greater. At noon home to dinner, where I find Mrs. Wood, formerly Bab. Shelden, and our Mercer, who is dressed to-day in a *paysan* dress, that looks mighty pretty. My wife, as she said last night, hath put away Nell to-day, for her gossiping abroad and telling of stories.

7th. My wife abroad with her maid Jane and Tom all the afternoon, being gone forth to eat some pasties at The Bottle of Hay, in John's Street, as you go to Islington, of which she is mighty fond, and I dined at home alone. Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, tells me that though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at Whitehall, but at Sir D. Harvy's, whither the King goes to her; but he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more so; and that, indeed, she did threaten to bring all his bastards to his closet-door, and hath nearly hectored him out of his wits.

8th. Sir Henry Bellasis is dead of the duel he fought about ten days ago with Tom Porter; and it is pretty to see how the world talk of them as a couple of fools, that killed one another out of love. I to my bookseller's; where, by and by, I met Mr. Evelyn, and talked of several things, but particularly of the times; and he tells me that wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have, for that we must be ruined, our case being past relief, the kingdom so much in debt, and the King minding nothing but his lust, going two days a-week to see my Lady Castlemaine at Sir D. Harvy's. I met with Mr. Moore, who tells me that my Lord Hinchingbroke is now with his mistress, but that he is not married, as W. Howe came and told us the other day. To Whitehall, and so took up my wife: and as far as Bow, where we stayed and drank, and there, passing by Mr. Lowther and his lady, they stopped; and we talked a little with them, they being in their gilt coach. Presently came to us Mr. Andrews, whom I had not seen a good while, who, as other merchants do, do all give over any hopes of things doing well, and so he spends his time here most, playing at bowls. After dining together at the coach-side, we with great pleasure home.

9th. To Westminster, to Mr. Burges, and he and I talked, and he do really declare that he expects that of necessity this kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth, and other wise men are of the same mind: this family doing all that silly men can do, to make themselves unable to support their kingdom, minding their lust and their pleasure, and making their government so chargeable, that people do well remember better things were done, and better managed, and with much less charge under a commonwealth than they have been by this King. Home, and find Mr. Goodgroome,[1] my wife's singing-master. There I did soundly rattle[2] him for neglecting her so much as he has done—she not having learned three songs these three months and more. To St. James's, and there met Sir W. Coventry; and he and I walked in the Park an hour. And then to his chamber, where he read to me the heads of the late great dispute between him and the rest of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and our new Treasurer of the Navy: where they have overthrown him the last Wednesday, in the great dispute touching his having the payment of the Victualler, which is now settled by Council that he is not to have it; and, indeed, they have been most just, as well as most severe

[1] James Shirley's *Schoole of Complement* was printed in 1631. As *Love Tricks, or The School of Complements*, it was licensed on May 24, 1667, for Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre.

[1] See p. 449. [2] Rate, scold.

and bold, in the doing this against a man of his quality; but I perceive Sir W. Coventry does really make no difference between any man. He tells me this day it is supposed the peace is ratified at Breda,[1] and all that matter over. We did talk of many retrenchments of charge of the Navy which he will put in practice, and everywhere else; though, he tells me, he despairs of being able to do what ought to be done for the saving of the kingdom, which I tell him, indeed, all the world is almost in hopes of, upon the proceeding of these gentlemen for the regulating of the Treasury, it being so late, and our poverty grown so great, that they want where to set their feet, to begin to do anything. He tells me how weary he hath for this year and a half been of the war; and how, in the Duke of York's bedchamber, at Christ Church, at Oxford, when the Court was there, he did labour to persuade the Duke to fling off the care of the Navy, and get it committed to other hands; which, if he had done, would have been much to his honour, being just come home with so much honour from sea as he was. I took notice of the sharp letter he wrote, which he sent us to read, to Sir Edward Spragg, where he is very plain about his leaving his charge of the ships at Gravesend, when the enemy came last up, and several other things; a copy whereof I have kept. But it is done like a most worthy man; and he says it is good, now and then, to tell these gentlemen their duty, for they need it. And it seems, as he tells me, all our Knights are fallen out one with another, he, and Jenings, and Hollis; and (his words were) they are disputing which is the coward among them; and yet men that take the greatest liberty of censuring others! Here with him very late, till I could hardly get a coach or link willing to go through the ruins; but I do, but I will not do it again, being, indeed, very dangerous.

10th. To the New Exchange, to the bookseller's[2] there, where I hear of several new books coming out — Mr. Spratt's *History of the Royal Society*,[1] and Mrs. Phillips's[2] poems. Sir John Denham's poems are going to be all printed together; and, among others, some new things; and among them he showed me a copy of verses of his upon Sir John Minnes's going heretofore to Bullogne to eat a pig.[3] Cowley, he tells me, is dead; who, it seems, was a mighty civil, serious man; which I did not know before.[4] Several good plays are also likely to be abroad soon, as *Mustapha*[5] and *Henry the Fifth*.[6]

11th. (Lord's day.) Up by four o'clock. and ready, with Mrs. Turner, to take coach before five; and set on our journey, and got to the Wells at Barnet by seven o'clock, and there found many people a-drinking; but the morning is a very cold morning, so as we were very cold all the way in the coach. Here we met Joseph Batelier and W. Hewer also, and his uncle Steventon: so, after drinking three glasses and the women nothing, we back by coach to Barnet, where to the Red Lion, where we 'light, and went up into the Great Room, and there drank, and ate some of the best cheesecakes that ever I ate in my life, and so took coach again, and W. Hewer on horseback with us, and so to Hatfield, to the inn, next my Lord Salisbury's house, and there rested ourselves, and drank, and bespoke dinner; and so to church, it being just church-time. Did hear a most excellent good sermon, which pleased me mightily, and very devout; it being upon the signs of saving grace, where it is in a man, and one sign, which held him all this day, was, that where that grace was, there is also the grace of prayer, which he did handle very finely. In this church lies the former Lord of Salisbury, Cecil,[7] buried in a noble tomb. Then we to our inn, and there dined very well, and mighty merry; and

1 The peace was signed at Breda, on July 31, 1667.

2 Henry Herringman's, at the sign of the Blue Anchor, in the Lower Walk of the New Exchange: from which the works of Dryden, Cowley, Davenant, and others were issued.

1 By Thomas Sprat (1635-1713): published in 1667.

2 The collected verses (1667) of Katherine Philips or Fowler (1631-1634), better known as the 'Matchless Orinda.'

3 Entitled 'To Sir John Mennis, being invited from Calais to Bologne, to eat a Pig': beginning—

'All on a weeping Monday,
With a fat Bulgarian sloven,
Little Admiral John
To Bologne is gone,
Whom I think they call old Loven.'

4 Cowley died at Chertsey on July 28.

5 See p. 308. 6 See p. 276.

7 Robert Cecil, first Earl (? 1563-1612).

walked out into the Park through the fine walk of trees, and to the Vineyard, and there showed them that, which is in good order, and indeed a place of great delight; which, together with our fine walk through the Park, was of as much pleasure as could be desired in the world for country pleasure and good air. Being come back, and weary with the walk, the women had pleasure in putting on some straw hats, which are much worn in this country, and did become them mightily, but especially my wife. So, after resting awhile, we took coach again, and back to Barnet, where W. Hewer took us into his lodging, which is very handsome, and there did treat us very highly with cheesecakes, cream-tarts, and other good things; and then walked into the garden, which was pretty, and there filled my pockets full of filberts, and so with much pleasure. Among other things, I met in this house with a printed book of the life of O. Cromwell,[1] to his honour as a soldier and politician, though as a rebel, the first of that kind that ever I saw, and it is well done. Took coach again, and got home with great content.

12th. To St. James's, where we find the Duke gone a-hunting with the King. To my bookseller's, and did buy Scott's *Discourse of Witches*;[2] and do hear Mr. Cowley mightily lamented his death,[3] by Dr. Ward, the Bishop of Winchester,[4] and Dr. Bates,[5] who were standing there, as the best poet of our nation, and as good a man. Thence I to the printseller's, over against the Exchange towards Covent Garden, and there bought a few more prints of cities. So home, and my wife and maids being gone over the water to the whitster's[6] with their clothes, this being the first time of her trying this way of washing her linen. After dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, and there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Knipp, who pulled me by the hair; and so I addressed myself to them, and talked to them all the intervals of the play, and did give them fruit. The play is, *Brenoralt*,[1] which I do find but little in, for my part. Here was many fine ladies—among others, the German Baron, with his lady, who is envoy from the Emperor, and their fine daughter, which hath travelled all Europe over with them, it seems; and is accordingly accomplished, and, indeed, is a wonderful pretty woman. Here Sir Philip Frowde,[2] who sat next to me, did tell me how Sir H. Bellasis is dead, and that the quarrel between him and Tom Porter, who is fled, did rise in the ridiculous fashion that I was first told it, which is a strange thing between two so good friends. The play being done, I took the women, and Mrs. Corbett, who was with them, by coach, it raining, to Mrs. Manuel's, the Jew's widow, formerly a player, who we heard sing with one of the Italians that was there; and, indeed, she sings mightily well, and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knipp's songs, to a good English tune, the manner of their air not pleasing me so well as the fashion of our own, nor so natural. Then home, and my wife come; and so, saying nothing where I had been, we to supper and pipe, and so to bed.

13th. Attended the Duke of York, with our usual business; who, upon occasion, told us that he did expect this night or to-morrow to hear from Breda of the consummation of the peace. Sir W. Pen and I to the King's house, and there saw *The Committee*,[3] which I went to with some prejudice, not liking it before, but I do now find it a very good play, and a great deal of good invention in it; but Lacy's part is so well performed that it would set off anything.

14th. To dinner to Sir W. Batten's. By and by to talk of our prize at Hull, and Sir W. Batten offering, again and again, seriously how he would sell his part for £1000, and I considering the knavery of Hogg and his company, and the trouble we may have with the Prince

[1] *Flagellum, or The History of the Life and Death, Birth and Burial of Oliver Cromwell, the late Usurper and pretended Protector of England, etc., truly collected and published for a warning to all tyrants and usurpers*, by I. H., *Gent*, 1663. The author was James Heath (1629-1664).
[2] Reginald Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584).
[3] See Aug. 10, *supra*.
[4] George Morley (1597-1684).
[5] See p. 86.
[6] Bleacher's.

[1] See p. 92.
[2] Ob. August 6, 1674. [B.] See p. 387.
[3] See p. 201.

Rupert about the consort ship, I did offer my part to him for £700. With a little beating the bargain, we came to a perfect agreement for £666:13:4, which is two-thirds of £1000, which is my proportion of the prize. I went to my office full of doubts and joy concerning what I had done; but, however, did put into writing the heads of our agreement, and we both signed them; and Sir R. Ford, being come thither since, witnessed them. I away, satisfied, and to the King's play-house, and there saw *The Country Captain*, which is a very ordinary play.

15th. Sir W. Pen and I to the Duke's house, where a new play. The King and Court there: the house full, and an act begun. And so went to the King's, and there saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; which did not please me at all, in no part of it.

16th. My wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, *The Feigned Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all*; a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden.[2] It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. To the New Exchange, where, at my bookseller's, I saw *The History of the Royal Society*,[3] which, I believe, is a fine book, and have bespoke one in quires. To my chamber, and read the history of '88[4] in Speed, in order to my seeing the play thereof acted to-morrow at the King's house. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Breda of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it.

17th. To the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, *Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, and the History of Eighty Eight.*[1] I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon the stage; and, indeed, is merely a show; only shows the true garb of the Queen in those days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted; but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets.[2] Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things:[3] only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gown with no locks on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage. Went as far as Mile End with Sir W. Pen, whose coach took him up there for his countryhouse; and after having drunk there, at the Rose and Crown, a good house for Alderman Bide's[4] ale, we parted.

18th. (Lord's Day.) To Cree Church, to see it how it is; but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon, as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's.[5] There dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. Betty is grown a fine young lady as to carriage and discourse. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner. I walked towards Whitehall, but, being wearied, turned into St. Dunstan's Church, where I heard an able sermon of the minister[6] of the place;

1 See p. 105.

2 *Sir Martin Mar-all, or The Feigned Innocence.* It is entered in the books of the Stationers Company as by the Duke of Newcastle, though it appeared anonymously until 1697, when it was openly ascribed to Dryden. See Scott and Saintsbury's edition of Dryden's *Works*, iii. pp. 1-2.

3 Sprat's. See p. 539.

4 *I.e.* 1588.

1 *If you know not me, you know nobody, or The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth* (in two parts), by Thomas Heywood (1605). There are many editions of this 'new play'; and it was frequently revived (with alterations) on the stage.

2 The 'dumb' shows of the First Part.

3 The 'Chorus' of the Second Part.

4 John Bide, brewer, Sheriff of London in 1647. [B.]

5 The Church of St. Catherine Cree, having escaped the fire, was resorted to by the Corporation after the destruction of St. Paul's and so many other ecclesiastical edifices; and Pepys probably expected to see alterations made for their accommodation. [B.]

6 John Thompson, vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West. [B.]

and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and, at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also. Took coach and home, and there took up my wife, and to Islington. Between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure: one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to 'light, and hold him up, and cut his tongue to make him bleed, and his tail; then he blew some tobacco in his nose, upon which the horse sneezed, and, by and by, grew well, and drew us all the rest of our way, as well as ever he did.

19th. To the Duke of York's house, all alone, and there saw *Sir Martin Mar-all* again, though I saw him but two days since, and do find it the most comical play that ever I saw in my life. Mr. Moore do agree with most people that I meet with that we shall fall into a commonwealth in a few years, whether we will or no; for the charge of a monarchy is such as the kingdom cannot be brought to bear willingly, nor are things managed so well nowadays under it, as heretofore.

20th. Sir W. Coventry fell to discourse of retrenchments; and therein he tells how he would have but only one Clerk of the Acts. He do tell me he hath propounded how the charge of the Navy in peace shall come within £200,000, by keeping out twenty-four ships in summer, and ten in the winter. And several other particulars we went over of retrenchment; and I find I must provide some things to offer, that I may be found studious to lessen the King's charge. We up to the Duke of York, but no money to be heard of—no, not £100 upon the most pressing service that can be imagined of bringing in the King's timber from Whittlewood,[1] while we have the utmost want of it. Sir W. Coventry did single out Sir W. Pen and me, and desired us to lend the King some money, out of the prizes we have taken by Hogg. He did not much press it, and we made but a merry answer thereto; but I perceive he did ask it seriously, and did tell us that there never was so much need of it in the world as now, we being brought to the lowest straits that can be in the world. My wife mighty pressing for a new pair of cuffs, which I am against the laying out of money upon yet, which makes her angry.

21st. I sent my cousin Roger a tierce of claret, which I give him. This morning came two of Captain Cooke's boys, whose voices are broke, and are gone from the Chapel, but have extraordinary skill; and they and my boy, with his broken voice, did sing three parts; their names were Blaew and Loggings; but, notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not command to keep in tune, would make a man mad—so bad it was.

22nd. Up, and to the office; whence Lord Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, and I went to examine some men that are put in there for rescuing of men that were pressed into the service; and we do plainly see that the desperate condition that we put men into for want of their pay makes them mad, they being as good men as ever were in the world, and would as readily serve the King again, were they but paid. Two men leapt overboard, among others, into the Thames, out of the vessel into which they were pressed, and were shot by the soldiers placed there to keep them, two days since; so much people do avoid the King's service! And then these men are pressed without money, and so we cannot punish them for anything, so that we are forced only to make a show of severity by keeping them in prison, but are unable to punish them. Returning to the office, I did ask whether we might visit Commissioner Pett, to which, I confess, I have no great mind; and it was answered that he was a close prisoner,

[1] Whittlebury Forest.

and we could not; but the Lieutenant of the Tower would send for him to his lodgings, if we would: so we put it off to another time. To Captain Cocke's to dinner; where Lord Brouncker and his Lady, Matt. Wren, and Bulteale, and Sir Allen Apsly; the last of whom did make good sport, he being already fallen under the retrenchments of the new Committee, as he is Master Falconer;[1] which makes him mad, and swears that we are doing what the Parliament would have done —that is, that we are now endeavouring to destroy one another. But it was well observed by some at the table, that they do not think this retrenchment of the King's charge will be so acceptable to the Parliament, they having given the King a revenue of so many £100,000 a-year more than his predecessors had, that he might live in pomp, like a king. With my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Indian Emperor*;[2] where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperor's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most basely.[3] The rest of the play, though pretty good, was not well acted by most of them, methought; so that I took no great content in it. But that that troubled me most was, that Knipp sent by Moll[4] to desire to speak to me after the play; and she beckoned to me at the end of the play, and I promised to come; but it was so late, and I forced to step to Mrs. Williams's lodgings with my Lord Brouncker and her, where I did not stay, however, for fear of her showing me her closet, and thereby forcing me to give her something; and it was so late, that for fear of my wife's coming home before me, I was forced to go straight home, which troubled me. Anon, late, comes home my wife, with Mr. Turner and Mrs. Turner, with whom she supped, having been with Mrs. Turner to-day at her daughter's school, to see her daughters dancing, and the rest, which she says is fine. My wife very fine to-day, in her new suit of laced cuffs and perquisites. This evening Mr. Pelling comes to me, and tells me that this night the Dutch letters are come, and that the peace was proclaimed there the 19th inst., and that all is finished; which, for my life, I know not whether to be glad or sorry for, a peace being so necessary, and yet so bad in its terms.

23rd. Abroad to Whitehall in a hackney-coach with Sir W. Pen; and in our way, in the narrow street near Paul's, going the backway by Tower Street, and the coach being forced to put back, he was turning himself into a cellar,[1] which made people cry out to us, and so we were forced to leap out—he out of one, and I out of the other boot[2] (*Query*, whether a glass-coach would have permitted us to have made the escape?),[3] neither of us getting any hurt; nor could the coach have got much hurt had we been in it; but, however, there was cause enough for us to do what we could to save ourselves. So being all dusty, we put into the Castle Tavern, by the Savoy, and there brushed ourselves. To Whitehall, to attend the Council. The King there; and it was about considering how the fleet might be discharged at their coming in shortly, the peace being now ratified, and it takes place on Monday next. I to Westminster to the Exchequer, to see what sums of money other people will lend upon the Act; and find of all sizes from £1000 to £100—nay, to £50, and to £20, and to £5: for I find that one Dr. Reade, Doctor of Law, gives no more, and others of them £20; which is a poor thing, methinks, that we should stoop so low as to borrow such sums. Upon the whole, I do think

[1] The post of Master Falconer was afterwards granted to Charles's son by Nell Gwyn, and it is still held by the Duke of St. Albans, as an hereditary office. [B.]

[2] See p. 454.

[3] Cf. the passage in the Epilogue to Howard's *Great Favourite, or The Duke of Lerma*, spoken by her, at the Theatre Royal on Feb. 20, 1668—

'I know you in your hearts
Hate serious plays, as I do serious parts.'

Cf. also the famous epilogue to Dryden's *Tyrannic Love* 'spoken by Mrs. Ellen'—

'To tell you true, I walk, because I die
Out of my calling, in a tragedy.
O poet, damned dull poet, who could prove
So senseless, to make Nelly die for love!'

[4] Orange Moll. See p. 412.

[1] Among the ruins of the fire.

[2] An outside part of a coach, on either side, on or by the steps, generally occupied by servants.

[3] Cf. p. 558.

to lend, since I must lend, £300, though, God knows! it is much against my will to lend any, unless things were in better condition, and likely to continue so. To the Treasury-chamber, where I waited, talking with Sir G. Downing, till the Lords met. He tells me how he will make all the Exchequer officers, of one side and the other, to lend the King money upon the Act; and that the least clerk shall lend money, and he believes the least will £100; but this I do not believe. He made me almost ashamed that we of the Navy had not in all this time lent any; so that I find it necessary I should, and so will speedily do it, before any of my fellows begin, and lead me to a bigger sum. By and by the Lords come; and I perceive Sir W. Coventry is the man, and nothing done till he comes. Among other things, I heard him observe, looking over a paper, that Sir John Shaw is a miracle of a man, for he thinks he executes more places than any man in England; for there he finds him a Surveyor of some of the King's woods, and so reckoned up many other places, the most inconsistent in the world. Their business with me was to consider how to assign such of our commanders as will take assignments upon the Act for their wages; and the consideration thereof was referred to me to give them an answer the next sitting; which is a horrid poor thing: but they scruple at nothing of honour in the case. So away, and called my wife, and to the King's house, and saw *The Maiden Queen*,[1] which pleased us mightily; and then away, and took up Mrs. Turner at her door, and so to Mile End, and there drank, and so back to her house, it being a fine evening, and there supped. The first time I ever was there since they lived there; and she hath all things so neat and well done, that I am mightily pleased with her, and all she do. So here very merry, and then home and to bed. I find most people pleased with their being at ease, and safe of a peace, that they may know no more charge or hazard of an ill-managed war: but nobody speaking of the peace with any content or pleasure, but are silent in it, as of a thing they are ashamed of; no, not at Court, much less in the City.

[1] See p. 471.

24th. (St. Bartholomew's day.) This morning was proclaimed the peace[1] between us and the States of the United Provinces, and also the King of France and Denmark; and in the afternoon the Proclamations were printed and came out; and at night the bells rung; but no bonfires that I hear of anywhere, partly from the dearness of firing, but principally from the little content most people have in the peace. After dinner to a play, and there saw *The Cardinal*,[2] at the King's house, wherewith I am mightily pleased; but, above all, with Becke Marshall. But it is pretty to see how I look up and down for, and did spy Knipp; but durst not own it to my wife, for fear of angering her, and so I was forced not to take notice of her, and so homeward: and my belly now full with plays, that I do intend to bind myself to see no more till Michaelmas. Most of our discourse is about our keeping a coach the next year, which pleases my wife mightily; and if I continue as able as now, it will save us money. This day comes a letter from the Duke of York to the Board to invite us, which is as much as to fright us, into the lending the King money; which is a poor thing, and most dishonourable, and shows in what a case we are at the end of the war to our neighbours. And the King do now declare publicly to give 10 per cent to all lenders; which makes some think that the Dutch themselves will send over money, and lend it upon our public faith, the Act of Parliament.

25th. (Lord's day.) Up and to church, and thence home; and Pelling comes by invitation to dine with me, and much pleasant discourse with him. After dinner, away by water to Whitehall, where I landed Pelling, who is going to his wife, where she is in the country, at Parson's Green;[3] and myself to Westminster, and to the parish church, thinking to see Betty Michell; and did stay an hour in the crowd, thinking, by the end of a nose that I saw, that it had been her; but at last the head turned towards me, and it was her mother, which vexed me. So I back to my boat, which had broke one of her oars in rowing, and had now fastened

[1] See p. 539.
[2] See p. 152.
[3] In Fulham.

it again; and so I up to Putney, and there stepped into the church, to look upon the fine people there, whereof there is great store, and the young ladies; and so walked to Barn Elms, whither I sent Russel,[1] reading of Boyle's *Hydrostatics*,[2] which are of infinite delight. I walked in the Elms a good while, and then to my boat, and leisurely home, with great pleasure to myself; and there supped, and W. Hewer with us, with whom a great deal of good talk touching the office, and so to bed.

26th. To the office, where we sat upon a particular business all the morning; and my Lord Anglesey with us; who, and my Lord Brouncker, do bring us news how my Lord Chancellor's seal is to be taken away from him to-day. The thing is so great and sudden to me, that it put me into a very great admiration[3] what should be the meaning of it; and they do not own that they know what it should be: but this is certain, that the King did resolve it on Saturday, and did yesterday send the Duke of Albemarle, the only man fit for those works, to him for his purse; to which the Chancellor answered, that he received it from the King, and would deliver it to the King's own hand, and so civilly returned the Duke of Albemarle without it; and this morning my Lord Chancellor is to be with the King, to come to an end in the business. Dined at Sir W. Batten's, where Mr. Boreman was, who came from Whitehall; who tells us that he saw my Lord Chancellor come in his coach with some of his men, without his seal, to Whitehall to his chamber; and thither the King and Duke of York came and stayed together alone, an hour or more: and it is said that the King do say that he will have the Parliament meet, and that it will prevent much trouble by having of him out of their enmity, by his place being taken away; for that all their enmity will be at him. It is said also that my Lord Chancellor answers that he desires he may be brought to his trial, if he have done anything to lose his office; and that he will be willing, and is most desirous, to lose that, and his head both together. Upon what terms they parted nobody knows; but the Chancellor looked sad, he says. Then in comes Sir Richard Ford, and says he hears that there is nobody more presses to reconcile the King and Chancellor than the Duke of Albemarle and Duke of Buckingham; the latter of which is very strange, not only that he who was so lately his enemy should do it, but that this man, that but the other day was in danger of losing his own head, should so soon come to be a mediator for others: it shows a wise Government. They all say that he[1] is but a poor man, not worth above £3000 a-year in land; but this I cannot believe: and all do blame him for having built so great a house, till he had got a better estate. So I walked to the King's playhouse, and saw *The Surprisal*,[2] a very mean play, I thought; or else it was because I was out of humour, and but very little company in the house. Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Moll; who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart,[3] her great admirer, now hates her; and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend also; but she is come to the House, but is neglected by them all.[4]

27th. To Whitehall, and there hear how it is like to go well enough with my Lord Chancellor; that he is like to keep his seal, desiring that he may stand his trial in Parliament, if they will accuse him of anything. Here Sir J. Minnes and I looking upon the pictures; and Mr. Cheffins,[5] being by, did take us, of his own accord, into the King's closet, to show us some pictures, which, indeed, is a very noble place, and exceeding great variety of brave pictures, and the best hands. I could have spent three or four hours there well, and we had great liberty to look; and Cheffins seemed to take pleasure to show us, and commend the pictures. I to visit Colonel Fitzgerald,[6] who hath been sick at

[1] His waterman. [2] See p. 529.
[3] Wonder.

[1] Clarendon. [2] See p. 483.
[3] Charles Hart (d. 1683) actor, by whose influence Nell had obtained her first parts. He was a grandnephew of Shakespeare.
[4] The King afterwards took her into keeping. His son by her was born May 8, 1670, and was subsequently made Duke of St. Albans. It may be well doubted if Charles were indeed the father. [B.]
[5] William, brother of Thomas Chiffinch. See p 377.
[6] Deputy-Governor of Tangier. [B.]

Woolwich, where most of the officers and soldiers quartered there, since the Dutch being in the river, have died or been sick, and he among the rest; and, by the growth of his beard and gray hairs, I did not know him. This day, Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, was with me; and tells me how this business of my Lord Chancellor's was certainly designed in my Lady Castlemaine's chamber; and that, when he went from the King on Monday morning, she was in bed, though about twelve o'clock, and ran out in her smock into her aviary looking into Whitehall garden; and thither her woman brought her her nightgown; and stood joying herself at the old man's going away: and several of the gallants of Whitehall, of which there were many staying to see the Chancellor's return, did talk to her in her bird-cage; among others, Blancford,[1] telling her she was the bird of paradise.[2]

28th. Up; stayed undressed till my tailor's boy did mend my vest, in order to my going to the christening anon. To Whitehall: till past twelve in a crowd of people in the lobby, expecting the hearing of the great cause of Alderman Barker[3] against my Lord Deputy of Ireland, for his ill usage in his business of land there; but the King and Council sat so long, as they neither heard them nor me. So when they rose, I into the House, and saw the King and Queen at dinner, and heard a little of their violins' music, and so home. In the afternoon with my Lady Batten, Pen, and her daughter, and my wife, to Mrs. Poole's, where I mighty merry among the women, and christened the child, a girl, Elizabeth, which, though a girl, yet my Lady Batten would have me to give the name. After christening comes Sir W. Batten, Sir W. Pen, and Mr. Lowther, and mighty merry there, and I forfeited for not kissing the two godmothers presently after the christening, before I kissed the mother, which made good mirth. Went twice round Bartholomew Fair; which I was glad to see again, after two years missing it by the plague.

29th. Mr. Moore tells me that my Lord Crew and his friends take it very ill of me that my Lord Sandwich's sea-fee should be retrenched, and so reported from this office, and I give them no notice of it. The thing, though I know it to be false (at least, that nothing went from our office towards it), yet it troubled me, and therefore I went and dined with my Lord Crew, and I did enter into that discourse, and laboured to satisfy him; but found, though he said little, yet that he was not yet satisfied; but after dinner did pray me to go and see how it was, whether true or no. Did tell me that if I was not their friend, they could trust to nobody, and that he did not forget my service and love to my Lord, and adventures for him in dangerous times, and therefore would not willingly doubt me now; but yet asked my pardon if, upon this news, he did begin to fear it. This did mightily trouble me; so I away thence to Whitehall, but could do nothing. In the evening to Whitehall again, and there met Sir Richard Browne, Clerk to the Committee for retrenchments, who assures me no one word was ever yet mentioned about my Lord's salary. And the mistake ended very merrily, and to all our contents. I find at Sir G. Carteret's that they do mightily joy themselves in the hopes of my Lord Chancellor's getting over this trouble; and I make them believe, and so, indeed, I do believe he will, that my Lord Chancellor is become popular by it. I find by all hands that the Court is at this day all to pieces, every man of a faction of one sort or other, so as it is to be feared what it will come to. But that, that pleases me is, I hear to-night that Mr. Bruncker is turned away yesterday by the Duke of York, for some bold words he was heard by Colonel Werden[1] to say in the garden, the day the Chancellor was with the King—that he believed the King would be hectored out of everything. For this the Duke of York, who all say hath been very strong for his father-in-law at this trial, hath turned him away; and everybody, I think, is glad of it; for he was a pestilent rogue, an atheist, that would have sold his King and country for 6d. almost, so covetous and wicked a rogue he is, by all men's

[1] See pp. 300, 390.

[2] See Clarendon's account of this scene, *Life*, vol. iii., p. 32, 8vo, 1761. [B.]

[3] William Barker, who married Martha, daughter of William Turner, and widow of Daniel Williams. [B.]

[1] Colonel Robert Werden (d. 1690), afterwards Comptroller to the Duke of York's Household (1679) and treasurer to Mary II. (1689).

report. But one observed to me, that there never was the occasion of men's holding their tongues at Court and everywhere else as there is at this day, for nobody knows which side will be uppermost.

30th. At Whitehall I met with Sir G. Downing, who tells me of Sir W. Pen's offering to lend £500; and I tell him of my £300 which he would have me to lend upon the credit of the latter part of the Act; saying, that by that means my 10 per cent will continue to me the longer. But I understand better, and will do it upon the £380,000 which will come to be paid the sooner; there being no delight in lending money now, to be paid by the King two years hence. But here he and Sir William Doyly were attending the Council as Commissioners for sick and wounded and prisoners; and they told me their business, which was to know how we shall do to release our prisoners; for it seems the Dutch have got us to agree in the treaty, as they fool us in anything, that the diet of the prisoners on both sides shall be paid for, before they be released; which they have done, knowing ours to run high, they having more prisoners of ours than we have of theirs; so that they are able and most ready to discharge the debt of theirs, but we are neither able nor willing to do that for ours, the debt of those in Zealand only amounting to above £5000 for men taken in the King's own ships, besides others taken in merchantmen, who expect, as is usual, that the King should redeem them; but I think he will not, by what Sir G. Downing says. This our prisoners complain of there; and say in their letters, which Sir G. Downing showed me, that they have made a good feat that they should be taken in the service of the King, and the King not pay for their victuals while prisoners for him. But so far they are from doing thus with their men, as we do to discourage ours, that I find in the letters of some of our prisoners there, which he showed me, that they have with money got our men, that they took, to work and carry their ships home for them; and they have been well rewarded, and released when they came into Holland; which is done like a noble, brave, and wise people. To Walthamstow, to Sir W. Pen's, by invitation; a very bad dinner, and everything suitable. Merry at some ridiculous humours of my Lady Batten, who, as being an ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything anybody said, and I made good sport at it. Into the garden and wilderness, which is like the rest of the house, nothing in order, nor looked after. By and by my Lady Viner came to see Mrs. Lowther, and all the pleasure I had here was to see her, which I did, and saluted her, and find she is pretty, though not so eminently so as people talked of her, and of very pretty carriage and discourse. Leaving my wife to come home with them, I to Bartholomew Fair, to walk up and down; and there among other things find my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-play, *Patient Grisill*,[1] and the street full of people expecting her coming out. I confess I did wonder at her courage to come abroad, thinking the people would abuse her; but they, silly people! do not know the work she makes, and therefore suffered her with great respect to take coach, and she away, without any trouble at all. I, among others, saw Tom Pepys, the turner, who had a shop, and I think lives in the Fair when the Fair is not. Captain Cocke tells me that there is yet expectation that the Chancellor will lose the seal; and assures me that there have been high words between the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry, for his being so high against the Chancellor; so as the Duke of York would not sign some papers that he brought, saying that he could not endure the sight of him: and that Sir W. Coventry answered that what he did was in obedience to the King's commands; and that he did not think any man fit to serve a Prince that did not know how to retire and live a country life.

31st. At the office all the morning; where by Sir W. Pen I do hear that the seal was fetched away to the King yesterday from the Lord Chancellor by Secretary Morrice; which puts me into a great horror. My Lord Brouncker tells me that he hath of late discoursed about this business with Sir W. Coventry, who he finds is the great

[1] The story of the Patient Griselda was an ever-popular subject of the earlier drama, and after Pepys's time, in the puppet-shows. See Warton's reference (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, ed. 1824, II. 251).

man in the doing this business of the Chancellor's, and that he do persevere in it, though against the Duke of York's opinion, to which he says that the Duke of York was once of the same mind, and if he had thought fit since, for any reason, to alter his mind, he hath not found any to alter his own, and so desires to be excused, for it is for the King's and kingdom's good. And it seems that the Duke of York himself was the first man that did speak to the King of this, though he hath since altered his mind; and W. Coventry did tell the Duke of York that he was not fit to serve a Prince that did not know how to retire, and live a private life; and that he was ready for that, if it be his and the King's pleasure. In the evening Mr. Ball of the Excise-office tells me that the seal is delivered to Sir Orlando Bridgman[1]; the man of the whole nation that is the best spoken of, and will please most people; and therefore I am mighty glad of it. He was then at my Lord Arlington's, whither I went, expecting to see him come out; but stayed so long, and Sir W. Coventry coming there, whom I had not a mind should see me there idle upon a post-night, I went home without seeing him; but he is there with his seal in his hand. This day, being dissatisfied with my wife's learning so few songs of Goodgroome, I did come to a new bargain with him to teach her songs at so much, viz., 10s. a song, which he accepts of, and will teach her.

September 1667

September 1st. (Lord's day.) Up, and betimes by water from the Tower, and called at the Old Swan for a glass of strong water, and sent word to have little Michell and his wife come and dine with us to-day; and so, taking in a gentleman and his lady that wanted a boat, to Westminster. Our new Lord-keeper, Bridgman, did this day, the first time, attend the King to chapel with his seal. Sir H. Cholmely tells me there are hopes that the women will also have a rout, and particularly that my Lady Castlemaine is coming to a composition with the King to be gone; but how true this is, I know not. Blancford is made Privy-purse to the Duke of York; the Attorney-general[1] is made Chief Justice, in the room of my Lord Bridgman; the Solicitor-general[2] is made Attorney-general; and Sir Edward Turner made Solicitor-general.[3] It is pretty to see how strange everybody looks, nobody knowing whence this arises; whether from my Lady Castlemaine, Bab. May, and their faction; or from the Duke of York, notwithstanding his great appearance of defence of the Chancellor; or from Sir William Coventry, and some few with him. But greater changes are yet expected. Spent all the afternoon, Pelling, Howe, and I, and my boy, singing of Lock's response to the Ten Commandments, which he hath set very finely, and was a good while since sung before the King, and spoiled in the performance, which occasioned his printing them for his vindication, and are excellent good.

2nd. This day is kept in the City as a public fast for the Fire this day twelve months; but I was not at church, being commanded, with the rest, to attend the Duke of York; and, therefore, with Sir J. Minnes to St. James's, where we had much business before the Duke of York, and observed all things to be very kind between the Duke of York and Sir W. Coventry, which did mightily joy me. When we had done, Sir W. Coventry called me down with him to his chamber, and there told me that he is leaving the Duke of York's service, which I was amazed at. But he tells me that it is not with the least unkindness on the Duke of York's side, though he expects, and I told him he was in the right, it will be interpreted otherwise, because done just at this time; 'but,' says he, 'I did desire it a good while since, and the Duke of York did, with much entreaty, grant it, desiring that I would say nothing of it, that he might have time and liberty to choose his successor, without being importuned for others whom he should not like': and that he hath chosen Mr. Wren, which I am

[1] See p. 51.

[1] Sir Geoffrey Palmer.
[2] Sir Heneage Finch.
[3] Turner was appointed later. Pepys's gossip of the changes is erroneous.

glad of, he being a very ingenious man; and so Sir W. Coventry says of him, though he knows him little; but particularly commends him for the book he writ in answer to Harrington's *Oceana*,[1] which, for that reason, I intend to buy. He tells me the true reason is, that he, being a man not willing to undertake more business than he can go through, and being desirous to have his whole time to spend upon the business of the Treasury, and a little for his own ease, he did desire this of the Duke of York. He assures me that the kindness with which he goes away from the Duke of York is one of the greatest joys that ever he had in the world. I used some freedom with him, telling him how the world hath discoursed of his having offended the Duke of York, about the late business of the Chancellor. He does not deny it, but says that perhaps the Duke of York might have some reason for it, he opposing him in a thing wherein he was so earnest; but tells me, that, notwithstanding all that, the Duke of York does not now, nor can, blame him; for he was the man that did propose the removal of the Chancellor; and that he did still persist in it, and at this day publicly owns it, and is glad of it; but that the Duke of York knows that he did first speak of it to the Duke of York, before he spoke to any mortal creature besides, which was fair dealing; and the Duke of York was then of the same mind with him, and did speak of it to the King; though since, for reasons best known to himself, he afterwards altered. I did then desire to know what was the great matter that grounded his desire of the Chancellor's removal? He told me many things not fit to be spoken, and yet not anything of his being unfaithful to the King; but, *instar omnium*, he told me, that while he was so great at the Council-board, and in the administration of matters, there was no room for anybody to propose any remedy to what was amiss, or to compass anything, though never so good for the kingdom, unless approved of by the Chancellor, he managing all things with that greatness which now will be removed, that the King may have the benefit of others' advice. I then told him that the world hath an opinion that he hath joined himself with my Lady Castlemaine's faction in this business; he told me he cannot help it, but says they are in an error; for he will never, while he lives, truckle under anybody or any faction, but do just as his own reason and judgement directs; and, when he cannot use that freedom, he will have nothing to do in public affairs; but then he added, that he never was the man that ever had any discourse with my Lady Castlemaine, or with others from her, about this or any public business, or ever made her a visit, or at least not this twelvemonth, or been in her lodgings but when called on any business to attend the King there, nor hath had anything to do in knowing her mind in this business. He ended all with telling me that he knows that he that serves a Prince must expect, and be contented to stand, all fortunes, and be provided to retreat, and that he is most willing to do whenever the King shall please. And so we parted, he setting me down out of his coach at Charing Cross, and desired me to tell Sir W. Pen what he had told me of his leaving the Duke of York's service, that his friends might not be the last that know it. I took a coach and went homewards; but then turned again, and to Whitehall, where I met with many people; and, among other things, do learn that there is some fear that Mr. Brouncker is got into the King's favour and will be cherished there, which will breed ill-will between the King and Duke of York, he lodging at this time in Whitehall since he was put away from the Duke of York; and he is great with Bab. May, my Lady Castlemaine, and that wicked crew. But I find this denied by Sir G. Carteret, who tells me that he is sure he hath no kindness from the King; that the King at first, indeed, did endeavour to persuade the Duke of York from putting him away; but when, besides this business of his ill words concerning his Majesty in the business of the Chancellor, he told him that he hath had, a long time, a mind to put him away for his ill offices, done between him and his wife, the King held his peace, and said no more, but wished him to do what he pleased with him; which was very noble. I met with Fenn; and he tells me, as I do hear from some others, that the business of the Chancellor's had proceeded from some-

[1] See p. 3.

thing of a mistake, for the Duke of York did first tell the King that the Chancellor had a desire to be eased of his great trouble; and that the King, when the Chancellor came to him, did wonder to hear him deny it, and the Duke of York was forced to deny to the King that ever he did tell him so in those terms; but the King did answer that he was sure that he did say some such things to him; but, however, since it had gone so far, did desire him to be contented with it, as a thing very convenient for him as well as for himself (the King); and so matters proceeded, as we find. Now it is likely the Chancellor might, some time or other, in a compliment or vanity, say to the Duke of York that he was weary of this burden, and I know not what; and this comes of it. Some people, and myself among them, are of good hope from this change that things are reforming; but there are others that do think it is a hit of chance, as all other our greatest matters are, and that there is no general plot or contrivance in any number of people what to do next, though, I believe, Sir W. Coventry may in himself have further designs; and so that, though other changes may come, yet they shall be accidental and laid upon [no] good principles of doing good. Mr. May[1] showed me the King's new buildings, in order to their having of some old sails for the closing of the windows this winter. I dined with Sir G. Carteret, with whom dined Mr. Jack Ashburnham and Dr. Creeton, who I observe to be a most good man and scholar. In discourse at dinner concerning the change of men's humours and fashions touching meats, Mr. Ashburnham told us that he remembers since the only fruit in request, and eaten by the King and Queen at table as the best fruit, was the Catherine pear,[2] though they knew at the time other fruits of France and our own country. After dinner comes in Mr. Townsend; and there I was witness of a horrid rating, which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the Grooms of the King's Bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the King's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it, and that the King his father would have hanged his Wardrobe-man should he have been served so; the King having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend pleaded want of money, and the owing of the linen-draper £5000; and that he hath of late got many rich things made—beds, and sheets, and saddles, without money, and he can go no farther: but still this old man, indeed, like an old loving servant, did cry out for the King's person to be neglected. But, when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter's end, as their fee, which makes this great want; for, whether the King can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the King get more as he can. All the company gone, Sir G. Carteret and I to talk: and it is pretty to observe how already he says that he did always look upon the Chancellor indeed as his friend, though he never did do him any service at all, nor ever got anything by him, nor was he a man apt, and that, I think, is true, to do any man any kindness of his own nature; though I do know that he was believed by all the world to be the greatest support of Sir G. Carteret with the King of any man in England; but so little is now made of it! He observes that my Lord Sandwich will lose a great friend in him; and I think so too, my Lord Hinchingbroke being about a match calculated purely out of respect to my Lord Chancellor's family.[1] By and by Sir G. Carteret, and Townsend, and I to consider of an answer to the Commissioners of the Treasury about my Lord Sandwich's profits in the Wardrobe; which seem, as we make them, to be very small, not £1000 a-year; but only the difference in measure at which he buys and delivers out to the King, and then 6d. in the pound from the tradesmen for what money he receives for him; but this, it is believed, these Commissioners will endeavour to take away. From him I went to see a great match at tennis, between Prince Rupert and one Captain Cooke, against Bab. May and the

[1] Hugh May.

[2] A small pear, of reddish hue. Cf.—

'For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun.'

Suckling, *Ballad upon a Wedding.*

[1] See p. 490.

elder Chichly; where the King was, and Court; and it seems they are the best players at tennis in the nation. But this puts me in mind of what I observed in the morning, that the King, playing at tennis, had a steelyard carried to him, and I was told it was to weigh him after he had done playing; and at noon Mr. Ashburnham told me that it is only the King's curiosity, which he usually hath of weighing himself before and after his play, to see how much he loses in weight by playing: and this day he lost 4½ lbs. I to Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen, and there discoursed of Sir W. Coventry's leaving the Duke of York, and Mr. Wren's succeeding him. They told me both seriously, that they had long cut me out for Secretary to the Duke of York, if ever Sir W. Coventry left him; which, agreeing with what I have heard from other hands heretofore, do make me not only think that something of that kind hath been thought on, but do comfort me to see that the world hath such an esteem of my qualities as to think me fit for any such thing; though I am glad, with all my heart, that I am not so; for it would never please me to be forced to the attendance that that would require, and leave my wife and family to themselves, as I must do in such a case; thinking myself now in the best place that ever man was in to please his own mind in, and, therefore, I will take care to preserve it.

3rd. Attended the Duke of York about the list of ships that we propose to sell: and here there attended Mr. Wren the first time, who hath not yet, I think, received the Duke of York's seal and papers. At our coming hither we found the Duke and Duchess all alone at dinner, methought melancholy; or else I thought so, from the late occasion of the Chancellor's fall, who, they say, however, takes it very contentedly.

4th. By coach to Whitehall to the Council-chamber; and there met with Sir W. Coventry going in, who took me aside, and told me he was just come from delivering up his seal and papers to Mr. Wren; and told me he must now take his leave of me as a naval man, but that he shall always bear respect to his friends there,[1] and particularly to myself, with great kindness; which I returned to him with thanks, and so, with much kindness parted; and he into the Council. Sir Samuel Morland showed me two orders upon the Exchequer, one of £600, and another of £400, for money assigned to him, which he would have me lend him money upon, and he would allow 12 per cent. I would not meddle with them though they are very good; and I would, had I not so much money out already on public credit. But I see by this his condition all trade will be bad. Stayed and heard Alderman Barker's case of his being abused by the Council of Ireland, touching his lands there: all I observed there was the silliness of the King, playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business; and what he said was mighty weak: but my Lord Keeper I observe to be a mighty able man. With my wife and W. Hewer to Bartholomew Fair, and there Polichinello, where we saw Mrs. Clerke and all her crew; and so to a private house, and sent for a side of pig, and ate it at an acquaintance of W. Hewer's, where there was some learned physic and chemical books, and among others, a natural herbal,[1] very fine. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *Mustapha*,[2] which, the more I see, the more I like; and is a most admirable poem, and bravely acted; only both Betterton and Harris could not contain from laughing in the midst of a most serious part, from the ridiculous mistake of one of the men upon the stage; which I did not like.

5th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *Heraclius*,[3] which is a good play; but they did so spoil it with their laughing, and being all of them out, and with the noise they made within the theatre, that I was ashamed of it, and resolved not to come thither again a good while, believing that this negligence, which I never observed before, proceeds only from their want of company in the pit, that they have no care how they act. This morning I was told by Sir W. Batten, that he do hear from Mr. Grey, who hath good intelligence, that our Queen is to go into a nunnery, there to spend her

[1] Of the Navy Board.

[1] Herbarium. [2] See p. 539.
[3] See p. 461.

days; and that my Lady Castlemaine is going into France, and is to have a pension of £4000 a-year. This latter I do more believe than the other, it being very wise in her to do it, and save all she hath, besides easing the King and kingdom of a burden and reproach.

6th. To Westminster, and then into the Hall, and there bought Guillim's *Heraldry*.[1] To Bartholomew Fair, and there, it being very dirty, and now night, we saw a poor fellow, whose legs were tied behind his back, dance upon his hands with his breech above his head, and also dance upon his crutches, without any legs upon the ground to help him, which he did with that pain that I was sorry to see it, and did pity him and give him money after he had done. Then we to see a piece of clockwork made by an Englishman; indeed very good, wherein all the several states of man's age to 100 years old is shown very pretty and solemn; and several other things more cheerful, and so we ended, and took a link, the women resolving to be dirty, and walked up and down to get a coach; and my wife, being a little before me, had like to be taken up by one, whom we saw to be Sam Hartlib. My wife had her vizard on: yet we cannot say that he meant any hurt; for it was just as she was by a coach-side, which he had, or had a mind to take up; and he asked her, 'Madam, do you go in this coach?' but, as soon as he saw a man come to her (I know not whether he knows me), he departed away apace. By and by did get a coach, and so away home, and there to supper, and to bed.

7th. To the 'Change, and I to see the price of a copper cistern for the table, which is very pretty, and they demand £6 or £7 for one; but I will have one. Bought a night-gown[2] for my wife: cost but 24s.

8th. (Lord's Day). To St. James's; but there I find Sir W. Coventry gone from his chamber, and Mr. Wren not yet come thither. With my Lord Brouncker, and he told me, in discourse, how that, though it is true that Sir W. Coventry did long since propose to the Duke of York the leaving his service, as being unable to fulfil it, as he should do, now he hath so much public business, and that the Duke of York did bid him to say nothing of it, but that he would take time to please himself in another to come in his place; yet the Duke's doing it at this time, declaring that he hath found out another, and this one of the Chancellor's servants, he cannot but think was done with some displeasure, and that it could not well be otherwise, that the Duke of York should keep one in that place, that had so eminently opposed him in the defence of his father-in-law, nor could the Duchess ever endure the sight of him, to be sure. But he thinks that the Duke of York and he are parted upon clear terms of friendship. Lord Brouncker says he do believe that my Lady Castlemaine is compounding with the King for a pension, and to leave the Court; but that her demands are mighty high; but he believes the King is resolved, and so do everybody else I speak with, to do all possible to please the Parliament; and he do declare that he will deliver everybody up to give an account of their actions: and that last Friday, it seems, there was an Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office, and to keep out any from coming in. I went to the King's Chapel to the closet, and there I heard Cresset[1] sing a tenor part along with the Church music very handsomely, but so loud that people did laugh at him, as a thing done for ostentation. Here I met Sir G. Downing, who would speak with me, and first to inquire what I paid for my kid's leather gloves I had on my hand, and showed me others on his, as handsome as this in all points, cost him but 12d. a pair, and mine me 2s. He told me he had been seven years finding out a man that could dress English sheep-skin as it should be—and, indeed, it is now as good, in all respects, as kid, and he says will save £100,000 a year, that goes out to France for kid's skins. Thus he labours very worthily to advance our own trade, but do it with mighty vanity and talking. But

[1] The *Display of Heraldrie* (1610) by John Guillim (1565-1621).

[2] See p. 27.

[1] This was most likely Francis Cresset, a Shropshire gentleman, whose father and brother had fallen in the King's service during the Civil War, and he was on that account strongly recommended to Charles II., at the Restoration. — Kennet's *Register*, quoted by [B.].

then he told me of our base condition, in the treaty with Holland and France, about our prisoners, that whereas before we did clear one another's prisoners, man for man, and we upon the publication of the peace did release all ours, 300 at Leith, and others in other places for nothing, the Dutch do keep theirs, and will not discharge them without paying their debts according to the Treaty. That his instruments in Holland, writing to our Ambassadors about this to Breda, they answer them that they do not know of anything that they have done therein, but left it just as it was before. To which, when they answer, that by the treaty their Lordships had not bound our countrymen to pay their debts in prison, they answer they cannot help it, and we must get them off as cheap as we can. On this score, they demand £1100 for Sir G. Ascue, and £5000 for the one province of Zealand, for the prisoners that we have therein. He says that this is a piece of shame that never any nation committed, and that our very Lords here of the Council, when he related this matter to them, did not remember that they had agreed to this article; and swears that all their articles are alike, as the giving away Polleron, and Surinam, and Nova Scotia, which hath a river 300 miles up the country, with copper mines more than Swedeland, and Newcastle coals, the only place in America that hath coals that we know of; and that Cromwell did value those places, and would for ever have made much of them; but we have given them away for nothing, besides a debt to the King of Denmark. But, which is most of all, they have discharged those very particular demands of merchants of the Guinea company and others, which he, when he was there, had adjusted with the Dutch, and come to an agreement in writing, and they undertaken to satisfy, and that this was done in black and white under their hands; and yet we have forgiven all these and not so much as sent to Sir G. Downing to know what he had done, or to confer with him about any one point of the treaty, but signed to what they would have, and we here signed to whatever in gross was brought over by Mr. Coventry. And Sir G. Downing tells me, just in these words, 'My Lord Chancellor had a mind to keep himself from being questioned by clapping up a peace upon any terms.' When I answered that there was other Privy Councillors to be advised with besides him, and that, therefore, this whole peace could not be laid to his charge, he answered that nobody durst say anything at the Council-table but himself, and that the King was as much afraid of saying anything there as the meanest Privy Councillor; and says more, that at this day the King, in familiar talk, do call the Chancellor 'the insolent man,' and says that he would not let him speak himself in Council; which is very high, and do show that the Chancellor is like to be in a bad state, unless he can defend himself better than people think. And yet Creed tells me that he do hear that my Lord Cornbury[1] do say that his father do long for the coming of the Parliament, in order to his own vindication, more than any one of his enemies. And here it comes into my head to set down what Mr. Rawlinson, whom I met in Fenchurch Street on Friday last, looking over his ruins there, told me, that he was told by one of my Lord Chancellor's gentlemen lately, that a grant coming to him to be sealed, wherein the King hath given my Lady Castlemaine, or somebody by her means, a place which he did not like well of, he did stop the grant; saying, that he thought this woman would sell everything shortly; which she hearing of, she sent to let him know that she had disposed of his place, and did not doubt, in a little time, to dispose of his. To Whitehall, and saw the King and Queen at dinner; and observed, which I never did before, the formality, but it is but a formality, of putting a bit of bread wiped upon each dish into the mouth of every man that brings a dish;[2] but it should be in the sauce. Here were some Russes come to see the King at dinner: among others, the interpreter, a comely Englishman, in the Envoy's own clothes; which the Envoy, it seems, in vanity did send to show his fine clothes upon this man's back, he being one, it seems, of a comelier presence than himself: and yet it is said that none of their clothes are

[1] Henry Hyde (1863-1709), Viscount Cornbury, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon.

[2] A vestige of the old custom of tasting, or assay. [B.]

their own, but taken out of the King's own Wardrobe; and which they dare not bring back dirty or spotted, but clean, or are in danger of being beaten, as they say: insomuch that, Sir Charles Cotterell[1] says, when they are to have an audience they never venture to put on their clothes till he appears to come to fetch them; and, as soon as ever they come home, put them off again. I to Sir G. Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law, Judge Richardson, and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscoat. Upon this, he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.[2] Here was a gentleman, one Sheres, one come lately from my Lord Sandwich, with an express; but, Lord! I was almost ashamed to see him, lest he should know that I have not yet wrote one letter to my Lord since his going.

9th. After dinner, Creed and I and my wife to the Bear Garden, to see a prize fought there. To Whitehall; and here do hear, by Tom Killigrew and Mr. Progers, that for certain news is come of Harman's having spoiled nineteen of twenty-two French ships, somewhere about the Barbados, I think they said; but wherever it is, it is a good service, and very welcome. I fell in talk with Tom Killigrew about music, and he tells me that he will bring me to the best music in England, of which, indeed, he is master, and that is two Italians and Mrs. Yates, who, he says, is come to sing the Italian manner as well as ever he heard any: he says that Knipp won't take pains enough, but that she understands her part so well upon the stage, that no man or woman in the House do the like. To the Bear Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in, that I was afraid to be seen among them, but got into the ale-house, and so by a back-way was put into the bull-house, where I stood a good while all alone among the bulls, and was afraid I was among the bears too; but by and by the door opened, and I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off; his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there. To Sir W. Batten's, to invite them to dinner on Wednesday next, having a whole buck come from Hampton Court, by the warrant which Sir Stephen Fox did give me.

10th. At the office, where little to do but bemoan ourselves under the want of money; and indeed little is, or can be done, we having not now received one penny for any service in many weeks, and none in view, saving for paying of some seamen's wages. To St. James's, where we all met, and did our usual weekly business with the Duke of York. But, Lord! methinks both he and we are mighty flat and dull to what we used to be, when Sir W. Coventry was among us. Met Mr. Povy; and he and I to walk an hour or more in the Pell Mell, talking of the times. He tells me, among other things, that this business of the Chancellor do breed a kind of inward distance between the King and the Duke of York, and that it cannot be avoided; for though the latter did at first move it through his folly, yet he is made to see that he is wounded by it, and is become much a less man than he was, and so will be; but he tells me that they are, and have always been, great dissemblers one towards another; and that their parting heretofore in France[1] is never to be thoroughly reconciled between them. He tells me that he believes there is no such thing likely to be as a composition

[1] 1615-? 1687. Master of the Ceremonies 1641-1649, and 1660-1686, when he was succeeded by his son, Sir Charles Lodowick Cotterell, who held the post till 1710.

[2] The Chief Justice happened to be leaning low on his elbow when the stone was thrown, so it flew too high, and only took off his hat. Soon after, some friends congratulating him on his escape, he replied (as his fashion was to make a jest of of everything), 'If I had been an *upright* Judge, I had been slain.'—Thoms's *Anecdotes and Traditions*. [B.]

[1] In 1652. See an account of it in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, book xiii., and of Sir John Berkeley's part in the matter, to which he is said to have owed his peerage. [B.]

with my Lady Castlemaine, and that she shall be got out of the way before the Parliament comes; for he says she is as high as ever she was, though he believes the King is as weary of her as is possible, and would give anything to remove her, but he is so weak in his passion that he dare not do it; that he do believe that my Lord Chancellor will be doing some acts in the Parliament which shall render him popular; and that there are many people now do speak kindly of him that did not before; but that, if he do do this, it must provoke the King, and that party that removed him. He seems to doubt what the King of France will do, in case an accommodation shall be made between Spain and him for Flanders, for then he will have nothing more easy to do with his army than to subdue us.

11th. Up, and with Mr. Gauden to the Exchequer. By the way he tells me this day he is to be answered whether he must hold Sheriff or no; for he would not hold unless he may keep it at his office, which is out of the city, and so my Lord Mayor must come with his sword down, whenever he comes thither, which he do, because he cannot get a house fit for him in the city, or else he will fine for it. Among others that they have in nomination for Sheriff, one is little Chaplin,[1] who was his servant, and a very young man to undergo that place; but as the city is now, there is no great honour nor joy to be had in being a public officer. Comes to dine with me Sir W. Batten and his lady, and Mr. Griffith, their ward, and Sir W. Pen and his lady, and Mrs. Lowther, who is grown, either through pride or want of manners, a fool, having not a word to say; and, as a further mark of a beggarly proud fool, hath a bracelet of diamonds and rubies about her wrist, and a sixpenny necklace about her neck, and not one good rag of clothes upon her back; and Sir John Chichly in their company, and Mrs. Turner. Here I had an extraordinary good and handsome dinner for them, and better than any of them deserve or understand, saving Sir John Chichly and Mrs. Turner, and not much mirth, only what I by discourse made, and that against my genius. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw part of *The Ungrateful Lovers*[1]; and sat by Beck Marshall, who is very handsome near hand. Here came Mr. Moore, and sat and discoursed with me of public matters; the sum of which is that he do doubt that there is more at the bottom than the removal of the Chancellor; that is, he do verily believe that the King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate, and that we shall soon see it. This I do not think the Duke of York will endure without blows; but his poverty, and being lessened by having the Chancellor fallen and Sir W. Coventry gone from him, will disable him from being able to do anything almost, he being himself almost lost in the esteem of people; and will be more and more, unless my Lord Chancellor, who is already begun to be pitied by some people, and to be better thought of than was expected, do recover himself in Parliament. He do say that that is very true, that my Lord Chancellor did lately make some stop of some grants of £2000 a-year to my Lord Grandison,[2] which was only in his name, for the use of my Lady Castlemaine's children; and that this did incense her, and she did speak very scornful words, and sent a scornful message to him about it.

12th. To the Exchequer for some tallies for Tangier; and that being done, to the Dog Tavern, and there I spent half a piece upon the clerks. To the Duke's house, where *Tu Quoque*[3] was the first time acted, with some alterations of Sir W. Davenant's; but the play is a very silly play, methinks; for I, and others that sat by me, Mr. Povy and Mr. Progers, were weary of it; but it will please the citizens.[4]

[1] Francis Chaplin, cloth-worker, Sheriff of London, 1668, Lord Mayor, 1678. [B.]

[1] This play is unknown; but the title is probably a slip for *The Unfortunate Lovers*, by Davenant, with whose company (the Duke of York's) at Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre it was a stock piece.

[2] George Villiers, fourth Viscount Grandison, and younger brother of Lady Castlemaine's father, who had died without issue male. [B.]

[3] *Greene's Tu Quoque, or The Citie Gallant*, by John Cooke, perhaps printed in 1599. The first known edition is dated 1614. Thomas Greene had a reputation as an actor of clown's parts. His name came to be incorporated in the title of this play on account of his success in the rôle of Bubble.

[4] The piece is a satire on city parvenus. Bubble, a serving-man, grows rich, and swaggers in 'society.'

13th. Called up by people come to deliver in ten chaldron of coals, brought in one of our prizes from Newcastle. The rest we intend to sell, we having above ten chaldron between us. They sell at about 28s. or 29s. per chaldron; but Sir W. Batten hath sworn that he was a cuckold that sells under 30s., and that makes us lay up all but what we have for our own spending, which is very pleasant; for I believe we shall be glad to sell them for less.

14th. The King and Duke of York and the whole Court is mighty joyful at the Duchess of York's being brought to bed this day, or yesterday, of a son[1]; which will settle men's minds mightily. And Pierce tells me that he do think that what the King do, of giving the Duke of Monmouth the command of his Guards, and giving my Lord Gerard £12,000 for it, is merely to find an employment for him upon which he may live, and not out of any design to bring him into any title to the Crown; which Mr. Moore did the other day put me into great fear of. To the King's playhouse to see *The Northern Castle*,[2] which I think I never did see before. Knipp acted in it, and did her part very extraordinary well; but the play is but a mean sorry play; but the house very full of gallants. It seems, it hath not been acted a good while.

15th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I stood, in continual fear of Mrs. Markham's coming, and offering to come into our pew, to prevent which, soon as ever I heard the great door open, I did step back, and clap my breech to our pew-door, that she might be forced to shove me to come in; but as God would have it, she did not come. Mr. Mills preached, and after sermon, by invitation, he and his wife came to dine with me, which is the first time they have been in my house, I think, these five years, I thinking it not amiss, because of their acquaintance in our country, to show them some respect. Mr. Turner and his wife, and their son the Captain dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them, and very merry, and after dinner Mr. Mills was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepney, to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling, with two men,[1] by promise, one Wallington and Piggott, the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sang several good things. They supped with me, and so broke up.

16th. Sir H. Cholmely was with me a good while; who tells me that the Duke of York's child is christened, the Duke of Albemarle and the Marquis of Worcester godfathers, and my Lady Suffolk godmother; and they have named it Edgar, which is a brave name. But it seems they are more joyful in the Chancellor's family, at the birth of this Prince, than in wisdom they should, for fear it should give the King cause of jealousy. Sir H. Cholmely thinks there may possibly be some persons that would be glad to have the Queen removed to some monastery, or somewhere or other, to make room for a new wife; for they will all be unsafe under the Duke of York. He says the King and Parliament will agree; that is, that the King will do anything that they will have him. At the New Exchange,[2] I stayed reading Mrs. Phillips's poems[3] till my wife and Mercer called me to Mrs. Pierce's, by invitation to dinner, where I find her painted, which makes me loathe her, and the nastiest poor dinner that made me sick. Here I met with a *Fourth Advice*[4] *to the Painter* upon the coming in of the Dutch to the River and end of the war, that made my heart ache to read, it being too sharp, and so true. Here I also saw a printed account of the examinations taken, touching the burning of the City of London, showing the plot of the Papists therein; which, it seems, hath been ordered to be burnt by the hands of the hangman, in Westminster Palace. My wife and Mercer and I away to the King's playhouse, to see the *Scorn-*

[1] Edgar (1667-1671), Duke of Cambridge, the third son of the Duke of York who had borne that title. [2] Unidentified.

[1] These three persons were members of the late Music Society, in the Old Jewry, to whom Playford dedicated his *Catch that Catch can, or The Metrical Companion*. Some of Wallington's compositions are in that work, and in a collection called *New Ayres and Dialogues, composed for Voices and Vyols*. London, 1678. [B.]

[2] At Herringman's. See p. 539.

[3] See *ib.* [4] See p. 456.

ful Lady[1]; but it being now three o'clock there was not one soul in the pit; whereupon, for shame, we could not go in, but, against our wills, went all to see *Tu Quoque* again,[2] where there was pretty store of company. Here we saw Madam Morland,[3] who is grown mighty fat, but is very comely. But one of the best parts of our sport was a mighty pretty lady that sat behind us, that did laugh so heartily and constantly, that it did me good to hear her. Thence to the King's house, upon a wager of mine with my wife, that there would be no acting there to-day, there being no company; so I went in and found a pretty good company there, and saw their dance at the end of the play.

17th. This evening Captain Cocke and Sir W. Batten did come to me, and sat, and drank a bottle of wine, and told me how Sir W. Pen hath got an order for the *Flying Greyhound* for himself, which is so false a thing and the part of a knave, as nothing almost can be more. This vexed me; but I resolve to bring it before the Duke, and try a pull for it.

18th. I walked in the Exchange, which is now made pretty, by having windows and doors before all their shops, to keep out the cold.

19th. Comes my cousin Kate Joyce, and an aunt of ours, Lettice, formerly Haynes, and now Howlett, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her arms. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state, to be familiar with. She tells me how the life-guard, which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winchcombe,[4] to spoil the tobacco there, which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law, and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled, as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place.

20th. I out to pay some debts; among others to the tavern at the end of Billiter Lane, where my design was to see the pretty mistress of the house, which I did, and indeed is, as I always thought, one of the modestest, prettiest, plain women that ever I saw. By coach to the King's play house, and there saw *The Mad Couple*, my wife having been at the same play with Jane, in the 18d. seat.

21st. The King, Duke of York, and the men of the Court, have been these four or five days a-hunting at Bagshot.

22nd. (Lord's day.) At noon comes Mr. Sheres, whom I find a good ingenious man, but do talk a little too much of his travels. He left my Lord Sandwich well, but in pain to be at home for want of money, which comes very hardly. I have indulged myself more in pleasure for these last two months than ever I did in my life before, since I came to be a person concerned in business; and I doubt, when I come to make up my accounts, I shall find it so by the expense.

23rd. To Westminster, and there, among other things, bought the examinations of the businesses about the Fire of London, which is a book that Mrs. Pierce tells me hath been commanded to be burnt.[2] The examinations indeed are very plain. At my Lord Ashly's,[3] by invitation, to dine there. At table it is worth remembering that my Lord tells us that the House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make upon a point of interpretation of the law, and that therein they are above the Judges; and that he did assert this in the Lords' House upon the late occasion of the quarrel between my Lord Bristol and the Chancellor, when the former did accuse the latter of treason, and the Judges did bring it in not to be treason: my Lord Ashly did declare that the judgement of the Judges

[1] See p. 451. [2] See p. 555.
[3] Sir Samuel Morland's first wife. [B.]
[4] Winchcombe St. Peter, a market-town in Gloucestershire. Tobacco was first cultivated in this parish, after its introduction into England, in 1583, and it proved a considerable source of profit to the inhabitants, till the trade was placed under restrictions. [B.]

[1] *All Mistaken, or The Mad Couple*, by James Howard (printed 1672).
[2] *A True and Faithful Account of the several Informations exhibited to the Honourable Committee appointed by the Parliament to enquire into the late dreadful burning of the City of London*, 1667. [B.]
[3] In Aldersgate Street.

was nothing in the presence of their Lordships, but only as far as they were the properest men to bring precedents; but not to interpret the law to their Lordships, but only the inducements of their persuasions; and this the Lords did concur in. Another pretty thing was my Lady Ashly's speaking of the bad qualities of glass-coaches; among others, the flying open of the doors upon any great shake; but another was, that my Lady Peterborough being in her glass-coach, with the glass up, and seeing a lady pass by in a coach whom she would salute, the glass was so clear, that she thought it had been open, and so ran her head through the glass![1] We were put into my Lord's room before he could come to us, and there had opportunity to look over his state of his accounts of the prizes; and there saw how bountiful the King hath been to several people; and hardly any man almost, Commander of the Navy of any note, but hath had some reward or other out of them; and many sums to the Privy-purse, but not so many, I see, as I thought there had been: but we could not look quite through it. But several Bedchamber-men and people about the Court had good sums; and, among others, Sir John Minnes and Lord Brouncker have £200 a-piece for looking to the East India prizes, while I did their work for them. By and by my Lord came, and we did look over Yeabsly's business a little; and I find how prettily this cunning Lord can be partial and dissemble it in this case, being privy to the bribe he is to receive. With Sir H. Cholmely to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and Court were the other day, when they were abroad a-hunting. They came to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranborne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and all being drunk, Armerer[2] did come to the King, and swore to him 'By God, Sir,' says he, 'you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be.' 'Not I?' says the King. 'Why so?' 'Why,' says he, 'if you are, let us drink his health.' 'Why, let us,' says the King. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. 'Nay, Sir,' says Armerer, 'by God you must do it on your knees!' So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmely tells me that the King hath this good luck, that the next day he hates to have anybody mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer anybody to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality. By and by comes Captain Cocke about business; who tells me that Mr. Brouncker is lost for ever, notwithstanding my Lord Brouncker hath advised with him, Cocke, how he might make a peace with the Duke of York and Chancellor, upon promise of serving him in the Parliament; but Cocke says that is base to offer, and will have no success there. He says that Mr. Wren hath refused a present of Tom Wilson's for his place of Storekeeper at Chatham, and is resolved never to take anything; which is both wise in him, and good to the King's service.

24th. To the office, where all the morning very busy. Home, where there dined with me Anthony Joyce and his wife, and Will and his wife, and my aunt Lettice, that was here the other day, and Sarah Kite, and I had a good dinner for them, and were as merry as I could be in that company where W. Joyce is, who is still the same impertinent fellow that ever he was. After dinner to St. James's, where we had an audience of the Duke of York of many things of weight, about which we stayed till past candle-light, and so Sir W. Batten and W. Pen and I fain to go in a hackney-coach all round by London Wall, for fear of cellars.[1] We tired one coach upon Holborn Conduit Hill, and got another, and made it a long journey home. My wife tells me that W. Batelier hath been here to-day, and brought with him the pretty girl he speaks of, to come to serve my wife as a woman, out of the school at Bow. My wife says she is extraordinary handsome, and inclines to have her, and I am glad of it—at least that, if we must have one, she should be handsome. But I shall leave it wholly to my wife, to do what she will therein.

[1] Cf. p. 543.

[2] Sir William Armorer, Equerry to the King. [B.]

[1] Cf. p. 543.

25th. With Sir H. Cholmely, who came to me about his business to Whitehall; and thither came also my Lord Brouncker: and we by and by called in, and our paper read; and much discourse thereon by Sir G. Carteret, my Lord Anglesey, Sir W. Coventry, and my Lord Ashly, and myself; but I could easily discern that they none of them understood the business; and the King at last ended it with saying lazily, 'Why,' says he, 'after all this discourse, I now come to understand it; and that is, that there can nothing be done in this more than is possible,' which was so silly as I never heard; 'and therefore,' says he, 'I would have these gentlemen do as much as possible to hasten the Treasurer's accounts; and that is all.' And so we broke up; and I confess I went away ashamed, to see how slightly things are advised upon there. Here I saw the Duke of Buckingham sit in Council again, where he was readmitted, it seems, the last Council-day; and it is wonderful to see how this man is come again to his places, all of them, after the reproach and disgrace done him; so that things are done in a most foolish manner quite through. The Duke of Buckingham did second Sir W. Coventry in the advising the King that he would not concern himself in the owning or not owning any man's accounts, or anything else, wherein he had not the same satisfaction that would satisfy the Parliament; saying, that nothing would displease the Parliament more than to find him defending anything that is not right, nor justifiable to the utmost degree; but methought he spoke it but very poorly. After this, I walked up and down the Gallery till noon; and here I met with Bishop Fuller, who, to my great joy, is made, which I did not hear before, Bishop of Lincoln.[1] At noon I took coach, and to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, to the house that is my Lord's, which my Lord lets him have; and this is the first day of dining there. And there dined with him and his lady my Lord Privy-Seal,[2] who is indeed a very sober man; who, among other talk, did mightily wonder at the reason of the growth of the credit of bankers, since it is so ordinary a thing for citizens to break, out of knavery. Upon this we had much discourse; and I observed therein, to the honour of this City, that I have not heard of one citizen of London broke in all this war, this plague, or this fire, and this coming up of the enemy among us; which he owned to be very considerable.[1] I to the King's playhouse, my eyes being so bad since last night's straining of them, that I am hardly able to see, besides the pain which I have in them. The play was a new play; and infinitely full; the King and all the Court almost there. It is *The Storm*,[2] a play of Fletcher's; which is but so-so, methinks; only there is a most admirable dance at the end, of the ladies, in a military manner, which indeed did please me mightily. So, it being a mighty wet day and night, I with much ado got a coach, and, with twenty stops which he made, I got him to carry me quite through, and paid dear for it, and so home, and then comes my wife home from the Duke of York's playhouse, where she hath been with my aunt and Kate Joyce.

26th. To my chamber, whither Jonas Moore[3] comes, and tells me the mighty use of Napier's bones[4]; so that I will have a pair presently. With my wife abroad to the King's playhouse, to show her yesterday's new play, which I like as I did yesterday, the principal thing extraordinary being the dance, which is very good.

27th. While I was busy at the Office, my wife sends for me to come home, and what was it but to see the pretty girl which she is taking to wait upon her; and though she seems not altogether so great a beauty as she had before told me, yet indeed she is mighty pretty; and so pretty, that I find I shall be too much pleased with it, and therefore could be contented as to my judgement, though not to my passion, that

[1] See p. 535.
[2] John Lord Robarts. See p. 46.

[1] This remarkable fact is confirmed by Evelyn, in a letter to Sir Samuel Tuke, Sept. 27, 1666. [B.]
[2] Fletcher's *Sea Voyage* (1622) based on *The Tempest*. See Dryden's reference in the *Preface* to his *Tempest, or The Enchanted Island*. (*Works*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, III. 106.) D'Urfey gave a new version of the *Sea Voyage* in 1685.
[3] See p. 86.
[4] Napier's bones, or rods, invented by John Napier of Merchiston to explain numerical processes. He describes their use in his *Rabdologiæ seu Numerationis per virgulas libri duo*. (1615.)

she might not come, lest I may be found too much minding her, to the discontent of my wife. She is to come next week. She seems, by her discourse, to be grave beyond her bigness and age, and exceeding well-bred as to her deportment, having been a scholar in a school at Bow these seven or eight years. Creed and Sheres came and dined with me; and we had a great deal of pretty discourse of the ceremoniousness of the Spaniards, whose ceremonies are so many and so known, that, Sheres tells me, upon all occasions of joy or sorrow in a Grandee's family, my Lord Ambassador is fain to send one with an *enhorabuena*,[1] if it be upon a marriage, or birth of a child, or a *pesame*,[2] if it be upon the death of a child, or so. And these ceremonies are so set, and the words of the compliment, that he hath been sent from my Lord, when he hath done no more than send in word to the Grandee that one was there from the Ambassador; and he knowing what was his errand, that hath been enough, and he never spoken with him: nay, several Grandees, having been to marry a daughter, have wrote letters to my Lord to give him notice, and out of the greatness of his wisdom to desire his advice, though people he never saw; and then my Lord he answers by commending the greatness of his discretion in making so good an alliance, etc., and so ends. He says that it is so far from dishonour to a man to give private revenge for an affront, that the contrary is a disgrace; they holding that he that receives an affront is not fit to appear in the sight of the world till he hath revenged himself; and therefore, that a gentleman there that receives an affront oftentimes never appears again in the world till he hath, by some private way or other, revenged himself; and that, on this account, several have followed their enemies privately to the Indies, thence to Italy, thence to France and back again, waiting for an opportunity to be revenged. He says my Lord was fain to keep a letter from the Duke of York to the Queen of Spain a great while in his hands, before he could think fit to deliver it, till he had learnt whether the Queen could receive it, it being directed to his cousin. He says that many ladies in Spain, after they are found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds or chambers till they are brought to bed; so ceremonious they are in that point also. He tells me of their wooing by serenades at the window, and that their friends do always make the match; but yet they have opportunities to meet at mass at church, and there they make love: that the Court there hath no dancing, nor visits at night to see the King or Queen, but is always just like a cloister, nobody stirring in it: that my Lord Sandwich wears a beard now, turned up in the Spanish manner. But that which pleased me most indeed is that the peace which he hath made with Spain is now printed here, and is acknowledged by all the merchants to be the best peace that ever England had with them; and it appears that the King thinks it so, for this is printed before the ratification is gone over; whereas that with France and Holland was not in a good while after, till copies came over of it in English out of Holland and France, that it was a reproach not to have it printed here. This I am mighty glad of; and is the first and only piece of good news, or thing fit to be owned, that this nation hath done several years. Anon comes Pelling, and he and I to Gray's Inn Fields, thinking to have heard Mrs. Knight[1] sing at her lodgings, by a friend's means of his; but we came too late; so must try another time.

28th. All the morning at the office, busy upon an Order of Council, wherein they are mightily at a loss what to advise about our discharging of seamen by ticket, there being no money to pay their wages before January. And this did move Mr. Wren at the table to-day to say that he did believe that if ever there be occasion more to raise money, it will become here, as it is in Poland, that there are two treasurers —one for the King, and the other for the kingdom. Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, dropped in, who I feared did come to bespeak me to be godfather to his son, which I am unwilling now to be, having ended my liking to his wife, since I find she paints. After dinner comes Sir Fr. Hollis to me about business; and I with him by coach to the

[1] Felicitation. [2] Condolence

[1] Cf. p. 676. Waller has a short piece 'Sung by Mrs. Knight to Her Majesty, on Her Birthday' (ed. Thorn Drury, p. 220).

Temple, and there I 'light; all the way he telling me romantic lies of himself and his family, how they have been Parliament-men for Grimsby, he and his forefathers, this 140 years; and his father is now; and himself, at this day, stands for to be, with his father,[1] by the death of his fellow-burgess; and that he believes it will cost him as much as it did his predecessor, which was £300 in ale, and £52 in buttered ale,[2] which I believe is one of his devilish lies. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw a piece of *Sir Martin Mar-all*,[3] with great delight.

29th. (Lord's day.) Put off first my summer's silk suit, and put on a cloth one. Then to church. All the afternoon talking in my chamber with my wife, about my keeping a coach the next year, and doing some things to my house, which will cost money—that is, furnish our best chamber with tapestry, and other rooms with pictures. In the evening read good books—my wife to me; and I did even my kitchen accounts.

30th. To the Duke of York to Council, where the officers of the Navy did attend. My Lord Ashly did move that an assignment for money on the Act might be put into the hands of the East India Company, or City of London, which he thought the seamen would believe. But this my Lord Anglesey did very handsomely oppose, and I think did carry it that it will not be: and it is indeed a mean thing that the King should so far own his own want of credit as to borrow theirs in this manner. My Lord Anglesey told him that this was the way indeed to teach the Parliament to trust the King no more for the time to come, but to have a kingdom's Treasurer distinct from the King's. To Mrs. Martin's, to bespeak some linen, and drank, and away, having first promised my god-daughter a new coat—her first coat. So home, and there find our pretty girl Willet come, brought by Mr. Batelier, and she is very pretty, and so grave as I never saw a little thing in my life. I wish my wife may use her well.

[1] He succeeded Sir Henry Bellasis, who had been returned for Grimsby on the death of Sir Adrian Scrope, and who had been killed in the duel with Porter. [B.]

[2] See p. 164.

[3] See p. 541.

October 1667

October 1st. To Whitehall, and there in the Boarded Gallery did hear the music with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus,[1] the master of his music; both instrumental—I think twenty-four violins—and vocal; an English song upon Peace. But, God forgive me! I never was so little pleased with a concert of music in my life. The manner of setting of words and repeating them out of order, and that with a number of voices, makes me sick, the whole design of vocal music being lost by it. Here was a great press of people; but I did not see many pleased with it, only the instrumental music he had brought by practice to play very just.

2nd. This morning came to me Mr. Gauden about business, with his gold chain about his neck, as being Sheriff of the City this year. To the New Exchange, and there met my wife and girl, and took them to the King's house to see *The Traitor*,[2] which still I like as a very good play; and thence, round by the wall, home, having drunk at the Cock alehouse, as I of late have used to do.

3rd. I understand that Sir W. Batten is gone to bed on a sudden again this morning, being struck very ill. To St. James's, where Sir W. Coventry took me into the gallery, and walked with me an hour, discoursing of Navy business, and with much kindness to, and confidence in, me still; which I must endeavour to preserve, and will do; and, good man! all his care how to get the Navy paid off, and that all other things therein may go well. He gone, I thence to my Lady Peterborough, who sent for me; and with her an hour talking about her husband's pension, and how she hath got an order for its being paid again; though, I believe, for all that order, it will hardly be; but of that I said nothing; but her design is to get it paid again: and how to raise money upon it, to clear it from the engagement which lies upon it to some citizens, who lent her husband money, without her knowledge, upon it, to vast loss. She intends to force them to take their money

[1] Louis Grabut, or Grabu, *a.s.* See p. 467.

[2] See p. 296.

again, and release her husband of those hard terms. The woman is a very wise woman, and is very plain in telling me how her plate and jewels are at pawn for money, and how they are forced to live beyond their estate, and do get nothing by his being a courtier. The lady I pity, and her family. Took out my wife and Willet, thinking to have gone to a play, but both houses were begun, and so we to the 'Change, and thence to my tailor's, and there, the coachman desiring to go home to change his horses, we went with him to a nasty end of all St. Giles's, and there went into a nasty room, a chamber of his, where he hath a wife and child, and there stayed, it growing dark too, and I angry thereat, till he shifted his horses, and then home apace.

4th. To Whitehall; and in the Robe-chamber the Duke of York came to us, the officers of the Navy, and there did meet together about business, where Sir W. Coventry did recommend his Royal Highness, now the prizes were disposing, to remember Sir John Harman to the King, for some bounty, and also for my Lady Minnes, which was very nobly done of him. Thence all of us to attend the Council, where we were anon called on, and there was a long hearing of Commissioner Pett, who was there, and there were the two Masters Attendant of Chatham called in, who did deny their having any order from Commissioner Pett about bringing up the great ships, which gives the lie to what he says; but, in general, I find him to be but a weak silly man, and that is guilty of horrid neglect in this business all along. Here broke off without coming to any issue, but that there should be another hearing on Monday next. I to my Lord Crew's to dinner; but he having dined, I took a very short leave, confessing I had not dined; and so to an ordinary hard by the Temple Gate, where I have heretofore been, and there dined, cost me 10d. And so to my Lord Ashly's; and thence to my Lord Crew's, and there did stay with him an hour till almost night, discoursing about the ill state of my Lord Sandwich, that he can neither be got to be called home, nor money got to maintain him there[1]; which will ruin his family. And the truth is, he do almost deserve it, for by all relation he hath, in a little more than a year and a half, spent £20,000 of the King's money, and the best part of £10,000 of his own; which is a most prodigious expense, more than ever Ambassador spent there, and more than these Commissioners of the Treasury will or do allow. And they demand an account before they will give him any more money; which puts all his friends to a loss what to answer. But more money we must get him, or be called home. I offer to speak to Sir W. Coventry about it; but my Lord will not advise to it, without consent of Sir G. Carteret. To see Sir W. Batten. He is asleep; and so I could not see him; but in an hour after, word is brought me that he is so ill, that it is believed he cannot live till to-morrow, which troubles me and my wife mightily, partly out of kindness, he being a good neighbour—and partly because of the money he owes me, upon our bargain of the late prize.[1]

5th. Up, and to the office; and there all the morning; none but my Lord Anglesey and myself; but much surprized with the news of the death of Sir W. Batten, who died this morning, having been but two days sick. Sir W. Pen and I did dispatch a letter this morning to Sir W. Coventry, to recommend Colonel Middleton, who we think a most honest and understanding man, and fit for that place. Sir G. Carteret did also come this morning, and walked with me in the garden; and concluded not to concern himself or have any advice made to Sir W. Coventry, in behalf of my Lord Sandwich's business; so I do rest satisfied, though I do think they are all mad, that they will judge Sir W. Coventry an enemy, when he is indeed no such man to anybody, but is severe and just, as he ought to be, where he sees things ill done. To my Lord Crew, and there met my Lord Hinchingbroke and Lady Jemimah, and there dined with them and my Lord, where pretty merry. To the King's house; and there, going in, met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tiring-rooms: and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into

[1] In Spain.

[1] See p. 540.

the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of *Flora's Figarys*,[1] which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! and how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was pretty; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play,[2] and is said, nowadays, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

6th. (Lord's day.) Up, and walked out with the boy to Smithfield to Cow Lane, to Lincoln's, and there spoke with him, and agreed upon the hour to-morrow, to set out towards Brampton; but vexed that he is not likely to go himself, but sends another for him. Here I took a hackney coach, and to Whitehall, and there met Sir W. Coventry, and discoursed with him, and then with my Lord Brouncker, and many others, to end my matters in order to my going into the country to-morrow for five or six days, which I have not done for above three years. Walked with Creed into the Park a little, and at last went into the Queen's side, and there saw the King and Queen, and saw the ladies, in order to my hearing any news stirring to carry into the country, but met with none. Pelling tells us how old Mr. Batelier is dead last night, going to bed well, which I am mightily troubled for, he being a good man.

7th. Up betimes, in order to my journey this day, and did leave my chief care, and the key of my closet, with Mr. Hater, with directions what papers to secure, in case of fire or other accident; and so, about nine o'clock, I, and my wife, and Willet set out in a coach I have hired, with four horses; and W. Hewer and Murford rode by us on horseback: and so my wife and she in their morning gowns, very handsome and pretty, and to my great liking. We set out, and so out at Aldgate, and so to the Green Man, and so on to Enfield, in our way seeing Mr. Lowther and his lady in a coach, going to Walthamstow; and he told us that he would overtake us at night, he being to go that way. So we to Enfield, and there baited, it being but a foul bad day, and there Lowther and Mr. Burford, an acquaintance of his, did overtake us, and there drank and ate together; and, by and by, we parted, we going before them, and very merry, my wife and girl talking, and telling tales, and singing, and before night came to Bishop Stafford,[1] where Lowther and his friend did meet us again, and carried us to the Reindeer, where Mrs. Aynsworth,[2] who lived heretofore at Cambridge, and whom I knew better than they think for, do live. It was the woman that, among other things, was great with my cousin Barnston, of Cottenham, and did use to sing to him, and did teach me 'Full forty times over,' a very lewd song: a woman they are very well acquainted with, and is here what she was at Cambridge, and all the good fellows of the country come hither. Lowther and his friend stayed and drank, and then went farther this night; but here we stayed, and supped, and lodged. But, as soon as they were gone, and my supper getting ready, I fell to write my letter to my Lord Sandwich, which I could not finish before my coming from London; and a good letter, telling him the present state of all matters, and did get a man to promise to carry it to-morrow morning, to be there, at my house, by noon, and I paid him well for it; so, that being done, and my mind at ease, we to supper, and so to bed, my wife and I in one bed,

[1] See p. 275. [2] *Tarugo's Wiles* (see p. 568).

[1] Bishop Stortford.

[2] Elizabeth Aynsworth, here mentioned, was a noted procuress at Cambridge, banished from that town by the University authorities for her evil courses. She subsequently kept the Reindeer Inn at Bishop Stortford, at which the Vice-Chancellor, and some of the Heads of Colleges, had occasion to sleep, in their way to London, and were nobly entertained, their supper being served off plate. The next morning their hostess refused to make any charge, saying, that she was still indebted to the Vice-Chancellor, who, by driving her out of Cambridge, had made her fortune. [B.] See p. 654.

and the girl in another in the same room, and lay very well, but there was so much tearing[1] company in the house, that we could not see the landlady; so I had no opportunity of renewing my old acquaintance with her.

8th. Up pretty betimes, though not so soon as we intended, by reason of Murford's not rising, and then not knowing how to open our door, which, and some other pleasant simplicities of the fellow, did give occasion to us to call him Sir Martin Mar-all, and W. Hewer being his helper and counsellor we did call him, all this journey, Mr. Warner,[2] which did give us good occasion of mirth now and then. At last, rose, and up, and broke our fast, and then took coach, and away, and at Newport did call on Mr. Lowther, and he and his friend, and the master of the house, their friend, where they were, a gentleman, did presently get a-horseback, and went with us to Audley End, and did go along with us all over the house and garden; and mighty merry we were. The house indeed do appear very fine, but not so fine as it hath heretofore to me;[3] particularly the ceilings are not so good as I always took them to be, being nothing so well wrought as my Lord Chancellor's are; and though the figure of the house without be very extraordinary good, yet the staircase is exceeding poor; and a great many pictures, and not one good one in the house but one of Harry the Eighth, done by Holbein;[4] and not one good suit of hangings in all the house, but all most ancient things, such as I would not give the hanging-up of in my house; and the other furniture, beds and other things, accordingly. Only the gallery is good, and, above all things, the cellars, where we went down and drank of much good liquor; and indeed the cellars are fine: and here my wife and I did sing to my great content. And then to the garden, and there ate many grapes, and took some with us; and so away thence, exceeding well satisfied, though not to that degree that, by my old esteem of the house, I ought and did expect to have done, the situation of it not pleasing me. Here we parted with Lowther and his friends, and away to Cambridge, it being foul rainy weather, and there did take up at the Rose, for the sake of Mrs. Dorothy Drawwater, the vintner's daughter, which is mentioned in the play of *Sir Martin Mar-all*.[1] Here we had a good chamber, and bespoke a good supper; and then I took my wife, and W. Hewer, and Willet, it holding up a little, and showed them Trinity College and St. John's Library, and went to King's College Chapel, to see the outside of it only; and so to our inn, and with much pleasure did this, they walking in their pretty morning gowns, very handsome, and I proud to find myself in condition to do this; and so home to our lodging, and there, by and by, to supper, with much good sport, talking with the drawers concerning matters of the town, and persons whom I remember, and so, after supper, to cards; and then to bed, lying, I in one bed, and my wife and girl in another, in the same room, and very merry talking together, and mightily pleased both of us with the girl. Saunders, the only violin in my time, is, I hear, dead of the plague in the late plague there.

9th. Up, and got ready, and ate our breakfast; and then took coach; and the poor, as they did yesterday, did stand at the coach to have something given them, as they do to all great persons; and I did give them something: and the town music did also come and play; but, Lord! what sad music they made! So through the town, and observed at our College of Magdalene the posts new painted, and understand that the Vice-Chancellor is there this year. And so away for Huntingdon; and came to Brampton at about noon, and there find my father and sister and brother all well: and up and down to see the garden with my father, and the house, and do altogether find it very pretty; especially

[1] Noisy.

[2] Sir Martin's 'man' in the play (see p. 541). In Act IV. sc. i. he says: 'After this exploit, I will have Lilly draw me in the habit of a hero, with a laurel on my temples, and an inscription below it—*This is Warner, the flower of servingmen.*'

[3] See p. 13.

[4] This portrait of Henry VIII., and many other pictures formerly at Audley End, passed into the hands of the Skeffington family; they were dispersed at the auction at Skeffington Hall many years ago. See Nichols's *Leicestershire*. [B.] See p. 13.

[1] Act V. sc. i.

the little parlour and the summer-houses in the garden, only the wall do want greens upon it, and the house is too low-roofed; but that is only because of my coming from a house with higher ceilings. But altogether is very pretty; and I bless God that I am like to have such a pretty place to retire to. After dinner, I walked up to Hinchingbroke, where my Lady expected me; and there spent all the afternoon with her: the same most excellent, good, discreet lady that ever she was; and, among other things, is mightily pleased with the lady that is like to be her son Hinchingbroke's wife. By and by my wife comes with Willet, my wife in her velvet vest, which is mighty fine, and becomes her exceedingly. I am pleased with my Lady Paulina and Anne, who both are grown very proper ladies, and handsome enough. But a thousand questions my Lady asked me, till she could think of no more almost, but walked up and down the house with me. But I do find, by her, that they are reduced to great straits for money, having been forced to sell her plate, £800 or £900 worth; and she is now going to sell a suit of her best hangings, of which I could almost wish to buy a piece or two, if the pieces will be broke. But the house is most excellently furnished, and brave rooms and good pictures, so that it do please me infinitely beyond Audley End. Home, and there Mr. Shepley stayed with us and supped. Supper done, we all to bed, only I a little troubled that my father tells me that he is troubled that my wife shows my sister no countenance, and him but very little, but is as a stranger in the house; and I do observe she do carry herself very high; but I perceive there was some great falling out when she was here last, but the reason I have no mind to inquire after, for vexing myself, being desirous to pass my time with as much mirth as I can while I am abroad. My wife and I in the high bed in our chamber, and Willet in the trundle bed,[1] which she desired to lie in, by us.

10th. Up, to walk up and down the garden with my father, to talk of all our concernments: about a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance; but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly: then for my brother; and resolve he shall stay here this winter, and then I will either send him to Cambridge for a year, till I get him some church promotion, or send him to sea as a chaplain, where he may study, and earn his living. Then walked round about our Green, to see whether, in case I cannot buy out my uncle Thomas and his son's right in this house, that I can buy another place as good thereabouts to build on, and I do not see that I can. But this, with new building, may be made an excellent pretty thing, and I resolve to look after it as soon as I can, and Goody Gorum dies. By coach round the town of Brampton, to observe any other place as good as ours, and find none; and so back with great pleasure; and thence went all of us, my sister and brother, and W. Hewer, to dinner to Hinchingbroke, where we had a good plain country dinner, but most kindly used; and here dined the minister of Brampton and his wife, who is reported a very good, but poor, man. Here I spent alone with my Lady, after dinner, the most of the afternoon, and anon the two twins[1] were sent for from school, at Mr. Taylor's, to come to see me, and I took them into the garden, and there, in one of the summer-houses, did examine them, and do find them so well advanced in their learning, that I am amazed at it: they repeating a whole ode without book out of Horace, and did give me a very good account of anything almost, and did make me very readily very good Latin, and did give me good account of their Greek grammar, beyond all possible expectation; and so grave and manly as I never saw, I confess, nor could have believed; so that they will be fit to go to Cambridge in two years at most. They are both little, but very like one another, and well-looked

[1] A low bed, on small wheels, trundled under another in the daytime, and drawn out at night for a servant, or other inferior person, to sleep on.—Forby's *Vocabulary*, quoted by Halliwell. Cf. 'truckle-bed.'

[1] The third and fourth sons of Lord Sandwich: Oliver Montagu, afterwards M.P. for Huntingdon, and in 1685 Solicitor-General to the Queen; he died unmarried in 1693: and John Montagu, made Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1683, and Dean of Durham, 1699, who also died a bachelor, in 1729. [B.]

children. Took leave for a great while again, but with extraordinary kindness from my Lady, who looks upon me like one of her own family and interest. Thence I walked over the park with Mr. Shepley, and through the grove, which is mighty pretty, as is imaginable, and so over their drawbridge to Nun's Bridge,[1] and so to my father's, and there sat and drank, and talked a little, and then parted. And he being gone, and what company there was, my father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But, Lord! what a toss I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I began heartily to sweat, and be angry, that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then began with a spud to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near hand, and within sight of a neighbour's window; only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money. But I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that, upon my lifting up the earth with the spud, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceived the earth was got among the gold, and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, and all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting, or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down; which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last I was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by candle-light, and carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there lock them up till I had eaten a little supper; and then, all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pails of water and basins, at last wash the dirt off the pieces, and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then began to tell them, by a note which I had of the value of the whole in my pocket; and do find that there was short above a hundred pieces, which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near that we could not possibly speak one to another in the garden at that place where the gold lay—especially my father being deaf—but they must know what we had been doing, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight, for it was now grown so late, and there by candle-light did make shift to gather forty-five pieces more. And so in, and to cleanse them; and by this time it was past two in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many. I lay in the trundle bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife, and there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight.

11th. And then W. Hewer and I, with pails and a sieve, did lock ourselves into the garden, and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then sift those pails in one of the summer-houses, just as they do for diamonds in other parts of the world; and there, to our great content, did by nine o'clock make the last night's forty-five up seventy-nine; so that we are come to about twenty or thirty of what I think the true number should be; and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some; so that I am pretty well satisfied that my loss is not great, and do bless God that it is so well. So do leave my father to make a second examination of the dirt; and my mind at rest in it, being but an accident; and so gives me some kind of content to remember how painful it is sometimes to keep money, as well as to get it, and how doubtful I was to keep it all night, and how to secure it to London: so got all my gold put up in bags. We to breakfast, and about ten o'clock took coach, my wife and I, and Willet, and W. Hewer, and Murford, and Bowles (whom my lady lent me to go

[1] At the foot of Hinchinbroke Hill, adjoining some old ponds, which belonged to the house when a nunnery. [B.]

along with me my journey, not telling her the reason, that it was only to secure my gold), and my brother John on horseback; and with these four I thought myself pretty safe. But, before we went out, the Huntingdon music came to me and played, and it was better than that of Cambridge. Here I took leave of my father, and did give my sister 20s. She cried at my going; but whether it was at her unwillingness for my going, or any unkindness of my wife's, or no, I know not; but, God forgive me! I take her to be so cunning and ill-natured, that I have no great love for her; but only [she] is my sister, and must be provided for. My gold I put into a basket, and set under one of the seats; and so my work every quarter of an hour was to look to see whether all was well; and I did ride in great fear all the day. Mr. Shepley saw me beyond St. Neots, and there parted, and we straight to Stevenage, through Bald Lanes, which are already very bad; and at Stevenage we came well before night, and all sat, and there with great care I got the gold up to my chamber, my wife carrying one bag, and the girl another, and W. Hewer the rest in a basket, and set it all under a bed in our chamber, and then sat down to talk, and were very pleasant, satisfying myself, among other things, from John Bowles, in some terms of hunting, and about deer, bucks, and does. Brecocke alive still, and the best host I know almost.

12th. Up, and ate our breakfast, and set out about nine o'clock, and so to Barnett, where we baited. By five o'clock got home, where I find all well; and did bring my gold, to my heart's content, very safe, having not this day carried it in a basket, but in our hands; the girl took care of one, and my wife another bag, and I the rest, I being afraid of the bottom of the coach, lest it should break. At home we find that Sir W. Batten's body was to-day carried from hence, with a hundred or two of coaches, to Walthamstow, and there buried. The Parliament met on Thursday last, and adjourned to Monday next. The King did make them a very kind speech, promising them to leave all to them to do, and call to account what and whom they pleased; and declared by my Lord Keeper how many (thirty-six) acts he had done since he saw them; among others, disbanding the army, and putting all Papists out of employment, and displacing persons that had managed their business ill. The Parliament is mightily pleased with the King's speech, and voted giving him thanks for what he said and hath done; and, among things, would by name thank him for displacing my Lord Chancellor, for which a great many did speak in the House, but it was opposed by some, and particularly Harry Coventry, who got that it should be put to a Committee to consider what particulars to mention in their thanks to the King, saying that it was too soon to give thanks for the displacing of a man, before they knew or had examined what was the cause of his displacing. And so it rested; but this do show that they are and will be very high; and Mr. Pierce do tell me that he fears, and do hear, that it hath been said among them, that they will move for the calling my Lord Sandwich home, to bring him to account; which do trouble me mightily; but I trust it will not be so. Anon comes home Sir W. Pen from the burial; and he says that Lady Batten and her children-in-law are all broke in pieces, and that there is but £800 found in the world, of money; and it is in great doubt what we shall do towards doing ourselves right with them, about the prize-money. With Sir W. Pen to my Lady Batten, whom I had not seen since she was a widow, which she took unkindly, but I did excuse it; and the house being full of company, and of several factions, she against the children, and they against one another and her, I away.

13th. (Lord's day.) To St. James's; and there to the Duke of York's chamber; and there he was dressing; and many Lords and Parliament-men came to kiss his hands, they being newly come to town. And there the Duke of York did of himself call me to him, and tell me that he had spoke to the King, and that the King had granted me the ship I asked for; and did, moreover, say that he was mightily pleased with my service, and that he would be willing to do anything that was in his power for me; which he said with mighty kindness; which I did return him thanks for, and departed with mighty joy, more

than I did expect. And so walked over the Park to Whitehall, and there met Sir H. Cholmely, who walked with me, and told me most of the news I heard last night of the Parliament; and thinks they will do all things very well, only they will be revenged of my Lord Chancellor; and says, however, that he thinks there will be but two things proved on him; and that one is, that he may have said to the King, and to others, words to breed in the King an ill opinion of the Parliament—that they were factious, and that it was better to dissolve them; and this, he thinks, they will be able to prove; but what this will amount to, he knows not. And next, that he hath taken money for several bargains that have been made with the Crown; and did instance one that is already complained of; but there are so many more involved in it, that, should they unravel things of this sort, everybody almost will be more or less concerned. But these are the two great points which he thinks they will insist on, and prove against him. Walked with Sir W. Pen, and told him what the Duke of York told me to-day about the ship I begged; and he was knave enough, of his own accord, but, to be sure, in order to his own advantage, to offer me to send for the master of the vessel, the *Maybolt* galliot, and bid him to get her furnished as for a long voyage, and I to take no notice of it, that she might be the more worth to me: so that here he is a very knave to the King, and I doubt not his being the same to me on occasion. Evened with W. Hewer for my expenses upon the road this last journey, and do think that the whole journey will cost me little less than £18 or £20, one way or other; but I am well pleased with it.

14th. To Mr. Wren's; and he told me that my business was done about my warrant on the *Maybolt* galliot; which I did see, and thought it was not so full in the reciting of my services as the other was in that of Sir W. Pen's; yet I was well pleased with it, and do intend to fetch it away anon. With Sir Thomas Allen, in a little sorry coach that he hath set up of late, and Sir Jeremy Smith, to Whitehall, and there hear that the House is this day again upon the business of giving the King the thanks of the House for his speech, and, among other things, for laying aside of my Lord Chancellor. To visit Sir G. Carteret; and from him do understand that the King himself (but this he told me as a great secret) is satisfied that these thanks which he expects from the House, for the laying aside of my Lord Chancellor, are a thing irregular; but, since it is come into the House, he do think it necessary to carry it on, and will have it, and hath made his mind known to be so, to some of the House. But Sir G. Carteret do say he knows nothing of what my Lord Brouncker told us to-day, that the King was angry with the Duke of York yesterday, and advised him not to hinder what he had a mind to have done, touching this business; which is news very bad, if true. He tells me also that the King will have the thanks of the House go on; and commends my Lord Keeper's speech for all but what he was forced to say, about the reason of the King's sending away the House so soon the last time, when they were met. Walked with Mr. Scowen, who tells me that it is at last carried in the House that the thanks shall be given to the King—among other things, particularly for the removal of my Lord Chancellor; but he tells me that it is a strange act, and that which he thinks would never have been, but that the King did insist upon it, that, since it came into the House, it might not be let fall. To the Duke of York's house, and there went in for nothing into the pit, at the last act, to see *Sir Martin Mar-all*, and met my wife, who was there, and my brother, and W. Hewer and Willet, and carried them home, and there do find that John Bowles is not yet come thither. I suppose he is playing the good fellow in the town.

15th. My wife and I and Willet to the Duke of York's house, where, after long stay, the King and Duke of York came, and there saw *The Coffee-house*,[1] the most ridiculous insipid play that ever I saw in my life, and glad we were that Betterton had no part in it. But here, before the play began, my wife began to complain to me of Willet's confidence in sitting cheek by jowl by us, which was a poor thing;

[1] *Tarugo's Wiles, or The Coffee-house* (printed 1668), by Thomas St. Serfe. It is based on *No puede ser* of Moreto; as was Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice, or It cannot be* (1685).

but I perceive she is already jealous of my kindness to her, so that I begin to fear this girl is not likely to stay long with us.

16th. At home most of the morning with Sir H. Cholmely, about some accounts of his; and for news he tells me that the Commons and Lords have concurred, and delivered the King their thanks, among other things, for his removal of the Chancellor; who took their thanks very well, and, among other things, promised them in these words never in any degree to give the Chancellor any employment again. And he tells me that it is very true, he hath it from one that was by, that the King did give the Duke of York a sound reprimand; told him that he had lived with him with more kindness than ever any other King lived with a brother, and that he lived as much like a monarch as himself, but advised him not to cross him in his designs about the Chancellor; in which the Duke of York do very wisely acquiesce, and will be quiet as the King bade him, but presently commands all his friends to be silent in the business of the Chancellor, and they were so; but that the Chancellor hath done all that is possible to provoke the King, and to bring himself to lose his head by enraging of people. To Whitehall, where the Duke of York is now newly come for this winter, and there did our usual business with him. To the Duke of York's house; and I was vexed to see Young, who is but a bad actor at best, act Macbeth in the room of Betterton, who, poor man! is sick; but, Lord! what a prejudice it wrought in me against the whole play, and everybody else agreed in disliking this fellow. Thence home, and there find my wife gone home; because of this fellow's acting of the part, she went out of the house again.

17th. Sent for by my Lady Batten. I to her, and there she found fault with my not seeing her since her being a widow, which I excuse as well as I could, though it is a fault;[1] but it is my nature not to be forward in visits. But here she told me her condition, which is good enough, being sole executrix, to the disappointment of all her husband's children, and prayed my friendship about the accounts of the prizes, which I promised her. And here do see what creatures widows are in weeping for their husbands, and then presently leaving off; but I cannot wonder at it, the cares of the world taking place of all other passions. Mr. John Andrews and his wife came and dined with me, and pretty merry we were, only I out of humour the greatest part of the dinner, by reason that my people had forgot to get wine ready, I having none in the house, which I cannot say now these almost three years, I think, without having two or three sorts, by which we were fain to stay a great while, while some could be fetched. It was an odd strange thing to observe of Mr. Andrews what a fancy he hath to raw meat, that he eats it with no pleasure unless the blood run about his chops, which it did now by a leg of mutton that was not above half-boiled; but, it seems, at home all his meat is dressed so, and beef and all, and [he] eats it so at nights also. The Parliament run on mighty furiously, having yesterday been almost all the morning complaining against some high proceedings of my Lord Chief Justice Keeling,[1] that the gentleman of the country did complain against him in the House, and run very high. It is the man that did fall out with my cousin Roger Pepys once, at the Assizes there, and would have laid him by the heels; but, it seems, a very able lawyer.[2] This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that the House of Commons have this morning run into the inquiry in many things; as, the sale of Dunkirk, the dividing of the fleet the last year, the business of the prizes with my Lord Sandwich, and many other things; so that now they begin to fall close upon it, and God knows what will be the end of it; but a Committee they have chosen to inquire into the miscarriages of the war.

18th. To Whitehall, and there attended the Duke of York; but first we find him to spend above an hour in private in his closet with W. Coventry; which I was

[1] But cf. p. 567.

[1] See p. 592.

[2] At the Cambridge Assizes held before Justice Kelyng, March 9, 1664, Roger Pepys, the Recorder, was bound over to his good behaviour for speaking slightly of Lord Chief Justice Hyde at the Town Sessions, on an appeal by Dr Eade against a poor-rate.—Cooper's *Cambridge Annals*, vol. iii. p. 516. [B.] Kelyng had been entrusted with the drawing up of the Act of Uniformity.

have done considerable service on the enemy the next day, if this had not been done. Thus this business ended to-day, having kept them[1] till almost two o'clock; and then I by coach with Sir W. Pen as far as St. Clement's, talking of this matter, and there set down; and I walked to Sir G. Carteret's, and there dined with him and several Parliament-men, who, I perceive, do all look upon it as a thing certain that the Parliament will inquire into everything, and will be very severe where they can find any fault. Sir W. Coventry, I hear, did this day make a speech in apology for his reading the letter of the Duke of Albemarle concerning the good condition which Chatham was in before the enemy came thither; declaring his simple intention therein, without prejudice to my Lord. And I am told that he was also with the Duke of Albemarle yesterday to excuse it; but this I do hear, by some of Sir W. Coventry's friends, that they think he hath done himself much injury by making this man and his interest so much his enemy. After dinner I away to Westminster, and up to the Parliament-house, and there did wait with great patience till seven at night to be called in to the Committee, who sat all this afternoon examining the business of Chatham; and at last was called in and told that the least they expected from us Mr. Wren had promised them, and only bade me to bring all my fellow-officers thither to-morrow afternoon. Sir Robert Brookes in the chair: methinks a sorry fellow to be there, because a young man; and yet he seems to speak very well. I gone thence, my cousin Pepys comes out to me, and walks in the Hall with me, and bids me prepare to answer to everything; for they do seem to lay the business of Chatham upon the Commissioners of the Navy, and they are resolved to lay the fault heavy somewhere, and to punish it; and prays me to prepare to save myself, and gives me hints what to prepare against; which I am obliged to him for. This day I did get a list of the fourteen particular miscarriages which are already before the Committee to be examined; wherein, besides two or three that will concern this office much, there are those of the prizes, and that of Bergen, and not following the Dutch ships, against my Lord Sandwich; that, I fear, will ruin him, unless he hath very good luck, or they may be in better temper before he can come to be charged; but my heart is full of fear for him and his family. I hear that they do prosecute the business against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling[1] with great severity.

22nd. Slept but ill all the last part of the night, for fear of this day's success in Parliament; therefore up, and all of us all the morning close, till almost two o'clock, collecting all we had to say and had done from the beginning touching the safety of the River Medway and Chatham. And, having done this and put it into order, we away, I not having time to eat my dinner; and so all in my Lord Brouncker's coach, that is to say, Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, and myself talking of the other great matter with which they charge us, that is, of discharging men by ticket, in order to our defence in case that should be asked. We came to the Parliament-door, and there, after a little waiting till the Committee was sat, we were, the House being very full, called in: Sir W. Pen went in and sat as a Member; and my Lord Brouncker would not at first go in, expecting to have a chair set for him, and his brother had bid him not go in till he was called for; but, after a few words, I had occasion to mention him, and so he was called in, but without any more chair or respect paid him than myself; and so Brouncker, and T. Harvy, and I were there to answer; and I had a chair brought me to lean my books upon; and so did give them such an account, in a series of the whole business that had passed the office touching the matter, and so answered all questions given me about it, that I did not perceive but they were fully satisfied with me and the business as to our office; and then Commissioner Pett (who was by at all my discourse, and this held till within an hour after candle-light, for I had candles brought in to read my papers by) was to answer for himself, we having lodged all matters with him for execution. But, Lord! what a tumultuous thing this Committee is, for all the reputation they have

[1] The House of Commons.

[1] See p. 569.

of a great council, is a strange consideration; there being as impertinent questions, and as disorderly proposed, as any man could make. But Commissioner Pett, of all men living, did make the weakest defence for himself; nothing to the purpose, nor to satisfaction, nor certain; but sometimes one thing and sometimes another, sometimes for himself and sometimes against him; and his greatest failure was that I observed, from his [not] considering whether the question propounded was his part to answer or no, and the thing to be done was his work to do; the want of which distinction will overthrow him, for he concerns himself in giving an account of the disposal of the boats,[1] which he had no reason at all to do, or take any blame upon him for them. He charged the not carrying up of the *Charles* upon the Tuesday to the Duke of Albemarle; but I see the House is mighty favourable to the Duke of Albemarle, and would give little weight to it. And something of want of arms he spoke, which Sir J. Duncomb answered with great imperiousness and earnestness; but, for all that, I do see the House is resolved to be better satisfied in the business of the unreadiness of Sheerness, and want of arms and ammunition there and everywhere; and all their officers[2] were here to-day attending, but only one called in, about arms for boats, to answer Commissioner Pett. None of my brethren said anything but me there; but only two or three silly words my Lord Brouncker gave, in answer to one question about the number of men there were in the King's Yard at the time. At last the House dismissed us, and shortly after did adjourn the debate till Friday next; and my cousin Pepys did come out and joy me in my acquitting myself so well, and so did several others, and my fellow-officers all very brisk to see themselves so well acquitted; which makes me a little proud, but not yet secure but we may yet meet with a back-blow which we see not.

23rd. To Whitehall, there to attend the Duke of York; but came a little too late, and so missed it: only spoke with him, and heard him correct my Lord Barkeley, who fell foul on Sir Edward Spragg, who, it seems, said yesterday to the House that if the Officers of the Ordnance had done as much work at Sheerness in ten weeks as the Prince[1] did in ten days, he could have defended the place against the Dutch; but the Duke of York told him that everybody must have liberty, at this time, to make their own defence, though it be to the charging of the fault upon any other, so it be true; so I perceive the whole world is at work in blaming one another. Thence Sir W. Pen and I back into London; and there saw the King, with his kettle-drums and trumpets, going to the Exchange, to lay the first stone of the first pillar of the new building of the Exchange; which, the gates being shut, I could not get in to see; so with Sir W. Pen to Captain Cocke's, and then again towards Westminster; but in my way stopped at the Exchange, and got in, the King being newly gone; and there find the bottom of the first pillar laid. And here was a shed set up, and hung with tapestry, and a canopy of state, and some good victuals and wine for the King, who, it seems, did it[2]; and so a great many people, as Tom Killigrew and others of the Court, there. I do find Mr. Gauden in his gown as Sheriff, and understand that the King hath this morning knighted him upon the place, which I am mightily pleased with; and I think the other Sheriff, who is Davis,[3] the little fellow, my schoolfellow, the bookseller, who was one of Audley's[4] executors, and now become Sheriff; which is a strange turn, methinks. To Westminster Hall, where I came just as the House rose; and there, in the Hall, met with Sir W. Coventry, who is in pain to defend himself in the business of tickets, it being said that the paying of the ships at Chatham by ticket was by his direction, and he hath wrote to me to find his letters, and show them him, but I find none; but did there argue the case with him, and I think no great blame can be laid on us for that matter, only I see he is fearful. And he tells me his mistake in the House the other day, which occasions him much trouble, in showing of the House the Duke of Albemarle's letter about the good condition of Chatham, which he is sorry for, and owns as a mistake, the thing not

[1] See p. 506. [2] Of the Ordnance.

[1] Rupert. [2] *I.e.*, laid the stone.
[3] Thomas Davies, Lord Mayor in 1677. [B.]
[4] See p. 162.

others, who may bear part of the blame; for now he observes well that whoever did do anything singly are now in danger, however honest and painful they were, saying that he himself was the only man, he thinks, at the Council-board that spoke his mind clearly, as he thought, to the good of the King; and the rest, who sat silent, have nothing said to them, nor are taken notice of. That the first time the King did take him so closely into his confidence and ministry of affairs was upon the business of Chatham, when all the disturbances were there and in the kingdom; and then, while everybody was fancying for himself, the King did find him to persuade him to call for the Parliament, declaring that it was against his own proper interest, forasmuch as it was likely they would find faults with him, as well as with others, but that he would prefer the service of the King before his own; and, thereupon, the King did take him into his special notice, and from that time to this hath received him so; and that then he did see the folly and mistakes of the Chancellor in the management of things, and that matters were never likely to be done well in that sort of conduct, and did persuade the King to think fit of the taking away the seals from the Chancellor, which, when it was done, he told me that he himself, in his own particular, was sorry for it; for, while he stood, there was he and my Lord Arlington to stand between him and harm; whereas now there is only my Lord Arlington, and he is now done, so that all their fury is placed upon him; but that he did tell the King, when he first moved it, that, if he thought the laying of him, W. Coventry, aside would at all facilitate the removing of the Chancellor, he would most willingly submit to it, whereupon the King did command him to try the Duke of York about it, and persuade him to it, which he did, by the King's command, undertake, and compass, and the Duke of York did own his consent to the King, but afterwards was brought to be of another mind for the Chancellor, and now is displeased with him, and [so is] the the Duchess, so that she will not see him; but he tells me that the Duke of York seems pretty kind, and hath said that he do believe that W. Coventry did mean well, and do it only out of judgement. He tells me that he never was an intriguer in his life, nor will be, nor of any combination of persons to set up this or fling down that, nor hath in his own business this Parliament spoke to three members to say anything for him, but will stand upon his own defence, and will stay by it, and thinks that he is armed against all they can [say], but the old business of selling places, and in that thinks they cannot hurt him. However, I do find him mighty willing to have his name used as little as he can, and he was glad when I did deliver him up a letter of his to me, which did give countenance to the discharging of men by ticket at Chatham, which is now coming in question; and wherein, I confess, I am sorry to find him so tender of appearing, it being a thing not only good and fit, all that was done in it, but promoted and advised by him. But he thinks the House is set upon wresting anything to his prejudice that they can pick up. He tells me he did never, as a great many have, call the Chancellor rogue and knave, and I know not what; but all that he hath said, and will stand by, is, that his counsels were not good, nor his manner of managing things. I suppose he means suffering the King to run in debt; for by and by the King walking in the Park with a great crowd of his idle people about him, I took occasion to say that it was a sorry thing to be a poor King, and to have others to come to correct the faults of his own servants, and that this was it that brought us all into this condition. He answered that he would never be a poor King, and then the other would mend of itself. 'No,' says he, 'I would eat bread and drink water first, and this day discharge all the idle company about me, and walk only with two footmen; and this I have told the King, and this must do it at last.' I asked him how long the King would suffer this. He told me the King must suffer it yet longer, that he would not advise the King to do otherwise; for it would break out again worse, if he should break them up before the core be come up. After this we fell to other talk of my waiting upon him hereafter, it may be to read a chapter in Seneca, in this new house, which he hath bought, and is making very fine, when we may be out of employment, which he seems to wish more than to fear, and I do believe

him heartily. Thence home, and met news from Townsend of the Wardrobe that old Young, the yeoman-tailor, whose place my Lord Sandwich promised my father, is dead. Upon which, resolving presently that my father shall not be troubled with it, but I hope I shall be able to enable him to end his days where he is, in quiet. At the New Exchange, and there buying *The Indian Emperor*,[1] newly printed. After dinner, my wife, and Mercer, who grows fat, and Willet, and I to the King's house, and there saw *The Committee*.[2]

29th. To Westminster Hall, the House sitting all this day about the method of bringing in the charge against my Lord Chancellor; and at last resolved for a Committee to draw up the heads.

30th. To Whitehall, where we did a little business with the Duke of York, only I perceive that he do leave all of us, as the King do those about him, to stand and fall by ourselves, and I think is not without some cares himself what the Parliament may do in matters wherein his honour is concerned. To the Parliament-house, where, after the Committee was sat, I was called in; and the first thing was upon the complaint of a dirty slut that was there, about a ticket which she had lost, and had applied herself to me for another. I did give them a short and satisfactory answer to that; and so they sent her away, and were ashamed of their foolery, in giving occasion to 500 seamen and seamen's wives to come before them, as there were this afternoon. When I came home, I did find my wife, and Betty Turner, the two Mercers, and Mrs. Parker, an ugly lass, but yet dances well, and speaks the best of them, and W. Batelier, and Pembleton dancing; and here I danced with them, and had a good supper, and as merry as I could be.

31st. After dinner in comes Mr. Turner, of Eynsbury,[3] lately come to town, and also after him Captain Hill of the *Coventry*, who lost her at Barbados, and hath come out of France, where he hath been long prisoner. I to Westminster, and there at the lobby do hear by Commissioner Pett, to my great amazement, that he is in worse condition than before, by the coming in of the Duke of Albemarle's and Prince Rupert's Narratives[1] this day; wherein the former do most severely lay matters upon him, so as the House this day have, I think, ordered him to the Tower again, or something like it; so that the poor man is likely to be overthrown, I doubt, right or wrong, so infinite fond they are of anything the Duke of Albemarle says or writes to them! I did then go down, and there met with Colonel Reames and cousin Roger Pepys; and there they do tell me how the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince have laid blame on a great many, and particularly on our Office in general; and particularly for want of provision, wherein I shall come to be questioned again in that business myself; which do trouble me. But my cousin Pepys and I had much discourse alone; and he do bewail the constitution of this House, and says there is a direct cabal and faction, as much as is possible between those for and against the Chancellor, and so in other factions, that there is nothing almost done honestly and with integrity; only some few, he says, there are that do keep out of all plots and combinations, and when their time comes will speak and see right done, if possible; and that he himself is looked upon to be a man that will be of no faction, and so they do shun to make him; and I am glad of it. He tells me that he thanks God that he never knew what it was to be tempted to be a knave in his life, till he did come into the House of Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction, and private interest. Reames did tell me of a fellow last night, one Kelsy, a commander of a fire-ship, who complained for want of his money paid him, did say that he did see one of the Commissioners of the Navy bring in three waggon-loads of prize-goods into Greenwich one night; but that the House did take no notice of it, nor inquire; but this is me, and I must expect to be called to account, and

[1] See p. 454, etc.

[2] See p. 201.

[3] John Turner, B.D., whose ancestors were of Hemel Hemsted, had been a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and became Rector of Eynesbury in 1649. [B.]

[1] See these Narratives, each dated October 31, 1667, in the *Harleian MS.*, 7170, entitled, Notes of Transactions in Parliament addressed to Pepys and Hewer. They are printed at length in the Journals of the day. [B.]

answer what I did as well as I can. I espied Sir D. Gauden's coach, and so went out of mine into his; and there had opportunity to talk of the business of victuals, which the Duke of Albemarle and Prince did complain that they were in want of the last year; but we do conclude we shall be able to show quite the contrary of that; only it troubles me that we must come to contend with these great persons, which will overrun us. Mr. Yeabsly and I to even some accounts, wherein I shall be a gainer about £200, which is a seasonable profit; for I have got nothing a great while.

November 1667

November 1st. To Sir W. Coventry's. The Duke of Albemarle's and Prince's Narratives, given yesterday by the House, fall foul of him and Sir G. Carteret in something about the dividing of the fleet, and the Prince particularly charging the Commissioners of the Navy with negligence, whereof Sir W. Coventry is one. The Duke of Albemarle charges W. Coventry that he should tell him, when he came down to the fleet with Sir G. Carteret, to consult about the dividing the fleet,[1] that the Dutch would not be out in six weeks, which W. Coventry says is as false as is possible, and he can prove the contrary by the Duke of Albemarle's own letters. The Duke says that he did upon sight of the Dutch call a council of officers, and they did conclude they could not avoid fighting the Dutch; and yet we did go to the enemy, and found them at anchor, which is a pretty contradiction. And he tells me that Spragg did the other day say in the House that the Prince, upon his going from the Duke of Albemarle with his fleet, did tell him that if the Dutch should come on, the Duke was to follow him, the Prince, with his fleet, and not fight the Dutch. But it is a sad consideration that all this picking of holes in one another's coats, nay, and the thanks of the House to the Prince and the Duke of Albemarle, and all this envy and design to ruin Sir W. Coventry, did arise from Sir W. Coventry's unfortunate mistake the other day in producing of a letter from the Duke of Albemarle touching the good condition of all things at Chatham just before the Dutch came up, and did us that fatal mischief; for upon this they are resolved to undo him, and I pray God they do not. To chapel, it being All-Hallows day, and heard a fine anthem, made by Pelham,[1] who is come over. I this morning before chapel visited Sir G. Carteret, who is vexed to see how things are likely to go, but cannot help it, and yet seems to think himself mighty safe. I also visited my Lord Hinchingbroke, at his chamber at Whitehall; I am mightily pleased with his sobriety and few words; there I found Mr. Turner, Moore, and Creed, talking of my Lord Sandwich, whose case I doubt is but bad, and, I fear, will not escape being worse. To the King's playhouse, and there saw a silly play and an old one, *The Taming of a Shrew*.[2]

2nd. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *Henry the Fourth*; and contrary to expectation, was pleased in nothing more than in Cartwright's[3] speaking of Falstaff's speech about 'What is Honour?'[4] The house full of Parliament-men, it being holiday with them; and it was observable how a gentleman of good habit, sitting just before us, eating of some fruit in the midst of the play, did drop down as dead, being choked; but with much ado Orange Moll did thrust her finger down his throat, and brought him to life again.

3rd. To church, and thither comes Roger Pepys to our pew; and thence home to dinner, whither comes by invitation, Mr. Turner, the minister, and my cousin Roger brought with him Jeffrys, the apothecary at Westminster, who is our kinsman, and we had much discourse of Cottinghamshire.[5] Roger did tell me of a bargain which I may now have in Norfolk, that my she-cousin Nan Pepys is going to sell, the title whereof is very good, and

[1] See pp. 481, 570.

[1] Pelham Humphrey (1647-1674), lutenist, Gentleman of the Chapel Royal (1667). On his return from France and Italy (1665-1666), he popularised Lully's methods. See p. 581.

[2] See p. 483.

[3] William Cartwright (d. 1687). He left his books and pictures to Dulwich College.

[4] I. *Hen. IV.* v. i.

[5] Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, the home of the Pepys family.

the pennyworth is also good enough; but it is out of the way so of my life, that I shall never enjoy it, nor, it may be, see it, and so I shall have nothing to do with it. I find by discourse Mr. Turner to be a man mighty well read in the Roman history, which is very pleasant.

4th. To Westminster, and there landing at the New Exchange stairs, I to Sir W. Coventry; and there he read over to me the Prince's and the Duke of Albemarle's Narratives; wherein they are very severe against him and our office. But Sir W. Coventry do contemn them; only that their persons and qualities are great, and so I do perceive he is afraid of them, though he will not confess it. But he do say that, if he can get out of these briars, he will never trouble himself with Princes nor Dukes again. He finds several things in their Narratives, which are both inconsistent and foolish, as well as untrue. I confess I do see so much, that, were I but well possessed of what I should have in the world, I think I could willingly retreat, and trouble myself no more. Sir H. Cholmely owns Sir W. Coventry, in his opinion, to be one of the worthiest men in the nation, as I do really think he is. He tells me he do think really that they will cut off my Lord Chancellor's head, the Chancellor at this day having as much pride as is possible to those few that venture their fortunes by coming to see him; and that the Duke of York is troubled much, knowing that those that fling down the Chancellor cannot stop there, but will do something to him, to prevent his having it in his power hereafter to avenge himself and father-in-law upon them. And this Sir H. Cholmely fears may be by divorcing the Queen and getting another, or declaring the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; which God forbid! He tells me he do verily believe that there will come in an impeachment of High Treason against my Lord of Ormond; among other things, for ordering the quartering of soldiers in Ireland on free quarters; which, it seems, is High Treason in that country, and was one of the things that lost the Lord Strafford his head, and the law is not yet repealed; which, he says, was a mighty oversight of him not to have it repealed, which he might with ease have done, or have justified himself by an Act. To Turlington, the great spectacle-maker, for advice, who dissuades me from using old spectacles, but rather young ones, and do tell me that nothing can wrong my eyes more than for me to use reading-glasses, which do magnify much.

6th. The House is just now upon taking away the charter from the Company of Woodmongers,[1] whose frauds, it seems, have been mightily laid before them. I to the House of Lords, and there first saw Dr. Fuller, as Bishop of Lincoln, to sit among the Lords. Here I spoke with the Duke of York and the Duke of Albemarle about Tangier; but methinks both of them do look very coldly upon one another, and their discourse mighty cold, and little to the purpose about our want of money. Thence called at Allestry's, the bookseller, who is bookseller to the Royal Society, and there did buy three or four books, and find great variety of French and foreign books. With my wife to a play, and the girl—*Macbeth*, which we still like mightily, though mighty short of the content we used to have when Betterton acted, who is still sick. This day in the Painted Chamber I met and walked with Mr. George Montagu, who thinks it may go hard with my Lord Sandwich, but he says the House is offended with Sir W. Coventry much, and that he do endeavour to gain them again in the most precarious manner in all things that is possible.

7th. At noon resolved with Sir W. Pen to go to see *The Tempest*, an old play of Shakespeare's, acted, I hear, the first day; and so my wife, and girl, and W. Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves; and forced to sit in the side balcony over against the music-room at the Duke's house, close by my Lady Dorset and a great many great ones. The house mighty full; the King and Court there; and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of music[2] in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half, while the

[1] The Woodmongers' Company of London, which had been incorporated on August 29, 1605, were advised to surrender their charter.

[2] The Ferdinand and Ariel echo-song, 'Go thy way,' in Act III. sc. iv. of Davenant's and Dryden's version. The music was by John Banister and Pelham Humphrey (p. 578).

man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.

8th. Called up betimes by Sir H. Cholmely, and he and I to good purpose most of the morning—I in my dressing-gown with him, on our Tangier accounts, and stated them well; and here he tells me that he believes it will go hard with my Lord Chancellor. Thence I to the office, where met on some special business; and here I hear that the Duke of York is very ill; and by and by word brought us that we shall not need to attend to-day on the Duke of York, for he is not well, which is bad news. They being gone, I to my workmen, who this day came to alter my office, by beating down the wall, and making me a fair window there, and increasing the window of my closet, which do give me some present trouble; but will be mighty pleasant. So all the whole day among them till very late, and so home weary, to supper, and to bed, troubled for the Duke of York his being sick.

9th. The House very busy, and like to be so all day, about my Lord Chancellor's impeachment, whether treason or not. I spoke with my cousin Roger. He desirous to get back into the House, he having his notes in his hands, the lawyers being now speaking to the point of whether treason or not treason, the article of advising the King to break up the Parliament, and to govern by the sword. To the Hall, and there met Mr. King,[1] the Parliament-man for Harwich, and there he did show, and let me take a copy of, all the articles against my Lord Chancellor, and what members they were that undertook to bring witnesses to make them good. So away home; and there by W. Pen do hear that this article was overvoted in the House not to be a ground of impeachment of treason, at which I was glad, being willing to have no blood spilt, if I could help it.

10th. (Lord's day.) To church. Here was my Lady Batten in her mourning. To Whitehall, to speak with Sir W. Coventry; and there, beyond all we looked for, do hear that the Duke of York hath got, and is full of, the smallpox; and so we to his lodgings; and there find most of the family going to St. James's, and the gallery doors locked up, that nobody might pass to nor fro; and a sad house, I am sure. I am sad to consider the effects of his death, if he should miscarry; but Dr. Frazier tells me that he is in as good condition as a man can be in his case. The eruption appeared last night; it seems he was let blood on Friday. W. Coventry told us that the counsel he hath too late learned is to spring nothing in the House, nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man; that this is the best way of dealing with a Parliament, and that he hath paid dear, and knows not how much more he may pay, for not knowing it sooner, when he did unnecessarily produce the Duke of Albemarle's letter about Chatham.

11th. Sir G. Carteret and I towards the Temple in coach together; and there he did tell me how the King do all he can in the world to overthrow my Lord Chancellor, and that notice is taken of every man about the King that is not seen to promote the ruin of the Chancellor; and that this being another great day in his business, he dares not but be there. He tells me that as soon as Secretary Morrice brought the Great Seal from my Lord Chancellor, Bab. May fell upon his knees, and catched the King about his legs, and joyed[1] him, and said that this was the first time that ever he could call him King of England, being freed from this great man; which was a most ridiculous saying. And he told me that when first my Lord Gerard, a great while ago, came to the King, and told him that the Chancellor did say openly that the King was a lazy person and not fit to govern, which is now made one of the things in the people's mouths against the Chancellor, 'Why,' says the King, 'that is no news, for he hath told me so twenty times, and but the other day he told me so'; and made matter of mirth at it; but yet this light discourse is likely to prove bad to him. After dinner my wife and I, and Willet, to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Indian Emperor*,[2] a good play, but not so good as people cry it up, I think, though above all things Nell's ill speaking[3] of a great part made

[1] Thomas King.

[1] Congratulated. [2] See p. 454.
[3] Cf. p. 543, note.

me mad. Thence with great trouble and charge getting a coach. This day I had a whole doe sent me by Mr. Hozier, which is a fine present, and I had the umbles[1] of it for dinner. I hear Kirton, my bookseller, poor man, is dead, I believe, of grief for his losses by the fire.

12th. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning; and there hear that the Duke of York do yet do very well with his smallpox; pray God he may continue to do so! This morning also, to my astonishment, I hear that yesterday my Lord Chancellor, to another of his Articles, that of betraying the King's counsels to his enemies, is voted to have matter against him for an impeachment of High Treason, and that this day the impeachment is to be carried up to the House of Lords; which is very high, and I am troubled at it; for God knows what will follow, since they that do this must do more to secure themselves against any that will revenge this, if it ever come in their power!

13th. To Westminster; where I find the House sitting, and in a mighty heat about Commissioner Pett, that they would have him impeached, though the Committee have yet brought in but part of their Report; and this heat of the House is much heightened by Sir Thomas Clifford telling them, that he was the man that did out of his own purse employ people at the out-ports to prevent the King of Scots to escape after the battle of Worcester. The house was in a great heat all this day about it; and at last it was carried, however, that it should be referred back to the Committee to make further inquiry. By and by I met with Mr. Wren, who tells me that the Duke of York is in as good condition as is possible for a man in his condition of the smallpox. He, I perceive, is mightily concerned in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the impeachment against whom is gone up to the House of Lords; and great differences there are in the Lords' House about it, and the Lords are very high one against another. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Tempest* again, which is very pleasant, and full of so good variety that I cannot be more pleased almost in a comedy, only the seamen's part a little too tedious. To my chamber, and do begin anew to bind myself to keep my old vows, and among the rest not to see a play till Christmas but once in every other week, and have laid aside £10, which is to be lost to the poor, if I do. This day Mr. Chichly told me, with a seeming trouble, that the House have stopped his son Jack (Sir John) his going to France, that he may be a witness against my Lord Sandwich; which do trouble me, though he can, I think, say little.

14th. At noon all my clerks with me to dinner, to a venison-pasty; and there comes Creed and dined with me, and he tells me how high the Lords were in the Lords' House about the business of the Chancellor, and that they were not yet agreed to impeach him. After dinner he and I, and my wife and girl, the latter two to their tailor's, and he and I to the Committee of the Treasury, where I had a hearing, but can get but £6000 for the pay of the garrison, in lieu of above £16,000; and this Alderman Backewell gets remitted there, and I am glad of it. Thence by coach took up my wife and girl, and so home, and set down Creed at Arundel House, going to the Royal Society, whither I would be glad to go, but cannot. Thence home, and to the Office, where about my letters, and so home to supper and to bed, my eyes being bad again; and by this means the nights nowadays do become very long to me, longer than I can sleep out.

15th. To Westminster, and do hear that there is to be a conference between the two Houses to-day; so I stayed; and it was only to tell the Commons that the Lords cannot agree to the confining or sequestring of the Earl of Clarendon from the Parliament, forasmuch as they do not specify any particular crime which they lay upon him and call treason. This the House did receive, and so parted; at which, I hear, the Commons are like to grow very high, and will insist upon their privileges, and the Lords will own theirs, though the Duke of Buckingham, Bristol, and others have been very high in the House of Lords to have had him committed. This is likely to breed ill blood. Home, and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pelham Humphreys,[1] lately returned from France, and is an

[1] Cf. p. 137.

[1] See p. 578.

absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything, and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's music here, at Blagrave[1] and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus,[2] the Frenchman, the King's master of the music, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose; and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great! The King hath, as Mr. Moore says Sir Thomas Crew told him, been heard to say that the quarrel is not between my Lord Chancellor and him, but his brother and him; which will make sad work among us if that be once promoted, as to be sure it will, Buckingham and Bristol being now the only counsel the King follows, so as Arlington and Coventry are come to signify little. He tells me they are likely to fall upon my Lord Sandwich; but, for my part, sometimes I am apt to think they cannot do him much harm, he telling me that there is no great fear of the business of Resumption.[3] This day, Poundy, the waterman, was with me, to let me know that he was summoned to bear witness against me to Prince Rupert's people, who have a commission to look after the business of prize-goods, about the business of the prize-goods I was concerned in; but I did desire him to speak all he knew, and not to spare me, nor did promise nor give him anything, but sent him away with good words.

16th. To Whitehall, where there is to be a performance of music of Pelham's[4] before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the music-room, where Captain Cocke and many others; and here I did hear the best and the smallest organ go that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have the next year, if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me. Met Mr. Gregory, my old acquaintance, an understanding gentleman; and he and I walked an hour together, talking of the bad prospect of the times; and the sum of what I learn from him is this: That the King is the most concerned in the world against the Chancellor and all people that do not appear against him, and therefore is angry with the Bishops, having said that he had one Bishop on his side, Crofts, and but one: that Buckingham and Bristol are now his only Cabinet Council; and that, before the Duke of York fell sick, Buckingham was admitted to the King of his Cabinet, and there stayed with him several hours, and the Duke of York shut out. That it is plain that there is dislike between the King and Duke of York, and that it is to be feared that the House will go so far against the Chancellor, that they must do something to undo the Duke of York, or will not think themselves safe. That this Lord Vaughan[1] that is so great against the Chancellor is one of the lewdest fellows of the age, worse than Sir Charles Sedley; and that he was heard to swear he would do my Lord Clarendon's business. That he do find that my Lord Clarendon hath more friends in both Houses than he believes he would have, by reason that they do see what are the hands that pull him down; which they do not like. That Harry Coventry was scolded at by the King severely the other day; and that his answer was that, if he must not speak what he thought in this business in Parliament, he must not come thither. And he says that by this very business Harry Coventry hath got more fame and common esteem than any gentleman in England hath at this day, and is an excellent and able person. That the King, who not long ago did say of Bristol that he was a man able in three years to get himself a fortune in any kingdom in the world and lose all again in three months, do now hug him, and commend his parts everywhere, above all the world. How fickle is this man,[2] and how unhappy we like to be! That he fears some furious courses will be taken

[1] Thomas Blagrave (d. 1688), cornet-player and song-writer, Gentleman of the Chapel to Charles II. [2] See p. 561.

[3] Resumption, in a law sense, signifies the taking again into the King's hands such lands or tenements as before, upon false suggestions, or other error, he had delivered to the heir, or granted by letters patent to any man. The Bill for effecting these objects was brought into the House of Commons, but never passed. [B.]

[4] See p. 581.

[1] John Vaughan (1640-1713), 'Lord Vaughan' (1667), second son of Richard, Earl of Carbery, whom he succeeded in 1686. Dryden dedicated his *Limberham* to him. See Scott and Saintsbury's edit. iii. pp. 5 *et seq.* [2] The King.

against the Duke of York; and that he hath heard that it was designed, if they cannot carry matters against the Chancellor, to impeach the Duke of York himself, which God forbid! That Sir Edward Nicholas, whom he served while Secretary, is one of the best men in the world, but hated by the Queen-Mother, for a service he did the old King against her mind and her favourites; and that she and my Lady Castlemaine did make the King to lay him aside; but this man[1] says that he is one of the most heavenly and charitable men in the whole world. That the House of Commons resolve to stand by their proceedings, and have chosen a Committee to draw up the reasons thereof to carry to the Lords; which is likely to breed great heat between them. That the Parliament, after all this, is likely to give the King no money; and, therefore, that it is to be wondered what makes the King give way to so great extravagancies, which do all tend to the making him less than he is, and so will, every day more and more; and by this means every creature is divided against the other, that there never was so great an uncertainty in England, of what would be the event of things, as at this day, nobody being at ease or safe. To Whitehall, and there got into the theatre-room, and there heard both the vocal and instrumental music, where the little fellow[2] stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter, but quite the contrary in both sorts of music. Here was the King and Queen, and some of the ladies; among whom none more jolly than my Lady Buckingham,[3] her Lord being once more a great man.

17th. (Lord's day.) Comes Captain Cocke, who sat with me all the evening. He tells me that he hears that Sir W. Coventry was, a little before the Duke of York fell sick, with the Duke of York in his closet, and fell on his knees, and begged his pardon for what he hath done to my Lord Chancellor; but this I dare not soon believe. But he tells me another thing, which he says he had from the person himself who spoke with the Duke of Buckingham, who, he says, is a very sober and worthy man, that he did lately speak with the Duke of Buckingham about his greatness now with the King, and told him—'But, sir, these things that the King do now, in suffering the Parliament to do all this, you know are not fit for the King to suffer, and you know how often you have said to me that the King was a weak man, and unable to govern, but to be governed, and that you could command him as you listed; why do you suffer him to go on in these things?' 'Why,' says the Duke of Buckingham, 'I do suffer him to do this, that I may hereafter the better command him.' He told me of one odd passage by the Duke of Albemarle, speaking how hasty a man he is, and how for certain he would have killed Sir W. Coventry, had he met him in a little time after his showing his letter in the House. He told me that a certain lady, whom he knows, did tell him that, she being certainly informed that some of the Duke of Albemarle's family did say that the Earl of Torrington[1] was a bastard, [she] did think herself concerned to tell the Duke of Albemarle of it, and did first tell the Duchess, and was going to tell the old man, when the Duchess pulled her back by the sleeve, and hindered her, swearing to her that if he should hear it, he would certainly kill

[1] Gregory. [2] Pelham Humphrey, *q.v.*
[3] Fairfax's daughter.

[1] In 1652, General Monk was married, at the church of St. George, Southwark, to Anne, daughter of his regimental farrier, John Clarges, and in the following year had by her a son, Christopher, the 'Earl of Torrington' here mentioned. The child was suckled by Honour Mills, a vendor of apples and oysters, and succeeded his father as Duke of Albemarle in 1670; but dying in 1688, s.p., all the honours and titles of the family became extinct. It came out, on a trial of trespass between William Sherwen, plaintiff, and Sir Walter Clarges, Bart., and others, defendants, at the Bar of the King's Bench, November 15, 1702, that Anne Clarges had married for her first husband, Thomas Ratford, in 1632, and was separated from him in 1649; but no certificate of his death had ever appeared. This fact would invalidate the legitimacy of the Earl of Torrington: and the suspicion is strengthened by the low origin and vulgar habits of the Duchess, and the threats which she resorted to, to prevent the story being made public. One Pride, who, as the son of a daughter of an elder brother of George, Duke of Albemarle, claimed to be heir to Duke George, brought an ejectment against the Earl of Bath (who claimed under a deed from Duke Christopher), in the King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 6 William III., attempting to bastardize Duke Christopher, on the ground mentioned in the note. After a long trial, the jury, not being satisfied with the evidence, found for the Earl of Bath. [B.]

the servant that should be found to have said it, and therefore prayed her to hold her peace.

18th. To Whitehall, to the Commissioners of the Treasury, and so home, leaving multitudes of solicitors at their door, of one sort or other, complaining for want of such dispatch as they had in my Lord Treasurer's time. Among others, there was Gresham College come, about getting a grant of Chelsea College[1] for their Society, which the King, it seems, hath given them his right in; but they met with some other pretences, I think, to it, besides the King's.

19th. To the Committee, and Sir R. Brookes did take me alone, and pray me to prevent their trouble, by discovering the order he would have. I told him I would suppress none, nor could, but this would not satisfy him. Here I did stand by unseen, and did hear their impertinent yet malicious examinations of some rogues about the business of Bergen, wherein they would wind in something against my Lord Sandwich, which was plain by their manner of examining, as Sir Thomas Crew did afterwards observe to me. But Sir Thomas Crew and W. Hewer did tell me that they did hear Captain Downing give a cruel testimony against my Lord Brouncker for his neglect and doing nothing in the time of straits at Chatham, when he was spoke to, and did tell the Committee that he, Downing, did presently after, in Lord Brouncker's hearing, tell the Duke of Albemarle that, if he might advise the King, he should hang both my Lord Brouncker and Pett. This is very hard. This night I wrote to my father, in answer to a new match which is proposed, the executor of Ensum, my sister's former servant, for my sister, that I will continue my mind of giving her £500, if he likes of the match. My father did also this week, by Shepley, return me up a guinea, which, it seems, upon searching the ground, they have found since I was there. I was told this day that Lory Hyde,[2] second son of my Lord Chancellor, did some time since in the House say that if he thought his father was guilty but of one of the things then said against him he would be the first that should call for judgement against him; which Mr. Waller, the poet, did say was spoke like the old Roman Brutus, for its greatness and worthiness.

20th. This afternoon Mr. Mills told me how fully satisfactory my first Report was to the House in the business of Chatham; which I am glad to hear, and the more, for that I know that he is a great creature of Sir R. Brookes's.

21st. My wife not very well, but is to go to Mr. Mills's child's christening, where she is godmother. Among other things of news, I do hear that, upon the reading of the House of Commons's Reasons of the manner of their proceedings in the business of my Lord Chancellor, the Reasons were so bad that my Lord Bristol himself did declare that he would not stand to what he had, and did still, advise the Lords to concur to, upon any of the Reasons of the House of Commons; but if it was put to the question whether it should be done on their Reasons, he would be against them; and indeed it seems the Reasons—however they came to escape the House of Commons, which shows how slightly the greatest matters are done in this world, and even in Parliaments—were none of them of strength, but the principle of them untrue; they saying that where any man is brought before a Judge, accused of treason in general, without specifying the particular, the Judge is obliged to commit him. The question being put by the Lords to my Lord Keeper, he said that quite the contrary was true; and then, in the Sixth Article (I will get a copy of them if I can) there are two or three things strangely asserted to the diminishing of the King's power, as is said, at least things that heretofore would not have been heard of. But then the question being put among the Lords, as my Lord Bristol advised, whether, upon the whole matter and Reasons that had been laid before them they would commit my Lord Clarendon, it was carried five to one against it; there being but three Bishops against him, of whom Cosens[1]

[1] In 1669, Charles gave the ground and buildings of St. James's College, at Chelsea, to the Royal Society, who sold them again to Sir Stephen Fox, for the Crown, in 1682, for £1300. [B.]

[2] Laurence Hyde (1641-1711), first Earl of Rochester (1681).

[1] John Cosin (1594-1672), Bishop of Durham since 1660.

and Dr. Reynolds were two, and I know not the third.[1] This made the opposite Lords, as Bristol and Buckingham, so mad, that they declared and protested against it, speaking very broad that there was mutiny and rebellion in the hearts of the Lords, and that they desired they might enter their dissents, which they did do, in great fury. So that upon the Lords' sending to the Commons, as I am told, to have a conference for them to give their answer to the Commons's Reasons, the Commons did desire a free conference; but the Lords do deny it; and the reason is that they hold not the Commons any Court, but that themselves only are a Court, and the Chief Court of Judicature, and therefore are not to dispute the laws and method of their own Court with them that are none, and so will not submit so much as to have their power disputed. And it is conceived that much of this eagerness among the Lords do arise from the fear some of them have that they may be dealt with in the same manner themselves, and therefore do stand upon it now. It seems my Lord Clarendon hath, it is said and believed, had his horses several times in his coach, ready to carry him to the Tower, expecting a message to that purpose; but by this means his case is like to be laid by. With Creed to a tavern, where Dean Wilkins and others; and good discourse; among the rest, of a man that is a little frantic, that hath been a kind of minister, Dr. Wilkins saying that he hath read for him in his church, that is poor and a debauched man, that the College[2] have hired for 20s. to have some of the blood of a sheep let into his body;[3] and it is to be done on Saturday next. They purpose to let in about twelve ounces; which, they compute, is what will be let in in a minute's time by a watch. On this occasion, Dr. Whistler told a pretty story related by Muffet,[4] a good author, of Dr. Caius, that built Caius College;[1] that, being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry, fretful woman, was so himself; and then, being advised to take it of a good-natured, patient woman, he did become so, beyond the common temper of his age. Their discourse was very fine; and if I should be put out of my office, I do take great content in the liberty I shall be at of frequenting these gentlemen's company. Home, and there my wife tells me great stories of the gossiping women of the parish —what this, and what that woman was; and, among the rest, how Mrs. Hollworthy is the veriest confident bragging gossip of them all, which I should not have believed; but that Sir R. Brookes, her partner,[2] was mighty civil to her, and taken with her, and what not. Inventing a cipher[3] to put on a piece of plate, which I must give, better than ordinary, to the Parson's child.

22nd. Met with Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's Secretary, and from him learn the truth of all I heard last night; and understand further, that this stiffness of the Lords is in no manner of kindness to my Lord Chancellor, for he neither hath, nor do, nor for the future can oblige any of them, but rather the contrary; but that they do fear what the consequence may be to themselves, should they yield in his case, as many of them have reason. And more, he showed me how this is rather to the wrong and prejudice of my Lord Chancellor; for that it is better for him to come to be tried before the Lords, where he can have right and make interest, than, when the Parliament is up, be committed by the King, and tried by a Court on purpose made by the King, of what Lords the King pleases, who have a mind to have his head. So that my Lord Cornbury[4] himself, his son, he tells me, hath moved that if they have Treason against my Lord Clarendon, that they would specify it and send it up to the Lords, that he might come to his trial; so full of intrigues this business is! Walked a good while in the Temple church, observing the plainness of Selden's tomb, and how much better one piled his *Health's Improvement, or Rules for Preparing all sorts of Food.*

1 ? Herbert Croft, Bishop of Hereford. See Nov. 16, 1667 (p. 582).

2 The Royal Society, which met at Gresham College.

3 See an account of the experiment of transfusion performed at Arundel House, Nov. 23, 1667, upon the person of Arthur Coga.—*Philos. Trans.*, No. 30, p. 557. [B.] See p. 439.

4 Thomas Muffet or Moffett (1553-1604), physician, author of *De Jure et Praestantia Chemicorum Medicamentorum Dialogus Apologeticus* (1584), from which Christopher Bennet (1617-1655), com-

1 Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge.

2 As sponsor at the christening.

3 Monogram (see p. 586).

4 See p. 553.

of his executors hath, who is buried by him.[1]

23rd. Busy till late preparing things to fortify myself and fellows against the Parliament; and particularly myself against what I fear is thought, that I have suppressed the Order of the Board by which the discharging the great ships at Chatham by tickets was directed; whereas, indeed, there was no such Order.

24th. (Lord's day.) For want of other of my clerks, sent to Mr. Gibbs, whom I never used till now, for the writing over of my little pocket Contract-book; and there I laboured till nine at night with him, in drawing up the history of all that hath passed concerning tickets, in order to the laying the whole, and clearing myself and office, before Sir R. Brookes; and in this I took great pains, and then sent him away, and proceeded, and had W. Hewer come to me, and he and I till past twelve at night in the office, and he, which was a good service, did so inform me in the consequences of my writing this report, and that what I said would not hold water, in denying this Board to have ever ordered the discharging out of the service whole ships by ticket, that I did alter my whole counsel, and fall to arm myself with good reasons to justify the office in so doing, which hath been but rare. Having done this, I went, with great quiet in my mind, home, though vexed that so honest a business should bring me so much trouble; but mightily was pleased to find myself put out of my former design; and so, after supper, to bed.

25th. This morning Sir W. Pen tells me that the House was very hot on Saturday last upon the business of liberty of speech in the House, and damned the vote in the beginning of the Long Parliament against it;[2] so that he fears that there may be some bad thing which they have a mind to broach, which they dare not do without more security than they now have. God keep us! for things look mighty ill.

[1] Selden's executors were Matthew Hale, John Vaughan, and Rowland Jewkes, here alluded to, who was buried in the Temple Church in 1665. [B.]

[2] The House resolved that the judgement given, 5th Car. I., against Sir John Elliott, Denzill Hollis, and Benjamin Valentine, in the King's Bench, was illegal, and against the freedom and privileges of Parliament. [B.]

26th. By coach as far as the Temple, and there saw a new book,[1] in folio, of all that suffered for the King in the late times, which I will buy. At my goldsmith's bought a basin for my wife to give the Parson's child, to which the other day she was godmother. It cost me £10: 14s. besides graving, which I do with the cipher of the name, Daniel Mills. After dinner came to me Mr. Warren, and there did tell me that he came to pay his debt to me for the kindness I did him in getting his last ship out, which I must also remember was a service to the King, though I did not tell him so. He would present me with sixty pieces of gold. I told him I would demand nothing of his promises, though they were much greater, nor would have thus much, but if he could but afford to give me but fifty pieces, it should suffice me. So now he brought something in a paper, which since proves to be fifty pieces. This evening comes to me to my closet at the office Sir John Chichly, of his own accord, to tell me what he shall answer to the Committee, when, as he expects, he shall be examined about my Lord Sandwich; which is so little as will not hurt my Lord at all, I know.

27th. Mr. Pierce comes to me, and there, in general, tells me how the King is now fallen in and become a slave to the Duke of Buckingham, led by none but him, whom he, Mr. Pierce, swears he knows do hate the very person of the King, and would, as well as will, certainly ruin him. He do say, and I think with right, that the King do in this do the most ungrateful part of a master to a servant that ever was done, in this carriage of his, to my Lord Chancellor; that, it may be, the Chancellor may have faults, but none such as these they speak of; that he do now really fear that all is going to ruin, for he says that he hears Sir W. Coventry hath been, just before his sickness, with the Duke of York, to ask his forgiveness and peace for what he had done; for that he never could foresee that what he meant so well, in the counselling to lay by the Chancellor, should come to this.

28th. To the King's playhouse, and there sat by my wife, and saw *The*

[1] By David Lloyd (1635-1692).

Mistaken Beauty,[1] which I never, I think, saw before, though an old play; and there is much in it that I like, though the name is but improper to it—at least, that name, it being also called *The Liar*, which is proper enough.

29th. Waked about seven o'clock this morning with a noise I supposed I heard, near our chamber, of knocking, which, by and by, increased; and I, more awake, could distinguish it better. I then waked my wife, and both of us wondered at it, and lay so a great while, while that increased, and at last heard it plainer, knocking, as if it were breaking down a window for people to get out; and then removing of stools and chairs; and plainly, by and by, going up and down our stairs. We lay, both of us, afraid; yet I would have rose, but my wife would not let me. Besides, I could not do it without making noise; and we did both conclude that thieves were in the house, but wondered what our people did, whom we thought either killed, or afraid, as we were. Thus we lay till the clock struck eight, and high day. At last, I removed my gown and slippers safely to the other side of the bed over my wife; and there safely rose, and put on my gown and breeches, and then, with a firebrand in my hand, safely opened the door, and saw nor heard anything. Then, with fear, I confess, went to the maid's chamber-door, and all quiet and safe. Called Jane up, and went down safely, and opened my chamber-door, where all well. Then more freely about, and to the kitchen, where the cook-maid up, and all safe. So up again, and when Jane came, and we demanded whether she heard no noise, she said, 'yes, but was afraid,' but rose with the other maid, and found nothing; but heard a noise in the great stack of chimneys that goes from Sir J. Minnes through our house; and so we sent, and their chimneys have been swept this morning, and the noise was that, and nothing else. It is one of the most extraordinary accidents in my life, and gives ground to think of Don Quixote's adventures how people may be surprised, and the more from an accident last night, that our young gib-cat did leap down our stairs from top to bottom, at two leaps, and frighted us, that we could not tell well whether it was the cat or a spirit, and do sometimes think this morning that the house might be haunted.

30th. To Arundel House, to the election of Officers[1] for the next year; where I was near being chosen of the Council, but am glad I was not, for I could not have attended, though, above all things, I could wish it; and do take it as a mighty respect to have been named there. Then to Cary House,[2] a house now of entertainment, next my Lady Ashly's; where I have heretofore heard Common Prayer in the time of Dr. Mossum.[3] I was pleased to see the person who had his blood taken out.[4] He speaks well, and did thus give the Society a relation thereof in Latin, saying that he finds himself much better since, and as a new man, but he is cracked a little in his head, though he speaks very reasonably, and very well. He had but 20s. for his suffering it, and is to have the same again tried upon him; the first sound man that ever had it tried on him in England, and but one that we hear of in France. My Lord Anglesey told me this day that he did believe the House of Commons would, the next week, yield to the Lords; but, speaking with others this day, they conclude they will not, but that rather the King will accommodate it by committing my Lord Clarendon himself. I remember what Mr. Evelyn said, that he did believe we should soon see ourselves fall into a Commonwealth again.

December 1667

December 1st. (Lord's day.) I to church; and in our pew there sat a great lady, whom I afterwards understood to be my Lady Carlisle, a very fine woman indeed in person.

2nd. The Lords' answer is come down to the Commons, that they are not

[1] *The Mistaken Beauty, or The Liar*, a version of Corneille's *Menteur*, printed in 1661 (under the title of *The Liar*).

[1] Of the Royal Society.
[2] Carey House in the Strand, near the Savoy.
[3] See p. 11.
[4] See p. 585.

satisfied in the Commons' Reasons; and so the Commons are hot, and like to sit all day upon the business what to do herein, most thinking that they will remonstrate against the Lords. Thence to Lord Crew's, and there dined with him; where, after dinner, he took me aside, and bewailed the condition of the nation, now the King and his brother are at a distance about this business of the Chancellor, and the two Houses differing; and he do believe that there are so many about the King like to be concerned and troubled by the Parliament, that they will get him to dissolve or prorogue the Parliament; and the rather, for that the King is likely, by this good husbandry of the Treasury, to get out of debt, and the Parliament is likely to give no money. Among other things, my Lord Crew did tell me with grief that he hears that the King of late hath not dined nor supped with the Queen, as he used of late to do. To Westminster Hall, where my cousin Roger tells me of the high vote of the Commons this afternoon, that the proceedings of the Lords in the case of my Lord Clarendon are an obstruction to justice and of ill precedent to future times.

3rd. To Sir W. Coventry's, the first time I have seen him at his new house since he came to lodge there. He tells me of the vote for none of the House to be of the Commission for the Bill of Accounts; which he thinks so great a disappointment to Birch and others that expected to be of it, that he thinks, could it have been foreseen, there would not have been any Bill at all. We hope it will be the better for all that are to account; it being likely that the men, being few, and not of the House, will hear reason. The main business I went about was about Gilsthrop, Sir W. Batten's clerk; who, being upon his death-bed, and now dead, hath offered to make discoveries of the disorders of the Navy and of £65,000 damage to the King; which made mighty noise in the Commons' House; and members appointed to go to him, which they did; but nothing to the purpose got from him, but complaints of false musters, and ships being refitted with victuals and stores at Plymouth, after they came fitted from other ports; but all this to no purpose, nor more than we know, and will own. But the best is, that this loggerhead should say this, that understands nothing of the Navy, nor ever would; and hath particularly blemished his master by name among us. I told Sir W. Coventry of my letter to Sir R. Brookes, and his answer to me. He advises me in what I write to him to be as short as I can, and obscure, saving in things fully plain; for all that he do is to make mischief; and that the greatest wisdom in dealing with the Parliament in the world is to say little, and let them get out what they can by force; which I shall observe. He declared to me much of his mind to be ruled by his own measures, and not to go so far as many would have him to the ruin of my Lord Chancellor, and for which they do endeavour to do what they can against Sir W. Coventry. 'But,' says he, 'I have done my do in helping to get him out of the administration of things, for which he is not fit; but for his life or estate I will have nothing to say to it: besides that my duty to my master the Duke of York is such that I will perish before I will do anything to displease or disoblige him, where the very necessity of the kingdom do not in my judgement call me.' Home; and there met W. Batelier, who tells me the first great news that my Lord Chancellor is fled this day, and left a paper behind him[1] for the House of Lords, telling them the reason of his retiring, complaining of a design for his ruin. But the paper I must get; only the thing at present is great, and will put the King and Commons to some new counsels certainly. Sir Richard Ford told us this evening an odd story of the baseness of the late Lord Mayor, Sir W. Bolton, in cheating the poor of the City, out of the collections made for the people that were burned, of £1800; of which he can give no account, and in which he hath forsworn himself plainly, so as the Court of Aldermen have sequestered him from their Court till he do bring in an account. He says also that this day hath been made appear to them that the Keeper of Newgate hath, at this day, made his house the only nursery of rogues, prostitutes,

[1] This paper, which was ordered to be burnt, has been many times printed; and sometimes under the title of 'News from Dunkirk House.'—See Lord Somers's *Tracts*, vol. viii. [B.]

pickpockets, and thieves in the world; where they were bred and entertained, and the whole society met; and that, for the sake of the Sheriffs, they durst not this day commit him, for fear of making him let out the prisoners, but are fain to go by artifice to deal with him. He tells me also, speaking of the new street[1] that is to be made from Guildhall down to Cheapside, that the ground is already, most of it, bought. And tells me of one particular, of a man that hath a piece of ground lying in the very middle of the street that must be; which, when the street is cut out of it, there will remain ground enough, of each side, to build a house to front the street. He demanded £700, for the ground, and to be excused paying anything for the melioration of the rest of his ground that he was to keep. The Court consented to give him £700, only not to abate him the consideration; which the man denied, but told them, and so they agreed, that he would excuse the City the £700, that he might have the benefit of the melioration without paying anything for it. So much some will get by having the City burned! Ground, by this means, that was not 4d. a foot before, will now, when houses are built, be worth 15s. a foot. But he tells me of the common standard now reckoned on between man and man, in places where there is no alteration of circumstances, but only the houses burnt; there the ground, which, with a house on it, did yield £100 a-year, is now reputed worth £33:6:8; and that this is the common market-price between one man and another, made upon a good and moderate medium.

4th. I hear that the House of Lords did send down the paper which my Lord Clarendon left behind him, directed to the Lords, to be seditious and scandalous; and the Commons have voted that it be burned by the hands of the hangman, and that the King be desired to agree to it. I do hear, also, that they have desired the King to use means to stop his escape out of the nation. This day Gilsthrop is buried, who hath made all the late discourse of the great discovery of £65,000, of which the King hath been wronged.

5th. This day, not for want, but for good husbandry, I sent my father, by his desire, six pair of my old shoes, which fit him, and are good; yet, methought, it was a thing against my mind to have him wear my old things.

6th. With Sir J. Minnes to the Duke of York, the first time that I have seen him, or we waited on him, since his sickness; and, blessed be God! he is not at all the worse for the smallpox, but is only a little weak yet. We did much business with him, and so parted. My Lord Anglesey told me how my Lord Northampton brought in a Bill into the House of Lords yesterday, under the name of a Bill for the Honour and Privilege of the House, and Mercy to my Lord Clarendon; which, he told me, he opposed, saying that he was a man accused of treason by the House of Commons; and mercy was not proper for him, having not been tried yet, and so no mercy needful for him. However, the Duke of Buckingham and others did desire that the Bill might be read; and it was for banishing my Lord Clarendon from all his Majesty's dominions, and that it should be treason to have him found in any of them; the thing is only a thing of vanity, and to insult over him. By and by home with Sir J. Minnes, who tells me that my Lord Clarendon did go away in a Custom-house boat, and is now at Calais; and, I confess, nothing seems to hang more heavy than his leaving of this unfortunate paper behind him, that hath angered both Houses, and hath, I think, reconciled them in that which otherwise would have broke them in pieces; so that I do hence, and from Sir W. Coventry's late example and doctrine to me, learn that on these sorts of occasions there is nothing like silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing, but, for the most part, it is to say anything. Sir J. Minnes told me a story of my Lord Cottington,[1] who, wanting a son, intended to make his nephew his heir, a country boy; but did alter his mind upon the boy's being persuaded by another young heir, in roguery, to crow like a cock at my Lord's table, much company being there, and the boy having a great trick at doing that perfectly. My Lord bade them take away that fool from the table, and so gave over the thoughts of making him his heir, from

[1] King Street.

[1] See p. 410.

this piece of folly. Captain Cocke comes to me; and, among other discourse, tells me that he is told that an impeachment against Sir W. Coventry will be brought in very soon. He tells me that even those that are against my Lord Chancellor and the Court, in the House, do not trust nor agree one with another. He tells me that my Lord Chancellor went away about ten at night on Saturday last, and took boat at Westminster, and thence by a vessel to Calais, where he believes he now is; and that the Duke of York and Mr. Wren knew of it, and that himself did know of it on Sunday morning; that on Sunday his coach, and people about it, went to Twittenham,[1] and the world thought that he had been there; that nothing but this unhappy paper hath undone him, and that he doubts that this paper hath lost him everywhere; that his withdrawing do reconcile things so far as, he thinks, the heat of their fury will be over, and that all will be made well between the two [royal] brothers; that Holland do endeavour to persuade the King of France to break peace with us; that the Dutch will, without doubt, have sixty sail of ships out the next year; so knows not what will become of us, but hopes the Parliament will find money for us to have a fleet.

7th. Somebody told me this that they hear that Thomson, with the wooden leg, and Wildman,[2] the Fifth-Monarchy man, a great creature of the Duke of Buckingham's, are in nomination to be Commissioners, among others, upon the Bill of Accounts.

8th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, where I saw the Duchess of York, in a fine dress of second mourning for her mother,[3] being black, edged with ermine, go to make her first visit to the Queen since the Duke of York was sick; and by and by, she being returned, the Queen came and visited her. But it was pretty to observe that Sir W. Coventry and I, walking an hour and more together in the Matted Gallery, he observed, and so did I, how the Duchess, as soon as she spied him, turned her head a one side. Here he and I walked thus long, which we have not done a great while before. Our discourse was upon everything; the unhappiness of having our matters examined by people that understand them not; that it is better for us in the Navy to have men that do understand the whole, and that are not passionate; that we that have taken the most pains are called upon to answer for all crimes, while those that, like Sir W. Batten and Sir J. Minnes, did sit and do nothing, do lie still without any trouble; that, if it were to serve the King and kingdom again in a war, neither of us could do more, though upon this experience we might do better than we did; that the commanders, the gentlemen that could never be brought to order, but undid all, are now the men that find fault and abuse others; that it had been much better for the King to have given Sir J. Minnes and Sir W. Batten £1000 a-year to have sat still, than to have had them in this business this war; that the serving a Prince that minds not his business is most unhappy for them that serve him well, and an unhappiness so great that he declares he will never have more to do with a war, under him. That he hath papers which do flatly contradict the Duke of Albemarle's Narrative; and that he hath been with the Duke of Albemarle and showed him them, to prevent his falling into another like fault; that the Duke of Albemarle seems to be able to answer them; but he thinks that the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince are contented to let their Narratives sleep, they being not only contradictory in some things (as he observed about the business of the Duke of Albemarle's being to follow the Prince upon dividing the fleet,[1] in case the enemy come out), but neither of them to be maintained in others. That the business the other night of my Lord Anglesey at the Council was happily got over for my Lord by his dexterous silencing it and the rest not urging it further; forasmuch as, had the Duke of Buckingham come in time enough, and had got it by the end, he would have toused him in it; Sir W. Coventry telling me that my Lord Anglesey did, with such impudence, maintain the quarrel against the Commons and some of

[1] Twickenham.
[2] John Wildman (? 1621-1693), knighted 1692.
[3] Frances, daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, second wife of Lord Clarendon. See p. 107, note.

[1] See p. 578.

the Lords, in the business of my Lord Clarendon, that he believes there are enough would be glad but of this occasion to be revenged of him. He tells me that he hears some of the Thomsons are like to be of the Commission for the Accounts, and Wildman, which he much wonders at, as having been a false fellow to everybody, and in prison most of the time since the King's coming in. But he do tell me that the House is in such a condition that nobody can tell what to make of them, and, he thinks, they were never in before; that everybody leads, and nobody follows; and that he do now think that, since a great many are defeated in their expectation of being of the Commission, now they would put it into such hands as it shall get no credit from; for, if they do look to the bottom and see the King's case, they think they are then bound to give the King money; whereas they would be excused from that, and therefore endeavour to make this business of the Accounts to signify little. Comes Captain Cocke to me; and there he tells me, to my great satisfaction, that Sir Robert Brookes did dine with him to-day; and that he told him, speaking of me, that he would make me the darling of the House of Commons, so much he is satisfied concerning me. And this Cocke did tell me that I might give him thanks for it; and I do think it may do me good, for he do happen to be held a considerable person, for a young man, both for sobriety and ability.

9th. Comes Sir G. Carteret to talk with me; who seems to think himself safe as to his particular, but no doubt what will become of the whole kingdom, things being so broke in pieces. He tells me that the King himself did the other day very particularly tell the whole story of my Lord Sandwich's not following the Dutch ships, with which he is charged; and shows the reasons of it to be the only good course he could have taken, and do discourse it very knowingly. This I am glad of, though, as the King is now, his favour, for aught I see, serves very little in stead at this day, but rather is an argument against a man; and the King do not concern himself to relieve or justify anybody, but is wholly negligent of everybody's concernment. This morning I was troubled with my Lord Hinchingbroke's sending to borrow £200 of me; but I did answer that I had none, nor could borrow any; for I am resolved I will not be undone for anybody, though I would do much for my Lord Sandwich—for it is to answer a bill of exchange of his—but not ruin myself. Called at Cade's, the stationer,[1] where he tells me how my Lord Gerard is troubled for several things in the House of Commons, and in one wherein himself is concerned; and it seems this Lord is a very proud and wicked man, and the Parliament is likely to order[2] him.

10th. The King did send a message to the House to-day that he would adjourn them on the 17th instant to February; by which time, at least, I shall have more respite to prepare things on my own behalf, and the office, against their return. Met Mr. Hingston,[3] the organist, walking, and I walked with him; and, asking him many questions, I do find that he can no more give an intelligible answer to a man that is not a great master in his art, than another man. And this confirms me that it is only the want of an ingenious man that is master in music, to bring music to a certainty, and ease in composition. I home, having finished my letter to Commissioner Middleton, who is now coming up to town from Portsmouth, to enter upon his Surveyorship.

11th. Attended the Duke of York, as we are wont, who is now grown pretty well, and goes up and down Whitehall, and this night will be at the Council. Here I met Rolt and Sir John Chichly, and I met Harris,[4] the player, and talked of *Catiline*,[5] which is to be suddenly acted at the King's house; and there all agree that it cannot be well done at that house, there not being good actors enough; and Burt[6] acts Cicero, which they all conclude he will not be able to do well. The King gives them £500 for robes, there being, as they say, to be sixteen scarlet robes. Comes Sir W. Warren[7] to talk about some

1 In Cornhill.
2 Punish.
3 John Hingston (d. 1683). See p. 449.
4 Henry Harris, *q.v.*
5 By Ben Jonson.
6 Nicholas Burt. See p. 51.
7 See p. 61.

business of his and mine; and he, I find, would have me not to think that the Parliament, in the mind they are in, and having so many good offices in their view to dispose of, will leave any of the King's officers in, but will rout all, though I am likely to escape as well as any, if any can escape; and I think he is in the right, and I do look for it accordingly. Comes Sir W. Pen, and he there told me what passed to-day with him in the Committee, by my Lord Sandwich's breaking bulk of the prizes; and it do seem to me that he hath left it pretty well understood by them, he saying that what my Lord did was done at the desire, and with the advice, of the chief officers of the fleet, and that it was no more than admirals heretofore have done in like cases, which, if it be true that he said it, is very well.

12th. To the Duke of York's house, and saw *The Tempest*;[1] and the house very full. But I could take little pleasure more than the play, from not being able to look about, for fear of being seen. Here only I saw a French lady in the pit, with a tunic, just like one of ours, only a handkercher about her neck; but this fashion for a woman did not look decent. My bookseller did give me a list of the twenty who were nominated for the Commission in Parliament for the Accounts; and it is strange that of the twenty the Parliament could not think fit to choose their nine, but were fain to add three that were not in the list of the twenty, they being many of them factious people and ringleaders in the late troubles; so that Sir John Talbot did fly out and was very hot in the business of Wildman's being named, and took notice how he was entertained in the bosom of the Duke of Buckingham, a Privy Councillor; and that it was fit to be observed by the House, and punished. The men that I know of the nine I like very well; that is, Mr. Pierrepont, Lord Brereton, and Sir William Turner; and I do think the rest are so, too; but such as will not be able to do this business as it ought to be, to do any good with. Here I did also see their votes against my Lord Chief Justice Keeling, that his proceedings were illegal, and that he was a contemner of Magna Charta (the great preserver of our lives, freedoms, and properties) and an introduction to arbitrary government; which is very high language, and of the same sound with that in the year 1640. This day my Lord Chancellor's letter was burned at the 'Change.

13th. To Westminster, to the Parliament-door, to speak with Roger; and here I saw my Lord Keeling go into the House to the Bar, to have his business heard by the whole House to-day; and a great crowd of people to stare upon him. Here I hear that the Lords' Bill for banishing and disabling my Lord Clarendon from bearing any office, or being in the King's dominions, and its being made felony for any to correspond with him but his own children, is brought to the Commons; but they will not agree to it, being not satisfied with that as sufficient, but will have a Bill of Attainder brought in against him; but they make use of this against the Lords, that they, that would not think there was cause enough to commit him without hearing, will have him banished without hearing. By and by comes my cousin Roger to me, he being not willing to be in the House at the business of my Lord Keeling, lest he should be called upon to complain against him for his abusing him at Cambridge,[1] very wrongfully and shamefully, but not to his reproach, but to the Chief Justice's in the end, when all the world cried shame upon him for it. Among other news, it is now fresh that the King of Portugal[2] is deposed, and his brother made King;[3] and that my Lord Sandwich is gone from Madrid with great honour to Lisbon, to make up, at this juncture, a peace to the advantage, as the Spaniard would have it, of Spain. I wish it may be for my Lord's honour, if it be so; but it seems my Lord is in mighty estimation in Spain. After dinner comes Mr. Moore, and he and I alone a while, he telling me my Lord Sandwich's credit is like to be undone, if the bill of £200 my Lord Hinchingbroke wrote to me about be not paid to-morrow, and that, if I do not help him about it, they have no way but to let it be protested. So, finding that Creed hath supplied them with £150 in their

[1] See pp. 571, 581.

[1] See p. 569.
[2] Alfonso VI. He died in 1683.
[3] Pedro II. (1667-1706).

straits, and that this is no bigger sum, I am very willing to serve my Lord, though not in this kind; but yet I will endeavour to get this done for them, and the rather because of some plate that was lodged the other day with me, by my Lady's order, which may be in part of security for my money. This do trouble me; but yet it is good luck that the sum is no bigger. With my cousin Roger to Westminster Hall, and there we met the House rising; and they have voted my Lord Chief Justice Keeling's proceedings illegal; but that, out of particular respect to him, and the mediation of a great many, they have resolved to proceed no further against him.

15th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where I heard a German preach, in a tone hard to be understood, but yet an extraordinary good sermon, and wholly to my great content. Mrs. Turner to visit us, who hath been long sick, and she sat and supped with us, her son Frank being there, now upon the point of his going to the East Indies. I did give him *Lex Mercatoria*,[1] and my wife my old pair of tweezers, which are pretty, and my book an excellent one for him. Most of our talk was of the great discourse the world hath against my Lady Batten, for getting her husband to give her all, and disinherit his eldest son; though the truth is the son, as they say, did play the knave with his father when time was, and the father no great matter better with him, nor with other people also.

16th. To several places, to pay what I owed. Among others, to my mercer, to pay for my fine camlot cloak, which costs me, the very stuff, almost £6; and also a velvet coat—the outside cost me above £8. And so to Westminster, where I find the House mighty busy upon a petition against my Lord Gerard, which lays heavy things to his charge, of his abusing the King in his Guards; and very hot the House is upon it.

17th. This day I do hear at Whitehall that the Duke of Monmouth is sick, and in danger of the smallpox.

18th. To look after the providing of £60 for Mr. Moore, towards the answering of my Lord Sandwich's bill of exchange, he being come to be contented with my lending him £60 in part of it, which pleases me; and this, which I do do, I hope to secure out of the plate, which was delivered into my custody of my Lord's, which I did get Mr. Stokes, the goldsmith, last night to weigh at my house, and there is enough to secure £100.

19th. To the office, where Commissioner Middleton first took his place at the Board as Surveyor of the Navy; and indeed I think will be an excellent officer, I am sure much beyond what his predecessor was. With Sir W. Pen in his coach to Guildhall, to speak with Sheriff Gauden—I only for company; and did here look up and down this place, where I have not been before since the fire; and I see that the city are got on apace in the building of Guildhall.[1] This evening the King by message, which he never did before, hath passed several bills, among others that for the Accounts, and for banishing my Lord Chancellor, and hath adjourned the House to February; at which I am glad, hoping in this time to get leisure to state my Tangier Accounts, and to prepare better for the Parliament's inquiries. Here I hear how the House of Lords, with great severity, if not tyranny, have proceeded against poor Carr, who only erred in the manner of the presenting his petition against my Lord Gerard, it being first printed before it was presented; which was, it seems, by Colonel Sands's[2] going into the country, into whose hands he had put it; the poor man is ordered to stand in the pillory two or three times, and to have his ears cut, and be imprisoned I know not how long. But it is believed that the Commons, when they meet, will not be well pleased with it; and they have no reason, I think.

20th. To Sir W. Pen's with Sir R. Ford, and there was Sir D. Gauden, and there we only talked of sundry things; and I have found of late, by discourse, that the present sort of government is looked upon as a sort of government that we never had yet—that is to say, a King and House of Commons against the House of Lords; for

[1] *Consuetudo vel Lex Mercatoria; or, The Ancient Law-Merchant*, 1622, by Gerard de Malynes (fl. 1586-1641), merchant and writer on economics.

[1] Only the façade was injured in the Fire. The present building dates from 1789.

[2] Samuel Sandys, M.P., of Ombersley, in Worcestershire. [B.]

so indeed it is, though neither of the two first care a fig for one another, nor the third for them both, only the Bishops are afraid of losing ground, as I believe they will. So home to my poor wife, who is in mighty pain, and her face miserably swelled; so as I was frighted to see it.

21st. The Nonconformists are mighty high, and their meetings frequented and connived at; and they do expect to have their day now soon; for my Lord of Buckingham is a declared friend to them, and even to the Quakers, who had very good words the other day from the King himself; and, what is more, the Archbishop of Canterbury[1] is called no more to the Cabal, nor, by the way, Sir W. Coventry; which I am sorry for the Cabal at present being, as he says, the King, and Duke of Buckingham, and Lord Keeper, the Duke of Albemarle, and Privy Seal. The Bishops, differing from the King in the late business in the House of Lords, have caused this and what is likely to follow, for everybody is encouraged nowadays to speak, and even to preach, as I have heard one of them, as bad things against them as ever in the year 1640; which is a strange change. Home to sit with my wife, who is a little better, and her cheek assuaged. I read to her out of *The History of Algiers*, which is mighty pretty reading, and did discourse alone about my sister Pall's match, which is now on foot with one Jackson, another nephew of Mr. Phillips's, to whom he hath left his estate.

22nd. (Lord's day.) Up, and my wife, poor wretch, still in pain.

23rd. To the Commissioners of the Treasury, and there I had a dispute before them with Sir Stephen Fox about our orders for money, who is very angry, but I value it not. But, Lord! to see with what folly my Lord Albemarle do speak in this business would make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool. I to the Exchange, and there I saw Carr stand in the pillory for the business of my Lord Gerard, which is supposed will make a hot business in the House of Commons, when they shall come to sit again, the Lords having ordered this with great injustice, as all people think, his only fault being his printing his petition before, by accident, his petition be read in the House. I hear by Creed that the Bishops of Winchester[1] and of Rochester,[2] and the Dean of the Chapel, and some other great prelates, are suspended; and a cloud upon the Archbishop ever since the late business in the House of Lords; and I believe it will be a heavy blow to the Clergy. I bought a sermon of Dr. Lloyd's,[3] as well writ and as good against the Church of Rome as ever I read; but, Lord! how Hollier, poor man, was taken with it. This day, at the 'Change, Creed showed me Mr. Coleman, of whom my wife hath so good an opinion, and says he is as very a rogue for women as any in the world; which did disquiet me, like a fool, and run in my mind a great while.

24th. By coach to St. James's, it being about six at night; my design being to see the ceremonies, this night being the eve of Christmas, at the Queen's chapel. I got in almost up to the rail, and with a great deal of patience stayed from nine at night to two in the morning in a very great crowd; and there expected but found nothing extraordinary, there being nothing but a high mass. The Queen was there, and some ladies. But, Lord! what an odd thing it was for me to be in a crowd of people, here a footman, there a beggar, here a fine lady, there a zealous poor Papist, and here a Protestant, two or three together, come to see the show. I was afraid of my pocket being picked very much. But all things very rich and beautiful; and I see the Papists have the wit, most of them, to bring cushions to kneel on, which I wanted, and was mighty troubled to kneel. All being done, I was sorry for my coming, and missing of what I expected, which was to have had a child born and dressed there,[4] and a great deal of do; but we broke up, and nothing like it done; and there I left people receiving the Sacrament: and the Queen gone, and ladies; only my Lady Castlemaine,

[1] Gilbert Sheldon.

[1] George Morley (1597-1684)

[2] John Dolben (1625-1686), afterwards Archbishop of York. Cf. p. 408.

[3] *Papists no Catholics, and Popery no Christianity*, by William Lloyd (1667). The author was afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph (1680), of Lichfield and Coventry (1692), and of Worcester (1700).

[4] The Christmas Eve ceremony of the Nativity.

who looked prettily in her night-clothes.[1] So took my coach, which waited, and through Covent Garden to set down two gentlemen and a lady, who came thither to see also, and did make mighty mirth in their talk of the folly of this religion. Drank some burnt[2] wine at the Rose Tavern[3] door, while the constables came, and two or three bellmen went by.

25th. Being a fine, light, moonshine morning, home round the city, and stopped and dropped money at five or six places, which I was the willinger to do, it being Christmas day, and so home, and there find my wife in bed, and Jane and the maid making pies. So I to bed. Rose about nine, and to church, and there heard a dull sermon of Mr. Mills, but a great many fine people at church; and so home. Wife and girl and I alone at dinner—a good Christmas dinner. My wife reading to me *The History of the Drummer of Mr. Mompesson*,[4] which is a strange story of spies, and worth reading indeed. In the evening comes Mr. Pelling, and he sat and supped with us; and very good company, he reciting to us many copies of good verses of Dr. Wilde's, who writ *Iter Boreale*.[5]

26th. To the Swan, and by chance met Mr. Spicer and another 'Chequer clerk, and there made them drink. At my bookseller's, and there bought Mr. Harrington's works, *Oceana*, etc., and two other books, which cost me £4. Home, and there ate a bit, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Surprisal*;[6] which did not please me to-day, the actors not pleasing me; and especially Nell's acting of a serious part, which she spoils.[7] I hear this day that Mrs. Stewart do at this day keep a great court at Somerset House, with her husband the Duke of Richmond, she being visited for her beauty's sake by people, as the Queen is, at nights; and they say also that she is likely to go to Court again, and there put my Lady Castlemaine's nose out of joint.

27th. A Committee of Tangier met; the Duke of York there; and there I did discourse over to them their condition as to money, which they were all mightily, as I could desire, satisfied with, but the Duke of Albemarle, who takes the part of the Guards against us in our supplies of money, which is an odd consideration for a dull heavy blockhead as he is, understanding no more of either than a goose; but the ability and integrity of Sir W. Coventry, in all the King's concernments, I do and must admire. After the Committee, Sir W. Coventry told me how some of his enemies at the Duke of York's had got the Duke of York's commission for the Commissioners of his estate changed, and he and Brouncker and Povy left out; that this they did do to disgrace him and impose upon him at this time; but that he, though he values not the thing, did go and tell the Duke of York what he heard, and that he did not think that he had given him any reason to do this, out of his belief that he would not be as faithful and serviceable to him as the best of those that have got him put out. Whereupon the Duke of York did say that it arose only from his not knowing whether now he would have time to regard his affairs; and that, if he should, he would put him into the commission with his own hand, though the commission be passed. He answered that he had been faithful to him, and done him good service therein, so long as he could attend to it; and if he had been able to have attended it more, he would not have enriched himself with such and such estates as my Lord Chancellor hath got, that did properly belong to his Royal Highness, as being forfeited to the King, and so by the King's gift given to the Duke of York. Hereupon the Duke of York did call for the commission, and hath since put him in. He tells me that the business of getting the Duchess of Richmond to Court is broke off, her husband not suffering it; and thereby great trouble is brought among the people that endeavoured it, and thought they had compassed it.[1] And, Lord! to think that at this time the King should mind no other cares but these!

[1] Evening toilette. [2] Heated, *u.s.*
[3] This house stood in Russell Street, Covent Garden.
[4] See p. 202. [5] See p. 214.
[6] See p. 483. [7] See p. 543.

[1] Considerable light is thrown upon these passages, regarding the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Archbishop Sheldon, which are here obscure, by Burnet, in his *History of his Own Time*. [B.]

He tells me that my Lord of Canterbury is a mighty stout man, and a man of a brave high spirit, and cares not for this disfavour that he is under at Court, knowing that the King cannot take away his profits during his life, and therefore do not value it.

28th. To the King's house, and there saw *The Mad Couple*;[1] which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts[2] are most excellent done, but especially hers; which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part,[3] as, the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage; the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon the 'Change among our merchants that the very Ostend little picaroon[4] men-of-war do offer violence to our merchantmen, and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying French-men's goods.

29th. (Lord's day.) At night comes Mrs. Turner to see us; and there, among other talk, she tells me that Mr. William Pen, who is lately come over from Ireland, is a Quaker again, or some very melancholy thing; that he cares for no company, nor comes into any; which is a pleasant thing, after his being abroad so long, and his father such a hypocritical rogue, and at this time an atheist.

30th. Sir G. Carteret and I alone did talk of the ruinous condition we are in, the King being going to put out of the Council so many able men, such as my Lord Anglesey, Ashly, Hollis, Secretary Morrice (to bring in Mr. Trevor), and the Archbishop of Canterbury, and my Lord Bridgewater. He tells me that this is true, only the Duke of York do endeavour to hinder it, and the Duke of York himself did tell him so; that the King and the Duke of York do not in company disagree, but are friendly; but that there is a core in their hearts, he doubts, which is not to be easily removed; for these men suffer only for their constancy to the Chancellor, or at least from the King's ill-will against him; that they do now all they can to vilify the clergy, and do abuse Rochester[1] and so do raise scandals, all that is possible, against other of the Bishops. He do suggest that something is intended for the Duke of Monmouth, and it may be against the Queen also; that we are in no manner sure against an invasion the next year; that the Duke of Buckingham do rule all now, and the Duke of York comes indeed to the Cabal, but signifies little there. That this new faction do not endure, nor the King, Sir W. Coventry; but yet that he is so useful that they cannot be without him; but that he is not now called to the Cabal. That my Lord of Buckingham, Bristol, and Arlington do seem to agree in these things; but that they do not in their hearts trust one another, but do drive several ways, all of them. In short, he do bless himself that he is no more concerned in matters now; and the hopes he hath of being at liberty, when his accounts are over, to retire into the country. That he do give over the kingdom for wholly lost. Meeting with Mr. Cooling, I with him by coach to the Wardrobe, where I never was since the fire in Hatton Garden; and he tells me that he fears that my Lord Sandwich will suffer much by Mr. Townsend's being untrue to him, he being now unable to give the Commissioners of the Treasury an account of his money received by many thousands of pounds, which I am troubled for. I met with Mr. Cooling at the Temple Gate, after I had been at both my booksellers — and there laid out several pounds in books now against the new year. To Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there did dine together, there being there, among other company, Mr. Attorney Montagu,[2] and his fine lady, a fine woman. After dinner I did under-

[1] See p. 557.
[2] Hart and Nell Gwyn took the parts of Philidor and Mirida, the mad couple.
[3] See p. 543.
[4] Span. *picaron*, a great rogue or villain: here in sense of privateer.

[1] Dolben. See p. 594.
[2] William Montagu (? 1619-1706), afterwards Lord Chief-Baron. He was Attorney-General to the Queen.

stand from my Lady Jemimah that her brother Hinchingbroke's business was to be ended this day, as she thinks, towards his match,[1] and they do talk here of their intent to buy themselves some new clothes against the wedding, which I am very glad of. Thence with Sir Philip Carteret[2] to the King's playhouse, there to see *Love's Cruelty*,[3] an old play, but which I have not seen before; and in the first act Orange Moll came to me, with one of our porters by my house, to tell me that Mrs. Pierce and Knipp did dine at my house to-day, and that I was desired to come home. So I went out presently, and by coach home, and they were gone away; so, after a very little stay with my wife, I took coach again, and to the King's playhouse again, and came in the fourth act; and it proves to me a very silly play, and to everybody else, as far as I could judge. But the jest is, that here telling Moll how I had lost my journey, she told me that Mrs. Knipp was in the house, and so shows me to her, and I went to her, and sat out the play, and then with her to Mrs. Manuel's, where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it as to admire it; for, not understanding the words, I lose the benefit of the vocalities of the music, and it proves only instrumental; and therefore was more pleased to hear Knipp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine. Thence to my bookseller's, and paid for the books I had bought, and away home, where I told my wife where I had been. But she was as mad as a devil, and nothing but ill words between us all the evening while we sat at cards (W. Hewer and the girl by), even to gross ill words, which I was troubled for. But I do see that I must use policy to keep her spirit down, and to give her no offence by my being with Knipp and Pierce, of which, though she will not own it, yet she is heartily jealous. This day I did carry money out, and paid several debts. Among others, my tailor, and shoemaker, and draper, Sir W. Turner, who began to talk of the Commission of Accounts, wherein he is one; but though they are the greatest people that ever were in the nation as to power, and like to be our judges, yet I did never speak one word to him of desiring favour, or bidding him joy upon it, but did answer him to what he said, and do resolve to stand or fall by my silent preparing to answer whatever can be laid to me, and that will be my best proceeding, I think. This day I got a little rent in my new fine camlot cloak with the latch of Sir G. Carteret's door; but it is darned up at my tailor's, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me. I could not but observe that Sir Philip Carteret would fain have given me my going into a play; but yet, when he came to the door, he had no money to pay for himself, I having refused to accept of it for myself, but was fain; and I perceive he is known there, and do run upon the score for plays, which is a shame; but I perceive always he is in want of money. In the pit I met with Sir Ch. North,[1] formerly Mr. North, who was with my Lord at sea; and he, of his own accord, was so silly as to tell me he is married; and for her quality (being a Lord's daughter,[2] my Lord Grey), and person, and beauty, and years, and estate, and disposition, he is the happiest man in the world. I am sure he is an ugly fellow, but a good scholar and sober gentleman, and heir to his father, now Lord North, the old Lord being dead.

31st. To Whitehall, and there waited a long time, while the Duke of York was with the King in the Cabal, and there I and Creed stayed talking in the Vane Room, and I perceive all people's expectation is what will be the issue of this great business of putting these great Lords out of the Council and power, the quarrel, I perceive, being only their standing against the will of the King in the business of the

[1] With Lady Anne Boyle.
[2] Sir G. Carteret's eldest son, who had been knighted.
[3] By James Shirley (printed 1640).

[1] Charles, eldest son of Dudley, fourth Lord North. See p. 14.
[2] Catharine, daughter of William Grey, Lord Grey of Warke, and widow of Sir Edward Moseley. She married, thirdly, Colonel Francis Russell [see p. 440], second son of Francis, fourth Earl of Bedford. [B.]

Chancellor. Anon the Duke of York comes out, and then to a Committee of Tangier, where my Lord Middleton did come to-day, and seems to me but a dull heavy man; but he is a great soldier, and stout, and a needy Lord, which will still keep that poor garrison from ever coming to be worth anything to the King. There dined with me my uncle Thomas, with a mourning hatband on for his daughter Mary. Captain Perryman did give me an account, walking in the garden, that there are Irish in the town, up and down, that do labour to entice the seamen out of the nation by giving them £3 in hand, and promise of 40s. per month, to go into the King of France's service, which is a mighty shame, but yet I believe is true. I did advise with him about my little vessel, the *Maybolt*, which he says will be best for me to sell, though my employing her to Newcastle this winter, and the next spring, for coals, will be a gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble. Thus ends the year, with great happiness to myself and family as to health and good condition in the world, blessed be God for it! only with great trouble to my mind in reference to the public, there being but little hopes left but that the whole nation must in a very little time be lost, either by troubles at home (the Parliament being dissatisfied, and the King led into unsettled counsels by some about him, himself considering little, and divisions growing between the King and Duke of York), or else by foreign invasion, to which we must submit if any, at this bad point of time, should come upon us, which the King of France is well able to do. These thoughts and some cares trouble me, concerning my standing in this Office when the Committee of Parliament shall come to examine our Navy matters, which they will now shortly do. I pray God they may do the kingdom service therein, as they will have sufficient opportunity of doing it!

January 1668

January 1st. Dined with my Lord Crew, with whom was Mr. Browne, Clerk of the House of Lords, and Mr. John Crew. Here was mighty good discourse, as there is always; and among other things my Lord Crew did turn to a place in the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, wrote by Sir Fulke Greville,[1] which do foretell the present condition of this nation, in relation to the Dutch, to the very degree of a prophecy; and is so remarkable that I am resolved to buy one of them, it being, quite throughout, a good discourse. Here they did talk much of the present cheapness of corn, even to a miracle; so as their farmers can pay no rent, but do fling up their lands; and would pay in corn; but, which I did observe to my Lord, and he liked well of it, our gentry are grown so ignorant in everything of good husbandry, that they know not how to bestow this corn; which, did they understand but a little trade, they would be able to join together, and know what markets there are abroad, and send it thither, and thereby ease their tenants and be able to pay themselves. They did talk much of the disgrace the Archbishop is fallen under with the King, and the rest of the Bishops also. Thence I after dinner to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *Sir Martin Mar-all*; which I have seen so often, and yet am mightily pleased with it, and think it mighty witty, and the fullest of proper matter for mirth that ever was writ; and I do clearly see that they do improve in their acting of it. Here a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe, that when I began first to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. apiece as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and then the 18d. places, though I strained hard to go in when I did; so much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular. Thence I to Whitehall, and there walked up and down the house a while, and do hear nothing of anything done further in this business of the change of Privy Councillors; only I hear that Sir G. Savile, one of the Parliament Committee of nine for examining the Accounts, is by the King made a Lord, the Lord Halifax,[2] which, I

[1] Printed in 1652.
[2] Viscount. Afterwards Earl of Halifax (1679).

believe, will displease the Parliament. By and by I met with Mr. Brisband; and having it in my mind this Christmas to do what I never can remember that I did, go to see the gaming at the groom-porter's, I having in my coming from the playhouse stepped into the two Temple halls, and there saw the dirty 'prentices and idle people playing; wherein I was mistaken in thinking to have seen gentlemen of quality playing there, as I think it was when I was a little child, that one of my father's servants, John Bassum, I think, carried me in his arms thither. I did tell Brisband of it, and he did lead me thither, where, after staying an hour, they began to play at about eight at night, where to see how differently one man took his losing from another, one cursing and swearing, and another only muttering and grumbling to himself, a third without any apparent discontent at all; to see how the dice will run good luck in one hand, for half an hour together, and another have no good luck at all; to see how easily here, where they play nothing but guineas, a £100 is won or lost; to see two or three gentlemen come in there drunk, and putting their stock of gold together, one 22 pieces, the second 4, and the third 5 pieces; and these to play one with another, and forget how much each of them brought, but he that brought the 22 thinks that he brought no more than the rest; to see the different humours of gamesters to change their luck, when it is bad, how ceremonious they are to call for new dice, to shift their places, to alter their manner of throwing, and that with great industry, as if there was anything in it; to see how some old gamesters, that have no money now to spend as formerly, do come and sit and look on, and among others, Sir Lewis Dives,[1] who was here, and hath been a great gamester in his time; to hear their cursing and damning to no purpose, as one man being to throw a seven if he could, and, failing to do it after a great many throws, cried he would be damned if ever he flung seven more while he lived, his despair of throwing it being so great, while others did it as their luck served almost every throw; to see how persons of the best quality do here sit down, and play with people of any, though meaner; and to see how people in ordinary clothes shall come hither, and play away 100, or 200 or 300 guineas, without any kind of difficulty; and, lastly, to see the formality of the groom-porter, who is their judge of all disputes in play and all quarrels that may arise therein, and how his under-officers are there to observe true play at each table, and to give new dice, is a consideration I never could have thought had been in the world, had I not now seen it. And mighty glad I am that I did see it, and it may be will find another evening, before Christmas be over, to see it again, when I may stay later, for their heat of play begins not till about eleven or twelve o'clock; which did give me another pretty observation of a man, that did win mighty fast when I was there. I think he won £100 at single pieces in a little time. While all the rest envied him his good fortune, he cursed it, saying, 'It comes so early upon me, for this fortune two hours hence would be worth something to me, but then I shall have no such luck.' This kind of profane mad entertainment they give themselves. And so I, having enough for once, refusing to venture, though Brisband pressed me hard, and tempted me with saying that no man was ever known to lose the first time, the devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester; and he offered me also to lend me ten pieces to venture; but I did refuse, and so went away.

2nd. Attended the King and the Duke of York in the Duke of York's lodgings, with the rest of the officers and many of the commanders of the fleet, and some of our master shipwrights, to discourse the business of having the topmasts of ships made to lower abaft of the mainmast; a business I understand not, and so can give no good account; but I do see that by how much greater the Council, and the number of Councillors is, the more confused the issue is of their counsels; so that little was said to the purpose regularly, and but little use was made of it, they coming to a very broken conclusion upon it, to make trial in a ship or two. From this they fell to other talk about the fleet's fighting this late war, and how the King's ships have been shattered; though the King said that the world would not have it that above ten or

[1] Sir Lewis Dives or Dyve (1599-1669), royalist officer.

twenty ships in any fight did do any service, and that this hath been told so to him himself by ignorant people. The Prince,[1] who was there, was mightily surprised at it, and seemed troubled; but the King told him that it was only discourse of the world. But Mr. Wren whispered me in the ear, and said that the Duke of Albemarle had put it into his Narrative for the House that not above twenty-five ships fought in the engagement wherein he was, but that he was advised to leave it out; but this he did write from sea, I am sure, or words to that effect; and did displease many commanders, among others, Captain Batts, who the Duke of York said was a very stout man, all the world knew; and that another was brought into his ship that had been turned out of his place when he was a boatswain, not long before, for being a drunkard. This the Prince took notice of, and would have been angry, I think, but they let their discourse fall; but the Duke of York was earnest in it. And the Prince said to me, standing by me, 'If they will turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all the commanders in the fleet. What is the matter if he be drunk, so as when he comes to fight he do his work? At least, let him be punished for his drunkenness, and not put out of his command presently.' This he spoke, very much concerned for this idle fellow, one Greene. After this the King began to tell stories of the cowardice of the Spaniards in Flanders, when he was there, at the siege of Mardike and Dunkirk;[2] which was very pretty, though he tells them but meanly. To Westminster Hall, and there stayed a little; and then home, and by the way did find with difficulty the *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*.[3] And the bookseller told me that he had sold four, within this week or two, which is more than ever he sold in all his life of them; and he could not imagine what should be the reason of it; but I suppose it is from the same reason of people's observing of this part therein, touching his prophesying our present condition here in England in relation to the Dutch, which is very remarkable. I took my wife and girl out to the New Exchange, and there my wife bought herself a lace for a handkercher, which I do give her, of about £3, for a New Year's gift, and I did buy also a lace for a band for myself. This day my wife shows me a locket of diamonds worth about £40, which W. Hewer do press her to accept, and hath done for a good while, out of gratitude for my kindness and hers to him. But I do not like that she should receive it, it not being honourable for me to do it; and so do desire her to force him to take it back again, he leaving it against her will yesterday with her. And she did this evening force him to take it back, at which she says he is troubled; but, however, it becomes me more to refuse it, than to let her accept of it. It is generally believed that France is endeavouring a firmer league with us than the former, in order to his going on with his business against Spain the next year; which I am, and so everybody else is, I think, very glad of, for all our fear is of his invading us. This day at Whitehall I overheard Sir W. Coventry propose to the King his ordering of[1] some particular thing in the Wardrobe, which was of no great value; but yet, as much as it was, it was of profit to the King and saving to his purse. The King answered to it with great indifferency, as a thing that it was no great matter whether it was done or no. Sir W. Coventry answered: 'I see your Majesty do not remember the old English proverb, "He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound."' And so they parted, the King bidding him do as he would; which, methought, was an answer not like a King that did intend ever to do well.

4th. It seems worth remembering that this day I did hear my Lord Anglesey at the table, speaking touching this new Act for Accounts, say that the House of Lords did pass it because it was a senseless, impracticable, ineffectual, and foolish Act; and that my Lord Ashly having shown

[1] Rupert.

[2] This refers to the battle of the Dunes, June 24, 1658, when Turenne defeated the Prince of Condé and Don Juan of Austria, who tried to relieve Dunkirk, which the English blockaded by sea, and the French attacked by land. It was prior to this battle that, despising the Spanish tactics, Condé said to the young Duke of Gloucester, 'N'avez vous jamais vu perdre une bataille? Eh bien, vous l'allez voir.' Dunkirk surrendered on the 23rd, and afterwards was given up to the English, with whom it remained till Charles sold it. [B.]

[3] See p. 598.

[1] *i.e.*, dealing with, directing.

that it was so to the House of Lords, the Duke of Buckingham did stand up and told the Lords that they were beholden to my Lord Ashly, that having first commended them for a most grave and honourable assembly, he thought it fit for the House to pass this Act for Accounts because it was a foolish and simple Act; and it seems it was passed with but a few in the House, when it was intended to have met in a grand Committee upon it. And it seems that in itself it is not to be practised till after this session of Parliament, by the very words of the Act, which nobody regarded, and therefore cannot come in force yet, unless at the next meeting they do make a new Act for the bringing it into force sooner; which is a strange omission. But I perceive my Lord Anglesey do make a mere laughing-stock of this Act, as a thing that can do nothing considerable, for all its great noise.

5th. (Lord's day.) The business of putting out of some of the Privy Council is over, the King being at last advised to forbear it; for whereas he did design it to make room for some of the House of Commons that are against him, thereby to gratify them, it is believed that it will but so much the more fret the rest that are not provided for, and raise a new stock of enemies by them that are displeased; and it goes for a pretty saying of my Lord Anglesey's up and down the Court that he should lately say to one of the great promoters of this putting him and others out of the Council, 'Well, and what are we to look for when we are outed? Will all things be set right in the nation?' The other said that he did believe that many things would be mended. 'But,' says my Lord, 'will you and the rest of you be contented to be hanged, if you do not redeem all our misfortunes and set all right, if the power be put into your hands?' The other answered, 'No, I would not undertake that.' 'Why, then,' says my Lord, 'I and the rest of us that you are labouring to put out will be contented to be hanged, if we do not recover all that is past, if the King will put the power into our hands, and adhere wholly to our advice.' Intending to go home, my Lady Carteret saw and called to me out of her window, and so would have me home with her to Lincoln's Inn Fields to dinner, and there we met with my Lord Brereton and several other strangers, to dine there; and I find him a very sober and serious, able man, and was in discourse too hard for the Bishop of Chester,[1] and who, above all books lately wrote, commending the matter and style of a late book, called *The Causes of the Decay of Piety*,[2] I do resolve at his great commendation to buy it. Here dined also Sir Philip Howard, a Berkshire Howard.[3] He did take occasion to tell me at the table that I have got great ground in the Parliament by my ready answers to all that was asked me there about the business of Chatham, and they would never let me be out of employment, of which I made little; but was glad to hear him, as well as others, say it. And he did say also, relating to Commissioner Pett, that he did not think that he was guilty of anything like a fault that he was either able or concerned to amend, but only the not carrying up of the ships higher, he meant; but he said three or four miles lower down, to Rochester Bridge, which is a strange piece of ignorance in a Member of Parliament; and did boldly declare that he did think the fault to lie in my Lord Middleton, who had the power of the place, to secure the boats that were made ready by Pett, and to do anything that he thought fit. After dinner my Lord Brereton very genteelly went to the organ, and played a verse very handsomely. Thence to Whitehall, and there up and down the house, and on the Queen's side, to see the ladies, and there saw the Duchess of York, whom few pay the repect they used, I think, to her; but she bears all out, with a very great deal of greatness; that is the truth of it. And so, it growing night, I away home by coach.

6th. Up, leaving my wife to get herself ready, and the maids to get a supper ready against night for our company; and to Whitehall, and there met with Mr. Pierce, by whom I find, as I was afraid from the folly of my wife, that he understood that he and his wife was to dine at my house to-day, whereas it was to sup; and therefore I did go home to dinner, and there

[1] George Hall (? 1612-1668).
[2] By the author of *The Whole Duty of Man*.
[3] *I.e.*, a son of the Earl of Berkshire.

find Mr. Harris, by the like mistake, come to dine with me. However, we did get a pretty dinner ready for him; and there he and I to discourse of many things, and I do find him a very excellent person, such as in my whole [acquaintance] I do not know another better qualified for converse, whether in things of his own trade or of other kinds, a man of great understanding and observation, and very agreeable in the manner of his discourse, and civil as far as is possible. I was mightily pleased with his company; and after dinner did take coach with him, and my wife and girl, to go to a play, to carry him thence to his own house. Away to the Duke of York's house in the pit, and so left my wife; and to Mrs. Pierce, and took her and her cousin Corbet, Knipp, and little James, and brought them to the Duke's house; and, the house being full, was forced to carry them to a box, which did cost me 20s., besides oranges, which troubled me, though their company did please me. Thence, after the play, stayed till Harris was undressed, there being acted *The Tempest*, and so he withal, all by coach, home, where we find my house with good fires and candles ready, and our office the like, and the two Mercers, and Betty Turner, Pembleton, and W. Batelier. And so with much pleasure we into the house, and there fell to dancing, having extraordinary music, two violins, and a bass violin, theorbo, four hands, the Duke of Buckingham's music, the best in town, sent me by Greeling, and there we set in to dancing. By and by to my house, to a very good supper, and mighty merry, and good music playing; and after supper to dancing and singing till about twelve at night; and then we had a good sack posset for them, and an excellent cake, cost me near 20s., of our Jane's making, which was cut into twenty pieces, there being by this time so many of our company, by the coming in of young Goodyer and some others of our neighbours, young men that could dance, hearing of our dancing; and anon comes in Mrs. Turner, the mother, and brings with her Mrs. Hollworthy, which pleased me mightily. And so to dancing again, and singing, with extraordinary great pleasure, till about two in the morning, and then broke up; and Mrs. Pierce and her family, and Harris and Knipp by coach home, as late as it was. And they gone, I took Mrs. Turner and Hollworthy home to my house, and there gave wine and sweetmeats; but I find Mrs. Hollworthy but a mean woman, I think, for understanding, only a little conceited, and proud, and talking, but nothing extraordinary in person, or discourse, or understanding. They being gone, I paid the fiddlers £3 among the four, and so away to bed.

7th. To the Nursery;[1] but the house did not act to-day; and so I to the other two playhouses into the pit, to gaze up and down, and there did by this means, for nothing, see an act in *The School of Compliments*[2] at the Duke of York's house, and *Henry the Fourth* at the King's house; but, not liking either of the plays, I took my coach again, and home.

8th. To Whitehall, and by coach home, taking up Mr. Prin at the Court gate, it raining, and setting him down at the Temple; and by the way did ask him about the manner of holding of Parliaments, and whether the number of Knights and Burgesses were always the same? And he says that the latter were not; but that, for aught he can find, they were sent up at the discretion, at first of the Sheriffs, to whom the writs are sent, to send up generally the Burgesses and citizens of their county; and he do find that heretofore the Parliament-men, being paid by the country, several boroughs have com-

[1] There seem to have been, at this time, two distinct 'Nurseries for Actors,' one in Golden Lane, near the Barbican, described in Pennant's *London*, as a row of low houses of singular construction; and which, according to the inscription underneath an old print in his possession, had been a nursery for the children of Henry VIII. The same author states that it was used also as a playhouse in the reign of Elizabeth and James I. This establishment was ridiculed by Dryden in his *Mc Flecknoe*; and, in *The Rehearsal*, Bayes is made to declare that he will write only for the 'Nursery,' and 'mump the proud players' of the regular theatres. The other 'Nursery' was in Hatton Garden. We learn from the Shakespeare Society's *Papers*, vol. iii., that a patent was granted by Charles II., March 3, 1664, to William Legge, Groom of the Bedchamber, giving him the privilege of instituting a 'Nursery' for Young Actors; but no locality is fixed in the instrument. Perhaps this was the 'Nursery' mentioned by T. Killigrew, *Diary*, Aug. 2, 1664. [B.] See p. 274.

[2] See p. 538.

plained of the Sheriffs putting them to the charge of sending up Burgesses; which is a very extraordinary thing to me, that knew not this, but thought that the number had been known, and always the same.

9th. Mr. Hollier came and dined with me, and it is still mighty pleasant to hear him talk of Rome and the Pope, with what hearty zeal and hatred he talks against him. Wrote to my father about lending Anthony Joyce the money he desires; and I declare that I would do it as part of Pall's portion, and that Pall should have the use of the money till she be married, but I do propose to him to think of Mr. Cumberland rather than this Jackson that he is upon; and I confess that I have a mighty mind to have a relation so able a man, and honest, and so old an acquaintance as Mr. Cumberland. I shall hear his answer by the next [post].

10th. To Whitehall, and there to wait on the Duke of York with the rest of my brethren, which we did a little in the King's Green Room, while the King was in Council; and in this room we found my Lord Bristol walking alone; which, wondering at, while the Council was sitting, I was answered that, as being a Catholic, he could not be of the Council, which I did not consider before. This morning there was a Persian in that country dress, with a turban, waiting to kiss the King's hand in the Vane Room, against he come out; he was a comely man as to features, and his dress, methinks, very comely. To my new bookseller's, Martin's and there did meet with Fournier,[1] the Frenchman, that hath wrote of the Sea Navigation, and I could not but buy him, and also bespoke an excellent book, which I met with there, of China.[2] The truth is, I have bought a great many books lately to a great value; but I think to buy no more till Christmas next, and those that I have will so fill my two presses that I must be forced to give away some, or make room for them, it being my design to have no more at any time for my proper library than to fill them. This day I received a letter from my father, and another from my cousin Roger Pepys, who have had a view of Jackson's evidences of his estate, and do mightily like of the man and his condition and estate, and do advise me to accept of the match for my sister, and to finish it as soon as I can; and he do it so as, I confess, I am contented to have it done, and so give her her portion; and so I shall be eased of one care how to provide for her.

11th. Talking with my wife in bed about Pall's business, and she do conclude to have her married here, and to be merry at it; and to have W. Hewer, and Batelier, and Mercer, and Willet, bridemen and bridemaids, and to be very merry; and so I am glad of it, and do resolve to let it be done as soon as I can. To the King's house, to see *The Wildgoose Chase*.[1] In this play I met with nothing extraordinary at all, but very dull inventions and designs. Knipp came and sat by us, and her talk pleased me a little, she telling me how Miss Davis is for certain going away from the Duke's house, the King being in love with her; and a house is taken for her, and furnishing; and she hath a ring given her already worth £600: that the King did send several times for Nelly, and she was with him; and I am sorry for it, and can hope for no good to the State from having a Prince so devoted to his pleasure. She told me also of a play shortly coming upon the stage, of Sir Charles Sedley's, which, she thinks, will be called *The Wandering Ladies*,[2] a comedy that, she thinks, will be most pleasant; and also another play, called *The Duke of Lerma*;[3] besides *Catiline*, which she thinks, for want of the clothes which the King promised them, will not be acted for a good while.

12th. (Lord's day). Went to church, where first I saw Alderman Backewell and his lady come to our church, they living in Mark Lane; and I could find in my heart to invite her to sit with us, she being a fine lady. I came in while they were singing the 119th Psalm, while the sexton

[1] George Fournier, a Jesuit, born at Caen, in 1569, author of *L'Hydrographie* and other nautical works. [B.]

[2] Alvarez Semedo's *History of China*, translated by a Person of Quality (1655). [B.]

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher (pr. 1652).

[2] Perhaps a trial name or second title of Sedley's *Mulberry Garden* (see p. 651.)

[3] See p. 619.

was gathering to his box, to which I did give 5s.

13th. With Sir W. Pen to Whitehall, and there did with the rest attend the Duke of York, where nothing extraordinary; only I perceive there is nothing yet declared for the next year, what fleet shall be abroad.

14th. To my bookseller, Martin, and there did receive my book I expected of China, a most excellent book with rare cuts; and there fell into discourse with him about the burning of Paul's when the City was burned, his house being in the churchyard. And he tells me that it took fire first upon the end of a board that, among others, was laid upon the roof instead of lead, the lead being broke off, and thence down lower and lower; but that the burning of the goods under St. Faith's arose from the goods taking fire in the churchyard, and so got into St. Faith's Church; and that they first took fire from the Draper's side, by some timber of the houses that were burned falling into the church. He says that one warehouse of books was saved under Paul's; and there were several dogs found burned among the goods in the churchyard, and but one man, which was an old man, that said he would go and save a blanket which he had in the church, and, being weak, the fire overcame him. He says that most of the booksellers do design to fall a-building again the next year; but that the Bishop of London[1] do use them most basely, worse than any other landlords, and says he will be paid to this day the rent, or else he will not come to treat with them for the time to come; and will not, on that condition either, promise them in anything how he will use them; and, the Parliament sitting, he claims his privilege, and will not be cited before the Lord Chief-Justice, as others are there, to be forced to a fair dealing. Thence by coach to Mrs. Pierce's, where my wife is; and there they fell to discourse of the last night's work at Court, where the ladies and Duke of Monmouth and others acted *The Indian Emperor*;[2] wherein they told me these things most remarkable; that not any woman but the Duchess of Monmouth and Mrs. Cornwallis[1] did anything but like fools and stocks, but that these two did do most extraordinarily well; that not any man did anything well but Captain O'Bryan,[2] who spoke and did well, but, above all things, did dance most incomparably. That she did sit near the players of the Duke's house; among the rest, Miss Davis, who is the most impertinent slut, she says, in the world; and the more, now the King do show her countenance; and is reckoned his mistress, even to the scorn of the whole world; the King gazing on her, and my Lady Castlemaine being melancholy and out of humour, all the play, not smiling once. The King, it seems, hath given her a ring of £700, which she shows to everybody, and owns that the King did give it her; and he hath furnished a house in Suffolk Street most richly for her, which is a most infinite shame. It seems she is a bastard of my Lord Berkshire, and that he hath got her for the King; but Pierce says that she is a most homely jade as ever she saw, though she dances beyond anything in the world. She tells me that the Duchess of Richmond do not yet come to the Court, nor hath seen the King, nor will come, nor do he own his desire of seeing her; but hath used means to get her to Court, but they do not take. I to my chamber, having a great many books brought me home from my bookbinder's, and so I to the new setting of my books against the next year, which costs me more trouble than I expected, and at it till two o'clock in the morning.

15th. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, where we met about some business of D. Gauden's till candle-light; and then, as late as it was, I down to Redriffe, and so walked by moonlight to Deptford; where I have not been a great while. And so walked back again, but with pleasure by the walk, and I had the sport to see two boys swear,

[1] Humphrey Henchman (1592-1675.)
[2] See p. 577.

[1] Henrietta Maria Cornwallis, whose brother Charles, third Lord Cornwallis (called *le beau Cornwallis*), afterwards became the second husband of the Duchess of Monmouth. [B.]
[2] Probably Sir Donough O'Bryan, who married Lucia Hamilton, sister to the Comtesse de Grammont. [B.] But cf. pp. 570, 650.

and stamp, and fret, for not being able to get their horse over a stile and ditch, one of them swearing and cursing most bitterly; and I would fain, in revenge, have persuaded him to have drove his horse through the ditch, by which, I believe he would have stuck there. But the horse would not be drove, and so they were forced to go back again, and so I walked away homeward, and there reading all the evening, and so to bed. This afternoon my Lord Anglesey tells us that it is voted in Council to have a fleet of 50 ships out; but it is only a disguise for the Parliament to get some money by; but it will not take, I believe.

16th. Lord Anglesey tells us again that a fleet is to be set out; and that it is generally, he hears, said, that it is but a Spanish rodomontado;[1] and that he saying so just now to the Duke of Albemarle, who came to town last night, after the thing was ordered, he told him a story of two seamen: one wished all the guns of the ship were his, and that they were silver; and says the other, 'You are a fool, for, if you can have it for wishing, why do you not wish them gold?' 'So,' says he, 'if a rodomontado will do any good, why do you not say 100 ships?' And it is true; for the Dutch and French are said to make such preparations as 50 sail will do no good. Mightily pleased with Mr. Gibson's[2] talking; he telling me so many good stories relating to the war and practices of commanders, which I will find a time to recollect; and he will be an admirable help to my writing a history of the Navy, if ever I do.

17th. Much discourse of the duel yesterday between the Duke of Buckingham, Holmes,[3] and one Jenkins,[4] on one side, and my Lord of Shrewsbury,[5] Sir John Talbot,[6] and one Bernard Howard,[7] on the other side; and all about my Lady Shrewsbury,[8] who is at this time, and hath for a great while been, a mistress to the Duke of Buckingham. And so her husband challenged him, and they met yesterday in a close near Barn Elms, and there fought; and my Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body, from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his arms; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all, in a little measure, wounded. This will make the world think that the King hath good councillors about him, when the Duke of Buckingham, the greatest man about him, is a fellow of no more sobriety than to fight about a mistress. And this may prove a very bad accident to the Duke of Buckingham, but that my Lady Castlemaine do rule all at this time as much as ever she did, and she will, it is believed, keep all matters well with the Duke of Buckingham; though this is the time that the King will be very backward, I suppose, to appear in such a business. And it is pretty to hear how the King had some notice of this challenge a week or two ago, and did give it to my Lord General[1] to confine the Duke, to take security that he should not do any such thing as fight; and the General trusted to the King that he, sending for him, would do it, and the King trusted to the General; and so, between them both, as everything else of greatest moment do, do fall between two stools. The whole House full of nothing but the talk of this business; and it is said that my Lord Shrewsbury's case is to be feared, that he may die too;[2] and that may make it much worse for the Duke of Buckingham; and I shall not be much sorry for it, that we may have some sober man come in his room to assist in the Government. Creed tells me of Mr. Harry Howard's[3] giving the Royal Society a piece of ground next to his house, to build a College on, which is a most generous act. And he tells me he is a very fine person, and understands and speaks well;

1 Ital. *rodomontada* (mod. *rodomontata*), vaunt, swaggering.

2 Richard Gibson, Clerk in the Navy Office.

3 Sir Robert Holmes.

4 Captain William Jenkins.

5 Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury.

6 Of Laycock Abbey, Wilts, a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and M.P. for Knaresborough. [B.]

7 Eighth son of Henry Frederick Howard, Earl of Arundel. [B.]

8 Anna Maria, daughter of Robert Brudenel, second Earl of Cardigan. She is said to have held the Duke of Buckingham's horse, in the habit of a page, while he was fighting the duel with her husband. She married, secondly, George Rodney Bridges, son of Sir Thomas Bridges, of Keynsham, Somerset, and died April 20, 1702. [B.]

1 The Duke of Albemarle.

2 He died on March 16.

3 Afterwards Duke of Norfolk: see Nov. 28, 1666 (p. 444).

and no rigid Papist neither, but one that would not have a Protestant servant leave his religion, which he was going to do, thinking to recommend himself to his master by it; saying that he had rather have an honest Protestant than a knavish Catholic. I was not called into the Council; and, therefore, home, first informing myself that my Lord Hinchingbroke hath been married this week to my Lord Burlington's daughter; so that that great business is over; and I am mighty glad of it, though I am not satisfied that I have not a favour[1] sent me, as I see Attorney Montagu and the Vice-Chamberlain have.

18th. To the 'Change, where I bought *The Maiden Queen*, a play newly printed, which I like at the King's house so well, of Mr. Dryden's, which he himself, in his preface, seems to brag of,[2] and indeed is a good play.

19th. (Lord's day.) To Redriffe, and so walked to Deptford, where I sent for Shish out of the Church, to advise about my vessel, the *Maybolt*, and I do resolve to sell presently for anything rather than keep her longer, having already lost £100 in her value, which I was once offered and refused, and the ship left without anybody to look to her, which vexes me. Mr. Pelling tells me that my Lord Shrewsbury is likely to do well. Mr. Jessop is made Secretary to the Commissions of Parliament for Accounts; and I am glad, and it is pretty to see that all the Cavalier party were not able to find the Parliament nine Commissioners, or one Secretary, fit for the business.

20th. To Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker, there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do show me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one, and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty. So to my Lord Crew's to dinner, where we hear all the good news of our making a league now with Holland against the French power coming over them, or us; which is the first good act that the King hath done a great while, and done secretly, and with great seeming wisdom; and is certainly good for us at this time, while we are in no condition to resist the French, if they should come over hither; and then a little time of peace will give us time to lay up something, which these Commissioners of the Treasury are doing; and the world do begin to see that they will do the King's work for him, if he will let them. Here dined Mr. Case, the minister, who, Lord! do talk just as I remember he used to preach, and did tell us a pretty story of a religious lady, Queen of Navarre;[1] and my Lord also told a good story of Mr. Newman,[2] the Minister in New England, who wrote the *Concordance*, of his foretelling his death and preaching a funeral sermon, and at last bid the angels do their office, and died. It seems there is great presumption that there will be a Toleration granted; so that the Presbyterians do hold up their heads; but they will hardly trust the King or the Parliament what to yield them, though most of the sober party be for some kind of allowance to be given them. Lord Gerard is likely to meet with trouble, the next sitting of Parliament, about Carr being set in the pillory; and I am glad of it; and it is mighty acceptable to the world to hear, that, among other reductions, the King do reduce his Guards,[3] which do please mightily.

21st. Comes news from Kate Joyce that if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So I to him, and find his breath rattled in his throat; and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him. It seems on Thursday last he went, sober and quiet, to Islington, and behind one of the inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond; was spied by a poor woman, and got out by some people, and set on his head[4] and got to life; and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and do declare

1 Cf. p. 5.

2 See the Preface (*Works*, ed. Scott and Saintsbury, ii. 417-421).

1 Marguerite de Valois, authoress of the *Heptaméron*.

2 Samuel Newman (? 1600-1663), nonconformist, who emigrated to Massachusetts in 1636, where he died. His *Concordance* was published in London in 1643.

3 One regiment of which was commanded by Lord Gerard. [B.]

4 Old-fashioned 'first aid' to the drowning.

his reason to be his trouble in having forgot to serve God as he ought, since he came to his new employment;[1] and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it; for he grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. The friends that were there, being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on (though he lived all this while) because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cousin did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I did, but in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead. So, with D. Gauden, to Guildhall, to advise with the Town-Clerk about the practice of the City and nation in this case; and he thinks that it cannot be found self-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So I to my cousin's again; where I no sooner come but find that her husband was departed. So, at their entreaty, I presently to Whitehall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him; and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children. I presently to each Secretary's office, and there left caveats, and so away back to my cousin's, leaving a chimney on fire at Whitehall, in the King's closet, but no danger. And so, when I came thither, I find her all in sorrow, but she and the rest mightily pleased with my doing this for them; and which, indeed, was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate.

22nd. At noon with my Lord Brouncker to Sir D. Gauden's, at the Victualling Office, to dinner, where I have not dined since he was Sheriff. He expected us; and a good dinner, and much good company; and a fine house, and especially two rooms, very fine, he hath built there. His lady a good lady; but my Lord led himself and me to a great absurdity in kissing all the ladies, but the finest of all the company, leaving her out, I know not why; and I was loath to do it, since he omitted it. Here little Chaplin[1] dined, who is like to be Sheriff the next year, and a pretty humoured little man he is; and Mr. Talents, the younger, of Magdalene College, Chaplain to the Sheriff; which I was glad to see, though not much acquainted with him. Thence stole away to my cousin Kate's, and there find the Crowner's jury sitting, but they could not end it, but put off the business to Shrove Tuesday next, and so do give way to the burying of him, and that is all; but they all incline to find it a natural death, though there are mighty busy people to have it go otherwise, thinking to get his estate, but are mistaken. Thence, after sitting with her and company a while, comforting her, though I can find she can, as all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things all in a breath, home; and there to cards with my wife, Deb., and Betty Turner, and Batelier, and after supper late to sing. But, Lord! how did I please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40s. hear her sing a tune; worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it do a little reconcile me to her.

23rd. At the office all the morning; and at noon find the Bishop of Lincoln[2] come to dine with us; and after him comes Mr. Brisband; and there mighty good company. But the Bishop a very extraordinary good-natured man, and one that is mightily pleased, as well as I am, that I live so near Bugden,[3] the seat of his bishopric, where he is like to reside; and, indeed, I am glad of it. In discourse, we think ourselves safe for this year, by this league with Holland, which pleases everybody, and, they say, vexes France; insomuch that D'Estrades,[4] the French Ambassador in Holland, when he heard it, told the States that he would have them not forget that his master is at the head of 100,000 men, and is but 28 years old; which was a great speech. The Bishop tells me he thinks that the great business of Toleration will not, notwithstanding this

[1] As tavern-keeper.

[1] Afterwards Sir Francis Chaplin; Lord Mayor in 1687. [B.]
[2] Dr. William Fuller, *u.s.*
[3] Buckden Palace.
[4] See p. 102.

talk, be carried this Parliament; nor for the King's taking away the Deans' and Chapters' lands to supply his wants, they signifying little to him, if he had them, for his present service. To Mrs. Turner's, where my wife, and Deb., and I, and Batelier spent the night, and supped, and played at cards, and very merry. She is either a very prodigal woman, or richer than she would be thought, by her buying of the best things, and laying out much money in new-fashioned pewter; and, among other things, a new-fashioned case for a pair of snuffers, which is very pretty; but I could never have guessed what it was for, had I not seen the snuffers in it.

24th. Carried my wife to the Temple, and then she to a play, and I to St. Andrew's church, in Holborn, at the 'Quest House, where the company meets to the burial of my cousin Joyce; and here I stayed with a very great rabble of four or five hundred people of mean condition, and I stayed in the room with the kindred till ready to go to church, where there is to be a sermon of Dr. Stillingfleet;[1] and thence they carried him to St. Sepulchre's. But it being late, and, indeed, not having a black cloak to lead Kate Joyce with, or follow the corpse, I away, and saw, indeed, a very great press of people follow the corpse. I to the King's playhouse, to fetch my wife, and there saw the best part of *The Maiden Queen*, which, the more I see, the more I love, and think one of the best plays I ever saw, and is certainly the best acted of anything ever the House did, and particularly Becke Marshall, to admiration. Found my wife and Deb., and saw many fine ladies, and sat by Colonel Reames, who understands and loves a play as well as I, and I love him for it. And so thence home; and, after being at the office, I home to supper, and to bed, my eyes being very bad again with overworking with them.

25th. At noon to the 'Change with Mr. Hater, and there he and I to a tavern to meet Captain Minors, which we did, and dined; and there happened to be Mr. Prichard, a rope-maker of his acquaintance, and whom I know also, and did once mistake for a fiddler, which sung well, and I asked for such a song that I had heard him sing.

[1] The rector.

26th. (Lord's day.) Up, and with my wife to Church, and at noon home to dinner. No strangers there; and all the afternoon and evening very late doing serious business of my Tangier accounts, and examining my East India accounts, with Mr. Poynter, whom I employed all this day, to transcribe it fair; and so to supper, W. Hewer with us, and the girl to comb my head till I slept, and then to bed.

27th. Mr. Povy do tell me how he is like to lose his £400 a-year pension of the Duke of York, which he took in consideration of his place that was taken from him. He tells me the Duchess is a devil against him, and do now come like Queen Elizabeth, and sits with the Duke of York's Council, and sees what they do; and she crosses out this man's wages and prices, as she sees fit, for saving money; but yet, he tells me, she reserves £5000 a-year for her own spending; and my Lady Peterborough by and by tells me that the Duchess do lay up, mightily, jewels. Thence to my Lady Peterborough's, she desiring to speak with me. She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her; and there, after a little talk, to please her, about her husband's pension, which I do not think he will ever get again, I away thence home.

28th. With W. Griffin, talking about getting a place to build a coach-house, or to hire one; for it is plainly for my benefit for saving money. To Whitehall; and, by and by, the Duke of York comes, and we had a little meeting, Anglesey, W. Pen, and I there, and none else; and, among other things, did discourse of the want of discipline in the fleet, which the Duke of York confessed, and yet said that he, while he was there, did keep it in a good measure, but that it was now lost when he was absent; but he will endeavour to have it again. That he did tell the Prince and Duke of Albemarle they would lose all order by making such and such commanders, which they would, because they were stout men; he told them it was a reproach to the nation, as if there were no sober men among us, that were stout, to be had. That they did put out some men for cowards that the Duke of York had put in, but little before, for stout men; and would now, were he to go to

sea again, entertain them in his own division, to choose; and did put in an idle fellow Greene, who was hardly thought fit for a boatswain by him; they did put him from being a lieutenant to a captain's place of a second-rate ship; as idle a drunken fellow, he said, as any was in the fleet. That he will now desire the King to let him be what he is, that is, Admiral; and he will put in none but those that he hath great reason to think well of; and particularly says that, though he likes Colonel Legg well, yet his son [1] that was, he knows not how, made a captain after he had been but one voyage at sea, he should go to sea another apprenticeship, before ever he gives him a command. We did tell him of the many defects and disorders among the captains, and I prayed we might do it in writing to him, which he liked; and I am glad of an opportunity of doing it. My wife this day hears from her father and mother; they are in France, at Paris; he, poor good man! thankful for my small charities to him. I could be willing to do something for them, were I sure not to bring them over again hither. Coming home, my wife and I went and saw Kate Joyce, who is still in mighty sorrow, and the more from something that Dr. Stillingfleet should simply say in his sermon, of her husband's manner of dying, as killing himself.

29th. To Sir W. Coventry. He tells me he hath no friends in the whole Court but my Lord Keeper and Sir John Duncomb. They have reduced the charges of Ireland about £70,000 a-year, and thereby cut off good profits from my Lord Lieutenant; which will make a new enemy, but he cares not. He tells me that Townsend, of the Wardrobe, is the veriest knave and bufflehead [2] that ever he saw in his life, and wonders how my Lord Sandwich came to trust such a fellow, and that now Reames and ——— are put in to be overseers there, and do great things, and have already saved a great deal of money in the King's liveries, and buy linen so cheap, that he will have them buy the next cloth he hath for shirts. But then this is with ready money, which answers all. This evening came Betty Turner and the two Mercers, and W. Batelier, and they had fiddlers, and danced, and kept a quarter,[1] which pleased me, though it disturbed me; but I would not be with them at all.

30th. Mr. Gibson, and I, and our clerks, and Mr. Clerke, the solicitor, to a little ordinary in Hercules Pillars Alley,[2] the Crown, a poor sorry place, where a fellow, in twelve years, hath gained an estate of, as he says, £600 a-year, which is very strange, and there dined, and had a good dinner, and very good discourse between them, old men belonging to the law; and here I first heard that my cousin Pepys, of Salisbury Court, was Marshal to my Lord Coke when he was Lord Chief Justice; which beginning of his I did not know to be so low; but so it was, it seems. When come home, I find Kate Joyce hath been there, with sad news that her house stands not in the King's liberty, but the Dean of Paul's; and so, if her estate be forfeited, it will not be in the King's power to do her any good. But I do believe this arises from somebody that hath a mind to fright her into a composition for her estate, which I advise her against; and, indeed, I do desire heartily to be able to do her service, she being, methinks, a piece of care I ought to take upon me, for our fathers' and friends' sake, she being left alone, and no friend so near as me, or so able to help her.

31st. Up, and by coach, with W. Griffin with me, and our Contract-books, to Durham Yard, to the Commissioners for Accounts; the first time I ever was there; and stayed awhile before I was admitted to them. I did observe a great many people attending about complaints of seamen concerning tickets, and, among others, Mr. Carcasse, and Mr. Martin, my purser. And I observe a fellow, one Collins, is there, who is employed by these Commissioners particularly to hold an office in Bishopsgate Street, or somewhat thereabouts, to receive complaints of all people about tickets; and I believe he will have work enough. Presently I was called in,

[1] George Legge, the Colonel's eldest son, in 1682 created Lord Dartmouth. [B.]
[2] Blockhead, fool.

[1] *I.e.*, made a noise or disturbance.
[2] In Fleet Street.

where I found the whole number of Commissioners, and was there received with great respect and kindness; and did give them great satisfaction, making it my endeavour to inform them what it was they were to expect from me, and what was the duty of other people; this being my only way to preserve myself, after all my pains and trouble. They did ask many questions, and demanded other books of me, which I did give them very ready and acceptable answers to; and, upon the whole, I do observe they do go about their business like men resolved to go through with it, and in a very good method, like men of understanding. They have Mr. Jessop their secretary; and it is pretty to see that they are fain to find out an old-fashioned man of Cromwell's to do their business for them, as well as the Parliament to pitch upon such, for the most part, in the list of people that were brought into the House, for Commissioners. I went away, giving and receiving great satisfaction; and so to Whitehall to the Commissioners of the Treasury; where, waiting some time, I there met with Colonel Birch; and he and I fell into discourse; and I did give him thanks for his kindness to me in the Parliament House, both before my face and behind my back. He told me that he knew me to be a man of the old way of taking pains, and did always endeavour to do me right, and prevent anything that was moved that might tend to my injury; which I was obliged to him for, and thanked him. Thence to talk of other things, and the want of money; and he told me of the general want of money in the country; that land sold for nothing, and the many pennyworths he knows of lands and houses upon them, with good titles in his country, at 16 years' purchase; 'and,' says he, 'though I am in debt, yet I have a mind to one thing, and that is a Bishop's lease'; but said, 'I will yet choose such a lease before any other, because I know they cannot stand, and then it will fall into the King's hands, and I in possession shall have an advantage by it.' Says he, 'I know they must fall, and they are now near it, taking all the ways they can to undo themselves, and showing us the way'; and thereupon told me a story of the present quarrel between the Bishop[1] and Dean[2] of Coventry and Lichfield; the former of whom did excommunicate the latter, and caused his excommunication to be read in the church while he was there; and, after it was read, the Dean made the service be gone through with, though himself, an excommunicate, was present, which is contrary to the canon, and said he would justify the choir therein against the Bishop; and so they are at law in the Arches[3] about it; which is a very pretty story. He tells me that the King is for toleration, though the Bishops be against it; and that he do not doubt but it will be carried in Parliament; but that he fears some will stand for the tolerating of the Papists with the rest; and that he knows not what to say, but rather thinks that the sober party will be without it, rather than have it upon those terms; and I do believe so. I to make a visit to Mr. Godolphin[4] at his lodgings, who is lately come from Spain from my Lord Sandwich, and did, the other day, meeting me in Whitehall, compliment me mightily, and so I did offer him this visit, but missed him. To my bookbinder's, and there till late at night binding up my second part of my Tangier accounts, and I all the while observing his working, and his manner of gilding his books with great pleasure, and so home. This day Griffin did, in discourse in the coach, put me in the head[5] of the little house by our garden, where old goodman Taylor puts his brooms and dirt, to make me a stable of, which I shall improve, so as, I think, to be able to get me a stable without much charge, which do please me mightily. It is observed, and is true, in the late fire of London, that the fire burned just as many parish churches as there were hours from the beginning to the end of the fire; and, next, that there were just as many Churches left standing as there were taverns left standing in the rest of the City that was not burned, being, I think, thirteen in all of each; which is pretty to observe.

1 John Hacket (1592-1670.)

2 Dr. Thomas Wood, consecrated Bishop of this see in 1671. [B.]

3 The Court of Arches.

4 William Godolphin (? 1634-1696), knighted Aug. 28, 1668. At the time of his death, he was Envoy to Spain, where he became a Roman Catholic. He died at Madrid.

5 *i.e.*, suggested the idea.

February 1668

February 1st. To the office till past two o'clock; where at the Board some high words passed between Sir W. Pen and I, begun by me, and yielded to by him, I being in the right in finding fault with him for his neglect of duty. Home, my head mighty full of business now on my hands, viz., of finishing my Tangier accounts; of auditing my last year's accounts; of preparing answers to the Commissioners of Accounts; of drawing up several important letters to the Duke of York and the Commissioners of the Treasury; the marrying of my sister; the building of a coach and stables against summer, and the setting many things in the Office right; and the drawing up a new form of contract with the Victualler of the Navy, and several other things, which pains, however, will go through with.

2nd. (Lord's day.) All the morning setting my books in order in my presses, for the following year, this number being much increased since the last, so as I am fain to lay by several books to make room for better, being resolved to keep no more than just my presses will contain. A very good dinner we had, of a powdered leg of pork and a loin of lamb roasted.

3rd. To the Duke of York's house, to the play, *The Tempest*, which we have often seen, and particularly this day I took pleasure to learn the tune of the seaman's dance.

4th. To Kate Joyce's, where the jury did sit where they did before, about her husband's death, and their verdict put off for fourteen days longer, at the suit of somebody, under pretence of the King; but it is only to get money out of her to compound the matter. But the truth is, something they will make out of Stillingfleet's sermon, which may trouble us, he declaring, like a fool, in his pulpit, that he did confess that his losses in the world did make him do what he did. This vexes me to see how foolish our Protestant divines are, while the Papists do make it the duty of confessor to be secret, or else nobody would confess their sins to them. All being put off for to-day, I took my leave of Kate, who is mightily troubled at it for her estate sake, not for her husband; for her sorrow for that, I perceive, is all over.

5th. To the Commissioners of Accounts, where I was called in, and did take an oath to declare the truth to what they should ask me, which is a great power, I doubt more than the Act do, or as some say can, give them, to force a man to swear against himself; and so they fell to inquire about the business of prize-goods, wherein I did answer them as well as I could, in everything the just truth, keeping myself to that. I do perceive at last, that that they do lay most like a fault to me was, that I did buy goods upon my Lord Sandwich's declaring that it was with the King's allowance, and my believing it, without seeing the King's allowance, which is a thing I will own, and doubt not to justify myself in. But what vexed me most was their having some watermen by, to witness my saying that they were rogues that had betrayed my goods, which was upon some discontent with one of the watermen that I employed at Greenwich, who I did think did discover the goods sent from Rochester to the Custom-house officer; but this can do me no great harm. They were inquisitive into the minutest particulars, and had had great information; but I think that they can do me no hurt—at the worst, more than to make me refund, if it must be known, what profit I did make of my agreement with Captain Cocke; and yet, though this be all, I do find so poor a spirit within me, that it makes me almost out of my wits, and puts me to so much pain, that I cannot think of anything, nor do anything but vex and fret and imagine myself undone. After they had done with me, they called in Captain Cocke, with whom they were shorter; and I do fear he may answer foolishly; but I hope to preserve myself, and let him shift for himself as well as he can. Mr. Cooke came for my Lady Sandwich's plate,[1] which I must part with, and so endanger the losing of my money, which I lent upon my thoughts of securing myself by that plate. But it is no great sum—but £60; and if it must be lost, better that than a greater sum. I away back again, to find a dinner anywhere else, and so I, first, to the Ship Tavern, thereby to get a sight of the pretty

[1] See p. 593.

mistress of the house, with whom I am not yet acquainted at all, and I do always find her scolding, and do believe she is an ill-natured devil, that I have no great desire to speak to her. Mr. Moore mightily commends my Lord Hinchingbroke's match and Lady, though he buys her £10,000 dear, by the jointure and settlement his father makes her; and says that the Duke of York and Duchess of York did come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night, and how my Lord had fifty pieces of gold taken out of his pocket that night, after he was in bed. He tells me that an Act of Comprehension is likely to pass this Parliament, for admitting of all persuasions in religion to the public observation of their particular worship, but in certain places, and the persons therein concerned to be listed of this or that Church; which, it is thought, will do them more hurt than good, and make them not own their persuasion. He tells me that there is a pardon passed to the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord of Shrewsbury and the rest, for the late duel and murder;[1] which he thinks a worse fault than any ill use my late Lord Chancellor ever put the Great Seal to, and will be so thought by the Parliament, for them to be pardoned without bringing them to any trial; and that my Lord Privy Seal therefore would not have it pass his hand, but made it go by immediate warrant; or at least they knew that he would not pass it, and so did direct it to go by immediate warrant, that it might not come to him. He tells me what a character my Lord Sandwich hath sent over of Mr. Godolphin, as the worthiest man, and such a friend to him as he may be trusted in anything relating to him in the world; as one from whom, he says, he hath infallible assurances that he will remain his friend; which is very high, but indeed they say the gentleman is a fine man.

6th. Sir H. Cholmely tells me how the Parliament, which is to meet again to-day, are likely to fall heavy on the business of the Duke of Buckingham's pardon; and I shall be glad of it; and that the King hath put out of the Court the two Hydes,[2] my Lord Chancellor's two sons, and also the Bishops of Rochester[1] and Winchester,[2] the latter of whom should have preached before him yesterday, being Ash-Wednesday, and had his sermon ready, but was put by; which is great news. My wife being gone before, I to the Duke of York's playhouse; where a new play of Etherege's, called *She Would if she Could*; and though I was there by two o'clock, there was 1000 people put back that could not have room in the pit; and I at last, because my wife was there, made shift to get into the 18d. box, and there saw; but, Lord! how full was the house, and how silly the play, there being nothing in the world good in it, and few people pleased in it.[3] The King was there; but I sat mightily behind, and could see but little, and hear not all. The play being done, I into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining, but could not find her; and so stayed going between the two doors and through the pit an hour and half, I think, after the play was done; the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk with one another. And, among the rest, here was the Duke of Buckingham to-day openly sat in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etherege, the poet; the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors, that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect,[4] and that Harris did do nothing, nor could so much as sing a ketch[5] in it; and so was mightily concerned; while all the rest did, through the whole pit, blame the play as a silly dull thing, though there was something very roguish and witty; but the design of the play, and end, mighty insipid. At last I did find my wife; and with her was Betty

[1] See p. 605.
[2] Lord Cornbury and Laurence Hyde.

[1] John Dolben, see p. 594.
[2] George Morley, see p. 594.
[3] Dennis corroborates this opinion; cf. Shadwell's opinion *infra* (note).
[4] Shadwell, when explaining the disadvantages under which he had laboured at the production of his play *The Humourists*, incidentally says 'The last (*viz.* imperfect Action) had like to have destroy'd *She would if she Could*, which I think (and I have the Authority of some of the best Judges in England for't) is the best Comedy that has been written since the Restauration of the Stage: And even that, for the imperfect Representation of it at first, received such Prejudice, that, had it not been for the Favour of the Court, in all probability it had never got up again; and it suffers for it, in a great measure, to this very Day' (Preface to *The Humourists*, *Works*, ed. 1720, I. p. 118).
[5] Catch.

Turner, Mercer, and Deb. So I got a coach, and a humour took us, and I carried them to Hercules Pillars, and there did give them a kind of a supper of about 7s., and very merry, and home round the town, not through the ruins; and it was pretty how the coachman by mistake drives us into the ruins from London Wall into Coleman Street; and would persuade me that I lived there. And the truth is I did think that he and the linkman had contrived some roguery; but it proved only a mistake of the coachman; but it was a cunning place to have done us a mischief in, as any I know, to drive us out of the road into the ruins, and there stop, while nobody could be called to help us. But we came safe home.

7th. Met my cousin, Roger Pepys, the Parliament meeting yesterday and adjourned to Monday next; and here he tells me that Mr. Jackson, my sister's servant,[1] is come to town, and hath this day suffered a recovery on his estate, in order to the making her a settlement. There is a great trial between my Lord Gerard and Carr to-day, who is indicted for his life at the King's Bench, for running from his colours; but all do say that my Lord Gerard, though he designs the ruining of this man, will not get anything by it. To the Commissioners of Accounts, and there presented my books, and was made to sit down, and used with much respect, otherwise than the other day, when I came to them as a criminal about the business of prizes. I sat here with them a great while, while my books were inventoried. I find these gentlemen to sit all day, and only eat a bit of bread at noon, and a glass of wine; and are resolved to go through their business with great severity and method. Met my cousin Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man, handsome enough for Pall, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. My cousin had got me to give the odd sixth £100 presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child; and let it go—I shall be eased of the care. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister, though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland. Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and I, and with us Sir Arnold Breames, to the King's playhouse, and there saw a piece of *Love in a Maze*,[1] a dull, silly play, I think; and after the play, home with W. Pen and his son Lowther, whom we met there.

8th. Cousin Roger and Jackson by appointment came to dine with me, and Creed, and very merry, only Jackson hath few words, and I like him never the worse for it. The great talk is of Carr's coming off in all his trials, to the disgrace of my Lord Gerard, to that degree, and the ripping up of so many notorious rogueries and cheats of my Lord's, that my Lord, it is thought, will be ruined; and, above all, do show the madness of the House of Commons, who rejected the petition of this poor man by a combination of a few in the House; and, much more, the base proceedings (just the epitome of all our public managements in this age) of the House of Lords, that ordered him to stand in the pillory for those very things, without hearing and examining what he hath now, by the seeking of my Lord Gerard himself, cleared himself of, in open Court, to the gaining himself the pity of all the world, and shame for ever to my Lord Gerard. To the Strand, to my bookseller's, and there bought an idle roguish French book, which I have bought in plain binding, avoiding the buying of it better bound, because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found. My wife well pleased with my sister's match, and designing how to be merry at their marriage.

9th. (Lord's day.) Peg Pen[2] was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and, among other things, if I have not already set it down, it hardly ever was remembered for such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox.

10th. Made a visit to Mr. Godolphin at his chamber; and I do find him a very pretty and able person, a man of very fine parts, and of infinite zeal to my Lord

[1] Suitor (*n.s.*).

[1] See p. 491.

[2] *I.e.*, Mrs. Lowther.

Sandwich; and one that says, he is, he believes, as wise and able a person as any prince in the world hath. He tells me that he meets with unmannerly usage by Sir Robert Southwell,[1] in Portugal, who would sign with him in his negotiations there, being a forward young man; but that my Lord mastered him in that point, it being ruled for my Lord here, at a hearing of a Committee of the Council. He says that if my Lord can compass a peace between Spain and Portugal, and hath the doing of it and the honour himself, it will be a thing of more honour than ever any man had, and of as much advantage. Thence to Westminster Hall, where the Hall mighty full; and, among other things, the House begins to sit to-day, and the King come. But, before the King's coming, the House of Commons met; and upon information given them of a Bill intended to be brought in, as common report said, for Comprehension, they did mightily and generally inveigh against it, and did vote that the King should be desired by the House (and the message delivered by the Privy Councillors of the House) that the laws against breakers of the Act of Uniformity should be put in execution; and it was moved in the House that, if any people had a mind to bring any new laws into the House, about religion, they might come, as a proposer of new laws did in Athens, with ropes about their necks. By and by the King to the Lords' House, and there tells them of his league with Holland, and the necessity of a fleet, and his debts; and, therefore, want of money; and his desire that they would think of some way to bring in all his Protestant subjects to a right understanding and peace one with another, meaning the Bill of Comprehension. The Commons coming to their House, it was moved that the vote passed this morning might be suspended, because of the King's speech, till the House was full and called over, two days hence; but it was denied, so furious they are against this Bill; and thereby a great blow either given to the King or Presbyters, or, which is the rather of the two, to the House itself, by denying a thing desired by the King, and so much desired by much the greater part of the nation. Whatever the consequence be, if the King be of any stomach and heat, all do believe that he will resent this vote. Read over and agreed upon Pall's deed of settlement to our minds; she to have £600 presently, and she to be jointured in £60 per annum; wherein I am very well satisfied.

[1] 1635-1702. English Envoy to Portugal.

11th. Comes a summons to attend the Committee of Miscarriages to-day, which makes me mad, that I should by my place become the hackney of this office, in perpetual trouble and vexation, that need it least. To Westminster Hall, and sent my wife and Deb. to see *Mustapha* acted. Here I brought a book to the Committee, and do find them, and particularly Sir Thomas Clarges, mighty hot in the business of tickets, which makes me mad to see them bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw the last act for nothing, where I never saw such good acting of any creature as Smith's part of Zanga;[1] and I do also, though Solyman was excellently acted by ———, yet want Betterton mightily. To Pemberton's[2] chamber; and did discourse all our business of the prizes; and upon the whole he do make it plainly appear that there is no avoiding to give these Commissioners satisfaction in everything they will ask; and that there is fear lest they may find reason to make us refund for all the extraordinary profit made by those bargains; and do make me resolve rather to declare plainly, and, once for all, the truth of the whole, and what my profit hath been, than be forced at last to do it, and in the meantime live in pain; and with this resolution on my part I departed, with some more satisfaction of mind, though with less of profit than I expected. It was pretty here to see the heaps of money upon this lawyer's table; and more to see how he had not since last night spent any time upon our business, but began with telling us that we were not at all concerned in that Act; which was a total mistake, by his not having read over the Act at all. This morning my wife in bed told me the story of our Tom and Jane; how the rogue did

[1] In *Mustapha*.

[2] Francis Pemberton (1625-1697), knighted 1675, barrister. He was Lord Chief Justice in 1681.

first demand her consent to love and marry him, and then, with pretence of displeasing me, did slight her; but both he and she have confessed the matter to her, and she hath charged him to go on with his love to her, and be true to her, which, for my love to her, because she is in love with him, I am pleased with; but otherwise I think she will have no good bargain of it. But if I do stand, I do intend to give her £50 in money, and do them all the good I can in my way.

12th. Roger Pepys and Sir Thomas Crew and Mr. George Montagu are mighty busy how to save my Lord's name from being in the Report for anything which the Committee is commanded to report to the House of the miscarriages of the late war. Thence with cousin Roger to his lodgings, and there sealed the writings with Jackson about my sister's marriage; and here my cousin Roger told me the pleasant passage of a fellow's bringing a bag of letters to-day into the lobby of the House, where he left them, and withdrew himself without observation. The bag being opened, the letters were found all of one size, and directed with one hand; a letter to most of the Members of the House. The House was acquainted with it, and voted they should be brought in, and one opened by the Speaker; wherein if he found anything unfit to communicate, to propose a Committee to be chosen for it. The Speaker opening one, found it only a case with a libel in it, printed; a satire most sober and bitter as ever I read; and every letter was the same. So the House fell a-scrambling for them like boys; and my cousin Roger had one directed to him, which he lent me to read. Mr. Houblon came late to me; and going to the gate with him, I found his lady and another fine lady sitting an hour together late at night in their coach, while he was with me, which is so like my wife, that I was mightily taken with it, though troubled for it.

13th. Mr. Brisband tells me in discourse that Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the Wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the King's Fool or Jester; and may revile or jeer anybody, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place. The House was called over to-day. This morning Sir G. Carteret came to the office to see and talk with me; and he assures me that to this day the King is the most kind man to my Lord Sandwich in the whole world; that he himself do not now mind any public business, but suffers things to go on at Court as they will, he seeing all likely to come to ruin: that this morning the Duke of York sent to him to come to make up one of a Committee of the Council for Navy Affairs; upon which, when he came, he told the Duke of York he was none of them; which shows how things are nowadays ordered, that there should be a Committee for the Navy, and the Lord Admiral not know the persons of it! And that Sir G. Carteret and my Lord Anglesey should be left out of it, and men wholly improper put into it. I do hear of all hands that there is a great difference at this day between my Lord Arlington and Sir W. Coventry, which I am sorry for.

14th. (Valentine's day.) Up, being called up by Mercer, who came to be my Valentine, and I did give her a guinea in gold for her Valentine's gift. There comes Roger Pepys betimes, and comes to my wife, for her to be his Valentine, whose Valentine I was also, by agreement to be so to her every year; and this year I find it is likely to cost £4 or £5 in a ring for her, which she desires. I to my office, to perfect my Narrative about prize-goods; and did carry it to the Commissioners of Accounts, who did receive it with great kindness, and express great value of, and respect to me; and my heart is at rest that it is lodged there, in so full truth and plainness, though it may hereafter prove some loss to me. But here I do see they are entered into many inquiries about prizes, by the great attendance of commanders and others before them, which is a work I am not sorry for. Thence I away, with my head busy, but my heart at pretty good ease, to the Old Exchange, and there met Mr. Houblon. I prayed him to discourse with some of the merchants that are of the Committee of Accounts, to see how they do resent my paper, and in general my particular in relation to the business of the Navy, which he hath promised to do carefully for me. Here it was a mighty pretty sight to see old Mr.

Houblon, whom I never saw before, and all his sons about him, all good merchants.[1] To visit Colonel Thomson, one of the Committee of Accounts, who, among the rest, is mighty kind to me, and is likely to mind our business more than any; and I would be glad to have a good understanding with him. Thence after dinner to Whitehall, to attend the Duke of York, where I did let him know, too, the troublesome life we lead, and particularly myself, by being obliged to such attendances every day as I am, on one Committee or another. And I do find the Duke of York himself troubled, and willing not to be troubled with occasions of having his name used among the Parliament, though he himself do declare that he did give directions to Lord Brouncker to discharge the men at Chatham by ticket, and will own it, if the House call for it, but not else. Thence I attended the King and Council, and some of the rest of us, in a business to be heard about the value of a ship of one Dorrington's; and it was pretty to observe how Sir W. Pen — making use of this argument against the validity of an oath, against the King, being made by the master's mate of the ship, who was but a fellow of about 23 years of age—the master of the ship, against whom we pleaded, did say that he did think himself at that age capable of being master's mate of any ship; and do know that he, Sir W. Pen, was so himself, and in no better degree at that age himself; which word did strike Sir W. Pen dumb, and made him open his mouth no more; and I saw the King and Duke of York wink at one another at it. This done, we into the gallery; and there I walked with several people, and among others my Lord Brouncker, who I do find under much trouble still about the business of the tickets, his very case being brought in, as is said, this day in the Report of the Miscarriages. And he seems to lay much of it on me, which I did clear and satisfy him in; and would be glad with all my heart to serve him in, and have done it more than he hath done for himself, he not deserving the least blame, but commendations, for this. I met with my cousin Roger Pepys and Creed; and from them understand that the Report was read to-day of the Miscarriages, wherein my Lord Sandwich is named about the business I mentioned this morning; but I will be at rest, for it can do him no hurt. Our business of tickets is soundly up, and many others; so they went over them again, and spent then all the morning on the first, which is the dividing of the fleet; wherein hot work was, and that among great men, Privy Councillors, and, they say, Sir W. Coventry; but I do not much fear it, but do hope that it will show a little, of the Duke of Albemarle and the Prince to have been advisers in it; but whereas they ordered that the King's Speech should be considered to-day, they took no notice of it at all, but are really come to despise the King in all possible ways of showing it. And it was the other day a strange saying, as I am told by my cousin Roger Pepys, in the House, when it was moved that the King's Speech should be considered, that though the first part of the Speech, meaning the league that is there talked of, be the only good public thing that hath been done since the King came into England, yet it might bear with being put off to consider, till Friday next, which was this day. Secretary Morrice did this day in the House, when they talked of intelligence, say that he was allowed but £700 a-year for intelligence,[1] whereas, in Cromwell's time, he[2] did allow £70,000 a-year for it; and was confirmed therein by Colonel Birch, who said that thereby Cromwell carried the secrets of all the princes of Europe at his girdle. The House is in a most broken condition, nobody adhering to anything, but reviling and finding fault; and now quite mad at the Undertakers, as they are commonly called, Littleton, Lord Vaughan, Sir R. Howard, and others that are brought over to the Court, and did undertake to get the King money; but they despise and would not hear them in the House; and the Court do as much, seeing that they cannot be useful to them, as was expected. In short, it is plain that the King will never be able to do anything with this Parliament; and that the only likely way to do better, for it cannot do worse, is to break this and call another Parliament; and some do think that it is intended. I

[1] See March 22, 1665.

[1] Secret service. [2] Cromwell.

was told to-night that my Lady Castlemaine is so great a gamester as to have won £15,000 in one night, and lost £25,000 in another night, at play, and hath played £1000 and £1500 at a cast.

15th. Till midnight almost, and till I had tired my own back, and my wife's, and Deb's, in titling of my books for the present year, and in setting them in order, which is now done to my very good satisfaction, though not altogether so completely as I think they were the last year.

16th. (Lord's day.) All the morning making a catalogue of my books. Mr. Holliard put in, and dined with my wife and me. His story of his love and fortune, which hath been very good and very bad in the world, well worth hearing. Much discourse about the bad state of the Church, and how the Clergy are come to be men of no worth in the world; and, as the world do now generally discourse, they must be reformed; and I believe the Hierarchy will in a little time be shaken, whether they will or no; the King being offended with them, and set upon it, as I hear.

17th. All the morning getting some things more ready against the afternoon for the Committee of Accounts, which did give me great trouble to see how I am forced to dance after them in one place, and to answer Committees of Parliament in another. Great high words in the House on Saturday last upon the first part of the Committee's Report about the dividing of the fleet; wherein some would have the counsels of the King to be declared, and the reasons of them, and who did give them; where Sir W. Coventry laid open to them the consequences of doing that, that the King would never have any honest and wise men ever to be of his Council. They did here in the House talk boldly of the King's bad counsellors, and how they all must be turned out, and many others, and better brought in; and the proceedings of the Long-Parliament in the beginning of the war were called to memory; and the King's bad intelligence was mentioned, wherein they were bitter against my Lord Arlington, saying, among other things, that whatever Morrice's was, who declared he had but £750 a-year allowed him for intelligence,[1] the King paid too dear for my Lord Arlington's in giving him £10,000 and a barony for it. Sir W. Coventry did here come to his defence in the business of the letter that was sent to call back Prince Rupert, after he was divided from the fleet,[2] wherein great delay was objected; but he did show that he sent it at one in the morning, when the Duke of York did give him the instructions after supper that night, and did clear himself well of it; only it was laid as a fault, which I know not how he removes, of not sending it by an express, but by the ordinary post; but I think I have heard he did send it to my Lord Arlington's, and that there it lay for some hours; it coming not to Sir Philip Honiwood's hand at Portsmouth[3] till four in the afternoon that day, being about fifteen or sixteen hours in going; and about this, I think, I have heard of a falling out between my Lord Arlington, heretofore, and W. Coventry. Some mutterings I did hear of dissolving the Parliament; but I think there is no ground for it yet, though Oliver would have dissolved them for half the trouble and contempt these have put upon the King and his councils. The dividing of the fleet, however, is, I hear, voted a miscarriage, and the not building a fortification at Sheerness; and I have reason every hour to expect that they will vote the like of our paying men off by ticket; and what the consequence of that will be, I know not.

18th. Walked down to the old Swan, where I find Michell building, his booth being taken down, and a foundation laid for a new house, so that that street is like to be a very fine place. So to Charing Cross stairs, and to Sir W. Coventry's, who tells me how he hath been persecuted, and how he is yet well come off in the business of the dividing of the fleet,[2] and the sending of the letter. He expects next to be troubled about the business of bad officers in the fleet, wherein he will bid them name whom they call bad, and he will justify himself, having never disposed of any but by the Admiral's liking. He

[1] See p. 616.
[2] See pp. 330, 394.
[3] Honiwood was Governor.

and I did look over the list of commanders, and found that we could presently recollect thirty-seven commanders that have been killed in actual service this war. He tells me that Sir Fr. Hollis is the main man who hath persecuted him hitherto in the business of dividing the fleet, saying vainly that the want of that letter to the Prince hath given him that, that he shall remember it by to his grave, meaning the loss of his arm; when, God knows! he is as idle and insignificant a fellow as ever came into the fleet. I well remember what in mirth he said to me this morning, when upon this discourse he said, if ever there was another Dutch war, they should not find a Secretary; 'Nor,' said I, 'a Clerk of the Acts, for I see the reward of it; and, thank God! I have enough of my own to buy me a good book and a good fiddle, and I have a good wife.' 'Why,' says he, 'I have enough to buy me a good book, and shall not need a fiddle, because I have never a one of your good wives.' To Westminster Hall, and there walked all the morning, and did speak with several Parliament-men, among others, Birch, who is very kind to me, and calls me, with great respect and kindness, a man of business, and he thinks honest, and so long will stand by me, and every such man, to the death. My business was to instruct them to keep the House from falling into any mistaken vote about the business of tickets, before they were better informed. With my Lord Brouncker, who was in great pain there, and, the truth is his business is without reason so ill resented by the generality of the House, that I was almost troubled to be seen to walk with him, and yet am able to justify him in all that he is in so much scandal for. Here I did get a copy of the report itself, about our paying off men by tickets, and am mightily glad to see it, now knowing the state of our case, and what we have to answer to; so that against Thursday I shall be able to draw up some defence to put into some Member's hands, to inform them. This morning the House is upon a Bill, brought in to-day by Sir Richard Temple, for obliging the King to call Parliaments every three years; or, if he fail, for others to be obliged to do it, and to keep him from a power of dissolving any Parliament in less than forty days after their first day of sitting, which is such a Bill as do speak very high proceedings, to the lessening of the King; and this they will carry, and whatever else they desire, before they will give any money; and the King must have money, whatever it cost him. Sir W. Pen and I to the Bear, in Drury Lane, an excellent ordinary, after the French manner, but of Englishmen; and there had a good fricasee, our dinner coming to 8s., which was mighty pretty, to my great content; and thence he and I to the King's house, and there, in one of the upper boxes, saw *Flora's Vagaries*,[1] which is a very silly play; and the more, I being out of humour, being at a play without my wife, and she ill at home, and having no desire also to be seen, and, therefore, could not look about me. I to see Kate Joyce, where I find her and her friends in great ease of mind, the Jury having this day given in their verdict that her husband died of a fever. Some opposition there was, the foreman pressing them to declare the cause of the fever, thinking thereby to obstruct it; but they did adhere to their verdict, and would give no reason; so all trouble is now over, and she safe in her estate. Up to my wife, not owning my being at a play, and there she shows me her ring of a Turkey-stone,[2] set with little sparks of diamonds, which I am to give her, as my Valentine, and I am not much troubled at it. It will cost me near £5, she costing me but little compared with other wives, and I have not many occasions to spend money on her.

19th. With my wife out with Deb., to buy some things against my sister's wedding. In the evening to Whitehall, where I find Sir W. Coventry a great while with the Duke of York, in the King's drawing-room, they two talking together all alone, which did mightily please me. I do hear how La Roche, a French captain, who was once prisoner here, being with his ship at Plymouth, hath played some freaks there, for which his men being beat out of the town, he hath put up a flag of defiance, and also, somewhere thereabout, did land with his men, and go a mile into the country, and did some pranks, which

[1] See p. 275. [2] Turquoise.

sounds pretty odd, to our disgrace, but we are in condition now to bear anything. But, blessed be God! all the Court is full of good news of my Lord Sandwich's having made a peace between Spain and Portugal, which is mighty great news, and, above all, to my Lord's honour, more than anything he ever did; and yet I do fear it will not prevail to secure him in Parliament against incivilities there.

20th. The House most of the morning upon the business of not prosecuting the first victory; which they have voted one of the greatest miscarriages of the whole war, though they cannot lay the fault anywhere yet, because Harman is not come home. Dined, and by one o'clock to the King's house: a new play, *The Duke of Lerma*,[1] of Sir Robert Howard's; where the King and Court was; and Knipp and Nell spoke the prologue most excellently, especially Knipp, who spoke beyond any creature I ever heard.[2] The play designed to reproach our King with his mistresses, that I was troubled for it, and expected it should be interrupted; but it ended all well, which salved all.

21st. Comes to me young Captain Beckford, the slopseller,[3] and there presents me a little purse with gold in it, it being, as he told me, for his present to me at the end of the last year. I told him I had not done him any service I knew of. He persisted, and I refused; and telling him that it was not an age to take presents in, he told me he had reason to present me with something, and desired me to accept of it, which, at his so urging me, I did. Towards Westminster, and met my Lord Brouncker, and W. Pen, and Sir T. Harvey, in King's Street, coming away from the Parliament House; and so I to them, and to the French ordinary, at the Blue Bells, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there dined and talked. And, among other things, they tell me how the House this day is still as backward for giving any money as ever, and do declare they will first have an account of the disposals of the last Poll-bill, and eleven months' tax; and it is pretty odd that the very first sum mentioned in the account brought in by Sir Robert Long of the disposal of the Poll-bill money is £5000 to my Lord Arlington for intelligence; which was mighty unseasonable, so soon after they had so much cried out against his want of intelligence. The King do also own but £250,000, or thereabouts, yet paid on the Poll-bill, and that he hath charged £350,000 upon it. This makes them mad; for that the former Poll-bill, that was so much less in its extent than the last, which took in all sexes and qualities, did come to £350,000. Upon the whole, I perceive they are like to do nothing in this matter to please the King, or relieve the State, be the case never so pressing; and, therefore, it is thought by a great many that the King cannot be worse if he should dissolve them; but there is nobody dares advise it, nor do he consider anything himself. Thence, having dined for 20s., we to the Duke of York at Whitehall, and there had our usual audience, and did little but talk of the proceedings of Parliament, wherein he is as much troubled as we; for he is not without fears that they do aim at doing him hurt; but yet he declares that he will never deny to own what orders he hath given to any man to justify him, notwithstanding their having sent to him to desire his being tender to take upon him the doing anything of that kind. Met with Colonel Birch and Sir John Lowther, and did there in the lobby read over what I have drawn up for our defence, wherein they own themselves mightily satisfied; and Birch, like a particular friend, do take it upon him to defend us, and do mightily do me right in all his discourse. Discoursed with several members, to prepare them in our business against to-morrow. My cousin Roger Pepys showed me Granger's written confession,[1] of his being forced by imprisonment, etc., by my Lord Gerard, most barbarously to confess his forging of a deed in behalf of Fitton, in the great

[1] See p. 603.

[2] See the Prologue, 'spoken by Mrs. Ellen and Mrs. Nepp,' printed in the edition of 1668.

[3] Thomas Beckford, brother of Peter (p. 63).

[1] Pepys here refers to the extraordinary proceedings which occurred between Charles, Lord Gerard, and Alexander Fitton, of which a narrative was published at the Hague in 1665. Granger was a witness in the cause, and was afterwards said to be conscience-stricken from his perjury. Some notice of this case will be found in North's *Examen*, p. 558; and in Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*, vol. iii. p. 291. [B.]

case between him[1] and my Lord Gerard; which business is under examination, and is the foulest against my Lord Gerard that ever anything in the world was, and will, all do believe, ruin him; and I shall be glad of it. Comes my wife to me, who hath been at Peg Pen's christening,[2] which, she says, hath made a flutter and noise; but was as mean as could be, and but little company, just like all the rest that family do.

22nd. By coach through Duck Lane, and there did buy Kircher's *Musurgia*,[3] cost me 35s., a book I am mighty glad of, expecting to find great satisfaction in it. To Westminster Hall and the lobby, and up and down there all the morning, and the Lords' House, and heard the Solicitor-General plead very finely, as he always do; and this was in defence of the East India Company, against a man[4] that complains of wrong from them. And so with my wife, and Mercer, and Deb., who came to the Hall to me, I away to the Bear, in Drury Lane, and there bespoke a dish of meat; and in the meantime sat and sang with Mercer; and by and by dined with mighty pleasure, and excellent meat, one little dish enough for us all, and good wine, and all for 8s. To the Duke's playhouse, and there saw *Albumazar*,[5] an old play, this the second[6] time of acting. It is said to have been the ground of B. Jonson's *Alchemist*[7]; but, saving the ridiculousness of Angell's[1] part, which is called Trinkilo, I do not see anything extraordinary in it, but was indeed weary of it before it was done. The King here, and, indeed, all of us, pretty merry at the mimic tricks of Trinkilo.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Up, and, being desired by a messenger from Sir G. Carteret, I by water over to Southwark, and so walked to the Falcon, on the Bankside; and there got another boat, and so to Westminster, where I would have gone into the Swan; but the door was locked; and the girl could not let me in, and so to Wilkinson's, in King Street, and there wiped my shoes, and so to Court, where sermon not yet done. I met with Brisband; and he tells me, first, that our business of tickets did come to debate yesterday, it seems, after I was gone away, and was voted a miscarriage in general. He tells me that there is great looking after places, upon a presumption of a great many vacancies; and he did show me a fellow at Court, a brother of my Lord Fanshaw's,[2] a witty but rascally fellow, without a penny in his purse, that was asking him what places there were in the Navy fit for him, and Brisband tells me, in mirth, he told him the Clerk of the Acts, and I wish he had it, so I were well and quietly rid of it; for I am weary of this kind of trouble, having, I think, enough whereon to support myself. I met with Sir W. Coventry, and he and I walked awhile together in the Matted Gallery; and there he told me all the proceedings of yesterday; that the matter is found, in general, a miscarriage, but no persons named; and so there is no great matter to our prejudice yet, till, if ever, they come to particular persons. He told me Birch was very industrious to do what he could, and did, like a friend; but they were resolved to find the thing, in general, a miscarriage;

[1] Fitton. [2] See p. 613.

[3] *Musurgia Universalis, sive Ars magna Consoni et Dissoni*, by Athanasius Kircher, S.J. (Rome, 1650). [4] Skinner: see p. 645.

[5] By Thomas Tomkis (printed 1615, two editions). It was reprinted in 1634 (two editions), and in 1668. (See W. W. Greg's *List of English Plays*, 1900.)

[6] This appears to be correct.

[7] The *Alchemist* preceded *Albumazar*, having been acted in 1610 and printed in 1612. Pepys is evidently transcribing the opinion of the Prologue, written by Dryden for this occasion—

> 'And Jonson, of those few the best, chose this
> As the best model of his masterpiece.
> Subtle was got by our Albumazar,
> The Alchemist by this Astrologer,' etc.

It is, of course, not impossible that the writing of *Albumasar* preceded the acting of the *Alchemist*. But the clues (even if known to Dryden) are wanting. In the folio of 1616 Jonson touched the problem of priority in the added motto—

> '*Petere inde coronam,*
> *Unde Prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

One thing is certain that Jonson owes nothing, in any literary sense, to Tomkis.

[1] A popular comedian. He played Woodcock in Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers* and Fribble in *Epsom Wells*.

[2] Sir Thomas Fanshawe, K.B., who was created Viscount Fanshawe, of Ireland, in 1661, died in 1665, leaving three sons—Thomas, the Lord Fanshawe here mentioned, and Charles and Simon, who became successively the fourth and fifth Viscounts. It is uncertain which of these two is here alluded to. Sir Richard Fanshawe, before noticed, was the youngest brother of the first Lord. [B.]

and says that when we shall think fit to desire its being heard, as to our own defence, it will be granted. He tells me how he hath, with advantage, cleared himself in what concerns himself therein, by his servant Robson, which I am glad of. He tells me that there is a letter sent by conspiracy to some of the House, which he hath seen, about the manner of selling of places, which he do believe he shall be called upon to-morrow for; and thinks himself well prepared to defend himself in it; and then neither he, nor his friends for him, are afraid of anything to his prejudice. Thence by coach, with Brisband, to Sir G. Carteret's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there dined; a good dinner and good company; and after dinner he and I alone, discoursing of my Lord Sandwich's matters; who hath, in the first business before the House, been very kindly used beyond expectation, the matter being laid by till his coming home; and old Mr. Vaughan did speak for my Lord, which I am mighty glad of. The business of the prizes is the worst that can be said, and therein I do fear something may lie hard upon him; but, against this, we must prepare the best we can for his defence. Thence with Sir G. Carteret to Whitehall, where, finding a meeting of the Committee of the Council for the Navy, his Royal Highness there, and Sir W. Pen, and some of the Brethren of the Trinity House to attend, I did go in with them; and it was to be informed of the practice heretofore for all foreign nations at enmity one with another, to forbear any acts of hostility to one another, in the presence of any of the King of England's ships, of which several instances were given; and it is referred to their further inquiry, in order to the giving instructions accordingly to our ships now, during the war between Spain and France. Would to God we were in the same condition as heretofore, to challenge and maintain this our dominion! Thence with W. Pen homeward, and quite through to Mile End, for a little air; the days being now pretty long, but the ways mighty dirty. Going back again, Sir R. Brookes overtook us coming to town; who played the jack with us all, and is a fellow that I must trust no more, he quoting me for all he hath said in this business of tickets; though I have told him nothing that either is not true, or I am afraid to own. But here talking, he did discourse in this style: 'We'—and 'We' all along[1]—'will not give any money, be the pretence never so great, nay, though the enemy was in the River of Thames again, till we know what is become of the last money given'; and I do believe he do speak the mind of his fellows, and so let him. This evening, my wife did with great pleasure show me her stock of jewels, increased by the ring she hath made lately as my Valentine's gift this year, a Turkey-stone set with diamonds;[2] and, with this and what she had, she reckons that she hath above £150 worth of jewels, of one kind or other; and I am glad of it, for it is fit the wretch[3] should have something to content herself with.

24th. At my bookseller's, and did buy *L'illustre Bassa*,[4] in four volumes for my wife. Meeting Dr. Gibbon's,[5] he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abbey, the Bishop of Rochester's;[6] where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady,[7] of whom the *Terræ Filius*[8] of Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and black. Here I saw the organ; but it is too big for my house, and the fashion do not please me enough; and therefore I will not have it. To the Nursery,[9] where none of

1 This recalls the retort of Sir Robert Howard to Pepys in the House of Commons (May 11, 1678), when the latter had spoken on the King's message for urgent supply: 'Pepys here speaks rather like an Admiral than a Secretary, "I" and "we." I wish he knows half as much of the Navy as he pretends.' See Introduction, p. xix.

2 See p. 618. 3 'Poor soul,' 'poor dear.'

4 *Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa*, by Mlle. de Scudéry (1641, etc.).

5 Christopher Gibbons (1615-1676), Organist to the King, and of Westminster Abbey.

6 John Dolben. See p. 612.

7 The Bishop of Rochester's wife was Catherine Sheldon, niece of Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury. The 'pretty little boy' was her son Gilbert, who afterwards became one of the Judges of the Common Pleas in Ireland, and was created a Baronet by Queen Anne. [B.]

8 A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. The custom was discontinued about the beginning of last century. [B.]

9 See pp. 274, 602.

us ever were before; the house is better and the music better than we looked for, and the acting not much worse, because I expected as bad as could be; and I was not much mistaken, for it was so. Their play was a bad one, called *Jeronimo is Mad Again*,[1] a tragedy. Here was some good company by us, who did make mighty sport at the folly of their acting, which I could not refrain from sometimes, though I was sorry for it. I was prettily served this day at the playhouse door, where, giving six shillings into the fellow's hand for three of us, the fellow by legerdemain did convey one away, and with so much grace faced me down that I did give him but five, that, though I knew the contrary, yet I was overpowered by his so grave and serious demanding the other shilling, that I could not deny him, but was forced by myself to give it him.

25th. Comes W. Howe to me, to advise what answer to give to the business of the prizes, wherein I did give him the best advice I could; but am sorry to see so many things, wherein I doubt it will not be prevented but Sir Roger Cuttance and Mr. Pierce will be found very much concerned in goods beyond the distribution, and I doubt my Lord Sandwich too. I took my wife and Deb. up, and to the Nursery,[2] and there saw them act a comedy, a pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherd*,[3] having the curiosity to see whether they did a comedy better than a tragedy; but they do it both alike, in the meanest manner, that I was sick of it; but I shall see them no more. My wife hath bought a dressing-box, and other things for her chamber and table, that cost me above £4. I do perceive, by Sir W. Warren's discourse, that the House do all they can possibly to get out of him and others what presents they have made to the Officers of the Navy; but he tells me that he hath denied all, though he knows that he is forsworn as to what relates to me.

26th. After dinner comes W. Howe to tell me how he sped, who says he was used civilly, and not so many questions asked as he expected; but yet I do perceive enough to show that they do intend to know the bottom of things, and where to lay the great weight of the disposal of these East India goods, and that, they intend plainly to do upon my Lord Sandwich. To Westminster Hall, where, it being now about six o'clock, I find the House just risen; and met with Sir W. Coventry and the Lieutenant of the Tower, they having sat all day; and with great difficulty have got a vote for giving the King £300,000, not to be raised by any land-tax. The sum is much smaller than I expected, and than the King needs; but is grounded upon Mr. Wren's reading our estimates the other day of £270,000, to keep the fleet abroad, wherein we demanded nothing for setting and fitting of them out, which will cost almost £200,000, I do verily believe; and do believe that the King hath no cause to thank Wren for this motion. I home to Sir W. Coventry's lodgings, with him and the Lieutenant of the Tower, where also was Sir John Coventry, and Sir John Duncomb, and Sir Job Charleton. And here a great deal of good discourse; and they seem mighty glad to have this vote pass, which I did wonder at, to see them so well satisfied with so small a sum, Sir John Duncomb swearing, as I perceive he will freely do, that it was as much as the nation could bear. Among other merry discourse about spending of money, and how much more chargeable a man's living is now than it was heretofore, Duncomb did swear that in France he did live on £100 a-year with more plenty, and wine and wenches, than he believes can be done now for £200, which was pretty odd for him, being a Committee-man's son, to say. Home in Sir John Robinson's coach, and there to bed.

27th. With my wife to the King's House, to see *The Virgin Martyr*,[1] the first time it hath been acted a great while; and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind-music when the angel comes down, which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really

[1] Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*. This form of the title appeared in the 1615 edition, *The Spanish Tragedie, or Hieronimo is mad againe.*

[2] See p. 621.

[3] A pastoral comedy, based on the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini, by 'D. D. Gent' (1633).

[1] See p. 70.

sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any music hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practise wind-music, and to make my wife do the like.

28th. After dinner with Sir W. Pen to Whitehall, where we and the rest of us presented a great letter of the state of our want of money to his Royal Highness. I did also present a demand of mine for consideration for my travelling-charges of coach and boat-hire during the war, which, though his Royal Highness and the company did all like of, yet, contrary to my expectation, I find him so jealous now of doing anything extraordinary, that he desired the gentlemen that they would consider it, and report their minds in it to him. This did unsettle my mind a great while, not expecting this stop; but, however, I shall do as well, I know, though it causes me a little stop. But that that troubles me most is that, while we were thus together with the Duke of York, comes in Mr. Wren from the House, where, he tells us, another storm hath been all this day almost against the Officers of the Navy upon this complaint—that though they have made good rules for payment of tickets, yet that they have not observed them themselves, which was driven so high as to have it urged that we should presently be put out of our places; and so they have at last ordered that we shall be heard at the Bar of the House upon this business on Thursday next. This did mightily trouble me and us all; but me particularly, who am least able to bear these troubles, though I have the least cause to be concerned in it. Thence, therefore, to visit Sir H. Cholmely, who hath for some time been ill of a cold; and thence walked towards Westminster, and met Colonel Birch, who took me back to walk with him, and did give me an account of this day's heat against the Navy Officers, and an account of his speech on our behalf, which was very good; and indeed we are much beholden to him, as I, after I parted with him, did find by my cousin Roger, whom I went to; and he and I to his lodgings. And there he did tell me the same over again; and how Birch did stand up in our defence; and that he do see that there are many desirous to have us out of the Office; and the House is so furious and passionate, that he thinks nobody can be secure, let him deserve never so well. But now, he tells me, we shall have a fair hearing of the House, and he hopes justice of them; but, upon the whole, he do agree with me that I should hold my hand as to making any purchase of land, which I had formerly discoursed with him about, till we see a little further how matters go. He tells me that what made them so mad to-day first was several letters in the House about the the Fanatics, in several places, coming in great bodies, and turning people out of the churches, and there preaching themselves, and pulling the surplice over the Parson's heads; this was confirmed from several places; which makes them stark mad, especially the hectors and bravados of the House, who show all the zeal on this occasion.

29th. Sir G. Carteret did come to discourse about the prize business of my Lord Sandwich's, which I perceive is likely to be of great ill consequence to my Lord, the House being mighty vehement in it. We could say little but advise that his friends should labour to get it put off till he comes. We did here talk many things over, in lamentation of the present posture of affairs, and the ill condition of all people that have had anything to do under the King. They tell me how Sir Thomas Allen hath taken the Englishmen out of La Roche's ship, and taken from him an Ostend prize which La Roche had fetched out of one of our harbours; and at this day La Roche keeps upon our coasts; and had the boldness to land some men and go a mile up into the country, and there took some goods belonging to this prize out of a house there;[1] which our King resents, and, they say, hath wrote to the King of France about; and everybody do think a war will follow; and then in what a case we shall be for want of money, nobody knows. Wrote to my father, and sent him Colvill's[2]

[1] See p. 618.
[2] The goldsmith's.

note for £600 for my sister's portion, being glad that I shall, I hope, have that business over before I am out of place, and I trust I shall be able to save a little of what I have got; for I am weary of this life.

March 1668

March 1st. (Lord's day.) Up very betimes, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry's; and there, largely carrying with me all my notes and papers, did run over our whole defence in the business of tickets, in order to the answering the House on Thursday next; and I do think, unless they be set without reason to ruin us, we shall make a good defence. I find him in great anxiety, though he will not discover it, in the business of the proceedings of Parliament; and would as little as is possible have his name mentioned in our discourse to them; and particularly the business of selling places is now upon his hand to defend himself in; wherein I did help him in his defence about the flag-maker's place, which is named in the House. We did here do the like about the complaint of want of victuals in the fleet in the year 1666, which will lie upon me to defend also. In lieu of a coach this year I have got my wife to be contented with her closet being made up this summer, and going into the country this summer for a month or two, to my father's, and there Mercer and Deb. and Jane shall go with her, which I the rather do for the entertaining my wife, and preventing of fallings out between her and my father or Deb. To Mrs. Martin's, and here I was mightily taken with a starling which she hath, that was the King's, which he kept in his bedchamber; and do whistle and talk the most and best that ever I heard anything in my life. Spent the evening talking with W. Hewer about business of the House, and declaring my expectation of all our being turned out.

2nd. Mr. Moore was with me, and do tell me, and so W. Hewer tells me, he hears this morning that all the town is full of the discourse that the Officers of the Navy shall be all turned out, but honest Sir John Minnes, who, God knows, is fitter to have been turned out himself than any of us, doing the King more hurt by his dotage and folly than all the rest can do by their knavery, if they had a mind to it. This day I have the news that my sister was married on Thursday last to Mr. Jackson; so that work is, I hope, well over.

3rd. Up betimes to work again, and then met at the office, where to our great business of this answer to the Parliament; where to my great vexation I find my Lord Brouncker prepared only to excuse himself, while I, that have least reason to trouble myself, am preparing with great pains to defend them all; and more, I perceive, he would lodge the beginning of discharging ships by ticket upon me; but I care not, for I believe I shall get more honour by it when the Parliament, against my will, shall see how the whole business of the office was done by me. I with my clerks to dinner, and thence presently down with Lord Brouncker, W. Pen, T. Harvy, T. Middleton, and Mr. Tippets, who first took his place this day at the table, as a Commissioner, in the room of Commissioner Pett. Down by water to Deptford, where the King, Queen, and Court are to see launched the new ship built by Mr. Shish, called the *Charles*.[1] God send her better luck than the former![2] Here some of our brethren, who went in a boat a little before my boat, did by appointment take opportunity of asking the King's leave that we might make full use of the want of money, in our excuse to the Parliament for the business of tickets, and other things they will lay to our charge, all which arise from nothing else; and this the King did readily agree to, and did give us leave to make our full use of it. The ship being well launched, I back again by boat.

4th. Vexed and sickish to bed, and there slept about three hours, and then waked, and never in so much trouble in all my life of mind, thinking of the task I have upon me, and upon what dissatisfactory grounds, and what the issue of it may be to me.

5th. With these thoughts I lay troubling myself till six o'clock, restless, and at

[1] Named, in the *Gazette*, *Charles the Second*, and to carry 106 guns. [B.]

[2] See pp. 505, 507, etc.

last getting my wife to talk to me to comfort me, which she at last did, and made me resolve to quit my hands of this office, and endure the trouble no longer than I can clear myself of it. So with great trouble, but yet with some ease, from the discourse with my wife, I up, and at my office, whither came my clerks, and I did huddle the best I could some more notes for my discourse to-day, and by nine o'clock was ready, and did go down to the Old Swan, and there by boat, with T. Hater and W. Hewer with me, to Westminster, where I found myself come time enough, and my brethren all ready. But I full of thoughts and trouble touching the issue of this day; and, to comfort myself, did go to the Dog and drink half-a-pint of mulled sack, and in the Hall[1] did drink a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's; and with the warmth of this did find myself in better order as to courage, truly. So we all up to the lobby; and between eleven and twelve o'clock were called in, with the mace before us, into the House, where a mighty full House; and we stood at the Bar, namely, Brouncker, Sir J. Minnes, Sir T. Harvey, and myself, W. Pen being in the House, as a Member. I perceive the whole House was full of expectation of our defence what it would be, and with great prejudice. After the Speaker had told us the dissatisfaction of the House, and read the Report of the Committee, I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all my reason free about me, as if it had been at my own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon; and so ended, without any interruption from the Speaker; but we withdrew. And there all my fellow-officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate me, and cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; and my fellow-officers were overjoyed in it: we were called in again by and by to answer only one question, touching our paying tickets to ticketmongers; and so out; and we were in hopes to have had a vote this day in our favour, and so the generality of the House was; but my speech, being so long, many had gone out to dinner and come in again half drunk; and then there are two or three that are professed enemies to us and everybody else; among others, Sir T. Littleton, Sir Thomas Lee, Mr. Wiles, the coxcomb whom I saw heretofore at the cock-fighting, and a few others; I say, these did rise up and speak against the coming to a vote now, the House not being full, by reason of several being at dinner, but most because that the House was to attend the King this afternoon about the business of religion, wherein they pray him to put in force all the laws against Nonconformists and Papists; and this prevented it, so that they put it off to to-morrow come se'nnight. However, it is plain we have got great ground; and everybody says I have got the most honour that any could have had opportunity of getting; and so, our hearts mightily overjoyed at this success, we all to dinner to my Lord Brouncker's—that is to say, myself, T. Harvey, and W. Pen, and there dined; and thence with Sir Anthony Morgan, who is an acquaintance of Brouncker's, a very wise man, we after dinner to the King's house, and there saw part of *The Discontented Colonel*.[1] To my wife, whom W. Hewer had told of my success, and she overjoyed; and, after talking awhile, I betimes to bed, having had no quiet rest a good while.

6th. Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first words he said to me was, 'Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament House'; and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother,[2] that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a-year if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery Bar; but, what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-General[3] did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone, touching his own businesses, he carried me to Whitehall, and there parted; and I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Park, it being a very fine morning, and I after him; and, as

[1] Westminster.

[1] *Brennoralt, or The Discontented Colonel*, by Suckling. See p. 92.

[2] Henry Coventry. [3] Sir Heneage Finch.

soon as he saw me, he told me, with great satisfaction, that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did, with great praise of me, go on with the discourse with me. And, by and by, overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he[1] said, 'Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday'; and fell to talk of my well speaking; and many of the Lords there. My Lord Barkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament-men there, about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that manner. Progers, of the Bedchamber, swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might teach the Solicitor-General. Everybody that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogies as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall, where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips; protesting that I was another Cicero, and said all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew anything of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour; Mr. Godolphin; Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty miles, at any time, to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life, as there did to hear me; Mr. Chichly; Sir John Duncomb; and everybody do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life; and so Captain Cocke and others of my friends say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known; and, that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that in his hearing, he said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to Sir W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before; for which the Lord God make me thankful! and that I may make use of it not to pride and vainglory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! I spent the morning thus walking in the Hall, being complimented by everybody with admiration; and at noon stepped into the Leg with Sir William Warren, who was in the Hall, and there talked about a little of his business, and thence into the Hall a little more, and so with him by coach as far as the Temple almost, and there 'light, to follow my Lord Brouncker's coach, which I spied, and so to Madam Williams's, where I overtook him, and agreed upon meeting this afternoon. To Whitehall, to wait on the Duke of York, where he again and all the company magnified me, and several in the Gallery; among others, my Lord Gerard, who never knew me before nor spoke to me, desires his being better acquainted with me; and [said] that, at table where he was, he never heard so much said of any man as of me, in his whole life. So waited on the Duke of York, and thence into the Gallery, where the House of Lords waited the King's coming out of the Park, which he did by and by; and there in the Vane Room my Lord Keeper delivered a message to the King, the Lords being about him, wherein the Barons of England, from many good arguments very well expressed in the part he read out of, do demand precedence in England of all noblemen of either of the King's other two kingdoms, be their title what it will; and did show that they were in England reputed but as Commoners, and sat in the House of Commons, and at conferences with the Lords did stand bare. It was mighty worth my hearing; but the King did only say that he would consider of it, and so dismissed them.[1] Thence, with the Lieutenant of the Tower in his coach home; and there, with great pleasure, with my wife, talking and playing at cards a little—she, and I, and W. Hewer, and Deb.

7th. Mercer, my wife, Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Spanish Gipsies*,[2] the second time of acting, and the first I saw it. A very silly

[1] The King.

[1] The order of precedence was settled by the Scottish and Irish Acts of Union. A revised order of precedence in Scotland was issued in March 1905.

[2] *The Spanish Gipsy*, by T. Middleton and W. Rowley (printed 1653).

play, only great variety of dances, and those most excellently done, especially one part by one Hanes,[1] only lately come thither from the Nursery, an understanding fellow, but yet, they say, hath spent £1000 a-year before he came thither. This day my wife and I full of thoughts about Mrs. Pierce's sending me word that she, and my old company, Harris and Knipp, would come and dine with us next Wednesday, how we should do—to receive or put them off, my head being, at this time, so full of business, and my wife in no mind to have them neither, and yet I desire it.

8th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, where met with very many people still that did congratulate my speech the other day in the House of Commons, and I find all the world almost rings of it. With Sir W. Coventry, who I find full of care in his own business, how to defend himself against those that have a mind to choke him; and though, I believe, not for honour and for the keeping his employment, but for safety and reputation's sake, is desirous to preserve himself free from blame. He desires me to get information against Captain Tatnell, thereby to diminish his testimony, who, it seems, hath a mind to do W. Coventry hurt; and I will do it with all my heart; for Tatnell is a very rogue. He would be glad, too, that I could find anything proper for his taking notice against Sir F. Hollis. To dinner with Sir G. Carteret to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where I find mighty deal of company—a solemn day for some of his and her friends, and dine in the great dining-room above stairs, where Sir G. Carteret himself, and I, and his son, at a little table, the great table being full of strangers. Here my Lady Jem. do promise to come, and bring my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady some day this week, to dinner to me, which I am glad of. After dinner I up with her husband, Sir Philip Carteret, to his closet, where, beyond expectation, I do find many pretty things, wherein he appears to be ingenious, such as in painting, and drawing, and making of watches, and such kind of things, above my expectation; though, when all is done, he is a shark,[1] who owns his owing me £10 for his lady two or three years ago, and yet cannot provide to pay me.[2]

9th. By coach to Whitehall, and there met Lord Brouncker; and he and I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I find them mighty kind to me, more, I think, than was wont. And here I also met Colvill, the goldsmith; who tells me, with great joy, how the world upon the 'Change talks of me; and how several Parliament-men, viz., Boscawen[3] and Major [Lionel] Walden, of Huntingdon, who, it seems, do deal with him, do say how bravely I did speak, and that the House was ready to have given me thanks for it; but that, I think, is a vanity.

10th. Met Sir R. Brookes, who do mightily cry up my speech the other day, saying my fellow-officers are obliged to me, as indeed they are. With Sir D. Gauden homewards, calling at Lincoln's Inn Fields; but my Lady Jeminah was not within; and so to Newgate, where he stopped to give directions to the jailer about a knight, one Sir Thomas Halford,[4] brought in yesterday for killing one Colonel Temple, falling out at a tavern. Home; and there comes Mr. Moore to me, who tells me that he fears my Lord Sandwich will meet with very great difficulties to go through about the prizes, it being found that he did give orders for more than the King's letter do justify; and then for the Act of Resumption, which he fears will go on, and is designed only to do him hurt, which troubles me much. He tells me he believes the Parliament will not be brought to do anything in matters of religion, but will adhere to the Bishops. To supper, where I find W. Joyce and Harman come to see us, and there was also Mrs. Mercer and her two daughters, and here we were as merry as that fellow Joyce could make us with his mad talking, after the old wont, which tired me. But I was mightily pleased with his singing; for the rogue hath a very good ear, and a good voice. Here he stayed till he was almost drunk, and then away at about ten at night, and then all broke up.

[1] Joseph Haines (died 1701), dancer, afterwards a low comedian of great repute. He was an Oxford man, and had begun life as Latin Secretary to Sir Joseph Williamson (1633-1701). *A Fatal Mistake* (1692) has been attributed to him.

[1] *Orig.* 'shirke.' [2] Cf. p. 597.
[3] Edward Boscawen, M.P. for Truro. [B.]
[4] Sir Thomas Halford, of Wistowe, Leicestershire (1638-1679), second Baronet. [B.]

11th. Meeting Mr. Colvill, I walked with him to his building, where he is building a fine house, where he formerly lived, in Lombard Street; and it will be a very fine street. So to Westminster; and there walked, till by and by comes Sir W. Coventry, and with him Mr. Chichly and Mr. Andrew Newport.[1] I to dinner with them to Mr. Chichly's, in Queen Street, in Covent Garden. A very fine house, and a man that lives in mighty great fashion, with all things in a most extraordinary manner noble and rich about him, and eats in the French fashion all; and mighty nobly served with his servants, and very civilly; that I was mightily pleased with it; and good discourse. He is a great defender of the Church of England, and against the Act of Comprehension, which is the work of this day, about which the House is like to sit till night. After dinner with them to Westminster. About four o'clock the House rises, and hath put off the debate to this day month. In the meantime the King hath put out his proclamations this day, as the House desired, for the putting in execution the Act against Nonconformists and Papists. Here I met with Roger Pepys, who is come to town, and hath been told of my performance before the House the other day, and is mighty proud of it. Captain Cocke met me here, and told me that the Speaker says he never heard such a defence made, in all his life, in the House; and that the Solicitor-General do commend me even to envy. I carried cousin Roger as far as the Strand, where, spying out of the coach Colonel Charles George Cocke, formerly a very great man, and my father's customer, whom I have carried clothes to, but now walks like a poor sorry sneak, he stopped, and I 'light to him. This man knew me, which I would have willingly avoided, so much pride I had, he being a man of mighty height and authority in his time, but now signifies nothing.

12th. To Gresham College, there to show myself; and was there greeted by Dr. Wilkins, Whistler, and others, as the patron of the Navy Office, and one that got great fame by my late speech to the Parliament. Then home to supper, and to talk with Mr. Pelling, who tells me what a fame I have in the City by my late performance; and upon the whole I bless God for it. I think I have, if I can keep it, done myself a great deal of repute. So by and by to bed.

13th. To fit myself for attending the Parliament again, not to make any more speech, which, while my fame is good, I will avoid, for fear of losing it; but only to answer to what objections will be made against us. Roger Pepys took me aside, and told me how he was taken up by one of the House yesterday, for moving for going on with the King's supply of money, without regard to the keeping pace therewith, with the looking into miscarriages, and was told by this man privately that it did arise because he had a kinsman concerned therein; and therefore he would prefer the safety of his kinsman to the good of the nation. But I did bid him be at no pain for me; for I knew of nothing but what I was very well prepared to answer; and so I think I am. At noon, all of us to Chatelin's,[1] the French house in Covent Garden, to dinner—Brouncker, J. Minnes, W. Pen, T. Harvey, and myself; and there had a dinner cost us 8s. 6d. a-piece, a base dinner, which did not please us at all. My head being full of to-morrow's dinner, I to my Lord Crew's there to invite Sir Thomas Crew; and there met with my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, the first time I spoke to her. I saluted her; and she mighty civil; and, with my Lady Jemimah, do all resolve to be very merry to-morrow at my house. My Lady Hinchingbroke I cannot say is a beauty, nor ugly; but is altogether a comely lady enough, and seems very good-humoured. Thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow in figures of all sorts, which is mighty pretty; and, it seems, it is his trade, and he gets much money by it; and do now and then furnish tables with plate and linen for a feast at so much, which is mighty pretty, and a trade I could not have thought of. To Mrs. Turner, and did get her to go along with me to the

[1] A Commissioner of Customs. He was a younger son of the first Lord Newport, of High Ercall, Salop. [B.]

[1] A famous house, frequently named in contemporary plays. Cf. Shadwell, *The Humourists*, V. (edit. 1720, I. 200).

French pewterer's, and there did buy some new pewter against to-morrow; and thence to Whitehall, to have got a cook of her acquaintance, the best in England, as she says. But after we had with much ado found him, he could not come, nor was Mr. Gentleman in town, whom next I would have had, nor would Mrs. Stone let her man Lewis come, whom this man recommended to me; so that I was at a mighty loss what in the world to do for a cook, Philips being out of town. Therefore, after staying here at Westminster a great while, we back to London, and there to Philips's, and his man directed us to Mr. Levett's, who could not come, and he sent to two more, and they could not; so that, at last, Levett as a great kindness did resolve he would leave his business and come himself, which set me in great ease in my mind.

14th. Up very betimes, and with Jane to Levett's, there to conclude upon our dinner; and thence to the pewterer's, to buy a pewter cistern,[1] which I have ever hitherto been without. Anon comes my company, viz., my Lord Hinchingbroke and his lady, Sir Philip Carteret and his lady, Godolphin and my cousin Roger, and Creed; and mighty merry; and by and by to dinner, which was very good and plentiful; and I should have said, and Mr. George Montagu, who came at a very little warning, which was exceeding kind of him. And there, among other things, my Lord had Sir Samuel Morland's late invention for casting up of sums of £ s. d.; which is very pretty, but not very useful. Most of our discourse was of my Lord Sandwich and his family, as being all of us of the family; and with extraordinary pleasure all the afternoon, thus together eating and looking over my closet; and my Lady Hinchingbroke I find a very sweet-natured and well-disposed lady, a lover of books and pictures, and of good understanding. About five o'clock they went; and then my wife and I abroad by coach into Moorfields, only for a little air. This day I had the welcome news of our prize being come safe from Holland, so as I shall have hopes, I hope, of getting my money of my Lady Batten, or a good part of it.

[1] For his dining-room. Cf. p. 552a.

15th. (Lord's day.) Walked with Sir W. Coventry into the Park, and there met the King and the Duke of York, and walked a good while with them; and here met Sir Jer. Smith, who tells me he is like to get the better of Holmes, and that when he is come to an end of that, he will do Hollis's business for him, in the House, for his blasphemies, which I shall be glad of. So to Whitehall, and there walked with this man and that man till chapel done, and the King dined; and then Sir Thomas Clifford, the Comptroller,[1] took me with him to dinner to his lodgings, where my Lord Arlington and a great deal of good and great company; where I very civilly used by them, and had a most excellent dinner; and good discourse of Spain, Mr. Godolphin being there; particularly of the removal of the bodies of all the dead Kings of Spain that could be got together, and brought to the Pantheon at the Escurial, when it was finished, and there placed before the altar, there to lie for ever; and there was a sermon made to them upon this text, 'Arida ossa, audite verbum Dei';[2] and a most excellent sermon, as they say.

16th. To Westminster by water, with Mr. Hater, and there in the Hall did walk all the morning, talking with one or other, expecting to have our business in the House; but did now a third time wait to no purpose, they being all this morning upon the business of Barker's petition about the making void the Act of Settlement in Ireland, which makes a great deal of hot work; and at last finding by all men's opinion they could not come to our matter to-day, I with Sir W. Pen home, and there to dinner, where I find, by Willet's crying, that her mistress had been angry with her; but I would take no notice of it.

17th. To the Excise-Office, where I met Mr. Ball, and did receive my paper I went for; and there fell in talk with him, who, being an old cavalier, do swear and curse at the present state of things, that we should be brought to this, that we must be

[1] Of the Household.

[2] The sermon here referred to was preached by a monk of the order of St. Jerome, in 1654; part of it was translated by the Rev. Edward Clarke, who calls it the most extraordinary funeral sermon he ever met with.—Clarke's *Letters on the Spanish Nation*, p. 141. [B.]

undone and cannot be saved; that the Parliament is sitting now, and will till midnight, to find how to raise this £300,000, and he doubts they will not do it so as to be seasonable for the King; but do cry out against all our great men at Court; how it is a fine thing for a Secretary of State to dance a jig, and that it was not so heretofore; and, above all, do curse my Lord of Bristol, saying the worse news that ever he heard in his life, or that the Devil could ever bring us, was this Lord's coming to prayers the other day in the House of Lords, by which he is coming about again from being a Papist, which will undo this nation; and he says he ever did say, at the King's first coming in, that this nation could not be safe while that man was alive. The House, I hear, have this day concluded upon raising £100,000 of the £300,000 by wine, and the rest by a poll-tax, and have resolved to excuse the Church, in expectation that they will do the more of themselves at this juncture; and I do hear that Sir W. Coventry did make a speech in behalf of the Clergy.

18th. Cousin Roger do still continue of the mind that there is no other way of saving this nation but by dissolving this Parliament and calling another; but there are so many about the King that will not be able to stand, if a new Parliament come, that they will not persuade the King to it. To Duck Lane, and there bought Montaigne's *Essays*, in English.[1] To Whitehall, where we and my Lord Brouncker attended the Council, to discourse about the fitness of entering of men presently for the manning of the fleet, before one ship is in condition to receive them. Sir W. Coventry did argue against it; I was wholly silent, because I saw the King, upon the earnestness of the Prince, was willing to it, crying very sillily, 'If ever you intend to man the fleet, without being cheated by the captains and pursers, you may go to bed, and resolve never to have it manned'; and so it was, like other things, overruled that all volunteers should be presently entered. Then there was another great business about our signing of certificates to the Exchequer, for [prize-] goods, upon the £1,250,000 Act, which the Commissioners of the Treasury did all oppose, and to the laying fault upon us. But I did then speak to the justifying what we had done, even to the angering of Duncomb and Clifford, which I was vexed at; but, for all that, I did set the Office and myself right, and went away with the victory, my Lord Keeper saying that he would not advise the Council to order us to sign more certificates. But, before I began to say anything in this matter, the King and the Duke of York talking at the Council-table, before all the Lords, of the Committee of Miscarriages, how this entering of men before the ships could be ready would be reckoned a miscarriage; 'Why,' says the King, 'it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them'; which made all the Lords, and there were by also the Attorney and Solicitor-General, look upon me. Thence Sir W. Coventry, W. Pen, and I by hackney-coach to take a little air in Hyde Park, the first time that I have been there this year; and we did meet many coaches going and coming, it being mighty pleasant weather; and so, coming back again, I 'light in the Pell Mell; and there went to see Sir H. Cholmely, who continues very ill of his cold. And there came in Sir H. Yelverton, and Sir H. Cholmely commended me to his acquaintance, which the other received, but without remembering to me, or I to him, of our being schoolfellows together; and I said nothing of it. But he took notice of my speech the other day at the Bar of the House; and indeed I perceive he is a wise man. Here he do say that the town is full of it, that now the Parliament hath resolved upon £300,000; the King instead of fifty, will set out but twenty-five ships, and the Dutch as many; and that Smith is to command them, who is allowed to have the better of Holmes in the late dispute, and is in good esteem in the Parliament, above the other. Thence home, and there, in favour to my eyes, stayed at home, reading the ridiculous History of my Lord Newcastle,[1] wrote by his wife, which shows her to be a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman, and he an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him, and of him. So to bed, my eyes

[1] Florio's translation (first printed in 1603).

[1] *The Life of ... William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle*, by Lady Newcastle, appeared in 1667.

being very bad; and I know not how in the world to abstain from reading.

19th. Walked all along Thames Street, which I have not done since it was burned, as far as Billingsgate; and there do see a brave street likely to be, many brave houses being built, and of them a great many by Mr. Jaggard; but the raising of the street will make it mighty fine. I was surprised with a letter without a name to it, very well writ, in a good style, giving me notice of my cousin Kate Joyce's being likely to ruin herself by marriage, and by ill reports already abroad of her, and I do fear that this keeping of an inn may spoil her, being a young and pretty comely woman, and thought to be left well. I did answer the letter[1] with thanks and good liking, and am resolved to take the advice he gives, and go to see her, and find out what I can; but if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it.

20th. To Kate Joyce's to speak with her; but company being with her, I only invited her to come and dine with me on Sunday next, and so away. All the evening pricking down some things, and trying some conclusions upon my viol, in order to the inventing a better theory of music than hath yet been abroad; and I think verily I shall do it. This day at Court I do hear that Sir W. Pen do command this summer's fleet; and Mr. Progers of the Bedchamber, as a secret, told me that the Prince Rupert is troubled at it, and several friends of his have been with him to know the reason of it; so that he do pity Sir W. Pen, whom he hath great kindness for, that he should not at any desire of his be put to this service, and thereby make the Prince his enemy, and contract more envy from other people.

21st. To the office, and wrote my letters, and then abroad to do several things, and pay what little scores I had, and among others to Mrs. Martin's, and there did give 20s. to Mrs. Cregg, her landlady, who was my Valentine in the house, as well as Doll Lane.

22nd. (Easter day.) Walked to the Temple, and there got a coach, and to Whitehall, where spoke with several people, and find by all that Pen is to go to sea this year with the fleet; and they excuse the Prince's going, by saying it is not a command great enough for him. Here I met with Brisband, and, after hearing the service at the King's chapel, where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds,[1] the old presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their music did appear most admirable to me, beyond anything of ours; I was never so well satisfied in my life with it. So home to dinner where Kate Joyce was, as I invited her; and after dinner she and I alone to talk about her business, as I designed; and I find her very discreet, and she assures me that she neither do nor will incline to the doing anything towards marriage, without my advice, and did tell me that she had many offers, and that Harman and his friends would fain have her; but he is poor, and so it will not be advisable; but that there is another, a tobacconist, one Hollingshed, whom she speaks well of, to be a plain, sober man, and in good condition, that offers her very well, and submits to me by examining and inquiring after it. If I see good, it will be best for her to marry, I think, as soon as she can—at least, to be rid of this house, for the trade will not agree with a young widow, that is a little handsome.

23rd. At noon came Mrs. Pierce, and Mrs. Manuel, the Jew's wife, and Mrs. Corbet, and Mrs. Pierce's boy and girl. But we are defeated of Knipp, by her being forced to act to-day, and also of Harris, which did trouble me, they being my chief guests. However, I had an extraordinary good dinner, and the better because dressed by my own servants, and were mighty merry; and here was Pelling by chance come and dined with me; and, after sitting long at dinner, I had a barge ready at Tower wharf, to take us in, and so we went all of us up as high as Barn Elms, a very fine day, and all the way sang; and Mrs. Manuel sings very finely, and is a mighty discreet sober-carriaged woman, that both my wife and I are mightily taken with her. At Barn Elms we walked round, and then to the barge again, and had much merry talk, and good singing; and came before it was dark to

[1] Yet Pepys says it was anonymous.

[1] Edward Reynolds (1599-1676).

the New Exchange stairs, and there landed, and walked up to Mrs. Pierce's, where we sat awhile, and then up to their dining-room. And so, having a violin and theorbo, did fall to dance, here being also Mrs. Floyd come hither, and by and by Mr. Harris. But there being so few of us that could dance, and my wife not being very well, we had not much pleasure in the dancing; there was Knipp also, by which with much pleasure we did sing a little, and so, about ten o'clock, I took coach with my wife and Deb, and so home.

24th. Comes to me Mr. Shish, to desire my appearing for him to succeed Mr. Christopher Pett, lately dead, in his place of Master-Shipwright of Deptford and Woolwich, which I do resolve to promote what I can. To Whitehall, and there to the Duke of York's chamber, where I understand it is already resolved by the King and Duke of York that Shish shall have the place. From the Duke's chamber Sir W. Coventry and I to walk in the Matted Gallery; and there, among other things, he tells me of the wicked design that now is at last contriving against him, to get a petition presented from people that the money they have paid to him for their places may be repaid them back; and that this is set on by Temple and Hollis of the Parliament, and, among other mean people in it, by Captain Tatnell; and he prays me that I will use some effectual way to sift Tatnell what he do, and who puts him on in this business, which I do undertake, and will do with all my skill for his service, being troubled that he is still under this difficulty. Thence back to Whitehall, where great talk of the tumult at the other end of the town, about Moorfields, among the 'prentices, taking the liberty of these holidays to pull down brothels.[1] And, Lord! to see the apprehensions which this did give to all people at Court, that presently order was given for all the soldiers, horse and foot, to be in arms! and forthwith alarms were beat by drum and trumpet through Westminster, and all to their colours, and to horse, as if the French were coming into the town! So Creed, whom I met here, and I to Lincoln's Inn Fields, thinking to have gone into the fields to have seen the 'prentices; but here we found these fields full of soldiers all in a body, and my Lord Craven commanding of them, and riding up and down to give orders, like a madman. And some young men we saw brought by soldiers to the Guard at Whitehall, and overheard others that stood by say that it was only for pulling down the brothels; and none of the bystanders finding fault with them, but rather of the soldiers for hindering them. And we heard a Justice of Peace this morning say to the King, that he had been endeavouring to suppress this tumult, but could not; and that, imprisoning some of them in the new prison at Clerkenwell,[1] the rest did come and break open the prison and release them; and that they do give out that they are for pulling down the brothels, which is one of the great grievances of the nation. To which the King made a very poor, cold, insipid answer: 'Why, why do they go to them, then?' and that was all, and had no mind to go on with the discourse. Met Sir F. Hollis, who do still tell me that, above all things in the world, he wishes he had my tongue in his mouth, meaning since my speech in Parliament. He took Lord Brouncker and me down to the guards, he and his company being upon the guards today; and there he did, in a handsome room to that purpose, make us drink, and did call for his bagpipes, which, with pipes of ebony, tipt with silver, he did play beyond anything of that kind that ever I heard in my life; and with great pains he must have obtained it, but with pains that the instrument do not deserve at all; for, at the best, it is mighty barbarous music. To my chamber, to prick out my song, 'It is Decreed,' intending to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday, when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knipp, which I cannot have opportunity to teach it to. This evening I came home from Whitehall with Sir W. Pen, who fell in talk about his going to sea this year, and the difficulties that arise to him by it, by giving offence to the Prince,

[1] The favourite day for this sport by the London prentices was Shrove Tuesday. References are numerous in the dramatists.

[1] The New Prison, at the north end of Clerkenwell Close; later the site of the more famous Prison or House of Detention.

and occasioning envy to him, and many other things that make it a bad matter (at this time of want of money and necessaries, and bad and uneven counsels at home) for him to go abroad; and did tell me how much with the King and Duke of York he had endeavoured to be excused, desiring the Prince might be satisfied in it who hath a mind to go; but he tells me they will not excuse him, and I believe it, and truly do judge it a piece of bad fortune to W. Pen.

25th. Up, and walked to Whitehall, there to wait on the Duke of York, which I did; and in his chamber there, first by hearing the Duke of York call me by my name, my Lord Burlington did come to me, and with great respect take notice of me and my relationship to my Lord Sandwich, and express great kindness to me; and so to talk of my Lord Sandwich's concernments. By and by the Duke of York is ready; and I did wait for an opportunity of speaking my mind to him about Sir J. Minnes, his being unable to do the King any service. The Duke of York and all with him this morning were full of the talk of the 'prentices, who are not yet put down, though the guards and militia of the town have been in arms all this night, and the night before; and the 'prentices have made fools of them, sometimes by running from them and flinging stones at them. Some blood hath been spilt, but a great many houses pulled down; and, among others, the Duke of York was mighty merry at that of Daman[1] Page's, the great bawd of the seamen; and the Duke of York complained merrily that he hath lost two tenants, by their houses being pulled down, who paid him for their wine licenses £15 a-year. But these idle fellows have had the confidence to say that they did ill in contenting themselves in pulling down the little brothels, and did not go and pull down the great one at Whitehall. And some of them have the last night had a word among them, and it was 'Reformation and Reducement.' This do make the courtiers ill at ease to see this spirit among people, though they think this matter will not come to much; but it speaks people's minds; and then they do say that there are men of understanding among them, that have been of Cromwell's army; but how true that is, I know not. With my wife to the King's playhouse to see *The Storm*,[1] which we did, but without much pleasure, it being but a mean play compared with *The Tempest*, at the Duke of York's house, though Knipp did act her part of grief very well. By coach to Islington, the old house, and then home, being in fear of meeting the 'prentices, who are many of them yet, they say, abroad in the fields.

26th. To the Duke of York's house, to see the new play, called *The Man is the Master*,[2] where the house was, it being not one o'clock, very full. But my wife and Deb. being there before, with Mrs. Pierce and Corbet and Betty Turner, whom my wife carried with her, they made me room; and there I sat, it costing me 8s. upon them in oranges, at 6d. apiece. By and by the King came; and we sat just under him, so that I durst not turn my back all the play. The play is a translation out of French,[3] and the plot Spanish, but not anything extraordinary at all in it, though translated by Sir W. Davenant, and so I found the King and his company did think meanly of it, though there was here and there something pretty; but the most of the mirth was sorry poor stuff, of eating of sack-posset and slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clowns; the prologue but poor, and the epilogue little in it but the extraordinariness of it, being sung by Harris and another[4] in the form of a ballad. Thence, by agreement, we all of us to the Blue Balls hard by, whither Mr. Pierce also goes with us, who met us at the play, and anon comes Manuel, and his wife, and Knipp, and Harris, who brings with him Mr. Banister, the great master of music; and after much difficulty in getting of music, we to dancing, and then to a supper of French dishes, which yet did not please me, and then to dance and sing; and mighty merry we were till about eleven or twelve at night, with mighty great content in all my company, and I did, as I love to do,

[1] Damaris (ed. 1896).

[1] See p. 559.

[2] *The Man 's the Master* (printed 1669), by Sir W. Davenant.

[3] It is based on Scarron's *Jodelet, ou le Maître Valet* (1645), and *L'Héritier ridicule, ou la Dame intéressée* (1649).

[4] Sandford. 'Harris acted Don John and Underhill Jodelet. Harris and Sandford sang the Epilogue as two ballad singers (Downes)'—Genest, i. 85.

enjoy myself. My wife extraordinary fine to-day, in her flower tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day; and everybody in love with it; and indeed she is very fine and handsome in it. I having paid the reckoning, which came to almost £4, we parted; my company and William Batelier, who was also with us, home in a coach, round by the Wall, where we met so many stops by the watches, that it cost us much time and some trouble, and more money, to every watch, to them to drink; this being increased by the trouble the 'prentices did lately give the City, so that the Militia and watches are very strict at this time; and we had like to have met with a stop for all night at the constable's watch, at Moorgate, by a pragmatical constable; but we came well home at about two in the morning. This noon, from Mrs. Williams's, my Lord Brouncker sent to Somerset House to hear how the Duchess of Richmond do; and word was brought him that she is pretty well, but mighty full of the smallpox, by which all do conclude she will be wholly spoiled, which is the greatest instance of the uncertainty of beauty that could be in this age; but then she hath had the benefit of it to be first married, and to have kept it so long, under the greatest temptations in the world from a King, and yet without the least imputation. This afternoon at the play Sir Fr. Hollis spoke to me as a secret and matter of confidence in me, and friendship to Sir W. Pen, who is now out of town, that it were well he were made acquainted that he finds in the House of Commons, which met this day, several motions made for the calling strictly again upon the Miscarriages, and particularly in the business of the Prizes, and the not prosecuting of the first victory, only to give an affront to Sir W. Pen, whose going to sea this year does give them matter of great dislike.

27th. To a Committee of Tangier, where I first understand that my Lord Sandwich is, in his coming back from Spain, to step over thither, to see in what condition the place is, which I am glad of, hoping that he will be able to do some good there, for the good of the place, which is so much out of order. To Hyde Park, where many coaches, but the dust so great that it was troublesome. This day at noon comes Mr. Pelling to me, and shows me the stone cut lately out of Sir Thomas Adams,[1] the old comely Alderman's body, which is very large indeed, bigger I think than my fist, and weighs above twenty-five ounces; and, which is very miraculous, he never in all his life had any fit of it, but lived to a great age without pain, and died at last of something else, without any sense of this in all his life. This day Creed at Whitehall in discourse told me what information he hath had, from very good hands, of the cowardice and ill-government of Sir Jer. Smith and Sir Thomas Allen, and the repute they have both of them abroad in the Straits, from their deportment when they did at several times command there; and that, above all Englishmen that ever were there, there never was any man that behaved himself like poor Charles Wager, whom the very Moors do mention with tears sometimes.

28th. Home to dinner with my clerks; and though my head full of business, yet I had a desire to end this holiday week with a play; and so, with my wife and Deb., to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Indian Emperor*, a very good play indeed. My people tell me that they do verily doubt that the want of men will be so great, as we must press; and if we press, there will be mutinies in the town; for the seamen are said already to have threatened the pulling down of the Treasury Office; and if they do once come to that, it will not be long before they come to ours.

29th. (Lord's day.) To Church; and there did first find a strange Reader, who could not find in the Service-book the place for churching women, but was fain to change books with the clerk; and then a stranger preached, a seeming able man; but said in his pulpit that God did a greater work in raising of an oak-tree from an acorn, than a man's body raising it, at the last day, from his dust, showing the possibility of the Resurrection; which was, methought, a strange saying. Comes and dines with me W. Howe, and by invitation Mr. Harris and Mr. Banister, most extra-

[1] Draper (1586-1668). He was Lord Mayor in 1645. He founded the Arabic Lectureship at Cambridge.

ordinary company both, the latter for music of all sorts, and the former for everything; here we sang, and Banister played on the theorbo, and afterwards on his flageolet. Harris do so commend my wife's picture of Mr. Hales's, that I shall have him draw Harris's head; and he hath also persuaded me to have Cooper draw my wife's, which though it cost £30, yet I will have done. I do hear by several that Sir W. Pen's going to sea do dislike the Parliament mightily, and that they have revived the Committee of Miscarriages to find something to prevent it; and that he being the other day with the Duke of Albemarle to ask his opinion touching his going to sea, the Duchess overheard and came in to him, and asked W. Pen how he durst have the confidence to offer to go to sea again, to the endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward as he was, which, if true, is very severe.

30th. By coach to Common-Garden Coffee-house, where by appointment I was to meet Harris; which I did, and also Mr. Cooper, the great painter, and Mr. Hales; and thence presently to Mr. Cooper's house,[1] to see some of his work, which is all in little, but so excellent as, though I must confess I do think the colouring of the flesh to be a little forced, yet the painting is so extraordinary, as I do never expect to see the like again. Here I did see Mrs. Stewart's[2] picture as when a young maid, and now just done before her having the smallpox; and it would make a man weep to see what she was then, and what she is like to be, by people's discourse, now. Here I saw my Lord General's picture, and my Lord Arlington and Ashly's, and several others; but among the rest one Swinfen, that was Secretary to my Lord Manchester, the Lord Chamberlain, with Cooling, done so admirably as I never saw anything; but the misery was, this fellow died in debt, and never paid Cooper for his picture; but, it being seized on by his creditors, among his other goods, after his death, Cooper himself says that he did buy it and give £25 out of his purse for it, for what he was to have had but £30. Being infinitely satisfied with this sight, and resolving that my wife shall be drawn by him when she comes out of the country, I away with Harris and Hales to the Coffee-house, sending my people away, and there resolve for Hales to begin Harris's head for me, which I will be at the cost of. To Whitehall and Westminster, where I find the Parliament still bogling about the raising of this money; and everybody's mouth full now; and Mr. Wren himself tells me that the Duke of York declares to go to sea himself this year; and I perceive it is only on this occasion of distaste of the Parliament against W. Pen's going, and to prevent the Prince's; but I think it is mighty hot counsel for the Duke of York at this time to go out of the way; but, Lord! what a pass are all our matters come to! At noon by appointment to Cursitor's Alley, in Chancery Lane, to meet Captain Cocke and some other creditors of the Navy, and their counsel, Pemberton, North,[1] Offly, and Charles Porter; and there dined, and talked of the business of the assignments on the Exchequer of the £1,250,000 on behalf of our creditors; and there I do perceive that the counsel had heard of my performance in the Parliament-house lately, and did value me and what I said accordingly. At dinner we had a great deal of good discourse about Parliament; their number being uncertain, and always at the will of the King to increase, as he saw reason to erect a new borough. But all concluded that the bane of the Parliament hath been the leaving off the old custom of the places allowing wages to those that served them in Parliament, by which they chose men that understood their business and would attend it, and they could expect an account from, which now they cannot; and so the Parliament is become a company of men unable to give account for the interest of the place they serve for. Thence, the meeting of the counsel with the King's Counsel this afternoon being put off by reason of the death of Serjeant Maynard's lady, I to Whitehall, where the Parliament was to wait on the King; and they did; and he did think fit to tell them that they might expect to be adjourned at Whitsuntide, and that they might make

[1] In Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.
[2] Duchess of Richmond.

[1] Sir Francis Pemberton and Sir Dudley North.

haste to raise their money; but this, I fear, will displease them, who did expect to sit as long as they pleased.

31st. My uncle Thomas dined with me, as he do every quarter, and I paid him his pension; and also comes Mr. Hollier a little fuddled, and so did talk nothing but Latin, and laugh, that it was very good sport to see a sober man in such a humour, though he was not drunk to scandal. Took up my wife and Deb., and to the Park, where, being in a hackney, and they undressed, was ashamed to go into the tour,[1] but went round the Park, and so with pleasure home.

April 1668

April 1st. All alone to the King's house, and there sat in an upper box, to hide myself, and saw *The Black Prince*,[2] a very good play; but only the fancy, most of it, the same as in the rest of my Lord Orrery's plays; but the dance very stately; but I did fall asleep the former part of the play. Thence called at my bookseller's, and took Mr. Boyle's *Book of Forms*,[3] newly reprinted, and sent my brother my old one. Anon comes Mr. Turner to talk about the office and his place, which, by Sir J. Minnes's age and inability, is very uncomfortable to him, as well as without profit, or certainty what he shall do, when Sir J. Minnes dies, which is a sad condition for a man that hath lived so long in the office as Mr. Turner has done. But he aims to look for Mr. Ackworth's place,[4] in case he should be removed. His wife afterwards did take me into my closet, and give me a cellar[5] of waters of her own distilling for my father, to be carried down with my wife and her daughter to-morrow, which was very handsome.

2nd. Up, and by and by comes Betty Turner and her mother, and W. Batelier, and they and Deb., to whom I did give 10s. this morning, to oblige her, and also Jane, and so in two coaches set out about eight o'clock towards the carrier, there for to take coach for my father's; but I meeting my Lord Anglesey going to the office, was forced to 'light in Cheapside. To Mr. Porter's chamber, where Cocke and his counsel, and so to the Attorney's, whither the Solicitor-General came, and there their cause about their assignments on the £1,250,000 Act was argued, where all that was to be said for them was said, and so answered by the Solicitor-General beyond what I expected, that I said not one word all my time, rather choosing to hold my tongue, and so mind my reputation with the Solicitor-General, who did mightily approve of my speech in Parliament, than say anything against him to no purpose. With Lord Brouncker to the Royal Society, where they had just done; but there I was forced to subscribe, to the building of a College, and did give £40; and several others did subscribe, some greater and some less sums; but several I saw hang off; and I doubt it will spoil the Society, for it breeds faction and ill-will, and becomes burdensome to some that cannot, or would not, do it. Here, to my great content, I did try the use of the Otacousticon,[1] which was only a great glass bottle broke at the bottom, putting the neck to my ear, and there I did plainly hear the dancing of the oars of the boats in the Thames to Arundel gallery window, which, without it, I could not in the least do, and may, I believe, be improved to a great height, which I am mighty glad of.

3rd. As soon as we had done with the Duke of York, we did attend the Council; and were there called in, and did hear Mr. Solicitor [-General] make his Report to the Council in the business of a complaint against us, for having prepared certificates on the Exchequer for the further sum of £50,000; which he did in a most excellent manner of words, but most cruelly severe against us, and so we were some of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, as men guilty of a practice with the tradesmen, to the King's prejudice. I was unwilling to enter into a contest with them; but took advantage of two or three words last spoke, and brought it to a short issue in good words, that if we had the King's

[1] The Ring. [2] See p. 570.
[3] *The Origin of Forms and Qualities, according to the Corpuscular Philosophy*, by the Hon. Robert Boyle (1666).
[4] At Deptford.
[5] A case of (or for) bottles. Cf. 'cellaret' and 'salt-cellar.'

[1] A name, during the seventeenth century, for several varieties of ear-trumpet.

order to hold our hands, we would, which did end the matter; and they all resolved we should have it, and so it ended; and we away; I vexed that I did not speak more in a cause so fit to be spoke in, and wherein we had so much advantage; but perhaps I might have provoked the Solicitor and the Commissioners of the Treasury, and therefore, since, I am not sorry that I forbore. This day I hear that Prince Rupert and Holmes do go to sea; and by this there is a seeming friendship and peace among our great seamen; but the devil a bit is there any love among them, or can be.

4th. To Whitehall. Took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Hayward, that makes virginals, and there did like of a little espinette,[1] and will have him finish it for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon,[2] but this takes up less room. I did dine with Sir W. Pen, where my Lady Batten did come with desire of meeting me there, and speaking with me about the business of the £500 we demand of her for the Chest. She do protest, before God, she never did see the account, but that it was, as her husband, in his lifetime, did often declare to her, his expecting £500, and that we could not deny it for his pains in that business, and that he left her worth nothing of his own in the world, and that therefore she could pay nothing of it, come what will come, but that he hath left her a beggar, which I am truly sorry for, though it is a just judgement upon people that do live so much beyond themselves in house-keeping and vanity, as they did. I did give her little answer, but generally words that might not trouble her. I did attend the Duke of York, and he did carry us to the King's lodgings; but he was asleep in his closet; so we stayed in the Green Room, where the Duke of York did tell us what rules he had of knowing the weather, and did now tell us we should have rain before to-morrow, it having been a dry season for some time, and so it did rain all night almost; and pretty rules he hath, and told Brouncker and me some of them, which were such as no reason can readily be given for them. By and by the King comes out; and then to talk of other things; about the Quakers not swearing, and how they do swear in the business of a late election of a Knight of the Shire of Hertfordshire in behalf of one they have a mind to have; and how my Lord of Pembroke says he hath heard the Quaker at the tennis-court swear to himself when he loses; and told us what pretty notions my Lord Pembroke hath of the first chapter of Genesis, and a great deal of such fooleries, which the King made mighty mockery at.

5th. (Lord's day.) To church, where I have not been a good while. Thence home, and dined at home, W. Hewer with me; and after dinner, he and I had a great deal of good talk touching this office, how it is spoiled by having so many persons in it, and so much work that is not made the work of any one man, but of all, and so is never done; and the best way to have it well done, were to have the whole trust in one, as myself, to set whom I pleased to work in the several businesses of the office, and me to be accountable for the whole, and that would do it, as I would find instruments; but this is not to be compassed; but something I am resolved to do about Sir J. Minnes before it be long. Then to my chamber again, to my music, and so to church; and then home, and thither comes Captain Silas Taylor to me, the Storekeeper of Harwich, where much talk, and most of it against Captain Deane, whom I do believe to be a high proud fellow; but he is an active man, and able in his way, and so I love him. He gone, I to my music again, and to read a little, and to sing with Mr. Pelling, who came to see me, and so spent the evening, and then to supper and to bed. I hear that eight of the ringleaders in the late tumults of the 'prentices at Easter are condemned to die.[1]

[1] Spinet. [2] Harpsichord.

[1] Four were executed on 9th May, namely, Thomas Limmerick, Edward Cotton, Peter Massenger, and Richard Beasley. They were drawn, hanged, and quartered at Tyburn, and two of their heads fixed upon London Bridge. (*The London Gazette*, No. 259.) See 'The Tryals of the London Apprentices, who were tumultuously assembled in Moorfields,' quarto, Lond., 1668. 'It is to be observed,' says *The London Gazette*, 'to the just vindication of the City, that none of the persons apprehended upon the said tumult were found to be apprentices, as was given out, but some idle persons, many of them nursed in

6th. The King and Duke of York themselves, in my absence, did call for some of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and give them directions about the business of the certificates, which I, despairing to do anything on a Sunday, and not thinking that they would think of it themselves, did rest satisfied with, and stayed at home all yesterday, leaving it to do something in this day; but I find that the King and Duke of York had been so pressing in it that my Lord Ashly was more forward with the doing of it this day than I could have been. And so I to Whitehall with Alderman Backewell in his coach, with Mr. Blany, my Lord's Secretary; and there did draw up a rough draught of what order I would have, and did carry it in, and had it read twice and approved of, before my Lord Ashly and three more of the Commissioners of the Treasury, and then went up to the Council-chamber, where the Duke of York, and Prince Rupert, and the rest of the Committee of the Navy were sitting; and I did get some of them to read it there; and they would have had it passed presently, but Sir John Nicholas desired they would first have it approved by a full Council; and, therefore, a Council Extraordinary was readily summoned against the afternoon, and the Duke of York ran presently to the King, as if now they were really set to mind their business, which God grant! At noon with Sir Herbert Price to Mr. George Montagu's to dinner, being invited by him in the hall, and there mightily made of, even to great trouble to me to be so commended before my face, with that flattery and importunity, that I was quite troubled with it. Yet he is a fine gentleman, truly, and his lady a fine woman[1]; and, among many sons that I saw there, there was a little daughter that is mighty pretty, of which he is infinite fond; and, after dinner, did make her play on the guitar and sing, which she did mighty prettily, and seems to have a mighty musical soul, keeping time with most excellent spirit. Here I met with Mr. Brownlow, my old schoolfellow, who came thither, I suppose, as a suitor to one of the young ladies that were there, and a sober man he seems to be. Mr. Montagu did tell me how Mr. Vaughan, in that very room, did say that I was a great man and had great understanding and I know not what, which, I confess, I was a little proud of, if I may believe him. Here I do hear, as a great secret, that the King, and Duke of York and Duchess, and my Lady Castlemaine, are now all agreed in a strict league, and all things like to go very current, and that it is not impossible to have my Lord Clarendon, in time, here again. But I do hear that my Lady Castlemaine is horribly vexed at the late libel,[1] the petition of the poor prostitutes about the town, whose houses were pulled down the other day. I have got one of them, but it is not very witty, but devilish severe against her and the King; and I wonder how it durst be printed and spread abroad, which shows that the times are loose, and come to a great disregard of the King, or Court, or Government. I to the new Cockpit by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it, and the mixed rabble of people that come thither; and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures, without any provocation, do fight and kill one another, and aim only at one another's heads. To the Park, and then to the House, and there at the door ate and drank; whither came my Lady Kerneagy,[2] of whom Creed tells me more particulars; how her Lord, finding her and the Duke of York at the King's first coming in too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him; and did take the most pernicious and full piece of revenge that ever I heard of; and he at this day owns it with great glory, and looks upon the Duke of York and the world with great content in the ampleness of his revenge.[3] This day in the afternoon,

the late Rebellion, too readily embracing any opportunity of making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace, and injury of others.' [B.]

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Irby. [B.]

[1] This was followed by *The Gracious Answer of the most Illustrious Lady of Pleasure the Countess of Castlem.... to the Poor Whores' Petition.* It is signed, 'Given at our Closset, in King Street, Westminster, die Veneris, April 24, 1668. Castlem....' Cf. Evelyn, April 2, 1668.

[2] Carnegy. See p. 306.

[3] See the account in the *Mémoires de Grammont* (chap. ix).

stepping with the Duke of York into St. James's Park, it rained; and I was forced to lend the Duke of York my cloak, which he wore through the Park.

7th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The English Monsieur*[1]; sitting for privacy sake in an upper box; the play hath much mirth in it as to that particular humour. After the play done, I down to Knipp, and did stay her undressing herself; and there saw the several players, men and women go by; and pretty to see how strange they are all, one to another, after the play is done. Here I saw a wonderful pretty maid of her own, that came to undress her, and one so pretty that she says she intends not to keep her, for fear of her being undone in her service, by coming to the playhouse. Here I hear Sir W. Davenant is just now dead;[2] and so who will succeed him in the mastership of the house is not yet known. The eldest Davenant[3] is, it seems, gone from this house to be kept by somebody; which I am glad of, she being a very bad actor. Mrs. Knipp tells me that my Lady Castlemaine is mightily in love with Hall[4] of their house; and he is much with her in private, and she goes to him, and do give him many presents; and that the thing is most certain, and Beck Marshall only privy to it, and the means of bringing them together, which is a very odd thing; and by this means she is even with the King's love to Mrs. Davis. This done, I carried her and set her down at Mrs. Manuel's, but stayed not there myself, nor went in; but straight home, and there to my letters, and so to bed.

8th. With Lord Brouncker to the Duke of York's playhouse, where we saw *The Unfortunate Lovers*,[5] no extraordinary play, methinks, and thence to Drumbleby's, and there did talk a great deal about pipes; and did buy a recorder,[6] which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me. She did tell me of young Captain Holmes's[1] marrying of Peg Lowther[2] last Saturday by stealth, which I was sorry for, he being an idle rascal, and proud, and worth little, I doubt; and she a mighty pretty well-disposed lady, and good fortune. Her mother and friends take on mightily; but the sport is Sir Robert Holmes do seem to be mad with his brother, and will disinherit him, saying that he hath ruined himself, marrying below himself, and to his disadvantage; whereas, I said, in this company, that I had married a sister lately,[3] with little above half that portion. Christopher Pett's widow and daughter came to me, to desire my help to the King and Duke of York, and I did promise, and do pity her.

9th. I up and down to the Duke of York's playhouse, there to see, which I did, Sir W. Davenant's corpse carried out towards Westminster, there to be buried. Here were many coaches and six horses, and many hackneys, that made it look, methought, as if it were the burial of a poor poet. He seemed to have many children, by five or six in the first mourning-coach, all boys. To my office, where is come a packet from the Downs from my brother Balty, who with Harman are arrived there, of which this day comes the first news. And now the Parliament will be satisfied, I suppose, about the business they have so long desired between Brouncker[4] and Harman,[5] about not prosecuting the first victory.

10th.[6] (Friday.) All the morning at office. At noon with W. Pen to Duke of York, and attended Council. So to Duck

1 By James Howard. See p. 446.
2 He died on April 7.
3 An error of transcription for Davenport, *i.e.* Frances Davenport, sister of Elizabeth ('Roxolana'). See Mr. Wheatley's edition (1896), vol. vii. p. 397.
4 He has been identified as Jacob Hall, a famous rope-dancer (see p. 674), but Mr. Wheatley in his edition (*u.s.*) states that 'Hall' is a misreading for Hart, *i.e.* Charles Hart. See p. 545.
5 See p. 249.
6 A wind-instrument of the flute type.

1 Afterwards Sir John Holmes, Governor of Usk Castle. [B.]
2 Margaret, sister of Anthony Lowther, who had married Margaret Penn.
3 Paulina, who had married Mr. Jackson.
4 Henry Brouncker.
5 The proceedings against Harman will be found in the Journals of the House of Commons, April 17, 1668. [B.]
6 Here are inserted in the *Diary* three large leaves, written on both sides, containing short notices of occurrences between April 10 and 19. These entries afford a specimen of the manner in which the memoranda for the Journals were recorded. [B.]

Lane, and there kissed bookseller's wife, and bought Legend.[1] So home, coach. Sailor. Mrs. Hannam dead. News of Peace. Conning my gamut.

12th. (Sunday.) Dined at Brouncker's, and saw the new book.

13th. (Monday.) Spent at Michel's 6d.; in the *Folly*,[2] 1s.; oysters, 1s.; coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1s.; thence to Commissioners of Treasury, and so to Westminster Hall by water, 6d. With G. Montagu and Roger Pepys, and spoke with Birch and Vaughan, all in trouble about the prize business. So with Creed to a play. Little laugh. Thence towards the Park by coach.

14th. By water to the Temple. In the way read the Narrative about prizes; and so to Lord Crew's bedside. Creed and I to the Quaker's, dined together. The House rose about four o'clock; and, with much ado, Pen got to Thursday to bring in his answer; so my Lord escapes to-day. With Godage and G. Montagu to G. Carteret's, and there sat their dinner-time; and hear myself, by many Parliament-men, mightily commended. Thence to a play, *Love's Cruelty*.[3]

15th. To Whitehall, to the Chapel, expecting wind music; and to the Harp-and-Ball, and drank all alone. Back, and to the fiddling concert, and heard practice mighty good of Grebus's.[4] To Westminster Hall, where all cry out that the House will be severe with Pen; but do hope well concerning the buyers, that we shall have no difficulty, which God grant! Creed, and I, and Sir P. Neale to the Quaker's, and there dined with a silly executor of Bishop Juxon's, and cousin Roger Pepys. With the Duke of York a little, but stayed not, but saw him and his lady at his pretty little chapel, where I never was before; but silly devotion, God knows! To the King's playhouse, into a corner of the 18d. box, and there saw *The Maid's Tragedy*,[5] a good play. Coach 1s.: play and oranges, 2s. 6d. With Sir T. Crew, bemoaning my Lord's folly in leaving his old interest, by which he hath now lost all.

16th. Dined with my clerks; and merry at Sir W. Pen's crying yesterday, as they say, to the King, that he was his martyr. To Westminster Hall, where I hear W. Pen is ordered to be impeached. There spoke with many, and particularly with G. Montagu; and went with him and Creed to his house, where he told how Sir W. Pen hath been severe to Lord Sandwich; but the Coventrys both labouring to save him, by laying it on Lord Sandwich, which our friends cry out upon, and I am silent, but do believe they did it as the only way to save him. It could not be carried to commit him. It is thought the House do cool; Sir W. Coventry's being for him provoked Sir R. Howard and his party; Court, all for W. Pen. Wrote my letters to my Lady Sandwich, and so home, where displeased to have my maid bring her brother, a countryman, to lie there.

17th. Called up by Balty's coming, who gave me a good account of his voyage, and pleases me well, and I hope hath got something. This morning paid the Royal Society £1:6s. So by coach to Whitehall: the coachman on Ludgate Hill 'lighted, and beat a fellow with a sword. Hear that the House is upon the business of Harman, who, they say, takes all on himself. Thence, with Brouncker, to the King's house, and saw *The Surprisal*,[1] where base singing, only Knipp,[2] who came, after her song in the clouds, to me in the pit, and there, oranges, 2s. After the play, she, and I, and Rolt by coach, 6s. 6d., to Kensington, and there to the Grotto, and had admirable pleasure with their singing, and fine ladies listening to us; with infinite pleasure, I enjoyed myself; so to the tavern there, and did spend 16s. 6d., and the gardener 2s. Mighty merry, and sang all the way to the town, a most pleasant evening, moonshine, and set them at her house in Covent Garden, and I home.

18th. (Saturday.) Up, and my bookseller brought home books, bound — the binding comes to 17s. Advanced to my maid Bridget £1. Sir W. Pen at the office, seemingly merry. Do hear this morning

[1] Probably the *Golden Legend* of Jac. de Voragine. [B.] But identification must, in the circumstances, be risky.

[2] The Folly was a floating house of entertainment on the Thames. [B.]

[3] See p. 597.

[4] See p. 582.

[5] See p. 84.

[1] See p. 483.

[2] Who played Emilia.

that Harman is committed by the Parliament last night, the day he came up, which is hard; but he took all upon himself first, and then when a witness came in to say otherwise, he would have retracted; and the House took it so ill, they would commit him. To the King's playhouse, and to the play of the *Duke of Lerma*.

19th. (Sunday.) Roger Pepys and his son came, and to church with me, where W. Pen was, and did endeavour to show himself to the church. Roger Pepys did tell me the whole story of Harman, how he prevaricated, and hath undoubtedly been imposed on, and wheedled; and he is like the miller's man that, in Richard the Third's time, was hanged for his master.[1] To walk in the Abbey with Sir John Talbot,[2] who would fain have pumped me about the prizes, but I would not let him.

20th. Up, and busy about answer to Committee of Accounts this morning, about several questions, which vexed me, though in none I have reason to be troubled. But the business of the *Flying Greyhound*[3] begins to find me some care, though in that I am wholly void of blame.[1] To Whitehall, and there hear how Henry Brouncker is fled, which, I think, will undo him; but what good it will do Harman I know not, he hath so befooled himself; but it will be good sport to my Lord Chancellor to hear how his great enemy is fain to take the same course that he is. There met Robinson, who tells me that he fears his master, Sir W. Coventry, will this week have his business brought upon the stage again, about selling of places, which I shall be sorry for, though the less, since I hear his standing up for Pen the other day, to the prejudice, though not to the ruin, of my Lord Sandwich; and yet I do think what he did, he did out of a principle of honesty. Meeting with Sir William Hooker,[2] the Alderman, he did cry out mighty high against Sir W. Pen for his getting such an estate, and giving £15,000 with his daughter, which is more, by half, than ever he did give; but this the world believes, and so let them.

21st. Took Mrs. Turner to the King's house, and saw *The Indian Emperor*; and after that done, took Knipp out, and to Kensington; and there walked in the garden, and then supped, and mighty merry, there being also in the house Sir Philip Howard, and some company, and had a dear reckoning, but merry, and away, it being quite night, home. I hear how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was read and agreed to in the House this day, and ordered to be engrossed; and he suspended the House; Harman set at liberty; and Brouncker put out of the House, and a writ for a new election,[3] and an impeachment ordered to be brought in against him, he being fled.

22nd. To Whitehall, and there we attended the Duke of York as usual; and I did present Mrs. Pett, the widow, and her petition to the Duke of York, for

[1] The story alluded to by Pepys, which belongs not to the reign of Richard III., but to that of Edward VI., occurred during a seditious outbreak at Bodmin, in Cornwall, and is thus related by Holinshed: 'At the same time, and neare the same place [Bodmin], dwelled a miller, that had beene a greate dooer in that rebellion, for whom also Sir Anthonie Kingston sought: but the miller being thereof warned, called a good tall fellow that he had to his servant, and said unto him, "I have business to go from home; if anie therefore come to ask for me, saie thou are the owner of the mill, and the man for whom they shall so aske, and that thou hast kept this mill for the space of three yeares; but in no wise name me." The servant promised his maister so to doo. And shortlie after came Sir Anthonie Kingston to the miller's house, and calling for the miller, the servant came forth, and answered that he was the miller. "How long," quoth Sir Anthonie, "hast thou kept this mill?" He answered, "Three years." "Well, then," said he, "come on: thou must go with me"; and caused his men to laie hands on him, and to bring him to the next tree, saieing to him, "Thou hast been a busie knave, and therefore here shalt thou hang." Then cried the fellow out, and saide that he was not the miller, but the miller's man. "Well, then," said Sir Anthonie, "thou art a false knave to be in two tales; therefore," said he, "hang him up"; and so incontinentlie hanged he was indeed. After he was dead, one that was present told Sir Anthonie, "Surelie, sir, this was but the miller's man." "What then!" said he, "could he ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?"' [B.]

[2] See p. 605.

[3] See p. 424.

[1] The two first sentences belong to the inserted jottings described above. They are written out in the clean copy thus—'Up betimes and to the getting ready my answer to the Committee of Accounts to several questions, which makes me trouble, though I know of no blame due to me from any, let them enquire what they can out' (ed. 1896, vol. vii. p. 404).

[2] William Hooker, grocer. Sheriff of London in 1665, afterwards knighted, and Lord Mayor in 1674. [B.]

[3] At Romney.

some relief from the King. Here was to-day a proposition made to the Duke of York by Captain Von Hemskirke for £20,000, to discover an art how to make a ship go two feet for one what any ship do now, which the King inclines to try, it costing him nothing to try; and it is referred to us to contract with the man. Then by water from the Privy stairs to Westminster Hall; and, taking water, the King and the Duke of York were in the new buildings; and the Duke of York called to me whither I was going? and I answered aloud, 'To wait on our masters at Westminster'; at which he and all the company laughed; but I was sorry and troubled for it afterwards, for fear any Parliament-man should have been there; and it will be a caution to me for the time to come. To the fishmonger's, and bought a couple of lobsters, and over to the 'sparagus garden, thinking to have met Mr. Pierce, and his wife and Knipp; but met their servant coming to bring me to Chatelin's,[1] the French house, in Covent Garden, and there with music and good company, Manuel and his wife, and one Swaddle, a clerk of Lord Arlington's, who dances, and speaks French well, but got drunk, and was then troublesome, and here mighty merry till ten at night. This night the Duke of Monmouth and a great many blades were at Chatelin's, and I left them there, with a hackney-coach attending him.

23rd. At noon comes Mrs. Pierce and her daughter, and Knipp, and one Mrs. Foster, and dined with me, and mighty merry, and after dinner carried them to the Tower, and showed them all to be seen there, and, among other things, the Crown and Sceptres and rich plate, which I myself never saw before, and indeed is noble, and I mightily pleased with it. Thence by water to the Temple, and there to the Cock alehouse,[2] and drank, and ate a lobster, and sang, and mighty merry. So, almost night, I carried Mrs. Pierce home, and then Knipp and I to the Temple again, and took boat, it being darkish, and to Fox Hall,[3] it being now night, and a bonfire burning at Lambeth, for the King's coronation-day. And there she and I drank; and so back, and led her home, it being now ten at night; and so got a link; and, walking towards home, just at my entrance into the ruins at St. Dunstan's, I was met by two rogues with clubs, who came towards us. So I went back, and walked home quite round by the wall, and got well home, and to bed weary, but pleased with my day's pleasure, but yet displeased at my expense and time I lose.

24th. I presented Mrs. Pett and her condition to Mr. Wren for his favour, which he promised. Lord Brouncker thinks the Parliament will, by their violence and delay in money matters, force the King to run any hazard, and dissolve them. To Duck Lane, and there did overlook a great many of Monsieur Fouquet's[1] library, that a bookseller hath bought, and I did buy one Spanish work, *Los Illustres Varones*.[2] I did hear the Duke of York tell how Sir W. Pen's impeachment was brought into the House of Lords to-day; and he spoke with great kindness of him; and that the Lords would not commit him till they could find precedent for it, and did incline to favour him. Thence to the King's play-house, and there saw a piece of *Beggar's Bush*, which I have not seen some years.[3]

[1] See p. 628.

[2] At Temple Bar.

[3] Vauxhall.

[1] Nicholas Fouquet, 'Surintendant des Finances' in France. Most of the great libraries contain some of his books, distinguished by his arms. He had been disgraced, and imprisoned in 1661. Voltaire mentions that Fouquet had built at Vaux (now Villars) a house which surpassed in magnificence any palace belonging to Louis XIV., prior to the erection of Versailles, and caused much envy to all the Court, especially to Colbert. 'On voyait partout dans cette maison les armes et la devise de Fouquet; c'est un écureuil, avec ces paroles, *Quo non ascendam?* "Où ne monterai-je point?" Le Roi se les fit expliquer. L'ambition de cette devise ne servit pas à apaiser le monarque. Les courtisans remarquèrent que l'écureuil était peint partout poursuivi par un couleuvre, qui était les armes de Colbert!' Fouquet died at Pignerol in 1680, after nineteen years' incarceration; and whilst Pepys was buying his books in London, Colbert had become Prime Minister in France, and Colbert's brother Ambassador in England. The *viper* had caught the *squirrel*. [B.]

[2] Either *Los Claros Varones* of Fernando del Pulgar, or *Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo, descubridores, conquistadores, pacificadores de las Indias Occidentales*, by Fernando Pizarro y Orellana (1639). [B.]

[3] See p. 103.

25th. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *Sir Martin Mar-all*, which, the more I see, the more I like. To Westminster Hall, and there met with Roger Pepys; and he tells me that nothing hath lately passed about my Lord Sandwich, but only Sir Robert Carr did speak hardly of him. But it is hoped that nothing will be done more this meeting of Parliament, which the King did by a message yesterday declare again should rise the 4th of May, and then only adjourn for three months; and this message being only about an adjournment did please them mightily, for they are desirous of their power mightily. I home to have my hair cut by my sister Michell and her husband, and so to bed. This day I did first put off my waistcoat, the weather being very hot, but yet lay in it at night, and shall for a little time.

26th. (Lord's day.) To church, and so home, where came and dined with me Harris, Rolt, and Bannister, and one Bland that sings well also, and very merry, and after dinner to sing all the afternoon. But when all was done, I did begin to think that the pleasure of these people was not worth so often charge and cost to me, as it hath occasioned me. To Hales's, the painter, thinking to have found Harris sitting there for his picture, which is drawing for me. But he and all this day's company and Hales were got to the Crown Tavern, at next door, and thither I to them, and stayed a minute, leaving Captain Grant telling pretty stories of people that have killed themselves, or been accessory to it, in revenge to other people, and to mischief other people, and thence with Hales to his house, and there did see his beginning of Harris's picture, which I think will be pretty like, and he promises a very good picture.

27th. To Westminster Hall, and up to the Lords' House, and there saw Sir W. Pen go into the House of Lords, where his impeachment was read to him, and he used mighty civilly, the Duke of York being there; and two days hence, at his desire, he is to bring in his answer, and a day then to be appointed for his being heard with counsel. Thence down into the Hall, and with Creed and Godolphin walked; and do hear that to-morrow is appointed, upon a motion on Friday last, to discourse the business of my Lord Sandwich, moved by Sir R. Howard, that he should be sent for home; and I fear it will be ordered. Certain news come, I hear, this day, that the Spanish Plenipotentiary in Flanders will not agree to the peace and terms we and the Dutch have made for him and the King of France; and by this means the face of things may be altered, and we forced to join with the French against Spain, which will be an odd thing. At noon with Creed to my Lord Crew's, and there dined; and here was a very fine-skinned lady dined, the daughter of my Lord Roberts, and also a fine lady, Mr. John Parkhurst his wife, that was but a boy the other day. And after dinner there comes in my Lady Roberts herself, and with her Mr. Roberts's wife, that was Mrs. Boddevill, the great beauty, and a fine lady indeed. My Lord Crew, and Sir Thomas, and I, and Creed all the afternoon debating of my Lord Sandwich's business against to-morrow, and thence I to the King's playhouse, and there saw most of *The Cardinal*,[1] a good play. To Sir W. Pen's, where I supped, and sat all the evening; and, being lighted homeward by Mrs. Markham, I blew out the candle and kissed her.

28th. By coach to Westminster Hall, and there do understand that the business of religion and the Act against Conventicles have so taken them up all this morning, and do still, that my Lord Sandwich's business is not like to come on to-day, which I am heartily glad of. This law against Conventicles is very severe; but Creed, whom I met here, do tell me that, it being moved that Papists' meetings might be included, the House was divided upon it, and it was carried in the negative; which will give great disgust to the people, I doubt. To the King's house, and there did see *Love in a Maze*,[2] wherein very good mirth of Lacy, the clown, and Wintersell,[3] the country-knight, his master.

1 See p. 544.

2 *I.e.* Shirley's *Changes*. See p. 613.

3 Wintersel, or Wintershell (d. 1679), actor, one of the original company under Killigrew, at Drury Lane. His great part was Cokes, in *Bartholomew Fair*.

29th. To Whitehall, and there do hear how Sir W. Pen hath delivered in his answer; and the Lords have sent it down to the Commons, but they have not yet read it, nor taken notice of it, so as, I believe, they will by design defer it till they rise, that so he by lying under an impeachment may be prevented in his going to sea, which will vex him, and trouble the Duke of York. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *Love in a Tub*;[1] and, after the play done, I stepped up to Harris's dressing-room, where I never was, and there I observe much company come to him, and the Wits, to talk, after the play is done, and to assign meetings. My business was to talk about going down to see the *Resolution*. To Westminster Hall, and there met Mr. G. Montagu, and walked and talked; who tells me that the best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay, and recommended it to me, in my friends' business and my own, if I have any; and is that, that Sir W. Coventry do take, and will secure himself; that the King will deliver up all to the Parliament; and being petitioned the other day by Mr. Bruncker to protect him, with tears in his eyes, the King did say he could not, and bid him shift for himself, at least till the House is up. To Whitehall, and there took coach home with a stranger I let into the coach, to club with me for it, he going into London. I set him down at a lower end of Cheapside, and I home, and to Sir W. Pen's, and there, it being now about nine o'clock at night, I heard Mercer's voice, and my boy Tom's, singing in the garden, which pleased me mightily, having not seen her since my wife went; and so into the garden to her and sang, and then home to supper, and mightily pleased with her company in talking and singing, and so parted.

30th. To the Dolphin Tavern, there to meet our neighbours, all of the parish, this being Procession-day, to dine. And did; and much very good discourse; they being, most of them, very able merchants as any in the City, Sir Andrew Rickard, Mr. Vandeputt, Sir John Frederick, Harrington, and others. They talked with Mr. Mills about the meaning of this day, and the good uses of it; and how heretofore, and yet in several places, they do whip a boy at each place they stop at, in their procession.[1] I stopped to talk with Mr. Brisband, who gives me an account of the rough usage Sir G. Carteret and his counsel had the other day before the Commissioners of Accounts, and what I do believe we shall all of us have, in a greater degree than any he hath had yet with them, before their three years are out, which are not yet begun, nor God knows when they will, this being like to be no session of Parliament, when they now rise. Thus ends this month; my wife in the country, myself full of pleasure and expense; in some trouble for my friends, and my Lord Sandwich, by the Parliament, and more for my eyes, which are daily worse and worse, that I dare not write or read almost anything. The Parliament going in a few days to rise; myself so long without accounting now, for seven or eight months, I think, or more, that I know not what condition almost I am in, as to getting or spending for all that time, which troubles me, but I will soon do it. The kingdom in an ill state through poverty; a fleet going out, and no money to maintain it, or set it out; seamen yet unpaid, and mutinous when pressed to go out again; our office able to do little, nobody trusting us, nor we desiring any to trust us, and yet have not money for anything, but only what particularly belongs to this fleet going out, and that but lamely too. The Parliament several months upon an Act for £300,000, but cannot or will not agree upon it, but do keep it back, in spite of the King's desires to hasten it, till they can obtain what they have a mind, in revenge upon some men for the late ill managements; and he is forced to submit to what they please, knowing that without it he shall have no money, and they as well that if they give the money the King will suffer them to do little more; and then the business of religion do disquiet everybody, the Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists, while the King seems to be willing to countenance them. So we are all poor, and in pieces—God help us! while the peace is like to go on between Spain and France; and then the

[1] *The Comical Revenge*, *u.s.*, p. 434.

[1] See p. 86.

French may be apprehended able to attack us. So God help us!

May 1668

May 1st. Met Sir W. Pen, who labours to have his answer to his impeachment, and sent down by 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. Met my cousin Thomas Pepys of Deptford, and took some turns with him; and he 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. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Surprisal*;[1] and a disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola at top.[2] 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;[3] to the latter of which the Lords have awarded £5000 from the former, for some wrong done him heretofore; and the former appealing to the Commons, the Lords vote their petition a libel; and so there is like to follow very hot work.

2nd. 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 a play begins, called *The Sullen Lovers, or The Impertinents*,[1] having many good humours[2] in it, but the play tedious, and no design at all in it. But a little boy, for a farce, do dance Polichinelle, 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 Knipp, 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, to spare my eyes, home, and played on my pipes, and so to bed.

3rd. (Lord's day.) 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[3] and Skinner, which is like to come to a very great heat between the two Houses. 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. With Sir W. Pen to Old Street, 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. Thence Pen and I to Islington, and there at the old house ate 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, 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 the King hath great opportunity of making himself popular by stopping this

[1] See p. 640. [2] Cf. p. 262.

[3] The dispute here alluded to had its origin in a petition against the East India Company, presented to the Peers by Mr. Skinner, a merchant, which led to the memorable quarrel between the two Houses of Parliament, upon a question of privilege. The particulars of the case are detailed in Lingard's *History of England*, vol. xii. p. 234, 4th 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] By Thomas Shadwell.

[2] See Shadwell's preface to his play. For a list of the *loci* in the history of the term 'Humour' in its dramatic association, see *Elizabethan Critical Essays*, ed. Gregory Smith (1904), ii. p. 462.

[3] See May 1. Sir A. Rickard was President of the Company.

Act against Conventicles; and how my Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,[1] 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 came home, to Alderman Blackewell's about business, and there talked a while with him and his wife, a fine woman of the country, and how they had bought an estate at Buckeworth, within four miles of Brampton.

4th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Impertinents*[2] again, and with less pleasure than before, it being but a very contemptible play; 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 Bear in Drury Lane, and there did treat them with a dish of mackerel, the first I have this year, and another dish, and mighty merry; and so carried her home.

5th. Creed and I to the Duke of York's playhouse; and there coming late up to the balcony-box, where we find my Lady Castlemaine 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. 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 Castlemaine; 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 cousin 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 ever 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. To walk in the Hall, and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead.

6th. I understand that my Lord St. John is meant by Mr. Woodcock, in *The Impertinents*.[1] 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. To Mr. Pierce's, where invited, and there was Knipp and Mrs. Foster: 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. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Virgin Martyr*,[2] and heard the music that I like so well, and intended to have seen Knipp, but I let her alone; and having there done, went to Mrs. Pierce's back again, where she was. And so to talk, and by and by did eat some curds and cream, and thence away home, and it being night,

[1] The Duke of Ormond.

[2] *I.e.* Shadwell's *Sullen Lovers*. See p. 645.

[1] 'A familiar loving coxcomb, that embraces and kisses all men; so used to his familiar endearing expressions that he cannot forbear them in the midst of his anger' (In *Dramatis Personæ* of *The Sullen Lovers*).

[2] See p. 622.

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. 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.

7th. To the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Man's the Master*,[1] which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. To the King's house, where going in for Knipp, the play being done, I did see Beck Marshall come dressed off the stage, and look 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 Peg,[2] that was Sir Charles Sedley's mistress, a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest. Here took up Knipp 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 Sedley's play for her,[3] which is, I think, but very meanly set; but this he did, before us, teach her, and it being but a slight, silly, short air, 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.[4] Here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house. Then we abroad to Marrowbone, and there walked in the garden,[5] the first time I ever was there; and a pretty place it is.

8th. The Lords' House did sit till eleven o'clock last night about the business of difference between them and the Commons in the matter of the East India Company. 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 Castlemaine and Mrs. Stewart, who is now well again,[1] the King having made several public visits to her, and like to come to Court; the other is to go to Berkshire House,[2] which is taken for her, and they say a Privy-Seal is passed for £5000 for it. He believes all will come to ruin. Thence I to Whitehall, where the Duke of York gone to the Lords' House, where there is to be a conference on the Lords' side with 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 everybody's talk being of that, and telling more stories of him, of the like nature, that it is now the town and country talk, and, they say, is most exactly true. The Duke of York himself said that of his playing at trap-ball[5] is true, and told several other stories of him. Then 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.

9th. I hear that the Queen hath miscarried of a perfect child, being gone about ten weeks, which do show that she can conceive, though it be unfortunate that she cannot bring forth. We are told also that last night the Duchess of Monmouth, dancing at her lodgings, hath sprained her thigh.[6] We are told also that the House of Commons sat till five

1 See p. 633.

2 Peg must have been Margaret Hughes, Prince Rupert's mistress, who had probably before that time lived with Sir Charles Sedley. She belonged to Killigrew's company when first it was formed, and acted Desdemona, in *Othello*, Theodosia, in *The Mock Astrologer*, etc. This actress seems to have quitted the stage before 1670. [B.]

3 In *The Mulberry Garden*: 'Ah, Chloris, that I now could sit.' 4 See p. 579.

5 The old Marylebone Gardens.

1 The Duchess of Richmond, who had had small-pox. See p. 634.

2 Afterwards called from the title of Cleveland conferred on Lady Castlemaine, and now preserved in the names of Cleveland Row and Cleveland Square. [B.]

3 On the north side of Palace Yard.

4 *The Impertinents*. See p. 646.

5 See the description of this game in Halliwell's *Dict. of Archaic and Provincial Words*.

6 See p. 650.

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 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, which they not presently doing, they were all inflamed, and thought it was only a trick to keep them in suspense till the King came to adjourn them; and, so, rather than lose the opportunity of doing themselves right, they presently with great fury came 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 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 came 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 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 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 recess 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 everybody expected they would commit Sir Andrew Rickard, Sir Samuel Bernardiston, 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[1] I left there, endeavouring to prevent their being committed to the Tower, lest he should thereby be forced to deny their order, because of this vote of the Commons, whereof he is one, which is an odd case. Into the King's House, and there *The Maid's Tragedy*,[2] a good play, but Knipp 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.

10th. (Lord's day.) Mr. Shepley came to see me, and tells me that my Lady[3] had it in her thoughts, if she had occasion, to borrow £100 of me, which I did not declare my 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. To church, and from church home with my Lady Pen; and I took her, and Mrs. Lowther, and old Mrs. Whistler, her mother-in-law, by water with great pleasure as far as Chelsea, and so back to Spring Garden, at Fox Hall,[4] and there walked, and ate and drank, and so to water again, and set down the old woman at Durham Yard;[5] and it raining all the way, it troubled us, but, however, my cloak kept us all dry, and so home.

11th. Comes to me my cousin Sarah, and my aunt Lucett, newly come out of Gloucester; and 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

1 Deputy-Governor of the Tower.
2 See p. 640.
3 Lady Sandwich.
4 Vauxhall.
5 On the site of the Adelphi buildings. The name is continued in Durham Street.

Joyce was to be married to a man called Hollingshed, whom she indeed did once tell me of, and desired me to inquire 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. Took coach, and called Mercer, and she and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, 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, 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 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, in order 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 4s. worth of oranges of her, at 6d. apiece. Here I saw first my Lord Ormond since his coming from Ireland, which is now about eight days. The play done, I took Mercer by water to Spring Garden; and there with great pleasure walked, and ate, 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.

12th. Lord Anglesey in talk about the late difference between the two Houses do tell us that he thinks the House of Lords may be in error, at least it is possible they may, in this matter of Skinner; and did declare his judgement in the House of Lords against their proceedings therein, he having hindered 100 original 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. 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,[1] that speaks French well, and is a Catholic, and merchant's daughter, by us, and here was also Mrs. Anne Jones. 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 ate 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 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 arm, I suppose; and so home.

13th. 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,[2] which the Council did agree to be put in practice, the King to give him, if it proves good, £5000 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. Chiffinch, my Lord Brouncker, and some others, I by water to the Old Swan; so home to bed, Mrs. Turner having sat and supped with me.

[1] Brunette. [2] See p. 642.

This morning, I hear that last night Sir Thomas Teddiman, poor man! did die by a thrush[1] 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. Comes 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 Tavern, and there I did give them a tankard of cool drink, the weather being very hot, and then into the playhouse again, and there saw *The Country Captain*,[2] a very dull play, that did give us no content, and, besides, little company there, which made it very unpleasing. Thence to the water-side, at Strand Bridge, and so up by water and to Fox Hall,[3] where we walked a great while, and pleased mightily with the pleasure thereof, and the company there, and then in, and ate and drank. 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 to their doors, and, full of the content of this afternoon's pleasure, I home to bed.

15th. To a Committee for Tangier, where God knows how my Lord Bellasis's accounts passed; understood by nobody but my Lord Ashly, who, I believe, was allowed to let them go as he pleased. But here Sir H. Cholmely 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 motion 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. To my Lord Brouncker's, to Mrs. Williams's, and there dined, and she did show me her closet, which I was sorry to see, for fear of her expecting something from me; 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 Moorgate, 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 came, how unlike a burial this was, O'Brian taking some ballads out of his pocket, which I read, and the rest came about me to hear! and there very merry we were all, they being new ballads. 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*,[2] thinking to have seen Knipp there, but she did not act. And so to my bookseller's, and carried home some books, among others, Dr. Wilkins's *Real Character*.[3] So home, and got Mercer, and she and I in the garden singing till ten at night, and then parted, with great content. The Duchess of Monmouth's hip is, I hear, now set again, after much pain.[4] I am told also that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the 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,'[5] which was a devilish speech, but, they say, true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there, it seems.

[1] Ulceration. [2] See p. 105. [3] Vauxhall.

[1] The Loriners, or Bit-Makers.
[2] See p. 577.
[3] *An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language, with an Alphabetical Dictionary* (1668), by John Wilkins (1614-1672), afterwards (1668) Bishop of Chester.
[4] See p. 647.
[5] Lord Fairfax.

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*,[1] where Knipp did her part of sorrow very well. I afterwards to her house; but she did not come presently home; and there I did kiss her maid, who 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 tunic laced with silk lace, of the colour of my suit; and so, very handsome, to church; 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 bass this younger brother of W. Howe's sings, even to my astonishment, and mighty pleasant. By and by Gayet goes away, being a Catholic, 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 Lady Pen and I out to take the air. We went to Stepney, and there stopped at the Trinity House, he to talk with the servants there against to-morrow,[2] which is a great day for the choice of a new Master. Thence to Mile End, and there ate and drank, and so home; and I supped with them, that is, ate some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for my 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*;[3] and so to bed.

18th. To my Lord Bellasis, at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's,[1] which, indeed, is mighty noble, and good pictures; indeed, not one bad one in it. Mercer came with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire, and then I took them up, it being almost twelve o'clock or a little more, to the King's playhouse, 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 Sedley's new play, so long expected, *The Mulberry Garden*,[2] of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world do expect great matters. I having sat here awhile, and eaten 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 play again, where the King and Queen by and by came, and all the Court; and the house infinitely full. But the play, when it came, 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, 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 music 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 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[3] chiding their young master, one of them came with a string, and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster palace, and there took boat and to Fox Hall,[4] where we walked, and ate, and

[1] See p. 633. [2] Trinity Monday. [3] See p. 650.

[1] Probably in Bloomsbury Square, the north side of which was then occupied by Southampton House, the town residence of the late Lord Treasurer Southampton. [B.] [2] See p. 603, note. [3] Kensington House, later the Palace. [4] Vauxhall.

drank, and sang. 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 slyly indecent.

19th. Pierce tells me that for certain Mr. Vaughan 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 Queen; 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 Somerset House, and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clambered over the wall to make a visit to her, which is a horrid shame!

20th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton in a new coach he hath made him, very handsome, to Whitehall, where, the Duke having removed his lodgings for this year to St. James's, we walked thither; and there 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 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, Sir Richard Browne[1] took me to dinner 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; only he is a 'Sir Positive;'[1] 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. To Hales's, and saw the beginnings of Harris's head, which I do not yet like. To the Mulberry Garden,[2] where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse than Spring Garden, and but little company, only a wilderness here, that is somewhat pretty. 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.

21st. 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 cousin Tom Pepys's buying of Martin Abbey,[3] in Surrey! 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 holiday it was, and took it for some rocket, though it was much brighter; 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. To Mrs. Martin's, and here she promises me her fine starling, which was the King's, and speaks finely, which I shall be glad of. Meeting in the street with my cousin Alcocke, the young man, that is a good

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.]

1 Sir Positive At-all, in the *Sullen Lovers*, *u.s.*

2 On the site on which Buckingham Palace now stands.

3 Merton, or Martin, Abbey.

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. Home, and sang; and ate a dish of green peas, the first I have seen this year, given me by Mr. Gibson, extraordinary young and pretty.

22nd. Comes Mr. Martin, the purser, and brings me his wife's starling, which was formerly the King's, which I am mighty proud of. To the Duke of York's house, and saw *Sir Martin Mar-all*. The house full; and though I have seen it, I think, ten times, yet the pleasure I have is yet as great as ever. I fitted myself for my journey to Brampton 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.

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, 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.[1] Dined, and changed horses and coach, at Mrs. Aynsworth's;[2] but I took no knowledge of her. To dinner, and in comes Captain Forster, that do belong to my Lord Anglesey, who had been at the late horseraces 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. 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. After dinner to Cambridge about nine at night, and there 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 morning. Well pleased all this journey with the conversation of him that went with me, who I think is a lawyer, and lives about Lynn, 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, set out about three o'clock; 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. 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 brother 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 Fulwood, 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 it 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

[1] Bishop Stortford. [2] See p. 563.

money, as I was afterwards, when I had taken leave of her, by Mr. Shepley, £100, which I will not deny my Lady.

25th. The first fair day that we have had some time. 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. After dinner took horse, there going with me and my boy, my two brothers,[1] and one Browne, whom they call in mirth Colonel, for our guide, and also Mr. Shepley, to the end of Huntingdon, and another gentleman who accidentally came 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, at the end of the town, took leave of Shepley and the other gentleman, and away to Cambridge, the waters not being now so high as before. Here 'lighting, I took my boy and two brothers, and walked to Magdalene College: and there into the butteries, as a stranger, and there drank 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[2] and Pechell,[3] I think, that were of my time. 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 quarter, and to supper.

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;[1] and then the boy and I to sing, and about noon come to Bishop's Stafford,[2] to another house than what we were at the other day, and better used. And here I paid for the reckoning 11s., 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 being now most of them down, and we avoiding the bad way in the forest[3] by a privy way, which brought us to Hodsden; and so to Tibalds,[4] 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*.[5]

27th. Met Mr. Sawyer,[6] my old chamber-fellow; and 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. With Sir D. Gauden to his house, with my Lord Brouncker and Sir J. Minnes, to dinner, where we dined very well, and much good company, among others, 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 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[7] 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. To see Sir W. Pen,

[1] John Pepys and Mr. Jackson.
[2] John Hollins, of Medley, in Yorkshire. [B.]
[3] John Peachell. See pp. 94, 492.

[1] The prayers used by Charles I. before execution. They are printed in the Εἰκὼν βασιλική.
[2] Bishop Stortford. [3] Epping Forest.
[4] The palace of Theobalds.
[5] See p. 489, note.
[6] Robert Sawyer (1633-1692), knighted 1677. Attorney-General (1681).
[7] John Donne (1573-1631), Dean of St. Paul's, the 'metaphysical' poet.

whom I find still very ill of the gout, 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. I to drink some whey at the whey-house.

28th. This morning my bookseller brings me home Marcenus's book of music,[1] which cost me £3:2s.; but is a very fine book. 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,[3] where with great pleasure we walked, and then to the upper end of the farther retired walk, and there sat and sang, and brought a 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.

29th. Received some directions from the Duke of York and the Committee of the Navy about casting up the charge of the present summer's fleet, 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 but a little fleet, there being no occasion for it; and say it will be best to save the money for better uses. But Sir G. Carteret 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 constructions 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. 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 bass, 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, though the girl Mercer did mightily commend him before to me.

30th. Up, and put on a new summer black bombazin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my periwig in good order at 20s. a-year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *Philaster*;[1] 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 Knipp also, and were merry; and here saw my little Lady Katherine Montagu[2] come to town, about her eyes, which are sore, and they think the King's evil, poor, pretty lady.[3] 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,[4] 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 came by them. And so to supper in an arbour; but, Lord! their mad talk did make my heart ache! And here I first understood by their talk the meaning of the company that lately were called Ballers;[5] Harris telling how it was by a meeting of some young blades, where he

[1] The *Harmonie Universelle* of Mersenne (1637). Pepys probably refers to the Latin translation (1648).
[2] See p. 537. [3] Vauxhall.

[1] See p. 107. [2] See p. 99.
[3] She died Jan. 15, 1757, aged ninety-six. [B.]
[4] Vauxhall.
[5] From their going to balls or dances.

was among them, and my Lady Bennet[1] and her ladies; and their dancing naked, and all the roguish things in the world. But, Lord! what loose company 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.

31st. (Lord's day.) To church. 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. To Mrs. Pierce's, where Knipp, and she, and W. Howe, and Mr. Pierce, and little Betty, over to Fox Hall,[2] 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.[3] So back, and at Somerset Stairs do understand that a boy is newly drowned, washing himself there, and they cannot find his body. 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 jig, the Queen would not stay to see it, which people do think was out of displeasure at her being the King's mistress, that she could not bear it. My Lady Castlemaine is, it seems, now mightily out of request, the King coming little to her, and thus she mighty melancholy and discontented.

June 1668

June 1st. To Westminster. There I met with Harris and Rolt, and carried them to the Rhenish wine-house,[4] where I have not been in a morning (nor any tavern, I think) these seven years and 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. Alone to Fox Hall,[1] 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. 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. Hollworthy 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. 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 2s., and so set them down again; and so by water, it being now about nine o'clock, down to Deptford, where I have not been many a day: 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,[2] and telling him the whole story.

3rd. To Whitehall, to the Council Chamber, where I did present the Duke of York with an account of the charge of the present fleet, 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. 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. To the King's house, and

[1] A well-known procuress. See Wycherley's Dedication of the *Plain Dealer* (referred to in the *Spectator*, No. 266), and *Tatler* (No. 84).
[2] Vauxhall.
[3] Sir Nicholas Cully in Etherege's *Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub*.
[4] In Cannon Row.

[1] Vauxhall.
[2] See pp. 752, 755. The joke is lost.

there saw good part of *The Scornful Lady*, and that done, would have taken out Knipp, but she was engaged. 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 Portugal; but all, I think, is over in it. To Westminster, 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. Then 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. 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 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 Whitehall, and walked through the Park for a little air; and so back to the Council Chamber, to the Committee of the Navy, about the business of fitting the present fleet, 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 everything 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 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 : 11s.

8th. (Monday.) Father's servants, father having in the garden told me bad stories of my wife's ill words, 14s.; one that helped at the horses, 1s.; 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, 1s. We on to Newport; and there I and W. Hewer to the Church, and there gave the boy 1s. 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 1s. A fair bridge here, with many arches; vexed at my people's making me lose so much time; reckoning, 13s. 4d. Mighty pleased with the pleasure of the ground all the day. At night to Newport Pagnell; 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; 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, 19s. 6d.; poor, 6d. Mischance to the coach, but no time lost.

9th. (Tuesday.) Came to Oxford, a very sweet place; paid our guide, £1 : 2 : 6d.; barber, 2s. 6d.; book *Stonehenge*,[2] 4s.; boy that showed me the colleges before dinner, 1s. To dinner; and then out with my wife and people,

[1] The Journal from this time to June 17 is contained on five leaves, inserted in the Book; and after them follow several blank pages. [B.]

[2] Probably Inigo Jones's *Discourse on Stonehenge*, printed in 1663; or, perhaps, *Chorea Gigantum*, of the same date, by W. Charleton. [B.]

and landlord; and to him that showed us the schools and library, 10s.; to him that showed us All Souls' College, and Chichly's picture,[1] 5s. So to see Christ Church with my wife, I seeing several others very fine alone, before dinner, and did give the boy that went with me, 1s. Strawberries, 1s. 2d. Dinner and servants, £1:0:6. After coming home from the schools, I out with the landlord to Brazenose College;—to the butteries, and in the cellar[2] find the hand of the Child of Hales,[3] . . . . long. Butler 2s. Thence with coach and people to Physic Garden, 1s. So to Friar Bacon's study: I up and saw it, and gave the man 1s. Bottle of sack for landlord, 2s. Oxford mighty fine place; and well seated, and cheap entertainment. At night came to Abingdon, where had been a fair of custard; and met many people and scholars going home; and there did get some pretty good music, and sang and danced till supper: 5s.

10th. (Wednesday.) Up, and walked to the Hospital:[4] very large and fine; and pictures of founders, and the *History*[5] of the Hospital; and is said to be worth £700 per annum; and that Mr. Foly[6] 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.[7] So did give the poor, which they would not take but in their box, 2s. 6d. So to the inn, and paid the reckoning and what not, 13s. 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 came to Hungerford, where very good trouts, eels, and crayfish. Dinner: a mean town. At dinner there, 12s. Thence out with a guide, who saw us to Newmarket Heath,[1] and then left us, 3s. 6d. So all over the Plain by the sight of the steeple, the Plain high and low, to Salisbury, by night; but before I came to the town, I saw a great fortification, and there 'light, and to it and in it; and find it prodigious, so as to fright 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. Came to the George Inn, where lay in a silk bed;[2] 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; 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 show them the town and Church; but, they being at prayers, we could not be shown the Choir. A very good organ; and I looked in, and saw the Bishop, my friend Dr. Ward.[3] Thence to the inn; and there not being able to hire coach-horses, and not willing to use our own, we got saddle-horses, very dear. Boy that went to look for them, 6d. So the three women behind W. Hewer, Murford, and our guide, and

[1] Henry Chichele (? 1362-1443), Archbishop of Canterbury, the founder of All Souls' College.

[2] Removed later to the Buttery.

[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. The blank in the *Diary*, after the word Hales, was obviously left for the dimensions of the hand. [B.]

[4] Christ's Hospital.

[5] 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.]

[6] Thomas Foley, of Witley Court. See p. 286.

[7] See Ashmole's *Berkshire*, vol. i. p. 127. 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 sit it here in the yere of King Herry the Sexte, XXVI^to.' [B.]

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

[2] With silk hangings.

[3] Seth Ward (1617-1689), formerly Bishop of Exeter.

I single to Stonehenge, over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Came 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. Gave 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 Choir; 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 came away in that humour; £2:5:6. Servants, 1s. 6d.; poor, 1s.; guide to the Stones, 2s.; poor woman in the street, 1s.; ribbons, 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 lie, since we could not go so far as we would. And there with great difficulty came 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[2] Betty Turner and Willet. 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 corn, and other things. And he also merry, and made us mighty merry at supper about manning the new ship at Bristol with none but men whose wives do master them; and it seems it is 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 9s. 6d.; my guide thither, 2s.; coachman, advanced, 10s. 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, stopping for something for the horses, we called two or three little boys to us, and pleased ourselves with their manner of speech. 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,[2] that had two bodies upward 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, 10s., we came 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.

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

[2] *Cf.* p. 565.

[1] They hailed from that county.

[2] '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 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 *History of Somersetshire*, iii. 371 (quoted by B.).

13th. (Saturday.) Up at four o'clock, being by appointment called up to the Cross Bath, where we were carried one after 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 came; 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 here, that live all the season in these waters, 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 music to play to me, extraordinary good as ever I heard at London almost, or anywhere; 5s. Up, to go to Bristol, about eleven o'clock, and paying my landlord that was our guide from Chiltern, 10s., and the serjeant of the bath 10s., and the man that carried us in chairs, 3s. 6d., set out towards Bristol; and came thither, in a coach hired to spare our own horses, about two o'clock, the way bad, but country good, where set down at the Horseshoe; 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. So to the Three Crowns Tavern I was directed; but, when I came 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, neither he nor Furzer[1] 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,[1] who was not at home, 6d. Then walked with Butts and my wife and company round the quay, and to the ship; and he showed me the Custom-house, and made me understand many things of the place, and led us through Marsh Street, where our girl 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 surprise 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 Bristol milk;[2] 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 came 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. Butts's wife a good woman, and so sober and substantial 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 showed 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

[1] Daniel Furzer, Surveyor to the Navy.

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

[2] Perhaps rum punch (milk punch): generally, strong wine (one of the chief imports of Bristol.) Cf. Fuller (*Worthies*): 'Bristol Milk: this metaphorical Milk whereby Xeres or Sherry Sack is intended.'

and down the town, and saw a pretty good market-place, and many good streets, and very fair stone-houses. And so to the great Church, and there saw Bishop Montagu's[1] 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. 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. To this church again, to see it, and look over the monuments, where, among others, Dr. Venner[2] and Pelling,[3] and a lady of Sir W. Waller's;[4] he lying with his face broken. My landlord did give me a good account of the antiquity of this town and Wells; and of two heads, on two pillars, in Wells church.

15th. (Monday.) Looked 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 with my wife, and did pay my guides, two women, 5s.; one man, 2s. 6d.; poor, 6d.; woman to lay my foot-cloth, 1s. So to our inn, and there ate and paid reckoning, £1:8:6; servants, 3s.; poor, 1s.; lent the coachman, 10s. Before I took coach, I went to make a boy dive in the King's bath, 1s. I paid also for my coach and a horse to Bristol, £1:1:6. 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 Downs, where the life of the shepherds is, in fair weather only, pretty. In the afternoon came to Abury, where, seeing great stones like those of Stonehenge standing up, I stopped, and took a countryman of that town, and he carried me and showed me a place trenched in, like Old Sarum almost, with great stones pitched in it, some bigger than those of Stonehenge 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 the Mount cast hard by is called Silbury, from one King Seall buried there, as tradition says. I did give this man 1s. 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 Stonehenge. But, about a mile off, it was prodigious to see how full the Downs are of great stones; and all along the valleys 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 Stonehenge, for hence they might undoubtedly supply themselves with stones, as well as those at Abury. In my way did give to the poor and menders of the highway 3s. Before night came 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. All the five coaches that came this day from Bath, as well as we, were gone out of the town before six.

16th. (Tuesday.) After paying the reckoning, 14s. 4d., and servants, 2s., poor 1s., set out; and, passing through a good part of this county of Wiltshire, saw a good house[1] of Alexander Popham's, and another of my Lord Craven's,[2] I think, in Berkshire. Came to Newbery, and there dined—and music; a song of the old courtier of Queen Elizabeth's,[3] 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. Then

[1] James Montagu (? 1568-1618), Bishop of Bath and Wells (1608-1616), and of Winchester (1616-1618). 'He was uncle to the Earl of Sandwich, whose mother was Pepys's aunt.' [B.]

[2] Tobias Venner, who practised as a physician at Bath nearly half a century, and died March 27, 1660, æt. 85. [B.]

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

[4] Jane, sole daughter of Sir Richard Reynell, wife of Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General. [B.]

[1] Littlecote House, Ramsbury, Wilts.

[2] Hampstead Marshall, Newbury, Berks.

[3] Probably the version which appeared in Thomas Howard's *Old Song of the Old Courtier of the Kings, With a New Song of a New Courtier of the Kings.*

comes the reckoning, forced to change gold, 8s. 7d.; servants and poor, 1s. 6d. So out, and lost our way, but came into it again; and in the evening betimes came to Reading; and I to walk about the town, which is a very great one, I think bigger than Salisbury; a river[1] runs through it, in seven branches, which 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. Then to my inn, and so to bed.

17th. (Wednesday.) Rose, and paying the reckoning, 12s. 6d.; servants and poor, 2s. 6d.; music, the worst we have had, coming to our chamber-door, but calling us by wrong names; so set out with one coach in company, and through Maidenhead, 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 saw Sir W. Pen, who is well again. I hear of the ill news by the great fire at Barbados. 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.

18th. I did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesey, as if he thought much of my taking the air as I have done; but I care not; but whatever the matter is, I think he hath some illwill to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner, 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 in a little time. 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 which I fear will 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. Between two and three in the morning we were waked with the maids crying out, 'Fire, fire, in Mark Lane!' 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 Clothworkers' 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. My wife fell into her blubbering, and at length had a

[1] The Kennet. [2] Colnbrook.

request to make to me, which was that she might go into France, and live there out of trouble; and then all came out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any; 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 began to be very quiet, and I think all will be over, and friends. 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. To Whitehall, 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, with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy Chamber, to elect the Elector of Saxony[1], in 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. My wife and Deb. 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.

20th. My wife 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 Emperor*, of Dryden's making. 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] I to Mr. Povy, and there settled some business; 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.

21st. (Lord's day.) Dined with my wife and Deb. alone, but merry and in good humour, which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all.

22nd. 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 Sir W. Coventry walked to Whitehall; good discourse about the Navy, where want of money undoes us. Thence 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. To the King's playhouse, and saw an act or two of the new play, *Evening 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 to my Lord Brouncker's, where a Council of the Royal Society; and there heard Mr. Harry Howard's noble offers about 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 them the best advice he could, but refers me to one Turberville,[2] of Salisbury, lately come to town, who 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.

23rd. 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 anything, to think of it.

24th. Creed and Colonel Atkins came to me about sending coals to Tangier; and upon that most of the morning. With wife, Mercer, Deb., and W. Hewer to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *The Impertinents*,[3] a pretty good play; and so by water to Spring Garden, and there supped, and so home.

26th. At noon with my Fellow-Officers to the Dolphin, at Sir G. Carteret's charge, to dinner, he having some accounts examined this morning.

27th. Dined at home, and then my wife, and Deb., and I to the King's playhouse, to see *The Indian Queen*,[4] but do not dote upon Nan Marshall's acting there-

[1] John George, Elector of Saxony.
[2] *An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer.*
[3] See p. 621.

[1] H. Herringman, printer in the New Exchange; see p. 556.
[2] Daubigny Turberville, of Oriel College; created M.D. at Oxford, 1660. He was a physician of some eminence, and died at Salisbury on April 21, 1696, aged 85. [B.]
[3] See p. 645.
[4] See pp. 241 and 242.

in, as the world talks of her excellence. Thence with my wife to buy some linen, £13 worth, for sheets, etc., 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.

28th. (Lord's day.) Much talk of the French setting out their fleet afresh; but I hear nothing that our King is alarmed at it, at all, but rather making his fleet less.

29th. To Dr. Turberville's, and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes; he gives me hopes that I may do well. Then to Whitehall, where I find the Duke of York in the Council-chamber; and 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 fleet 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 came out, told me that he was a better store-keeper than anthem-maker, and that was bad enough too. This morning Mr. May[2] showed me the King's new buildings at Whitehall, very fine; and, among other things, his ceilings, and his houses of office. With my wife to the King's playhouse—*The Mulberry Garden*,[3] which she had not seen.

30th. 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. 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, 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 it was, I think.

[1] To the Strand. [2] Hugh May.
[3] See pp. 651 and 652a.

July 1668

July 1st. My cousin Roger dined with us, and mighty importunate for our coming down to Impington, which I think to do, this Sturbridge Fair. To Whitehall, 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 Sir 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 Whitehall to a Committee of Tangier; and there vexed with the importunity and clamours of Alderman Backewell, for my acquittance for money by him supplied 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 and sit for her picture.

3rd. To the Commissioners of Accounts at Brooke House,[1] the first time I was ever there, and found Sir W. Turner in the chair;' and present, Lord Halifax, Thomson, Gregory, Dunster, and Osborne.[2] 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,[3] 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. To an alehouse; met Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and Dr. Clerke,

[1] In Holborn: the site of Brooke Street and Greville Street.
[2] *I.e.* George Thomson (the Colonel Thomson of pp. 19 and 590), John Gregory, Giles Dunster, and Henry Osborne, members of the Commission of Accounts.
[3] 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.]

Waldron,[1] Turberville, my physician for the eyes, and Lowre,[2] 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 dissect some.

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 showed me his closet, with his round table,[3] for him to sit in the middle, very convenient; and I borrowed several books of him, to collect things out of about the Navy, which I have not. All the afternoon busy, till night, and then to Mile End with my wife and girl, and there drank and ate a jowl 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 I did get my wife to spend the morning reading of Wilkins's *Real Character*.[4] 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. Attended the Duke of York, and was there by himself told how angry he was, and did declare to my Lord Anglesey, about his 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. With Sir W. Coventry; and we 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, in his story of the death of Cardinal Bleau;[1] by Lord Cottington,[2] in his *Dolor de las Tripas*; and Tom Killigrew, in his being bred in Ram Alley,[3] and bound 'prentice to Lord Cottington, going to Spain with £1000 and two suits of clothes. 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 ate a lobster. Great doings at Paris, I hear, with their triumphs for their late conquests.[4] The Duchess of Richmond sworn last week of the Queen's Bed-chamber, and the King minding little else but what he used to do—about his women.

7th. Kate Joyce came to me, but took no notice to me of her being married,[5] 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. In the evening to Unthanke's; and we are fain to go round by Newgate, because of Fleet Bridge being

[1] Thomas Waldron of Balliol College; afterwards Physician in Ordinary to Charles II. [B.]
[2] Richard Lower (1631-1691), physician.
[3] See p. 725.
[4] See p. 650.

[1] *I.e.* Cardinal Jean Balue, minister of Louis XI.
[2] Francis Cottington, Baron Cottington (? 1578-1652), of whom the tale was current that when he was out of sorts he was a Catholic, when well an Anglican. His long connexion with Spain and Spanish affairs gives point to Pepys's Spanish phrase.
[3] A street of some disrepute, between Fleet Street and the Temple, opposite Fetter Lane. It gives the title to a comedy by Ludowick Barry (1611) and is frequently referred to in the dramatists.
[4] See pp. 643-4.
[5] See p. 649.

under-rebuilding. Home and supped; and Mrs. Turner, the mother, comes to us, and there late, and so to bed.

8th. To Sir W. Coventry, and there discoursed of several things; and I find him much concerned in the present inquiries 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, 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 extraordinary things indeed. So to Whitehall; 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 is he of giving proofs of his justice at this time, that it is their great fate now to come to be questioned at such a time as this.

10th. 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 music, his playing and setting to the French lute most excellently; and he 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.

11th. To the King's playhouse, to see an old play of Shirley's, called *Hyde Park*;[1] the first day acted; where horses are brought upon the stage; but it is but a very moderate play, only an excellent epilogue spoke by Beck Marshall.

12th. (Lord's day.) 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. Walked to Duck Lane, and there to the bookseller's, at the Bible. I did there look upon and buy some books, and made way for coming again to the man. Thence to Reeves's, and there saw some, and bespoke a little perspective,[1] and was mightily pleased with seeing objects in a dark room.[2] 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,[3] which I did now agree for, and did at Haward's meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the harpsichon[4] 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 excellent music late, in the dark, with great pleasure; but above all with little Wallington. This morning I was let blood, and did bleed about fourteen ounces, towards curing my eyes.

14th. This day Bossc[6] 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 does it for W. Hewer, who hath my wife's also, which I like less. This afternoon my Lady Pickering came 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. At noon is brought home the espinette I bought the other day of Haward: cost me £5. My Lady Duchess of Monmouth is still lame, and likely always to be so,[7] which is a sad chance for a young lady to get, only by trying of tricks in dancing.

16th. I by water with my Lord Brouncker to Arundel House, to the Royal Society, and there saw the experiment 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

[1] Printed 1637.

[1] A perspective glass. [2] See p. 371.
[3] Spinet. See p. 637. [4] Harpsichord.
[5] See pp. 556 and 578.
[6] ? Abraham Bossc, an engraver.
[7] See pp. 647, 650.

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.

17th. To Whitehall, where waited on the Duke of York, and then at the Council about the business of tickets; 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 than there is; which the Duke of Buckingham did except against, and I could have answered, but forbore; but all liked very well. 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. My old acquaintance Will Swan[1] to see me, who continues a factious fanatic still, and I do use him civilly, in expectation that those fellows may grow great again. 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 that treaty. Creed told me this day how when the King was at my Lord Cornwallis's,[2] when he went last to Newmarket, that being there on a Sunday, the Duke of Buckingham did in the afternoon make an obscene sermon to him out of *Canticles*.

19th. (Lord's day.) Came Mr. Cooper, Hales, Harris, Mr. Butler, that wrote *Hudibras*, and Mr. Cooper's cousin Jack; and by and by came 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.

20th. 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 visit my Lord Crew, who is very sick, to great danger, by an erysipelas; the first day I heard of it. To buy a rest for my espinette[3] at the ironmonger's by Holborn Conduit, where the fair pretty woman is that I have lately observed there.

[1] See pp. 134, 164.
[2] At Culford, in Suffolk. [B.]
[3] See p. 666.

21st. Went to my plate-maker's, and there spent an hour about contriving my little plates for my books of the King's four Yards.

22nd. 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. This day a falling out between my wife and Deb. about a hood lost, which vexed me.

23rd. Up, and all day long, except 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 shown Symson Sir W. Coventry's chimney-pieces, in order to the making me one;[1] 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.[2] I did lay open the whole failings of the Office, and how it was his duty to fine them, 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. Attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business, the Master-Shipwright at Chatham, and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, show his good-nature and easiness to the Masters-Attendants, by mitigating their faults, so as, I believe, they will come in again. So home, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

25th. 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

[1] See p. 670.
[2] See p. 673.

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 to my great comfort. So in the evening to walk with my wife, and to supper and to bed.

27th. 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 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 ate 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.

28th. 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. 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. 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 Park, where but few coaches.

30th. To Whitehall. 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 stayed and talked with him about the state of the King's Offices in general, and how ill he is served, and do still find him an excellent person.

31st. With Mr. Ashburnham;[3] and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand; but, God knows! I have paid dear for it in my eyes. To the King's house to see the first day of Lacy's *Monsieur Ragou*,[1] 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. 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[2] experiment of paper tubes.

[1] See pp. 180, 198. [2] See p. 596.
[3] William Ashburnham, the cofferer.

August 1668

August 1st. 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.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Up, and at home all the morning, hanging and removing of some pictures in my study and house. 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 Barn Elms, and there, and going and coming, did make the boy read to me several things, being nowadays unable to read myself anything, for above two lines together, but my eyes grow weary.

3rd. Meeting Dr. Gibbons, carried him to the Sun Tavern, in King Street, and there made him and some friends of his drink; among others, Captain Silas Taylor.

4th. 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.

5th. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *The Guardian*, formerly the same, I find, that was called *Cutter of Coleman Street*;[3] a silly play. And thence

[1] *The Old Troop, or Monsieur Ragou* (printed 1672), by John Lacy (d. 1681).
[2] An account of these tubulous spectacles is given in *The Philosophical Transactions*, vol. iii. pp. 727-731. [B.] See pp. 670, 672.
[3] See p. 111.

to Westminster Hall, where I met Fitzgerald;[1] 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, to-morrow morning. So I away home, and there bespeak a coach; and so home and to bed.

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 musketeers, 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, 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;[2] and there my wife and Deb. took me up, and we away to Gilford,[3] losing our way for three or four miles, about Cobham. At Gilford we dined; and I showed them the hospital there of Bishop Abbot's,[4] 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 Liphook, 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. To coach, and with a guide to Petersfield, where I find Sir Thomas Allen and Mr. Tippets[5] come; the first about the business, the latter only in respect to me; as also Fitzgerald, who came post all last night, and newly arrived here. We four sat down presently to our business, and in an hour dispatched 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 merchantmen everywhere; and, if they would have broke with us, they never had such an opportunity over our rich merchantmen, as lately, coming out of the Straits. Then to dinner, and pretty merry; and here was Mr. Martin, the purser, who 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. Came at night to Gilford,[1] where the Red Lion 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 so to bed.

8th. Met uncle Wight, whom I 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 air, 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 Lion, we all dined together, and pretty merry, and then parted; and we home to Fox Hall,[2] where Fitzgerald and I 'light, and by water to Whitehall, where, the Duke of York being abroad, I by coach and met my wife. I hear that Colbert,[3] the French Ambassador, is come, and hath been at Court *incognito*. When he hath his audience, I know not.

9th. (Lord's day.) 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. To visit Lord Brouncker, and back to Whitehall, where saw the Queen and

[1] See pp. 151, 190.
[2] Vauxhall. [3] Guildford.
[4] George Abbot (1562-1633), Archbishop of Canterbury.
[5] John Tippets, a Surveyor of the Navy.

[1] Guildford. [2] Vauxhall.
[3] Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy, brother of Jean Baptiste Colbert, the great Minister. [B.]

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 Knipp, 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 air; 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.

10th. To my Lord Arlington's house, the first time since he came thither, at Goring House, 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 began 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. 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. He hath £30 for his work; and the crystal, and case, and gold case comes to £8:3:4; and which I sent him this night, that I might be out of his debt. Home to supper, and my wife to read a ridiculous book I bought to-day of the History of the Tailors' Company.[1]

11th. The Parliament met long enough to adjourn to the 10th of November next. At the office all the afternoon till night, being mightily pleased with a trial I have made of the use of a tube-spectacle of paper,[1] 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[2] up again, which is pretty strange; and they are connived at by the King everywhere, I hear, in the City and country. This afternoon my wife, and Mercer, and Deb. went with Pelling to see the gipsies at Lambeth,[3] and have their fortunes told; but what they did, I did not inquire.

12th. Captain Cocke 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 are very good meat; and, after dinner, I, and wife, and Mercer, and Deb. to the Duke of York's house, and saw *Macbeth*, to our great content, and then home, where the women went to the making of my tubes.[4] Then come Mrs. Turner and her husband to advise about their son, the chaplain, who is turned out of his ship, a sorrow for them, which I am troubled for, and do give them the best advice I can.

13th. W. Howe dined with me, who tells me 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.

14th. At home I find Symson putting up my new chimney-piece,[5] in our great chamber, which is very fine, but will cost a great deal of money, but it is not flung away. I with Mr. Wren, by invitation, to

[1] William Winstanley's (? 1628-1698) book: *The Honour of Merchant Taylors. Wherein is set forth the noble acts, valliant deeds, and heriock 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 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* (1668).

[1] See p. 668.

[2] The Sunday morning lectures which had been authorized by Parliament during the preceding reign were a popular institution among the Nonconformists. The most famous series was delivered in St. Giles's, Cripplegate.

[3] Most probably at Norwood, in the parish of Lambeth. [B.]

[4] For his eyes, *n.s.*

[5] See p. 667.

Sir Stephen Fox's to dinner, where the Cofferer[1] and Sir Edward Savage; 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[2] 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 inquired for what I had promised him, about my observations of the miscarriages of our Office; 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,[3] which is a matter of great ceremony and state. Spent the evening talking with my wife and piping, and pleased with our chimney-piece.

15th. After dinner with my wife, Mercer, and Deb. to the King's playhouse, and there saw *Love's Mistress*[4] revived, the thing pretty good, but full of variety of divertisement.

16th. (Lord's day.) All the morning at the office with W. Hewer, there drawing up my Report to the Duke of York, as I have promised, about the faults of this Office.

17th. To Hampstead, to speak with the Attorney-general,[5] whom we met in the fields, by his old route and house; and, after a little talk about our business of Ackeworth, went and saw the Lord Wotton's house[6] and garden, which is wonderful 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. Chichly's[7] by

1 William Ashburnham. 2 Fox.
3 Of the Cinque Ports.
4 *Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Masque*, by Thomas Heywood. See pp. 72, 73, 74, 314.
5 Sir Geoffrey Palmer, Bart. (1598-1670).
6 Belsyze House.
7 In Great Queen Street.

invitation, and there dined with Sir John, his father not coming home. And while at dinner comes by the French Ambassador Colbert's mules, the first I ever saw, with their sumpter-clothes mighty rich, and his coaches, he being to have his entry today; but his things, though rich, are not new; supposed to be the same his brother[1] 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*,[2] 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.

18th. Alone to the Park; but there were few coaches; among the few, there were our two great beauties, my Lady Castlemaine 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.

19th. This week my people wash, over the water, and so I little company at home. 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. It was 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.

20th. To work till past twelve at night, that I might get my great letter to the Duke of York ready against to-morrow, which I shall do, to my great content.

21st. Up betimes, and with my people again to work, and finished all before noon; and then I by water to Whitehall, and there did tell the Duke of York that I had done; and he hath desired me to come to him at Sunday next in the afternoon, to read the letter over, by which I have more time to consider and correct it. To St. James's; and by and by comes Monsieur

1 A mistake of Pepys's. Colbert de Croissy, then in England, had himself been the French Plenipotentiary at Aix-la-Chapelle. [B.]
2 By Beaumont and Fletcher (pr. 1615).

Colbert, the French Ambassador, 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;[1] good, but not like. Thence to Reeves's, and bought a reading-glass, and so to my bookseller's again, there to buy a Book of Martyrs,[2] which I did agree for; and so away home, and there busy very late at the correcting my great letter to the Duke of York, and so to bed.

22nd. 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 not, I know not, nor am much concerned, though I should be better contented to have it thus than otherwise. To the 'Change, and thence home, and took London Bridge in my way; walking down Fish Street and Gracious[3] Street, to see how very fine a descent they have now made down the hill, that it is become very easy and pleasant. Going through Leadenhall, it being market-day, I did see a woman catched, that had stole 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.) To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Gifford's at our church, upon 'Seek ye first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all things shall be added to you.' A very excellent and persuasive, good and moral sermon. He showed, like a wise man, that righteousness is a surer moral way of being rich, than sin and villainy. 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,[1] 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, expecting 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,[2] 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 18s. 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. My wife is upon hanging the long chamber, where the girl lies, with the sad[3] stuff that was in the best chamber, in order to the hanging that with tapestry.

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 secrecy, and is much pleased with

[1] The collection of 'King Charles's Beauties,' by Lely, now at Hampton Court.
[2] Fox's *Acts and Monuments*.
[3] Gracechurch.

[1] See p. 670.
[2] *I.e.* intimacy, familiarity.
[3] *I.e.* sad-coloured.

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, that so 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.

26th. 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 sank in, and was forced to be dug out again, but without hurt. It is strange to say with what speed the people employed do pull down Paul's steeple, and with what ease[2]; it is said that it and the choir are to be taken down this year, and another church begun in the room thereof, the next. Home by coach with Sir D. Gauden, 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 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 Knipp and Harris, and W. Batelier, and his sister Mary, and cousin 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; but Knipp and the rest stayed till almost three in the morning, and then broke up.

27th. Knipp home with us, and I to bed, and rose about six, mightily pleased with last night's mirth. 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. 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. I with my wife, and W. Batelier, and Deb.; carried them to Bartholomew Fair, where we saw the dancing of the ropes and nothing else, it being late.

28th. To Whitehall, where the Duke of York did call me aside, and told me that he must speak with me in the afternoon, and with Mr. Wren, for that now he hath got the paper from my Lord Keeper[2] about the exceptions taken against the management of the Navy; and so we are to debate upon answering them. At noon I home with Sir W. Coventry to his house; and there dined with him, and talked freely with him; and did acquaint

[1] In Upper Thames Street.
[2] Cf. p. 678.

[1] See p. 667. The text is extant in B.M. Harl. MS. 6003.
[2] Sir Orlando Bridgman.

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. 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 parted. And the Duke of York, and Wren, and I, it being now candle-light, into the Duke of York's closet in Whitehall, 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 for 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 how hard matter the plaster of Paris is, that is there taken up, as hard as stone! And pity to see Holbein's work in the ceiling blotted on, and only whited over! My wife 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 Surgeons' 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 great picture of Holbein'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 £1000; 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 playhouse, 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 everybody; and so to Jacob Hall's[3] dancing of the ropes, a thing worth seeing, and mightily followed.[4] 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.

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

[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 their charter to the Barber Surgeons' and Surgeons' Companies, which were united in the 32nd year of that King: it contains eighteen figures. [B.]

[2] *I.e. Merry Andrew.* For an account of the Merry Andrews in the Fair, see Henry Morley's *Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair* (4th edit. 1892).

[3] Cf. p. 639, note.

[4] *I.e.* much run after.

did give of my Lord Falmouth for his generosity, good-nature, desire of public good, and low thoughts of his own wisdom[1]; 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 Sir W. Coventry's particular friend; and Sir W. Coventry do tell me very odd circumstances about the fatality of his death, which are very strange.[2] Thence to Whitehall 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 coals; 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 Teviot 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;[3] and here did see my Lady Richmond, who is of a noble person as ever I did see, but her face worse than it was considerably by the smallpox: her sister[4] is also very handsome. Coming into the Park, 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 Whitehall in the evening, to the Queen's side, and there met the Duke of York; and he did tell me and Sir W. Coventry, who was with me, how the 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 Sir 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.

31st. To Hercules Pillars,[1] and there dined all alone, while I sent my shoe to have the heel fastened at Wotton's. To the Duke of York's playhouse, 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 Fair, and saw Polichinelle, and so home. 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 [Flora], which she values mightily, and is pretty; but, as a newcomer, I cannot be fond of her.

September 1668

September 1st. To Bartholomew Fair, and there saw several sights; among others, the mare that tells money, and many things to admiration; and, among others, came 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 12d. to the horse, which I had flung him

[1] See p. 318.

[2] The particulars of this prediction are recorded in a MS. in the Pepysian Collection. [B.]

[3] Apple Tree Yard, in York Street, St. James's Square, preserves the association.

[4] Sophia Stuart, wife of Henry Bulkeley, son of the first Viscount Bulkeley.

[1] See p. 51.

before, and did give me occasion to kiss a mighty *belle fille* that was exceeding plain, but *fort belle*.

2nd. Fast-day for the burning of London, strictly observed.

3rd. To my bookseller's, for Hobbes's *Leviathan*, which is now mightily called for; and what was heretofore sold for 8s. I now give 24s. for, at the second hand, and is sold for 30s., it being a book the Bishops will not let be printed again.

4th. 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 Fair*,[1] with puppets.[2] 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 Knipp came to us, and sat with us, and thence took coach in two coaches, and losing one another, my wife, and Knipp, and I to Hercules Pillars, and there supped, and I did take from her mouth the words and notes of her song of 'The Lark,' which pleases me mightily. And so set her at home, and away we home, where our company came before us. This night Knipp tells us that there is a Spanish woman lately come over, that pretends to sing as well as Mrs. Knight; both of whom I must endeavour to hear.

5th. 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, done in his habit of Henry the Fifth;[3] 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.

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 came to me Mr. Hosier,[4] 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. 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 came 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; and this I do, by the best of my present judgment, think. 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. With my 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.

8th. Up, and by water to Whitehall, 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,[2] which I value not, being satisfied that it is the

[1] *I.e.* Jonson's play.
[2] *I.e.* with the Puppet-scene (Act v. sc. iv.).
[3] In Lord Orrery's play, *u.s.* See the note on the cast, p. 276.
[4] Muster-master at Gravesend.

[1] 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's *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' 1656. It was written by Abraham Wright (1611-1690).
[2] See p. 674.

best thing I could ever do for myself; and so, after some discourse of this kind more, I back to the office, and there 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],[1] that I resolved to let my wife go, which she shall do the next week.

9th. To the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter yesterday. I find him at his lodgings in the little building in the bowling-green at Whitehall, that was begun to be built by Captain Rolt. They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his lady; 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, buck 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 do 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 inn, 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 overrule it for Buckingham, by which there are high displeasures among them; and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. To Whitehall, 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.

10th. 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 came to see me, by water to the Temple, and met our four women, my wife, M. Batelier, Mercer, and Deb., at the Duke's playhouse, and there saw *The Maid in the Mill*,[1] revived, a pretty, harmless, old play. I to the office, where a child is laid at Sir J. Minnes's door, as there was one heretofore. Thence to Unthanke's, and 'Change, where wife did a little business while Mercer and I stayed in the coach; and in a quarter of an hour I taught her the whole Lark's song[2] perfectly, so excellent an ear she hath. Here we at Unthanke's 'light, and walked them to Whitehall, 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,[3] and so took water to the other side, and home.

12th. To the office, 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 occasion 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.) 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, 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. After supper

[1] See p. 664.
[2] The Exchequer.

[1] See p. 122.
[2] See p. 676.
[3] At the 'Bridge foot' or south end of London Bridge.

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[1] 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. Faith's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick![2] But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very 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, 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 Whitehall; and there, with the Cofferer[3] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily.

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 cousin Roger Pepys's to see Sturbridge Fair; and I showed 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. To the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called *The Ladies à la Mode*:[1] so mean a thing as, when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[2] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full.

16th. Walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stocks[3] are now pulled quite down; and it will make the coming into Cornhill and Lombard Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Faith'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, one Mound, this week fell from the top 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 Mon-

[1] Reflecting. [2] Cf. p. 673. [3] William Ashburnham.

[1] This is the only reference to this play, which, if by Dryden, was probably not printed on account of its bad reception. Three contemporary plays have been named in the endeavour to clear up this mystery—(a) *Love à la Mode*, by T. S. (1663); (b) *Damoiselles à la Mode*, by Richard Flecknoe (1667); (c) *The Mall, or the Modish Lovers*, printed in 1674, with a Preface, by 'J. D.' The first was acted only once, at Middlesex House (see Genest, x. p. 137). The second was not acted (see the extract from Flecknoe's Preface in Dryden's *Works*, Ed. Scott and Saintsbury, x. 437-38). *The Mall* is printed in Scott and Saintsbury, vol. viii.; and some discussion of the claim for it as the older *Ladies à la Mode* refurbished is offered on pp. 644-45.

[2] Probably Beeston, who had been manager of the Cockpit Theatre. [B.]

[3] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near this spot. The Mansion House now stands on the site. [B.] See p. 59.

mouth 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. 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. At noon comes Knipp, 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. So to the King's playhouse, and saw *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*,[2] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well. 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 Knipp did dine with me to-day.

18th. 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 gave 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. To Whitehall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, where I find him somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times. 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 Knipp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in *The Silent Woman*,[1] and so I only set her at home, and away home.

19th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Silent Woman*, the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote[2]; and sitting by Shadwell[3] 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. Knipp did her part mighty well.[4] And so home straight, and to write, and particularly to my cousin Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment; so to supper, and to bed. All the news now is that Mr. Trevor is for certain 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.

20th. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard a dull sermon of Dr. Hicks, who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; and thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for

[1] *Cyprianus Anglicus, or the History of the Life and Death of William* [*Laud*].. *Archbishop of Canterbury*, by Peter Heylyn (1600-1662), published in 1668. [2] See note on p. 486.

[1] By Ben Jonson. [2] See p. 485.
[3] Thomas Shadwell (? 1642-1692).
[4] As the Silent Woman.

Harris, whom I invited, and to bring Shadwell the poet with him; but they came 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[1] to that; the latter whereof is mighty silly, in behalf of Howard. To visit Mrs. Pierce, with whom and him I stayed a little while, and do hear how the Duchess 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[2] it. So back, and walked in 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[3] do live there still, I seeing Frances the other day in a coach with Cary Dillon,[4] her old servant, but know not where she lives.

21st. 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 Sir W. Coventry too, who told me that the Duke of York had shown him them. To Southwark 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 came the music 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 Bear,[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 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, above £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. This day I met Mr. Moore in the New Exchange, and had much talk of my Lord's concernments. This day also came out first the new five-pieces in gold, coined by the Guinea Company;[2] and I did get two pieces of Mr. Holder.

22nd. 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 do 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 ate a bit of something, and by and by comes Sir W. Pen, and ate 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. 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 noon comes Mr. Evelyn to me about some business with the office, and

[1] The bibliography of this famous literary controversy is briefly thus: (1) Dryden's Epistle Dedicatory to *The Rival Ladies* (1664); (2) Howard's Preface to *Four New Plays* (1665); (3) Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668); (4) Howard's Preface to *The Duke of Lerma* (1668); (5) Dryden's *Defence* of the Essay (1668). The 'letter in answer' here referred to was addressed 'by a Gentleman to the Honourable Ed. Howard, Esq.' It is dated 1668, and is signed R. F. (Richard Flecknoe).

[2] See p. 666. [3] Frances Butler and her sister.

[4] See p. 145, *note*.

[1] See p. 667.

[2] The 'guinea,' first coined in 1663, was made of Guinea gold, and was intended for use in the African trade. The piece, of the nominal value of 20s., was from the first popularly known as a 'guinea.' It varied in value (cf. p. 434), and was not accepted as legal tender for 21s. till after 1717. The 'five-piece' was of the value of five 'guineas.'

there in discourse tells me of his loss, to the value of £500, 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. To Whitehall, to attend the Commissioners of the Treasury with Alderman Backewell about £10,000 he is to lend us for Tangier.

25th. 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 cousin. The Duke of York did tell me how hot Clifford[2] is for Child, and for removing of old Officers, he saying plainly to-night that though D. Gauden 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.

26th. Could sleep but little last night, for my concernments in this business of the victualling for Sir D. Gauden; and he comes to me, and there I did tell him all, and give him my advice, and so he away. To Charing Cross, and there into the great new Ordinary, by my Lord Mulgrave's,[3] 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 parted. To Whitehall, and there attended the King and Council. 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. Gauden at 6d., 8d., and 8¾d.; 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. Gauden'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 the King's in the whole nation, and so I think he is; but it is done, and my heart is glad at it. To my house, where D. Gauden 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. 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 with Mrs. Pickering[1] will do, which I am neither troubled nor glad at.

27th. (Lord's day.) To Whitehall, calling in at Somerset House Chapel, and there did hear a little mass; and so to Whitehall; 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 ingenuous men, and himself particularly, to live in it, where a man cannot live but he must spend money, and cannot get it suitably, without breach of his honour: and he did thereupon tell me of the basest thing of my Lord Barkeley that ever was heard of any 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 to have £1500 a year to quit it; whereof, since, it is came 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 the second bargain hath been broken, and the Duke

[1] See Evelyn's *Diary*, Sept. 7, 1667.
[2] Sir T. Clifford.
[3] John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Marquis of Normanby and later, Duke of Normanby and Buckinghamshire.

[1] Their coming marriage.

of York lost by it half of what the first was. He told me that there had 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. Thence, he gone, I to the Queen's Chapel, and there heard some good singing; and so to Whitehall, 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. This night in the Queen's drawing-room my Lord Brouncker told me the difference that is now between the three Ambassadors 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.

28th. Knipp's maid comes to me to tell me that the women's day[6] at the playhouse is to-day, and that therefore I must be there to increase their profit. I did give the pretty maid Betty[7] that comes to me half-a-crown for coming, and had a kiss or two, *elle* being mighty *jolie*. 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,[1] 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 last night come 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. He sent him up with a declaration to his friends of the necessity of his being presently supplied with £2000; but I do not think he will get £1000. However I think it becomes my duty to my Lord to do sòmething 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, 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,[2] a very fine-speaking lady, and a good woman, but old, and not handsome; but a brave woman. Here my Lady Hinchingbroke tells me that she hath bought most of the wedding-clothes for Mrs. Pickering, so that the thing[3] is gone through, and will soon be ended. Here I also, standing by a candle that was brought for sealing a letter, do set my periwig a-fire, which

1 William Ashburnham.
2 Sidney Godolphin.
3 Pietro Mocenigo, whose entry is referred to in Evelyn's *Diary* (Sept. 17, 1668).
4 Charles Colbert: see p. 669.
5 Count De Dona.
6 *i.e.* benefit.
7 See p. 651.

1 In Piccadilly. See p. 302.
2 Elizabeth, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland, wife of the first Earl of Burlington.
3 The marriage with Creed.

ıade such an odd noise, nobody could tell /hat it was till they saw the flame, my ack being to the candle. To my vintner's, nd there did only look upon his wife, /hich is mighty handsome; and so to my love and ribbon shop in Fenchurch Street, nd did the like there. And there, stopping gainst the door of the shop, saw Mrs. Iorsfall,[1] now a widow, in a coach. I to ıer, and shook her by the hand, and so he away; and I by coach to the King's ılayhouse, and there saw *The City Match*;[2] ıot acted these thirty years, and but a silly ılay: the King and Court there; the ıouse, for the women's sake, mighty full. ȯo I to Whitehall, and there all the evening ȯn the Queen's side; and it being a most ummer-like day, and a fine warm evening, he Italians came in a barge under the eads, before the Queen's drawing-room; ınd so the Queen and ladies went out, and ıeard them, for almost an hour; and the ;inging was indeed very good together; but /et there was but one voice that alone did ıppear considerable, and that was Signor ȯoanni.[3] This done, by and by they went n; and here I saw Mr. Sidney Montagu ciss the Queen's hand, who was mighty cind to him, and the ladies looked mightily ȯn him; and the King came by and by, ınd did talk to him. So I away by coach /ith Alderman Backewell home, who is nighty kind to me, more than ordinary, in ıis expressions. But I do hear this day /hat troubles me, that Sir W. Coventry is ȷuite out of play, the King seldom speaking ȯ him; and that there is a design of naking a Lord Treasurer, and that my Lord Arlington shall be the man; but I :annot believe it. But yet the Duke of Buckingham hath it in his mind, and those /ith him, to make a thorough alteration in hings; and, among the rest, Coventry to ȯe out. The Duke of York did this day ell me how hot the whole party was in the ȯusiness of Gauden;[4] and particularly, my Lord Anglesey tells me, the Duke of Buckingham for Child against Gauden; ȯut the Duke of York did stand stoutly ȯ it.

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

October 1668

October 11th.[1] (Lord's day.) 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. At night comes Mr. Turner and his wife, and there they tell me that Mr. Harper 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 came along with them, did sup with me, and pretty merry.

12th. Up, and with Mr. Turner to Whitehall, to inquire when the Duke of York will be in town, in order to Mr. Turner's going down to Audley End[2] about his place; and here I met in St. James's Park with one that told me that the Duke of York would be in town to-morrow. I did stop my intentions of going to the Court also this day about securing Mr. Turner's place of Petty-purveyor to Mr. Hater. Meeting a gentleman of my Lord Middleton's looking for me about the payment of the £1000 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

[1] Probably the same as Mrs. Horsfield: see May 8, 1668. [B.]
[2] By Jasper Mayne (1604-1672).
[3] ? Giovanni Battista Draghi: see p. 463.
[4] See p. 681.

[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 Oct. 23, 1668). He might also probably have gone to Impington, to fetch his wife, whom we find dining at her home on October 11. At all events, the pages left blank were never filled up. [B.]
[2] Where the Court was, Oct. 6-14.

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 Comptroller, his health not giving him power to stay always in town, but he must go into the country. Home, where I find Sir H. Cholmely 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 stayed 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. 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 afterwards by water with them, and there we did hear 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 made 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 stayed 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. 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.

13th. With my Lord Brouncker, and 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 came 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 at 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. 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 as a friend to Mr. Turner, which he did kindly take 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. 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 of his £1000 paid; 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 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.

14th. To Whitehall, 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 music, one after another, to my great content. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmely, and he and I to walk, and to my Lord Barkeley's new house,[1] there to see a new experiment of a cart, which, by having two little wheels 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. 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 Faithful*

[1] Penn's tracts are numerous. Pepys may refer to his *Truth Exalted* (1668). Cf. p. 716.

[1] See p. 682; and Evelyn's description in his *Diary*, Sept. 25, 1672.

Shepherdess[1] again, that we might hear the French eunuch[2] 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 saw or heard.

15th. After dinner my wife and I and Deb. out by coach to the upholsterer's in Long Lane, Alderman Reeve's, and then to Alderman Crow's, to see variety of hangings, and were mightily pleased therewith; 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. 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. I took my wife by coach and Deb., and showed 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. 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. To my aunt Wight's, the first time, I think, these two years; 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.

17th. Late home, and there with much pleasure getting Mr. Gibbs, that writes well, to write the name upon my new draught of the *Resolution*;[3] and so set it up, and altered the situation of some of my pictures in my closet, to my extraordinary content. 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.) With Lord Brouncker to Lincoln'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 *Real Character*;[1] and so I with Lord Brouncker to Whitehall, and there saw the Queen and some ladies.

19th. With my wife and Deb. and Mr. Harman, the upholsterer, and carried them to take measure of Mr. Wren's bed in St. James's, I being resolved to have just such another made me. To the Duke of York's playhouse; and there saw, the first time acted, *The Queen of Arragon*,[2] 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. This day a new girl came 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, etc.; and the more because of Creed's being now married to Mrs. Pickering; a thing I could never have expected, but it is

[1] See p. 201. [2] See p. 684. [3] See p. 680.

[1] See p. 650.

[2] By William Habington (1605-1654), author of *Castara*, printed 1640. When the play was revived, the author of *Hudibras* wrote the prologue and epilogue.

done about seven or ten days since. I walked out to look for a coach, and saw many; and did light on one[1] for which I bid £50, which do please me mightily.

21st. At noon to dinner to Mr. Batelier's, his mother coming this day a-housewarming 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 Ambassador Colbert, at Leicester House, he having endeavoured to make one or two to my Lord Brouncker, as our President, but he was not within, but I came too late, they being gone before; so 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 stayed for my wife, and, she come, we to Cow Lane, and there I showed 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. *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 came to town the last night, and is come thither to lie; and met with him within; and among others my new cousin Creed, who looks mighty soberly; and he and I saluted one another with mighty gravity, till we came 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 Court, and there stayed 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 French-man, a periwig-maker, comes and brings me a new one, which I liked and paid him for; a mighty genteel fellow. To Crow's, and there did see some more beds; and we shall, I think, pitch upon a camlot one, when all is done. Thence to Arundel 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 ate and drank, and so home by coach; 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 stayed, 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. This day word came for all the Principal Officers to bring 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. To my Lord Sandwich's, where I find my Lord within, but busy, private; and so I stayed a little talking with the young gentlemen; and so away with Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, towards Tyburn, to see the people executed; but came too late, it being done; two men and a woman hanged.[3] In the afternoon comes my cousin Sidney Pickering,[4] to bring my wife and me his sister's favour for her wedding, which is kindly done. Pierce do tell me, among other news, the late frolic and debauchery of Sir Charles Sedley and Buckhurst, running up and down all the night almost naked, 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

[1] In Cow Lane: see next entry.
[2] It occupied the north side of the present Leicester Square. Lisle Street and Sidney's Alley preserve some of the names. [B.]

[1] The Royal Society. [2] In Fleet Street.
[3] The gallows at Tyburn stood on the site of No. 49 Connaught Square. [B.]
[4] Mrs. Creed's brother.

laid the constable by the heels 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 obscene songs they could think of. How Sir W. Coventry was brought the other day to the Duchess of York by the Duke, to kiss her hand; and 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 Coventry do now rest wholly upon the Duke of York for his standing, which is a great turn. He tells me that my Lady Castlemaine, 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 Sedley, Buckhurst, etc., the night that my Lord Arlington came 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 there was no man in England that had a head 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, and agreed with me for £53, and to stand to the courtesy of what more I should give him upon the finishing of the coach:[2] he is likely also to fit me with a coachman. Lord Brouncker tells me that the making Sir J. Minnes a bare Commissioner[3] 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:[1] I never saw her before, nor took notice of her now. At night W. Batelier comes and sups with us; and after supper to have my head combed by Deb.

26th. I was obliged to attend the Duke of York, thinking to have had a meeting 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 Sedley and Lord Buckhurst. 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 of 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 Sir 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.

27th. This evening Mr. Spong came, and sat late with me, and first told me of the instrument called a parallelogram,[2] which I must have one of, showing me his practice thereon, by a map of England.

28th. By coach with Mr. Gibson to

[1] Saxham, near Bury St. Edmunds, Lord Crofts's seat. See p. 683, note.
[2] See p. 688.
[3] On his resigning the Comptrollership of the Navy.

[1] *I.e.* brunette, *w.s.*
[2] A pantograph.

Chancery Lane, and there made oath before a Master in Chancery to the Tangier account of fees, and so to Whitehall, where by and by a 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.

29th. 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 Solicitor-General for drawing up a Commission for suspending of my Lord Anglesey, 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. 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, for it is done and concluded without his privity, after his appearing for Lord Anglesey, and that it is plain that they do aim 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.

30th. Up betimes; and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me, which we did, and then fell to other talk. He tells me, 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 amours, is led by the nose by his wife. That Sir 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 Sir 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 useful to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. That my Lady Castlemaine 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.

31st. 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,[1] which will be on Tuesday next, he will bring it into the Council. This day Roger Pepys and his son Talbot, newly come to town, came and dined with me, and mighty glad I am to see them.

November 1668

November 1st. (Lord's day.) 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 Whitehall, the first time of his coming thither this

[1] From Newmarket.

year, the Duchess coming thither to-night. 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] To Mr. Povy's about a coach, but there I find my Lords Sandwich, 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. This day I went, by Mr. Povy's direction, to a coachmaker near him,[2] for a coach just like his, but it was sold this very morning.

3rd. We had a great deal of do this day at the office about Clutterbucke, I declaring my dissent against the whole Board's proceedings, and I believe I shall go near to show W. Pen a very knave in it, whatever I find my Lord Brouncker.

4th. To Whitehall; and there I find the King and Duke of York come the last night, and everybody'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[3] did kiss the King's hand this morning, brought in by my Lord Arlington. They walked up and down together in the Court this day, and several people joyed[4] 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,[5] saying that he is the greatest subject of any prince in Christendom, and hath more acres of land than any, and hath done more for his Prince that 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 wonderful 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 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 Dean and Chapter lands; and that will put him out of debt. And it is said that Buckingham do knowingly meet daily with Wildman and other Commonwealth-men; and that 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 appearing this day the first time at Whitehall; but he 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 Gauden 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. Sir John Talbot[1] talks mighty high for my Lord of Ormond; and I perceive this family of the Talbots hath been raised by my Lord. This evening my wife and I talking of our being put out of the Office, and my going to live at Deptford at her brother's, till I can clear 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. The Duke of York did call me and Mr. Wren; and my paper that I have lately taken pains to draw up was read,

1 Colonel Atkins: see p. 663.

2 Mr. Povy lived in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Pepys no doubt went to Long Acre, then, as now, celebrated for its coachmakers. [B.] But see p. 691.

3 Sir Thomas Osborne and Sir Thomas Lyttelton, *v.s.* 4 Congratulated. 5 Marvel at.

1 See p. 605.

and the Duke of York pleased therewith; and we did all along conclude upon answers to my mind for the Board, and that which, 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 Sir W. Pen, who is now declared to be gone from us to that of the Victualling, and did show how the Office would now be left without one seaman in it, but the Surveyor and the Comptroller, 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 did move the King that either Captain Cox or Sir Jer. Smith might succeed him, the King did tell him 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 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 in the Council, but only take his name to the Board; but I think he said that only D. Gauden's name shall go in the patent; at least, at the time when Sir Richard Browne[1] asked the King the names of D. Gauden'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, Wren brought into the closet Captain Cox and James Temple about business of the Guinea Company; and talking something of the Duke of Buckingham's concernment therein, 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 everybody'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 formerly granted him for life upon a valuable consideration, and that, without anything 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. At the Treasurer's, Sir Thomas Clifford, where I did 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 Swede's Agent's,[2]

[1] As Clerk of the Council.

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.
[2] Sir J. B. Leyenburg.

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;[1] 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. I was mightily pleased with this company and their discourse. With Mr. Povy spent all the afternoon going up and down among the coach-makers in Cow Lane, and did see several, and at last did pitch upon a little chariot, 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, but yet will hold four. Being much satisfied with this, I carried him to Whitehall. Home, where I give my wife a good account of my day's work.

6th. To see Roger Pepys at his lodgings, next door to Arundel 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 Escurial in Spain*;[2] which I have a great desire to have, though I took it for a finer book when he promised it me.

7th. This afternoon I did go out towards Sir D. Gauden'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 inn, 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.

9th. The Duke of York 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 very long, as his best friends are, and when I came to him had little pleasure, his head being full of his own business, I think. Thence to Whitehall with him, to a 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 anybody seemed to value it; whereas he might have shown 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 judgement are depressed, or that he do it out of his great neglect, and so that he do all the rest of his affairs accordingly. I stayed 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 10d.

11th. To the office, where, by a special desire, the new Treasurers came, and there did show 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. 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

[1] Thomas Clayton, M.D., Professor of Physic, and Anatomy Lecturer at Oxford, afterwards knighted, and made Warden of Merton College. [B.]

[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. [B.]

them, very intelligent men), I home to dinner. Then by coach to my cousin 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 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.

12th. 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.

13th. Up, and with Sir W. Pen by coach to Whitehall, where to the Duke of York, and there did our usual business; and thence I to the Commissioners of the Treasury, where I stayed, 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, Shafto,[1] their Recorder, and Mr. Offly.[2] But I was troubled, and so were the Lords,[3] to hear my Lord fly out against their[4] 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. And thence to Whitehall, and there stayed 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 consider 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 show 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 anything 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 knows 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 for 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 have 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

[1] Robert Shafto, knighted 1670. [B.]
[2] See p. 635. 'It was he who, in 1673, petitioned against Pepys's return for Castle Rising.' [B.]
[3] The Lords Commissioners.
[4] The people of Newcastle.

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, whom 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 briskness, 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 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 secured 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 the Chancellor's ruin. This morning at the Treasury-chamber I did meet Jack Fenn, and there he did show 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 the law, 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.

[1] 'Matt. Clifford' (ed. 1896), *i.e.* Martin Clifford, who had a share in *The Rehearsal* (1671), and wrote against Dryden.

14th. 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.

15th. (Lord's day.) 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.

16th. I did call at Martin's, my bookseller's, and there bought *Cassandra*,[1] 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.

17th. To the office all the morning, where the new Treasurers came, their second time, and before they sat down did discourse with the Board, and particularly my Lord Brouncker, about their place,[2] 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 upholsterers having done there, in her closet and the blue room, and they are mighty pretty.

19th. This night the upholsterers did finish the hanging of my best chamber.

20th. 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 away by coach home, calling on my coachmaker by the way, where I like my little coach mightily. 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

[1] The *Cassandre* of La Calprenède (1642), which had been Englished by Sir Charles Cotterell in 1667.

[2] *I.e.* precedence.

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, as that which he will have to show 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 here, my work by this means will be the less, and my share in the blame also.

21st. 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 came to be inquired into, I did avouch the truth of the account as to that particular, 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. The Committee rising, I, with my mind much satisfied therein, away by coach home, setting Creed in 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 ate a bit of meat in the kitchen, I all alone. And so to the office to set down my journal, 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 green, lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23rd. Up, and called upon by W. Howe, who went, with W. Hewer and 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, which I understand not, and so could say little to him. To visit Lord 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. 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 show no discontent at all. I met with Mr. Povy, 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 which he hath had with conjurors, which he do affect. I took my wife and boy to Hercules Pillars, and there dined, and thence to our upholsterer'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

[1] See p. 296.

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.

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, came and dined with us, to inquire 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 for both 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. By coach to see Sir W. Coventry; but, he gone out, I to Whitehall, 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 anybody else, but his own idle people about him, Sir Charles Harbord, etc. Thence walked with him to Whitehall, 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. 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 their legs; they being forced to be always putting the King upon one idle thing or another, 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 anything to be done in the Admiralty, to the lessening of the Duke of York, though he hears how the town-talk is full of it. Thence I by coach home, and there find my cousin 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[2] Street, but over the way to where she kept her shop before. Merry at dinner; and, the money not being ready, I carried Roger Pepys to Holborn Conduit, 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 Duchess of Malfi*,[4] a sorry play, and sat with little pleasure. This evening, to my great content, I got Sir Richard Ford to give me leave to set my coach in his yard.

26th. 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 till the next sitting. So home at noon to dinner, where I find Mr. Pierce and his wife; but I was forced to show 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 £1000, which I sent him this day to receive of the Commissioners of Excise.

[1] See p. 679.

[1] Sir Orlando Bridgman.
[2] Gracechurch.
[3] Pepys's cousin, Thomas Stradwick. See p. 48.
[4] By John Webster. See p. 436.

27th. Up; and with W. Hewer to see Sir W. Coventry, 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 Whitehall, 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. Comes Mr. Povy by appointment to dine with me; and 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. By and by comes my cousin 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.

28th. 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. This day I 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; 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 Holborn, and brings it him, for which he gives him 20s.

29th. (Lord's day.) My wife lately frighted me about her being a Catholic; 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 came home; and I like the livery mightily. All the morning in 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, with me, about his accounts of Gottenburgh,[1] which are so confounded, 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. He tells me, as soon as he saw my coach yesterday, he wished that the owner might not contract envy by it; 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 thought to be justly able to do that. To supper; and to read, and made an end of the *Life of Archbishop Laud*,[2] 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.

30th. With W. Hewer to Whitehall, to a Committee of Tangier, where the business of Mr. Lanyon took up all the morning; and, 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, 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 Arundel House, and there I did see them choosing their Council, it being St. Andrew's day;[3] and I had his Cross[4] set on my hat, as the rest had, and cost me 2s. My wife, after dinner, went the first time abroad in her coach, calling on Roger Pepys, and visiting Mrs. Creed, and my cousin Turner. Thus ended this month, with very good content, but most expenseful to my purse

[1] Dated, Whitehall, Nov. 25, 1668. [B.] See pp. 667 *et seq.*

[1] Probably for timber. [B.]

[2] See p. 695.

[3] The annual meeting of the Royal Society for the election of the Council and Officers is still held on this day.

[4] The cross (saltire) of St. Andrew. Cf. p. 444.

on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I knew in the world; and I am put 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 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 1668

December 1st. 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. 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. 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 saw *The Usurper*;[1] 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 Whitehall; where my wife stayed while I up to the Duchess'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 in 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,[2] to meet him. To-day I hear that Mr. Ackworth's cause went for him at Guildhall, against his accusers, which I am well enough pleased with.

[1] See p. 237. [2] Cadiz.

3rd. Mr. Wren gives me but small hopes of the favour I hoped to get 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. 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*;[1] 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 cousin Pepys in Salisbury Court.

4th. Did wait as usual upon the Duke of York, where, upon 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 judgement, in the thing disputed. 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. I carried my wife and her to Smithfield, where they sit in the coach, while Mr. Pickering, who meets

[1] See p. 639. [2] See p. 306.

me there, and I, and W. Hewer, and a friend of his, a jockey,[1] 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. To the office, where 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,[2] to Lord Brouncker, and did give it him, which I kept a copy of, and it may be of use to me hereafter to show 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.

5th. No news stirring, but that my Lord of Ormond is likely to go to Ireland again, which do show 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 Street, 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 Catholic. But though I do verily think she fears God, and is truly and sincerely righteous, yet I do see she is not so strictly a Catholic as not to go to church with me, which pleases me mightily. Here Mills made a lazy sermon, upon Moses's meekness. 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.

7th. Sir W. Coventry says that he hath no more mind to be found meddling with the Navy, lest it should do it hurt, as well as him. 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 represented 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 afraid as to himself of anything, 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 rut that hath been removed; 'when,' says Sir W. Coventry, 'they reckoned their one good meal, without considering that there was nothing left in the cupboard for to-morrow.' After this discourse, to my Lord Sandwich's, and took a quarter of an hour's walk in the garden with him, which I have not done for so much time with him since his coming

[1] In the obsolete sense of horse-dealer.
[2] See p. 670.

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.

8th. Up, and Sir H. Cholmely 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 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 unjustly, 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*, 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[2] hole in the 18d. place, above stairs, where we could not hear well. The house infinite full, but the prologue most silly, and 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 everybody 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 my 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. 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 showing me the use of the parallelogram,[2] 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,[3] to try the strength of liquors with. This done, 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 ate a bit of meat; and so, with all speed, back

[1] Colonel Middleton.
[2] Dark, obscure, *n.s.*

[1] Or Bloomsbury Market, now removed.
[2] See p. 687.
[3] Boyle's hydrometer.

to the Duke of York's house, where mighty full again; but we came 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 anybody else's about us. So took our coach 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 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 Whitehall, 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. With W. Hewer by coach to Smithfield, but met not Mr. Pickering, he being not come, and so Will and I to a cook's shop, in Aldersgate Street; and dined well for 19½d., upon roast beef; 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.[1] Here I met W. Joyce, who troubled me with his impertinencies a great while, and the like Mr. Knipp, who, it seems, is a kind of a jockey,[1] 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 dare not see for my vow to my wife. At last, 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.

12th. I hear this day that there is fallen down a new house, not quite finished, in Lombard 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; a fine pair!

14th. To a Committee of Tangier, where, among other things, a silly account of a falling out between Norwood,[2] at Tangier, and Mr. Bland, the mayor, who is fled to Cales.[3] 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. To dinner; by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn. 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 showing our weakness, to the dishonour of

[1] See p. 698.
[2] Colonel Norwood, Deputy-Governor. See p. 21.
[3] Cadiz.

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.

18th. 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 to Brooke House, and there spoke with Colonel Thomson, I by order carrying 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 showed me many, which must end in the ruin, I doubt, of the Comptroller, who found them not out in the pay of the ship, or the whole Office. To the office, and after some other business done, we fell to mine. The Surveyor began to be a little brisk at the beginning; but when I came to the point to touch him, which I had all the advantages in the world to do, he became as calm as a lamb, and owned, as the whole Board did, their satisfaction, and cried excuse: and so all made friends; and their acknowledgement 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. So Middleton desiring to be friends, I forgave him; and all mighty quiet, and fell to talk of other stories, and there stayed, all of us, till nine or ten at night, more than ever we did in our lives before, together.

19th. My wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse, and there, the pit being full, sat in the 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, as ever I saw in my life. We sat 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, for fear of offending her. So, our coach coming for us, home, and to end letters, and my wife to read to me out of *The Siege of Rhodes*, and so to supper, and to bed.

20th. (Lord's day.) 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 they 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 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 fellows whom they call soldiers, who make it their work to defend the world. He told us too that Turenne being now become a Catholic,[3] he is likely to get over the head of Colbert, their interests being contrary; the latter to

[1] Not Stephen Gosson's play, as has been repeatedly stated, but Jonson's *Catiline, his Conspiracy* (known as *Catiline*). Pepys had been interested in the play (see Dec. 18, 1664, edd. 1876 and 1894), and he directly refers to this performance as forthcoming (see pp. 591, 603).

[1] See p. 457.

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

[3] 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.]

promote trade and the sea, which, says the Duke of York, is that we have most cause to fear; and Turenne to employ the King and his forces by land, to increase his conquests. 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[1] to us, but that both we and the Dutch shall strike to him; and that he hath made his captains swear already that they will observe it; which is a great thing if he do it, as I know nothing to hinder him.

21st. To the Temple, the first time my fine horses ever carried me, and I am mighty proud of them. So home, and there dined with my wife and my people; and then she, and W. Hewer, and I out with our coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use the others too much, but only to enter[2] them. Went into Holborn, and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a beard. She is a little plain woman, a Dane; her name, Ursula Dyan;[3] 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; it began to grow at about seven years old, and was shaved 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 Castlemaine, and close to a 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, I heard, they said 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 Castlemaine's, look down upon the King, and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemaine once, to see who it was; but when she saw Moll Davis, she looked like fire; which troubled me.

23rd. 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. Gauden 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. Gauden 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 defending 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.

24th. A cold day. Up, and to the office, where all the morning alone, nobody meeting, being the eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner, and then at the office busy, all the afternoon, and at night home.

25th. (Christmas day.) 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

1 Strike topsails. See p. 109.

2 Train.

3 Mr. Wheatley suggests that this may be Barbara Urslerin, the hairy-faced woman (b. at Augsburg, 1629), who was exhibited in Ratcliffe Highway in 1668 (ed. 1896, viii. p. 185).

1 As partner, in the contract for victualling the Navy. [B.]

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, and Des Cartes' book of Music[1]—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 before since he came to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

26th. 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*,[2] which we had never seen before; and, though but indifferent, yet there is a good design for a good play.

27th. (Lord's day.) Saw the King at chapel; but stayed not to hear anything, but went to walk in the Park, with W. Hewer; 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 he telling, when he was in Holland, what he offered the King to do, if he might have 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 Guinea. He told me that he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witt's[3] 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 De Witt's 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 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.

28th. Called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more.

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 40s. 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*;[1] 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 near 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.

[1] The *Musicæ Compendium* of Descartes. Pepys probably knew the English version: *R. Descartes' excellent compendium of musick: with . . . animadversions thereupon by a Person of Honour* (London, 1653). The translator was his colleague, Lord Brouncker.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher (pr. 1647).

[3] 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. [B.]

[1] *U.s.*, p. 241.

January 1669

January 1st. Presented from Captain Beckford[1] with a noble silver warming-pan, which I am doubtful whether to take or no. 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 walnut-tree. To the Old Exchange, and 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 Maiden Queen*.[2] Knipp looked upon us, but I durst not show 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 soon as I can. So back to my aunt's, and there supped and talked, and stayed pretty late, it being dry and moonshine, and so walked home.

2nd. Home to dinner, where I find my cabinet, and paid for it, and it pleases me and my wife well.

3rd. (Lord's day.) 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[3] one of my trencher-salts. Dinner done, I out with W. Hewer and Mr. Spong, who by accident came to dine with me, and good talk with him: to Whitehall by coach, and there left him. Up and down the House till the evening, hearing how the King do intend[4] 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 her 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.

4th. Talking with my wife, and did of my own accord come to an allowance of her of £30 a-year for all expenses, clothes and everything, which she was mightily pleased with, it being more than ever she asked or expected, and so rose, with much content. W. Hewer and I went 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, etc. was, and invited me by all means to dine with them at my cousin Roger's mistress's, the widow Dickenson. So I went to them afterwards, and dined with them, and mighty handsomely treated, and she a wonderfully merry, good-humoured, fat, but plain woman, but I believe a very good woman, and mighty civil to me. Mrs. Turner,[2] the mother,[3] and Mrs. Dyke,[4] 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 show them the great woman, which they admire, as well they may; and back with them, and left them; and I to Whitehall, where a Committee of Tangier met; and I did receive an instance of the Duke of York's kindness to me, and the whole Committee, that they would not order anything about the Treasury 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

[1] See p. 63.

[2] *I.e. Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen*, by Dryden. See p. 471.

[3] *I.e.* 'together with.'

[4] ? purpose to pass: ? purpose to set out. The sentence is not necessarily imperfect, as stated by B. and later editors.

[1] See p. 715, and Evelyn's *Diary*, Jan. 29, 1669.

[2] Jane, wife of John Turner.

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

[4] Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Dyke. [B.]

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 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: he promised to speak to the King about it. To supper, and put into writing, in merry terms, our agreement between my wife and me about the £30 a-year, and so to bed. This was done under both our hands merrily, and put into W. Hewer's to keep.

5th. The frost and cold continuing. At noon home with my people to dinner, and 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 over-handsome, though a good lady, and one I love. So after some pleasant discourse, they gone, I to the office again.

6th. 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 I did bring out my cake,[1] 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 in so many titles into a hat, and so drew cuts; and I was the Queen; and The. Turner, King; Creed, Sir Martin Mar-all; and Betty, Mrs. Millicent: and so we were mighty merry till it was midnight; and, being moonshine and fine frost, they went home, I lending some of them my coach to help to carry them.

7th. My wife and I to the King's play-house, and there saw *The Island Princess*,[1] 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 came and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people; and with a comrade of the Duke's house, that came in to see the play.

8th. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, in his coach, and Mr. Tippets to Whitehall; 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 careful of themselves, unless they do resolve upon defying the Duke of York. At the Treasury Chamber, where I alone did manage the business of the *Leopard* against the whole Committee of the East India Company, with Mr. Blackburne with them; and to the silencing of them all, to my no great content. Home to my wife's chamber, my people having laid the cloth, and got the rooms all clean above-stairs for our dinner to-morrow.

9th. 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.

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 excessively, 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.

[1] Twelfth Night cake.

[1] By Beaumont and Fletcher (printed 1647). Two recastings of it appeared, one by Nahum Tate in 1687; another (an opera) by Motteux in 1699.

11th. Abroad with my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Jovial Crew*;[1] but ill acted to what it was heretofore, in Clun's[2] 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[3] tells of the great murder thereabouts, on Saturday last, of one Captain Bumbridge,[4] 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. So home; and there all the evening; and made Tom to prick down some little conceits and notions of mine in music, 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, and there did dispute the business, it being about the matter of paying a little money to Chatham Yard, wherein I find the Treasurers mighty supple, and I believe we shall bring them to reason, though they began 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 Whitehall, 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. 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, I suppose, that she is 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; 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 I was a rogue, and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was mightily troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she came to my side of the bed, and drew my curtain 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, came 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. Home, after visiting my Lady Peterborough, and there by invitation find Mr. Povy, and there was also Talbot

[1] See p. 93. [2] See p. 274.
[3] Pepys's pretty sempstress: cf. p. 738.
[4] Or Bainbridge? [R.]

[1] Arabella Churchill (1648-1730), eldest daughter of Sir Winston Churchill and sister of John, first Duke of Marlborough; one of the Maids of Honour to the Duchess of York. Four children, including James, Duke of Berwick, were born of this intrigue with the Duke of York (from 1668). Later she married Colonel Charles Godfrey, Comptroller of the Household.

Pepys, newly come from Impington, and dined with me. After dinner, I and my wife and Talbot towards the Temple, and there to the King's playhouse, and there saw, I think, *The Maiden Queen*. This day came home the instrument I have so long longed for, the parallelogram.[1]

15th. To Sir W. Coventry, where with him a good while in his chamber, talking 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,[2] to imitate her; for which she got my Lord Chamberlain, her kinsman,[3] to imprison Doll; upon which my Lady Castlemaine 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. Through the Park, where I met the King and the Duke of York, and so walked with them; and I did give the Duke of York thanks for his favour to me yesterday, at the Committee of Tangier, in my absence, where some business was brought forward which the Duke of York would not suffer to go on, without my presence at the debate.[4] 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,[5] under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chemical glasses and things, but understood none of them. With my wife at my cousin Turner's, where I stayed, and sat a while, and carried The. and my wife to the Duke of York's house, to *Macbeth*, and myself to Whitehall, 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 deputies, and much of that kind. And having done my own business, I away back, and carried my cousin Turner and sister Dyke to a friend's house, where they sup, in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and I to the Duke of York's house, and so carried The. thither, and so home with my wife. This day The. Turner showed me at the play my Lady Portman,[1] who was grown out of my knowledge.

16th. 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, which I am not much concerned for. But the latter, talking of public things, told me, as Mr. Wren also did, that the Parliament is 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 adjourn 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 Castlemaine 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 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.) After church, home, and thither comes Mrs. Batelier and her two daughters to dinner with 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

[1] See p. 699.

[2] The part of Doll Common had been played by Mrs. Corey (see p. 451), who had also taken the rôle of Sempronia in *Catiline*.

[3] Edward Montagu, second Earl of Manchester (1602-1672). Lady Harvey was a daughter of his kinsman, Edward Montagu, second Baron Montagu of Boughton.

[4] See p. 708.

[5] Laboratory.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Cutler, wife of Sir William Portman, K.B., third and last Baronet. [B.]

Will. After dinner Mr. Spong and I to my closet, there to try my instrument parallelogram,[1] which do mighty well, to my full content; but only a little stiff, as being new. Thence, taking leave of my guests, to Whitehall, and there parting with Spong, a man that I mightily love for his plainness and ingenuity, spoke with my Lords Bellasis 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 Essex,[3] 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 show 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.

18th. To Sir W. 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[4] to Whitehall, where he tells me what he hath 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 paymaster should be there; and that being desirous to do a courtesy to Sir Charles Harbord, and to prevent the Duke of York's looking out for anybody else, he did name him to the Duke of York. That when he came the other day to move this to the Board of Tangier, the Duke of York, it seems, did really reply that it was fit to have Mr. Pepys satisfied therein first, and that it was not good to make places for 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 serve 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 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 bite of my bread. Thence to the Duke of York on the King's side, and meeting Mr. Sidney Montagu and Sheres, a small invitation served their turn to carry them to London, where I paid Sheres[1] his £100, given him for his pains in drawing the plate of Tangier fortifications. 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 Wits*,[2] a medley of things, but some similes mighty good. though ill-mixed. At Whitehall, and there in the Queen's withdrawing-room invited my Lord Peterborough to dine with me, with my Lord Sandwich, who readily accepted it. 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 public room.

19th. At noon ate a mouthful, and so with my wife to Madam Turner's, and find her gone, but The. stayed for us; and so to the King's house, to see *Horace*;[3] this

[1] See p. 707.

[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. [B.]

[3] Which title had been revived in the Capel family in 1661. [B.]

[4] The Privy Garden.

[1] H. Sheres: see pp. 554, 557, 560.

[2] See p. 486.

[3] This version of Pierre Corneille's *Horace* was

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 Whitehall, 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. Heard at the Council-board the City, by their single counsel Symson, and the company of Strangers Merchants, debate the business of water-bailage; 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,[1] the merchant, to speak very well, and very sharply, against the City. To the Duke of York's house, and saw *Twelfth Night*,[2] 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,[3] the great landscape-painter, by Mr. Povy's advice; and have bespoke him to come to take measure of my dining-room panels. 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.[4] 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 came home, we were good friends; and so to read, and to supper, and so to bed.

21st. 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 with my wife; and I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged,[1] 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 I 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, came to bed, and mighty kind.

22nd. To the Exchange, 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 £6:7:6. At the 'Change I met with Mr. Dancre, 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, Whitehall, Hampton Court, Greenwich, and Windsor. Mightily pleased with the fellow that came 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 nowadays is all my care, and so to bed.

23rd. To the office till noon, when word brought me that my Lord Sandwich was come; so I presently rose, and there I found my Lords Sandwich, Peterborough, and Sir Charles Harbord; and presently after them comes my Lord Hinchingbroke,

by Katherine Philips, the 'Matchless Orinda.' Denham wrote the fifth act and Crowne the Prologue. This is the play which Evelyn saw on Feb. 15, 1669. Charles Cotton's version of *Horace* was printed in 1671.

1 Edward Gold. See p. 3.

2 See p. 171.

3 Henry Danckerts (? 1630-? 1680), born at the Hague, employed by Charles II. as a landscape-painter. He also engraved portraits.

4 Brunette, *n.s.*

1 Ill-tempered.

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 commended 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 I shall not easily have so good again. The truth is I have some fear that I am more behindhand 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 that I am pretty well yet, and resolve, in a very little time, to look into my accounts, and see how they stand.

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 came to us. So I up, and to my office to set down my Journal 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 cousin 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. I to Whitehall; 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. 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 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 do; 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 he should have money to do all that we desired, and satisfied that without it nothing could be done; and so, without determining anything, we were dismissed; and I doubt all will end in some little fleet this year, and that of hired merchantmen, 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 fleet all at once in condition for service. Thence with Mr. Wren in his coach, for discourse sake; and 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. Here he set

[1] Sidney Montagu.

[1] Essex House, in the Strand, stood on the site of Essex Street and Devereux Court.

me down, and I to my cousin 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 came W. Batelier and supped with us, and told us many pretty things of France, and the greatness of the present King.

25th. My wife showed 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.

26th. To the office, and then to Whitehall, 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. Gauden also was. And here was the King and the Cabinet met; and, being called in, among the rest I find my Lord Privy Seal, 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 came this day; and the King is resolved to stop Sir Thomas Allen's fleet 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 fleet, 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. Home, and there I find W. Batelier hath also sent the books which I made him bring me out of France. Among others, *L'Estat de France*, Marnix,[2] etc., to my great content; and so I was well pleased with them; as also one or two printed music-books of songs; but my eyes are now too much out of tune to look upon them with any pleasure.

27th. To my cousin 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*,[1] which hath not been acted a good while before, but once, and is a most excellent play, I must confess.

28th. Going home to supper with my wife, and to get her to read to me, 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.

29th. To the Duke of York, where 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. My aunt Wight and her husband came presently, and so to dinner; and after dinner Roger, and I, and my wife, and aunt to see Mr. Cole; but he[2] 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 original, that

[1] Robert Nanteuil (1623-1678), the celebrated French engraver: see p. 718.

[2] *Résolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'État*, by Jean de Marnix, Baron de Potes (Brussels, 1612). There were two later editions of this work printed at Rouen. [B.]

[1] See p. 172.

[2] *I.e.* 'neither he.'

vexed me to hear so much commended. Thence to see Creed's wife, where both of them within; and here met Mr. Bland, newly come from Cales,[1] after his differences with Norwood.[2] I think him a foolish light-headed man; but certainly he hath been abused in this matter by Colonel Norwood. Here Creed showed 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 proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-profane style 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 which my cousin 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 by my wife to make an end of Boyle's *Book of Forms*,[3] 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 acknowledgement 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.

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 W. Batelier and Balty 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 Forms*, which I am glad to have over. W. Batelier 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 increase it and his trade, as he hath begun. After supper, my wife began another book I lately bought, called *The State of England*,[1] which promises well, and is worth reading.

31st. (Lord's day.) To church, and there did hear the doctor that is lately turned divine, Dr. Waterhouse. He preaches in a devout manner, 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 on 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; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

February 1669

February 1st. Up, and by water from the Tower to Whitehall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town 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. 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,[2] 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,[3] and several

[1] Cadiz. [2] See p. 700.
[3] See p. 636.

[1] Edward Chamberlayne's *Angliæ Notitia, or The Present State of England* (1669).
[2] Robert Streater (1628-1680), appointed Serjeant-Painter at the Restoration.
[3] Afterwards Sir Christopher Wren.

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 Whitehall, but I do not so fully think so. 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 Bellasis, 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 oil pictures; but I will have some of one, and some of another. So to the King's playhouse, thinking to have seen *The Heiress*,[1] first acted on Saturday last; but when we came 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 saluted 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*.[3] 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, next door.

[1] See next entry.

[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 Genest, in his *Account of the English Stage*, 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 18, 1668, some time before the date Pepys assigns to the caning of Kynaston, Feb. 1, 1669. [B.]

[3] By Etherege. See p. 612.

2nd. 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 Heiress*, 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 of a book all the while, and therefore 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 Knipp 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 Whitehall, 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. My wife in mighty ill humour all night, and in the morning I found it to be from observing Knipp 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 we 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. 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. Mr. Spong brings me 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[1] is not, as Mr. Sheres would the other day have persuaded me, the same as a protractor,[2] which do so much the more make me value it, but of itself it is a most useful 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 Gibson there showed 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 cousin 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 to supper, and to bed. This morning I made a slip from the office to Whitehall, expecting Povy's business at a Committee of Tangier, at which I would be, but it did not meet, and so I presently home.

5th. Betimes to Sir W. Coventry's, meaning by my visit to keep fresh my interest in him; and 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 that 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. 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 to dinner, and very busy all the afternoon, and so at night home to supper, and to bed.

6th. To the King's playhouse, and there, in an upper box (where came in Colonel Poynton[3] 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.

7th. (Lord's day.) I up, and to church, and so home to dinner, where my wife in a jealous 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 ailed her, or to let me into her closet, but at last she did, where I found her crying on the ground, and could not please her; but 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 came out of my chamber, and her letting me thereby see her dressing herself; and that I must needs go into her chamber; which was so silly, and so far from truth, that I I could not be troubled at it, though I could not wonder at her being troubled, if she had these thoughts. At last, I did give her such satisfaction, that we were mighty good friends.

8th. Up, and dressed myself; and by coach, with W. Hewer and my wife, to Whitehall, where she set us down; and in the way, our little boy, at Martin my

[1] See p. 708.

[2] An instrument used in surveying, by which the angles are taken. [B.]

[3] 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 Tryconnel; 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 connexion with Doll Stacey. Pepys only *supposes* he had married her. [B.]

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. 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 well 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 £8000, 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. To my wife, and in our way home did show her the tall woman, in Holborn, 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 stayed with her alone, being not able to endure this life, and we fell to some angry words together; but by and by were mighty good friends, she telling me plain it was about Jane, 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 prays 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. This day I was told by Mr. Wren that Captain Cox, Master-Attendant at Deptford, is to be one of us very soon, he and Tippets 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 apothecary'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.

9th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Island Princess*,[1] 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.

10th. To Whitehall, where the Duke of York was gone a-hunting; and so to the plasterer's at Charing Cross, that casts heads and bodies in plaster; 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. To Whitehall, where I stayed till the Duke of York came from hunting; which he did by and by, and, when dressed, did come out to dinner; and there I waited. And he did mightily magnify his sauce, which he did then eat with everything, and said it was the best universal sauce in the world, it being taught him by the Spanish Ambassador;[2] 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

[1] See p. 705. [2] The Conde de Dona.

which I design for him, about the Store-keeper's accounts; which the Duke of York did grant me, and I was mightily glad of it. Home, and there I find Povy and W. Batelier, by appointment, met to talk of some merchandise of wine and linen; but I do not like of their troubling my house to meet in, having no mind to their pretences of having their rendezvous here.

11th. Heard that the last night Colonel Middleton's wife[1] died, a woman I never saw since she came hither, having never been within their house since.

12th. 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 showed him Sir J. Minnes's propositions about balancing Storekeeper's accounts; and I did show him Hosier's, which did please him mightily, and he will have it showed 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 whom, 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 came 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. My wife and I to Hercules Pillars, and there dined; and there coming a Frenchman by with his show, we did make him show it us, which he did just as Lacy acts it, which made it mighty pleasant to me. Away, and to Dancre's, and there saw our picture of Greenwich in doing,[1] which is mighty pretty. 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 everything; 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 show the power of Buckingham and the poor spirit of the King, and little hold that any man can have of him. I and my wife called at my cousin Turner's, and there met our new cousin Pepys, Mrs. Dickenson, and Bab. and Betty came yesterday to town, poor girls, whom we have reason to love, and mighty glad we are to see them; and there stayed 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 got W. Pen's book against the Trinity.[3] 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 everybody to read.

14th. (Lord's day.) Up, and by coach to Sir W. Coventry; and there he tells me

[1] See p. 718.

[1] See pp. 709, 714.

[2] 'Taken.' In its original sense 'resent' has no sinister meaning,—'to be clearly sensible of,' etc.

[3] *The Sandy Foundation Shaken* (London, 1668). For writing this Penn was imprisoned in the Tower. Cf. p. 684.

he takes no care for anything more than in the Treasury; and that, that being done, he goes to cards and other delights, as plays, and in the summer-time to bowls. But here he did show me two or three old books of the Navy, of my Lord Northumberland's[1] 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. Thence to Whitehall, where the Duke of York expected me; and in his closet Wren and I. He did tell me how the King hath been acquainted with the Treasurers'[2] 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 work 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 £1100 or £1200 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 £7000 a-year in interest, about £2000 in fee-farm rents to the King, about £6000 in 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,[1] 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[2] hath made sport of it, and told 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 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.

15th. Up, and with Tom to Whitehall; 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, stayed too long, till the Duke of York and his company thought unfit to stay longer; and so the day lost, and God knows when he will 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. To the plasterer'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. To my cousin 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[3] and garters and shoe-strings, and two pair of jessimy gloves,[4] all coming to about 28s., and did give them to her this noon. At the 'Change, I did at my bookseller's shop accidentally fall

[1] Algernon Percy, tenth Earl of Northumberland, appointed Lord High Admiral in 1638. See p. 730.

[2] Of the Navy.

[1] Southampton.

[2] Clarendon.

[3] 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.]

[4] See p. 433.

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. 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 cousin Turner, and to my cousin 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 show them kindness also. In Suffolk Street lives Moll Davis; and we did see her coach come for her to her door, a mighty pretty fine coach. To Whitehall; 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*;[2] 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 with her. The house very full; and late before done, so that it was past eleven before we got home.

16th. Home, 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 expense 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. But I was mightily pleased with another picture of the King of France's head, of Nanteuil's,[3] bigger than the other which he brought over; 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,[4] and being desirous of easing my mind of five or six days' journal, 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. The King dining yesterday at the Dutch Ambassador'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 give much 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 publicly 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. How Tom Killigrew takes it, I do not hear. I do also this day hear that my Lord Privy Seal do accept to go Lieutenant into Ireland; but whether it be true or not, I cannot tell. To Colonel Middleton's, to the burial of his wife, where we were 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. 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 Whitehall 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, did observe she looked back again and again upon me, I suffering her to go before, and it being now dusk. 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, where the walk is to be, to take her by the hand, to lead her through, which she

[1] See p. 172, *note*.
[2] See p. 711.
[3] See p. 711.
[4] See p. 698.

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 I durst not go out with her. 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 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 about £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, etc. So after supper to bed.

18th. Expecting to have this day seen Bab. and Betty Pepys here, but they came 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*,[1] 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 came to us hither, and happened all of us to sit by my cousin Turner and The. 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 be without the charge. So they 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 to the office, while the young people went to see Bedlam.[2] 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. After dinner with my wife and my two girls to the Duke of York's house, and there saw *The Grateful Servant*,[1] a pretty good play, and which I have forgot that ever I did see. And thence with them to Mrs. Grotier's [? Gautier's], the Queen's tire-woman, for a pair of locks for my wife; she is an oldish Frenchwoman, but with a pretty hand as most I have seen; and so home.

21st. (Lord's day.) With my wife and two girls to church, they very fine; and so home, where comes my cousin 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 Chelsea, to the old house where my Lord himself was once sick, where I doubt my Lord means to visit her, more for young Mrs. Beck's sake than for hers. 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 cousin Roger and his wife.

22nd. 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. In the evening to Whitehall, 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 then by and by came the King and Queen, and they began *Bartholomew Fair*. 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, 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 followed us in a hackney-coach; and we all stopped at Hercules Pillars; and there I did give

[1] See p. 281.
[2] At this time in Bishopsgate Without.

[1] By James Shirley (pr. 1630).

them the best supper I could, and pretty merry; and so home between eleven and twelve at night.

23rd. Up; and to the office, where all the morning, and then home, and put a mouthful 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 to Westminster Abbey, and there did see 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 birthday, thirty-six years old, that I did kiss a Queen.[1] But here this man, who seems to understand well, tells me that the saying is not true that she was never buried, for she was buried; only, when Henry the Seventh built his chapel, she 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 playhouse, and there, finding the play begun, we homeward to the Glass House,[2] and there showed my cousins 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. Thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper, and here was Mr. Gumbleton [? Pembleton]; 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.

24th. I to the office, 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. To the Duke of York's house, and there before one, but the house infinite full, where, by and by, the King and Court came, it being a new play, or an old one new vamped, by Shadwell, called *The Royal Shepherdess*;[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 I was never less satisfied with a play in my life.

26th. To the King's playhouse, and saw *The Faithful Shepherdess*.[2] 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 I plainly discern the music 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 to bed.

[1] Neale informs us (*History of Westminster Abbey*, vol. ii. p. 88) that near the south side of Henry the Fifth'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 the Seventh, 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.' It 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.]

[2] In Blackfriars.

[1] A rendering by Thomas Shadwell of John Fountain's unacted play *The Rewards of Virtue* (1661).

[2] See p. 684.

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. After dinner to write down my Journal; and then abroad by coach with my cousins 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 desperate sick, and speaks so much of him that my cousin, his wife, and I did make mirth of it, and call him Arthur o' Bradly.[1] After staying here a little, and ate and drank, and she give me some gingerbread made in cakes, like chocolate, very good, made by a friend, I carried him and her to my cousin Turner's, where we stayed, expecting her coming from church; but she coming not, I went to her husband's chamber in the Temple, and thence fetched her. After talking there a while, and agreeing to be all merry at my house on Tuesday next, I away home; and there spent the evening talking and reading with my wife and Mr. Pelling.

March 1669

March 1st. I do hear 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 Bellasis, who, by appointment, met me at Auditor Wood's, at the Temple, and tells me of a duel designed between the Duke of Buckingham and my Lord Halifax, or Sir W. Coventry; the challenge being carried by Harry Saville, 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 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 cousin 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 bring home a piece of my face cast in plaster, for to make a vizard upon, for my eyes. And so home, where W. Batelier came, 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 so to bed.

2nd. 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 cousin 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

[1] For the texts of ballads, etc., dealing with this popular character see Ebsworth's *Choyce Drollery*, and *Merry Drollery*. References such as that in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (II. ii.) are not infrequent.

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, till our music came, and the office ready and candles, and also W. Batelier and his sister Susan came, 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 music being Greeting,[1] 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 cousin Pepys and his wife in our blue chamber. My cousin 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,[2] 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;[3] which becomes her very well, brought her over by W. Batelier.

3rd. To my guests, and got them to breakfast, and then parted by coaches; and I did, in mine, carry my she-cousin Pepys and her daughters home, and there left them. To Whitehall, 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, but I guessed it by what followed next day. Thence to Dancre's, the painter's, and there saw my picture of Greenwich, finished to my very great content, though this manner of distemper do make the figures not so pleasing as in oil. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw an old play, the first time acted these forty years, called *The Lady's Trial*,[1] acted only by the young people of the house; but the house very full. To the New Exchange, and so called at cousin Turner's; and there, meeting Mr. Bellwood, did hear how my Lord Mayor, being invited this day to dinner at the Reader's at the Temple, and endeavouring to carry his sword up, 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; 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. To Whitehall, 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, and so was also Harry Saville[2] to the Gate-house;[3] 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 it, 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. This news of Sir W. Coventry did strike me to the heart, and with this reason, for by this and my

[1] *I.e.* the orchestra being Mr. Greeting and two others.
[2] A folding bed.
[3] An upper gown. Perhaps used in the same sense as in Ben Jonson 'The finest loose sacks the ladies use to be put in.'

[1] By John Ford (pr. 1639).
[2] Younger son of Sir William Savile, Bart., of Thornhill, Yorkshire, by Anne, sister of Sir William Coventry. [B.]
[3] At Westminster.

Lord of Ormond's business, I do doubt that the Duke of Buckingham will be so flushed, that he will not stop at anything, but be forced to do anything 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 remain to advise what is good. This, therefore, do heartily trouble me as anything 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 Bellasis, 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 did desire to speak with him. Upon which, the Duke of Buckingham did bid Holmes, his champion ever since my Lord Shrewsbury's business,[1] go to him to do the business; but H. Saville would not tell it to any but himself, and therefore did 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 own 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 the truth upon his honour, 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 anything 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 Brick Tower; 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 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, 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, Castlemaine, Henrietta Hyde (my Lady Hinchingbroke's sister),[1] 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,[2] Blake,[3] and Howard,[4] which did me good

[1] See p. 605.

[1] Henrietta, fifth daughter of the Earl of Burlington, married Laurence Hyde, afterwards created Earl of Rochester. [B.]

[2] Ann 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 15, 1675). [B.]

[3] Margaret Blagge, or Blague, daughter of Colonel Blague, and afterwards wife of Sidney Godolphin. Her life was written by Evelyn. [B.]

[4] Dorothy, the elder daughter of Mrs. Howard. She afterwards married Col. 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.]

to have the honour to dine with, and look on them; and the Mother of the Maids,[1] and Mrs. Howard,[2] the Mother of the Maid of Honour of that name, and the Duke's housekeeper here. Here was also Monsieur Blancfort,[3] Sir Richard Powell,[4] Colonel Villiers,[5] Sir Jonathan Trelawny,[6] 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 very merrily, 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': and some of them, but particularly the Duchess herself and my Lady Castlemaine, 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; 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. 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 anything, but thinks only that Pierce or Knipp 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 without her; which, indeed, is a fault, though I did not design or foresee it when I went.

5th. 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, one of the Judges, to give in security for his good behaviour, upon his words the other day to Sir John Morton,[1] a Parliament-man, at Whitehall, who had heretofore spoke very highly against Brouncker in the House, I away, and to Aldgate. Walked forward towards Whitechapel, till my 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 forepart 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. 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

[1] 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.]

[2] Elizabeth, daughter of Lowthiel, Lord Dundas, wife of William Howard, fourth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Her son, Craven Howard, married, first, Ann Ogle, mentioned above. [B.]

[3] See pp. 300, 390, 546, 548.

[4] Sir Richard Powle, of Shottesbrooke, Berks, Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. [B.]

[5] Edward Villiers, Master of the Robes, and Groom of the Bedchamber to the Duke of York. [B.]

[6] The second baronet of his family, and father of the Bishop of Winchester. [B.]

[1] Sir John Morton, of Milborne St. Andrew, Dorset, the second baronet of his family, then serving as burgess for Poole, and afterwards for Melcombe Regis. He died in 1698: æt. 71. [B.]

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 anything like representing him, that he would not complain to my Lord Chamberlain, which was too weak, nor get him beaten, as Sir Charles Sedley is said to have done, but that he would cause his nose to be cut.[2] 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 Sir 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 Privy Councillors and others; but never any proceeded against with that severity which he is, it never amounting with 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 day my wife made it appear to me that my late entertainment this week cost £12, an expense 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.

[1] See p. 665. [2] Cf. p. 530.

7th. (Lord's day.) To the Tower, to see Sir W. Coventry, who had H. Jermin and a great many more with him, and more, while I was there, came 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. To Suffolk Street, to see my cousin Pepys, but neither the old nor young at home. I to Whitehall, 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 perceive all the world is against the Duke of Buckingham's 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, the Council rose, having, as Wren tells me, resolved upon sending six ships to the Straits forthwith, not being contented with the peace upon the terms they demand; which are, that all our ships, where any Turks or Moors shall be found slaves, shall be prizes; which will imply that they must be searched. I hear that to-morrow the King and 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, which 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.

8th. To Whitehall, whence the King and the Duke of York went by three in the morning, and had the misfortune to

[1] Perhaps the famous Charles Porter (d. 1696), knighted 1675, and made Lord Chancellor of Ireland in 1686.

be overset with the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince,[1] at the King's Gate[2] in Holborn; and the King all dirty, but no hurt. How it came 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 came half an hour too late; which troubles me, I having not seen him since my Lady Pall[3] died. W. Hewer and I to the Harp-and-Ball, to drink my morning draught; and there met with King, the Parliament-man, with whom I had some impertinent[4] 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. Met Mr. Moore, 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. With my wife to the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Mock Astrologer*,[5] which I have often seen, and but an ordinary play; and so to my cousin Turner's, where we met Roger Pepys, his wife, and two daughters, and then home. There my wife to read to me, my eyes being sensibly hurt by the too great lights of the playhouse.

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 showing 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 show 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; showing 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. To the office, where we sat all the morning, and after dinner by coach to my cousin Turner's, thinking to have taken up the young ladies; 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*,[1] which do not please me almost at all, though there are some good things in it. And so to my cousin Turner's, and there find my Lady Mordaunt, and her sister Johnson;[2] and by and by comes in a gentleman, Mr.

[1] Rupert.

[2] Kingsgate Street stands to the south-east of Bloomsbury Square. 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, to which the street leads, takes its name from the same cause. [B.]

[3] See p. 721.

[4] Trivial.

[5] *I.e.* Dryden's *Evening's Love*. See p. 663.

[1] By Thomas Killigrew (the elder): see pp. 91, 171. Both *Claricilla* and *Claricilla* appear in the old editions of the play.

[2] Her unmarried sister. See p. 447, *note*.

Overbury, a pleasant man, who plays most excellently on the flageolet, a little one, that sounded as low as one of mine, and mighty pretty. Hence with my wife, and Bab., and Betty Pepys, and W. Hewer, whom I carried all this day with me, to my cousin 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 cousin Scott; and I glad of this opportunity of seeing them, they being good and substantial people, and kind. Here met my cousin Roger and his wife, and my cousin 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 stayed a while, my wife and I back, with my cousin Turner, etc., to her house. There we took our leaves of my cousin 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.

10th. By hackney-coach to Auditor Beale's office, in Holborn, to look for records of the Navy, but he was out of the way, and so forced to go next to Whitehall, to the Privy Seal; and, after staying a little there, then to Westminster, 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 Whitehall, where I made a little stop; and so with them by coach to Temple Bar, where, at the Sugar Loaf, we dined; 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 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 Duncomb, upon some pretence or other, must follow him. We by water home, and there I find my cousin Turner and her two daughters come to see us; and there, after talking a little, I had my coach ready, and they going home, my wife and I out to Whitechapel to take a little air, though yet the dirtiness of the road do prevent most of the pleasure which we hoped to have 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; 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 arms upon it, and holes to put in a peg, for every turn 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 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

[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. [B.]

of my resolution to have nothing to do with her maids, though in myself I was glad to have the content to have a handsome one to look on.

12th. With great content spent all the morning looking over the Navy accounts of several years, and the several patents of the Treasurers. 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. To Gray's Inn; 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 Gray's Inn, 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 Jack, 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. Here I did set a clerk to look out some things for me in their books, while W. Hewer and I to the Crown Office,[3] where we 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: but, what with my high words, and slighting, I did at last bring her to very good and kind terms, poor heart!

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 cousin 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 came, and so was in good humour enough to be with them, and so home to them to supper, being 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 *Jersy*, in order to my being of a Court-martial for examining the loss of the *Defiance*, 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 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 stayed 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.) With my wife to church, where we heard a most excellent good sermon of Mr. Gifford's,[1] upon the righteousness of Scribes and Pharisees.

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 shorthand, 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 Cock, at the end of Suffolk Street,

[1] His *Institutes*.
[2] The Rolls House and Chapel.
[3] In the Temple. The association is preserved in the name Crown Office Row.

[1] George Gifford, rector of St. Dunstan's in the East. [B.]

where I never was,[1] a great ordinary, mightily cried up, and there bespoke a pullet; 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 4s. 6d. the whole. Thence back to the Rolls, and did a little more business; and so by water to Whitehall, 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.

16th. Visited Sir W. Coventry at the Tower, and walked with him upon the Stone Walk, alone, till other company came to him, and had very good discourse with him. My wife and Jane gone abroad, and Tom, in order to their buying of things for their wedding, which, upon my discourse 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 cousin 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, next to the King's yard; and after dinner we parted. To Woolwich, where I saw, but did not go on board, my ship the *Jersy*, 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. Thence 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 stayed not, Unthwayte being out of the way; and so home, and then to the tavern, Morrice's, and stayed 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, and 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. 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.

17th. Up, and by water to see Mr. Wren, and then Mr. Williamson, who did show me the very original books of propositions made by the Commissioners for the Navy, in 1618, to my great content; but no other Navy papers he could now show me. Home, and took my wife by a hackney to the King's playhouse, and saw *The Coxcomb*,[2] the first time acted, but an old play, and a silly one, being acted only by the young people.

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

[1] For the other Cock Taverns, see pp. 206, 642.

[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. [B.]

[1] The Nonconformists.

[2] By Beaumont and Fletcher (pr. 1647).

and mistakes, and several things of the Navy. 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 Holborn, 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. Here stayed till night, and so home.

19th. 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 plasterer'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. After dinner, with Commissioner Middleton and Kempthorne to a court-martial, 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,[1] 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 martial. But upon discourse the other day with Sir W. Coventry, I did advise Middleton, and he and I did forbear to give judgement, but after the debate did withdraw 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 *Defiance*, wherein we are the proper persons to inquire into the want of instructions while ships do lie in harbour, might be hereafter made of evil use, 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 anything 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 came 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

[1] Cf. pp. 642, 649.

[1] See p. 58. "A copy of this work, which has never been printed, is amongst Sir Hans Sloane's MSS., and another, in connexion 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, Feb. 14, *ante*, and April 18, *post*; the other during the Rebellion, 1659, 2 vols., fol. [B.]"

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 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 Sir W. Coventry, and there walked with him alone, on the Stone Walk, till company came 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 ears, the want of which did ruin our war. But then he told me that a great while 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 own 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 show 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. 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 Lord Arlington.

21st. (Lord's day.) By water over to Southwark; and then, not getting a boat, I forced to walk to Stangate;[1] and so over to Whitehall, in a scull; where 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 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 £1000 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] Stangate Ferry lay between Westminster Bridge and Lambeth, behind the site of the eastmost wings of St. Thomas's Hospital, which was built on reclaimed ground. Stangate Street still exists.

[2] Hugh May.

[3] Afterwards Sir Christopher.

desire to their lodgings. Here meeting with Sir H. Cholmely and Povy, they tell me that my Lord Middleton is resolved in the Cabal that he shall not go to Tangier; and that Sir Edward Harlow,[1] whom I know not, is propounded to go, who was Governor of Dunkirk, and they say a most worthy brave man, which I shall be very glad of. 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 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. News lately come of the Algerines taking £13,000 in money 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. 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[2] to be married this Lent, which is resolved shall be done upon Friday next, my great day or feast for my being cut of the stone.

22nd. Up, and by water, with W. Hewer, to Whitehall, 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 Whitehall, 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 showed me a long list of all his friends that he must this week make visits to, that came 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 Customs 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. Duncomb, 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 expense 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. With W. Hewer at noon to Unthanke's, where my wife stays for me; and so to the Cock, 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 Whitehall, 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

[1] *I.e.* Harley. See p. 30.

[2] See p. 729.

[1] In the Strand, on the site of Cecil Street, which, with Salisbury Street, is now built over by the Hotel Cecil.

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 *Defiance* being lost, and other businesses, which I did the rather that I might be out of the way, at the wedding,[1] 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 began to put things in order for my journey to-morrow, and so, after supper, to bed.

23rd. I took coach with Commissioner Middleton, Captain Tinker, and Mr. Huchinson, and out towards Chatham, and dined at Dartford, where we stayed 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 afraid 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. To the Hill House, and there did give order for a coach to be made ready; and got Mr. Gibson, whom I carried with me, to go with me and Mr. Coney, the surgeon, towards Maidstone, 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. Jewkes,[2] his daughter, was there; and there his wife came to the door, he being at London, and, through a window, I spied Jewkes, but took no notice of her, but made excuse till night, and then promised to come and see Mrs. Allen again. 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,[1] 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 it, and walls and the house, very handsome: I was mightily pleased with the sight of it. Thence to Maidstone, 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 inn, 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 inn, and had a good dinner; and a barber came to me, and there trimmed me, that I might be clean against night, to go to Mrs. Allen. And so, staying till 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,[2] as they say, of a King, which is of 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 am mightily glad to see it; it is near to Aylesford, where Sir John Bankes lives. So homeward to Chatham, to Captain Allen's, and there 'light, and sent the coach and Gibson home, and I and Coney stayed; and there comes to us Mrs. Jewkes, who is a very fine proper lady as most I know, and well dressed. Here was also a gentleman, one Major Manly,[3] and his

[1] See p. 732.

[2] See pp. 76, 479. The edition of 1896 reads 'Jowles' throughout the entry.

[1] 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.]

[2] This is the ancient monument called Kit's Coty House, supposed to be the burial-place of Catigern, who fell in conflict against the Saxons, under Hengist and Horsa. It stands on the Downs, about one mile north-east of Aylesford Church. [B.]

[3] John Manley, M.P. for Bridport: he married Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Isaak Dorislaus. [B.]

wife, neighbours; and here we stayed, and drank, and talked, and sat. Coney and he to play while Mrs. Jewkes and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often; and she mighty free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my proposing it, was very willing to go. Here was a pretty cousin 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 stayed till almost twelve at night, and then with a lantern 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 came home, and so I presently to bed.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, came Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the court-martial about the loss of the *Defiance*; and so presently we by boat to the *Charles*, which lies over against Upnor Castle; 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 *Defiance* 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 service. 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 Dock, 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 everything is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in everything as it ever was in, so free everybody is of the King's money! 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, Tom and Jane 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.

27th. After drinking a little buttered ale,[1] Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceedingly merry in talk, to Dartford: Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbados, 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

[1] See p. 164.

been in him. 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. By and by my wife comes, and there I hear how merry they were yesterday, and I am 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.

28th. (Lord's day.) 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 strong 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 strong beer would make my eyes sore: so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to Whitehall; and there to the Duke of York, to show 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 then did 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 anything. 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 came 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 came 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 show 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 came out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford; and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home. This day my new chambermaid, 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 cookmaid 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.

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 us, and some for keeping us. He told my Lord Keeper that it would cost the King £10,000 before he had 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 Sir 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 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. 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.

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 afraid 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 make 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, of whom I find my wife of late to talk with mighty kindness; and particularly he hath shown 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 trouble me.

April 1669

April 1st. Up, and with Colonel Middleton, at the desire of Rear-Admiral Kempthorne, the President, for our assisting them to the court-martial 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 the young gentlemen commanders did not like; and Middleton did the same. 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 make myself sociable; and so, after dinner, my wife and I, with my Lord Brouncker and his mistress, who set us down at my cousin Turner's, and there we stayed awhile and

talked; and particularly here we met with Dr. Ball, 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 for the names of the founders thereof, which were many, at some 5s., some 6s., 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.

2nd. To Whitehall, and there to the Duke of York's lodgings, whither he, by and by, by his appointment came; and alone with him an hour in his closet, telling him mine and Sir W. Coventry's 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 whom 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 stayed waiting for his telling me when I should be ready to give him a written account of the administration of the Navy, which caused me to wait the whole afternoon, till night. In the meantime, 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 who 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. Cheffinch 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 time; and so, after the Council was up, I home; and there find my wife not yet come from Deptford, where she hath been all this day to see her mother. This night I did bring home from the King's apothecary's, in Whitehall, by Mr. Cooling's[1] 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.

3rd. Up, and to the Council of War again, with Middleton; and 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.

4th. (Lord's day.) Up, and to church, where Alderman Backewell's wife, by invitation with my leave, came 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. After dinner with Sir J. Minnes and T. Middleton to Whitehall by appointment; and at my Lord Arlington's the office did attend the King and Cabal, to discourse of the further quantity of victuals fit to be declared for, which was 2000 men for six months; and so home without more ado or stay there, hearing no news but that Sir Thomas Allen is to be expected every hour at home with his fleet, or news of his having gone back to Algiers. The Queen-Mother hath been of late mighty ill, and some fears of her death.

5th. 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;

[1] Josiah Child, author of *A New Discourse of Trade* (1668). He was made a baronet in 1678.

[2] The Princess Mary, afterwards Queen of England.

[1] See p. 40.

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 gave us of Spain, and description of the Escurial, 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 Brainford,[2] where 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 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; and 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 cousin Turner's, away home, mightily pleased with the day's work. This day came another new maid, for a middle maid, but her name I know not yet; and, for a cook-maid, we have, ever since Bridget went, used a blackamore of Mr. Batelier's, Doll, who dresses our meat mighty well, and we mightily pleased with her.

6th. To Mr. Batelier's to dinner, where my cousin Turner and both her daughters, and Talbot Pepys and my wife, and a mighty fine dinner. They at dinner before I came; and, when I had dined, I away home, and thence to Whitehall, where the Board waited on the Duke of York; and Middleton and I did in plain terms acquaint him what we thought and had observed in the late court-martial, 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-martial, 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 after a while at the office, came home my wife, who hath been at Batelier's late, and dancing with the company, at which I seemed a little troubled, not being sent for myself, but I was not so much so, but went to bed well enough pleased.

7th. By coach to my cousin Turner's, and invited them to dine at the Cock 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 Customs, between the Navy Office and Victualler, and to that end spent most of the morning there with D. Gauden. 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 Cock, and there find Mrs. Turner, Betty, and Talbot Pepys, and they dined with myself, Sir D. Gauden, and Gibson, and mighty merry, this house being famous for good meat, and particularly pease-porridge. 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

[1] The Spanish *olla*, a hotchpotch of meats, vegetables, etc. stewed together and highly spiced.

[2] Brentford.

[3] Cosimo de' Medici, who became Cosimo III. in 1670, and ruled Tuscany till 1723.

[1] Betty Smith: see p. 706.

to charge them in this manner as with a riot; but the King and Councll did forbear to determine anything 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.[1] 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 cousin 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 came Mr. Eden,[2] who was in his mistress's disfavour ever since the other night that he came 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 she would have to be the name of Mr. Eden's mistress, and mighty merry we were till late. 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 Whitehall, to the King's side, to find Sir T. Clifford, where the Duke of York came 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 show Sir T. Clifford the fair account I had drawn up of the Customs, 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. 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[3] home, pleased with my wife's singing with me by the way. Going through Smithfield I did see a coach run over a 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 Whitehall, and there, with the Board, attended the Duke of York, and Sir Thomas Allen with us (who came to town yesterday); and it is resolved another fleet shall go to the Straits forthwith, and he command it. But his coming home is mighty hardly talked on by the merchants, for leaving their ships there to the mercy of the Turks; but of this more in my White Book. 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 workhouse, and the best things of his doing he had by him.

10th. After dinner comes Mr. Seymour to visit me, a talking fellow; but I hear by him that Captain Trevanion do give it out everywhere that I did overrule the whole court-martial against him, so 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 to do justice.

11th. (Lord's day: Easter day.) Up, and to Church; where Alderman Backewell's lady, and mother, and boy, and another 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 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 Verelst,[3] who took us to his lodging close by, and did show us a little flower-pot of his drawing, 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

[1] See p. 722.
[2] Robert Eden, of West Auckland, Durham, which county he represented in Parliament for many years, married the lady here alluded to, Margaret, daughter of John Lambton. He was created a Baronet, Nov. 13, 1672, and died in 1720. [B.]
[3] Hoxton.

[1] John Loten, a landscape-painter, long established in London, where he died *circa* 1688. [B.]
[2] See p. 377.
[3] Simon Verelst (1644-? 1721), a flower-painter from the Hague, who established himself in London.

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[1] 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. Faith's, where strange how the very sight of the stones falling from the top of the steeple do make me sea-sick![2] But no hurt, I hear, hath yet happened in all this work of the steeple, which is very 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, 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 Whitehall; and there, with the Cofferer[3] and Sir Stephen Fox, attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about bettering our fund; and are promised it speedily.

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 cousin Roger Pepys's to see Sturbridge Fair; and I showed 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. To the King's playhouse, to see a new play, acted but yesterday, a translation out of French by Dryden, called *The Ladies à la Mode*:[1] so mean a thing as, when they came to say it would be acted again to-morrow, both he that said it, Beeson,[2] and the pit fell a-laughing, there being this day not a quarter of the pit full.

16th. Walking it to the Temple, and in my way observe that the Stocks[3] are now pulled quite down; and it will make the coming into Cornhill and Lombard Street mighty noble. I stopped, too, at Paul's, and there did go into St. Faith'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, one Mound, this week fell from the top 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 Mon-

[1] Reflecting. [2] Cf. p. 673.
[3] William Ashburnham.

[1] This is the only reference to this play, which, if by Dryden, was probably not printed on account of its bad reception. Three contemporary plays have been named in the endeavour to clear up this mystery—(a) *Love à la Mode*, by T. S. (1663); (b) *Damoiselles à la Mode*, by Richard Flecknoe (1667); (c) *The Mall, or the Modish Lovers*, printed in 1674, with a Preface, by 'J. D.' The first was acted only once, at Middlesex House (see Genest, x. p. 137). The second was not acted (see the extract from Flecknoe's Preface in Dryden's *Works*, Ed. Scott and Saintsbury, x. 437-38). *The Mall* is printed in Scott and Saintsbury, vol. viii.; and some discussion of the claim for it as the older *Ladies à la Mode* refurbished is offered on pp. 644-45.

[2] Probably Beeston, who had been manager of the Cockpit Theatre. [B.]

[3] The Stocks Market took its name from a pair of stocks placed near this spot. The Mansion House now stands on the site. [B.] See p. 59.

mouth 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. 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. At noon comes Knipp, 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. So to the King's playhouse, and saw *Rollo, Duke of Normandy*,[2] which, for old acquaintance, pleased me pretty well. 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 Knipp did dine with me to-day.

18th. 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 gave 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. To Whitehall, and thither comes the Duke of York to us, where I find him somewhat sour, and particularly angry with Lord Anglesey for his not being there now, nor at other times. 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 Knipp, but it was too late, and she to get her part against to-morrow, in *The Silent Woman*,[1] and so I only set her at home, and away home.

19th. To the King's playhouse, and there saw *The Silent Woman*, the best comedy, I think, that ever was wrote[2]; and sitting by Shadwell[3] 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. Knipp did her part mighty well.[4] And so home straight, and to write, and particularly to my cousin Roger, who, W. Hewer and my wife writes me, do use them with mighty plenty and noble entertainment; so to supper, and to bed. All the news now is that Mr. Trevor is for certain 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.

20th. (Lord's day.) To church, and heard a dull sermon of Dr. Hicks, who is a suitor to Mrs. Howell, the widow of our turner of the Navy; and thence home to dinner, staying till past one o'clock for

[1] *Cyprianus Anglicus, or the History of the Life and Death of William* [*Laud*]*.. Archbishop of Canterbury*, by Peter Heylyn (1600-1662), published in 1668. [2] See note on p. 486.

[1] By Ben Jonson. [2] See p. 485.
[3] Thomas Shadwell (? 1642-1692).
[4] As the Silent Woman.

miss Clun,[1] for the Doctor.[2] To Sir W. Coventry's, reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk 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 it 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 expense, 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 Whitehall, 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 Parliament,' to these, 'the beginning of the late Rebellion'; giving it me as but reason to show that it was through the Rebellion that the Navy was put 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.[3] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy out, which pleased me mightily.

18th. (Lord's day.) To my office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to Whitehall, 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, were. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson 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 stayed in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, in the Duchess's chamber, where he 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

[1] See p. 274. [2] Subtle, the Alchemist.

[3] "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 some one 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.]

remain *incognito*, and so intends to do all the time he stays here, for avoiding trouble to the King and himself, and expense also to both. Thence I to Whitehall 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 cousin Turner's, and there, 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.

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 Whitehall. After dinner out again, and, calling about 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 next May-day, went on with my hackney to Whitehall.

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 smallpox. At noon comes my guest, Mr. Hugh May, 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 and after dinner had excellent discourse; and showed them my closet and my office, and the method of it, to their great content; and more extraordinary manly discourse and opportunity of showing 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 tried, this being the place where the Officers of the Ordnance do try all their great guns; and, when we came, 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 it more easily managed, and recoils 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 it; 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 give us a patent to make our profit of it; and no doubt but it will be of profit to merchant-men 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 useful that, as I believe, they will not part with

[1] Teasel (or Teazle) Close, in Bishopsgate Street, where some land had been granted to the Gunners of the Tower for the practice of great and small ordnance, by William, last Prior of St. Mary Spital. It was long called the Artillery Garden. [B.] The site is occupied by Artillery Lane, etc., to the east of Liverpool Street Station.

me; so I thank God my condition is such that I can retire, and be able to live with comfort, though not with abundance.

21st. Up; and with my own coach as far as the Temple, and thence sent it to my cousin Turner, who, to ease her own horses, that are going with her out of town, do borrow mine. To Auditor Wood's, and met my Lord Bellasis upon some business of his accounts. 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 Whitehall; 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. By and by comes my cousin 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 propose to go out of town on Friday next; and here I had a good dinner for them. After dinner by water to Whitehall, 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 expense, 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. Cholmely 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 the ruin of the nation if we fall out with Holland. 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 came to 'light, where it was that he took us up, but said at Hammersmith, and thither he was carrying of us when we came 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 him to draw up his whole theory of shipping, which, at my desire, he hath gone far in, and hath shown me what he hath done therein, to admiration. I did give him a parallelogram,[1] 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 came 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 yesterday with M. Batelier and her sweetheart, and seeing a play at the New Nursery,[2] which is set up at the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, which was formerly the King's house. 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 lacquerwork, 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

[1] From France: see p. 746.

[1] See p. 714. [2] See p. 602.

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 I also 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 injury more than profit, and made his case the worse, being ill managed, and in a cause against the King. By agreement met my wife, and with her to the Cock, and did give her a dinner. Thence to the King's playhouse, and saw *The Generous Portugals*,[2] 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 afraid 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 camlet, coat and breeches, and a flowered tabby coat 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. Mr. Sheres dining with us; 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*[3] revived—a good play that pleases me well; and thence, our coach coming for us, we parted and home. Well pleased to-night to have Lead, the vizard-maker, bring me home my vizard, with a tube[1] fastened in it, which, I think, will do my business, at least in a great measure, for the easing of my eyes.

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. To church, where a stranger made a dull sermon, but I mightily pleased to look upon Mr. Buckworth's little pretty daughters. W. Howe came 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 helpful to my eyes this trial will show 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 ate 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.

26th. 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 home, calling at the laceman's for some lace for my new suit, and at my tailor's, and Mr. Sheres dined with us, who came 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 principle of lines. After dinner comes 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[2] with, but upon what account I know not; and he would have me advance it without order upon his pay for Tangier, which I was astonished at,

[1] Thomas Papillon, of Lubbenham, in Leicestershire, who purchased the manor of Acrise, in Kent, in 1666. He was Master of the Mercers' Company in 1698. The case of Mr. Papillon related to a Petition of the Company of Wine Merchants, concerning brandy, against the Farmers of Excise, of which some account is given in Anchitel Grey's *Debates*, vol. i. p. 237. [B.]

[2] Correctly, *The Generous Portugal*, the second title of the revived version of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Island Princess*, *u.s.* See p. 705.

[3] See p. 282.

[1] See p. 740.

[2] William Douglas, ninth Earl of Morton, who had married Lord Middleton's daughter Grizel. [B.]

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 anything 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 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, 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. This night I did call at the coach-maker's, and do resolve upon having the standards of my coach gilt with this new sort of varnish, which will come but to 40s.; 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 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.

28th. Up, and was called upon by Sir H. Cholmely 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. Albans, together with some of the contrary faction, as 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[1] is also concerned; and that he believes that, in the doing hereof, it is meant that he[1] 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. Cholmely says he finds W. Coventry do think the like. My Lady Castlemaine 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 will turn to our ruin; for with this money the King shall wanton away his time in pleasures, and think nothing of the main till it be too late. This morning Mr. Sheres sent me, in two volumes, Mariana his *History of Spain*,[2] in Spanish, an excellent book; and I am much obliged to him for it.

29th. Up; and to the office, where all the morning, and at noon dined at home, and then to the office again, there to dispatch as much business as I could, that I might be at liberty to-morrow to look after many things that I have to do, against May-day.

30th. Up, and by coach to the coach-maker'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, Bellasis, 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 me 55s. of the colour of my new suit; and here, understanding that the mistress of the

[1] Gregorio Leti's (d. 1701) *Il Nipotismo di Roma, o vero relatione delle ragioni che muovono i Pontefici all' aggrandimento de' Nipoti* (1667). It was Englished by 'W. A.' in 1669.

[1] The fugitive Clarendon.

[2] The *Historia de España* of Juan de Mariana (1537-1674). The first twenty books were written in Latin (1592), but they were translated and recast by him in Spanish (1601).

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 12s. and a belt of my own; and sent 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, of which I have one making by Browne; and the sight of this do please me mightily. At noon my wife came 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 showed me several forms of frames, which were pretty, in little bits of mouldings, to choose patterns by. This done, I to my coachmaker'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 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, nowadays, done so, and it is very pretty when laid on well, and not too pale, as some are, even to show the silver. Here I did make the workmen drink, and saw my coach cleaned and oiled; 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 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. Meeting with Mr. Sheres, to several places, and, among others to buy a periwig, 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.

[1] Henry Oldenburg, Secretary of the Royal Society. See pp. 283, 516.

May 1669

May 1st. Up betimes. Called 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 camlet tunic, because it was too fine with the gold lace at the bands, that I was afraid 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 foul. 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 gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reins, 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 being unpleasing, though the Park full of coaches, but dusty and windy, and cold, and now and then a little dribbling of rain; and, what made it worse, 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 sillabub, and other things, cost me 12s., and pretty merry. And so back to the coaches, and there till the

evening, and then home, leaving Mr. Sheres 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.

2nd. (Lord's day.) Up, and by water to Whitehall, and there visited my Lord Sandwich, who, after about two months' absence at Hinchingbroke, came to town last night. I saw him, and he was 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 Harbord, and my Lord Hinchingbroke, and Sidney, and we looked upon the picture of Tangier, designed by Charles Harbord, 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 Whitehall, and there walked out the sermon, with one or other; and then saw the Duke of York, and he talked to me a little; and so away back by water home. 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 perceive; but I had not on my fine suit, being really afraid to wear it, it being so fine with the gold lace, though not gay.

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 Sir G. Carteret is afraid to own it, it being done without written order. But by our meeting, we do all begin to recollect enough to preserve Mr. Deering, which I think, 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;[1] 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 afterwards. Thence to Whitehall, and met with Creed, 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 he fits himself for it,[1] 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. Child, and several others. And 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.

4th. 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.

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 any symptoms of it till now. So walked to Gresham College, to tell Hooke that my Lord could not come; and so left word, he being abroad. To St. James's, and thence with the Duke of York to Whitehall, where the Board waited on him all the morning; and so at noon with Sir Thomas Allen, and Sir Edward Scott, and Lord

[1] See p. 75, note.

[1] See p. 752.

[2] Sir John Robinson.

Carlingford, to the Spanish Ambassador's,[1] where I dined the first time. The olio[2] 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 gown, sent from the College where the Ambassador 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[3] 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 to my wife, 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 air, it being a noble day, as far as the Green Man,[5] mightily pleased with our journey, 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 Sir 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 came to it, his interest for my Lord Middleton is such that I dared not. 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. 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 came 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. Home, and there met with a letter from Captain Silas Taylor,[1] 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 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 show 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 judgement of it.

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 15s. 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.

1 The Conde de Dona, *u.s.*

2 Cf. p. 738.

3 *i.e.*, with the English pronunciation.

4 See p. 693.

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, with the sign of the Green Man. [B.]

1 Silas Domville or Taylor, antiquary. See p. 225.

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. 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 my collection of papers, about my Address to the Duke of York in August, bound, 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, 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 I have, I fear, all the content that must be received by my eyes, which are almost lost.

9th. (Lord's day.) Up; and, after dressing in my best suit with gold trimming, to the office; and, when church-time, to church with my wife. Dr. Mills preached a dull sermon, and so we home to dinner; and thence by coach to St. Andrew's, Holborn, thinking to have heard Dr. Stillingfleet 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. Thence towards the Park, but too soon to go in, so went on to Knightsbridge, and there ate and drank at The World's End,[1] where we had good things, and then back to the Park, and there till night, being fine weather, and much company, and so home. 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.

[1] See p. 755.

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, 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 came home about six. To Whitehall, 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 unfair 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 heartburnings. 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 anything 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;[1] but, when we came to Lambeth, the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards; so we lost our labour, and therefore back to Whitehall, and thence walked 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

[1] On one of the public days: see p. 752.

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 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. To Whitehall, 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, being what I feared; and Povy told me of my gold-laced 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 called at my tailor's for that purpose.

11th. My wife again up by four o'clock, to go to gather May dew; and so back home by seven, to bed. In the evening my wife and I all alone, with but 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. Some trouble at Court for fear of the Queen's miscarrying; she being, as they all conclude, far gone with child.

12th. To Westminster Hall; and there by chance met Roger Pepys, who came 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. After dinner my wife and I to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there, in the side balcony, over against the music, 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. 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. 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

[1] *The Roman Virgin, or Unjust Judge* (pr. 1679), an adaptation by Thomas Betterton of Webster's *Appius and Virginia* (pr. 1654).

[2] In Huntingdonshire; the residence of Pepys's brother-in-law, Mr. Jackson. [B.]

…oble house, and well furnished with …od pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and great deal of company, though an ordinary day; and exceeding great cheer, nowhere better, or so much, that ever I think I saw, for an ordinary table; and 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 stayed 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, 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 shown 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 Whitehall, 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 such 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 myself 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.

15th. Up, and at the office all the morning. Dined at home, and Creed with me, 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 that 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 the 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. 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.

17th. My wife and I and brother John by coach to the King's playhouse, and saw *The Spanish Curate*[4] revived, which is a pretty good play, but my eyes troubled with seeing it, mightily. Great news now of the French taking St. Domingo, in Spaniola, from the Spaniards, which troubles us, that they should have got it, and have the honour of taking it, when we could not.

18th. Dined in my wife's chamber, she being much troubled with the toothache,

1 Psalm cxxxvii. 2.

2 Generally identified as Alexander Montgomerie, sixth Earl of Eglinton (1588-1661), who had fought against Charles I. at Marston Moor, but had joined in the recall of Charles II. But the reference is probably to his son and successor, Hugh, who died in 1669, and had been an opponent of Laud's ecclesiastical policy in the North.

1 See p. 755. 2 See p. 656.
3 See p. 748. 4 See p. 112.

and I stayed till a surgeon of hers came, 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.

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 commanders, 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[2] in the highway, going from the Park in a hackney-coach towards Hammersmith, to his house at Turnham Green; 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 intrigued with her. Thence by and by to Whitehall, and there I waited upon the King and Queen all dinner-time, in the Queen's lodgings, she being in her white pinner, like a woman with child; and she seemed handsomer plain so, than when 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. Cheffinch's lodgings, and all alone did get me a dish of cold chickens, and good wine; and I dined like 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, and that I should pretend to go into the country somewhere, which I liked well. 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 bedchamber, where the King was, with 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 did say that he had spoke with some one that was by, which person all the world must know must be his mistress, 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. 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. 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 Matt 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

[1] Son of Tom Killigrew, the elder. See p. 432.

[2] Not in the contemporary sense of 'footpads,' for the context shows that the men were Lady Shrewsbury's servants.

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.

23rd. (Lord's day.) Called up by Roger Pepys and his son, who to church with me, and then 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 air about Hackney with great pleasure.

24th. To Whitehall, 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 Whitehall, where all the morning. Dined with Mr. Cheffinch, with Alderman Backewell and Spragg. The Court full of the news from Captain Hubbert, of the *Milford*, touching his being affronted in the Straits, shot at, and having eight of his men killed by a French man-of-war, calling him 'English dog,' and commanding him to strike,[1] 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 Madame Nun, Mr. Cheffinch's sister, and one of her women, from dinner from us; this being the last day of her 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,[2] a woodmonger and Justice of Peace in Westminster, having two days since arrested Sir Alexander Frazier[3] 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 now lies in the lodge, justifying 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. The effects of it may be bad to the Court.

27th. Presented this day by Mr. Browne with a book of drawing by him, lately printed,[1] which cost me 20s., to him. In the afternoon to the Temple, to meet with Auditor Aldworth[2] about my interest account, but failed of meeting him. To visit my cousin 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 Whitehall, where, in the Park, Sir G. Carteret did give 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 inquired into. Nevertheless, having this morning received from them a demand

[1] Strike sail. See p. 702.

[2] Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey (1621-1678), knighted for services during the Plague. He was murdered in 1678 during the Popish Plot troubles.

[3] See p. 280.

[1] The first edition of Alexander Browne's (see p. 313) *Ars Pictoria* (1675) called *A Compendious Drawing-Book*.

[2] Richard Aldworth, of Stanlake, Berks, one of the Auditors of the Exchequer. [B.]

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. With my wife and brother spent the evening on the water, carrying our supper with us, as high as Chelsea, making sport with the Western bargees,[1] and my wife and I singing, to my great content.

29th. (The King's birthday.) To Whitehall, 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 came. I heard the Bishop of Peterborough[2] 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 celebrate the night with fire-works, for the King's birthday. And so home.

30th. (Whitsunday.) By water to Whitehall, and thence to Sir W. Coventry, where all the morning by his bedside, 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 Whitehall, and dined with Mr. Cheffinch and his sister; whither by and by came in Mr. Progers and Sir Thomas Allen, and by and by, fine Mrs. Wells,[3] 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, we to the Park, whence the rain sent us suddenly home.

31st. Up very betimes, and 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. Had another meeting with the Duke of York at Whitehall on yesterday's work, and made 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 longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know; or, if there be anything, I must endeavour to keep a margin in my book open, to add, here and there, a note in shorthand 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.

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[1] See p. 752.
[2] Joseph Henshaw (1603-1679).
[3] See p. 176.

INDEX

INDEX

Abbot of Crowland, 505
Abbott, Archbishop, 83, 669
Abergueuny (Abergavenny), Lady, 244
Abingdon, 658
Abingdon, History of, 658
Ableson, Captain, 317
Abrahall, ship chandler, 234
Abraham, boatswain, 184
Absinthe, a variety of, 57
Abury, 661
Accounts, Bill for, 588, 593, 598, 600, 601
  Commissioners for, 452-4, 456, 462, 490, 590-92, 597, 606, 609-611, 613, 615, 641, 644, 654, 664, 666, 674, 675, 686, 701, 754
Ackworth, Mr., 65, 174, 636, 671, 697, 729
Ackworth, Mrs., 174
Acts, Pepys appointed Clerk of the, 37-9, 44, 482
Acts and Monuments, Foxe's, 672
Acts of Parliament, burned by the hangman, 86
Acts of the Long Parliament, Scobell's, 231
Adams, Sir Thomas, 634
Admirals, custom of, 149
  (Flagmen), portrait by Lely, 379, 401
Admiralty, 17, 36-8, 40-42, 44, 688, 690, 695, 729. *See* Fleet, Navy, Ships
Admiralty Commissioners, 227
Admiralty Court, 184
Adventures of Five Hours, 172, 173, 198, 272, 408, 410, 711, 718
Advice, man-of-war, 299
Advice to a Painter, The Third, 448, 456
  The Fourth, 556
Advice to a Son, Osborne's, 104, 241
Ady, Mr., 55
Aesop's Fables, 63, 66, 370
Africa, gold in, 50
African House, in Leadenhall Street, 244, 256
African or Guinea Company, the Royal, 197, 244, 261, 553, 680, 690
Aglaura, 151, 279
Agriculture, depressed state of, 483
'Ah, Chloris, that I now could sit,' song, 647
Ailesbury, Earl of, 194, 385
Air, experiments on, 242, 302, 307
Aix-la-Chapelle, 671
Albemarle, George Monk, Duke of, 1-11, 13-16, 19, 20, 22-4, 33, 36, 39, 46, 51, 56, 60, 62, 66, 80-82, 147, 150, 156, 160, 167, 194, 195, 197, 210, 226, 227, 236, 246, 265, 273, 284, 287, 289, 299, 305-14, 317, 318, 321, 322, 327, 329, 334-6, 338, 339, 341, 344-52, 354, 355, 358-360, 362, 363, 365, 368, 374, 376, 379, 383-94, 396, 398, 400, 403-5, 408, 418, 426-9, 431, 432, 434, 435, 450, 456, 464, 472, 475, 476, 481, 487, 492, 495-7, 504, 505, 508-11, 521, 523, 532, 536, 545, 556, 571-5, 577-80, 583, 584, 590, 594, 595, 600, 605, 608, 616, 626, 635, 669, 675, 684, 727, 730
Albemarle, Duchess of, 10, 38, 53, 72, 120, 210, 350, 360, 365, 397, 400, 435, 481, 495, 497, 571, 583, 635
Albumasar, 620
Alce, Pepys's cookmaid, 322, 376
Alchemist, The, 90, 274, 620, 741
Alcock, Tom, 16, 76
Alcocke, Harry, 135, 137, 652
Aldborough, xviii, 385
Aldborough Bay, 301
Aldermen, Court of, 588, 589
Aldersgate, 52
Aldersgate Street, 284, 455, 520, 521, 700
Aldgate, 124, 563, 724
Aldgate Street, 637
Aldworth, Auditor Richard, 754
Ale, buttered, 164, 375, 561, 734
  horse-radish, 280
  Lambeth, 88
  Northdown, 47, 62
Alexander VII., Pope, 160, 174, 175, 243, 246, 325, 348, 457, 487, 524
Alexander the Great, 251
Alfonso VI., King of Portugal, 104, 129, 141, 160, 195, 592
Algerines, 711, 732
Algiers (Argier), 60, 69, 72, 79, 88, 101, 103, 116, 128, 129, 131, 162, 163, 221, 225, 228, 234, 258, 290, 668, 669, 725, 737, 740
  Mole at, 116
Algiers, The History of, 594
Alicante, 95, 97
Alington, Lord, 475, 477
Alington, Lady, 475
All Mistaken, or The Mad Couple, 557, 596, 668
'All night I weep,' song, 461
All Souls' College. *See under* Oxford
All's Lost by Lust, 74
Allegiance and Supremacy, oath of, 43, 45, 441
Allen, Alderman Sir Thomas (Lord Mayor), 3, 9, 17, 29, 35, 36, 77, 120, 169
Allen, Bab (Mrs. Knipp), 364, 398
Allen, Rebecca (Mrs. Jewkes), 76, 77, 90, 140, 169, 209, 479, 733, 734. *See* 733 *note*
Allen, Captain (father of Rebecca), 76-8, 90, 99, 221
Allen, Captain (afterwards Sir Thomas), 179, 203, 290, 296, 299, 306, 323, 359, 377, 379, 393, 409, 442, 479, 481, 484, 568, 623, 634, 669, 697, 711, 725, 737, 739, 740, 743, 748, 755
Allen, Mrs., 733
Allen, Dr. Thomas, 227, 376
Allestry, the bookseller, 579
Allgate, 407, 419
Allhallows Church, Barking, 155, 283, 416
Allhallows Church, Thames Street, 21
Almanac, Booker's, 460
  Lilly's, 509
  Montelion 1660 (John Phillips), 55
  Gardener's. See *Kalendarium*
Alsopp, Mr., the divine, 108
Alsopp, Mr., the king's brewer, 244, 245, 271-3
Alsted's *Encyclopædia*, 53
Ambassador, Dutch, 4, 265, 279, 282, 303, 718
  Florentine, 73
  French, 26, 102, 103, 223, 253, 309, 459, 669, 671, 672, 682, 686

Ambassador, German, 540
Portuguese, 90, 503
Russian, 162, 164, 169, 171, 200, 553
Spanish, 85, 102, 103, 473, 682, 715, 749
Swedish, 102, 107, 468, 487, 529
Venetian, 682
Ambassadors of France and Spain, fray between, 102, 103
America, 553
Amsterdam, 257, 314, 323, 409, 466, 474
plague at, 221, 224, 231, 259
Amsterdam, New, 282
Anabaptists, 19, 73
Ancient Law-Merchant, The, 593
Anderson, Mr., 85
Andrews, John, 272, 274, 290, 337, 341, 451, 538, 569, 656, 703
Andrews, Mrs., 569, 656, 703
Angel, a gold coin, 84, 341, 528
Angel Tavern, 342
Angell, comedian, 620
Angier, John, 237
Angier, Percival, 82, 92, 101, 152, 153, 237, 298
Angier, Mrs., 82
Anglesey, Earl of (Mr. Annesley), 36, 37, 79, 291, 303, 511, 514, 516-18, 522, 523, 536, 538, 545, 559, 561, 562, 569, 587, 590, 596, 600, 601, 605, 608, 615, 636, 649, 653, 662, 664, 665, 675, 678, 679, 683, 688-691, 693, 707
Angliae Notitia, or The Present State of England, 712
Angling, 476
Anjou, Duke of, 47, 69, 73
Anne, Mrs. (Lady Sandwich's maid), 77
Anne of Austria, 150, 206
Annesley, Captain, 715
Annesly, Arthur. *See* Anglesey, Earl of
Annis, a thief, 138
Annus Mirabilis, Dryden's, 460
Antelope, the, 299
Anthems, 45, 50, 51, 128, 149, 168, 182, 230, 236, 296, 378, 442, 449, 578, 564, 575, 755
Antigua, 460
Antipodes, The, 97
Antrim, Earl of, 245
Antwerp, 299, 701
Apology, Hakewill's, 461
Apology in behalf of the Papists, 444, 446
Appesley, Colonel, 120. *Cf.* Apsley
Appius and Virginia, 751
Apple Tree Yard, 675
Appleyard, Mr., 657
Apposition Day at St. Paul's School, 3, 176
Apprentices, 7, 252, 598, 632-4, 637
Apsley, Sir Allen, 207, 450, 543
Apsley, Sir Anthony, 375
Aquitaine, Duke of, 80
Aragon, The Queen of, 685
Arched viol, 283
Archer, Betty, 108
Archer, Mary, 108, 109
Archery in Moorfields, 214
Arches, Court of, 176, 610
Aretino, 195
Argalus and Parthenia, 68, 69, 105
Arlington, Lord (Sir H. Bennet), 154, 156-8, 166, 167, 170, 178, 184, 187, 190, 195, 208, 212, 213, 224, 245, 265, 270, 271, 306, 307, 322, 328, 335, 340, 352, 354, 366, 372, 399, 411, 413, 420, 425, 464, 466, 468, 475-7, 483, 489, 490, 495, 511, 512, 515, 524, 527, 528, 548, 575, 576, 582, 596, 615, 617, 619, 629, 635, 642, 668, 670, 677, 682, 683, 687-9, 692-695, 698, 707, 721, 725, 731, 737, 742, 746
Arlington, Lady, 399, 440, 466
Armiger, Mr., 71, 74, 80, 106
Armorer, Sir William, 558
Arms, Republican, replaced by King's, 21, 26, 27, 76
Army, the, 20, 530, 531, 533, 535
Commissioners for, 66
Arran, Earl of, 275, 300
Arrêt of Louis XIV. against Pope Alexander VII., 325
Artamène, ou Le Grand Cyrus, 59, 381
Artillery Ground, the, 743
Arundel's (Earl of) Library given to the Royal Society, 453
Arundel House, 87, 453, 454, 500, 501, 581, 587, 636, 666, 686, 696
Ascue, Sir George. *See* Askew
Ash, Simeon, 54
Ashburnham, John, 150, 356, 359, 377, 442, 443, 550, 551, 626
Ashburnham, William, 432, 448, 474, 477, 492, 554, 668, 671, 678, 682
Ashburnham House, 492
Ashley, Baron, of Wimborne, 79
Ashley (Ashly), Lord, Chancellor of the Exchequer, xviii, 195, 197, 200, 289, 298, 309, 340, 376, 382, 383, 391, 425, 441, 455, 456, 480, 496, 497, 501, 502, 511, 528, 557-9, 561, 562, 596, 600, 601, 635, 637, 650, 663, 694, 716, 717, 742
Ashley, Lady, 558, 587
Ashmole, Elias, 52, 86
Ashted, near Epsom, 140, 211
Ashton Hall, Lancashire, 160
Ashwell, Mary, 177, 184, 185, 188, 189, 191, 193, 196, 201, 204, 238
Askew, Sir George, 241, 283, 288, 295, 297, 323, 349, 379, 388, 392, 553
Askew, Sir J., 99
Asparagus (sparrowgrass), 486
Assay Office, experiments at, 196
Assessment Bill, 458
Assessments, 247
Commissioners for, 226
Assistance, man-of-war, 25, 35, 36
Assurance, man-of-war, 59, 60
Atber, Captain, 389
Athens, 614
Atkins, Colonel, 663, 689
Atkins, Mr., xx
Attainder, Bill of, against the Earl of Clarendon, 592
Aubigny, Lord, 208, 456
Auction sale, by inch of candle, 54, 147
Audley, Hugh, 162, 174, 573
Audley End, 13, 374, 564, 565, 683
Augustine Friars, 282
Aurum fulminans, experiment with, 227
Austria, 466
Austria, Anne of, 206
Austria, Don John of, 204, 206, 208
Axe Yard, xiii, 1, 17, 44, 45, 82, 377
Axtell (Axtel), Daniel, 51
Aylesford, 733
Aylett, Captain, 392
Aynsworth, Elizabeth, 563, 653
Aylesbury, Lady, 107
Ayres, Colonel, 12

Baber, Sir John, 365, 374
Baboon, from Guinea, 97
Backgammon, 342, 377
Backwell (Bakewell, Backewell), Alderman Edward, 39, 40, 61, 88, 89, 130, 132, 134, 150, 231, 244, 257, 324, 328, 330, 431, 506, 581, 603, 638, 646, 664, 681, 683, 684, 702, 737, 740, 754
Backwell, Mrs., 130, 603, 646, 702, 737, 739, 740, 752
Bacon, Captain, 387, 388
Bacon, Friar, 658
Bacon's *Faber Fortunae*, xxxii, 243, 374
Organon, 28
Bagge, Frank, 104
Bagpipes, 84, 404, 632
Bagshot, 557, 677
Bagwell, Captain, 393
Bagwell, Mrs., 391, 724
Bailey, Old. *See* Old Bailey
Baize, Colchester, 468
Baker, Mr., 736
Bald Lanes, 567
Baldock (Baldwick), 94, 101, 218
Balendin (Bellenden, Ballantyne), kills Sir John Gooscall, 58
Bales, Mrs., 445
Bales, Tom, 442
Ball, Captain, 421
Ball, Dr., 160, 737
Ball, Mr., 548, 629, 685
Ball, Sir Peter, 132, 146, 456

'Ballers,' meaning of, 655
Balls, Court, 169, 176, 183, 433, 439, 440, 525
Bally (Baylie), Mr., 660
Baltic, the, 19
Balty. *See* St. Michel, Balthazar
Balue, Cardinal Jean, 665
Banbury, 146
Banbury waters, 666
Banckert, Dutch admiral, 320, 323, 405
Bandore, 154
Bands, lace, worn by Pepys, 152-4, 156, 747
Banes, Mr., 18
Banister, John, 408, 467, 579, 633-635, 643, 647
Bank, a national, 409
Bankers, distress of the, 506, 509, 510, 513, 515
Bankes, Sir John, 244, 390, 478, 702, 733, 754
Bankside, 339, 414, 620
Banqueting House. *See under* Whitehall
Banstead Downs, 198, 210, 212
Bantam, 301
Baptista. *See* Draghi, Giovanni Battista
Barbados, 444, 537, 554, 577, 662, 734
'Barbara Allen,' Scots song, 363, 364
Barbary Company, arms of the, 197
Barber, Mr., 512
Barber's music, 36
Barebones, Praise-God, 9, 10, 12
Barkeley. *See* Berkeley
Barker, Alderman, 233, 546, 551
Barker, Mr., 243
Barker, Mr., M.P., 629
Barker, Pepys's maid, 430, 435, 450, 478, 485, 494
Barkestead, John, 120, 121, 124, 157, 159
Barking, 144
Barking Church (Allhallows), 155, 283, 416
Barking Creek, 506
Barlow, Thomas, Clerk of the Acts, 39, 40, 42, 43, 231, 301
Barn Elms, 406, 489, 499, 503, 528, 545, 605, 631, 668
Barnes, Mr., 505
Barnet, 274, 285, 383, 540, 567, 657
Barnet Hill, 246
Barnet Wells, 268, 539
Barnewell, Robert, 62, 78, 92, 101
Barnewell Abbey, 654
Barnston, Mr., 563
Baron, Lieutenant-Colonel, 74, 223
Baron, Mr., Clerk of Privy Seal, 43
Barons, ceremony at their creation, 79
  order of precedence, 626
Barons of the Cinque Ports, 81
Barr, Peter, 393
Bartholomew Fair, 48, 98, 214, 215, 278, 279, 546, 547, 551, 552, 673-6
Bartholomew Fair, 88, 90, 99, 106, 274, 676, 719
Barwell, king's saddler, 145
'Base slave,' Captain Cooke's part, 353
Base viol, 77
Basinghall Street, 323
Bassum, John, 599
Batelier, Joseph, 539, 637
Batelier, Mary, 398, 399, 407, 429, 455, 673, 677, 684, 695, 735, 741, 743, 744, 747, 755
Batelier, Mr., 686, 720, 738
Batelier, old Mr., 563
Batelier, Mrs., 329, 330, 365, 383, 399, 413, 675, 686, 707
Batelier, Susan, 722
Batelier, William, 407, 408, 410, 436, 438, 441, 447, 450, 455, 457, 527, 558, 561, 577, 588, 602, 603, 607-9, 634, 636, 673, 677, 679, 681, 684-7, 708, 710-712, 716, 718, 719, 721, 722, 735, 738, 741, 744, 747
Bateman, Sir Anthony, Lord Mayor, 223, 252, 277
Bates, Dr. William, 86, 142-4, 507, 540
Bath, 214, 215, 220, 659-61
Bath, Earl of, 79
Bath, Lady, 445
Batten, Benjamin, 69, 424
Batten, Mrs. Benjamin, 69
Batten, Martha, 70, 86, 97, 99, 103, 108, 122, 207
Batten, Sir William, 33, 44, 46, 47, 49, 50, 53, 56, 59, 60, 62, 64, 66-8, 70-80, 86, 87, 90, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 103-6, 108, 109, 113, 115-18, 120-22, 124, 126, 130-33, 136, 138, 141, 144, 145, 147-9, 155, 159, 160, 162, 163, 165, 166, 171, 174, 175, 179-81, 183, 184, 186, 189, 199, 200, 201, 202, 204-6, 221, 224, 234, 235, 237, 251-3, 255, 262, 263, 276, 277, 286, 287, 289, 290, 293, 294, 296, 298, 300-302, 305, 308, 312-14, 316, 320, 324, 329, 336, 341, 344, 346, 347, 353, 354, 373, 379, 381, 387, 393, 404, 405, 409, 414, 415, 417-21, 423, 424, 426, 427, 432, 440, 445, 450-52, 454, 456, 457, 459, 462, 464, 468, 473, 474, 476, 482, 483, 495, 497, 498, 504, 507-11, 517, 518, 527, 529, 532, 540, 545, 546, 551, 554-8, 561, 562, 567, 590
Batten, Lady, 57, 59, 67, 68, 70, 74-7, 79, 90, 91, 97, 99, 105, 108, 122, 124, 148, 166, 168, 172, 200, 204, 207, 238, 296, 309, 320, 341, 343, 344, 355, 415, 452, 483, 497, 546, 547,
Batten, Lady—*continued* 555, 567, 569, 580, 593, 629, 637
Batters, Mr., 449, 450, 460
Batters, Mrs., 302, 450, 460
Battersby, Mr., the apothecary, 168, 173, 406
Battersby, Mr., the minister, 138
Batteville (Vatteville), Baron de, 85, 102
Batts, Captain, 203, 600
Baulmes House, at Hoxton, 280
Bavins, brushwood for bakers' ovens, 469
Baxter, Richard, 49, 129, 189
Baylie (Bally), Mr., 660
Bayly, Dr. Thomas, his *Herba Parietis*, 130
Bayly, Major, 723
Baynard's Castle, 37
Bazing Hall (Basinghall) Street, 323
Beacham, Mr., goldsmith, 56, 199
Beale, Auditor, 33, 41, 42, 165, 236, 307, 727
Beale, Mr., of the King's Guards, 681
Beale, Simon, the trumpeter, 60
Bear, man-of-war, 19, 469
Bear-baiting, 499
Bear Garden, 408, 554, 740
Bear Garden Stairs, 499
Bear Inn, Cambridge, 101, 152, 154
Bear Tavern, at the Bridge foot, 48, 87, 286, 469, 480, 677, 680
Bear Tavern, Drury Lane, 618, 620, 646
Bearcroft, Serjeant, 470, 471
Beasley, Richard, 637
Beast, mark of the, 370
Beating the bounds, 86, 644
Beaufort, Duc de, 284, 430
Beaumont, Dr. Joseph, 296
Beaumont and Fletcher, plays by—
Beggar's Bush, 56, 63, 103, 642
Bloody Brother, 75
Chances, The, 82, 461
Coxcomb, The, 729
Cupid's Revenge, 671
Custom of the Country, 281, 452, 537
Elder Brother, 99
Faithful Shepherdess, 201, 685, 720
Generous Portugal, 745
Humorous Lieutenant, 79, 193, 457
Island Princess, 705, 715, 745
King and no King, 73, 102
Knight of the Burning Pestle, 126
Love Despised, 671
Love's Cure (?), 75
Loyal Subject, 46
Mad Lover, 70, 109, 281, 719
Maid of the Mill, 68, 122, 677
Maid's Tragedy, 84, 446, 466, 640, 648

Beaumont and Fletcher, plays by—*continued*
Night-Walker, or The Little Thief, 75, 122
Philaster, or Love Lies a-bleeding, 107, 655
Rollo, Duke of Normandy, 75, 486, 679
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, 75, 116
Scornful Lady, 57, 63, 70, 161, 451, 557, 657
Sea Voyage, 559, 633, 651
Spanish Curate, 73, 112, 752
Wife for a Month, 166
Wildgoose Chase, 603
Wit without Money, 189
Woman's Prize, or Tamer Tamed, 53
Women Pleased, 703
'Beauties, King Charles's,' 672
'Beauty, retire,' song, 360, 361, 363, 371, 410, 437
Beaver hats, 79, 90, 105, 125, 231
Beckarts, family of the, 323
Becke, Mr., 264
Becke, Mrs., 189, 264, 265
Becke, Betty, 216, 263-5, 719
Becket's tomb, 36
Beckford, Captain, 619, 704
Beckford, Peter, 63
Beckman, Sir Martin, 119
Bedford, 657
Bedford, Lord, 87
Bedlam, 719
Bednal Green. *See* Bethnal
Beech, Captain, 203
Beef, powdered, 130
Bees, 234, 313
Beeston, Mr., 678, 713
Beggar's Bush, 56, 63, 103, 642
Bell, Captain, 387
Bell, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 97, 359, 363
Bell Alley, 320
Bell Tavern, King Street, 39, 54, 733
Bell Yard, 106
Bellamys, the, 226
Bellasis, John, 118
Bellasis, Lord, 194, 296, 298-301, 382, 392, 395, 428, 433, 449, 451, 458, 461, 464, 467, 473, 475, 477, 482, 483, 528, 650, 651, 708, 713, 721, 723, 744, 746
Bellasis, Lady, 392
Bellasis, Sir Henry, 25, 118, 534, 538, 540, 561
Bellwood, Mr., 721, 722
Belsyze House, 671
Bendy, Mrs., 257
Benevolence, a contribution to the King, 87, 98
Benier, a barber, 155
Bennet, Lady, 656
Bennet, Mr., the mercer, 364, 422
Bennet, Sir Henry. *See* Arlington, Earl of
Bennet's (Mr.) house in the Tower, 723
Bens, Mr., 61
Benson, a fictitious name, 199
Benson's, General Monk at, 9
Bergen, 335, 340, 343, 366, 372, 432, 572, 584
Bergen-op-Zoom, 468
Berkeley, Captain (afterwards Sir William), 225, 228, 319, 323, 324, 379, 388, 389, 392
Berkeley, Lord George, of Berkeley, 14, 32, 147, 211, 249, 440, 501, 525
Berkeley, Lady (Elizabeth Massingbred), 525
Berkeley, Lord John, of Stratton, 41, 59, 135, 185, 220, 221, 234, 239, 253, 273, 287, 291, 296, 298, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 359, 393, 474, 480-82, 500-503, 514, 516, 570, 573, 626, 681, 684, 694
Berkeley, Lady, 570
Berkeley, Sir Charles. *See* Falmouth, Earl of
Berkeley, Sir Charles, son of Lord George Berkeley, 526
Berkeley, Sir William, *The Lost Lady*, 66, 67
Berkeley House, 14, 211
Berkenhead, Sir John, 166
Berkenshaw, Mr., 113, 118, 119, 350
Berkshire, 661
Berkshire, Earl of, 403, 604
Berkshire House, 440, 441, 647
Bernard, John, 16, 107, 153
Bernard, Mrs., 153
Bernard, Sir Robert, 16, 18, 92, 153, 165, 175, 182
Bernard, Lady, 92
Bernardiston, Sir Samuel, 648
Bertie, Edward, 26
Bertie, Montague, Earl of Lindsey, 194
Bertie, Robert, 26
Berwick, Pepys at, xxi
Bess, Pepys's cookmaid, 224, 231, 237, 250, 278, 286, 294, 304
Bethell, Captain, 65, 507
Bethnal (Bednal) Green, 204, 257, 415, 419, 503
Betterton, Thomas, 72, 73, 97, 106, 119, 151, 155, 164, 198, 210, 276, 290, 308, 434, 551, 568, 569, 574, 579, 614, 665, 675, 719
The Roman Virgin, 751
Betterton, Mrs. *See* Ianthe
Betty, Mrs. Knipp's maid, 651, 682
Beversham, Mr., 355
Beversham, Mrs., 355
Bevis, Sir, of Hamtoun, 125
Bewpers (bunting), 265
Bezan yacht, 148, 342, 347, 356, 420
Bible, Pepys's, mounted with silver crosses, 54
New Concordance of the, 200
Polyglot, 425
Bibliotheca Pepysiana, xxiv
Bickerstaffe, Mr., 53, 726
Biddulph, Sir Theophilus, 293, 337
Bide, Alderman, 541
Biggleswade (Bigglesworth), 92, 218, 274
Bilanders, Dutch coasters, 529
Billiards, 327, 332, 335
Billing, the Quaker, 8, 529
Billings, Mr., 672
Billingsgate, 631
Billiter Lane, 527, 557
Billup, Mr., 693
Bills, Lady (Lady Diana Fane), 431
Birch, Colonel John, 46, 48, 50, 468, 507, 575, 610, 616, 618-620, 623, 640
Birch, Mr., 424, 425, 588
Bird, Nicholas. *See* Burt
Bird, Thomas, 13
Bird, talking, from the East Indies, 257
Biscay, Bay of, 126
Bishop Stortford, 563, 653, 654
Bishops, 50, 53, 73, 80, 87, 89, 108, 123, 134, 136, 161, 163, 170, 226, 251, 582, 594, 596, 598, 627, 676, 679, 729. *See under Name and See*
Bishops, Trial of the Seven, xxii
Bishopsgate, 257, 417
Bishopsgate Church, 282
Bishopsgate Street, 191, 216, 439, 476, 609, 652-4, 741
Black Eagle, in Bride Lane, 215
Black patches worn by ladies, 28, 47, 52, 54, 57, 157, 489, 646
Black Prince, The, 570, 574, 636
Black Rod, 254, 645
Black Swan, Bishopsgate, 283
Blackbrough, Mr., 335
Blackburne, Robert, 5, 17-19, 40, 42, 44, 117, 226, 227, 705, 729
Blackbury, Mr., 143
Blackfriars, 53, 68, 120, 136, 453
Blackfriars Theatre, 68, 685
Blackheath, 339, 344
Blackmore, the, 120, 121
'Blackmore and Blackmore Mad,' 722
'Blacksmith, The,' song to the tune of, 21
Blackwall, 65, 141, 384, 509
Blaew, the chorister, 542
Blagge (Blague). *See* Blake
Blagrave, Thomas, 59, 119, 279, 582
Blake, Captain Robert, 20, 61, 65, 66, 77, 78
Blake, General, 263
Blake (Blagge, or Blague), Margaret, 723
Blancford. *See* Blanquefort
Blanche Chapiton (Blanche Apleton), in Aldgate, 239
Bland, Mr., 148, 177, 253, 258, 391, 700, 712
Bland, Mr., jun., 307, 379

Bland, Mr., vocalist, 643
Bland, the waterman, 680
Blanquefort, Marquis de, 300, 390, 546, 548, 724
Blany, Mr., 638
Blayton, Mr., 12, 13
Blind beggar of Bethnal Green, 204
Blind man's buff, 294
Blinkehorne, miller, 217
Blinkinsopp, accomplice of Colonel Appesley, 120
Blockhouse (Tilbury Fort), 333, 504
Blondeau, Peter, 71, 162, 183
Blood, charm for stanching, 295
transfusion of, 439, 440, 585
Bloody Brother, The, 75
Bloomsbury Market, 485
Blount, Colonel. *See* Blunt
Blowbladder Street, 537
Bludworth (Bluddel), Sir Thomas, Lord Mayor, 143, 387, 395, 396, 413, 418, 444
Blue Balls, the, 633
Blue Bells, French ordinary, 619
Blue-coat boys at the Spittle, 122
Blunt (Blount), Colonel, 312, 339, 366
Boars not seen in London, 158
Boat-racing on the Thames, 84
Boats, forbidden to ply on Sundays, 149
Bob-cherry, game of, 320
Bodham, W., 124, 141, 334, 509, 513
Bodvil, Mr., 258
Bodvill, Sarah. *See* Robartes
Bohemia, Elizabeth, Queen of, 27, 29, 31, 32, 49, 91, 96, 117
Bois, Mr., 277
Bois-le-Duc, 468
Boltele, Mr., 374
Bolton, Cornet, 752
Bolton, Sir William (Lord Mayor), 434, 536, 541, 555, 588
Bombay, 195, 215
Bombazin, 655
Bond, Mr., 132
Bond, Sir Thomas, 61
Bondman, The, 72-4, 106, 108, 122, 273
Bonfires in London, 10, 12, 23, 54, 82, 127, 130, 228, 287, 379, 387, 388, 409, 436
Bookcases, Pepys's, xxiv, 402, 410, 603, 611. *See* Presses
Booker, John, 52
Almanac, 460
Books, Pepys's catalogue of his, xxiv, 449, 451, 453, 461, 617
Books burned in the Great Fire, 425
Boone, Mr., 648
Booth, Sir George, 11, 13
Bordeaux, 293, 331, 399, 410
Boreman, Dr., 472
Boreman, Mr. (afterwards Sir William), 133, 293, 344, 351, 363, 366, 545
Borfett, Mr., 55, 472
Borkett, Mrs., 57
Boscawen, Edward, 424, 627
Bossc, Abraham, 666
Botargo, a kind of caviare, 88
Botelers (Butlers), the two fair, 95
Botolph's Wharf. *See* Buttolph's
Bottle of Hay, in John's Street, 538
Bottomry, 231, 232
Boughton, 217, 325
Boulogne, 168, 418, 539
Bovy, Mr., 652
Bow (Bowe), 144, 263, 355, 387, 407, 522, 538, 558, 560, 656, 724, 743, 749
Bow bells, 9
Bow Church, 176, 333
Bowes, Sir Jerome, 148
Bowles, John, 566-8, 657
Bowling Alley. *See under* Whitehall
Bowls, the game of, 83, 88, 139, 538
Bowman, Mr., 79
Bow-pot, or bough-pot, 341
Bowyer, Mr. (Mrs. Pepys's stepfather), 16, 26, 87, 242
Bowyer, Mrs., 59
Bowyer, William, 82, 117, 145, 169, 242, 278, 344
Boyle, Lady Anne, 490, 495, 574, 597
Boyle, Richard, 317
Boyle, Hon. Robert, 20, 302, 663
Experiments and Considerations touching Colours, 489, 502
Hydrostatical Paradoxes, 529, 545
Origin of Forms and Qualities, 636, 712
Boyle's hydrometer, 699
Boynton, Colonel, 714
Boynton, Mrs., 286
Boys, Mr., 143
Boys, Sir John, 21, 24, 27
Bradford, man-of-war, 32
Bradly, Arthur o', 721
Bradly, a rogue, 101
Bradshaw, John, 3, 58, 67-9
Brahams, Sir Arnold. *See* Breames
Brahé, Count, 102, 107
Brainford. *See* Brentford
Brampton, xi, 90-92, 101, 103, 114, 119, 146, 149, 150, 153, 217, 218, 237, 282, 284, 330, 334, 377, 427, 428, 431, 432, 447, 462, 499, 506, 563-5, 646, 652, 653, 657
Brampton House, 151
Brampton Manor, 132, 285
Brampton Woods, 218
Brandaris, burned by the English, 409, 410
Bransle, a dance, 170, 440
Brawn, collar of, 109, 113
Braybrooke, Lord, first Editor of the *Diary*, v, vi, xxvi
Braybrooke, Robert (Bishop of London, 1404), 438, 439
Brazenose College. *See under* Oxford
Brazenose Tavern, 46
Bread, superior quality in France, 304
Breames (Brahams), Sir Arnold, 61, 613
Brecocke, Mr., 567
Breda, 22, 23, 25, 181, 468, 479, 484, 502, 513, 523, 530, 539-41, 553
Bredhemson. *See* Brighton
Brekington, 659
Brennoralt, 92, 540, 570, 625
Brentford, 325 336, 339, 340, 342, 350, 371, 738
Brentwood (Burntwood), 333
Brereton, Lord, 592, 601
Brest, 452, 714
Bretby Hall, 173
Brett, Margaret, 469
Bretton (Britton), Dr. Robert, 200, 314
Brewer, Captain, 173
Brian, Mr., 152
Brick Tower, the, 723
Bride Lane, 215
Bridegroom's ribbons, 5, 67, 116, 177
Bridewell, 55, 395, 453
Bridewell, New, 277, 283
Bridgeman, John, Bishop of Chester, 160
Bridgman, Sir Orlando, 51, 160, 548, 551, 567, 568, 584, 594, 609, 630, 673, 674, 682, 690, 692, 695, 710, 726, 731, 736, 750
Bridges, Sir Toby, 287
Bridget, Pepys's maid, 640, 645, 735, 738
Bridgewater, Lord, 490, 511, 536, 596
Briefs, authorising church collections, 90
Brielle (Brill), in Holland, 21
Brigden, Dick, 67, 118, 143
Briggs, Mr., 153
Briggs, Mr., scrivener, 310, 313
Brigham, Mr., 38
Brighton (Bredhemson, Brighthelmstone), 421, 467
Brill. *See* Brielle
Brisband, Mr., 331, 332, 443, 456, 599, 607, 615, 620, 621, 631, 644
Bristol, 263, 301, 509, 659-61
Bristol, Earl of, 93, 121, 190, 195, 204-9, 214, 215, 225, 242, 245, 246, 248, 250, 258, 411, 447, 477, 533, 557, 581, 582, 584, 585, 596, 603, 630
Worse and Worse, 272
Bristol, Mayor of, 147
Bristol, man-of-war, 387
Bristol milk (punch), 660
Britannia, figure of, on copper coinage, 177, 469
Britannia, Camden's, 108
Britton, Dr. *See* Bretton

Broad Face, tavern, 661
Broad Street, 10, 49, 282, 308, 319, 531
Broderick, Sir Allen, 358, 450
Broghill, Lord. *See* Orrery, Earl of
Brome (Broome), Alexander, 187, 365, 397
Brome, Richard, plays by—
Antipodes, 97
Jovial Crew, 93, 97, 106
Brook, Margaret. *See* Denham, Lady
Brooke, Captain, 520
Brooke House, 664, 701
Brookes, Sir Robert, 313, 395, 486, 492, 500, 570, 572, 584-586, 588, 591, 621, 627
Broome, Alexander. *See* Brome
Brothels pulled down by apprentices, 632, 638
Brouncker, Henry, 305, 306, 389, 466, 477, 546, 549, 558, 571, 595, 639, 641, 644, 689, 724
Brouncker, Lord, 125, 143, 148, 289, 291, 295, 302, 309, 312, 316, 324, 329, 335-45, 347, 349, 351, 353, 356, 357, 360-69, 371, 373-82, 387, 388, 400, 404, 406, 407, 409-11, 418, 422, 424, 426, 429, 437, 438, 440, 441, 444, 448, 449, 452-4, 456, 459, 462, 463, 465, 466, 468, 473, 474, 476, 496, 504, 508-11, 514, 519, 520, 529, 542, 543, 545, 547, 552, 558, 559, 563, 568, 572-5, 584, 613, 616, 618, 619, 624-8, 630, 632, 634, 636, 637, 639, 640, 642, 647, 649, 650, 654, 657, 663, 666, 669, 670, 673, 675-7, 679, 682, 684-9, 693, 695, 697, 698, 700-702, 705, 707, 716, 719, 735, 736, 748, 749, 753
Brown, Mr., of St. Malo, 383
Brown's, Mrs., 37
Browne, Alexander, print-seller, 313
Browne, Captain Arthur, 65, 70, 140, 189
Browne, Mrs., wife of Capt. Arthur, 65, 66, 86, 94
Browne, 'Colonel,' 654
Browne, Mr., Clerk of the House of Lords, 598
Browne, Mr., mathematical instrument maker, 275, 747, 750, 754
Browne, Mr., painter, 338, 339, 380, 383, 666
Browne, General (afterwards Sir Richard), 41, 166, 252
Browne, Sir Anthony, 333
Browne, Sir Richard, Clerk of the Council, 115, 231, 236, 255, 318, 414, 486, 511, 512, 546, 652, 690, 722, 735
Browne, Sir Richard (Alderman and Lord Mayor), 11, 12, 41, 53, 63, 64, 105, 318
Browne, Sir Richard, son of the alderman, 318
Browne, Richard, son of the preceding, 318
Brownes, three Sir Richard, 318
Brownlow, Mr., 638
Bruce, Lord. *See* Ailesbury, Earl of
Brutus, 584
Bryan, Jacob, 509
Buck, Dr., 103, 106
Buck, Sir Peter, 60
Buckden. *See* Bugden
Buckden Palace, 607
Buckeworth, 646
Buckhurst, Lord, 118, 119, 206, 393, 524, 525, 537, 545, 575, 612, 686, 687
Buckingham, 657
Buckingham, George, 1st Duke of, 34, 83, 200, 245, 297
Buckingham, George, 2nd Duke of, 69, 93, 126, 177, 195, 210, 224, 245, 425, 429, 430, 433, 440, 441, 449, 450, 456, 470-74, 483, 517, 524, 527-9, 534, 545, 559, 581-3, 585, 586, 589, 590, 592, 594, 596, 601, 602, 605, 612, 650, 667, 674, 675, 677, 682-4, 687-90, 692-5, 697, 698, 702, 707, 716, 717, 721-3, 725, 727, 729-31, 735, 737, 742-4, 746, 753
Buckingham, Duchess of, 169, 224, 286, 471, 583, 650
Bucklersbury, Cheapside, 201
Buckles (shoe), worn by Pepys, 5
Buckworth, Mr., 745
Bugden (Buckden), 139, 285, 377
Buggins, Mr., 146
Bull Head Tavern, 440, 478
Bull Inn, 699
Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, 653
Bull-baiting, 408
Bull-fights, 'Juego de Toros,' in Spain, 106, 129
Bullion, on the exportation of, 299
Bulteale, Mr., 543
Bumbridge, Captain, 706
Bunce, Sir James, 359, 361, 362
Bunn, Captain, 156
Buntingford, 216
Burford, Mr., 563
Burgby, Mr., 248
Burgess, Mr., 344, 538, 727
Burlington, Earl of, 490, 495, 633, 682
Burlington, Countess of, 682
Burlington House, 682
Burn, charm for a, 295
Burnett, Dr., 147, 240, 266, 267, 271, 318, 328, 337
Burnett, Mrs., 746
Burnt wine, 65, 595
Burntisland, 493
Burntwood. *See* Brentwood
Burr, John, 47
Burroughs, Mr., 684
Burroughs, Mrs., 445
Burrows, the slop-seller, 306
Burston, Mr., 302, 305
Burt, Nicholas, 51, 151, 591, 714
Burton, Dr. Hezekiah, 12, 116
Burton, Mrs., 434
Bury Market, 202
Busby, Dr. Richard, 492
Busse (herring-boat), 163
Bussy, Comte de, his *Histoire Amoureuse de Gaules*, 380
Bussy d'Amois, 111
Butchers and weavers, fray between, 273
Butler, Lady Elizabeth, 159
Butler, Lord, of Moore Park, 433
Butler, Lord John, 443, 461
Butler, Mr. ('Monsieur L'Impertinent'), 42, 44, 49, 58, 169, 184, 199
Butler, Mrs., 155
Butler, Frances, 37, 43, 90, 155, 252, 311, 680
Butler, Samuel, 667
Hudibras, 168, 176, 231, 233, 241, 349
Butler, a rogue, 205
Buttered ale. *See* Ale
Buttolph's Wharf, Billingsgate, 414
Butts, Mr., 660, 661
Butts, Mrs., 660
Buxtorf's *Hebrew Grammar*, 5
Byrom, John, xxv
Byron, Lady, 487

Cabal, the, 479, 594, 596, 597, 714, 732, 737
Cabarets, French, 150
Cabbala, or Collections of Letters of State, 233
Cabinet Council, 195, 288, 411, 582
Cables, stoving and making of, 301
Cade, Dr., 29, 30
Cade, Mr., 56, 368, 450, 497, 591
Cade's tavern in Cornhill, 316
Cadiz, 114, 265, 299, 370, 374, 697, 700, 712
Caesar, Julius, 481
Caesar, Julius, Life of, 703
Caesar, William, 369, 449, 476, 581
Caius, Dr., 585
Caius College. *See under* Cambridge
Cakehouse, the, in Southampton Market-place, 485
Calais, 19, 139, 161, 231, 329, 395, 430, 589, 590
Calamy, Edmund, 36, 45, 142, 171, 189
Cales. *See* Cadiz
Calico, dispute regarding, 247
Call-book, 167
Callice, Callis. *See* Calais
Calprenède's *Cassandra*, 693, 749
Cleopatra, 288
Calthrop, Mr., a grocer, 7
Calthrop, Mr., at the Temple, 163
Calvin, John, 186

Cambridge, 12, 21, 73, 83, 85, 92, 94, 101, 108, 122, 142, 152, 153, 175, 237, 241, 242, 281, 311, 403, 563, 564, 567, 592, 652-4, 678, 679, 749
Cambridge, Charles, Duke of, 83
Cambridge, Edgar, Duke of, 546
Cambridge, James, Duke of, 446, 490, 494, 498, 500, 503, 513, 514
Cambridge, man-of-war, 509
Cambridge, University of, 20, 116, 152, 187, 565
Christ's College, 12, 71, 92, 101
Gonville and Caius College, 120, 585
Jesus College, 654
King's College and Chapel, xxi, 92, 154, 564
Magdalene College, xi, xxiv, 12, 115, 116, 135, 187, 214, 462, 564, 607, 654
Regent House, 153
St. John's College Library, 154, 564
Trinity College, 94, 153, 154, 187, 478, 564
Trinity Hall, xi
Cambridge Assizes, 569
Cambridge coach, 428
Cambridge Inns—
Bear, 101, 152, 154
Rose, xii, 92, 94, 564
Three Tuns, 12
Cambridgeshire, 21, 117, 197, 469
Camden's *Britannia*, 108
Camera obscura, 371, 666
Camlet cloak, Pepys's, 39, 41, 314, 315, 318, 593, 597
Campden, Viscount, 43
Canary Company, 433, 449, 466, 517, 527
Canary prize, 527
Canary wine, 324
Candle, sale by inch of, 54
See also Wax
Cannon, or Canning Street, 48, 185, 413, 492, 673
Canons, hose tops, 32, 231
Canterbury, 33, 34, 36, 69
Canterbury, Archbishop of. *See* Juxon *and* Sheldon
Canterbury, Life of the Archbishop of, 695
Canterbury Cathedral, 36, 362
Capel, Lord, 743
Capel, Sir Henry, 708, 743
Captains, naval, old and new, 135
Capuchins, 431, 457
Caracena, Marques de, 701
Carcasse, James, 414, 464, 468, 473, 609
Cardigan, Earl of, 79
Cardinal, The, 152, 544, 643
Carew, John, the regicide, 51
Carey House, 587
Carfax, 162
Carissimi, Giacomo, 272, 463
Carleton, Mary. *See* Moders, Mary
Carlingford, Earl of, 126, 749
Carlisle, Bishop of. *See* Rainbowe
Carlisle, Earl of, 79, 145, 450, 501, 511
Carlisle, Countess of, 587
Carnarvon, Earl of, 493
Carnegy, Lady, 306, 638, 697
Carpenter, Mr., 142
Carr, Sir Robert, 534, 643
Carr, William, 593, 594, 606, 613
Carrefour (Carfax, or Fourways). *See* Carfax
Carrick, Mrs., 5
Carter, Mrs., 327
Carter, Rev. Charles, 60, 462
Carteret, Anne. *See* Slaning, Lady
Carteret, Caroline. *See* Scott, Lady
Carteret, Elizabeth, 212
Carteret, George, 522
Carteret, Louise Marguerite, 328
Carteret, Sir George, 40, 42, 56, 58, 68, 70, 74, 80, 89, 104, 105, 109, 120, 123-8, 131, 132, 140, 145, 150, 151, 156-8, 163, 165, 171, 188, 191, 193, 197, 199, 203, 206, 207, 212, 216, 219-21, 224, 229, 232, 234, 239, 248, 253, 269, 271, 273, 281, 282, 286, 288, 290, 293, 300, 303, 304, 308, 309, 315, 316, 322-36, 350, 352, 354, 358, 360, 364-7, 373-5, 382, 385, 389, 392, 398, 407, 408, 411, 417, 418, 420-24, 426, 430-33, 435, 436, 439, 440, 442, 443, 455, 456, 458, 460, 466, 467, 473-5, 477, 479-81, 484, 485, 490, 493, 495-7, 501, 503, 511, 515-18, 522, 523, 531, 546, 549, 550, 554, 558, 559, 562, 568, 572, 578, 580, 591, 596, 597, 606, 615, 620, 621, 623, 627, 640, 644, 654, 655, 687, 698, 717, 748, 754
Carteret, Lady Elizabeth (wife of Sir George), 126, 149, 238, 253, 264, 321, 324-8, 331-3, 342, 372, 377, 422, 430, 432, 460, 481, 485, 517, 601, 687
Carteret, Philip (afterwards Sir Philip), 140, 305, 307, 321, 324, 326-8, 330-33, 372, 407, 442-4, 480, 517, 596, 597, 627, 629
Carteret, Lady Jemimah (wife of Sir Philip), 2, 4, 6, 14, 44-6, 52, 53, 65, 66, 71, 85, 93, 97-9, 127, 186, 191, 193, 200, 210, 244, 251, 268, 300, 305, 307, 321, 322, 325-7, 329-32, 337, 372, 407, 430, 436, 438-40, 442, 480, 481, 493, 496, 511, 522, 531, 562, 597, 627-9
Cartwright, W., 578
Cary, Mrs., 33
Caryll, Mr., 189
Caryll's *English Princes, or Richard the Third*, 472
Case, Mr., Master of the Rolls, 728
Case, Rev. Thomas, 28, 54, 101, 189, 606, 647
Cassandra, La Calprenède's, 693, 749
Castle, Mr., 76, 207, 329, 369, 381, 490, 718
Castle, Mr., a preacher, 73
Castle Hill, Cambridge, 94
Castle Rising, xviii
Castle Tavern, 478, 543
Castlehaven, Lord, 222, 275, 501
Castlemaine, Earl of, 40, 110, 138, 139, 146, 159, 302, 305
his *Apology in behalf of the Papists*, 444, 446
Castlemaine, Countess of, 42, 51, 52, 79, 92, 97, 99, 110, 115, 116, 123, 124, 127, 128, 131, 137-9, 146, 149, 150, 152, 154-6, 158, 159, 161, 165, 167, 169-72, 174, 175, 177, 178, 181-3, 187, 189, 190, 194-6, 200, 201, 205, 207-10, 212, 214, 218, 220, 221, 225, 236, 240, 241, 245, 249, 256, 258, 261, 262, 268, 272, 276, 281, 284, 300, 303, 306, 308, 316, 379, 389, 423, 424, 429, 432, 434, 436, 440, 443, 444, 447, 448, 450, 459, 461, 488, 489, 491, 496, 512, 514, 515, 522, 527, 530, 533, 535, 536, 538, 545-9, 552, 553, 555, 583, 594, 595, 604, 605, 617, 638, 639, 646, 647, 656, 671, 687, 688, 702, 707, 723, 724, 746
Castles, Dr., 48
Catiline's Conspiracy, 591, 603, 701
Catch, a swift sailing vessel, 50, 57, 337
Catharine, yacht, 384, 385
Catherine, Queen, 70, 99, 101, 103, 104, 106, 112, 121, 123, 124, 126, 129, 131, 139, 149, 150, 152, 155, 156, 167, 169, 170, 178, 181, 189, 190, 196, 207, 209, 210, 214, 218-24, 227, 236-8, 240, 243, 251, 253, 260, 266, 272, 286, 292, 330, 334, 370, 376 389, 402, 430, 432-4, 439, 440, 443, 463, 466, 484, 485, 488, 508, 527, 531, 546, 550, 551, 553, 556, 563, 579, 583, 588, 590, 594-6, 624, 647, 651, 652, 656, 669, 675, 682, 683, 719, 751, 753, 754
Catherine, Queen, Life of, 52
Catherine of Valois, Queen, 720
Catherine pear, 550
Catholics, 177, 179, 181-3, 185, 187, 189, 246, 378, 433, 435, 436, 438, 444, 445, 453, 472, 506, 508, 552, 556, 567, 594, 606, 610, 611, 625, 628, 643, 652
Cattle, Irish, Bill prohibiting importation of, 433
Cavaliers, 17, 20-22, 72, 199, 120, 150, 151, 199, 203, 356, 361, 606

Cave, of the King's chapel, 241
Cave, a pensioner, 254, 255, 262, 277
Cavendish, Earl of, 26
Cavendish's *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, 502
Caxton, town in Cambridgeshire, 510
Chafing-dishes, silver, 365, 368
Chair, 'King Harry's,' 53
Chamberlain, Mr., 359, 362
Chamberlain, Mrs., 359
Chamberlain, Sir Thomas, 244
Chamberlayne's *Angliae Notitia*, 712
Chamber, a small gun, 82
Champion, the King's, 81
Chancery, 11, 510, 625
Chancery Lane, 41, 436, 635, 688, 714, 728
Chances, The, 82, 461
Chandos, Lord, 167
'Change. *See* Exchange
Change of Crowns, The, 485
Changeling, The, 71
Changes, or Love in a Maze, 128, 201, 491, 613, 643
Channell, Luke, 49
Chaplin, Francis, 48, 555, 607
Chapman, periwig-maker, 224
Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, 111
Character. *See* Cipher
Charett (Cherrett), Mrs. Mary, 241
Charing Cross, 51, 101, 160, 315, 336, 376, 523, 549, 574, 652, 681, 686, 692, 715, 718, 738
Charing Cross Stairs, 6, 617
Charissimi, Giacomo. *See* Carissimi
Charity, the, 316
Charles, man-of-war. See *Royal Charles*
Charles the Second, man-of-war, 624
Charles I., 6, 30, 51, 54, 56, 67, 175, 192, 206, 226, 248, 305, 359, 361, 368, 372, 409, 445, 463, 487, 522, 524, 537, 550, 712, 729
  Statue of, in Exchange, 16
Charles II., 11, 13-16, 19-33, 36, 38, 48, 54, 56, 58-60, 62, 64, 65, 67, 70, 71, 73, 78, 80, 91, 93, 95-100, 104, 115, 120-24, 126-36, 138, 139, 144, 147, 149-51, 154-73, 175-205, 207-215, 218-22, 224-9, 231-52, 254, 256, 257, 259-63, 265, 267, 269-273, 275-7, 281, 283-6, 288-94, 296, 297, 300-303, 305, 307-311, 313-20, 322-4, 328-30, 334, 335, 340, 343, 344, 347, 350-56, 358-61, 363, 364, 367-70, 374, 375, 379, 382-7, 389-93, 397-9, 402-5, 411-14, 418-21, 423-35, 437-42, 445-9, 452-6, 459, 460, 462-78, 480-93, 495-8, 501, 503-7, 510, 512-18, 521-5, 527, 528, 530-36, 538, 541-63, 567-
Charles II.—*continued*
570, 573, 574-7, 579-91, 593-601, 603-12, 614-30, 632, 633, 635-40, 642-8, 651-3, 656, 657, 661, 663-5, 667, 668, 670, 677, 678, 681-3, 685-700, 702-5, 707-11, 713, 716-27, 729, 731, 732, 735-7, 739-46, 748, 751, 753, 754
  Account of Escape after Worcester, xx
Charles II., King of Spain, 356, 399, 466, 473, 667
Charles X., King of Sweden, 15, 47, 72, 421
Charles XI., King of Sweden, 444
Charleton, Dr. Walter, 404
Charleton, Sir Job, 622
Charms and spells, 294, 295, 298, 331
Charnocke, Mr., 325
Charter of King Edgar to Worcester, 310
Chatelin's tavern, 628, 642
Chatham, 47, 64, 65, 76, 137, 143, 208, 260, 283, 304, 307, 323, 333, 336, 346, 347, 369, 410, 444, 448, 476, 479, 504-10, 513, 515-19, 529, 558, 571-4, 576, 578, 580, 584-6, 601, 616, 666, 676, 680, 715, 733-5, 742
Chatham river, 527
Chatham Yard, 66, 347, 664, 706
Chatteris, 218
Chaucer, 201, 233, 267, 275
Cheapside, 5, 9, 53, 56, 86, 102, 183, 252, 277, 334, 371, 416, 417, 537, 589, 636, 644, 652, 660, 709
Cheese, Suffolk, 103
Cheesecake house, Islington, 122
Cheffins, Thomas. *See* Chiffinch
Chelsea, 85, 102, 104, 177, 189, 216, 219, 232, 235, 263, 311, 378, 537, 648, 719, 755
Chelsea College, 584
Chelsea School, 177
Cheque, Clerks of the, 137, 272, 529
Chequer Inn, Charing Cross, 191
Chequer Inn, Foulmer, 12
Chequers, the, at Huntingdon, 654
Cheriton, man-of-war, 22, 32
Cherrett, Mrs. Mary, 241
Cherries introduced into England, 267
Cherry Garden, Rotherhithe, 264
Cheshire, 671
Chess, 280
Chest, the, at Chatham, 137, 141, 145, 161, 164, 379, 511, 516, 637
Chesterfield, Earl of, 4, 57, 167, 171, 173, 174, 503
Chesterfield, Countess of, 159, 171, 173
Chesterton, 654
Chetwind, Mr., 11, 48, 54, 90, 112, 164, 440
'Chevy Chase,' 463
Chichele, Archbishop, 658
Chichester, Bishop of. *See* King, Dr.
Chichley, Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas), 287, 395, 470, 474, 489, 551, 581, 626, 628, 671
Chichley, Sir Henry, 25
Chichley, Sir John, 446, 555, 581, 586, 591, 671
Chiffinch, Thomas, 377
Chiffinch, William, 440, 545, 649, 734, 753-5
Child, Dr., 204, 236, 372
Child (Childe), Mr. (afterwards Sir Josiah), 54, 55, 57, 61, 65, 681, 683, 737, 748, 750, 751
'Child, with,' expression, 27, 50
Child of Hale, the, 658
Chillington, Captain, 2
Chiltern, 660
Chimney tax, 119, 120, 136, 350, 430, 431, 480
Chimneys, curing smoky, 218, 439
China, History of, 603, 604
China alehouse, 173
China oranges, 373
Chippell, Mr., 37
Chocolate, 37, 82, 290, 721
Cholmely (Cholmly, Cholmley), Mr. (afterwards Sir Hugh), 141, 156, 178, 272, 292, 313, 357, 390, 428, 432, 447, 448, 461, 464, 471-5, 477, 485, 494, 501, 512, 516, 518, 523, 548, 556, 558, 559, 568, 569, 579, 580, 612, 623, 630, 650, 684, 699, 732, 744, 746
Christ Church Hospital, xxii, 455
Christchurch, 392, 425
Christ's College. *See under* Cambridge
Christ's Hospital, 98, 122
Christ's Hospital, Abingdon, 658
Christenings, 86, 99, 107, 110, 210, 370, 382, 430, 431, 445, 546, 584, 585, 620
Christmas, Mr., 53
Church, state of the, in England, 93
Church History of Britain, Fuller's, 59, 219
Church of England, 441
Church of Rome. *See* Rome, Church of
Church lands, contemplated sale of, 608, 689, 692, 725
Churchill, Arabella, 706
Church-stile Tavern, Waltham-stow, 78
Churchyard Alley, 335
Churchyard Stairs, 335
Churchyards, crowded state of, 327, 368
Cicero, xxiv, 626
  Second Oration against Catiline, 132, 134
Cider, 175
Cinque Ports, 17-19, 671
  Barons of the, 81

Cipher in writing, xxv, 4, 6, 271, 301, 435
Cittern, 36, 66
City Match, The, 683
Civil and Ecclesiastical Law, A View of the, 380
Clapham, xxiii, 210, 330, 368
Clapham, Mr., 506
Claracilla, 91, 171, 726
Clare Market, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 2
Clarendon, 288
Clarendon, Earl of, 29, 36, 38, 41-43, 46, 50, 52, 54, 59, 62, 71, 78, 79, 88, 93, 96, 106, 107, 109, 115, 118, 121, 123, 129, 135, 145, 167, 170, 173, 178, 179, 181, 182, 190, 192, 195, 198, 200, 203, 207-9, 214, 215, 223-5, 242, 245, 246, 248-50, 268-73, 275, 288-90, 292, 297, 302, 312, 314, 318, 319, 322, 340, 348, 351, 352, 354, 358, 368, 369, 372, 393, 411, 425, 426, 428, 432, 433, 440, 441, 447, 456, 464, 465, 467, 471, 479, 480, 485, 489, 490, 493-6, 507, 508, 514, 516, 518, 523, 527, 528, 535, 545-55, 557, 567-9, 574-7, 579-93, 596, 608, 612, 638, 641, 665, 688, 689, 693, 698, 707, 710, 717, 726, 729, 731, 746
Clarendon, Countess of, 590
Clarendon House, 302, 368, 369, 403, 486, 493, 507, 509, 682
Clarendon Park, Salisbury, 246, 268, 272
Claret, 324
Clarges, Anne. *See* Albemarle, Duchess of
Clarges, Dr. Thomas, 25, 38, 614
Clarke, Dr., 155
Claxton, Mr., 94, 153
Claxton, Mrs., 153, 197
Claypole, Lord, 45
Clayton, Sir Thomas, 691
Cleggat, Colonel, 359
Clement IX., Pope, 525, 603
Cleopatra, 251, 711
Cleopatra, La Calprenède's, 288
Clergy, the, 31, 46, 98, 163, 226, 617, 630
Presbyterian, 143, 151
Clerke, Captain Robert, 18, 21, 299, 387, 520
Clerke, Dr., 27, 29, 31, 33, 34, 44, 85, 124, 145, 155, 165, 172, 194, 232, 260, 267, 302, 321, 370, 393, 461, 464, 483, 650, 664, 706
Clerke, Mrs. (wife of Dr.), 44, 126, 169, 172, 196, 267, 276, 464, 483, 551
Clerke, Mr., solicitor, 179, 180, 507, 609, 657, 697, 740
Clerke, Mrs. (landlady), 349, 351, 399
Clerke, Mrs., milliner, 740
Clerke, Sir Francis, 161
Clerke, Sir William, 16, 317, 353, 376, 386, 388, 400
Clerkenwell, 110, 493, 680
Clerkenwell Church, 95, 282
Clerkenwell New Prison, 632
Cleve, 409
Cleveland, Duchess of. *See* Castlemaine, Countess of
Cleveland, Earl of, 483
Cliff, height of, at Deal, 34
Clifford, Madam, 104
Clifford, Matt, 693
Clifford, Sir Thomas, 284, 372, 421, 444, 468, 489, 497, 502, 511, 515, 581, 629, 630, 677, 681, 690, 716, 725, 729, 732, 735, 736, 739, 742
Clinke, Mynheer, 44
Cloaks, fashion of, 39, 50, 222, 132
Clock with bullets, 43
Clockwork, specimen of, 552
Clodius, Mr., 41
Cloth trade in England, 285
Clothworkers' Company and Hall, xix, 417, 662, 741
Cloves, 345, 356
Clubbing, old house for, 43
Clun, the actor, 193, 274, 706, 714, 742
Clutterbucke, Mr., 243, 689
Coach, the, on board a man-of-war, 23, 304
Coach, Pepys and his, 486, 493, 501, 503, 526, 561, 611, 687-9, 693, 694, 696-8, 700-705, 709, 710, 712, 724, 730, 738, 740, 743, 744, 746-9, 751
Coaches, hackney, proclamation against, 55
Coals, high price of, 446, 472, 489, 513, 517, 556, 598
Coat of Arms. *See* Arms
Cobham, 669, 677, 734
Cobham Hall, 480, 489
Cock alehouse, at Temple Bar, 561, 642
Cock Inn, near Barnet, 246
Cock, the, ordinary in Suffolk Street, 728, 732, 738, 740, 745
Cocke, Captain, 104, 106, 108, 109, 117, 118, 138, 140, 141, 161, 203, 290, 308, 336, 337, 340-42, 344-51, 353-6, 358, 359, 362, 364-6, 374, 377, 380-82, 392, 400, 413, 420, 425, 427, 438, 446-8, 456, 466, 468, 473, 474, 510, 513, 514, 543, 547, 557, 558, 573, 582, 583, 590, 591, 611, 626, 628, 635, 636, 670, 671, 673, 675, 735
Cocke, Colonel Charles George, 628
Cocke, Madam, 108
Cocke, Solomon, 348
Cocker, Edward, 275, 283
Cock-fighting, 235, 502, 638
Cockpit, the, at Whitehall, 11, 37, 56, 79, 152, 161, 226, 311, 313, 317, 353, 376, 379, 418
Cockpit, the, in Drury Lane, 45, 51, 53, 164, 171
Cockpit, by the King's gate, 638
Cocks, flinging at, 71
Coffee Club, Miles's, 3, 4, 11
Coffee-house, the, 224, 227, 233, 237, 240, 241, 265, 274, 289, 292, 293, 314, 317, 663
Coffee-house, The, or Tarugo's Wiles, 563, 568
Coinage, 71, 183, 196, 231
Coke (Cook), John, regicide, 50, 52
Coke's *Institutes*, 513, 609, 728
Colbert, Charles. *See* Croissy, Marquis de
Colborne, Nich., 303
Colchester, 144, 379, 397
Colchester baize, 468
Colchester oysters, 103, 357
Cole, Jack, 24, 137, 239
Cole, John, 447
Cole, Mr., lawyer, 147, 255, 277
Cole, Mr., timber-merchant, 177, 711
Cole Harbour, 157
Colebrooke (Colnbrook), 662
Coleman, Edward, 353, 360, 363, 594
Coleman, Mrs., 353, 360 363
Coleman, a pensioner, 515
Coleman Street, 613
Colet, Dean, 8, 243
his Grammar, 176
Colic, charm for the, 307
Collar Day, at Court, 151, 175, 231
Collections, Rushworth's, 231
College of Virtuosi. *See* Royal Society
Collidon (Colladon, Collaton, Colliton), John, 218, 285
Collins, Mr., 609
Colnbrook, 662
Colours, Experiments and Considerations touching, 489, 502
Colville (Colvill), John, 320, 337, 359, 429, 623, 627, 628
Colville, Mrs., 320
'Come follow, follow me,' song, 442
Comenius, John Amos, xxxii, 394
Comet, appearance of a, 293, 294, 303, 308
Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, 296, 434, 644, 656
Commander, Mr., 239, 501, 503
Commissioners for paying off the Army and Navy, 66, 72
Committee, The, 201, 540, 577, 650
Common, Doll. *See* Corey, Mrs.
Common Council of the City, 1, 2, 8, 9
Common Garden Coffee-house, 635
Commons, House of, 21, 23, 46, 93, 182, 205, 246, 259, 354, 371, 450, 452-4, 471, 533, 569, 577, 579, 580, 583, 594, 613-

Commons, House of—*continued*
615, 617, 619, 622-8, 634, 643-9. *See also* Parliament
Pepys at the Bar of the, 572, 623, 625
Commonwealth, anticipated revival of the, 538, 542, 694
Commonwealth coat-of-arms, 21, 26, 27
Sale of, 76
Comprehension, Act of, 612, 614, 628
Compton, Sir William, 25, 137, 148, 156, 157, 164, 213, 221
Concordance, a new, 200, 606
Condé, Prince of, 206, 263
Conductor's baton, use of, 88, 593
Conduit, the, in Fleet Street, 1
Coney, Mr., 733, 734
Conformity, Act of. *See* Uniformity
Conspirators, trial of, 447
Constantinople, 45, 225
Conventicles, 197, 211, 212, 259, 275, 336, 735
Act against, 643, 645, 646, 648, 670
Convertine, man-of-war, 117
Convocation House Yard, St. Paul's, 438
Cook, John, regicide, 50, 52
Cooke, Captain Henry, 45, 50, 93, 128, 149, 236, 277, 353, 442, 464, 465, 542, 550
Cooke, John, *Greene's Tu Quoque*, 555, 557
Cooke, Mr., 20, 22, 26, 27, 35, 37, 146, 154, 198, 406, 449, 611
Cooke, Mr., of the *Naseby*, 19
Cooke, Sir Robert, 655
Cooling, Richard, 40, 318, 435, 470, 536, 585, 596, 635, 718, 737
Coome Farm, 337, 339
Cooper, Sir Anthony, 36, 242
Cooper, Major, 374, 447
Cooper, Mr., 80
Cooper, Mr., mathematician, 137, 138, 141-3, 186
Cooper, Mr., officer in the Forest of Dean, 144
Cooper, Mr., painter, 635, 664-8, 670
Cooper, Samuel, 112, 186
Copenhagen, 183
Coppin, Captain, 20, 388
Coranto, a dance, 170, 192, 440
Corbet, Miles, 120, 121, 124
Corbett, Mrs., 437, 540, 602, 631, 633, 646
Corey, Mrs., 451, 707
Cork, Earl of, 518
Cornbury, Viscount, 553, 585, 612
Corneille's *Horace*, 708
Labyrinth, 258
Pompée, 393
Valiant Cid, 164
Cornhill, 59, 79, 138, 316, 381, 482, 678, 740
Cornwall, 682
Cornwallis, Baron, 79, 81, 114
Cornwallis, Henrietta Maria, 604
Cornwallis, Lord, 607
Coronation of Charles II., 68, 70-72, 80
Ogilby's book on the, 370
Coronets granted to the Barons, 80
Correspondence, Pepys's, xxvii
Cosin, John, Bishop of Durham, 584
Cotgrave's *French-English Dictionary*, 71
Cottenar, Dutch admiral, 314
Cottenham, xi, 505, 510, 563, 578
Cotterell, Sir Charles, 554, 736
Cottington, Baron, 589, 665
Cottington, Sir Francis, 410
Cotton, Charles, his *Scarronides*, 248
Cotton, Edward, 637
Council for Trade, 67, 256
Council of State, 2, 142
Council of War, 136, 343, 356, 737
Counsel to Builders, 198
Counter, or Compter, City prison, 77, 120
Country, Captain, 102
Country Captain, The, 105, 108, 541, 650
Country dances, 161, 170
Country Receivers and Accountants, 502
Courland (Corland), Duke of, 234
Court, life at, 96, 163, 168, 194, 205, 329, 352, 356, 378, 429, 430, 446, 447, 452, 487, 488, 514, 531, 538, 681, 746
Court and Character of King James, 301, 314
Court-martial, Pepys at a, 730, 734, 736-9
Court of Arches, 176
Court of Requests, 106
Court of Wards, 8
Court Secret, The, 276
Courtin, M. de, French ambassador, 309
Covell, Mr., 153
Covenant, the, 14, 143, 151, 180, 199, 442, 445
Covenanters defeated at Rullion Green, 445, 446
Covent Garden, 58, 114, 336, 364-366, 374, 422, 494, 496, 534, 540, 595, 628, 640, 642, 709, 712
Coventry, Baron, 395, 411
Coventry, Henry, 465, 466, 479, 553, 567, 582, 625
Coventry, Mr. (afterwards Sir William), 31, 38-41, 46, 59, 60, 63-5, 73, 78, 79, 99, 104, 109, 120, 123, 126, 127, 131, 132, 135, 137-45, 147-52, 155, 156, 158, 163-7, 170, 171, 173, 175, 180, 184, 189, 190, 192, 194, 197-200, 202, 203, 205, 208, 212, 213, 215, 219, 220,
Coventry, Mr.—*continued*
222, 238, 239, 244, 246, 252, 254-8, 260-63, 271, 273, 277, 279, 281, 283, 287, 289, 291, 292, 294, 295, 297, 298, 305-7, 310, 312, 315-17, 319-23, 325, 335, 341, 343, 350-52, 354, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373-6, 381, 383, 385-96, 398, 400-405, 408, 410, 412, 415, 418-30, 433, 437, 440, 449, 452-6, 460-62, 466, 467-473, 475, 476, 479, 480, 482-7, 492, 493, 496-8, 500, 502-5, 509-512, 515, 517, 522-4, 528, 530-532, 538, 539, 542, 544, 547-52, 554, 555, 559, 561-3, 570-73, 575, 576, 578-80, 582, 583, 586, 588-90, 594-6, 600, 607, 609, 615-18, 620, 622, 624-7, 629, 630, 640, 641, 644, 657, 663-7, 673-5, 680, 683, 685, 687, 688, 695, 696, 698, 707, 708, 710, 714, 716-19, 721-7, 729-32, 735, 736, 740, 742, 746, 749, 755.
Coventry, Sir John, 530, 622, 640
Coventry, man-of-war, 444, 557
Cow Lane, 445, 563, 686, 691
Cowes, 285
Cowes, Captain, 21
Cowley, Abraham, 228, 446, 539, 540
Cutter of Coleman Street, 111, 668
Naufragium Joculare, 71
Verses upon Several Occasions, 228
Cox, Captain, 489, 571, 690, 697, 715, 724, 734, 750, 753
Cox, Colonel, 396
Coxcomb, The, 729
Coyet, Peter Julius, 487
Crafford (Crawfurd), Earl of, 26
Cramp, charm for a, 295
Cranborne, 327, 336, 371, 460, 558
Cranmer, Archbishop, 219
Craven, Earl of, 96, 201, 336, 345-349, 350, 355, 364, 365, 491, 511, 632, 661
Crawfurd, Earl of, 26
Crawly, Mr., 254
Cree Church, 541
Creed, John, 17, 27, 37, 45, 51, 57, 58, 69, 70, 73, 75, 79, 81-4, 87, 96, 129-31, 137, 139, 145, 146, 149, 154, 155, 158, 161, 163-5, 167, 175, 176, 183, 185, 193, 198, 205, 207, 210, 211, 214, 223, 229, 246, 253, 256, 257, 263, 264, 266, 271, 276, 278-80, 282, 289, 291, 301, 305-8, 310-12, 315, 321, 325, 330, 341, 346, 347, 368, 383, 387, 391, 398, 413, 414, 418, 438, 462, 493, 494, 502, 519, 528, 534, 536, 553, 554, 560, 563, 570, 578, 581, 585, 592, 594, 597, 605, 613, 616, 629, 632, 634, 638, 640, 643, 646, 662, 663, 667, 668, 670, 675,

Creed, John—*continued* 681, 685, 686, 689, 691, 694, 696, 705, 707, 712, 730, 741, 746, 748, 751, 752, 754
Creed, Mrs. (Elizabeth Pickering), 217, 244, 298-300, 311, 312, 668, 670, 681, 682, 685, 689, 696, 705, 712, 730, 741, 754
Creed, Major Richard, 17
Cregg, Mrs., 631
Creighton (Creeton, Critton), Dr. Robert, 120, 186, 202, 251, 534, 550
Créqui, Duc de, 174
Cresset, Francis, 552
Cretz, Mr. de. *See* De Cretz
Crew, Captain, 507
Crew, John (afterwards Baron), 2, 4, 6, 8, 11-14, 16, 17, 21, 22, 24, 31 37, 38, 46, 67, 71, 79, 87, 90, 95, 99, 101, 107, 110, 114, 116, 118, 124, 134, 139, 150, 155, 160, 167, 192, 194, 210, 218, 263, 270, 285, 304, 326, 327, 331, 332, 366, 381, 435, 436, 443, 451, 472, 490, 491, 546, 562, 588 598, 606, 628, 640, 643, 647, 657, 667, 668, 750
Crew, Lady, 99, 271, 366
Crew, John, 110, 435, 436, 443, 498
Crew, Dr. Nathaniel, Bishop of Durham, 127, 204, 435, 436, 451, 480
Crew, Samuel, 91
Crew, Sir Thomas, 6, 27, 45, 69, 107, 122, 124, 126, 192, 194, 195, 218, 265, 276, 401, 435, 441, 443, 480, 524, 525, 582, 584, 615, 628, 640, 642
Cribbage, card game, 29
Cripplegate, 255
Cripplegate Inn, 313
Crisp, Sir Nicholas, 9, 115, 117, 118, 148
Crispe, Captain, 311, 355
Crispe, Mrs., 98
Crispin, the waterman, 574
Critton, Dr. *See* Creighton
Crockford, Mr., 82
Croft, Herbert, Bishop of Hereford, 475, 482, 484
Crofton, Zachary, 74
Crofts, Baron, 140
Crofts, Dr., 51
Crofts, James, son of Charles II. *See* Monmouth, Duke of
Crofts, Mr., 44
Croissy, Marquis de (Charles Colbert), 517, 669, 671, 672, 682, 686, 701, 711
Cromleholme, Samuel. *See* Crumlum
Cromwell, Elizabeth, wife of the Protector, 48
Cromwell, Henry. *See* Williams, Colonel
Cromwell, Lady Frances, 48, 284
Cromwell, Lady Mary. *See* Falconbridge, Lady
Cromwell, Oliver, xi, 3, 28, 37, 38, 45, 58, 67-9, 118, 135, 154, 183, 227, 234, 244, 245, 284, 291, 292, 309, 361, 441, 462, 471, 478, 524, 531, 553, 616, 617, 697
Cromwell, Life of, 540
Cromwell, Richard, 4, 13, 14, 38, 184, 284, 377
Croone, Dr., 439
Cross, a piece of the, 457
Cross purposes, game of, 451
Crouched Friars, 387, 647
Crow, Alderman, 685, 686
Crow, a pedestrian, 232
Crowe, upholsterer, 52
Crowland, Abbot of, 505
Crown Inn, at Rochester, 346, 347
Crown lands, 105, 186
Crown Office, 728
Crown ordinary, Fleet Street, 609
Crown pieces, Cromwell's, 184
Crown Tavern, 85, 302, 387, 643
Crucifix, Pepys's, 401
Crumlum (Cromleholme), Samuel, 5, 8, 111, 176, 194, 304, 423
Crusados, Portuguese coins, 131, 132
Cuba, 177, 180, 187
'Cuckolds all awry,' country dance, 170
Cuddy (mess-room on board a ship), 27
Culford, in Suffolk, 667
Cumberland, Mr., 176
Cumberland, Richard, Bishop of Peterborough, 8, 475, 602, 613
Cupid, character of, 72
Cupid's Revenge, 671
Curle, Captain, 37
Cursitor's Alley, 635
Curtis, Mr., 69
Custom of the Country, The, 281, 452, 537
Custom-house, the, 350, 393
Custom-house Officers, 348
Custom-house Quays, 354
Customs, the, 205, 247, 732, 738, 739
Commissioners of the, 6, 148
Farmers of the, 221
Cutler, Mr., 207, 244, 258, 277, 282, 292, 310, 328, 361
Cutler, Mrs., 361
Cutler, Sir John, 174, 224, 236
Cuttance, Captain (afterwards Sir Roger), 18, 20, 33-5, 37, 47, 57, 60, 65-7, 156, 164, 219, 343, 357, 622
Cutler of Coleman Street, 111, 668
Cuttle, Captain John, 69, 341, 342
Cuttle, Mr., 362, 364
Cuttle, Mrs., 364
Cutts, Sir John, 200
Cyrus, Le Grand, by Mlle. de Scudéry, 59
'D. D. Gent.,' his *Faithful Shepherd*, 622
Dagenhams, or Dagnams, near Romford, 326-8, 330, 332-5, 342, 366
Dalmahoy, Thomas, 26
Damford, a black man, 50
Dances, 170, 191, 192, 440
Dancing School in Fleet Street, 106
Danckerts (Dancre), Henry, 709, 712-14, 716, 722, 729, 730, 736, 747, 748
Danes, 76, 343
Danes (Donne), Thomas, 21, 22
Daniel, Mr., 48, 382, 386
Daniel, Mrs., 359, 382, 401
Daniel, Sarah, 401, 406
Danvers, Colonel, 334
'Dapper Dickey,' a sobriquet of Pepys's, 364
Darcy, Marmaduke, 33, 69
Darcy, Sir William, 163
Dartford, 65, 66, 69, 73, 77, 733, 734
Dartmouth, 527
Dartmouth, man-of-war, 736
Dashwood, Alderman, 333
Davenant, Sir William, 91, 210, 222, 233, 243, 464, 555, 639
Law against Lovers, 118
Love and Honour, 105
Macbeth, Davenant's adaptation of, 287
The Man's the Master, 633, 647
The Rivals, 279, 290
The Siege of Rhodes, 91, 107, 128, 168, 360, 406, 464, 496, 701
The Unfortunate Lovers, 249, 555, 639, 697
The Wits, 96, 97, 486, 708
Davenant's Theatre, 91. *See also* Opera
Davenport, Elizabeth (Roxalana), 118, 122, 128, 168, 171
Davenport, Frances, 639
Davenport, Mr., 67, 107
Davila's *Storia delle Guerre civili di Francia*, 400
Davis, Mr., of Deptford, 58, 59, 63-5, 68, 137
Davis, Mr., junior, 68
Davis, Mrs., 53, 64, 68
Davis, Moll, 472, 537, 603, 604, 639, 656, 702, 709, 718
Davis, Thomas, 162, 573
Dawes, Mr., 69, 192
Dawley House, 340
Day, Mr., Pepys's uncle, 217
Deal, 19, 22, 25, 27, 35, 36, 300, 385, 407
Deal Castle, 19
Dean, Forest of, 119, 134, 143, 174, 475, 490
Deane, Captain (afterwards Sir Anthony), xx, xxii, 144, 151, 269, 271, 272, 275, 362, 381, 382, 479, 532, 637, 743, 744
Deb. *See* Willet
Debasty, Mr., 393, 447
Decimations (tithes), 247

De Cretz, Mr., 39, 52, 57, 127
Deering. *See* Dering
Defiance, man-of-war, 381, 728, 730, 733, 734
De Haes, Admiral, 405
Dekins (Dekings), Captain, 20, 121
Dekins, Mrs., 103, 155
Delabar, Mr., 75
Delamer, Baron, 79
De Laun, Mr., 169
Delft (Delfe), 30, 120, 121
Delices de Hollande, 233
Demurrage, 225
Denham, Sir John, 59, 80, 302, 489, 539, 682, 731
Denham, Lady, 389, 423, 426, 428, 429, 438, 447, 453
Denmark, xv, 15, 544
Denmark, King of. *See* Frederick III.
Deptford, 50, 64, 65, 70, 73, 78, 85, 87, 89, 90, 117, 118, 123, 130, 137, 138, 141, 142, 150, 164, 173, 197, 200, 212, 240, 272, 278, 294, 308, 313, 314, 325, 372-30, 332, 334, 337, 338, 354, 367, 380, 381, 390, 391, 393, 406, 407, 416, 417, 420-22, 436, 456, 460, 472, 489, 502, 504, 509, 510, 520, 575, 604, 606, 624, 632, 656, 666, 683-5, 689, 715, 723, 729, 735, 737
Deptford Yard, 115, 142, 277, 278, 415
Officers of, 215
Dering (Deering), Richard, 162, 334, 347, 356, 748
Dering, Sir Edward, 309
De Ros, Lord, title of, 456
De Ruyter, Admiral, 265, 284, 286, 293, 294, 323, 332, 333, 386, 394, 403-6, 408, 421, 423, 532
Desborough, Major-General John, 486
Descartes' *Musicae Compendium*, 703
De scribendis epistolis, 458
Desdemona, character of, 51
D'Espagne, Monsieur, 246
D'Esquier, Monsieur, 31
D'Estrades, Count, 102, 607
De Vicke (Vic), Sir Henry, 170
De Vicke, Anna Charlotta, 170
Devil, his reported appearance in Wiltshire, 205
Devil Tavern, in Fleet Street, 80, 303, 686
Devonshire, first Duke of, 26
Devonshire House, 472
Dewan, or Divan, of Algiers, 225
De Witt, Admiral, 323, 336, 402, 409, 466, 471, 528
De Witt, John, 703
Diamond, Captain, 136
Diamond, man-of-war, 310, 434
Diary, Pepys's, History of MS. xxv
Editions of, xxv
Dick Shore (Duke Shore), Limehouse, 65
Dickenson, Mrs. *See* Pepys, Mrs. Roger
'Dieu te regard,' in French cabarets, 150
Digby, Captain Francis, 431
Digby, Lady, 92
Dike, Elizabeth. *See* Dyke
Dillon, , hanged with a silken halter, 181
Dillon, Colonel Cary, 45, 95, 145, 169, 680
Discontented Colonel, The. See *Brennoralt*
Divan of Algiers, the, 225
Dives, Sir Lewis, 599
Divine Catastrophe, Sir Edward Peyton's, 301
Dixon, Mr., 174
Dockyards. *See under each name*
Dockyards of Holland, 200
Doctor Faustus, 120
Doctors' Commons, 46
Dog Tavern, 15, 37, 42, 108, 111, 427, 625
Dogs, 100, 260, 305, 311, 383, 439, 440, 666
Dogs, Isle of. *See* Isle of Dogs
Dolben, Gilbert, 621
Dolben, John, Dean of Westminster, 408, 594, 596, 612, 621
Dolben, Mrs., 621
Doling, Mr., 3, 7, 24, 43, 60
Doll, at the Exchange, 279
Doll, Mr. Batelier's blackamore, 738
Doll, Pepys's maid, 99
Doll Common. *See* Corey, Mrs.
'Dolor de las Tripas,' 665
Dolphin, the, in Bishopsgate Street, 216
Dolphin Tavern, 41, 74, 75, 99, 106, 108, 159, 161, 165, 222, 286, 293, 316, 320, 416, 644, 663
Domesday Book, 111
'Domine salvum fac Regem,' canon for eight voices, 11
Domville, Silas. *See* Taylor, Captain Silas
Dona, Conde de, 682, 715, 749
Doncaster, a waterman, 141
Donne, Dr. John, 654
Donne (Danes), Thomas, 21, 22
Dorchester, Marquis of, 449, 450
Dormerhay (Dalmahoy), Thomas, 26
Dorrington, Mr., 616
Dorset, Charles, sixth Earl of, 295
Dorset, Countess of, 579
Dorset, Richard, fifth Earl of, 9, 11, 118
Dorset House, 36, 38
Dorsetshire, reported disturbances in, 156
Douglas, Marquis of, 440, 519, 520
Dover, 20, 26, 27, 33, 35, 37, 38, 46, 289, 333, 385, 395, 423, 430, 471, 481, 523
Dover, Mayor of, 33
Dover Castle, 19, 26, 385, 395
Clerk of, 17
Dowgate, 413
Downes, John, 115
Downing, Captain, 437, 584
Downing, Mr. (afterwards Sir George), 1, 4-7, 15, 25, 27, 31, 39, 64, 67, 86, 120, 121, 289, 314, 360, 365, 381, 441, 458, 469, 499, 502, 508, 544, 547, 552, 553, 703, 732
Downing, anchor-smith, 381
Downs, the, 26, 27, 47, 48, 53, 69, 89, 107, 110, 138, 139, 278, 284, 288, 289, 302, 303, 349, 384, 385, 393, 397, 418, 421, 447, 452, 461, 462, 526, 639
Doyly, Sir William, 340, 341, 502, 547
Draghi, Giovanni Battista, 463, 464, 683
Drake, Mr., 395
Drawwater, Dorothy, 564
Drebbel (Dribble), Dr. Cornelius, 227
Dredger, a spice-box, 368
Dress, fashion of, 1, 5, 7, 28, 32, 39-41, 45, 47, 50, 68, 70, 80, 86, 96, 104, 105, 111, 121, 124, 127, 128, 131, 132, 136, 154, 169, 188, 202, 223, 287, 313-315, 318, 319, 330, 331, 339, 364, 365, 369, 379, 390, 395, 427-30, 432, 433, 435, 441, 476, 489, 500, 651
Dribble, Dr. Cornelius. *See* Drebbel
'Droll, The New,' song, 453
Drum, Mr., 34
Drum, strange beating of an invisible, 202
Drumbleby, pipe-maker 606, 639
Drummer of Mr. Monpesson, History of the, 202, 595
Drury Lane, 316, 490, 620
Theatre in, 98
Dryden, John, 242, 534, 541, 680
Annus Mirabilis, 460
Essay of Dramatic Poesy, 680
Evening's Love, An, or The Mock Astrologer, 663, 726
Indian Emperor, 454, 543, 577, 580, 604, 634, 641, 663
Ladies à la Mode 678
Rival Ladies, 274, 401
Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen, 471, 477, 499, 544, 606, 608, 663, 704, 707
Wild Gallant, 181
Sir Martin Mar-all. See *Sir Martin Mar-all*, and Newcastle, Duke of
Dryden and Howard (Sir Robert). *The Indian Queen*, 241, 242, 663
Du Buat, partisan of the Prince of Orange, 427

Dublin, 185, 213
Dublin Castle, 199
Dublin packet-boat, 213
Ducatoon, silver coin, 35
'Duchesse, La,' a dance, 196
Duchess of Malfi, The, 151, 436, 695
Duck Lane, 362, 620, 630, 639, 642, 666
Ducking-pond at Islington, 252
Dudley, Mr., 15
Duel, Pepys's threatened, xix
Duels, 141, 144, 605
Dugdale, John, 109, 422
Dugdale, William, 423
History of Inns of Court, 485
History of St. Paul's, 233
Origines Juridiciales, 423
Duke, Mr., 287
Duke of Lerma, The, 603, 619, 641
Duke Shore, Limehouse, 65
Duke's Theatre, 151, 155, 168, 171-3, 198, 233, 237, 249, 256, 272, 273, 276, 279, 287, 308, 310, 333, 439, 451, 453, 458, 461, 472, 476, 486, 496, 528, 537, 541, 542, 551, 555, 561, 568, 569, 574, 579, 581, 592, 598, 602-4, 611, 612, 614, 620, 633, 639, 643-7, 649, 653, 656, 663, 665, 668, 671, 675, 677, 685, 695, 697, 699, 700, 702, 703, 705, 707-9, 711, 713, 719, 720, 722, 741, 751
Dulcimer, 129, 135
Dumb boy, intelligence of a, 437
Dumfries, rising in, 442
Dun, Mr., 138
Dunbar, man-of-war, 32
Duncombe (Duncum), Sir John, 287, 474, 487, 496-8, 501-3, 511, 573, 575, 609, 622, 626, 630, 716, 722, 725, 727, 732
Dunes, battle of the, 600
Dunkirk, 19, 134, 154-6, 158, 161-164, 263, 319, 361, 372, 386, 506, 508, 528, 569, 600
Dunkirk, man-of-war, 387
'Dunkirk House,' 302, 507
'Dunkirk House, News from,' 588-90, 592
Dunster, Giles, 664
Duport, Dr. James, 176
Duppa, Brian, Bishop of Salisbury, 43, 50
Durdans, near Epsom, 147, 211
Durham, Bishop of. *See* Crewe, Dr. Nathaniel
Durham Yard, 609, 648, 746
Dutch, 27-30, 72, 75, 123, 133, 136, 195, 241, 243-5, 253-5, 258, 261, 262, 282, 284, 285, 287, 289-93, 299, 328, 351, 353, 369, 373, 418, 437, 452, 465-8, 471, 473, 474, 476, 480, 489, 492, 501, 502, 504, 505, 511-13, 538, 547, 578, 590, 600, 605, 643, 744. *See also* Holland
Dutch ambassador. *See* Ambassador
Dutch East India Company, 79
Dutch fleet, 72, 133, 265, 278, 287, 290-91, 295-7, 299, 310, 314, 334, 340, 341, 348, 365, 385-9, 393-5, 410, 420, 423, 444, 493, 503, 504, 512, 513, 517, 518, 523, 527, 529-33
Bordeaux fleet, 289, 293
East India fleet, 277, 320, 323, 332, 336, 341, 537
Smyrna fleet, 299, 310
Zealand squadron, 403, 405
Dutch Gazette, 477
Dutch giant, 276
Dutch pleasure boat, 45, 55, 65
Dutch War, 136, 229, 245, 254, 257, 267, 278, 292, 294-6, 299, 308-12, 314, 316-20, 324, 335, 338, 343, 350, 363, 379, 384-8, 397, 401, 403-5, 434, 451, 503, 504, 525
Du Tell, Captain, 390, 403, 481
'Duvet,' a, 340
Dyan, Ursula, 702
Dyke, Elizabeth, 235, 704, 705, 707, 709, 710, 721
Dymock (Dymoke), the King's Champion, 81
Dyve (Dives), Sir Lewis, 599

Eagle, a tame, 293
Earl, customary gift to the King from an, 63
Earls, creation of, 79
Earle, Dr. John, Dean of Westminster, 33
Earnest money, 470
East, Gammer, 7, 85
East India Accounts, 608
East India Company, 109, 244, 247, 249, 355, 561, 620, 645-9, 702, 732
Governors of the, 109
East India Company of Holland, 79
East India House, 78
East Indies, 72, 121, 244, 261, 409, 593
East Indiamen, Dutch, reported capture of, 537, 538
Eastland, the, 337
Ecclesiastical Polity, Hooker's, 90, 96
Echo song, from *The Tempest*, 579, 647, 649
Echoes, curious, 298
Eden, Robert, 739
Edgar, Duke of Cambridge, 556
Edgar, King, his Charter to Worcester, 310
Edgeborrow, Mr., 76
Edinburgh, xxi, 445
Edlin, Mr., 122
Edwards, Tom (Pepys's boy), 277, 279, 288, 294, 322, 342, 344, 349, 399, 408, 419, 438, 452, 478, 538, 614, 644, 653, 668, 671, 706, 714, 717, 722, 729, 732, 734, 735, 740, 743, 747
Eglin, Mr., 92
Eglinton, Earl of, 752
Elbe, the, 374
Elborough, Mr., 171, 406, 413
Elder Brother, The, 99
Elias, the, 174, 289
Eliezer, Pepys's boy, 17
Elizabeth, Queen, 87, 148, 196, 197, 201, 357, 445, 469, 489, 505, 506, 510, 516, 541, 608
Ellington, 653, 751
Elliott, Captain, 385
Ely, Bishop of, 217
Ely, Dean of, 148
Encyclopaedia of Johannes Henricus Alstedius, 53
Enfield, 563
Engagement Act burned, 86
Engine to blow up ships, 120
Engines for drawing up water, 51
English Monsieur, The, 446, 639
English Princess, The, 472
Ensum, Mr., 447, 584
Ent, Sir George, 367, 387, 465
Entertainment at Rutland House, by Sir W. Davenant, 243
Epicæne, or The Silent Woman, 36, 63, 86, 262
Epictetus, 315
Episcopal Clergy, 42, 46, 52
Epping Forest, 13, 341, 654
Epsom, 211, 518, 525, 526, 670
Epsom water, 276
Epsom Wells, 525
Erasmus, his *De scribendis epistolis*, 458
Erith, 89, 141, 347, 349, 355-7
Erwin, Captain, 384, 409
Eschar, Monsieur, 93, 103, 177
Escurial, the, 629, 738
Escurial in Spain, A Description of the, 691
Espinette. *See* Spinet
Esquire, title of, 18, 476, 482
Essay of Dramatic Poesy, Dryden's, 680
Essex, Earl of, 79, 340, 708, 710
Essex, man-of-war, 23, 388, 389
Essex House, 710
Etherege, Sir George, 612
Comical Revenge, or Love in a Tub, 296, 434, 644, 656
She Would if She Could, 612, 713
Eton College, 372
Eunuchs, 465, 685
Euston Hall, Suffolk, 515
Evangelium Armatum, by Dr. William Assheton, 189
Evangelists, picture of the four, 13
Evans, Captain, 158, 219
Evans, Mr., tailor, 97
Evans, Thomas, 447
Evans, the harpist, 449
Evelyn, John, xxiii *et seq.*, 313, 340, 341, 345, 346, 348, 354, 357, 362, 368, 370, 380, 407, 423, 448, 487, 488, 499, 502, 511, 527, 538, 587, 680, 718, 729, 735

Evelyn, John, *Diary* of, xxvi. *and notes passim*
Evelyn, Mrs., 346
Evelyn, Richard, 525, 526, 529
Evelyn, Mrs., wife of Richard, 525, 526
Evening's Love, An, or The Mock Astrologer, 663, 726
Everson (Evertsen), Admiral, 310, 314, 317, 405
Everson, Captain, 310
Every Man in his Humour, 462
Evett, Captain, 157, 159, 161, 166
Evora, the capture of, 207
Ewell (Yowell), 346
Exchange, Royal, 16, 18, 64, 70, 79, 83, 84, 86, 90, 113, 120, 126, 134, 140, 143, 157, 159, 192, 200, 201, 203, 212, 214, 232, 236, 238-40, 242, 244, 255-7, 265, 267, 273, 277, 278, 289, 291-3, 296, 300-304, 309, 311, 313, 315, 327-30, 335, 337, 341, 350, 352, 357, 359, 361, 362, 370, 377, 379, 381, 385, 388, 416, 417, 420, 422, 431, 447-50, 459, 470, 472, 478, 482-4, 527, 530, 534, 540, 552, 557, 562, 573, 594, 596, 606, 608, 615, 627, 656, 657, 664, 666, 672, 677, 678, 695, 702-4, 709, 717, 721, 745, 746
Great, 16
New, 184, 187, 241, 257, 316, 374, 383, 387, 418, 433, 450, 461, 524, 539, 541, 556, 561, 577, 579, 600, 632, 655, 664, 680, 686, 694, 706, 714, 717, 722, 738
Exchange Alley, 198
Exchange Street, 439
Exchequer, the, 7, 25, 59, 69, 169, 177, 192, 241, 313, 314, 334, 369, 381, 382, 391, 430, 458, 478, 543, 555, 630, 635, 636, 677, 696, 727
Exchequer Books, 178
Exchequer Court, 430
Exchequer Men, their custom on St. Thomas's Day, 60, 111
Excise, 58, 247, 377, 522
Commissioners of, 695
Farmers of the, 744, 745
Excise Office, 629, 739, 754
Executions, 51, 58, 68, 124, 133, 181, 199, 240
Exeter, Bishop of. See Ward, Dr.
Exeter House, 1, 215, 298, 477, 478
Experiment, double-bottomed boat, 302, 306
Exton, Sir Thomas, 184
Eynesbury, 577
Eyre, Colonel Anthony, 514

Faber fortunae, xxxii, 243, 374
Fage, Mr., 2, 3, 5, 8-10
Fairbrother, Dr. William, 41, 45, 68, 79, 92, 116, 142, 147, 152
Fairfax, Baron, 2, 10, 340, 507
Fairy Queen, The, opera, 442
Faithful Shepherd, The, 622
Faithful Shepherdess, The, 201, 685, 720
Faithorne, William, 112, 436, 444, 454, 739
Falcon, the, on the Bankside, 620
Falconberge, Mr., 111
Falconbridge, Lord, 201
Falconbridge, Lady, 48, 80, 201
Falconbridge, Mr., 428, 494
Falconer, Mr., 142, 183, 188, 243, 271, 272, 497
Falconer, the Master, 543
Falkland, Lord, *The Wedding Night*, 476
Falmouth, 445
Falmouth, Earl of, 154, 156, 165, 167, 170, 174, 177, 190, 195, 212, 220, 240, 243-5, 262, 274, 292, 297, 305, 306, 308, 317-19, 675
Falmouth, Countess of, 393, 535, 536, 723
'Falstaff,' 58, 412
Famine, fear of, 87
Famine in France, 123
Fanatics, the, 9, 20, 63, 64, 75, 134, 136, 147, 162, 164, 226, 229, 623
Fancy, Pepys's dog, 679
Fane, Lady Diana, 431
Fane, Mrs., xxii
Fanfan, man-of-war, 527
Fanfaron (braggart), 335
Fanshaw, Lord, 620
Fanshawe, Lady Ann, 136, 441
Fanshawe, Sir Richard, 39, 112, 402, 441
Farnaby's *Index Rhetoricus*, 28
Farneley Wood Plot, 222
Farthingales, 129
Farthings, the making of, 280, 291
Faryner, the King's baker, 412, 469
Fasts, general, 67, 68, 89, 113, 116, 175, 210, 241, 300, 308, 325, 332, 354, 384, 387, 430, 459, 548, 676, 712
Father's Own Son, 102
Fauconberg. *See* Falconbridge
Faustus, Dr., 120
Faythorne, William. *See* Faithorne
Fazeby, Captain, 384
Fécamp, in France, 32
Feigned Innocence, The. See *Sir Martin Mar-all*
Fellmonger, 94
Fellowship, the, 147
Felt-making, 371
Felton, assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, 83
Felton, Sir Henry, 316
Fen Church, 309
Fenchurch Street, 61, 107, 309, 318, 319, 342, 406, 407, 416, 486, 553, 683, 721, 740
Fencing, 198
Fenn, John, 336, 392, 426, 447, 484, 505, 517, 523, 530, 549, 587, 591, 593
Fenn, Mrs., 687
Fenner, Anthony, 254
Fenner, Mr. (uncle of Pepys), 6, 62, 92, 97, 99, 100, 105, 114, 115, 142, 249, 254, 260
Fenner, Mrs. (aunt), 93, 96, 100
Fenner, Mrs., second wife, 114, 115
Ferrabosco, Mrs., 278, 501
Ferrandin, or farandine, 175, 317
Ferrers, Captain, 45, 46, 69, 74, 82, 85, 86, 89, 106-8, 110, 129, 138, 149, 152, 155, 167, 174, 176, 177, 185, 191, 201, 202, 210, 258 319, 357, 370, 738
Ferrers, Mrs., 93, 169, 185, 370
Feversham, 532
Fetter Lane, 42
Field, Pepys's law-suit with, 116, 135, 155, 161, 165, 179, 184, 199, 318
Fielding, Basil, 493, 521, 522
Fiennes, Lord, 14
Fiennes (Fines), Major, 262
Fifth-Monarchy men, 2, 66, 67, 227
Finch, Daniel, Commissioner of Excise, 321, 397
Finch, Sir Heneage, 44, 49, 96, 236, 258, 264, 456, 548, 620, 625, 626, 628, 630, 636, 637, 651, 688, 744, 745
Fines (Fiennes), Major, 262
Fire, experiments with, 302
Fire of London, The Great, 412-21, 423, 425, 427, 431, 436, 453, 469, 556, 604, 610
A True Account of the Burning of the City of London, 557
Fireships, 317, 335, 385, 403, 408, 462, 502, 504-7, 509, 510, 529-532
Fireworks, 82, 387, 408, 410, 755
Fir-trees, 234
Firth of Forth, 492, 493
Fish, Mrs., 272
Fish Street, 412, 413, 672
Fish Street Hill, 107, 414
Fisher, Mr. (Pepys's cousin), 133
Fisher, Payne (Pagan), 42, 43
Fishery, encouragement of the, 163
Fishery Committee, 267, 272, 280, 281, 283-5, 287, 289, 291, 305
Fishing at Königsberg, 233
Fishmongers' Hall, 280
Fissant, Mrs., 330
Fitch, Colonel, 7, 8
Fitton, Alexander, 619, 620
Fitz-Gerald, Colonel, 151, 190, 545, 669
Fitz-Harding, Lord. *See* Falmouth, Earl of
Five Sermons in Five Styles, 676
Flag, dispute about striking the, 107, 110, 112
Flag officers, pensions for, 665

Flageolet, 13, 122, 510, 536, 606, 635, 727
Flagmakers, imposition of the, 143
Flagmen (admirals), portrait by Lely, 379, 401
Flanders, 17, 56, 245, 309, 330, 356, 385, 467, 471, 473, 474, 478, 501, 555, 600, 643, 667, 671, 751
Fleece, a mum-house in Leadenhall, 258
Fleece, the, in Cornhill, 241
Fleece Tavern, in Covent Garden, 58, 69, 108
Fleet, the, 18, 19, 23, 24, 29, 31, 47, 136, 148, 199, 225, 259, 261, 266, 267, 277-9, 285, 287, 295, 297, 299, 300, 302, 310, 312, 316, 317, 320, 321, 323, 332, 338, 343, 345, 349, 354, 384, 401, 418, 430, 434, 460, 474, 479, 481, 484, 507, 518, 521, 530-32, 543, 570, 578, 599, 605, 608, 614, 617, 622, 630, 631, 644, 655, 656, 710, 739. *See also* Navy, Ships
Gothenburgh, 402, 420, 448, 450
Red, White, and Blue squadrons, 403, 404
Fleet, Commissioners of Parliament for paying off the, 66, 72
Fleet Bridge, 657, 665
Fleet Prison, 88
Fleet Street, 1, 67, 93, 118, 185, 268, 416, 417
Fleetwood, Charles, 6, 115
Flemish ships in the Thames, 507
Flemming, George, 487
Fletcher, John, plays by. *See* Beaumont and Fletcher
Flint, Thomas, 447
Flora, Mrs. Pepys's spaniel, 675
Flora's Vagaries, 275, 563, 618
Florence, ambassador from, 73
Florence poison, 311
Florence wine, 61, 63
Flower, Mr., 58
Floyd, Mr., clerk to Sir W. Coventry, 493
Floyd, Mr., King's chaplain, 442
Floyd, Mr., secretary to Lords Commissioners of Prizes, 464
Floyd, Mrs., 632
Floyd, Sir Richard, 184
Flushing, 18, 20, 22, 26, 406
Fly, the (Vlieland), defeat of the Dutch at, 408, 410
Flying Greyhound, a privateer, 424, 557, 641
Fogourdy, Father, 243, 253
Foley, Thomas, 286, 289, 408, 496, 658
Folly, the, house of entertainment, 640
Football, in London streets, 295
Footman killed in a quarrel, 57
Footrace in Hyde Park, 45
Forbid-trees in the Forest of Dean, 143
Ford, John, plays by—
The Lady's Trial, 722
'Tis pity She's a Whore, 99
Ford, Sir Edward, 218, 291
Ford, Sir Richard, 64, 96, 98, 131, 156, 162-4, 166, 184, 185, 219, 236, 239, 277, 285, 290, 293, 294, 323, 409, 417, 432, 450, 455, 482, 495, 509, 520, 521, 527, 529, 530, 541, 545, 593, 652, 673, 695, 696
Ford, Lady, 387
Foreign Affairs, Committee for, 715
Foresight, man-of-war, 140, 434
Forest of Dean. *See* Dean
Forfeits, 69, 119
Forth, Firth of, 492, 493
'Forty' (*i.e.* many), 312, 328
Foscott, Fair Maids of, 659
Foster, Captain, 653
Foster, Mrs., 642, 646
Foster, Lord Chief Justice, 206
Foulmer, 12
Foundes, Mr., 448
Fountain, Serjeant John, 8
Fountain Tavern, 104, 109, 262
Fouquet, Monsieur, 642
Fournier, George, 603
Fowke, Alderman, 73
Fowkes, Mr., 737
Fowl, preservation of, 233
Fowler, Judge Advocate, 27, 45
Fowler, Mr., Mayor of Rochester, 75, 76, 347
Fox, Mr. (afterwards Sir Stephen), 33, 55-7, 67, 68, 148, 150, 182, 377, 429, 448, 455, 474, 481, 492, 554, 594, 671, 678, 682
Fox, Lady, 55-7, 448, 671, 718
Fox-Hall. *See* Vauxhall
Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, 672
Foxed (drunk), 82, 102
Foy, an entertainment, 108
Fraizer, Dr. *See* Frazier, Sir Alexander
Frampton, Robert, 427, 456, 459
Franakin, store-ship, 509
France, 19, 35, 67, 70, 123, 163, 231, 247, 304, 328, 351, 367, 402, 409, 450, 460, 466, 474, 487, 488, 516, 517, 524, 552-4, 560, 577, 581, 587, 600, 605-7, 621, 622, 643, 644, 663, 669, 675, 700, 710, 711, 718, 721, 744, 749. *See also* French, etc.
Pepys in, xviii
France, King of. *See* Louis XIII. *and* Louis XIV.
France, Queen of, 206
Francisco, Signor, 537
Francklin. See *Franakin*
Frankleyn, Mrs., 82
Frazier, Sir Alexander, 61, 280, 460, 490, 580, 754
Frederick III., King of Denmark, 189, 336, 373, 432, 553
Fredericke, Sir John, 495, 644
Freeman, Sir R., 27
Freemantle, Mr., 195
French, the, 284, 352, 369, 417, 418, 420, 452, 466, 467, 481, 501, 502, 506, 752. *See also* France, etc.
French ambassador. *See under* Ambassador
French church in the City, 163, 164, 168, 239, 478
French church at the Savoy, 151
French comedy in Drury Lane, 98
French dances, 440
French Dancing Master, The, 128
French fleet, 384, 394, 421, 423, 430, 664, 712
French lute, 666
French ordinary, 5, 494
Frenchman hanged for firing the City, 469
Frewen, Dr., 50
Frezendorfe (Friesendorff), John Frederic de, 38
Friary, the, Aylesford, 733
Friday Street, 147
Friesland, 405
Frogs from the sky, 86
Frosts, severe, 163, 215, 452
Frowde, Sir Philip, 387, 540
Fryer, Mr., 507
Fulham, 752
'Full forty times over,' song, 563
Fuller, Dr. Thomas, 29, 63, 67, 68, 84, 96, 277, 525
Church History of Britain, 59, 219
Worthies of England, 67, 117, 118, 233, 255
Fuller, Dr. William, 38, 75, 88, 90, 128, 143, 401, 423, 559, 579, 607
Fuller, Mr., of Cambridge, 281, 285
Fuller, Mr., of Christ's, 12
Fuller, Mr., the parson, 293
Fulwood, Jervas, 653
Fume, a disinfectant, 353
Furzer, Daniel, 660

Gale, Mr., 122
Galenical physic, 224
Gallipoli, 537
Galloper, the, ships run aground on, 388, 397, 532
Galloway, Bishop of, 88, 193, 195
Gambia, 114
Game, Mr., 191, 207
Gaming-houses, 106, 599
Gardening, state of, in England, 402
Gardner's Almanac, 354
Garraway (Garway), William, 424, 425, 427, 490, 530
Garter, Order of the, 34, 187, 487
Garter, Knights of the, 489, 663
Garter Tavern, Windsor, 372

Garthwayt, Mr., 12
Garway, Mr. *See* Garraway
Gate House, Westminster, 43, 245, 316, 722, 724
Gauden, Benjamin, 377
Gauden, Dr. John, 210
Gauden, Mr. (afterwards Sir Dennis), 60, 168, 222, 229, 234, 272, 273, 275, 280, 330, 358, 363, 368, 377, 417, 454, 459, 461, 470, 474, 492, 507, 508, 537, 555, 560, 573, 578, 593, 5-6, 604, 607, 625, 627, 654, 673, 681, 683, 689-91, 702, 711, 738
Gauden, Lady, 607
Gaules, L'histoire amoureuse des, 380
Gautier (Grotier), Mrs., 719
Gayet, Susan, 649-51, 655
'Gaze not on Swans,' song, 117, 118
Gazette, the, 446, 447
Gazette, the Dutch, 477
General, The, 282, 745
Generous Portugal, The, 745
Genoa, Duke of, 113
Gentleman, Jane, Pepys's maid, 224, 231, 237, 268, 278, 286
Gentleman, Mr., 629, 695
Gentleman, Mrs., 635
George, Sir J. Minnes's servant, 337
George's, old, 100
George Inn, at Holborn Conduit, 139
George Inn, at Salisbury, 658
George-ring, a, 47, 72
Gerard, Anne. *See* Wyndham, Mrs.
Gerard, Lord Charles, 171, 220, 226, 482, 556, 580, 591, 593, 594, 606, 613, 619, 620, 678, 692
Gerard, Lady, 183
Gerbier, Sir Balthazar, *Counsel to Builders*, 198
German army at the battle of of Lewentz, 274
German Emperor. *See* Leopold I.
'German Princess,' an impostor, 198, 200, 256
German Princess, The, 256
Germany, 218, 237, 238, 288, 669
Gesner's *History of Trent*, 233
Ghosts, The, 310
Gibbon's Tennis-court, 56
Gibbons, Dr. Christopher, 621, 628
Gibbons, Mr., 167
Gibbs, Mr., 586, 685
Gibraltar, 299
Gibson, Richard, 419, 506, 508, 510, 566, 605, 609, 653, 672, 679, 687, 692, 714, 733, 735, 738, 750
Gifford, George, Rector of St. Dunstan's in the East, 728
Gifford, Mr., 14, 303, 672
Gift, a ship, 68
Gigeri, fort taken by the French, 284
Giles, Sarah, 279, 392, 505, 506
Gilford. *See* Guildford
Gillingham, 347, 519
Gilsthropp, Mr., 346, 588, 589
Gipsies, 670
Girkins, 109
Glanville, Joseph, 202, 346, 355
his book on Witches and Witchcraft, 442
Glapthorne, Henry, plays by—
Argalus and Parenthia, 68, 69, 105
Wit in a Constable, 129
Glasgow, Pepys at, xxi
Glass coaches, 558, 666
Glass-house, in Blackfriars, 720
Glass-house, in Broad Street, 10, 49
Glassecocke, Charles, 10, 80, 93
Glassecocke, John, 93
Glasses, chemical, experiment with, 113
Gleek, a game at cards, 113, 118
Glenham, Dr. Henry, 535
Globe, the, at Deptford, 64, 420
Globe, the, in Fleet Street, 222
Globe, the, at Greenwich, 88
Gloucester, 648
Gloucester, Duke of, 31-3, 36, 47-9
Gloucester, man-of-war, 387
Gloves, 35, 434, 552, 717
Glowworms, 526
Glynne, Sir John, 82
'Go and be hanged, that's twice good-bye,' song, 77
'Go thy way,' echo-song from *The Tempest*, 579, 647, 649
Goat Tavern, Charing Cross, 78
Goblins, The, 457, 458, 498
God's penny, 30, 150
Godage, Mr., 640
Godalming, 83
Goddard, Dr. Jonathan, 302, 366
Godfrey, Sir Edmund Berry, 754
Godmanchester, 217
Godolphin, Sidney, 393, 682
Godolphin, Sir William, 610, 612, 613, 626, 629, 643, 682, 710
Goffe, Dr. Stephen, 421
Gold, Edward, 3, 709
Gold, Sir Nicholas, 237
Gold, Lady, 237, 265, 318
Gold, in Africa, 50
Pepys's, buried at Brampton, 505, 506, 510, 566
scarcity of, 434, 438
Golden Eagle, the, in New Street, 42
Golden Lane, Nursery for actors in, 602
Golden Legend, De Voragine's, 640
Goldfish, 315
Golding, Captain, 310
Golding, the barber at Greenwich, 349
Goldsborough, Mr., 204
Goldsmiths, 169, 173, 200, 358, 361
Goldsmiths' Hall, 53, 315
Gombout's Plan of Paris, 441
Gomme, Sir Bernard de, 477
Gondolas, 100, 463
Goodgroome, John, 449, 474, 538, 548
Goodgroome, Theodore, 91, 94
Goods, John, 14, 34, 66
Goodwin Sands, 300, 386
Goodyer, Mr., 602
Goring, George, Lord, 68
Goring, Lord Charles. *See* Norwich, Earl of
Goring House, 41, 399, 670
Gorum, Goody, 565
Gosnell, Mrs. Pepys's maid, 161, 163-5, 168, 198, 451, 656, 668, 709
Gosnells, the two, 161, 168
Gosport, 125
Gothenburgh, 15, 281, 423, 444, 451, 696
Gothenburgh fleet, the, 402, 420, 448, 450
Gouge, Thomas, 142
Grabut, Louis, 467, 561, 582, 640
Grace, Mrs., 66
Gracechurch, 342
Gracechurch (Gracious), Street, 59, 162, 339, 357, 416, 672, 695
Graffam, 218
Grammont, C. de, 206
Granaries, the City, 266
Grand Cyrus, Le, 59, 381
Grandison, Viscount, 555
Grandmont, Monsieur. *See* Grammont
Granger's confession of forgery, 619
Grant, Captain, 643
Grant (Graunt), John, 112, 174, 213
Collection of prints, 188
Observations, 121, 329
Grantham, the, 22
Grapes and melons from Lisbon, 102
Grateful Servant, The, 719
Gratitude, the Earl of Sandwich on, 55
Gravel-pits at Kensington, 385
Graveley, 100, 101
Graveley Manorial Court, 103
Graves, Mr., 162
Graves sown with sage, 125
Gravesend, 18, 36, 76, 140, 141, 266, 316, 333-5, 342, 347, 504, 508, 511, 516, 518, 520, 529, 539, 676, 734
Gray, Mr., 278, 285, 292
Gray's Inn, 84, 282, 374, 496, 728
Gray's Inn Fields, 560

Gray's Inn Walks, 37, 84, 90, 95, 123, 143, 187, 680
Grayes, in Essex, 345
Great Britain, History of, Speed's, 574
Great Levers, 160
Greathead, Major, 227
Greatorex, Ralph, 51, 52, 87, 132, 150, 186, 197, 714
Grebus, Monsieur. *See* Grabut, Louis
Green, Alexander, his *Politician Cheated*, 212
Green Man Inn, 563
Green Man Inn, on Stroud Green, 749
Greene, 'Captain,' 600, 609
Greene's Tu Quoque, or The Citie Gallant, 555, 557
Greenland, 192
Greenville, Sir John. *See* Grenville
Greenwich, 88, 89, 123, 133, 136, 138, 140-42, 148, 193, 248, 256, 264, 266, 312, 319, 321, 326, 329, 333, 335-9, 341, 342, 346, 348, 358-63, 369, 374, 379, 382, 384, 399, 406, 407, 504, 577, 611, 714, 716, 722, 729, 735, 745
Greenwich Church, 65
Greenwich house, 369
Greenwich Palace, 709, 729
Greenwich Park, 123, 729
Greeting, Mr., 470, 602, 722
Gregory, John, Commissioner of Accounts, 664
Gregory, Mr., 11, 582
Grenville, Sir John, 23, 25, 26, 29, 39
Gresham, Sir Thomas, 417
Gresham College, 67, 242, 283, 301, 303-5, 307, 311, 366, 371, 378, 387, 418, 419, 439, 440, 442, 444, 453, 516, 584-5, 628, 748, 754
Greville, Sir Fulke, his *Life of Sir Philip Sidney*, 598
Grey, Lord, of Warke, 597
Grey, Mr., 301, 437
Greyhound, the, 243, 244
Greyhound Inn, 66
Griffin, Colonel Edward, 285
Griffin, Will, 146, 157, 162, 180, 189, 300, 399, 608-10
Griffin, Mrs., 496
Griffith, Dr. Matthew, 78
Griffith, Mr., 440, 555
Griffith, Sir John, 504
Grimsby, 560
Grimston, Sir Harbottle, 21
Grocers' Hall, 13
Groom porter's, gaming at the, 599
Grotier (? Gautier), Mrs., 719
Grotius, 110
Grotto, the, at Kensington, 640, 651
Grove, Captain, 179, 186, 191, 209, 319
Guardian, The, 668
Guards, the King's, 129, 207, 220, 227, 524, 556, 593, 595, 606, 652, 678
  Duke of York's regiment of the, 690
Guernsey, the, 122, 385
Guest-house at the Hague, 30
Guiche, Comte de, 403
Guildford, 83, 124, 128, 669
Guildhall, 9, 72, 73, 105, 164, 223, 232, 374, 450, 589, 593, 607, 697, 749
Guillim's *Heraldry*, 552
Guinea, 59, 277-9, 282, 284, 291 293, 303, 305, 321, 537, 703
Guinea Company. *See* African or Guinea Company
Guineas, value of, 434, 680
Guitar, the, 93, 356, 372, 441, 537, 638
Gum, Sir Bernard de. *See* Gomme
Gumbleton (? Pembleton), Mr., 673
Gun Tavern, at Mile End, 656
Gunfleet, the, 313, 384, 393, 397, 423
Gunning, Peter, 1, 3, 6, 10, 86, 94, 111
Gunpowder Plot, 445
Guns, 137, 248, 395, 743
Guy, Captain, 19, 434
Guy, Thomas, 38
Guy of Warwick, 472
Guyland, Moorish usurper, 145, 214, 391
Guzman, 741
Gwyn, Nell, 308, 446, 457, 471, 472, 477, 490, 491, 499, 524, 525, 537, 543, 545, 562, 563, 575, 580, 595, 596, 603, 619, 647, 705
Gyles, Sarah. *See* Giles

Haarlem Gazette, 477
Haberdashers' Hall, 316, 495
Habington, William, his *Queen of Aragon*, 685
Hacker, Colonel Francis, 51
Hacket, Dr. John, 128, 610
Hackney, 257, 263, 268, 308, 361, 381, 395, 400, 482, 645, 649, 670, 739, 749, 754
Hackney Church, 486
Hackney coaches, proclamation against, 55
Hadley, Mr., 337
Haes, De, 405
Hague, the, 24, 27-30, 47, 85, 392, 465-8, 471, 473
Haines, Joseph, 627, 647
Hair, fashion of wearing the, 305, 461, 494
Hakewill's *Apology*, 461
Hale, Matthew, 586
Hale, Sir Edward, Lord Chief Baron, 161, 179
Hales (Hayls), John, portrait-painter, 369, 371, 373-8, 380, 387, 390, 391, 395, 477, 635,
Hales, John—*continued* 643, 652, 667, 674, 676. *See* Pepys, Portraits of
Hale, the Child of, 658
Halford, Sir Thomas, 627
Half-moon, a ship, 54
Half-moon Tavern, 45, 317
Half-way House, 130, 134, 189, 330, 523
Half-way Tree, 490
Halifax, Viscount, 598, 664, 665, 721, 723
Hall, Betty, 457, 479, 701
Hall, Captain, 136
Hall, George, Bishop of Chester, 601
Hall, Jacob, 639, 674, 680
Halsey, Major, 386, 400, 536, 727
Haly, Lord. *See* Hawley
Hambletons (Hamiltons), the, 240
Hambleton, Lady Anne. *See* Hamilton
Hamburg (Hambrough), 221, 231, 315, 748
  Fleet, 315, 365, 448
Ham Creek, 65
Hamilton, Duke of, 245
Hamilton, George, 440
Hamilton, Lady Anne, 306
Hamilton, Pepys at, xxi
Hamlet, 97, 108, 198, 289, 675
Hammersmith, 744, 753
Hammon, Mrs., 410
Hampshire, man-of-war, 72, 385
Hampstead, 671
Hampstead Marshall, 661
Hampton Court, 62, 68, 127, 130, 131, 134-6, 325, 328-30, 359, 367, 370, 554, 709, 736
Hanbury, Mrs., 153
Handicap, an old game, 48
Hanes, Mrs., 101
Hanging, said to occasion no pain, 181
Hangman, office of, in Poland, 141
Hanker, Mr., 92
Hannah, Pepys's cookmaid, 204
Hannam, Captain, 403
Hannam, Mrs., 640
Hanselling the new stocks, 188
Happy Return, man-of-war, 32, 503
Harbord, Mr., 122
Harbord, Sir Charles, 122, 351, 372, 689, 695, 708, 709, 748, 751
Harbord, William, xx
Harding, Dean. *See* Hardy
Hardwicke, Mr., 280
Hardy, Nathaniel, Dean of Rochester, 419
Hare's foot, a charm against colic, 294, 298, 307
Harley (Harlow), Major (afterwards Sir Edward), 30, 732
Harlington, 340
Harman, Captain (afterwards Sir John), 319, 323, 378, 379, 385,

Harman, Captain—*continued* 388, 390, 481, 537, 538, 554, 562, 571, 619, 639-41
Harman, Mr., upholsterer, 685
Harman, Mr., 274, 279, 318, 324, 328, 627, 631
Harman, Mrs., 274, 279, 318, 324, 328
Harman, Will, 324
Harmonie Universelle, Mersenne's, 665
Harp to be removed from the flags, 27
Harp and Ball Tavern, 640, 726
Harp and Cross money, 196, 361
Harp, man-of-war, 16
Harper, Thomas, 7-9, 14, 683, 685
Harper, Mrs., 2-4, 6, 7, 9
Harpsichord (harpsichon), 77, 85, 184, 191, 279, 438, 463-5, 637, 666
Harrington, James, 3, 4, 11, 233, 234, 243, 644
Oceana, 549, 595
Harrington, Sir James, 339
Harrington, Lady, 339
Harris, Joseph, actor, 74, 119, 210, 222, 233, 242, 272, 276, 290, 375, 458, 467, 470, 500, 551, 591, 601, 612, 627, 631-5, 643, 644, 649, 652, 655, 656, 665, 667, 673, 674, 676, 680, 720, 741, 749
Harris, Mr., the sailmaker, 305
Harrison, Major-General Thomas, 50-52, 57
Harrison, Sir John, 148
Harrison, Mr., 57
Hart, Captain, 512
Hart, Charles, the actor, 491, 545, 596, 639, 714
Hart, Major, 47, 48, 58
Hart Inn, Marlborough, 661
Hartlib, Nan. *See* Roder, Mrs.
Hartlib, Samuel, 44, 71, 400, 552
Harvey, Sir Daniel, 141, 388, 535, 538
Harvey, Lady, wife of Sir Daniel, 104, 114, 707
Harvey, Sir Job, 148
Harvey, Sir Thomas, 309, 316, 369, 388, 438, 465, 468, 516, 520, 572, 619, 624, 625, 628
Harwich, xxi, 287, 293, 296, 309, 312, 315, 316, 318, 320, 362, 386, 387, 397, 400, 448, 462, 475-7, 503, 512, 520, 522, 527, 530-32, 580, 637
Haselrigge, Mrs., 154, 161
Haselrigge, Sir Arthur, 3, 5, 9-11, 13, 15, 83
Hastings, 17, 19
Hatcham, near New Cross, 380
Hatcham Barnes, 313
Hater (Hayter), Thomas, 40, 43, 76, 82, 132, 178, 282, 316, 353, 357, 370, 414, 419, 434, 508, 510, 512, 563, 608, 629, 683-5, 750-52
Hater, Mrs., 82, 434
Hatfield, 92, 95, 218, 285
Hats, 68, 79, 90, 107, 125, 281
Hatton, Lord, 109
Hatton, Sir Thomas, 22
Hatton Garden, 596
Nursery for actors in, 602. *See* Nursery
Havant, 124
Havre de Grace, 69
Hawkins, Mr., 247
Hawks, presented to the King, 162, 169
Hawley (Haly), Baron, 315
Hawley, Mr., 4, 6, 7, 14, 48
Hawley, Mr., parish clerk at St. Giles's, 401
Hawnes, Bedfordshire, 496
Hayes, Mr., 376, 432, 459, 463
Hayls, John. *See* Hales
Haynes, Mrs., 557
Hayter, Thomas. *See* Hater
Hayward, Captain, 23, 45, 387
Hayward, Mr., musical instrument maker, 637, 666
Haywood, Captain, 512
Health-drinking, 22, 81, 82, 202
Heart, Mr., 658
Hearth money. *See* Chimney tax
Heath, Mr., 161
Heaven, a tavern under Westminster Hall, 6
Heath's *Life of Oliver Cromwell*, 540
Hebden, Sir John, 200
Hebrew Grammar, Buxtorf's, 5
Hector, man-of-war, 341
Heiress, The, 713
Hellevoetsluis, 25
Hemp, 131, 203
Hempson, Mr., 76, 90, 140
Hemskirke, Captain von, 642, 649, 652, 730
Henchman, Humphrey, Bishop, 50, 247, 482, 604
Henly, Sir Andrew, 444
Henrietta, Princess Royal. *See* Orleans, Duchess of
Henrietta Maria, Dowager of Charles I., 29, 50, 52-4, 56-58, 61, 62, 64, 67, 69, 83, 149, 160, 162, 170, 209, 285, 322, 341, 443, 450, 484, 487, 488, 583, 737, 746
Henrietta, the, 32, 278
Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, 635
Henry, man-of-war, 32, 76, 288, 385, 388, 389, 520
Henry the Fourth, 61, 88, 578, 602, 679
Henry the Fifth, Lord Orrery's, 276, 282, 464, 539, 570; at the Duke's Theatre, 451, 665
Henry VII.'s Chapel. *See under* Westminster Abbey
Henry VIII., 13, 181, 248, 372
portrait of, at Audley End, 564
Henry VIII.'s Gallery. *See under* Whitehall
Henry the Eighth, 237, 241, 703
Henshaw, Dr. Joseph, 755
Hensly, Mr., 64
Henson, Mr., 43
Heraclius, 249, 461, 551
Heraldry, Display of, 552
Heralds, 34, 81
Herba Parietis, Dr. Thomas Bayly's, 130
Herbarium, 551
Herbert, Captain, 344, 345
Herbert, Lord, afterwards 6th Earl of Pembroke, 443
Herbert, Mr., 315
Herbert, Mrs., 257
Herbert, Sir C. *See* Harbord
Hercules Pillars, in Fleet Street, 51, 94, 613, 645, 675, 676, 691, 694, 699, 716, 719, 744, 747
Hercules Pillars Alley, 609
Hereford, Bishop of. *See* Croft. Herbert
Hereford Cathedral, 658
Herman, Margarita, 30
'Hermit poor,' song, 463
Herne, John, his *Law of Charitable Uses*, 286
Herring, John, minister of St. Bride's, 5, 46, 142, 144
Herringman, Henry, 539, 556
Hertfordshire, election of Knight for, 637
Hester, Mrs., 107
Hethy, Mr., 34, 35, 37
Hewer, Mr., father of William, 342
Hewer, Mrs., 416, 707
Hewer, William, 42, 44, 46, 62, 124, 204, 286, 312, 316, 325, 330, 342, 344, 349, 353, 377, 383, 387, 415, 416, 421, 435, 438, 440, 447, 478, 486, 493, 500, 505, 506, 508, 525, 526, 539, 540, 545, 551, 563, 565-9, 584, 586, 597, 600, 603, 608, 624-6, 637, 647, 651, 653, 656-61, 665, 666, 668, 671, 672, 675, 676, 678, 679, 684, 694-700, 702-7, 709, 714, 719, 720, 722, 726-9, 732, 735, 741, 750, 754, 755
Hewet, Thomas, 124, 146
Hewlett, his arrest, 185
Hewlett, Mrs., 625
Hewson (Huson), John, 5
Heylyn, Dr. Peter, 679
Heywood, T., plays by—
Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Mask, 72-4, 314, 671
The Troubles of Queen Elizabeth, 541
Hickes, Captain, 215
Hickes, Sir William, 341
Hickman, Henry, 46
Hickman, Sir William, 254
Hicks, Dr., 679, 712
Highgate, 64, 246, 404
Hill, Captain, 117

Hill, Captain, of the *Elias*, 289
Hill, Captain, of the *Coventry*, 577
Hill, Katherine, 669
Hill, Mr., attendant on Lord Sandwich, 19, 37, 38
Hill, Mr., a courtier, 53
Hill, Rev. Joseph, 12, 93
Hill, Thomas, Pepys's musical friend, 256, 272, 278, 290, 298, 299, 307, 313, 353, 360, 361, 369, 371, 382, 684
Hill-house at Chatham, 76, 140, 333, 733, 734
Hilton's, 8
Hinchinbroke, 12, 37, 45, 59, 72, 92, 101, 153, 154, 217-19, 285, 331, 406, 435, 493, 499, 511, 522, 565, 733, 748
Hinchinbroke, Lord, 2, 26, 27, 29, 30, 34-7, 53, 63, 86, 87, 93-7, 114, 167, 174, 195, 297, 315, 316, 329, 332-5, 370, 372, 377, 406, 411, 435, 436, 439, 443, 490, 495, 511, 522, 538, 550, 562, 574, 578, 591, 592, 597, 606, 612, 627-9, 653, 681, 682, 689, 709, 748, 751
Hinchinbroke, Lady, 606, 612, 627-9, 653, 682
Hindhead, 669
Hingston, John, 449, 591
Hippocras, 223
History of Paul's, Sir William Dugdale's, 233
History of the Navy, Pepys and a, xvii
Hoare, Mr., 362
Hoare. *See also* Whore
Hobbes's *Leviathan*, 676
Liberty and Necessity, 108
Hobell, Mrs., 146
Hodges, Thomas, Dean of Hereford, 264
Hodgkins, Fifth-Monarchy man, 66
Hodsden, 654
Hogg, Captain, 450, 451, 527, 529, 540, 542
Hogsden. *See* Hoxton
Holbein, 181, 344, 564, 674
Holborn, 177, 191, 194, 249, 268, 275, 319, 411, 419, 696, 702, 715, 726, 727, 730
Holborn Conduit, 667, 695, 714
Holborn Conduit Hill, 558
Holden, Mr., 68, 90
Holden, Mrs., 250
Holden's play, *The Ghosts*, 310
Holder, Mr., 445, 680
Holder, Mrs., 445
Holehaven, 231, 518
Holland, 4, 47, 49, 231, 242, 247, 273, 290, 304, 309, 310, 312, 315, 322, 367, 388, 399, 420, 442, 455, 460, 466, 470, 478, 496, 527, 547, 553, 560, 590, 606, 607, 614, 629, 703, 744, 753. *See also* Dutch
Pepys in, xiv, xviii, 27 *et seq.*
Holland, Bank of, 409
States of, 120, 127, 473, 607
Holland, Captain Philip, 15, 35, 59, 645
Holland, John, 58, 139
Discourse of the Navy, 730
Holland, Lord, 44, 160
Hollar's plan of London, 441
Map of England, 503
Holles, Denzil (afterwards Lord), 36, 79, 235, 246, 439, 465, 466, 479, 530, 596
Holles (Hollis), Sir Frescheville, 504, 510, 516, 539, 560, 618, 627, 629, 632, 634, 740
Holliard (Hollyard, Hollier), Mr., 66, 124, 126, 222, 228, 236, 470, 594, 603, 617, 636, 670
Hollinshed, the tobacconist, 631, 649
Hollins, John, 12, 654
Hollis. *See* Holles
Hollis, Mr., King's chaplain, 33
Holloway, 101
Hollworthy, Mr., 355
Hollworthy, Mrs., 479, 585, 602, 656, 662, 712
Hollyard. *See* Holliard
Holmes, Captain (afterwards Sir John), 388, 639
Holmes, Captain (afterwards Sir Robert), 37, 97-9, 106, 109-111, 113, 116, 188, 203, 261, 291, 296, 305, 317, 319, 385, 389, 393, 400, 408, 410, 431, 432, 434, 481, 605, 629, 630, 637, 639, 697, 723
Holmes, Dr. Nathaniel, 10
Holmes, Gabriel, 521, 522
Holt, Mr., 125
Holyhead, 213
Holy Thursday, ceremony on, 86 procession, 495
Honeywood, Sir Thomas, 38, 45
Honiwood, Colonel Henry, 113, 174
Honiwood, Colonel (afterwards Sir Philip), 25, 617
Honiwood, Dean, 113, 266, 274
Honiwood, Mr., 63, 250, 535
Honiwood, Peter, 113
Honywood, Sir R., 42
Hooke, Dr. Robert, 302, 303, 312, 313, 366, 371, 407, 440, 465, 748
Micrographia, 298
Hooker, Alderman (afterwards Sir William), 339, 361, 641
Hooker, Anne. *See* Lethulier, Mrs.
Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, 90, 96, 485
Hoole, William, 214, 242
Hoop (Hope) Tavern, 48, 55
Hooper, Mr., 111
Hope, the, on the Thames, 34, 130, 266, 267, 283, 288, 304, 305, 307, 503, 504, 506, 507, 517, 529
Hope, man-of-war, 444
Horace, 565
Horace, Corneille's, 708
Horse, performing, 675, 676
Horse Guards, fire at the, 437
Horse Sand, the, 64
Horse-racing at Newmarket, 653, 725
Horse-radish ale, 280
Horseshoe Inn, Bristol, 660
Horsely, Mrs., 383, 406, 485
Horsfall, Mrs., 683
Horsfield, Mrs., 651, 652
Horslydown, 367
Hortus Hiemalis, Evelyn's, 354
Hosier, Mr., 581, 676, 695, 716, 725
Hosier, Mrs., 676
Houblon, Isaac, 413
Houblon, James, 306, 373, 525, 615
Houblon, Mrs., 307, 615
Houblon, old Mr., 616
Houblon, the brothers, 369, 382, 439, 525, 704
Houndsditch, 239
Hounslow, 336
House-warming, 435, 686
Howard, Bernard, 605
Howard, Captain Thomas, 145
Howard, Colonel, 481
Howard, Dorothy, 723
Howard, Edward, 486
Change of Crowns, 485
The Usurper, 237, 697
Howard, James, plays by—
All Mistaken, or The Mad Couple, 557, 596, 668
English Monsieur, 446, 639
Howard, Elizabeth, 723
Howard, Lady Essex, 440
Howard, Lord Henry, of Norfolk, 444, 453, 454, 605, 663
Howard, Mr., Comptroller of the Mint, 196
Howard, Mrs., 406
Howard, Philip, Lord Almoner, 456, 457
Howard, Sir Philip, 338, 359, 376, 408, 441, 641, 663, 701, 744
Howard, Sir Robert, 446, 453, 527, 601, 616, 640, 643, 646, 647, 680, 723
Committee, The, 201, 540, 577, 650
Duke of Lerma, 603, 619, 641
Surprisal, The, 483, 545, 595, 640, 645
Howard, Sir R., and Dryden, *The Indian Queen*, 241, 242, 663
Howe, Jack, 728
Howe, William, 17, 29, 40-42, 51, 55, 81, 85, 88, 89, 129, 137, 165, 191, 229, 230, 232, 235, 236, 242, 253, 265, 304, 343, 355, 357, 366, 367, 496, 538, 548, 622, 634, 651, 656, 670, 677, 693, 694, 722, 728, 732, 745
Howell, Mr., 357, 415

Howell, Mrs., 679
Howlett, Mr., 467
Howlett, Mrs., 445, 557
Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, 328
Hoxton, 739
Hozier, Mr. *See* Hosier
Hubbert, Captain, 570, 754
Huchinson, Mr., 39, 84, 691, 733, 734
Hudibras, Butler's, 168, 176, 231, 233, 241, 349
Hudson, Mr., cooper, 507
Hudson, Mr., scrivener, 255, 262
Hughes, Mr., 131, 199, 278
Hughes, Margaret, 647
Hull, xxi, 14, 395, 527, 528, 536, 540
Humorous Lieutenant, The, 79, 193, 457
Humorous Lovers, The, 479, 484
'Humours' (dramatic), 645
Humphrey, Pelham, 578, 579, 581-583, 666, 755
Hungary, 218, 219, 226
Hungerford, 658
Hungerford, Lady, 746
Hunt, Mr., 10, 14, 82, 230, 403, 469
Hunt, Mrs., 45, 111, 113, 184, 191, 302, 377, 403, 685
Hunting at Königsberg, 234
Huntingdon, xi, 16, 18, 58, 62, 92, 94, 153, 218, 266, 484, 564, 627, 654
Huntingdon, Mayor of, 498
Huntingdon music, 567
Huntingdonshire, Justices of the Peace for, 38
Huntington, Major, 291
Huntsmore, Bucks, 16, 26
Hurleston, Mr., 314, 355
Huson (Hewson), John, 5
Hutchinson, Mr. *See* Huchinson
Huysmans, Jacob, 277, 281, 315
Hyde, Anne. *See* York, Duchess of
Hyde, Edward. *See* Clarendon, Earl of
Hyde, Lady Henrietta, 723
Hyde, Laurence, 584, 612
Hyde, Sir Robert, Lord Chief Justice, 232, 248, 313
Hyde Park, 22, 45, 83, 184, 187, 191, 207, 256, 257, 306, 379, 393, 493, 515, 630, 634, 668, 678, 730, 744, 752, 753, 755
Hyde Park, Shirley's, 666
Hydrometer, Boyle's, 699
Hydrostatical Paradoxes, 529, 545
Hypocras (Hippocras), 223

'I love my love,' a game, 724
Ianthe (Mrs. Betterton), 122, 151, 155, 164, 242, 273, 276, 290, 308, 434
Ibbott, Edmund, 18, 19, 25, 27
Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa, 621, 663
If you know not me you know nobody, 541
Ilford, 144, 318
Ilustres Varones, Los, 642
Imperiali, Cardinal Lorenzo, 174
Impertinents, The. See *Sullen Lovers*
Impington, 92, 94, 100, 101, 153, 298, 664, 681, 727
Impress, Bill of, 58
Impressment of seamen, 303, 313, 396, 397, 542
Inchiquin, Earl of, 60
Indemnity, Act of, 2, 46, 47, 731
Index Rhetoricus, Farnaby's, 28
India, 241, 243, 244
Princes of, their present to the King, 273
India trade, 109. *See also* East India Company
Indian, the, 54
Indian Emperor, The, 454, 543, 577, 580, 604, 634, 641, 663
Indian Queen, The, 241, 242, 663
Indulgence for Presbyters, 182, 183, 185
Infirmary for sick and wounded seamen, proposed, 368, 370
Ingoldsby, Colonel, 21, 22, 507
Ingram, Sir Arthur, 314, 392
Ingram, Sir Thomas, 296, 306, 317, 328, 511, 694
Inns of Court, 247
Inns of Court, History of the, 485
Inquisition, Spanish, 468
Institutes, Coke's, 513, 728
Instructions, Duke of York's Book of, 742
Insurance on ships, 231, 244, 314
Intelligencer, The, newspaper, 215, 319
Interest, high rate of, 58, 169, 173, 320, 399
Ipswich, 340
Ireland, 46, 127, 185, 187, 199, 286, 292, 452, 497, 516-18, 546, 579, 609, 693, 695, 698, 714, 716, 718. *See also* Irish Council of, 551
Ireton, Henry, 58, 67-9, 109
Ireton, Mr., 722
Irish, liberty to the, 292
Irish Brigade, 2
Irish Cattle, Bill against the importation of, 426, 453-5
Iron Gate, at the Tower, 180
Irongate Stairs, Lower Thames Street, 415
Ironmongers' Hall, 163
Isaacson, Mr., 53
Isham, Captain, 17, 24, 27, 93, 121
Island Princess, The, 705, 715
Isle of Dogs, 329, 331, 361
Isle of Rhé, 297
Isle of Wight, 226, 359, 418
Islington, 80, 90, 257, 315, 331, 381, 416, 499, 527, 538, 542, 606, 633, 645, 649, 735, 739, 741
Ducking-pond at, 252
'It is decreed,' song, 410, 450, 632
Italian motion (puppet show), 160
Italian musicians, 463, 540, 554, 597, 631, 683
Italians, 99
Italy, 290, 402, 560, 684, 751
Iter Boreale, poem by Robert Wild, 214, 595
Ivan IV., Emperor of Russia, 148

Jack, Sir W. Pen's servant, 74
Jackanapes coat, Pepys's, 40
Jackanapes, the, in Cheapside, 371
Jackson, Mr., 594, 603, 613, 615, 624, 653, 654
Jackson, Mrs. (Paulina Pepys), 15, 55, 61-3, 73, 90, 98, 99, 153, 154, 171, 194, 237, 275, 280, 295, 327, 348, 370, 375, 383, 384, 392, 393, 455, 505, 564, 565, 567, 584, 594, 603, 611, 613-15, 618, 624, 639, 653, 654, 674, 751
Jacob, Sir John, 148
Jacobus, a gold coin, 162, 512
Jacomb, Dr. Thomas, 78, 117
Jaggard, Mr., 631
Jamaica, 63, 73, 134, 180, 227, 467
Jamaica House, 485
James I., 142, 345, 522, 524
James, Duke of York. *See* York
James, King, Court and Character of, 301, 314
James, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 279, 280, 318, 369
James the porter, a soldier, 7
James, man-of-war, 32
Jane, Pepys's cookmaid, 289, 294, 376, 478, 485, 500, 523, 526, 538, 557, 587, 595, 602, 614, 624, 636, 671, 714, 715, 729, 730, 732, 734, 735, 739, 740, 743. *See also* Gentleman, Jane, *and* Wayneman, Jane
Japan cane, 469
Jaspar, Margaret. *See* Pen, Lady
Jasper, Mr., 15, 17
Jefferys, Mr., 121
Jeffreys, Mr., the apothecary, 578
Jemimah, Mrs. (Lady Jemimah Montagu). *See* Carteret, Lady Jemimah
Jenifer, Captain, 475, 531
Jennings, Captain, 387
Jenkins, Captain William, 605
Jenkins, Mr., 2, 189
Jenkins, Sir Leoline, 477, 478
Jennings, Frances, 303
Jennings, Mr., 290
Jennings, Sir W., 409, 441, 529, 539, 711
Jermin, Mr., 287
Jermyn, Henry, 60, 144, 145, 245, 491, 535, 536, 725
Jermyn, Lord. *See* St. Albans, Earl of
Jermyn Street, 377
Jeronimo is Mad again, 622
Jersey, 158, 203, 484

Jervas, the barber, 193, 222, 308
Jersey, Pepys appointed captain of the, 728, 729
Jessop, Mr., 606, 610
Jesuits, 186
Jew, wager of a, 370
Jew's trump, 500
Jewel Office, 63
Jewels, Mrs. Pepys's, 621
Jewels taken from Dutch Vice-Admiral, 355, 366
Jewen Street, 685
Jewish Synagogue, 220
Jewkes, Mrs. *See* Allen, Rebecca
Jewkes, Rowland, 586
Jiggins, Justice, 165
'Joan's placket is torn,' 513
Joanni, Signor, 683
Jockeys, 698, 700
John, Don, of Austria, 204, 206, 208
John's Street, 538
Johnson, Mr., 344
Johnson, Mrs., 726
Johnson, Mrs., sempstress, 7
Jones, Anne, 383, 458, 649
Jones, Colonel John, 6, 38
Jones, Dr. F., 28
Jones, Mr., 73
Jones, Sir Theophilus, 99
Jonson, Ben, 233
Alchemist, 90, 274, 620, 741
Bartholomew Fair, 88, 90, 99, 106, 274, 676, 719
Catiline's Conspiracy, 591, 603, 701
Silent Woman, 36, 63, 86, 262, 485, 679
Volpone, 296
Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton, *The Widow*, 63
Jordan, Captain (afterwards Sir Joseph), 317, 323, 343, 379, 530-32
Jordan, Mrs., 86
Jovial Crew, The, 93, 97, 106
Jowles (Jewkes), Mrs. *See* Allen, Rebecca
Joyce, Anthony, 35, 112, 115, 254, 273, 274, 279, 280, 318, 327, 417, 420, 558, 603, 606-609, 611, 618
Joyce, Kate (wife of Anthony), 90, 319, 324, 330, 372, 420, 506, 559, 606-609, 611, 618, 631, 649, 665
Joyce, The., 74
Joyce, William, 8, 35, 49, 61, 97, 253, 254, 256, 257, 274, 275, 279, 284, 285, 289, 317, 318, 379, 392, 558, 627
Joyce, Mrs. (wife of William), 318, 392, 558
Judge Advocate. *See* Fowler
Juego de Toros, bull-fight, 106, 129
Julep, 38
Juste au corps, 489, 654
Justice of the Peace, Pepys made a, xv, 49, 59
Juxon, William, Archbishop of Canterbury, 200, 202, 207, 328, 640

Kalendarium Hortense, or the Gard'ner's Almanac, 354
Katherine, Queen. *See* Catherine
Katherine of Valois. *See* Catherine
Keeling, Lord Chief Justice. *See* Kelyng, Sir John
Keepers of the Liberty, 15
Kelsey, commander of a fireship, 577
Kelyng, Sir John, 521, 569, 572, 592, 593, 686, 754
Kem, Harry, 165
Kemphorne, Rear-Admiral John, 460, 730, 734, 736
Ken Wood, 64
Kendall, Duke of, 399, 494, 498, 514
Kennard, Mr., 59, 61
Kennet, the river, 662
Kensington, 4, 43, 44, 263, 264, 378, 641, 651
Kensington House, 651
Kent, 380, 480
Kent, Earl of, 87
Kent's, at the Three Tuns Tavern, 493
Kent Street, 355
Kentish Knock, the, 49
Kentish Town, 274
Kerneguy, Lady. *See* Carnegy
Ketch, a sailing vessel. *See* Catch
Kevet, burgomaster of Amsterdam, 466
Key, the, in Cheapside, 53
Killigrew, Dr. Henry, 230
Killigrew, Henry, 432, 528, 655, 753
Killigrew, Sir Peter, 26
Killigrew, Thomas, the elder, 33, 155, 158, 162, 241, 274, 412, 446, 463-5, 536, 554, 573, 615, 650, 665, 718, 725
Claracilla, 91, 171, 726
Love at First Sight, 109
Parson's Wedding, 284
Killigrew, Sir W., 329
Killigrew's Theatre, 58, 61, 91 in Covent Garden, 176
Kinaston, Edward. *See* Kynaston
King, Colonel, 73
King, Dr. Henry, Bishop of Chichester, 41, 183, 305
King, Dr., the physician, 218
King, Thomas, 580
King and no King, 73, 102
'King Charles's Beauties,' 672
King Harry's Chair, 53
King Salamon, Dutch ship, 299
King Street, Cheapside, 589
King Street, Westminster, 10, 17 57, 69, 82, 150, 322, 327, 467. 619, 715, 732
King's Arms substituted for those of the State, 21, 26, 27
King's Bench, 132, 613
King's Channel, 504
King's Chapel. *See* Whitehall Chapel
King's College. *See under* Cambridge
King's evil, touching for the, 38, 78, 484
King's fool, the, 615
King's Gate, Holborn, 726
King's Guards. *See* Guards
King's Head Inn, at Bowe, 144
King's Head Tavern, in Chancery Lane, 156, 172, 176, 193, 207, 231, 235, 252, 257, 322, 355
King's Head, at Deptford, 354
King's Head, at Greenwich, 346, 525
King's Head, at Islington, 84
King's Theatre, 151, 181, 237, 242, 258, 262, 274, 275, 284, 296, 308, 314, 375, 412, 446, 451, 452, 457, 461, 466, 471, 472, 477, 479, 483, 485, 486, 491, 498, 499, 524, 525, 537, 540, 541, 543-5, 556, 557, 559, 561, 562, 570, 574, 577, 578, 580, 586, 591, 595-7, 602, 603, 606, 608, 613, 618, 622, 625, 626, 633, 634, 636, 639, 640-643, 645-8, 650-52, 655, 656, 663, 664, 666, 668, 671, 678, 679, 683, 684, 697, 701, 704-706, 708, 713-15, 720, 723, 726, 729, 741, 744, 745, 752
Kingdon, Mr., 455
Kingsale, the, 59
Kingsland, 100, 257, 268, 381, 494, 542, 649, 739
Kingsmills, family of, 255
Kingston, 213, 325, 328, 368
Kingston, Lady, 73
Kipps, Mr., 38, 41, 42, 109
Kirby, Captain, 317
Kirby Castle, 204
Kircher's *Musurgia Universalis*, 620
Kirton, Joseph, 10, 54, 185, 423, 425, 446, 463-5, 536, 554, 573, 581, 615, 650, 665
Kit's Coty House, 733
Kite, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 100
Kite, Peg, 100, 106
Kite, Sarah, 557, 558
Knapp, Dr., 232
Kneller, Sir Godfrey, xxi, xxii. *See also* Pepys, Portraits of
Knight, Mrs., 560, 676
Knight, Sir John, 660
Knight of the Burning Pestle, 126
Knight Templar, tomb of a, 659
Knightly, Mr., 127, 417
Knightly, Mrs., 656
Knights of the Bath, 79-81
Knights of the Garter, 372, 489, 663
Knights of the Sea, proposed Order of, 59
Knights of Windsor, 14
Knightsbridge, 265, 311, 750

Knipp, Mr., 363, 364, 366, 407, 433, 439, 700
Knipp, Mrs., 360, 363, 364, 366, 369, 371, 373-5, 377, 381, 398, 406, 407, 410, 437, 439, 451, 452, 454, 457, 458, 461, 463-5, 470, 472, 479, 485, 491, 494, 498, 500, 537, 540, 541, 543, 544, 554, 556, 562, 563, 597, 602, 603, 619, 627, 631-3, 639-642, 645-8, 650, 651, 655-7, 670-673, 676, 679, 682, 700, 704, 713, 724
Königsberg (Quinsborough), 233
Kragh, Monsieur, 31
Kuffler, Dr., 120
Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, 622
Kynaston (Kinaston), Edward, 46, 63, 713, 715

Labyrinth, The, 258
Lace bands, worn by Pepys, 152-154, 156, 747
Lacy, John, 193, 201, 375, 483, 485, 486, 491, 524, 540, 643, 706, 709, 716
French Dancing Master, 128
Old Troop, or Monsieur Ragou, 668
Sawney the Scot, or The Taming of a Shrew, 483, 578
Ladies à la Mode, 678
Lady's Trial, The, 722
'La Duchesse,' a dance, 196
Lam, Mother, 3
Lamb, Dr. James, 50
Lamb's-wool, a drink, 438, 453
Lambert, Lady, 654
Lambert, Lieutenant (afterwards Captain), 5, 50, 65, 67, 84, 88, 89, 104, 108, 342
Lambert, Major-General, 1, 2, 9, 13, 15, 20-22, 83, 105, 134
Lambert, man-of-war, 32
Lambeth, 47, 54, 62, 68, 143, 173, 202, 207, 344-6, 351, 354, 528, 642, 669, 670, 750, 751
Lambeth ale, 88
Lamoral, Claude. *See* Ligne, Prince de
Lamp-glasses, 52
Lamton, Mrs., 739
Lancashire, serpents in, 116
Lancaster Herald, 259
Land, value of, after the Fire, 589
Land tax, 436, 443, 448, 480
Landguard Fort, 521
Lane, Doll, 631
Lane, Mrs., 5, 64
Lane, Sir George, 220, 248
Laney (Lany), Benjamin, Bishop of Peterborough, 187
Langford's, 314
Lanier (Laneare), Nicholas, 353, 359, 360, 363
Lany, Monsieur, 114
Lanyon, Mr., 271-4, 480, 696
Lark, frigate, 27
'Lark, The,' a song, 676
Larks, as food for serpents, 116
La Roche, Captain, 430, 618, 623
La Roche, dentist, 73
La Rochelle, 384
Laud, Archbishop, 475
Laud, Life of Archbishop, 679, 695, 696
Laud, a page, 57
Lauderdale, Earl of, 26, 61, 157, 242, 245, 248, 403, 404, 442, 491, 511
Lauderdale, Countess of, 404
Lauderdale House, Highgate, 404
Laun, M. de, 169
Lausdune, 30
La Vallière, Mademoiselle, 175, 202, 488
Law against Lovers, The, 118
Law of Charitable Uses, by John Herne, 286
Lawes, Henry, 165
Lawes, William, 55
Lawrence, Goody, 257
Lawrence, Mr., 60
Lawrence, Sir John (Lord Mayor), 318, 334, 339, 344
Lawson, Vice-Admiral Sir John, 1, 11, 14, 17, 20, 21, 26, 31, 33-7, 49, 75, 91, 126, 135, 138, 162, 163, 171, 174, 178, 188, 225, 227, 234, 238, 258, 284, 292, 295, 297, 304, 306, 317, 319-21, 323, 324, 352, 379, 398, 405, 412
Lawson, Lady, 324, 412
Laxton, apothecary, 264
Layton, Sir Ellis. *See* Leighton, Sir Elisha
Lea-Bayly, Gloucestershire, 134
Lead, the vizard-maker, 745, 749
Leadenhall Market, 418, 672
Leadenhall Street, 191, 214, 240, 698
Leatherhead, 82
Le Blanc, Mademoiselle, 107, 110
Lechmere (Lechmore), Nicholas, 155, 371
Lee. *See* Leigh
Lee, Duke of Richmond's footman, 212
Lee, Mr., 157-9, 166
Lee, Mr., a Councillor, 128
Lee, Sir Thomas, 625
Lee Roads, the, 19
Leeson, Mr., 753
Leg Tavern, King Street, Westminster, 38, 86, 108, 314, 467, 626
Legerdemain, 499, 622
Legg, a Papist, 506
Legge, Colonel William, 359, 487, 609, 743
Legge, George, 609
Leghorn, 234
Leghorn Roads, 204
Leicester, Earl of, 357
Leicester House, 686
Leigh, 527, 530
Leigh, Messrs., 5
Leighton, Sir Elisha, 239, 285 299, 362, 390, 477, 478
Leith, 553
Lely, Peter (*later*, Sir), 52, 134 155, 253, 277, 328, 376, 379 401, 436, 477, 672
Lemon, Mr., 144
Lemon, Mrs., 151, 208
Le Neve, Lieutenant, 441
Lennox, Duke of, 245, 259
his daughter, 245
Lent, observance of, 70, 71, 74, 118, 183, 188, 234
Lenthall, Sir John, brother of the Speaker, 213
Lenthall, Sir John, son of the Speaker, 30
Lenthall, William, the Speaker, 5, 11
Leopard, the, 261, 296, 705
Leopold I., German Emperor, 222, 276, 473
L'Estrange, Sir Roger, 215, 292, 319, 321
The Visions, 503
Lethulier, Mr., 361
Lethulier, Mrs., 359, 361, 362, 429
Leti's *Nepotisme*, 746
Lettice, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 557-9
Leventhorpe (Leuthropp), Sir Thomas, 25
Lever, Mr., 288
Levett, Mr., 629
Levett (of trumpets), 154
Leviathan, Hobbes's, 676
Lewellin. *See* Luellin
Lewentz, 274
Lewes, Alderman, 121
Lewes, Dr., 182
Lewes (Lewis), Mr., 137, 342, 507
Lewes, Sir John, 121
Lewes, the, 121
Lewin, Mr., 121
Lewis, Mr., a cook, 629
Lex Mercatoria, or The Ancient Law Merchant, 593
Leycester, Peter, xxv
Leyenburg (or Leyenbergh), Sir James Barkman, xix, 456, 690, 691
L'Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules, by Comte de Bussy, 380
Liar, The, or The Mistaken Beauty, 587
Liber de Concilii, Gesner's, 233
Liberty and Necessity, Hobbes's, 103
Library, Instructions concerning erection of a, 348
Liddall, Sir Thomas, 385
Lieutenancy, Commissioners for the, 164
Lighthouses, 71, 287, 296
Lightning, mast broken by, 204
Ligne, Prince de, 47, 50, 70
'Like hermit poor,' 463
L'illustre Bassa. See *Ibrahim*

Lilly, Peter. *See* Lely
Lilly, Mr., the varnisher, 745
Lilly, Mrs., 745
Lilly, William, 52
Almanac, 509
Lilly's *Grammar*, 304
Lily, man-of-war, 531
Lime Street, 55
Limehouse, 17, 140
Limmerick, Thomas, 657
L'Impertinent, Monsieur. *See* Butler, Mr.
Lincoln, Dean of. *See* Honiwood, Dean
Lincoln's, in Cow Lane, 563
Lincoln's Inn, 112, 204, 685, 719
Lincoln's Inn Court, 8
Lincoln's Inn Fields, 100, 106, 176, 239, 243, 244, 290, 296, 371, 496, 559, 596, 601, 619, 621, 627, 632, 707, 744
Lincoln's Inn Theatre, 56
Lincoln's Inn Walks, 36
Lincolnshire, 503
Lindeboome, a prize, 478
Lindsey, Earl of, 194
Linlithgow, Pepys at, xxi
Lions, in the Tower, 191
Liphook, 669
Lisbon, 88, 102, 104, 121, 123, 133, 159, 214, 246, 473, 537, 538, 592
Lisbon Gazette, 207
Little, Francis, his *History of Abingdon*, 658
Little Thief, The, 75, 112
Little Tower Hill, 180
Littlecote House, Wilts, 661
Littleton, Sir Thomas. *See* Lyttleton
Lloyd, David, 586
Lloyd, Dr. William, 594
Lloyd, Mr., 437
Lloyd, Sir Godfrey, 477
Loathbury (Lothbury), 169
Lock, Matthew, 9, 11
Response to the Ten Commandments, 548
Lodum, Mrs., 177
Loggings, boy chorister, 542
Lombard Street, 70, 130, 140, 187, 358, 376, 392, 398, 407, 410, 413, 416, 469, 628, 678, 700, 740
L'ombre (card game), 340
London, Bishops of. *See* Henchman *and* Sheldon
London, City of—
Acts for rebuilding, 468, 646, 648
Charter, 722
Fire. *See* Fire
Hollar's print of, 441
Land increased in value, 589
Plague. *See* Plague
Rebuilding of the City, 443, 452, 470, 478, 482, 673
London Bridge, 7, 142, 328, 358, 367, 412, 520, 649, 650, 672
'Shooting the Bridge,' 142, 322
London Wall, 287, 324, 453, 558, 613, 634
See also under name of each Church, Street, Theatre, Tavern, etc.
London, Stow's, 733
London, man-of-war, 21, 32, 64, 304, 305, 379
Long, Sir Robert, 185, 358, 375, 619, 677
Long Acre, 244, 747
Long Lane, 324, 685
Long Parliament, 51, 133, 586, 617
Long Reach, 17
Longracke, Mr., 411, 412
Longracke, Mrs., 411, 412
Looker, Mr., 92
'Lord, have mercy upon us,' on houses visited by the plague, 316
Lord Chamberlain. *See* Manchester, Earl of
Lord Chancellor. *See* Clarendon, Earl of
Lord Mayors. *See* Allen, Bateman, Bludworth, Bolton, Browne, Fredericke, Lawrence, *and* Robinson
Lord Mayor's Banqueting House, 536, 647
Lord Mayor's Day, 53, 105, 157, 223, 286, 434
Lord Mayor's Show, 53, 223, 286
Lord Mayor's Sword, 215
Lord Privy Seal. *See* Robartes, Lord
Lord Treasurer. *See* Southampton, Earl of
Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, 671
Lords, House of, 21, 23, 87, 93, 123, 209, 253, 256-9, 449, 452-455, 471, 533, 534, 557, 579, 581, 583-5, 587-9, 593, 601, 613, 614, 643-9
Loriners' Hall, 650
Lost Lady, The, 66, 67
Loten, John, 739
Lothbury, 169
Lotteries, 280, 281, 284, 289, 305
Louis XIII., 160
Louis XIV., 42, 68, 69, 174, 175, 197-9, 202, 222, 233-5, 237, 243, 246, 284, 292, 301, 309, 325, 348, 367, 376, 395, 430, 441, 442, 467, 471, 473, 474, 487, 488, 494, 513, 516, 517, 525, 544, 554, 590, 598, 623, 643, 664, 667, 691, 702, 711, 712, 718, 746
Love, Mr., 73
Love a Cheat, xvi, 241
Love and Honour, 105
Love at First Sight, 109
Love Despised, 671
Love in a Maze. See *Changes*
Love in a Tub. See *Comical Revenge*
Love's Cruelty, 597, 640
Love's Cure, 75
Love's Mistress, or The Queen's Mask, 72-4, 314, 671
Love's Quarrel, 75
Love's Tricks, or the School of Compliments, 537, 538, 602
Lovett, Mr., 383, 398, 401, 430, 435
Lovett, Mrs., 383, 398, 399, 431
Lovett, Samuel, 431
Lower, Dr. Richard, 665
Lowestoft, 319
Lowther, Madam, wife of Alderman Lowther, 499
Lowther, Anthony, 365, 452, 453, 457, 465, 468, 470, 477, 479, 499, 517, 538, 546, 563, 564, 613, 691
Lowther, Mrs. (Margaret Penn), 93, 94, 102, 103, 110, 122, 289, 296, 309, 334, 339, 365, 378, 390, 395, 396, 408, 435, 452, 453, 457, 465, 467, 468, 470, 477, 479, 491, 496, 497, 518, 525, 546, 547, 555, 563, 613, 620, 641, 648
Lowther, Margaret, 378, 491, 639
Lowther, Sir John, 619
Loyal George, man-of-war, 388
Loyal London, man-of-war, 390, 395, 402, 482, 507, 519
Loyal Subject, The, 46
Lubeck, 183
Luce, Pepys's maid, 396, 477, 484
Lucett, Mrs., 648
Lucin, Mrs., 126
Lucy, Mr., 5
Lucy, Mr., a merchant, 75
Ludgate, 54, 78, 230, 453
Ludgate Hill, 10, 378, 640
Ludgate Street, 417
Luellin (Lewellin), Mr., 5-7, 41, 43, 48, 215, 234, 238, 249, 284, 334, 347, 356
Luellin, Mrs., 238
Luffe, Emanuel, 110
Luiza, Queen of Portugal, 376, 379
Luke, Sir Samuel, 496
Lute, the, 61, 383, 404, 703
Lydny, 134
Lyme Street, 238, 240
Lynn, 37, 68, 653
Lynsey (Lindsey), Earl of, 194
Lyra lessons, 77
Lyra viol, 430
Lyttleton, Mr., 691
Lyttleton (Littleton), Sir Thomas, 401, 490, 530, 616, 625, 689-91, 693, 697, 700, 705, 717, 737, 742, 750

Maastricht, 468, 473
Mabbot, Mr., 12
Macassar poison, 305
Macbeth, Davenant's adaptation of, 287, 451, 453, 486, 569, 579, 670, 702, 707
Mackworth, Mr., 88
Macnachan, Colonel, 745
Mad Couple, The, 557, 596, 668
Mad Lover, The, 70, 109, 281, 719
Madden, Mr., 411

Madden, Mrs., 411
Madeira, 120
Madge, Mr., 167, 236
Madrid, 402, 459, 592
Magdalene College. *See under* Cambridge
Maggett, Mr., 294
Magna Charta, 592
Maid of the Mill, The, 68, 122, 677
Maid's Tragedy, The, 84, 446, 466, 640, 648
Maiden Queen, The. See *Secret Love*
Maidenhead, 662
Maids of Honour, 127, 196, 253, 266, 277, 286, 302, 390, 672, 719, 723, 724
Maidstone, 733
Maidstone Assizes, 138
Malaga, 370
Malaga fireship, 462
Malaga wine, 114, 324
Maleverer, Sir R., 22
Malfi, The Duchess of, 695
Mall, the, in St. James's Park, 194, 238
Mallard, Thomas, 167, 236, 246, 293
Mallett, Mrs., 315, 316, 372, 411, 443, 461
Malynes, Gerard de, his *Lex Mercatoria*, 593
Man, Mr., 43, 44
Man is the Master, The, 633, 647
Manchester, 1st Earl of, 521
Manchester, 2nd Earl of (Lord Chamberlain), 14, 20, 21, 45, 84, 115, 125, 167, 178, 209, 236, 245, 446, 450, 487, 511, 536, 635, 707, 723, 725
Mandeville, Lord, 16, 33, 115, 197, 488, 503
Manley, Major John, 733, 734
Manley, Mrs., 733
Mansell, Mr., 33, 49
Manuel, Mr., 633, 642
Manuel, Mrs., 540, 597, 631, 633, 639, 642, 656
March, Mr., 129
Mardyke Fort, 49, 600
Mare Clausum, Selden's, 109, 188
Margaret, Tom Pepys's servant, 254
Margate, 49, 296, 350
Margetts, Mr., 741
Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, 606
Maria, the, 37
Mariana's *History of Spain*, 746
Marius, 251
Mark Lane, 412, 416, 470, 528, 603, 662, 754
Markets, proclamation respecting, 418
Markham, Mr., 406
Markham, Mrs., 406, 418, 435, 458, 537, 556, 643, 680
Marlborough, 661
Marlborough, Earl of, 195, 241, 274, 317, 319
Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, 130
Marmotte, 163
Marnix, Jean de, his *Résolutions Politiques*, 711
Marr, Mr., 332
Marriages. *See* Weddings
Mariott, John, the great eater, 8
Marriott, Mr., housekeeper at Hampton Court, 127, 328
Marrowbone (Marylebone), 536, 647
Marsh, Mr., 5, 12
Marsh Street, Bristol, 660
Marshall, Anne, actress, 70, 242, 663
Marshall, Rebecca, 308, 446, 499, 544, 555, 575, 608, 622, 639, 647, 666
Marshall, Mr., 189
Marshall, Rev. Stephen, 575
Marshe, Captain, 104
Martha, maid, 719
Martin, Captain, 405
Martin, Mr., bookseller, 603, 604, 645, 714
Martin, Mr., the purser, 285, 472, 609, 653, 669
Martin, Mrs., 440, 445, 561, 624, 631, 646, 652, 653
Martin (Merton) Abbey, 652
Martyrs, Book of, 672
Mary I., 445, 471, 541
Mary, Princess (afterwards Mary II.), 126, 280, 737
Mary, Princess Royal. *See* Orange, Princess of
Mary, Queen of Scots, 357, 457
Mary, Lady Sandwich's maid, 66
Mary, Pepys's maid, 316, 322
Mary, the, 32, 159, 317, 319, 320
Marylebone Gardens, 647
Marylebone. *See* Marrowbone
Masks, fashion of wearing, 201, 241, 300, 466, 552, 656, 745
Masquerade, account of a, 300
Massenger, Peter, 637
Massingbred, Elizabeth. *See* Berkeley, Lady
Massinger's *Bondman*, 72-4, 106, 108, 122, 273
Massinger and Dekker's *Virgin Martyr*, 70, 622, 646
Massy, Major-General, 108
Master's degree, Pepys obtains by proxy his, 41, 45
Mathews, Dr., 34
Mathews, Mr., 44
Mathews, the fencer, 198
Matt, Pepys's chambermaid, 735, 753
Maundy Thursday, ceremony on, 482
May, Baptist, 317, 432, 522, 533, 535, 548-50, 580, 587
May, Hugh, 337, 402, 443, 458, 550, 664, 668, 708, 713, 731, 741, 753
May Day, celebration of, 490
May dew, 500, 750, 751
Maybolt, galliot, 568, 575, 598, 606
Maynard, Serjeant John, 82, 204, 635
Maynard, Mrs., 635
Mayne, Jasper, *The City Match*, 683
Maynell, Sheriff, 150, 173, 427
Mayor of Quinborough, 392
Mayors, country, entertain the King, 54
Mayors, Lord. *See* Lord Mayors
Maypole Tavern, Strand, 10, 450, 493
Maypoles, at the Hague, 28
Mazarin, Cardinal, 72, 175, 206, 233
Mazer cup, 453
Medals, ancient silver dishes mounted with, 139
Medici, Cosimo de', 738, 740, 742, 745, 755
Meditations, the King's (Charles I.), 654
Medows, Mr., 327
Medway, river, 469, 476, 477, 481, 511, 572, 733
Melons, 46, 102
Memoirs relating to the State of the Navy, Pepys's, xvi, xxii
Memory, art of, 67
Mercer, Anne, 399, 455, 457, 485, 577, 602, 609, 627, 649
Mercer, Mary, 279, 290, 294, 307, 308, 311, 313-17, 322, 344, 347, 349, 360, 362, 364-6, 369, 371, 373, 375, 381, 383, 384, 387, 398, 399, 403, 405-8, 410, 411, 415, 423, 437, 449, 455, 457, 459, 465, 483, 485, 486, 518, 528, 538, 556, 577, 602, 603, 609, 613, 615, 620, 624, 627, 644, 649-51, 655, 656, 662, 663, 668, 670, 671, 673, 674, 676-8, 684
Mercer, Mrs., 378, 399, 415, 627, 649, 670
Mercer, William, 387, 465
Mercers' Chapel, 67, 417
Mercers' Company, 21, 495
Mercers' Hall, 15
Merchant Taylors, History of the, 670
Merchant Taylors' Hall, 406
Merchants, Company of Strangers, 709
Merchants' Gate, 180
Meres, Sir Thomas, 452, 527
Meriton, John, 324, 438, 496
Merrit, Dr., 154
Merry Andrew, 674
Merry Beggars, The, 93
Merry Devil of Edmonton, The, 95
Merry Wives of Windsor, The, 58, 102, 541
Mersenne's *Harmonie Universelle*, 654
Merton Abbey, 652
Messiah, wager respecting a new, 370

Metamorphoses, Ovid's, 167
Meteor, appearance of a, 652
Metheglin, 13, 403
Mews, the, Charing Cross, 101, 102, 305
Meynell, Sheriff. *See* Maynell
Mezzotinto, 354
Michell, Mr., 327, 467, 617, 640
Michell, Mrs., 168, 327, 444, 445
Michell, young Mr., 334, 400, 412, 453, 467, 548, 643, 665
Michell, Mrs. (Betty), 400, 432, 435, 461, 467, 544, 548, 643, 665, 666
Mico, Alderman, 244
Microscope, 275
Middleburgh, 36
Middlesex, Earl of, 32
Middleton, Earl of, 241, 485, 519, 520, 598, 601, 675, 683, 684, 732, 736, 745, 748, 749
Middleton, Colonel Thomas, 204, 287, 431, 562, 591, 593, 624, 652, 667, 680, 692, 699-701, 705, 706, 710, 718, 721, 730, 733-8, 742, 745, 751, 753
Middleton, Mrs. (wife of Colonel Thomas), 716, 718
Middleton, John, the 'Child of Hale,' 658
Middleton, Mrs., 307, 309, 346, 387, 419, 461, 514
Middleton, Thomas, *The Mayor of Quinborough*, 392
Middleton and Rowley, plays by—
Changeling, 71
Spanish Gipsy, 89, 626
Middleton, Jonson, and Fletcher, *The Widow*, 63
Midsummer Night's Dream, 115
Mildmay, Sir H., 115, 313
Mile End, 268, 541, 544, 621, 651, 656, 665
Mile End Green, 310, 418, 574
Miles's Coffee-house, 3, 4, 11
Milford, man-of-war, 299, 754
Militia, 13, 166, 418, 634
Milk Street, 255
Miller, Lieutenant-Colonel, 8
Miller's man hanged for his master, 641
Mills (Milles), Dr. Daniel, 46, 54, 58, 61, 68, 71, 73-5, 87, 103, 111, 116, 132, 137, 138, 147, 156, 157, 159, 175, 213, 220, 244, 256, 320, 368, 380, 450, 462, 495, 500, 502, 556, 584-6, 595, 644, 645, 656, 662, 683, 698, 704, 718, 750
Mills, Mrs., 68, 116, 279, 556, 645, 656, 662, 704
Mills, Daniel, son of the preceding, 584, 586
Millicent, Sir John, 142
Milton, 334
Minchin Lane, 157, 662
Mingo, Sir W. Batten's servant, 70, 74, 76, 179
Mings (Myngs), Sir Christopher, 323, 343, 349, 352, 374, 379, 387, 388, 390, 391, 394
Miniature painting, 118, 119, 354
Minnes, Captain, 123, 304
Minnes, Mr., 441
Minnes, Mrs., 526
Minnes, Sir John, 76, 96, 98, 106, 108, 110, 130, 131, 134, 136, 149, 155, 158, 160-62, 164-6, 175, 177, 179, 180-84, 186, 188, 192, 196, 198, 200-202, 204, 206, 208-9, 219, 220, 222, 224, 234, 235, 239, 262, 272, 280-82, 286-8, 290, 293, 299, 300, 304, 305, 308, 312, 316, 318, 337, 339, 341-4, 347, 349, 357, 362, 363, 387, 404, 410, 411, 424, 425, 429, 435, 437, 442, 452, 456, 468, 470, 477, 479, 495, 504, 508, 510, 517, 520, 539, 542, 545, 548, 558, 562, 575, 587, 589, 590, 624, 625, 628, 632, 636, 637, 654, 668, 670, 675-8, 684, 692, 697, 698, 700-702, 705, 716, 735-7, 742, 743, 748, 752, 753
Minnikin, angling with a, 476
Minories, the, 451, 496
Minors, Captain, 608
Minshell, Mr., 81
Mint, the, 183, 196, 299
Miscarriages, Committee of, 614-616, 619, 620, 630, 634, 635
Mistaken Beauty, The, 587
Mitchell. *See* Michell
Mitre Tavern, 172, 242, 266
Mitre Tavern, in Wood Street, 48, 78, 331
Mitre, the, in Fenchurch Street, 143
Mitre, the, in Fleet Street, 5
Mocenigo, Pietro, 682
Mock Astrologer, The. See *Evening's Love*
Moders, Mary ('German Princess'), 198, 200
Moffett (Muffet), Thomas, 585
Mogul, the, 484
Mohair, 56, 169
Mohun, Michael, 56, 485, 714
Mole, the. *See* Algiers *and* Tangier
Molines, James, 460
Moll. *See* Orange Moll
Monastery at St. James's, Pepys's visit to, 457
Money, supposed to be hoarded, 196
amount of, in circulation, 361
Monk, George. *See* Albemarle, Duke of
Monk, Lady. *See* Albemarle, Duchess of
Monmouth, Duke of, 149, 156, 161, 167, 169, 177, 187-9, 194, 195, 226, 227, 235, 240, 243, 245, 260, 288, 300, 329, 378, 440, 449, 483, 502, 503, 555,
Monmouth, Duke of—*continued* 556, 579, 593, 596, 604, 642, 647, 678, 694, 726, 753
Monmouth, Duchess of, 169, 170, 188, 300, 440, 512, 515, 604, 650, 666, 680, 723
Monmouth, man-of-war, 520
'Monmouth cock,' the, 502
Monpesson, Mr., 202, 595
Monsieur Thomas, 102
Monson, Lord, 115
Monster, at Salisbury, 288
Montacutes, tombs of the, 659
Montagu, Ambassador, 69
Montagu, Lord, of Boughton, 41, 194, 325, 345
Montagu, Sir Edward. *See* Sandwich, 1st Earl of
Montagu, Sir Edward, Chief Justice, 344, 345
Montagu, Sir Edward, son of the Chief Justice, 344
Montagu, Edward, 19-21, 35, 88, 89, 97, 102-104, 114, 115, 120, 122, 126, 138, 141, 167, 174, 177, 178, 190, 202, 224, 260, 270, 276, 335
Montagu, Edward, son of Earl of Sandwich. *See* Hinchinbroke, Lord
Montagu, George, 15, 16, 35, 37, 38, 46, 62, 93, 114, 185, 452, 579, 615, 626, 629, 638, 640, 644, 677
Montagu, Mrs., wife of George, 638
Montagu, James, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 661
Montagu, James, of Lackham, 521
Montagu, James, son of Earl of Sandwich, 271
Montagu, John, 95, 565
Montagu, Lady, at Westminster, 99, 406
Montagu, Lady Anne, 565
Montagu, Lady Catherine, 97, 99, 266, 655
Montagu, Lady Elizabeth. *See* Pickering, Lady
Montagu, Lady Jemimah. *See* Carteret, Lady Jemimah
Montagu, Lady Paulina, 93, 97-9, 132, 244, 251, 264, 565, 653, 719, 721, 726, 741
Montagu, Oliver, 95, 565
Montagu, Ralph, 114, 120
Montagu, Sidney, son of Earl of Sandwich, 53, 63, 95, 96, 167, 265, 268, 342, 372, 682, 683, 689, 708, 710, 751
Montagu, Sir Sidney, Master of the Requests to Charles I., 345
Montagu, Walter (Abbot), 87, 206
Montagu, William, Attorney-General, afterwards Lord Chief Baron, 17, 52, 62, 112, 194, 372, 456, 490, 596, 606
Montagu, Mrs., wife of William, 112, 596

Montagu, the, 83
Montaigne's *Essays*, 630
Monteith, Mr., 655
Montelion 1660, the Prophetical Almanack, 55
Moone, Captain, 299
Moone, Mr., 413
Moone, Michael. *See* Mohun
Moor of Venice. See *Othello*
Moore, Dr., 173
Moore, Frank, 134
Moore, Jonas, 86, 175, 219, 559
Moore, Mr., 2, 4, 10, 11, 13, 21, 22, 36, 39, 44-6, 48, 50, 52, 58, 59, 62, 63, 78, 84, 87, 92, 95-7, 102, 108, 114, 115, 127, 129, 138, 154, 160, 162, 164, 155, 186, 194, 202, 204, 207, 216, 217, 228, 229, 243, 257, 265, 266, 289, 296, 311, 317, 319, 326, 411, 448, 489, 495, 522, 538, 546, 555, 556, 574, 578, 582, 592, 593, 612, 624, 627, 680, 715, 726
Moore, Mrs., of Cambridge, 501
Moorfields, 90, 119, 130, 273, 282, 338, 410, 417, 463, 482, 483, 521, 629, 632
Moorgate, 650
Moors, the, 634, 725
Mootham, Captain, 69, 388
Mordaunt, Lady, wife of Sir George Mordaunt, 447, 713, 726
Mordaunt, Lord, 293, 443, 459, 462, 466, 517, 534, 575
Morecock, Mr., 498
Morena. *See* Dekins, Mrs.
Morgan, Sir Anthony, 625
Morland, Sir Samuel, xii, 27, 28, 45, 57, 214, 291, 292, 551, 629
Morland, Lady, 214, 557
Morley, Colonel Herbert, 3
Morley, George, Bishop of Winchester, 168, 540, 594, 612
Morrice, Captain, 64
Morrice, Mr., 74
Morrice, Mrs., 182
Morrice, Sir William. *See* Morris
Morrice's tavern, 729
Morris, Humphrey, 464
Morris, Sir William, Secretary of State, 43, 157, 177, 426, 464, 501, 511, 517, 547, 575, 580, 596, 616, 617, 677
Morris-dancing, 191
Mortality, Bills of, 121, 329, 338, 339, 342, 344, 346, 353, 355, 359, 363, 366, 367, 373
Mortlake, 127, 325, 406
Morton, Earl of, 745
Morton, Sir John, 724
Morton, Sir William, 724
Morton (Pepys's cousin), 13
Moscow, 280
Mossom (Mossum), Dr. Robert, 11, 16, 37, 587
Moulins (Molines), James, 460
Mound, a labourer. 678
Mount, Mr. 72, 238
Mount's Bay, Cornwall, 126, 682
Mourning dress, purple, 48
Mouth, the, at Bishopsgate, 282
Moxon, globemaker, 216
Moyer, Lawrence, 495
Moyer, Samuel, 109, 495, 523
Moyre (mohair), 56, 169
Muddiman, Mr., 3
Muff, worn by Pepys, 163
Muffet, Thomas, 585
Mulberry Garden, 652, 672, 738
Mulberry Garden, The, 603, 647, 651, 652, 664
Mulgrave, Earl of, 681
Mulliner, Goody, 654
Mullins, Ned, 221, 222
Mum, a kind of ale, 80, 258
Mum-house in Leadenhall, 258
Mumford, Mrs., 334
Mummy, shown to Pepys, 649
Murford, Captain, 37, 71, 166, 563, 564, 566, 658
Murford, Widow, 498
Murray, Sir Robert, 302, 312, 403, 463, 465, 707
Music, barber's, 36
Italian, 458, 463, 482
Music meeting, account of a, 283
Music Society, 556
Musicae Compendium, Descartes', 703
Musical Instruments. *See under each name*
Musical sounds, on, 407
Musk, a cod of, 367
Muskerry, Lord, 262, 292, 317
Mussle, a bank in the Medway, 520
Mustapha, 308, 453, 539, 551, 570, 614
Muster-masters, 378, 455
Musurgia Universalis, Kircher's, 620
Myles, John, 447
Mynne, Elizabeth. *See* Evelyn, Mrs. Richard

'Naked bed,' the expression, 418
Nan. *See* Markham, Mrs.
Nanteuil, Robert, 711, 718
Napier's bones, or rods, 559
Naufragium Joculare, 71
Naval Miscellanies, xvi
Naval Precedents, xv
Naval Minutes, xvi
Navarre, Queen of, 606
Navarre wine, 715
Navigation, Act of, 297, 523
Navigation, Fournier's book on, 603
Navy, the, 44, 67, 95, 107, 111, 160, 163, 165, 169, 171, 175, 176, 178, 188, 189, 192, 199, 208, 213, 216, 219, 220, 227, 245, 261, 289, 291, 309, 311, 353, 358, 365, 370, 382, 400, 422-4, 426-8, 440, 456, 464, 466, 508, 537, 539, 542, 561, 586, 588, 598, 611, 663, 665, 673, 687-690, 695-8, 701, 716, 721, 726,
Navy, the—*continued*
727-32, 735-8, 748, 750, 751. *See also* Admiralty, Fleet, Ships
Commissioners of, 19, 40, 126, 289, 392, 572, 577, 578, 729, 751
Committee of the Council for, 615, 621, 638, 652, 655, 657, 665, 667
Pepys's draft of the administration of, 716, 742
Pepys's projected History of, 263, 605, 729
Navy books, old, 263, 357, 371, 717
Navy Office, 41, 42, 61, 105, 112, 170, 224, 335, 412, 511, 611, 672, 673, 692, 738
Pepys's letter on the state of the, 667, 671-4, 680, 692, 696, 750
Navy, A Discourse concerning the Past and Present State of the, 67
Navy, Discourse of the, Holland's, 730
Naylor, Mr., 120, 483
Naseby, man-of-war, 14, 18, 19, 21, 23, 32, 37
Neale, Sir Paul, 113, 302, 449, 640
Neale, Thomas, 265, 318
Neat-houses, 406, 537, 655
Nell, Pepys's servant, 112, 538
Nell, Pepys's cook, 645, 651, 685, 724
Nepotisme, Gregorio Leti's, 746
Nettle porridge, 71
Nevill, Mr., 53
Neville. *See* Braybrooke
New Amsterdam, 282
New Bridewell, 283
New Chapel churchyard, Broadway, 327
'New Droll, The,' song, 453
New England, 184, 289
New England fleet, 445
New Exchange. *See under* Exchange
New Netherlands (New Amsterdam), 282
New Street, Fetter Lane, 42
New York (formerly New Netherlands), 282
Newark, 301
Newborne, Mr., 73
Newbury, 661
Newbury, man-of-war, 20
Newcastle, xxi, 78, 506, 513, 553, 556, 598, 692
Newcastle, Duke of, 105, 479, 484, 713
Country Captain, 105, 108, 541, 650
Humorous Lovers, 479, 484
Feigned Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all (with Dryden), 541, 542, 561, 564, 568, 598, 643, 653

Newcastle, Duchess of, 489, 491, 492, 494, 501
Life of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, 630
Newcastle, a ship, 66
Newcastle House, 494
Newgate, 51, 493, 522, 537, 588, 627, 665
Newgate Market, 166, 417
Newhall, 236
Newington, 83
Newington Green, 257
Newman, Samuel, 606
Newmarket, 219, 653, 667, 688, 725, 746
Newmarket Heath, 658
Newport, 564
Newport, Andrew, 628
Newport, Mr., 727
Newport, young Mr., 655, 656
Newport Church, 657
Newport Pagnell, 657
Newport Street, 712
Newsbook (*The Intelligencer*), 215, 319
Newton, Sir Isaac, xxi
Nicholas, Dr. Matthew, 96
Nicholas, Mr., 12
Nicholas, Sir Edward, 38, 40, 43, 128, 154, 208, 248, 583
Nicholas, Sir John, 638
Nicholls, Mr., 322
Nicholson, Mr., 135
Night Walker, or The Little Thief, 75, 122
Nightingale (Pepys's cousin), 94
Ninepins, game of, 21, 34, 35, 198
Nixon, Captain, 314, 315
Noble, John, 26, 254, 255, 259, 262, 277
Noble, Mr., 26
Noble, Mrs., 445
Noel, Juliana (Lady Alington), 475
Noel, Sir Martin, 148, 247, 346, 348
Noel, Lady, 348
Nokes, Mr., 333
Nokes, Mrs., 333
Nonconformists, 186, 594, 625, 628, 644, 670, 698, 702, 729
Nonsuch House, 334, 344, 346, 356, 358, 417
Park, 211, 344
Nonsuch, man-of-war, 27, 296, 299, 730
Norbury, Mr., 89, 258, 383
Norbury, Mrs., 114, 218, 383
Nore, the, 304, 342, 355, 381, 389, 481, 504, 517, 530, 532
Norfolk, 117, 518, 578
Norfolk, Duke of, 456
Normandy, Duke of, 80
Norris, framemaker, 747
North, Sir Charles, 23, 27, 31, 34, 597
North, Lady, 597
North, Sir Dudley, 14, 21, 23, 597
North Foreland, 19, 296
Northampton, 6, 21, 195
Northampton, Earl of, 589
Northamptonshire, 496
Northdown ale, 47, 62
Northern Castle, The, 556
Northumberland, Duke of, 308, 365
Northumberland, Algernon, tenth Earl of, 39, 81, 717, 742
Northumberland, Countess of, 479
Northumberland, Henry, ninth Earl of, 727
Northwich, Earl of. *See* Norwich
Norton, Colonel, 324, 412, 507
Norton, Joyce, 121, 244, 250, 714, 744
Norton, Mr., son of the Colonel, 324, 412
Norton, Mrs., 324, 412
Norton, Mrs., actress, 164, 168, 396
Norton, Roger, 411
Norton St. Philips, Church of, 659
Norwich, 265
Norwich, Earl of, 20, 68, 421
Norwich, man-of-war, 88
Norwood, Colonel, 164, 700, 712, 730
Norwood, Mr., 21, 24
Nostradamus, Michael, 460
Nott, bookbinder, 728
Nouvelle Allegorique, La, 356
Nova Scotia, 494, 553
'Nuisance,' discussion respecting the word, 453, 454
Number 666, Interpretation of the, 370, 435, 438
Nun, Madame, 754
Nun's Bridge, Hinchinbroke, 566
Nunneries, 130
'Nursery' for actors, 274, 602, 621, 622, 627, 744
Nutmegs, 345, 356
Nye, Philip, 54

Oates, Captain Thomas, 227, 239
Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, 43, 45
Oblivion, Act of, 22
O'Brien, Lady Penelope, 213
O'Bryan, Captain, 570, 604, 650
Observations, Graunt's, 121, 329
Oceana, Harrington's, 549, 595
Off-square (half-square), 144
Offices, Tully's, 63
Offly, Mr., 635, 692
Offord, 92, 483
Ogilby, John, 370, 499
Aesop's Fables, 63, 66, 370
Entertainment of Charles II., 370
Ogle, Ann, 723
Okey, John, 120, 121, 124
Old Artillery Ground, 743
Old Bailey, 114, 131, 170, 260, 262, 416, 447
Old Courtier of the Kings, Old Song of *The*, 661
Old Exchange. *See* Exchange
Old Fish Street, 406
Old Ford, 263, 656, 749
Old James Tavern, 310
Old Jury (Jewry), 108
Old Palace Yard, 109
Old Pall Mall, at St. James's, 145
Old Sarum, 658, 661
Old Street, 645
Old Swan Tavern, 74, 146, 325, 358, 406, 412, 444, 516, 548, 617, 629, 649, 655, 673. (*Cf. also* Swan Tavern)
Old Troop, The, or Monsieur Ragou, 668
Oldenburg, Henry, 283, 516, 747
Olla, Spanish, 738, 749
O'Neill (O'Neale), Daniel, 137, 285
Opdam, Admiral, 29, 31, 314, 317
Opera, 91, 96, 100, 105-8, 110, 118, 199, 122, 128, 129, 463
Opium, 260
Orange, House of, 473
Orange, William I., Prince of, 30, 323
Orange, Prince of (afterwards William III.), 27, 28, 31, 32, 317, 323, 409, 427, 466
Orange, Princess of, 29, 31-3, 47, 49, 57, 60-62
Orange Moll, 412, 543, 545, 578, 597
Orange-trees in St. James's Park, 256
Orange woman, Pepys and the, 649
Oranges, China, 363
Oranges grown at Hackney, 395
Ordnance, Commissioners of the, 320, 575
Officers of the, 137, 148, 466, 474, 507, 573, 743
Ordnance Office, 288, 487, 506, 511, 732
Organs, introduction of, 54, 61, 457, 482, 486, 621
Organon, Bacon's, 28
Origin of Forms and Qualities, Boyle's, 636, 712
Origines Juridiciales, Dugdale's, 423
Origines Sacrae, by Edward Stillingfleet, 355
Orleans, Duke of. *See* Anjou
Orleans, Duchess of, 33, 47, 57, 62, 64, 65, 67, 73, 236
Ormond, Duke of, 46, 57, 81, 84, 125, 248, 433, 454, 461, 523, 579, 609, 646, 649, 652, 689, 690, 695, 698, 706, 716, 723, 727, 742
Orrery, Lord, 38, 284, 646, 670, 741
Black Prince, 570, 574, 636
Guzman, 741
Henry the Fifth, 276, 282, 451, 464, 539, 570, 665
Mustapha, 308, 453, 539, 551, 570, 614
The General, 282, 745
Tryphon, 699
Ortolans, 399

Osborne, Francis, his *Advice to a Son*, 104, 241
Osborne, Henry, Commissioner of Accounts, 664
Osborne, Nicholas, 13, 48, 49, 272, 273, 459
Osborne, Sir Thomas, 688-91, 693, 700, 705, 717, 727, 736, 737, 742, 750, 752
Ossory, Earl of, 71, 433, 440, 441
Ostend, 278, 386
  privateers, 596
  prize, 623
Otacousticon, 636
Othello, 51, 410, 714
Otter, Tom, 536
Oundle, 16
Outram, William, 176
Overbury, Mr., 727
Overton, Major-General, 14, 60
Oviatt, Mr., 528
Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 167
Owen, Dr., 125
Oxford, 115, 207, 214, 218, 347, 351, 357-9, 621, 657, 726, 749
  Theatre at, 713
Oxford, All Souls College, 658
  Brazenose College, 658
  Christ Church, 539, 658
  Christ's Hospital, 658
Oxford, Earl of, 48, 129, 139, 194, 295, 296, 381, 489, 503
Oxford, man-of-war, 299
Oxford Gazette, 357
Oxford Kate, 206
Oxman, a Fifth-Monarchy man, 66
Oyer and Terminer, Commission of, 184
Oysters, Colchester, 103

Packer, Mr., 754
Page, Captain, 388
Page, Daman (Damaris), 633
Pagett, Mr., 165, 167
Painter, The Third Advice to a, 448, 456
  The Fourth Advice, 556
Painters, Company of, 744
Painters. *See under* Hales, Kneller, Lely, Savill, etc.
Palace Yard, 146
Pall Mall, 43, 48, 194, 209, 212, 323, 369, 389, 458, 471, 487, 554, 630, 674, 681, 685, 747
Palmer, Mrs. *See* Castlemaine, Countess of
Palmer, Roger. *See* Castlemaine, Earl of
Palmer, Sir Geoffrey, 39, 548, 671
Pantheon, at the Escurial, 629
Panther, man-of-war, 527
Pantograph, 687, 699, 707, 708, 714, 744
Paper and Parchment Bill, 448
Papillon, Thomas, 745
Papists, Apology in behalf of the, 444, 466
Papists no Catholics, 594
Paragon, the, 21
Parallelogram. *See* Pantograph
Pargiter, Mr., 93, 104, 280
Parham, Mr., 163
Paris, 150, 329, 441, 467, 473, 517, 609, 665
  Gombout's Plan of, 441
Parker, Mr., 72
Parker, Mr. (perhaps the same), 743
Parker, Mr., merchant in Park Lane, 109
Parker, Mrs., 577
Parkhurst, Mrs., 643
Parliament, 2-5, 8-10, 13, 14, 16, 20-22, 30, 35, 55, 58, 62, 87, 93, 104, 108, 113, 119, 129, 178, 181-3, 185, 186, 188, 192, 197-9, 201, 205, 206, 209, 210, 225, 226, 247, 250-53, 263, 289, 290, 308, 350, 351, 353, 366, 372, 375, 379, 406, 411, 420-22, 424-6, 428-31, 433, 436, 438, 442-4, 446-8, 453, 454, 459, 462, 463, 465, 466, 487, 511, 516-18, 524, 530, 531, 533, 543, 545, 556, 559, 567-577, 580, 598, 599, 606, 608, 612, 613, 616, 619, 624, 627, 628, 630, 635, 641, 643, 644, 670, 684, 689, 692, 695, 698, 700, 702, 707, 708, 721, 729, 731, 744, 746, 748. *See also* Commons, House of
Parliament, the Irish, 185
Parliament, the Long, 51
Parliament-men, formerly paid, 602, 635, 649
Parma, 208
Parson's Drove, 217
Parson's Green, Fulham, 544
Parson's Wedding, 284
Partridges in France, 376
Passion, print of the, 435
Patches, black. *See* Black patches
Patent Office, 728, 732
Patents, Clerk of the, 694
Paternoster Row, 55, 127, 204, 255, 316, 318, 364, 365
Patience, Pepys's cousin, 330
Patient Grizill, 547
Paul's Wharf, 414, 417
Payne, a waiter, 342
Payne, a waterman, 84, 85, 680
Peachell, John, xii, 94, 492, 654
Peak, the, Derbyshire, 173
Pease-porridge, 738, 740
Pedly, Mr., 18, 718, 719
Pedro II., King of Portugal, 592
Pedro, Signor, 272
Pedro, Sir Thomas Crew's servant, 69
Pelham. *See* Humphrey, Pelham
Pelham, Mr., a merchant, 655
Pelling, John, Rector of Bath, 661
Pelling, Mr., the apothecary, 506, 508, 518, 543, 544, 548, 556, 560, 563, 571, 595, 606, 628,
Pelling, Mr.—*continued* 631, 634, 637, 662, 665, 666, 670, 721, 732
Pelling, Mrs., 544
Pell-mell (Pele-mele), game of, 75, 238
Pell Mell. *See* Pall Mall
Pells, Clerk of the, 346
Pemberton, Sir Francis, 614, 635
Pembleton, Mr., dancing-master, 189, 192, 193, 195, 198, 451, 457, 494, 525, 577, 602, 720
Pembroke, Earl of, 24, 50, 283, 637, 659
Penn, Dick, 301
Penn, General, 19, 31, 265
Penn, Margaret. *See* Lowther, Mrs.
Penn, Sir William, 37, 41, 44, 46, 47, 50, 53, 59-61, 67, 69-71, 73-5, 78, 79, 86-8, 90, 93-5, 97-111, 118-28, 131, 134, 136-8, 147-9, 151, 163, 165, 168, 171, 173, 174, 180, 182-4, 186, 189, 192, 193, 201, 227, 231, 237, 238, 251, 266, 274, 276, 283, 286, 287, 295-8, 304, 307, 312, 314, 319, 320, 323, 324, 343, 349, 351, 354, 356, 365, 379, 383, 386, 388, 396, 397, 401, 405, 406, 410-12, 414-416, 418-21, 423, 424, 426, 429, 437, 440, 448, 452, 453, 455, 456, 458, 459, 465, 467, 470, 472-7, 479, 484, 486, 491, 492, 495-7, 499, 502, 503, 505, 509, 510, 513, 515-17, 520, 529, 537, 540-43, 545-7, 549, 551, 555, 557, 558, 562, 567, 568, 570-74, 579, 592, 593, 604, 608, 611, 613, 616, 618, 619, 621, 623-5, 628-35, 637, 639-45, 647, 651, 654, 657, 662, 670, 676-80, 683, 688-92, 696, 702, 736, 748, 751
Penn, Lady, 276, 309, 315, 317, 330, 378, 387, 390, 396, 408, 419-21, 425, 435, 452, 457, 468, 470, 497, 499, 546, 555, 648, 651, 680
Penn, Sir William ('Vieux Pen'), 265
Penn, William (founder of Pennsylvania), 70, 106, 121, 125, 137, 277, 278, 312, 596, 684, 716
Pennington, Isaac, 355
Pennington, Mrs., 348, 355
Penny, Mr., 365, 423
Pepper, Mr., 71, 152, 153
Pepys, the family, 295
Pepys, Anne (cousin), 132, 133, 578
Pepys, Bab, 716, 718-22, 726, 727
Pepys, Betty, 716, 718-22, 726, 727
Pepys, Charles, 260
Pepys, Dr. John, 153
Pepys, Dr. Thomas, 63, 93, 94, 138, 142, 146, 277, 298
Pepys, Edward, 235, 236, 239, 249, 535

Pepys, Mrs. Edward, 82, 200, 202, 235
Pepys, Elizabeth (Pepys's wife), xii, xviii, etc., 1-3, 5, 6, 8, 10, 16, 19, 20, 26-8, 35-37, 39, 42, 45-7, 51, 52, 54-63, 69-71, 73, 74, 80-84, 88-90, 92, 95, 97-108, 110-13, 115-19, 122, 124, 126-32, 136, 137, 139, 143, 147, 150, 151, 155, 159-61, 163-6, 168-73, 175, 177, 180, 184, 187-9, 191-4, 196, 198, 201, 204, 208, 214, 216-18, 220-23, 228, 230-32, 235-44, 248-53, 255, 257-60, 263, 266-8, 274-82, 284, 286-290, 294, 296, 300-303, 305, 307-11, 313-20, 322, 323, 329, 330, 334, 335, 337, 338, 340-341, 344-6, 348, 349, 353, 355, 357-62, 364-9, 371-8, 380-83, 387, 390-93, 398-400, 403, 405-408, 410-12, 414, 415, 418-23, 425-8, 432, 433, 435, 438-40, 445, 449-51, 455, 457-9, 461, 462, 465, 467-72, 474-8, 481-3, 485, 486, 489, 494, 499, 500, 503-7, 510, 512, 515, 518, 523-528, 536-8, 540-44, 546-8, 551, 552, 554, 556-68, 570, 574, 577, 579-81, 584-7, 593-5, 597, 600, 601, 603, 604, 607-9, 612, 614, 615, 617, 618, 621-7, 629, 632-6, 644, 647, 650, 657, 659, 660, 662-74, 676, 677, 685, 687-9, 691, 693-716, 718-22, 724-30, 732, 733, 735-41, 743-55
Pepys, Esther (sister), 295
Pepys, Jacob (brother), 295
Pepys, Jane. *See* Turner, Mrs.
Pepys, John (father), 6, 10, 12, 15, 16, 45, 48-50, 55, 57, 60-63, 68, 71, 74, 82, 84, 90-92, 94, 95, 97, 98, 100, 101, 118, 119, 121, 139, 149, 150, 153, 154, 192, 196, 204, 217, 218, 237, 249-51, 255, 275, 278-80, 285, 294, 295, 359, 367, 375, 383, 384, 387, 390-93, 395, 399, 416, 424, 435, 470, 475, 476, 485, 498, 503, 505-7, 512, 515, 564-7, 577, 584, 589, 603, 623, 628, 636, 653, 654, 657, 674
Pepys, John (brother), 2, 3, 8, 12, 15, 16, 27, 68, 71, 83, 92, 100, 101, 118, 142, 153, 154, 175, 237, 278, 295, 371, 418, 419, 425-7, 430, 435, 438, 445, 446, 450, 453, 462, 476, 478, 564, 565, 567, 568, 654, 751, 755
Pepys, Margaret (mother), 48, 68, 74, 97-9, 150, 153, 154, 237, 255, 275, 280, 285, 295, 315-17, 320, 392, 470, 475, 476, 478
Pepys, Mary (aunt), 295
Pepys, Mary (cousin), 292, 598
Pepys, Mary (sister), 295
Pepys, Mr., of Salisbury Court, 609, 697
Pepys, Mrs., who lived with Lady Harvey, 104
Pepys, Nan. *See* Pepys, Anne
Pepys, Paulina. *See* Jackson, Mrs.
Pepys, Richard (cousin), 265
Pepys, Robert (brother), 295
Pepys, Robert (uncle), 68, 90, 91, 97, 101
Pepys, Mrs. Robert, 91, 92, 94
Pepys, Roger (cousin), 41, 73, 94, 153, 160, 176, 177, 182, 186, 187, 197, 201, 203, 204, 206, 209, 265, 291, 443, 458, 466, 470, 505, 510, 533-5, 542, 569, 572, 573, 577, 578, 580, 588, 592, 593, 603, 613, 615, 616, 619, 628-30, 640, 641, 643, 646, 656, 664, 677-9, 688, 691-693, 695, 696, 704, 711, 712, 715, 718, 719, 721, 722, 725-7, 751, 754
Pepys, Mrs., wife of Roger, 705, 711, 712, 715, 716, 718, 719, 721, 722, 726, 727
Pepys, Samuel, account of his life, xi-xxxi
Correspondence of, xxvii
His character, xxix *et seq.*
His cipher, xxv
His contemporary reputation, xxvi, xxvii
His literary work, xvi
His politics, xi
His religion, xviii, xx
Library of, xxiv
Motto of, xxiv
Portraits of, xxiv
Pronunciation of name of, xi
The problem of his *Diary*, xxvii *et seq.*
For detailed references, e.g. Pepys at Cambridge, Pepys at the Duke's Theatre, etc., *see* Cambridge, Duke's Theatre, etc.
Pepys, Samuel (cousin), 107, 136
Pepys, Sarah (sister), 295
Pepys, Talbot, of Impington (great uncle), 92, 106, 374
Pepys, Talbot, son of Roger, 510, 641, 688, 702, 707, 719, 735, 738, 739, 741, 744, 754
Pepys, Thomas (brother), 6, 40, 61, 68, 74, 97, 98, 112, 126, 127, 132, 139, 142, 146, 153-6, 174, 222, 223, 237-9, 241, 249-51, 254, 255, 257, 259, 262, 294, 295, 506, 727
Pepys, Thomas (cousin), 3, 62, 74, 101, 103, 162, 176, 177, 184, 216, 217, 243, 260, 265, 453, 712
Pepys, Thomas, of Hatcham (cousin), 313, 380, 518, 654, 652
Pepys, Thomas (uncle), 14, 15, 62, 63, 79, 101, 153, 160, 176, 177, 184, 205, 216, 217, 239, 295, 427, 453, 499, 565, 598, 636
Pepys, Thomas (the turner), 56, 66, 80, 121, 313, 420, 499, 547, 565
Pepys, Mrs., wife of the preceding, 313
Pepys, William, of Cottenham, 505
Percy, Sir Algernon. *See* Northumberland, tenth Earl of
Percy, Lady, 479
Periwigs, 121, 193, 223-5, 308, 313, 339, 390, 408, 478, 652, 682, 747
Perkin, Jane, 92
Perkin, miller, 84
Perkins, Frank, 217
Perkins, Mr. (Pepys's uncle), 217
Perkins, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 217
Perriman, Captain, 490, 503, 598
Persia, envoy from, 603
Perspective glasses, 499, 666
Perukes. *See* Periwigs
Pest-houses, during the plague, 328, 333
Peterborough, 133
Peterborough, Bishop of, 187
Peterborough, Earl of, 105, 145, 151, 156, 166, 187, 213, 251, 254, 256, 258, 260, 268, 298, 306, 307, 312, 405, 408, 432, 435, 445, 528, 561, 662, 681, 689, 708, 709
Peterborough, Countess of, 213, 435, 558, 561, 608, 662, 681, 704, 706, 723, 737
Peters, Hugh, 47, 50, 120, 186, 235, 697
Peters, Lord, 254
Peters, Lady, 253, 256, 257, 369, 371
Petersfield, 83, 124, 126, 481, 669
Petition of Rights, 649
Pett, Christopher, 65, 286, 310, 379, 411
Pett, Mrs., 65, 349, 639-42
Pett, Peter, Commissioner of the Navy, 29, 30, 40, 41, 47, 60, 64, 65, 70, 76, 78, 85, 116, 137, 140, 143, 148, 155, 164, 166, 180, 181, 184, 186, 197, 207, 208, 209, 235, 288, 307, 309, 333, 338, 347, 401, 404, 423, 469, 473, 493, 498, 504, 506, 508-12, 517, 520, 542, 562, 572-4, 577, 581, 584, 601, 734
Pett, Phineas, 46, 76, 667
Petty, Sir William, 3, 40, 213, 240-42, 293, 301, 302, 306
Peyton, Sir Edward, his *Divine Catastrophe*, 301
Philaster, or Love lies a-bleeding, 107, 655
Philip IV., King of Spain, 47, 206, 221, 222, 348, 369, 372
Philips, cook, 629
Philips, Katherine, poetess, 539, 556, 709
Philips Norton, 659
Phillips, John, his *Prophetical Almanack*, 55

Phillips, Lewis, of Brampton, 107, 197, 375, 594, 629, 653, 754
Phillips, Mrs., 653
Phillips, Mr., 281
Phillips, Mr., messenger of the Council, 23
Philosopher's stone, 307
Philpott Lane, Fenchurch Street, 411
Phipps, Mr., 393
Phœnix, a ship, 296, 299, 476
Physic Garden, in St. James's Park, 256
Piazza, the, Covent Garden, 114, 295, 456
Pickering, Edward, 19, 26, 27, 29, 30, 32, 49, 75, 95, 96, 98, 99, 108, 123, 175, 177, 178, 212, 215, 216, 230, 242, 265, 297, 422, 487, 698, 700, 712, 718, 730
Pickering, Mrs., wife of Edward, 712, 718, 730, 736
Pickering, Elizabeth. *See* Creed, Mrs.
Pickering, Gilbert, 487
Pickering, John, 29-31, 45, 436
Pickering, Lady, 36, 37, 53, 251, 325
Pickering, Oliver, 730
Pickering, Sidney, 686
Pickering, Sir Gilbert, 686
Pictures, 13, 30, 49, 50, 56, 57, 67, 74, 92, 110-12, 114-16, 127, 275, 298, 379, 390, 395, 401, 422, 486, 545, 666, 730, 739-41
Pierce. Betty, 378, 465, 470, 483, 656, 673
Pierce, Dr. *See* Piers, William
Pierce, Dr. James, the surgeon, 5, 6, 12, 30, 37, 62, 67, 74, 138, 141, 149, 154, 155, 159, 167, 172, 173, 193, 200, 202, 208, 212, 214, 222, 225, 230, 238, 240, 242-4, 257, 260, 266, 267, 276, 278, 280, 360, 361, 364, 366, 378, 381, 389, 406, 422, 426, 429, 434, 439, 446, 462, 464, 465, 471, 483, 485, 490, 492, 499, 503, 509, 517, 524, 538, 545, 556, 560, 567, 571, 586, 601, 604, 622, 633, 642-6, 650, 652, 655, 656, 664, 672-4, 686, 695, 706, 735, 741
Pierce, Mrs. (*la belle*), wife of the surgeon, 28, 62, 83, 104, 121, 169, 276, 353, 359-61, 366, 369-71, 374, 375, 377, 380, 381, 383, 406, 407, 433, 437, 439, 457, 458, 465, 470, 483, 499, 500, 540, 556, 557, 575, 597, 601, 602, 604, 627, 631-3, 642, 646, 656, 672, 673, 679, 680, 695, 724
Pierce, James, son of the surgeon, 377, 433, 483, 489, 602, 673, 706
Pierce, Mr., the purser, 47, 62, 67, 88, 104
Pierce, Mrs., wife of the purser, 62, 67
Pierce, Serjeant, 120
Pierrepoint, William, 12, 507, 592
Piers (Pierce), William, Bishop of Bath and Wells, 50, 187
Pierson, Dr., 250, 525
Piety, the Causes of the Decay of, 601
Pigeons, laid to the feet, 221, 606
Pigott, Mr., 282
Piggott, Mr., of the Music Society, 556
Piggott, Sir Richard, 732
Pillory, the, 252, 593, 594, 606
Pim, the tailor, 21, 29, 45, 47, 104
Pinchbacke, Mr., 421
Pinkney, Leonard, 14, 26
Pitts, Mr., secretary to Sir J. Lawson, 188, 193
Pitts, Mr., of the King's Head, Islington, 252, 257
Pizarro y Orellana, Fernando, his *Varones ilustres del Nuevo Mundo*, 642
Plague, the Great, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322-43, 346-8, 350, 353-9, 361-9, 371, 373, 374, 377, 379-381, 387, 391, 397, 406, 407, 410, 441, 481
Plague in Holland, 221, 224, 231, 259, 265, 279
Plaster cast of Pepys's head, 715, 717, 721, 730
Player, Sir Thomas, 374
Playford, John, 161
his Catch-book, 485
Pleasure boat, the King's, 78, 100, 143
Plum porridge, 168
Plume, Thomas, 342, 359, 735
Plymouth, 291, 296, 365, 470, 480, 481, 527, 588, 618
Plymouth, man-of-war, 23, 26, 45
Poland, 141, 471, 560
Poleron, 261, 553
Polichinelle, xxxii, 410, 412, 483, 551, 574, 645, 675
Politician Cheated, The, 212
Poll Bill, the, 446, 447, 455, 458, 464, 467, 476, 493, 503, 619
Poll-money, 482
Act of Rate for, 47
Poll-tax, 630
Pollard, Sir Hugh, 444
Polyglot Bibles, 425
Pompey the Great, Corneille's, 393
Poole, Captain, 87, 299
Poole, Jonas, 319
Poole, Mrs., 546
Pooly, Sir Edmund, 353, 356
Pooly, Lady, 407
Poor's box, in Holland, 150
Pope. *See* Alexander VII. *and* Clement IX.
Popery, 186, 450
Pope's Head Alley, 56, 134
Pope's Head, the, in Cornhill, 119
Pope's Head Tavern, 361, 404, 439, 708
Popham, Alexander, 661
Popham, Sir Francis, 443
'Porridge,' nickname for Book of Common Prayer, 147
Porter, Charles, 165, 194, 447, 635, 636, 725
Porter, Mr., the turner, 334
Porter, Mrs., 334
Porter, Thomas, 194
The Villain, 155, 168, 171, 339, 534, 538, 540, 574
Portholme, 92, 153, 653
Portland, 306
Portland, Earl of, 317
Portland, man-of-war, 385
Portman, Lady, 707
Portman, Mr., 227
Portsmouth, 38, 62, 64, 67, 82, 83, 124-7, 129, 171, 209, 225, 284, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 301, 302, 322, 351, 418, 430, 450, 462, 472, 476, 477, 481, 486, 509, 512, 527, 591, 617, 669, 682, 715, 748
Pepys made a burgess of, 125
Portugal, 75, 97, 104, 114, 121, 123, 128, 129, 133, 136, 160, 195, 203, 222, 369, 473, 474, 614, 619, 657
Portugal, King of. *See* Alfonso VI. *and* Pedro II.
Portugal, Queen of. *See* Luiza
Portuguese, 123, 204, 205
Portuguese ladies, 129, 134
Post Office, 45, 283
Posthouse, at Dartford, 66
Potter, Francis, his *Interpretation of the Number 666*, 370, 435, 438
Poultny, Sir William. *See* Pulteney
Poultry, the, 48
Poundy, the waterman, 582
Povy (Povey), Thomas, 131, 156, 168, 169, 173, 176, 183, 213, 231, 251, 253, 256, 258, 261, 268, 281, 291, 298, 302, 305-312, 321, 325, 336, 339, 340, 350, 397, 405, 408, 428, 431, 433, 477, 494, 495, 514-16, 535, 554, 555, 595, 608, 662, 663, 688, 689, 691, 694, 696, 706, 707, 709, 712, 714, 716, 717, 732, 741, 748, 751
Povy, Mrs., 336
Powdered beef, 130
Powell, Mr., Sir W. Coventry's clerk, 505
Powell, young Mr., 38
Powle, Sir Richard, 724
Poynter, Mr., 608
Poynton (? Boynton), Colonel, 714
Poyntz, Captain, 281
Praevaricator, at Cambridge, 281
Pratt, Monsieur, 511
Prayer Book, the, 39, 43, 44, 54, 117, 142-4, 147, 151

Presbyter John, 251
Presbyterian clergy, 143, 151
Presbyterians, 21, 22, 24, 36, 42, 46, 52, 54, 75, 142-4, 147, 148, 161, 170, 177, 181, 182, 199, 336, 510, 606
Pressed Money, Bill for, 470
Presses for books, Pepys's, 402, 410, 603, 611
Pressgang, 313, 396, 397, 542
Prettyman, Lady, 437
Price, Jack, 3, 4
Price, Mrs., 389
Price, Sir Herbert, 638
Prichard, Mr., 608
Pride, Thomas, 58
Pridgeon, Sir Francis. *See* Prujean
Primate, Mr., 235
Prin, Monsieur, 574
Prin, William. *See* Prynne
Prince, man-of-war, 76, 208, 324, 343, 345, 435, 532
Princess, man-of-war, 509
Princess, The, or Love at First Sight, 109
Prisoners of war, 547, 553
Pritchard, Fifth-Monarchy man, 66
Privateers, 484, 485, 492, 596
Privileges, Committee of, 256
Privileges of the House of Lords Bill, 589
Privy Council, 4, 126, 128, 129, 141, 147, 190, 223, 367, 514, 517, 553, 601
Privy Councillors, 36, 37, 157, 514, 553
Privy Seal, Clerks of the, 37, 95
Privy Seal Office, 41, 43-6, 58, 59, 95-7, 102, 110, 111, 127, 182, 202, 246, 249, 726, 727
Prize fights, 499, 554, 740
Prize goods, 343, 345-9, 351, 362-365, 368, 370, 384, 424, 454, 456, 463, 476, 480, 558, 574, 577, 582, 592, 611, 614, 615, 621-3, 634, 640, 641
Prize Office, the, 290, 292, 299, 454
Prizes, Commissioners for, 290, 349, 455, 464, 673
Proby, Mr., 223
Proclamation to the Fleet, the King's, 23
Proctor, vintner, 331
Prodigies, Discourse concerning, 262
Progers, Edward, 245, 465, 554, 555, 626, 630, 755
Prophecies, Mother Shipton's, 431, 598
Prophecy concerning the mark of the Beast, 370
Protestants, 28, 185, 246, 445, 606, 611, 614
Protractor, instrument used in surveying, 714
Proud, Captain, 529
Proundy's boat, 416
Providence, fireship, 334, 393, 730
Prujean (Pridgeon), Sir Francis, 222, 288, 393
Prujean, Lady, 393
Prynne (Prin), William, 11, 13, 50, 86, 87, 130, 132, 161, 201, 252, 259, 260, 263, 371, 379, 397, 602
Psalms, the French, 28
Psalms, Whole Book of, 290
Puckeridge, 12, 100, 152
Pudding Lane, 412, 453
Pulgar, Fernando del, his *Los Claros Varones*, 642
Pulsford, Mr., 6
Pulteney, Sir William, 3
Pulteney, Lady, 262
'Punch,' the word, 747
Punnet, pilot, 520
Puppet plays, 99, 106, 127, 129, 152, 160, 541, 547, 676, 680
Purcell, Henry, 11
Puritanism, 99, 251
Puritans, 676
Purple used for mourning, 48
Pursers, Pepys's discourse concerning, 367
Putney, 545, 743
Putney Church, 489, 668
Putney Heath, 493
Puy, Monsieur du, 281, 537
Pye, Sir Robert, 8, 82
Pye Corner, 416
Pyne, Captain, 519

Quaker, naked, in Westminster Hall, 533
Quaker Inn, 44, 640
Quaker woman's petition to the King, 239
Quakers, 8, 94, 146, 153, 213, 237, 282, 338, 380, 439, 594, 637, 684
Quarantine, 731, 234
Quarterman, Dr. William, 33
Queen, Life of the, 52
Queen Elizabeth's Troubles, Heywood's, 541
Queen of Aragon, The, 685
Queen Street, Covent Garden, 628
Queen's Chapel. *See under* St. James's Palace
Queen's Mask, The, 72-4, 314
Queen-Mother. *See* Henrietta Maria
Queenborough (Quinbrough) water, 356
Queenhithe (Queenhive), 328, 336, 413
Quest House, the, 260, 608
Questions and commands, game of, 69
Quevedo, Francisco de, 503
Quinborough, The Mayor of, 392
Quinsborough (Könisberg), 233
Quixote, Don, 587

Raby, Monsieur, 174
Raby Castle, Durham, 3
Radcliffe, Jonathan, 86
Ragou, Monsieur. See *Old Troop*
Ragusa, dukedom of, 113
Rainbow, man-of-war, 387
Rainbowe, Dr. Edward, Bishop of Carlisle, 187, 258, 462, 535
Raleigh, Sir W., 296
Ram Alley, 665
Ratcliffe, 302, 502
Rate for Poll-money, Act of, 47
Rathbone, Colonel John, 447
Rattoon, 48
Ravenscroft's *Whole Book of Psalms*, 290
Rawlins, Colonel Giles, 140, 145
Rawlinson, Daniel, 86, 145, 147, 222, 294, 406, 407, 553
Rawlinson, Mrs., 407
Rawlinson's tavern, 42
Rawworth, Mr., 204
Raynbow, Dr. Edward. *See* Rainbowe
Rayner, the boatmaker, 334
Raynolds, Captain, 294
Reade, Dr., 543
Reading, 662
Real Character, Dr. Wilkins's, 650, 651, 665, 685
Reames (Reymes), Colonel, 281, 516, 577, 608, 609
Rebellion, Commission of, 179
Rebus, a, 658
Recorder, musical instrument, 639
Red Bull Playhouse, 44, 70, 130, 158, 257
Red Lion, Aldersgate Street, 284
Red Lion, Barnet, 285, 539
Red Lion, Guildford, 83, 669
Red Lion, Portsmouth, 83
Redriffe. *See* Rotherhithe
Reeve, Alderman, 685
Reeves, Mr., the optician, 275, 407, 410, 666, 667, 672
Reeves, Mrs., 667
'Reformado,' xxxii, 49
'Reformation and Reducement,' the cry of, 633
Regicides, the, 50-52, 54, 58, 66, 115, 124, 133, 199
Reindeer Inn, at Bishop Stortford, 563
Religio Medici, 241
Requests, Court of, 106
Reserve, a ship, 141
Resolution (1), man-of-war, burned, 403-405
Resolution (2), man-of-war, 644, 680, 685
Résolutions Politiques, ou Maximes d'Estat, 711
Respiration, discourse on, 367
Resumption, Act of, 582, 627
Revenge, man-of-war, 434
Revenue of the State, 198, 247
Reymes, Colonel. *See* Reames
Reynolds, Dr. Edward, Bishop of Norwich, 13, 21, 585, 631

Rhé, Isle of, 297
Rhenish Wine-house, the, 43, 45, 57, 85, 202, 656
Rhodes, Richard, *Flora's Vagaries*, 275, 563, 618
Ribbons, marriage, 5, 67, 116, 177
Richard, man-of-war, 32
Richard the Third, Caryll's, 472
Richards, a tailor, 655
Richardson, Judge, 554
Richardson, bookbinder, 499
Richmond, 127, 138, 210, 325
Richmond, Duke of, 329, 475, 476, 480, 485, 488, 527, 595
Richmond, Duchess of. *See* Stuart, Frances
Richmond Mary, Duchess of, 124
Richmond, man-of-war, 32
Rickard, Sir Andrew, 192, 482, 495, 644, 645, 648
Rider, Captain, 62
Rider, Sir William, 104, 113, 115, 117, 156, 161, 164, 204, 244, 251, 253, 256, 310, 314, 415, 418, 419, 503, 509
Rider, Mrs., mother of Sir William, 204
'Riding,' an ancient custom, 504
Ridley's *View of the Civil and Ecclesiastical Law*, 380
Riga yarn, 131
Riggs, Mr., 400
Ringo alehouse, 105
Rise and Fall of the Family of the Stewarts, 301
Rival Ladies, The, 274, 401
Rivals, The, 279, 290
Robartes (Roberts), Lord, Keeper of the Privy Seal, 46, 248, 258, 295, 559, 643, 711, 718
Robartes, Lady, 643
Robartes, Mr., 258
Robartes, Sara, 311, 643
Roberts, William, Bishop of Bangor, 50
Robins, Monsieur, 494
Robinson, Captain, 451
Robinson, John, 11
Robinson, Luke, 9, 23
Robinson, Sir John, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Lord Mayor, 44, 72, 132, 134, 157, 183-5, 203, 215, 221, 247, 305, 350, 351, 355, 358, 365, 399, 404, 412, 423, 450, 492, 507, 517, 543, 622, 626, 641, 648, 705, 748
Robinson, Lady, 247, 351, 450
Robson, Mr., 621
Rochelle. *See* La Rochelle
Rochester, 36, 65, 73, 76, 77, 140, 141, 235, 333, 346-8, 390, 519, 611
  Bridge, 601
  Castle, 347
  Cathedral, 76, 347
Rochester, 2nd Earl of (John Wilmot), 315, 316, 440, 443, 461, 697, 718
Rochester, Countess of, 461
Roder, Mynheer, 41, 44
Roder, Mrs. (Nan Hartlib), 41, 400
Rodomontado, 605
Roettier, engraver. *See* Rotier
Rogerson, Mr., 708
Rollo, Duke of Normandy, 75, 486, 679
Rolls, the, 728, 729
Rolls' Chapel, 310
Rolt, Captain, 88, 89, 360, 363, 458, 462, 591, 646, 651, 677
Rolt, Mr., 486, 640, 643, 655, 656
Roman government, On, 4
Roman Virgin, The, or Unjust Judge, 751
Rome, 288, 290, 297, 331, 379, 457, 463, 525, 603, 736, 747
Rome, Church of, 28, 378, 457, 594. *See* Catholics
Romeo and Juliet, 119
Rooth, Captain Richard, 67
Rope-dancing at Bartholomew Fair, 216
Rosamond, fair, 251
Rose and Crown Tavern, 541, 665
Rose Tavern, Cambridge, xii, 92, 94, 564
Rose Tavern, Covent Garden, 242, 595, 650, 651
Rosebush, the, a ship, 70, 140
Rosse, Alexander, 49, 77
Rosse, Lord, 456
Rota, the club so called, 3
Rotherhithe (Redriffe), 64, 87, 150, 293, 313, 327, 337, 364, 380, 393, 523, 604, 606, 650, 723, 724
Rotherhithe Church, 364
Rotterdam, 314
Rotier (Roettier, Rotyr), John, 184, 376
Rouen, 32, 469
Roulé, French preacher, 253
Roundtree, Mr., 88
Rowe, Mr., 49
Rowley, William, *All's Lost by Lust*, 74
Rowley and Middleton, plays by—
  Changeling, The, 71
  Spanish Gipsy, 89, 626
Roxalana, 360
  (Mrs. Davenport), 118, 122, 128, 168, 171
  (Mrs. Norton), 164, 168, 396
Royal African Company. *See* African or Guinea Company
Royal Catherine, man-of-war, 286, 310, 357, 388
Royal Catherine, merchant ship, 141
Royal Charles, man-of-war, 32, 33, 35, 49, 65, 66, 137, 234, 287, 288, 317, 343, 386, 388, 505-7, 513, 520, 527, 532, 573, 574, 624, 634
Royal Fishery, Corporation of the, 249
Royal James, man-of-war, 130, 188, 356, 507, 519
Royal Oak, a merchantman, 65
Royal Oak, man-of-war, 301, 317, 507, 519
Royal Oak Tavern, 302
Royal Shepherdess, The, 720
Royal Society, the, xxi, 125, 243, 283, 296, 444, 453, 454, 500, 501, 579, 581, 584, 585, 587, 605, 636, 640, 663, 666, 686
Royal Society, The History of the, 539, 541
Royal Theatre. *See* Theatre Royal
Royalists, 120. *See* Cavaliers
Royston, 508
Rubens, 344, 713
Ruby, a French prize, 435
Ruby, man-of-war, 387
Ruckholts, or Rookwood, 341
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, 75, 116
Rullion Green, 445
Rumball, Mr., 53, 110, 183
Rump, The, 55
Rump Parliament, 1, 12, 16, 21, 42, 130, 299
Rundall, house carpenter, 197
Rupert, Prince, 49, 126, 156, 164, 177, 240, 262, 263, 265, 270, 278, 283-5, 287, 297, 301, 304, 305, 317, 318, 320, 352, 354, 360, 363, 371, 379, 384-90, 392, 394, 396, 397, 426-9, 431, 432, 434, 435, 440, 454, 459-64, 480, 481, 484, 491, 541, 550, 570, 573, 574, 577-9, 582, 590, 600, 608, 616-18, 630-33, 635, 637, 638, 647, 652, 655, 677, 726, 742
Rupert drops, 113
Rupert, man-of-war, 381, 382, 385, 388, 479, 570
Rushworth, John, 227
  his *Collections*, 231, 233, 236, 297
Russell, Colonel, 440
Russell, Henry, 516, 545, 676
Russell, Mr., 174
Russell, Mrs., 233, 455
Russell, Sir W., 211
Russia, 280
Russia, Emperor of (Ivan IV.), 148
Russia House, 521, 522
Russian Ambassador. *See under* Ambassador
Rutherford,* Lord, 166, 184, 186, 187, 282, 341, 347
Rutherford, Lady, 347
Ruyter, De. *See* De Ruyter
Rycaut's *Discourse of Turkey*, 476, 483
Rye, 93, 97
Ryley, William, the elder, 259
Ryley, William, the younger, 260

Sac, a French gown, 722
Sack, 324
  mulled, 350, 625
Sack posset, 2
Sackville College, 9
Safety, Committee of, 5, 7-9, 11, 83

Saffron Walden, 12
Sage, graves sown with, 125
Sailing-match, 213
St. Albans, Lord, 57, 58, 69, 154, 162, 170, 209, 215, 245, 359, 377, 430, 473, 490, 491, 516, 744, 746
St. Albans Market, 377
St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, 311, 608, 750
St. Andrew's Cross, 444, 696
St. Andrew's Day, 444, 696
St. Anthony's Hospital, Chapel of, 291
St. Bartholomew's, 52
St. Botolph's, Cambridge, 12
St. Bride's, 46, 117, 142, 250, 453
St. Catherine, 277, 369
St. Catherine Cree, Church of, 541
St. Catherine's, 730
St. Christopher's, Barbados, 392, 444
St. Clement's Danes, 108, 322, 447, 572
St. Dionis Backchurch, 294
St. Domingo, taken by the French, 752
St. Dunstan's in the East, 174, 323
St. Dunstan's in the West, 10, 43, 142-4, 268, 541, 642
St. Ellen's Point, 384
St. Faith, under Paul's, 417, 423, 425, 439, 604, 678
St. George, man-of-war, 317
St. George, tune of, 472
St. George's Chapel, Windsor, 372
St. George's Day, 379
St. Giles's, 401, 562
St. Giles's Church, 268, 472
St. Gothard, battle of, 275, 276
St. Gregory's Church, 103, 106, 160
St. Helen's, Isle of Wight, 418
St. Ives Market, 153
St. Jago, Cuba, 177, 180, 187
St. James's Chapel, 377
St. James's Church, Clerkenwell, 252
St. James's Fair, 43
St. James's Market, 377, 739
St. James's Palace, 7, 15, 16, 138, 141, 145, 150, 164, 193, 199, 203, 207, 210, 212, 219, 221, 246, 255, 261, 265, 271, 282, 287, 298, 302, 304-6, 373, 385, 387, 399-401, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 418, 420, 421, 428, 456, 487, 492, 493, 498, 500, 504, 515, 537, 538, 540, 548, 552, 554, 558, 561, 567, 580, 594, 652, 663, 664, 667, 669, 671-4, 677-82, 684, 685, 740, 744, 748, 751, 753, 754
Queen's Chapel, 150, 193, 378, 379, 475, 482, 594, 631, 682, 740
St. James's Park, 7, 15, 36, 48, 51, 75, 96, 99, 120, 123, 127, 150, 165, 167, 194, 196, 209, 212, 214, 238, 257, 277, 295, 311, 376, 378, 385, 402, 414, 456, 457, 466, 471, 475, 482,
St. James's Park—*continued*
494, 538, 563, 576, 625, 629, 638-40, 652, 657, 665, 671, 675, 683, 703, 707, 722, 729, 736, 740, 742, 745, 747, 748, 750-52, 754, 755
Physic Garden, 256
St. James's Square, 215
St. John, Lord, 8, 13, 26, 153, 444, 646
St. John's College Library. *See under* Cambridge
St. Katherine's. *See* St. Catherine's
St. Lawrence, in the Jewry, 301
St. Lawrence, Poultney, 413
St. Magnus Church, 412
St. Malo, 383
St. Margaret's Church, 44, 47, 86, 381, 427, 499, 750
St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, 184
St. Margett's, 733
St. Martin's, 91, 354
St. Martin's Church, Westminster, 438
St. Martin's Lane, 356
St. Mary Axe, 240, 327
St. Mary Overy's Church, 207
St. Mary's Creek, 209
St. Michael's, Cornhill, 324
St. Michel, Alexandre Marchant de, xii, 213, 238, 242, 244, 340, 380, 609
St. Michel, Mrs., mother of Mrs. Pepys, 69, 243, 253, 478, 481, 609
St. Michel, Balthazar, 100, 161, 163, 237, 238, 242, 243, 322, 351, 376, 378, 380, 385, 388-390, 400, 405, 419, 420, 441, 450, 455, 478, 481, 484, 639, 640, 654, 663, 666, 689, 712, 715, 739, 740
St. Michel, Mrs., Balthazar's wife, 237, 322, 383, 405, 420, 527, 554
St. Michel, Elizabeth. *See* Pepys, Elizabeth
St. Neot's, 567
St. Olave's, Hart Street, 54, 55, 57, 58, 60, 61, 63, 67, 70-75, 82, 87, 90, 93, 95, 98, 99, 103, 105, 107, 111, 112, 116, 117, 119, 120, 122, 126, 127, 129, 131-3, 136, 137, 146, 152, 156, 159, 162, 164, 168, 171, 173, 184, 188, 192, 202, 208, 209, 213, 214, 220, 221, 225, 243, 244, 256, 274, 279, 285, 287, 289-91, 297, 298, 307, 309, 313, 320, 342, 359, 362, 368, 380, 382, 383, 398, 400, 404, 406, 419, 423, 429, 438, 450, 451, 453, 456, 462, 479, 496, 499, 544, 556, 578, 580, 587, 593, 603, 608, 634, 637, 641, 643, 645, 651, 656, 672, 679, 683, 698, 712, 714, 719, 721, 728, 737, 739, 745, 750, 752, 754
St. Pancras, 311
St. Patrick, man-of-war, 462, 466
St. Paul's Cathedral, 35, 86, 107, 111, 123, 124, 171, 273, 414, 416, 417, 450, 541, 543, 604, 678, 737
Convocation House Yard, 438
St. Paul's Churchyard, 5, 53, 54, 61, 63, 109, 111, 114, 117, 143, 167, 185, 188, 200, 231, 233, 248, 266, 301, 408, 422, 425, 604
St. Paul's School, xi, 8, 13, 67, 111, 167, 171, 176, 243, 304, 495
St. Sepulchre's Church, 142, 262, 342, 608, 657
St. Sepulchre's parish, 254
St. Serfe, Thomas, *Tarugo's Wiles, or The Coffee-House*, 568
St. Thomas's Day, custom on, 60, 111
St. Thomas's Hospital, 471
Salisbury, 288, 330, 334, 346, 554, 658, 662, 744
Salisbury, first Earl of, 539
Salisbury, second Earl of, 24, 92, 539, 732
Salisbury, Mr., 41, 51, 67, 74, 94, 127
Salisbury Court, 18, 293, 443, 609, 697
Salisbury Court Theatre, 70, 72-75, 99, 106
Salisbury Plain, 658, 659, 733
Salutation Tavern, Rochester, 76
Salwey (Salloway), Major Richard, 4
Samford, Mr., 48
Samphire, 49
Sanchy, Mr., 92, 94, 108, 109, 122, 258, 455, 482
Sancta Maria, runs aground, 520
Sanderson, Bridget, afterwards Lady, 127, 724
Sanderson, Lady, her accidental death, 118
Sanderson, William, 26
Sandford, the actor, 633
Sandgate Castle, 19
Sands, Mr., 626
Sandwich, 1st Earl of, 2, 4, 7, 11-29, 31-47, 49-59, 61-3, 66-75, 78, 80, 86, 88, 93, 95, 97, 101, 103, 106, 109, 114, 115, 119, 122, 124, 129, 131, 134, 135, 139-41, 145, 147, 150-53, 155-159, 162, 163, 165, 167, 170, 172-5, 177, 178, 181-3, 185, 187-90, 194, 197, 198, 201, 202, 210, 212-14, 216, 219, 224-6, 228, 229, 231, 235-40, 242, 243, 247-9, 253, 255, 257, 258, 261, 263, 265, 267-71, 273, 278, 285, 287, 288, 292-294, 297, 299-307, 313, 316-24, 327, 328, 332, 335-8, 340-45, 349-52, 354, 356-60, 363-8,

Sandwich, 1st Earl of—*continued* 370-74, 379, 382, 390, 391, 411, 422, 425, 426, 430, 434, 435, 439, 448, 452, 459, 461, 462, 469, 473, 475, 489-91, 495, 503, 536, 546, 550, 554, 557, 560, 562, 563, 567, 569, 570, 572, 574, 577-9, 581, 582, 584, 586, 591-3, 596, 609-612, 614-616, 619, 621-3, 627, 629, 633, 634, 640, 641, 643, 644, 655, 657, 662, 682, 684-9, 691, 693-695, 698, 705, 708, 709, 715, 721, 726, 728, 738, 748, 751
Sandwich, Countess of, 37, 51-4, 57, 59-61, 63, 65, 66, 68, 69, 73, 74, 92, 93, 97, 98, 102, 106, 108, 112, 114-27, 129-31, 136, 137, 153, 180, 217, 247, 257-9, 264-6, 268, 271, 274, 278, 282, 287, 291, 294, 300, 302-305, 307, 311, 312, 315, 316, 324-7, 330-32, 388, 493, 495, 565, 566, 593, 611, 640, 648, 653, 654
Sandwich, xxi
Sandwich Castle, 19
Sandy Foundation shaken, Penn's, 716
Sandys, Colonel Samuel, 593
Sankey. *See* Zanchy
Sansum, Rear-Admiral Robert, 317, 319
Sarah (Earl of Sandwich's housekeeper), 61, 114, 121, 128, 139, 160, 167, 169, 171, 203, 218, 220-22
Sarah, Pepys's cousin, 363, 412, 648
Sarah, Pepys's maid, 112, 130, 168
Satisfaction, man-of-war, 152, 199
Saunders, Captain, 387
Saunders, William, 447
Saunderson, Mrs. (afterwards Mrs. Betterton), 119. *See* Ianthe
Saunderson, William. *See* Sanderson
Saunders, Mr., 506, 510
Saunders, the violinist, 564
Savage, Sir Edward, 495
Savile (Savill), Henry, 356, 721-4, 731, 732
Savile, Sir G., 598
Savill, Mr., painter, 108, 109-111, 116-18, 132
Savoy, Duchess of, 239, 240
Savoy, the, 68, 84, 142, 151, 438, 543
Savoy Conference, 93
Savoy Envoy, 399
Sawney the Scot, or The Taming of a Shrew, 483, 578
Sawyer, Robert, 443, 654
Saxam, near Bury St. Edmunds, 687
Saxon monument on the Downs, 733
Saxony, Elector of, 663
Say and Sele, Baron, 95, 102, 111, 123
Sayes Court, 313
Scapula's *Lexicon*, 267
Scarborough, Dr. Charles, 33, 181
Scarborough, Pepys at, xxi
Scarronides, or Virgil Travesty, 284
Schelling, the. *See* Terschelling
Scheveningen (Scheveling), 25, 27-30, 35
School of Compliments. See *Love's Tricks*
Schram, Admiral, 314
Scilly Islands, 105, 126, 301, 484
Scobell, D., 43, 48, 234, 238
Scobell, Mrs., 43, 48
Scobell, Henry, 3, 8
Acts of the Long Parliament, 231
Scornful Lady, The, 57, 63, 70, 161, 451, 557, 657
Scot, Reginald, his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 540
Scotland, 193, 195, 199, 292, 423, 442-5, 470, 471, 505
Pepys in, xx, xxi
Scotland Yard, 12, 60, 389
Scotoscope, 275
Scott, Colonel, xx
Scott, Lady Anne. *See* Monmouth, Duchess of
Scott, Mr. (Pepys's cousin), 62, 63, 87, 253, 259, 727
Scott, Mrs. (Pepys's cousin), 48, 62, 63, 107, 257, 259
Scott, Sir Edward, 748
Scott, Sir Thomas, 212
Scott, Lady (Caroline Carteret), 212, 329
Scott, Thomas, regicide, 3, 9, 50, 83, 199
Scott, son of the regicide, 199
Scott's Hall, 332, 333, 342
Scottish music, 404
Scowen, Mr., 502, 568
Scroggs, Sir William, 456
Scrope (Scroop), Colonel Adrian, 47
Scudéry, Mlle. de—
Artamène, 59, 381
Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa, 621, 663
Sea Voyage, Fletcher's, 559, 633, 651
Seale, Captain, 299
Seall, King, 661
Seaman's Grammar and Dictionary, 73
Seamen, 35, 58, 65, 290, 345, 348, 353, 450, 452, 457, 515, 516, 634
Act against, 135
Payment of, by ticket. *See* Ticket
Seaton, Captain, 317
Secret Love, or The Maiden Queen, 471, 477, 499, 544, 606, 608, 663, 704, 707
Sedgewicke, Mr., 101
Sedley, Sir Charles, 206, 283, 393, 466, 467, 525, 535, 582, 612, 686, 687, 713, 715, 725
Mulberry Garden, 603, 647, 651, 652, 664
Seely, Captain, 462
Seething Lane, xv, 40, 42, 416
Selden, Mr., 109, 110, 310
his tomb in Temple Church, 585
Mare Clausum, 109, 188
Selling of places, 132, 197, 199, 200, 220, 424, 455, 487, 575, 621, 624, 632, 641
Semedo, Alvarez, his *History of China*, 603, 604
Seneca, 576
Serenade, The, or Disappointment, 749
Serpents in Lancashire, 116
Service-book, the new. *See* Prayer Book
Sessions House, 97, 520, 521
Settlement, Act of (Ireland), 629
Seven Oaks, man-of-war, 388
Severus, Emperor, 251
Sewers, Commissioners of, 293
Seymour, Captain, 401, 404, 405
Seymour, Mr., 239, 349, 350, 362 685, 739
Seymour, Lady Jane, 372
Shadwell, 432, 435
Shadwell, Thomas, 679, 680, 741
Royal Shepherdess, 720
Sullen Lovers, or The Impertinents, 645-7, 663, 674, 741
Shaftesbury, Earl of. *See* Ashley, Lord
Shafto, Richard, 692
Shakespeare, 233, 267
Hamlet, 97, 108, 198, 289, 675
Henry IV. (*1 First Part of*), 61, 88, 578, 602, 679
Henry VIII., 237, 241, 703
Macbeth, 287, 451, 453, 486, 569, 579, 670, 702, 707
Merry Wives of Windsor, 58, 102, 541
Midsummer Night's Dream, 151
Othello, 51, 410, 714
Romeo and Juliet, 119
Tempest, 579, 581, 592, 602, 611, 633, 647, 649, 709
Twelfth Night, 100, 171, 709
Shales, Captain John, 260
Sharpe, Mr., 25
Shavan Aga, Basha, 225, 228
Shaw, Mr., 4
Shaw, Robin, 328, 330
Shaw, Sir John, 148, 318, 349, 544
She Would if She Could, 612, 713
Sheba, Queen of, 484
Sheerness, 335, 396, 434, 469, 472, 476, 477, 504, 505, 519, 535, 571, 573, 617
Shelden, Sir Joseph, 521
Sheldon, Barbara. *See* Wood, Mrs.

Sheldon, Gilbert, Bishop of London (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury), 80, 147-9, 171, 177, 195, 200, 248, 288, 311, 328, 334, 345, 372, 478, 482, 534, 535, 594, 596, 598, 750-52
Sheldon, Mr., 319, 416
Shellhaven, 504, 529
Shelton, Thomas, his *Tachygraphy*, xxv
Shepley, Mr., 2, 14, 17, 18, 20, 22, 33, 35, 44, 45, 52, 56, 57, 61, 72, 75, 82, 86, 88, 130, 131, 153, 218, 266, 267, 365, 382, 398, 565-7, 584, 648, 654, 657, 719, 726
Sheres, Henry, 554, 557, 560, 708, 711, 713, 736, 738, 740, 741, 745-9
Sherry, 114
Sherwin, Mr., 298
Shield Gallery. *See under* Whitehall
Shieldhaven. *See* Shellhaven
Ships, 54, 120, 141, 168, 187, 208, 227, 231, 234, 397, 399, 444, 469, 489, 508, 512, 537, 599, 642, 649, 652. *See under each name*
Sir William Petty's double-bottomed, 213, 240, 242, 293, 301, 302, 306
Ship Inn, at Gravesend, 504, 529, 676
Ship Tavern, 99
Ship Tavern, Billiter Lane, 528, 611
Shipman, Mrs., 86, 87, 116
Shipman, Sir Abraham, 195
Shipton, Mother, 431
Shirley, James, plays by—
Cardinal, The, 152, 544, 643
Changes, or Love in a Maze, 128, 201, 491, 613, 643
Court Secret, The, 276
Grateful Servant, 719
Hyde Park, 666
Love's Cruelty, 597, 640
Love's Tricks, or the School of Compliments, 537, 538, 602
Traitor, The, 104, 296, 561
Shish, Jonas, 272, 489, 606, 626, 632
Shoe Lane, 42, 235
Shooter's Hill, 77, 339
'Shooting the Bridge,' 142, 322
Shore, Jane, 124, 251
Shoreditch, 381, 494
Short's alehouse, 131
Shorthand writing, 440, 668, 728. *See* Cipher
Shotrell (Shotterel), Robert, 375
Shotrell, William, 375
Shovelboard, game of, 140, 263, 308
Shrewsbury, Earl of, 605, 606, 612, 723
Shrewsbury, Countess of, 605, 650, 753
Shrewsbury, the bookseller, 684
Shuffle-board. *See* Shovelboard
Siam, King of, 409
Sidney, Algernon, 183
Sidney, Colonel, 375
Sidney, Harry, 356, 364, 429
Sidney, Sir Philip, Life of, 598, 600
Siege of Rhodes, The, 91, 107, 128, 168, 360, 406, 464, 496, 701
Signet, Clerk of the, 36
Silbury, 661
Silent Woman, The, 36, 63, 86, 262, 485, 679
Sillabub, 141, 747
Silva, Don Duarte de, 134
Simon, Thomas, 183
Simons, Mr., 109
Simons, Will. *See* Symons
Simpson, John, 21
Simpson (Sympson, Symson), joiner, xxiv, 219, 402, 410, 421, 667, 670
Singleton, John, 56
Sion House, 350
Sir Martin Mar-all, or The Feigned Innocence, 541, 542, 561, 564, 568, 598, 643, 653
Sittingbourne, 36, 307
Six Clerks' Office, 41
Skating, 164, 165
Skeffington, Sir John, 281, 283
Skinner *v.* East India Company, 620, 645-9
Skinners' Company, 20, 174
Slaning, Sir Nicholas, 304
Slaning, Lady, 212, 333, 372
Slater, cook, 67, 68
Slaves in Algiers, 69
Slighted Maid, The, 180, 198, 668
Slingsby, Henry (Master of the Mint), 71, 162, 183, 196, 299, 424, 670
Slingsby, Lady, mother of Sir Robert, 68
Slingsby, Sir Arthur, 214, 236, 272
Slingsby, Sir Guildford, 214
Slingsby, Colonel (afterwards Sir Robert), Comptroller of the Navy, 50, 55, 59, 60, 64-9, 71, 72, 74, 78, 82, 85, 88, 89, 99-101, 105
Slingsby, Lady, wife of Sir Robert, 78
Slug bullet, cipher message in a, 301
Smallwood, Mr., 243
Smith, Betty, 706, 738
Smith, Captain (afterwards Sir Jeremiah), 203, 317, 319, 320, 350, 365, 369, 370, 374, 379, 389, 401, 431, 432, 434, 481, 506, 568, 629, 630, 634, 690, 697, 722-4, 751
Smith, John, decipherer of MS. of *Diary*, xxvi
Smith, Mr., 78, 165, 409
Smith, Mr., an achievement maker, 235
Smith, Mr., of the Admiralty, 199, 219
Smith, Mr., the scrivener, 155
Smith, Mrs., 524
Smith, Sir George, 348, 355, 357, 358, 393
Smith, William, actor, 439, 574, 614
Smithes, Mr., 122
Smithfield, 84, 453, 563, 697, 700, 739
Smyrna, 370, 444, 447
Snow, Mr., 58
'Snuff, to take in,' 103
Soissons, Duc de, 52
Soldiers, mutiny of, 7, 8, 10
Solebay. *See* Southwold Bay
Solicitor-General. *See* Finch, Sir Heneage
Solitude, Evelyn's book on, 499
Somerset, Duke of, 501
Somerset, Mr., son of Lord Somerset, 98, 99
Somerset House, 7, 10, 149, 169, 193, 245, 246, 264, 268, 285, 298, 322, 471, 595, 634, 652, 700
Somerset House Chapel, 681
Somerset House Stairs, 48, 386, 656
Somersetshire, 659
Sorbière, Monsieur, 284
Souches, Comte de, 274
Sound, the, 29, 38, 55, 102, 183
Sound fleet, the, 361
Sounds, of musical, 407
South, Dr. Robert, 124
South Foreland, 19
Southampton, 125
Southampton, Earl of, Lord Treasurer, 69, 125, 161, 169, 173, 185, 188, 195, 203, 225, 229, 243, 247-9, 268, 282, 288, 289, 308-12, 314, 317, 319, 322, 335, 340, 369, 370, 372, 382, 391, 411, 418, 422, 426, 432, 442, 455, 468, 474, 479, 480, 490, 492, 494-6, 498, 584, 651, 710, 717, 726, 731
Southampton Buildings, 694
Southampton House, 651
Southampton Market, 485, 699
Southerne, James, 5, 38, 352, 684
Southwark, 65, 68, 286, 313, 417, 437, 490, 620, 731
Southwark Fair, 48, 680
Southwell, Mrs., 306
Southwell, Sir Robert, 262, 306, 614
Southwold Bay (Solebay), xix, 316, 323, 324, 335, 337, 341, 348, 409
Sovereign, man-of-war, 65, 76, 335, 338, 343
Spain, 187, 247, 299, 409, 461, 465-467, 474, 501, 525, 555, 592, 600, 610, 614, 619, 621, 629, 634, 643, 644, 665, 669, 691, 711, 715, 738
Pepys in, xviii

Spain, History of, 746
Spain, King of. *See* Philip IV. *and* Charles II.
Spain, Queen of, 560
Spaniards, 118, 123, 133, 134, 204, 206, 208, 299, 468, 474, 523, 560, 600, 701, 711, 752
Spanish ambassador. *See under* Ambassador
Spanish bullion brought to England, 409
Spanish Curate, The, 73, 112, 752
Spanish fleet, 133
Spanish songs, 11
Spanish Gipsy, The, 89, 626
Spanish Tragedy, or Jeronimo is Mad again, 622
Sparling, Captain Thomas, 31, 35
Sparrow, a tame, 384
Speaker, man-of-war, 16, 21, 32
Species, an optical term, 198
Spectacles, tubular, 668, 670, 698, 718, 740, 745
Speculum Nauticum, Lucas Wagenaer's, 421
Speech (Pepys's) at the Bar of the House of Commons, 625
Speed's *History of Great Britain*, 421, 541, 574
Maps, 134
Speedwell, man-of-war, 32
Spelman's (Sir Henry) *Glossarium Archaiologicum*, 266, 267
Spencer's *Discourse concerning Prodigies*, 262
Spicer, Mr., 8, 49, 55, 62, 169, 344, 595
Spillman, Lady, 257
Spinet, 637, 666, 667
Spirits, discourses on the nature and power of, 201
Spitalfields, 743
Spittle (Christ's Hospital), 122, 740
Spitts, the, 19
Spong, Mr., 41, 42, 52, 131, 156, 410, 687, 699, 704, 707, 708, 713
Spragg, Sir Edward, 179, 343, 365, 389, 393, 394, 401, 479, 481, 519, 529, 530, 532, 539, 570, 573, 574, 578, 589, 597, 754
Sprat, Thomas, his *History of the Royal Society*, 539, 541
Spring Garden. *See under* Vauxhall
Spurstow, Dr. William, 50
Squib, Mr., 6
Stables, ornamented, 173
Stacey, Doll, 714
Staines, 336
Stanes, Mr., 413
Stanesby, Captain, 314
Stangate Ferry, 730
Stankes, Will, 101, 191, 217, 679
Stanley, Mr., 25
Stanly, Mr., 287
Stanton, 94
Stapely, the rope merchant, 741
Stapylton, Sir Robert, *The Slighted Maid*, 180, 198, 668
Star Chamber, 6
Star Tavern, 9, 99, 111
Starkey, Mr., 722
Starling, Alderman, 419
Starling, a fine, 624, 652, 653
State's Arms. *See under* Commonwealth
Stayner, Rear-Admiral Sir Richard, 20, 21, 23, 26, 27, 31, 33, 35, 49, 69, 159, 163
Stedman, Mary. *See* Moders, Mary
Steelyard, 146, 351, 412
Stephano, Juan, Russian ambassador, 169
Stephens, Mr., 36, 40, 125
Stephens, Mrs., 125
Stephens's *Thesaurus Graecae Linguae*, 111, 167, 176
Stephenson, Mr., 125
Stepney, 37, 442, 502, 506, 556, 651, 689
Sterne, Archbishop, 377
Sterry, Mr., 15
Stevenage, 101, 274, 285, 567, 657
Stevens, silversmith, 67, 285
Steventon, Mr., 145, 539, 647, 697
Steward, Captain, 392
Stewart, Frances, Duchess of Richmond. *See* Stuart
Stewart, Mrs. Walter. *See* Stuart
Stewarts, The Rise and Fall of the Family of the, 301
Stillingfleet, Edward, Bishop of Worcester, 310, 311, 427, 455, 608, 609, 611, 750
Origines Sacrae, 355
Stillingworth, Admiral, 314
Still-yard. *See* Steelyard
Stint, Mr., 165
Stirling, Pepys at, xxi
Stoakes, Captain. *See* Stokes
Stocks, the, 59, 365, 678
Stoke Newington, 118
Stokes, Captain John, 20, 59, 114, 301
Stokes (Stocks), Humphrey, 365, 414, 434, 438, 593
Stokes, Mrs., 365
Stone, Henry, 395
Stone, Mrs., 629
Stone, Pepys's complaint of the, xiii, 1, 18, 74, 186, 307, 477
anniversary kept by Pepys, 121, 251, 318, 732, 734
Stone-shot, 489, 490
Stone Walk, 727, 729, 730
Stonehenge, 657, 659, 661
Stoop, Dirk, prints by, 219
Storie delle guerre civili di Francia, Davila's, 400
Storm, The. See *Sea Voyage*
Story, Captain, 470, 471
Stourbridge Fair. *See* Sturbridge
Stoving, in sail-making, 301
Stow's *London*, 233
Stradling, Dr. George, 189
Stradwick, Mrs., 48, 62, 63, 107, 249
Stradwick, Thomas, 695, 727
Strafford, Earl of, 251, 579
Straits, the, 108, 126, 128, 163, 171, 243, 287, 296, 297, 352, 369, 385, 405, 461, 634, 669, 725, 739, 754
Strand, the, 7, 10, 54, 176, 192, 392, 450, 493, 613, 628, 693, 709
Strand Bridge, 10, 650
Strand Maypole, 198
Strangers Merchants, Company of, 709
Strangways, Colonel, 184
Stratford, 743
Streater, Robert, 712
Striking topsails, 702, 754
Stroud Green, 749
Strowd, Governor of Dover Castle, 385
Stuart, Frances (afterwards Duchess of Richmond), 177, 178, 181, 196, 200, 205, 209, 210, 224, 225, 240, 243, 253, 258, 261, 271, 277, 281, 315, 356, 365, 378, 379, 409, 424, 429, 439, 440, 443, 447, 460, 469, 475, 476, 480, 485, 488, 489, 514, 527, 595, 604, 634, 635, 647, 652, 665, 671, 675, 677
Stuart, Lady Mary, 329
Stuart, Mrs., wife of Hon. Walter Stuart, 224, 488
Stuart, Sophia, sister of the Duchess of Richmond, 675
Sturbridge Fair, 101, 664, 677-9
Sturgeon, saying respecting a, 498
Sturtlow, 92, 103
Subsidies, 211, 290
Success, man-of-war, 32, 147, 421
Suckling, Sir John, plays by—
Aglaura, 151, 279
Brennoralt, 92, 540, 570, 625
The Goblins, 457, 458, 498
Suffolk, Earl of, 81, 236, 372, 374
Suffolk, Countess of, 139, 210, 221, 556
Suffolk cheese, 103
Suffolk Street, 604, 718, 725, 728
Sugar Loaf Inn, 727
Sullen Lovers, or The Impertinents, 645-7, 663, 674, 741
Sunderland, Earl of, 205
Sun Tavern, at Bristol, 660
Sun Tavern, behind the Exchange, 186, 200, 242, 280, 300, 302, 303, 309, 369
Sun Tavern, in Fish Street Hill, 38, 60, 106
Sun Tavern, in King Street, 668
Sun Tavern, Wadlow's, 517
Surat, factory of, 244
Surgeons' (Chirurgeons') Hall, 181, 674
Surinam, 553

Surprisal, The, 483, 545, 595, 640, 645
Surrey, 380, 652
Survey, Clerks of the, 137
Surveyor General of Victualling, Pepys desires the office of, 351, 363
Susan (Pepys's maid), 176, 237, 244, 278, 288, 289, 294, 322, 380, 381
Sutton, Mr., 147
Sutton, Mr., merchant in Flanders, 255
Swaddle, Mr., 642
Swakeley House, 339, 350
Swallow, man-of-war, 125
Swallows, 233
Swan, William, 134, 164, 667, 668
Swan Tavern, 3, 88, 315, 417, 418, 595, 754. *Cf. also* Old Swan
Swan, the, at Chelsea, 378
Swan, the, at Dowgate, 39
Swan, the, at Gravesend, 140, 141
Swan, the, in King Street, 424, 620
Swan, the, in Old Fish Street, 143
Swan, the, in Palace Yard, 108
Swan with Two Necks, tavern, 254
Swanly, Captain, 393
Sweden, 553
Sweden, King of. *See* Charles X. *and* Charles XI.
Swedes, 303, 377
Swedish Ambassador. *See under* Ambassador
Sweepstakes, man-of-war, 387, 402
Swiftsure, man-of-war, 14, 17, 19, 32, 388, 389
Swinfen, John, 160, 452, 635
Sword, Pepys wears a, 185, 188
Lord Mayor's, 215
Sydenham, Colonel William, 4
Sydney (Sidney), Algernon, 183
Symons (Simon), Thomas, 183
Symons, Will, 3, 5, 7, 11, 12, 43, 48, 49, 71, 88, 164, 238
Symons, Mrs., 43, 48, 71, 164, 234, 238
Symons, kills Captain Bumbridge, 706
Sympson, the joiner. *See* Simpson
Symson, the lawyer, 709

Tagus, print of the, 214
Tailors' Company. *See* Taylors' Company
Talbot, Captain, 403
Talbot, Colonel Richard, 123
Talbot, Mr., 55, 135
Talbot, Peter, 665
Talbot, Sir John, 592, 605, 641, 689
Talents, Mr., 607
Tallies, 320, 334, 341, 346, 374, 377, 382, 391, 399, 428, 442, 445, 466, 494, 511, 555
Tamer Tamed, The, 53, 94
Taming of a Shrew, The. See *Sawney the Scot*
Tamkins, or tompions, 529
Tangier, 103, 105, 117, 134, 145, 150, 156, 172, 186-8, 190, 210, 214, 216, 231, 251, 262, 281, 289, 307, 313, 321, 328, 338, 341, 351, 357, 362, 363, 369, 379, 382, 432, 469, 475, 477, 482, 483, 485, 492, 505, 508, 528, 537, 555, 579, 580, 593, 611, 662, 663, 668, 681, 687, 699, 700, 707, 708, 711, 712, 730, 732, 745, 746, 748, 749, 751, 754
Journal in Tangier, xviii
Map of, 119
Mole, the, 116, 151, 164, 166, 187, 216, 219, 292, 461, 650
Pepys at, xxi
Tangier Commission, 145, 164-6, 184, 187, 188, 190, 192, 213, 219, 221, 260, 262, 271, 273, 275, 287, 289, 296, 298, 302, 304, 306, 309, 320, 322, 352, 389, 391, 428, 432, 464, 494, 528, 595, 598, 634, 650, 664, 675, 688, 691, 696, 700, 704, 707, 714, 717, 736, 754
Pepys Treasurer of, 306, 307, 311, 314, 322, 428, 460, 608, 708, 752, 755
Tansy (a dish), 122
Tapestry, fine piece of, 393
Tarantula, cure for bite of, 116
Tarugo's Wiles, or The Coffee House, 563, 568
Tasbrough, Mr., 325
Taterset, in Norfolk, 239
Tatham's comedy of *The Rump*, 55
Tatnell, Captain, 627, 632
Taunton, 263
Taxes, country impoverished by, 469
Taylor, Anne, 262
Taylor, Captain (afterwards Commissioner), 11, 260, 287, 293, 308, 351, 354, 379, 387, 472, 482
Taylor, Captain Silas, 225, 310, 387, 637, 664, 668, 749
Taylor, Elizabeth, 254, 255, 262
Taylor, Goodman, 610
Taylor, Jeremy, 358
Taylor, John, 254, 255
Taylor, Mr., schoolmaster, 565
Taylor, Rev. Mr., 91
Taylor, William, 443, 534
Taylors' Company, History of the, 670
Tea, 'a China drink,' 49, 518
Tearne, Captain, 388
Tearne (Terne), Dr. Christopher, 181
Teasle Close, 743
Teddiman, Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Thomas), 20, 60, 128, 129, 289, 310, 323, 335, 343, 379, 381, 387-90, 403, 434, 645, 650
Teddington, 127
Tell, Captain du. *See* Du Tell
Tempest, Mr., 656, 666
Tempest, The, 579, 581, 592, 602, 611, 633, 647, 649, 709
Temple, Anne (Lady Lyttelton), 440
Temple, Colonel, 627
Temple, James, 690, 735
Temple, John, 347, 361, 447
Temple, Mrs., 438
Temple, Sir Richard, 202, 204, 206, 252, 618, 632
Temple, the, 7, 36, 85, 161, 163, 164, 176, 186, 204, 230, 327, 383, 417, 418, 451, 464, 473, 483, 510, 536, 561, 580, 586, 608, 626, 631, 640, 642, 650, 654, 657, 677, 678, 694, 699, 702, 707, 712, 721, 722, 728, 738, 739, 743, 744, 746, 754
Temple Bar, 10, 457, 727, 746
Temple Church, 49, 57, 78, 123, 160, 432, 585, 737
Temple Garden, 143, 536
Temple Gate, 562, 596
Temple halls, gambling in, 599
Templer, Mr., 116
Tennis, game of, 236, 238, 239, 550, 551
Tent (wine), 324
Terne, Dr. Christopher, 181
Terrella, a, 231
Terrae Filius of Oxford, 621
Terry, Mrs., 97
Terschelling, 408, 410, 519
Teviot, Lord, 190, 210, 213, 214, 219, 233, 262-4, 281, 298, 519, 528, 675
Texel, the, 312, 313, 317, 328
Thacker, Mr., 666
Thames, the, 84, 146, 232, 364, 414, 452, 469, 503, 513, 542
Thames Street, 46, 107, 135, 201, 284, 400, 413, 453, 631, 650
Theatre Royal, 193, 198, 201
Theatres. *See under each name*
Theobalds, the palace of, 654
Theorbo, 110, 602, 632, 634, 722
Thesaurus, Stephens's, 11, 167, 176
Thetford, 687
Thin (Thynne), Thomas, 423
Thomas, Mr., 13, 17
Thompson, Colonel George, 19, 37, 590, 591, 616, 664, 701
Thompson, Mr., 140
Thompson, Mrs., 90
Thompson, Rev. John, 541
Thompson, Sir William, 73, 424
Thorn, charm for prick of a, 295
Thornbury, Mr., 82
Thornburys, the, 103
Thornton, Mr., 21
Three Cranes Tavern, 115, 414
Three Crowns, the, 143
Three Crowns Tavern, at Bristol, 660
Three Tuns Tavern, 493, 495, 753
Three Tuns Tavern, at Charing Cross, 692
Three Tuns, The, Cambridge, 12

wife, neighbours; and here we stayed, and drank, and talked, and sat. Coney and he to play while Mrs. Jewkes and I to talk, and there had all our old stories up, and there I had the liberty to salute her often; and she mighty free in kindness to me; and had there been time, I might have carried her to Cobham, as she, upon my proposing it, was very willing to go. Here was a pretty cousin 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 stayed till almost twelve at night, and then with a lantern 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 came home, and so I presently to bed.

25th. Up, and by and by, about eight o'clock, came Rear-Admiral Kempthorne and seven Captains more, by the Duke of York's order, as we expected, to hold the court-martial about the loss of the *Defiance*; and so presently we by boat to the *Charles*, which lies over against Upnor Castle; 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 *Defiance* 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 service. 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 Dock, 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 everything is said to be out of repair for this new man, though £10 would put it into as good condition in everything as it ever was in, so free everybody is of the King's money! 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, Tom and Jane 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.

27th. After drinking a little buttered ale,[1] Huchinson and I took coach, and, exceedingly merry in talk, to Dartford. Middleton finding stories of his own life at Barbados, 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

[1] See p. 164.

been in him. 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. By and by my wife comes, and there I hear how merry they were yesterday, and I am 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.

28th. (Lord's day.) 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 strong 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 strong beer would make my eyes sore: so home to supper, and by and by to bed.

29th. Up, and by water to Whitehall; and there to the Duke of York, to show 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 then did 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 anything. 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 came 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 came 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 show 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 came out; and I, with Sir Richard Browne and Mr. Evelyn, in their coach to the church, where Mr. Plume preached. I, in the midst of the sermon, did go out, and walked all alone round to Deptford; and so to the King's Yard, and there my boat by order met me, and home. This day my new chambermaid, 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 cookmaid 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.

30th. Up, and to Sir W. Coventry, to see and discourse with him; and he tells

Way to be Rich, Audley's, 174
Wayneman, Jane, 1, 8, 62, 64, 98, 112, 122, 134, 159
Wayneman, William, 39, 47, 51, 62, 70, 104, 105, 118, 119, 130, 132, 140, 151-4, 204, 268, 279, 294
Wayth, Mr., 141, 377, 388, 422, 691
Weather-glass, Pepys's, 150, 186
Weaver, Mr., 107, 484
Weaver, Mrs., 454
Weavers and butchers, fray between, 273
Webster, John, plays by—
Appius and Virginia, 751
Duchess of Malfi, 151, 436, 695
White Devil, 103
Wedding Night, The, 476
Weddings, 5, 41, 56, 67, 113, 116, 207, 331, 409, 411, 465, 606, 618, 686, 735
Weelings, the, Holland, 404
Weldon, Sir Anthony, his *Court and Character of King James*, 301, 314
Wellbank, the, 341
Welling. *See* Welwyn
Wells, Mr., 253
Wells, Rev. Jeremiah, 153
Wells, Winifred, 176, 390, 755
Wells Church, 661
Welshman, picture of a, 470
Welwyn, 101, 275, 284, 741
Wendby, Mr., 21
Wentworth, Squire, 118
Werden, Colonel Robert, 514, 546
West Indies, 391, 467
Westcot, William, 447
Westhorpe, in Suffolk, 471
Westminster Abbey, 39, 49, 50, 52-4, 58, 61, 80, 111, 319, 429, 621, 641, 720
Henry VII.'s Chapel, 40, 50, 53, 389, 720
Westminster Hall, 2, 4-6, 8-17, 28, 36, 43-5, 48, 52, 54, 57, 63, 65, 66, 69, 71, 84-6, 93, 99, 108, 109, 114, 116, 120, 121, 126, 139, 145, 156, 160, 168, 177, 180, 189, 199, 202, 211, 215, 225, 246, 253, 254, 258, 266, 290, 298, 301, 310, 319, 320, 322, 323, 327, 334, 339, 350, 354, 364, 369, 370, 377, 381, 406, 417, 426, 427, 434, 437, 444, 445, 453, 459-62, 472, 490, 492, 498, 508, 533, 538, 543, 544, 548, 552, 557, 558, 571, 573, 577-9, 581, 588, 590, 592, 593, 600, 614, 618-20, 622, 623, 625-7, 629, 632, 635, 639, 640, 642-4, 646, 656, 657, 669, 677, 721, 727, 728, 751, 754
Westminster Palace, 102, 556, 651
Westminster Stairs, 109
Westwicke, the fencer, 198
Weymouth, 19, 20, 35
Weymouth, man-of-war, 147
Whale-fishery in Greenland, 192
Whally's, 42
Whately, Mrs., 97
Wheatly, Mr., 174
Wheeler, Sir William, 180, 183, 201, 264
Wheeler, Lady, 264
Where, Mr., 26
Whetstone, Mr., 183
Whey-house, the, 201
Whisk, a collar or tippet, 57, 305, 523
Whistler, Dr. Daniel, 69, 302, 365, 368, 397, 440, 585, 628
Whistler, Mr., flagmaker, 416, 461, 656
Whistler, Mrs., 618
Whitchurch, Mary (Lady Viner), 340
White, Jeremiah, 48, 284
White, Mr., of Dover, 34
White, the waterman, 7, 84
White's, at Gravesend, 345
White Devil, The, 103
White Hart, at Saffron Walden, 13
White Hart, at Woolwich, 140
White Horse Tavern, in Lombard Street, 469
White Lion, at Islington, 606
White wine, 324
Whitechapel, 257, 724, 727
Whitefriars, 45
Whitefriars playhouse, 70, 72, 73, 75
Whitehall, 2, 5-9, 12, 14, 15, 36-50, 52, 54-63, 65, 66, 68, 69, 73-5, 88-90, 93, 95, 96, 98, 99, 102-104, 109, 111, 113, 114, 119-24, 127, 138, 140-42, 146, 149, 150, 152, 156, 158-62, 165-70, 174-6, 180, 183, 186-9, 191, 192, 196, 197, 202, 209, 212, 215, 216, 219, 220, 230-33, 236, 239, 244, 246, 248, 249, 251, 253, 254, 260, 265-7, 271-3, 275, 277, 285, 287-9, 291-3, 296, 298, 299, 302, 304, 306, 310-12, 315-17, 319, 321-3, 328, 351, 360, 364, 368, 370, 373, 378, 379, 381, 382, 385, 387, 388, 390, 391, 393, 394, 402, 403, 411, 413, 414, 417, 418, 421, 422, 424-8, 430, 432, 434-40, 442, 444, 445, 448, 449, 451, 453, 456-8, 460, 462, 466, 468, 471-3, 475, 479, 482, 484, 487, 497, 498, 504, 509, 513-16, 523, 529, 535, 536, 538, 541, 543, 545-7, 549, 551, 554, 559, 563, 568, 569, 573, 577, 578, 580, 582-4, 591, 593, 597, 598, 600-604, 607, 608, 610, 616, 618, 619, 621, 623, 625-35, 637, 640, 641, 644, 647, 652, 656, 657, 663, 664, 666-9, 671, 673-9, 681-5, 688, 689, 691, 692, 695-7, 700, 704-715, 717-719, 722, 724, 725, 727-9, 731, 732, 735, 737-44, 748, 750-54
Whitehall—*continued*
Banqueting House, 38, 78, 7[illegible] 146, 169, 198, 201, 713
Boarded Gallery, 561
Gallery, 531, 626, 723
Green Chamber, 411, 426, 603 637
Henry VIII.'s Gallery, 57, 16[illegible]
Matted Gallery, 166, 173, 19[illegible] 224, 231, 319, 373, 487, 514 590, 620, 632, 674
Noon-hall, 311
Painted Chamber, 15, 212, 25[illegible] 452, 579
Picture Gallery, 219, 253, 373
Privy Water-Gate, 718
Robe Chamber, 562
Shield Gallery, 38, 47
Stone Gallery, 5, 460
Vane Room, 233, 386, 480, 597 603, 626
Whitehall Bridge, 146, 381
Whitehall Bowling Green, 139, 14[illegible]
Whitehall Chapel, 10, 41, 43, 45 51, 53, 119, 123, 148-50, 165 176, 186, 187, 230, 251, 25[illegible] 294, 296, 311, 378, 402, 44[illegible] 449, 475, 480, 482, 531, 55[illegible] 631, 640, 664, 675, 681
Whitehall Court, 40, 43, 62, 344 516
Whitehall Garden, 5, 41, 48, 12[illegible] 129, 718
Whitehall Stairs, 62
Whitehall Tennis Court, 139, 23[illegible] 238, 239
Whitehall Theatre, 434, 583, 71[illegible]
Whitmore, Anne. *See* Robinson, Lady
Whitmore, Sir George, 280, 649
Whitster (a bleacher), 540
Whittington, Captain, 29
Whittington, puppet show of, 680
Whittle, Elizabeth. *See* Fox Lady
Whittlebury Forest, 542
Whitton, Thomas, 96
Whitty, Captain, 388
Whore, Dr., 306
Whore, Mrs., 306
Whore, young Mr., 705
Whore. *See also* Hoare
Wiard, Mr., 124
Wiard, Mrs., 124
Wicken, Mr., 705
Widdrington, Sir Thomas, 5, 8, 1[illegible]
Widow, The, 63
Wife for a Month, A, 166
Wiggs (small cakes), 255
Wight, Anne, 145
Wight, Margaret, 300, 383, 384
Wight, Mr. (Pepys's uncle), 63, 74, 97, 114, 145, 147, 148, 19[illegible] 239, 255, 300, 310, 383, 384 438, 669, 686, 695, 703, 711
Wight, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 6[illegible] 113, 145, 164, 187, 240, 25[illegible] 381, 383, 384, 398, 309, 68[illegible] 686, 697, 698, 703, 704, 711

Wight, Isle of, 226, 359, 418
Wild, Robert, his *Iter Boreale*, 214, 595
Wild Gallant, The, 181
Wilde, Sir William, 11, 49
Wildes, Mr., 157, 158, 235
Wildgoose Chase, The, 603
Wildman, John, 590-92, 689
Wiles, Elizabeth, 535
Wiles, Mr., 625
Wilgness, Captain, 19
Wilkes, Mr., 421
Wilkins, Dr. John, 57, 176, 243, 301, 312, 313, 366, 374, 585, 628, 685, 729
Real Character, 650, 651, 665
Wilkinson, Captain, 316
Wilkinson's, in King Street, 17, 85, 620
Will's coffee-house, 49
Willet (Deb.), Mrs. Pepys's maid, 558-68, 577, 579-81, 603, 607, 608, 613, 614, 617, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 629, 632-4, 636, 659, 660, 663, 665-71, 673-8, 684, 685, 687
Willet, Mrs., 660
William, a ship, 225
Williams, Colonel, 185, 218
Williams, Dr., 90, 100, 131
Williams, Mr., 403
Williams, Mrs., 337, 339-41, 343, 344, 351, 353, 355, 356, 362, 364-6, 373, 398, 404, 406, 407, 433, 438, 448, 462, 496, 543, 626, 634, 650, 670, 719, 736, 749
Williamson, Captain, 16
Williamson, Joseph, 176, 213, 289, 307, 325, 357, 392, 405, 432, 522, 626, 691, 705, 729, 742, 748
Willis, Sir Richard, 28, 45, 301
Willis, Sir Thomas, 21
Willoughby, Lord, 444
Wilson, Mr., of Chatham, 507, 676
Wilson (Willson), Mrs., 522, 646
Wilson, Tom, 410, 525, 558
Wilton, 659
Wiltshire, 661, 744
Devil in, 202
Wimbledon, 250
Win. *See* Wynne
Winchcombe, 109, 557
Winchester, Marchioness of, 746
Winchilsea, 432
Winchilsea, Earl of, 26, 27, 45
Windham, Mr., 335
Windsor, Baron, 123, 177, 180, 187
Windsor, 189, 330, 335, 336, 371, 372, 747
Windsor Castle, 462, 709
Wine, 57, 61, 63, 65, 114, 324, 527, 595, 715
licences for, 681
patent for, 452
tax on, 630, 636
See also under name of each kind
Wingate, Edward, 741
Winsly, man-of-war, 32
Winstanley's *History of the Merchant Taylors*, 670
Winter, Algerine pirate, 136
Winter, Sir John, 134, 143, 203, 306, 474, 490
Wintershell, Mr., 643
Wire, Mr., 55
Wisbeach, 217
Wiseman, Sir Robert, 188, 477, 478
Wit in a Constable, 129
Wit without Money, 189
Witches, 442
Witches, Discoverie of, 540
Witches and Witchcraft, Glanvill's, 442
Witham, Captain, 264, 669
Withers, Mr., 417
Wits, The, 96, 97, 486, 708
Witty Combat, or The Female Victor, 256
Wolsey, Life of Cardinal, 502
Wolstenholme, Sir John, 148
Woman, a tall, 704, 715
Woman's Price, or The Tamer Tamed, 53
Women, first appearance on the stage, 70
Women Pleased, 703
Wood, Alderman, 19
Wood, Auditor, 165, 184, 699, 721, 744
Wood, Captain, 388
Wood, Dr. Thomas, Dean of Lichfield, 610
Wood, Lady, 305
Wood, Mr., mast-maker, 407, 409
Wood, Mr., son of the preceding, 407, 409, 411, 413, 414
Wood, Mrs. (Barbara Sheldon), 349, 375, 407, 409, 411, 413, 414, 538
Wood, Sir Henry, 421
Wood's, at the Pall Mall, 43
Wood Street, 171
Woodall, Tom, 470, 471
Woodcock, Elizabeth. *See* Batten, Lady
Woodcock, Thomas, 72, 129
Wooding, Ned, 77
Woodmongers' Company, 579
Woolfe, Mr., 413
Woolly, Mr., 384, 438, 488, 686
Woolly, Mrs., 438, 686
Woolwich, 59, 60, 64, 65, 85, 87, 89, 118, 123, 131, 138, 139-41, 144, 148, 150, 162, 167, 183, 188, 197, 212, 244, 253, 256, 262, 266, 271, 279, 286, 294, 308, 315, 319, 322, 323, 327, 329, 334, 337-40, 342, 344, 349, 353, 357, 363, 364, 391, 401, 409, 416, 418, 419, 469, 497, 500, 509, 513, 520, 529, 546, 632, 656, 666, 729
Ropeyard, 65, 139, 141, 271, 334, 497
Yard, 138, 150
Woolwich stone, 469
Worcester, 32, 310
battle of, xx, 581
Worcester, Marquis of, 556
Worcester, man-of-war, 20
Worcester House, 41, 42, 46, 88, 96, 379
World's End Tavern, 750, 755
Wormwood wine, 57
Worse and Worse, 272
Worship, Mrs., 360, 374, 464, 483
Worthies of England, 67, 117, 118, 233, 255
Wotton, Mr. Evelyn at, xxiii
Wotton, Mr., the shoemaker, 10, 151, 175, 210, 222, 233, 250, 675
Wotton, Lord, 671
Wotton, Sir Henry, 373
Wren, Matthew, Bishop of Ely, 39
Wren, Matthew, Secretary to the Duke of York, 374, 433, 447, 448, 456, 517, 542, 548, 551, 552, 558, 560, 568, 572, 581, 590, 600, 622, 623, 635, 642, 647, 663, 669, 670, 672-4, 676-681, 684, 685, 687-90, 692-5, 697, 705, 707, 710, 715, 717, 725, 728-33, 750, 751
Wren, Sir Christopher, 371, 465, 712, 731, 747, 750
Wrestling-match, 90
Wricklesmarsh, 312
Wright, Abraham, his *Five Sermons in Five Styles*, 676
Wright, John, 16, 36, 332, 333
Wright, John Michael, 134
Wright, Lady, 79, 85, 110, 118, 177, 178, 326, 327
Wright, Mrs. (Pepys's aunt), 48, 185
Wright, Nan. *See* Markham, Mrs.
Wright, Sir Henry, 18, 27, 37, 55, 61, 95, 233
Writs of Error, 254
Wyndham, Col. Francis, 356, 359
Wyndham, Mrs., 359
Wynne, Mr., 648
Wynne (Win), proceedings against, 258

Yachts, 45, 55, 65, 89, 100, 133, 139, 148, 192. *See also* Bezan
Yarmouth, 17, 522
Yarmouth, man-of-war, 310
Yarn, Holland and Riga, 131
Yates, Mrs., 554
Yeabsly, Mr., 271, 337, 382, 383, 391, 558, 578
Yelling, 94
Yelverton, Sir H., 13, 21, 630
Yew tree, found under ground at Blackwall, 344
York, James, Duke of, 23, 24, 29-36, 38-40, 42, 47-51, 54, 58-60, 62, 70, 71, 75, 79 83, 89, 90, 95-9, 107, 109, 115, 119-21, 123, 124, 126, 127,

York, Duke of—*continued*
129, 147, 149, 150-52, 155, 156, 159-62, 164, 165, 167, 169-71, 173-5, 180, 181, 184, 188-95, 198, 199, 203, 205, 207, 210, 212, 213, 219-21, 224, 225, 231, 233, 234, 238-40, 242, 244, 245, 248, 249, 253-7, 260-263, 265, 267, 270, 273, 275, 277-81, 283, 285-8, 291-4, 296, 298, 299, 302-307, 310, 311, 316-23, 328-30, 335, 336, 338, 350, 352-4, 356, 358, 364, 367-369, 371, 374-9, 381-3, 385-91, 396, 397, 399-405, 407, 408, 410, 411, 413-15, 420, 421-423, 426-32, 434-6, 438-45, 447-9, 453-5, 460, 464, 466, 467, 469, 471-81, 483-90, 492-495, 498, 500, 502, 504-506, 511, 513-19, 521, 524, 526-8,

York, Duke of—*continued*
531-3, 535-7, 539-42, 544-52, 554-6, 558, 560-62, 567-71, 573, 576, 577, 579-83, 586, 588-91, 595-9, 603, 604, 607, 608, 611, 612, 615-19, 621, 623, 625, 626, 629, 630, 632, 633, 635-645, 647, 650, 652, 653, 655-7, 662-7, 669-75, 677-85, 687-97, 700-702, 704, 705, 707, 708, 711, 715-17, 719, 721-6, 728, 730-35, 737-42, 744, 746, 748-755

York, Duchess of, 50, 52, 53, 59, 60, 62, 71, 79, 96, 97, 123, 126, 147, 159, 169, 171, 174, 195, 209, 210, 219, 233, 237, 238, 240, 272, 285, 298, 314, 330, 336, 356, 364, 376, 399, 411, 429, 430, 434, 435, 440, 458, 466, 485, 494, 514, 535,

York, Duchess of—*continued*
536, 552, 556, 576, 590, 601, 608, 612, 638, 640, 687-9, 704, 707, 723, 724, 737, 742, 746

York, man-of-war, 393

York Buildings, xxii, xxiii

York coach, 274

York House, 85, 102, 200

York's waggon, 359

Young, a cunning fellow, 101

Young, Mr., of the Wardrobe, 146

Young, actor, 569

Young, flagmaker, 79, 80, 416, 461, 482, 656

Young, yeoman tailor, 577

Yowell. *See* Ewell

Zanchy (Sankey), Clement, 12

Zealand, 8, 547, 553

Zealand squadron, 430, 450

THE END

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at Clothworkers' Hall,[1] I did go up and there saw it go by; and then, there being a good piece of cold roast beef upon the table, one Margetts, a young merchant that lodges there, and is likely to marry a sister of hers, I stayed and ate, and had much good conversation with her, who hath the vanity to talk of her great friends and father, one Wingate, near Welling,[2] 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 by water to Whitehall to look, among other things, for Mr. May, to unbespeak his dining with me to-morrow. 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, saw them to the waterside.

14th. Up, and with W. Hewer to Whitehall, 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. To the Duke of York's playhouse, and there saw *The Impertinents*,[3] 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 to Creed's, and there find him and his wife together alone, in their new house, where I never was before; 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. They do here talk mightily of my Lady Paulina making a very good end, and being mighty religious in her lifetime; and she 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.

15th. To my cousin Turner's, where I find they are gone 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 do 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. 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. My wife being gone abroad with W. Hewer to see the new play to-day at the Duke of York's house, *Guzman*,[1] I dined alone with my people, and in the afternoon away by coach to Whitehall; and there the Office attended the Duke of York; and being dispatched pretty soon, and told 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 18d. 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 judgement 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 heroic 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.

17th. At noon home to dinner, and there find Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, and he dined with us; and there hearing that *The Alchemist* 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

[1] Near the north-east end of Mincing Lane, next Fenchurch Street.

[2] Edward Wingate, who represented St. Albans in the Long Parliament. [B.]

[3] See pp. 663, 674.

[1] By Lord Orrery (pr. 1693).

miss Clun,[1] for the Doctor.[2] To Sir W. Coventry's, reading over first my draught of the Administration of the Navy, which he do like very well; and so fell to talk 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 it 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 expense, 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 Whitehall, 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 Parliament,' to these, 'the beginning of the late Rebellion'; giving it me as but reason to show that it was through the Rebellion that the Navy was put 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.[3] I did desire, and he did give it me to copy out, which pleased me mightily.

18th. (Lord's day.) To my office again, to examine the fair draught; and so, borrowing Sir J. Minnes's coach, he going with Colonel Middleton, I to Whitehall, 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, were. And there, by and by, being called in, Mr. Williamson 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 stayed in the House till the Council rose; and then to the Duke of York, in the Duchess's chamber, where he 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

[1] See p. 274. [2] Subtle, the Alchemist.

[3] "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 some one 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.]