

The Diary of Samuel Pepys



in three volumes volume two

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IN THREE VOLUMES • VOLUME TWO

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
JOHN WARRINGTON



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EVERYMAN, I will go with thee,

and be thy guide,

In thy most need to go by thy side

SAMUEL PEPYS

Born in 1633, the son of a London tailor. In 1659 entered the Civil Service, and distinguished himself as Secretary of the Admiralty. Committed to the Tower of London, 1679; released, 1680; reinstated in the Admiralty, 1683; dismissed after the Revolution and lived in retirement, chiefly at Clapham. Died in 1703.

DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

1664 (*continued*)

April 1st. To White Hall; 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. Stuart is grown fatter, and not so fair as she was); and he called me to him, and discoursed a good while with me; and, after he was gone, twice or thrice 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.

2nd. At noon to the coffee-house, where excellent discourse with Sir W. Petty, who proposed it as a thing truly questionable, whether there really be any difference between waking and dreaming: that it is hard not only to tell how we know when we do a thing really or in a dream, but also to know what the difference is between one and the other.

3d. (Lord's day.) Called up by W. Joyce,¹ he being summonsed to the House of Lords tomorrow, for endeavouring to arrest my Lady Peters² 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. After a little discourse I to the Lords' House, before

¹ William Joyce had married Pepys's first cousin, Kate Fenner.

² Elizabeth, daughter of John Savage, second Earl Rivers, and first wife to William, fourth Lord Petre, who was, in 1678, impeached by the Commons of High Treason, and died a prisoner in the Tower, 5th January 1684, *s.p.*

they sat; and stood within it a good while, while the Duke of York came to me, and spoke to me a good while, about the new ship at Woolwich. Afterwards I spoke with my Lord Berkeley and my Lord Peterborough about it. And so stayed without a good while, and saw my Lady Peters, an impudent jade, soliciting all the Lords on her behalf. And, at last, W. Joyce was called in; and, by the consequences, and what my Lord Peterborough told me, I find that he did speak all he said to his disadvantage, and so was committed to the Black Rod: which is very hard, he doing what he did by the advice of my Lord Peters's 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 Tothill Street, to a handsome dining-room; and there was most civilly used, my uncle Fenner and his brother Anthony and some other friends being with him. But who would have thought that the fellow that I should have sworn could have spoken before all the world should in this be so daunted, as not to know what he said, and now to cry like a child! I protest it is very strange to observe. So away to Westminster Hall, and, meeting Mr. Coventry, he took me to his chamber with Sir William Hickman,¹ a member of their House and a very civil gentleman. Here we dined very plentifully, and thence to White Hall, to the Duke's, where we all met, and, after some discourse of the condition of the 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, today 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 Tothill 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

¹ Only son of Sir Willoughby Hickman, of Gainsborough, who had been created a baronet in 1643, and whom he succeeded in his title and estates: he was M.P. for East Retford.

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 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 to 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 Crawley 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 them. The parish hereupon indict the man Cave for bringing this child upon the parish, and by Sir Richard Browne he is sent to the Counter. 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, &c., in consideration of £10 paid him, from all trouble, or charge of meat, drink, clothes, and breeding of Elizabeth Taylor; and it seems, in the doing of it, J. Noble was looked upon as the assignee of this John Taylor. Noble says that he furnished Tom with this money, and is also bound by another bond to pay him 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 today 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 Deptford to the alms-house, to see the new building which he, with some ambition, is building of there, during his being Master of Trinity House; and a good work it is. So home to dinner, and had an excellent Good Friday dinner of pease porridge and apple pie. So to the office all the afternoon. Then home to the only Lenten supper I have had of wiggs¹ 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 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.

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

¹ Buns, still called wigs in the west of England.

man, his son a pretty boy indeed, but his nose unhappily awry. To my Lord's. 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.

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' acted by the woman herself; 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;¹ 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: I 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!'

¹ The African House was in Leadenhall Street.

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 tomorrow.

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 demand 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!

22d. 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 times to listen to the nightingales. Thence I walked to Greenwich, Mr. Deane with me. 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 Spelman'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.

23d. 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 what of it out I can.

24th. (Lord's day.) All the morning in my chamber setting some of my private papers in order; for I perceive that now public business takes up so much of my time, that I must get time a-Sundays or a-nights to look after my own matters.

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 £9,000, which is a sad thing, especially considering the probability of his going to sea, in great danger of his life, and his children, many of them, to provide for. Thence, the young ladies going out to visit, I took my wife by coach out through the City.

discoursing how to spend the afternoon; and conquered, with much ado, a desire of going to the play; but took her out at Whitechapel, and Bethnal Green; so to Hackney, where I have not been many a year, since a little child I boarded there. Thence to Kingsland by my nurse's house, Goody Lawrence, where my brother Tom and I was kept when young. Then to Newington Green, and saw the outside of Mrs. Herbert's house, where she lived, and my aunt Ellen with her; but, Lord! how in every point I find myself to over-value things when a child. Thence to Islington, and so to St. John's to the Red Bull, 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 'light, and eat and drunk for remembrance of the old house sake; and so through Kingsland again, and so to Bishopsgate, and so home with great pleasure. The country mighty pleasant—only a little troubled at the young ladies leaving my wife so today, 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. Thence to my Lord's, and with him I rode in his coach to St. James's; and my Lady Peters, he says, is a drunken jade, he himself having seen her drunk in the lobby of their House. With my Lord to the Duke, where 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 Pepyses decay, and nobody almost that I know in a present way of increasing them.

27th. All the morning very busy with multitude of clients, till my head began to be overloaded. 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. My wife and I by coach to see my Lady Sandwich, where we find all the children and my Lord removed, and the house so melancholy that I thought my Lady had been dead, knowing that she was not well; but it seems she hath the 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 2d. By coach to the King's playhouse 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. Stuart, 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 and getting his leg over the pole; 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—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.

3d. Drank my morning draught in good chocolate, and slabbering my hand sent home for another; and so to Mr. Coventry's chamber where I endeavoured to show the folly, and punish it as

¹ Of Magdalene College.

² Or *The Fatal Embarrassment*, taken from Corneille.

much as I could, of Mr. Povy; for, 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 as good words, and with as good a show, as if it were reason and to the purpose, which is really one of the wonders of my life. Thence walked to Westminster Hall; and there, in the Lords' House, did in a great crowd, from ten o'clock till almost three, hear the cause of Mr. Robartes, my Lord Privy Seal's son against Win, who by false ways did get the father of Mr. Robartes's wife, Mr. Bodvile, to give him the estate and disinherit his daughter. The cause was managed for my Lord Privy Seal by Finch, the Solicitor; but I do really think that he is truly a man of as great eloquence as ever I heard, or ever hope to hear in all my life. 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 drunk mum,¹ and by and by broke up.

4th. Up, and my new tailor, Langford, comes and takes measure of me for a new black cloth suit and cloak. 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 begin every day to grow less and less able to bear with long reading or writing, though it be by daylight; which I never observed till now.

7th. After dinner comes Deane of Woolwich, and I spent all the afternoon with him about instructions which he gives me to understand the building of a ship, and I think I shall soon understand it.

8th. (Lord's day.) This day my new tailor, Mr. Langford, brought me home a new black cloth suit and cloak lined with silk

¹ Mum was a wholesome kind of malt liquor prepared in Germany. The receipt for making it is given in Rees's *Encyclopaedia*.

moyre. My wife and I to Sir W. Pen, and the perfidious rogue seems mightily civil to us, though I know he hates and envies us.

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 afeard to come up to her. So we did: but she was mightily against my wife's coming so near her; though, poor wretch! she is as well as ever she was, as to the 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.

12th. By a letter to me this afternoon from Mr. Coventry I saw the first appearance of a war with Holland.

13th. Up before three o'clock, and a little after upon the water, it being very light as at noon, and a bright sun-rising; 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. 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 Ryley,¹ the Herald, and his son, and spoke to his son, who told me, in very bad words concerning Mr. Prin, that the King had given him an office of keeping the Records; but that he never 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.

¹ At the Restoration William Ryley had been deprived of all his posts, including the office of Clerk of the Tower Records, which was given to Prynne. Ryley was originally made Lancaster Herald by Charles I, but he sided with the Parliament, and devoted himself to Oliver Cromwell. He was fortunate in being afterwards restored to the post of Lancaster Herald, which he held till his death, in 1667, though he failed in getting back Prynne's appointment. By his wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Anthony Chester, Bart., of Chichley, Buckinghamshire, Ryley had a numerous issue. Perhaps the son here mentioned was William Ryley, described by Prynne as of the Inner Temple, in 1662.

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, but it is a strange and sudden effect.

18th. A pretty cabinet sent me by Mr. Shales,¹ which I give my wife, and very conveniently it comes for her closet. This day I begun drinking buttermilk and whey, and I hope to find great good by it.

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 to 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.

21st. Very hot we are getting out some ships. With my wife called to see my Lady Sandwich, whom we found in her dining-room, which joyed us mightily; but she looks very thin, poor woman, being mightily broke.

22d. (Lord's day.) To White Hall. Here the Duke of York

¹ Captain John Shales.