

great and more then was convenient, but with no evil intent. And so after a while I caressed her and parted seeming friends, but she crying and in a great discontent. So I up and by water to the Temple. Here I met with my Cosen Roger Pepys and walked a good while with him; and among other discourse, as a secret he hath committed to nobody yet but myself, he tells me that his sister Claxton now resolving to give over the keeping of his house at Impington, 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 30 and 40 year old, without children and with a fortune, which he will answer in any degree with a Joynture 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*l* per annum, but it is 780*l* per annum – of which 200*l* is by the death of his last wife; which he will allot for a Joynture for a wife, but the rest, which lies in Cambrigeshire, he is resolved to leave entire for his eldest son. I undertook to do what I can in it, and so I shall. He tells me that the King hath sent to them<sup>1</sup> to hasten to make an end by Midsummer; so they have set upon four bills to despatch – the first of which is, he says, too devilish a severe act against conventicles; so beyond all moderation, that he is afearred 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 nothing is done, that he can see, out of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design. Thence by water to Chelsy, all the way reading a little book I bought of Improvement of trade, a pretty book and many things useful in it. So walked to Little Chelsy, where I find my Lord Sandwich with Mr. Becke, the maister of the house, and Mr. Creed at dinner. And I sat down with them, and very merry. After dinner (Mr. Gibbons being come in also before dinner done) to Musique; they played a good Fancy, to which my Lord is fallen again and says he cannot endure a merry tune – which is a strange turn of his humour, after he hath for two or three years flung off the practice of Fancies and played only fiddlers tunes. Then into the great garden up to the banquetting-house; and there by his glass we drow in the Species very pretty. Afterwards to ninepins, where I won a shilling – Creed and I playing against My Lord and Cooke. This day there was great thronging to Bansted downes, upon a great horse-race

1. The House of Commons.