

them right – but then after candlelight they begin to sore and run – so that I entend to get some green spectacles.

16. *Lords day*. Lay long, talking with my wife in bed. Then up with great content, and to my chamber to set right a picture or two – Lovett having sent me yesterday Santa Clara's head varnished, which is very fine. And now my closet is so full stored and so fine, as I would never desire to have it better. Dined without any strangers with me – which I do not like on Sundays. Then after dinner by water to Westminster to see Mrs. Martin, whom I found up in her chamber and ready to go abroad. I sat there with her and her husband and others a pretty while; and then away to Whitehall and there walked up and down to the Queen's side, and there saw my dear Lady Castlemayne, 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 Anthemne. 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 Accounts¹ will enquire sharply into our office; and (speaking of Sir J. Mennes) he says he will not bear anybody's faults but his own. He discoursed as bad of Sir W. Batten almost. And cries out upon the discipline of the fleet, which is lost. And that there is not, in any of the fourth-rates, and under, scarce left one Sea Comander, but all young gentlemen. And which troubles him, he hears that the gentlemen do give out that in two or three years a Tarpawlin shall not dare to look after being better then a Boatswain – which he is troubled at, and with good reason. So we parted, and I with Lord Brouncker to Sir P. Neale's chamber, and there sat and talked awhile – Sir Edwd. Walker being there, and telling us how he hath lost many fine Rowles of antiquity in Heraldry by the late fire, but hath saved the most of his papers. Here was also Dr. Wallis, the famous scholar and mathematician; but he promises little. Left them, and in the dark and cold home by water; and so to supper and to read, and so to bed – my eyes being better today – and I cannot impute it to anything but my being much in the dark tonight, for I plainly find that it is only excess of light that makes my eyes sore.

17. Up, and several people to speak with me. Then comes Mr.

1. See above, pp. 700–01.