

draughts; and after supper and some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house, we went to bed.

28. 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 and for London through the Forrest, 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.

29. To my office, and drank at Wills with Mr. Moore, who told me how my Lord is chosen generall-at-sea by the Council and that it is thought that Monke will be joined with him therein.

✱ MARCH ✱

1. To my office, where little to do; but Mr. Sheply comes to me, so at dinner time he and I went to Mr. Crews, it being the day that John, Mr. John Crew's coachman, was to be buried in the afternoon, he being a day or two before killed with a blow of one of his horses that struck his skull into his brains. From thence Mr. Sheply and I went into London to Mr. Laxton's, my Lord's Apothecary; and so by water to Westminster, where at the Sun he and I spent two or three hours at a pint or two of wine, discoursing of matters in the country; among other things, telling me that my Uncle¹ did to him make a very kind mention of me and what he would do for me. Thence I went home, and went to bed betimes.

2. This morning I went early to my Lord at Mr. Crew's, where I spoke to him. Here were a great many too, come to see him, as Secretary Thurlow who is now by this Parliament chosen again Secretary of State. There was also gen. Monkes trumpeters to give my Lord a sound of their trumpets this morning. Great is the talk of a single person, and that it would now be Charles, George, or Richard again.² Great also is the dispute now in the House in whose name the writs shall run for the next Parliament — and it is

1. Robert Pepys of Brampton.

2. i.e. Charles Stuart, George Monck, or Richard, son of Oliver Cromwell.