

glasses, and all in the French manner, and a mess of potage first and then a couple of pigeons *a l'esteuvé*, 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 periwig-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.; and so my wife and I away and by coach to Islington, it being a fine day, and thence to Sir G. Whitmore's house, where we light and 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, 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 of having her go away tomorrow.

16. To my office, where busy; and anon, at 7 at night, I and my wife and Sir W. Penn in his coach to Unthanke's, my wife's tailor's, for her to speak one word; and then we 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 that fellow did so trouble me, that considering that I was not likely to trouble him any more, nor have occasion to give any more anything, I did give him 3s.; but it may be, poor man, he hath lost a considerable hope by the death of this Lord, whose house will be no more frequented as before – and perhaps I may never come thither again about any business. 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 Ph. Warwick, I might be brought to another mind. Thence, we to Islington to the old house and there eat and drank; and then, it being late and a pleasant evening, we home; and there to my chamber and to bed.