

greater loss thereby. This they all laughed at. After having heard him for an hour or more, they bid him withdraw, I all this while showing him no respect, but rather against him; for which God forgive me, for I mean no hurt to him, but only find that these Lords are upon their own purgation, and it is necessary I should be so in behalf of the office. He being gone, they caused Sir Rd. Browne to read over his minutes; and then my Lord Arlington moved that they might be put into my hands to put into form, I being more acquainted with such business; and they were so.

So I away back with my books and papers; and when I got into the Court, it was pretty to see how people gazed upon me – that I thought myself obliged to salute people and to smile, lest they should think I was a prisoner too; but afterward I found the most did take me to be there to bear evidence against P. Pett. But my fear was such, at my going in, of the success of the day, that at my going in I did think fit to give T. Hater (whom I took with me to wait the event) my closet-key and directions where to find *sool* and more in silver and gold, and my tallies, to remove in case of any misfortune to me. I got home; and I and my wife to talk; who did give me so bad an account of her and my father's method in burying of our gold, that made me mad – and she herself is not pleased with it, she believing that my sister knows of it. My father and she did it on Sunday when they were gone to church, in open daylight in the midst of the garden, where for aught they knew, many eyes might see them; which put me into such trouble, that I was almost mad about it, and presently cast about how to have it back again to secure it here, the times being a little better now; at least, at Whitehall they seem as if they were – but one way or other, I am resolved to free them from the place if I can get them. Such was my trouble at this, that I fell out with my wife; that though new come to town, I did not sup with her nor speak to her tonight, but to bed and sleep.

21. Sir H. Cholmly came to me this day, and tells me the Court is as mad as ever and that the night the Dutch burned our ships, the King did sup with my Lady Castlemayne at the Duchess of Monmouth, and there were all mad in hunting of a poor moth. All the Court afeared of a Parliament; but he thinks nothing can save us but the King's giving up all to a Parliament.

22. In the evening came Capts. Hart and Hayword, and in talk