

indigent as it is and the [King] so irregular, and those about him, that my Lord must be forced to part with anything to answer his warrants; and that therefore I do believe the King had rather have a man that may be one of his vicious cabal, then a sober man that will mind the public, that so they may sit at cards and dispose of the revenue of the kingdom. This my Lord was moved at, and said he did not indeed know how to answer it.

Thence away to the King's playhouse by agreement; met Sir W. Penn and saw *Love in a Maze*; but a sorry play, only Lacy's clowne's[★] part, which he did most admirably endeed. Thence Sir W. Penn and I in his coach, Tiburne way, into the park; where a horrid dust and number of coaches, without pleasure or order. That which we and almost all went for was to see my Lady Newcastle; which we could not, she being fallowed and crowded upon by coaches all the way she went, that nobody could come near her; only, I could see she was in a large black coach, adorned with silver instead of gold, and so with the curtains and everything black and white, and herself in her cap; but other parts I could not make. But that which I did see and wonder at, with reason, was to find Pegg Penn in a new coach, with only her husband's pretty sister with her, both patched and very fine, and in much the finest coach in the park and I think that ever I did see, one or other, for neatness and richness in gold and everything that is noble – my Lady Castlemaine, the King, my Lord St. Albans, nor Mr. Germin have so neat a coach that ever I saw – and Lord, to have them have this, and nothing else that is correspondent, is to me one of the most ridiculous sights that ever I did see, though her present dress was well enough; but to live in the condition they do at home, and be abroad in this coach, astonishes me. When we had spent half an hour in the park, we went out again, weary of the dust and despairing of seeing my Lady Newcastle; and so back the same way and to St. Jones's, thinking to have met my Lady Newcastle before she got home; but we staying by the way to drink, she got home a little before us, so we lost our labours; and then home, where we find the two young ladies come home and their patches off (I suppose Sir W. Penn doth not allow of them in his sight) and going out of town tonight, though late, to Walthamstow. So to talk a little at Sir W. Batten's, and then home to supper, where I find Mrs. Hewer and her son, who have been abroad with my wife in the park; and so after supper to read and then to bed. Sir W. Penn did give me an account this afternoon of his design of buying Sir Rob. Brookes's fine house at Wanstead,