

went with him by water to Whitehall. But Lord, the silly talk that this fellow had – only, how ready he would be to part with all his estate in these difficult times to advance the King's service, and complaining that now (as everybody did lately in the Fire) everybody endeavours to save himself and let the whole perish – but a very weak man he seems to be. I left him at Whitehall, he giving 6*d.* towards the boat, and I to Westminster hall, where I was again defeated in my expectation of Burroughs – however, I was not much sorry for it; but by coach home in the evening, calling at Faythornes and buying three of my Lady Castlemaynes heads, printed this day; which ended is, as to the head, I think a very fine picture, and like her. I did this afternoon get Mrs. Michell to let me only have a sight of a pamphlett lately printed, but suppressed and much called after, called *The Catholiques Apology*, lamenting the severity of the Parliament against them – and comparing it with the lenity of other princes to protestants. Giving old and late instances of their Loyalty to their princes, whatever is objected against them. And excusing their disquiets in Queen Elizabeths time, for that it was impossible for them to think her a lawful queen, if Queene Mary, who had been owned as such, were so; one being the daughter of the true, and the other of a false wife – and that of the Gunpowder Treason, by saying that it was only the practice of some of us, if not the King, to trapan some of their religion into it, it never being defended by the generality of their Church, nor ended known by them. And ends with a large Catalogue in red Letters, of the Catholiques which have lost their lives in the quarrel of the late King and this. The thing is very well writ ended. So home to my letters, and then to my supper and to bed.

5. Up and by water to Whitehall, where we did much business before the Duke of York; which being done, I away home by water again, and there to my office till noon, busy. At noon home, and Goodgroome dined with us – who teaches my wife to sing. After dinner I did give him my song, *Beauty retire*, which he hath often desired of me; and without flattery, I think is a very good song. He gone, I to the office and there late very busy, doing much business; and then home to supper and talk; and then scold with my wife for not reckoning well the times that her music masters have been with her, but setting down more then I am sure, and did convince her, they had been with her; and in an ill humour of anger with her, to bed.