

bed, my mind troubled through a doubtfulness of my having incurred Sir W. Coventry's displeasure by not having waited on him since his coming to town, which is a mighty fault and that I can bear the fears of the bad effects of till I have been with him, which shall be tomorrow, God willing. So to bed.

7. Up betimes and to St. James's, thinking Mr. Coventry had lain there, but he doth not, but at Whitehall; so thither I went, and had as good a time as heart could wish; and after an hour in his chamber about public business, he and I walked up; and the Duke being gone abroad, we walked an hour in the Matted Gallery, he of himself beginning to discourse of the unhappy differences between him and my Lord of Sandwich, and from the beginning to the end did run through all passages wherein my Lord hath at any time gathered any dissatisfaction, and cleared himself to me most honourably; and in truth, I do believe he doth as he says. And when I said I was jealous of myself, that having now come to such an income as I am by his favour, I should not be found to do as much service as might deserve it, he did assure me he thinks it not too much for me, but thinks I deserve it as much as any man in England. All this discourse did cheer my heart, and sets me right again, after a good deal of melancholy, out of fears of his disinclination to me upon the differences with my Lord Sandwich and Sir G. Carteret; but I am satisfied thoroughly, and so went away quite another man, and by the grace of God will never lose it again by my folly in not visiting and writing to him as I used heretofore to do. Thence by coach to the Temple; and home and to writing and hear my boy play on the lute, and a turn with my wife pleasantly in the garden by moonshine, my heart being in great peace. And so home to supper and to bed. The King and Duke are to go tomorrow to Audly end in order to the seeing and buying of it of my Lord Suffolke.

8. Up betimes and to the office, where all the morning – sitting; and did discover three or four fresh instances of Sir W. Pen's old cheating dissembling tricks – he being as false a fellow as ever was born. Thence with Sir W. Batten and Lord Brouncker to the White horse in Lumberd street, to dine with Capt. Cocke upon perticular business of Canvas to buy for the King. And here by chance I saw the mistress of the house I have heard much of; and a very pretty woman she is ended – and her husband the simplest-looking fellow and old that ever I saw. After dinner I took coach and away to