

Having done at Woolwich, we to Depford (it being very cold upon the water) and there did also a little more business; and so home, I reading all the way to make end of *The Bondman* (which the oftener I read, the more I like), and begin *The Duchesse of Malfy*, which seems a good play. At home to dinner, and there came Mr. Pierce, Chyrurgeon, to see me; and after I had eat something, he and I and my wife by coach to Westminster; she set us down at Whitehall and she to her brother's – I up into the House, and among other things walked a good while with the Sergeant Trumpet, who tells me, as I wished, that the King's Italian here is about setting three parts for Trumpets and shall teach some to sound them, and believes they will [be] admirable Musique. I also walked with Sir St. Fox an hour, and good discourse of public business with him – who seems very much satisfied with my discourse, and desired more of my acquaintance. Then comes out the King and Duke of York from the Council, and so I spoke a while to Sir W. Coventry about some office business; and so called my wife and so home; and I to my chamber to do some business, and then to supper and to bed.

4. *Lords day*. Comes my Taylors man in the morning and brings my vest home, and coat to wear with it, and belt and silver-hilted sword. So I rose and dressed myself, and I like myself mightily in it, and so doth my wife. Then being dressed, to church; and after church pulled my Lady Pen and Mrs. Markeham into my house to dinner; and Sir J. Mennes, he got Mrs. Pegg along with him. I had a good dinner for them, and very merry. And after dinner to the waterside, and so, it being very cold, to Whitehall, and was mighty fearful of an ague (my vest being new and thin, and the Coate cut not to meet before upon my breast). Here I waited in the gallery till the Council was up; and among others, did speak with Mr. Cooling, my Lord Chamberlain's secretary – who tells me my Lord-Generall is become mighty low in all people's opinion, and that he hath received several slurs from the King and Duke of York. That people at Court do see the difference between his and the Prince's management and my Lord Sandwiches. That this business which he is put upon, of crying out against the Catholiques and turning them out of all imployment, will undo him when he comes to turn out the officers out of the army – and this is a thing of his own seeking. That he is grown a drunken sot, and drinks with nobody but Troutbecke, whom nobody else will keep company with – of whom he told me this story: That once, the Duke of