

Cæsar, and then Goodgroome, and what with one and the other, nothing but Musique with me this morning, to my great content; and the more to see that God Almighty hath put me into condition to bear the charge of all this. So out to the Change I, and did a little business; and then home, where they two musicians and Mr. Cooke came to see me – and Mercer, to go along with my wife this afternoon to a play. To dinner, and then our company all broke up, and I to my chamber to do several things – among other things, to write a letter to my Lord Sandwich, it being one of the burdens upon my mind that I have not writ to him since he went into Spain. But now I do intend to give him a brief account of our whole year's action since he went, which will make amends. My wife well home in the evening from the play; which I was glad of, it being cold and dark, and she having her necklace of pearl on, and none but Mercer with her. Spent the evening in fitting my books, to have the number set upon each in order to my having an Alphabet of my whole, which will be of great ease to me. After supper, to bed.

19. Up and by water to Whitehall, and there with the Duke of York did our usual business. But nothing but complaints of want of money, with[out] success, and Sir W. Coventry's complaint of the defects of our office (endeed Sir J. Mennes's), without any amendment. And he tells us so plainly of the committee of Parliament's resolution to enquire home into all our managements, that it makes me resolve to be wary and to do all things betimes to be ready for them. Thence, going away, met Mr. Hingston the Organist (my old acquaintance) in the Court, and I took him to the Dogg tavern and got him to set me a bass to my *It is decreed*, which I think will go well; but he commends the song, not knowing the words, but says the ayre is good, and believes the words are plainly expressed. He is of my mind, against having of eighths unnecessarily in composition. This did all please me mightily. Then to talk of the King's family: he says many of the Musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages. Nay, Evens, the famous man upon the Harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish – and carried to his grave in the dark of night, without one Linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. He says all must come to ruin at this rate, and I believe him. Thence home, and upon Tower hill saw about 3 or 400 seamen get together; and one,