

Pen do seem to think much of it. So home to dinner, full of this news; and after dinner to the office, and so home all the afternoon to do business towards my drawing up an account for the Duke of York of the answers of this office to his late great letter, and late at it; and so to bed, with great peace from my wife and quiet, I bless God.

30. Up betimes, and Mr. Povy comes to even accounts with me; which we did, and then fell to other talk; he tells me, in short, how the King is made a child of by Buckingham and Arlington, to the lessening of the Duke of York, whom they cannot suffer to be great, for fear of my Lord Chancellors return; which therefore they make the King violent against. That he believes it is impossible these two great men can hold together long – or at least that the ambition of the former is so great that he will endeavour to master all, and bring into play as many as he can. That Anglesy will not lose his place easily, but will contend in law with whoever comes to execute it. That the Duke of York, in all things but in his codpiece, is led by the nose by his wife. That he doth believe that these present great men will break in time, and that W. Coventry will be a great man again; for he doth labour to have nothing to do in matters of the State, and is so useful to the side that he is on, that he will stand, though at present he is quite out of play. This done, he and I to talk of my coach, and I got him to go see it; where he finds most infinite fault with it, both as to being out of fashion and heavy; with so good reason, that I am mightily glad of his having corrected me in it; and so I do resolve to have one of his build, and with his advice, both in coach and horses, he being the fittest man in the world for it. And so he carried me home and said the same to my wife. So I to the office and he away; and at noon I home to dinner and all the afternoon late, with Gibson at my chamber late, about my present great business; only, a little in the afternoon at the office about Sir D. Gawden's accounts; and so to bed and slept heartily; my wife and I at good peace, but my heart troubled and her mind not at ease I perceive, she against and I for the girl; to whom I have not said anything these three days – but resolve to be mighty strange in appearance to her. This night, W. Batelier came and took his leave of us, he setting out for France to-morrow.

31. So ends this month, with some quiet to my mind, though not perfect, after the greatest falling out with my poor wife, and through my folly with the girl, that ever I had; and I have reason to