

and after a while doing business, home to supper – and bed.

12. Up betimes; and by water to Whitehall and thence to Sir Ph. Warwickes; and there had half an hour's private discourse with him and did give him some good satisfaccion in our Navy matters, and he also me, as to the money paid and due to the Navy – so as he makes me assured, by perticulars, that Sir G. Carteret is paid within 80000*l*, every farthing, that we to this day, nay to Michaelmas day next, have demanded; and that I am sure is above 5000*l* more then truly our expense hath been – whatever is become of the money. Home, with great content that I have thus begun an acquaintance with him, who is a great man and a man of as much business as any man in England – which I will endeavour to deserve and keep.

*Pepys is now at Brampton, having ridden there with his wife on the 14th–15th to attend the manorial court in connection with the dispute with his uncle Thomas Pepys about Robert Pepys's estate (see above, pp. 144–5). He now rides to Wisbech to investigate the chances of gaining something from the estate of another relative, John Day, who had died in 1649.*

17. Up; and my father being gone to bed ill last night, and continuing so this morning, I was forced to come to a new consideration, whether it was fit for to let my uncle [Thomas] and his son go to Wisbeech about my uncle Days estate alone or no, and concluded it unfit and so resolved to go with them myself; and so leaving my wife there, I begun a journey with them; and with much ado through the Fens, along Dikes, where sometimes we were ready to have our horses sink to the belly, we got by night, with great deal of stir and hard riding, to Parsons drove, a heathen place – where I found my uncle and aunt Perkins and their daughters, poor wretches, in a sad poor thatched cottage, like a poor barne or stable, peeling of Hemp (in which I did give myself good content to see their manner of preparing of hemp) and in a poor condition of habitt; took them to our miserable Inne and there, after long stay and hearing of Franke their son, the miller, play upon his Treble (as he calls it), with which he earnes part of his living, and singing of a country bawdy song, we set down to supper: the whole Crew and Frankes wife and children (a sad company, of which I was ashamed) supped with us. And after supper, I talking with my aunt about her report concerning my uncle Days Will and surrender, I find her in such different reports from what she writes and says to other