

20. The great talk of the towne is the strange eleccion that the City of London made yesterday for Parliament men – viz., Fowke, Love, Jones, and [Thompson], men that are so far from being episcopall that they are thought to be anabaptistes; and chosen with a great deal of zeale, in spite of the other party that thought themselves very strong – crying out in the hall, “noe bishops! noe Lord Bishops!”. It doth make people to fear it may come to worse, by being an example to the countries to do the same. And ended, the bishops are so high, that very few do love them.

21. Up very earely and to work and study in my chamber. And then to Whitehall to my Lord, and there did stay with him a good while discoursing upon his accounts. Here I stayed with Mr. Creed all the morning. And at noon dined with my Lord, who was very merry; and after dinner we sang and fiddled a great while. Then I by water (Mr. sheply, pinkny, and others going part of the way) home and there hard at work setting my papers in order and writing letters till night. And so to bed.

23. All the morning at home putting papers in order. Dined at home. And then out to the Red bull (where I have not been since plays came up again), where I was led by a seaman that knew me, that is here as a servant, up to the tireing-room; where strange the confusion and disorder that there is among them in fitting themselves; especially here, where the clothes are very poore and the actors but common fellows. At last into the pitt, where I think there was not above ten more then myself, and not 100 in the whole house – and the play (which is called *All's lost by Lust*) poorly done – and with so much disorder; among others, that in the Musique-room, the boy that was to sing a song not singing it right, his master fell about his eares and beat him so, that put the whole house into an uprore. Thence homewards and at the Miter met my uncle Wight, and with him Lieut.-Coll. Baron, who told us how Crofton, the great presbyterian minister that hath lately preached so highly against Bishops, is clapped up this day into the tower – which doth please some and displease others exceedingly. Home and to bed.

25. *Lady-day*. This morning came workmen to begin the making of me a new pair of stairs up out of my parlour, which, with other work that I have to do, I doubt will keep me this two months; and so long I shall be all in dirt – but the work doth please me very well.