

Barronet – was turned from his persuasion by the late Archbishop Laud. He and the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Ward, are the two Bishops that the King doth say he cannot have bad sermons from. Here I met with Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that undoubtedly my Lord Bellasses doth go no more to Tanger, and that he doth believe he doth stand in a likely way to go Governor – though he says, and showed me, a young silly Lord (one Lord Allington) who hath offered a great sum of money to go; and will put hard for it, he having a fine lady and a great man would be glad to have him out of the way.

18. Up betimes, and to the office to write fair my paper for D. Gawden against anon; and then to other business, where all the morning. D. Gawden by and by comes, and I did read over and give him the paper, which I think I have much obliged him in. A little before noon comes my old good friend Mr. Rd. Cumberland to see me, being newly come to town, whom I have not seen almost, if not quite, these seven years – in his plain country-parson dress. I could not spend much time with him, but prayed him come with his brother, who was with him, to dine with me today; which he did do and I had a great deal of his good company; and a most excellent person he is as any I know, and one that I am sorry should be lost and buried in a little country town, and would be glad to remove him thence; and the truth is, if he would accept of my sister's fortune, I should give 100*l*. more with him than to a man able to settle her four times as much as I fear he is able to do. And I will think of it, and a way how to move it, he having in discourse said he was not against marrying, nor yet engaged. I showed him my closet, and did give him some very good music, Mr. Cæsar being here upon his Lute. They gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy. Anon Sir W. Penn came and talked with me in the garden; and tells me that for certain the Duke of Richmond is to marry Mrs. Stewart, he having this day brought in an account of his estate and debts to the King on that account. At night home to supper and so to bed. My father's letter this day doth tell me of his own continued illness, and that my mother grows so much worse that he fears she cannot long continue – which troubles me much. This day Mr. Cæsar told me a pretty experiment of his, of Angling with a Minikin, a gut-string varnished over, which keeps it from swelling and is beyond any hair for strength and smallness – the secret I like mightily.