

so all ended. And by my troth a pitiful sorry devocion it is that these men pay. So walked home by land. And before supper I read part of the Maryan persecution in Mr. Fuller. So to supper, prayer, and to bed.

9. This morning, Sir W. Batten with Coll. Birch to Deptford to pay off two ships. Sir W. Pen and I stayed to do business, and afterward together to Whitehall, where I went to my Lord and found him in bed not well. And saw in his chamber his picture, very well done; and am with child till I get it copyed out, which I hope to do when he is gone to sea. To Whitehall again, where at Mr. Coventrys chamber I met with Sir W. Pen again, and so with him to Redriffe by water and from thence walked over the fields to Deptford (the first pleasant walk I have had a great while); and in our way had a great deal of merry discourse, and find him to be a merry fellow and pretty good-natured and sings very bawdy songs. About noon we dined together and were very merry at table, telling of tales. After dinner to the pay of another ship till 10 at night. And so home in our barge, a clear Mooneshine night and it was 12 a-clock before we got home – where I find my wife in bed and part of our chambers hung today by the Upholster; but not being well done, I was fretted, and so in a discontent to bed.

10. *office day* all the morning. At night comes Mr. Moore and stayed late with me to tell me how Sir Hards: Waller (who only pleads guilty), Scott, Cooke, Peters, Harrison, &c. were this day arraigned at the bar at the Sessions house,<sup>1</sup> there being upon the bench the Lord Mayor, Gen. Monke, my Lord of Sandwich, &c.; such a bench of noblemen as hath not been ever seen in England. They all seem to be dismayed and will all be condemned without Question. In Sir Orland. Brigeman's charge, he did wholly rip up the unjustnesse of the war against the King from the beginning, and so it much reflects upon all the Long Parliament; though the King hath pardoned them, yet they must hereby confess that the King doth look upon them as traytors.

11. In the morning to my Lord's, where I met with Mr. Creed, and with him and Mr. Blackburne to the Rhenish winehouse – where we sat drinking of healths a great while, a thing which Mr

1. At the trial of the regicides.