

Canterbury speaks very little nor doth much, being now come to the highest pitch that he can expect. He tells me he believes that things will go very high against the Chancellor by Digby, and that bad things will be proved. Talks much of his neglecting the King and making the King to trot every day to him, when he is well enough to go to visit his Cosen, Chief Justice Hide, but not to the Council or King. He commends my Lord of Ormond mightily in Ireland; but cries out cruelly of Sir G. Lane for his corruption and that he hath done my Lord great dishonour by selling of places here, which are now all taken away and the poor wretches ready to starve. That nobody almost understands or judges of business better then the King, if he would not be guilty of his father's fault, to be doubtful of himself and easily be removed from his own opinion. That my Lord Lauderdale is never from the King's eare nor counsel and that he is a most cunning fellow. Upon the whole, that he finds things go very bad everywhere; and even in the Council, nobody minds the public.

8. Up, with some little discontent with my wife upon her saying that she had got and used some puppy-dog water, being put upon it by a desire of my aunt Wight to get some for her; who hath a mind, unknown to her husband, to get some for her ugly face. I to the office, where we sat all the morning. Thence home, whither Luellin came and dined with me; but we made no long stay at dinner, for *Heraclius* being acted, which my wife and I have a mighty mind to see, we do resolve, though not exactly agreeing with the letter of my vowe, yet altogether with the sense, to see another this month – by going hither instead of that at Court, there having been none conveniently since I made my vow for us to see there, nor like to be this Lent; and besides, we did walk home on purpose to make this going as cheap as that would have been to have seen one at Court; and my conscience knows that it is only the saving of money and the time also that I entend by my oaths, and this hath cost no more of either – so that my conscience before God doth, after good consultation and resolution of paying my forfeit did my conscience accuse me of breaking my vow, I do not find myself in the least apprehensive that I have done any vyolence to my oaths. The play hath one very good passage well managed in it; about two persons pretending and yet denying themselves to be son to the Tyrant Phocas and yet heire of Mauricius to the Crowne. The guarments like Romans very well. The little