

late, I beckoned to his lady to come up to us; who did, with another lady; and after sermon I led her down through the church to her husband and coach – a noble, fine woman, and a good one – and one my wife shall be acquainted with. So home and to dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch, sat undressed all day till 10 at night, altering and lacing of a black petticoat – while I by her, making the boy read to me the life of Julius Caesar and Des Cartes book of music – the latter of which I understand not, nor think he did well that writ it, though a most learned man. Then after supper made the boy play upon his lute, which I have not done twice before sence he came to me; and so, my mind in mighty content, we to bed.

27. *Lords day.* Walked to Whitehall and there saw the King at chapel; but stayed not to hear anything, but went to walk in the park with W. Hewer, who was with me; and there, among others, met with Sir G. Downing and walked with him an hour, talking of business and how the late war was managed, there being nobody to take care of it; and telling how when he was in Holland, he had so good spies, that he hath had the keys taken out of De Witts pocket when he was a-bed, and his closet opened and papers brought to him and left in his hands for an [hour], and carried back and laid in the place again and the keys put into his pocket again. He says he hath alway had their most private debates that have been, but between two or three of the chief of them, brought to him in an hour after, and an hour after that hath sent word thereof to the King – but nobody here regarded them. But he tells me the sad news that he is out of all expectations that ever the debts of the Navy will be paid, if the Parliament doth not enable the King to do it by money; all they can hope for to do out of the King's revenue being but to keep our wheels a-going on present services, and, if they can, to cut off the growing Interest – which is a sad story, and grieves me to the heart. So home, my coach coming for me, and there find Balty and Mr. How, who dined with me; and there my wife and I fell out a little about the foulness of the linen of the table, but were friends presently; but she cried, poor heart, which I was troubled for, though I did not give her one hard word.

28. Up, called up by drums and trumpets; these things and boxes having cost me much money this Christmas already, and will do more. My wife down by water to see her mother, and I with W. Hewers all day together in my closet, making some advance in the