

himself in great straits, and I believe it. Having his answer, and that I could not get better, we fell to public talk and to think how the fleet and seamen will be paid; which he protests he doth not think it possible to compass, as the world is now; no money got by trade, nor the persons that have it by them in the City to be come at. The Parliament, it seems, have voted the King 1250000 at 50000 per month tax for the war – and voted to assist the King against the Dutch and all that shall adhere to them – and thanks to be given him for his care of the Duke of Yorke – which last is a very popular vote on the Dukes behalf. He tells me how the taxes of the last assessment, which should have been in good part gathered, are not yet laid, and that even in part of the City of London – and that the Chimny money comes almost to nothing – nor anything else looked after. Having done this, I parted, my mind not eased by any money, but only that I had done my part to the King's service. And so in a very pleasant evening, back to Mr. Povys and there supped. And after supper to talk and to sing, his man Dutton's wife singing very prettily (a mighty fat woman), and I wrote out one song from her and pricked the Tune, being very pretty. But I did never hear one sing with so much pleasure to herself as this lady doth, relishing it to her very heart – which was mighty pleasant.

16. Upon the Exchange, which is very empty, God knows, and but mean people there. The news for certain, that the Dutch are come with their fleet before Margett, and some men were endeavouring to come on shore when the post came away – perhaps to steal some sheep. But Lord, how Colvill talks of the business of public Revenue like a madman, and yet I doubt all true; that nobody minds it, but that the King and Kingdom must speedily be undone – and rails at my Lord about the Prizes, but I think knows not my relation to him. Here I endeavoured to satisfy all I could people about bills of exchange from Tanger; but it is only with good words, for money I have not, nor can get. God knows what will become of all the King's matters in a little time, for he runs in debt every day, and nothing to pay them looked after. Thence I walked to the Tower. But Lord, how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor sick people in the streets, full of sores, and so many sad stories overheard as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that in Westminster there is never a physitian, and but one apothecary left, all being dead – but that there are great