

28. *Lords day.* Went to chapel and heard a little Musique and there met with Creed, and with him a little while walking and to Wilkinsons for me to drink, being troubled with Winde; and at noon to Sir Ph. Warwicke's to dinner, where abundance of company came in unexpectedly. And here I saw one pretty piece of household stuff; as the company encreaseth, to put a larger leaf upon an Ovall table. After dinner much good discourse with Sir Phillip, who I find, I think, a most pious good man, and a professor of a philosophicall manner of life and principles like Epictetus, whom he cites in many things. Thence to my Lady Sandwiches, where to my shame I had not been a great while before. Here, upon my telling her a story of my Lord of Rochester's running away on Friday night last with Mrs. Mallet, the great beauty and fortune of the [West], who had supped at Whitehall with Mrs. Stewart and was going home to her lodgings with her grandfather, my Lord Haly, by coach, and was at Charing cross seized on by both horse- and foot-men and forcibly taken from him, and put into a coach with six horses and two women provided to receive her, and carried away. Upon immediate pursuit, my Lord of Rochester (for whom the King had spoke to the lady often, but with no success) was taken at Uxbridge; but the lady is not yet heard of, and the King mighty angry and the Lord sent to the Tower. Hereupon, my Lady did confess to me, as a great secret, her being concerned in this story – for if this match breaks between my Lord Rochester and her, then, by the consent of all her friends, my Lord Hinchingbrooke stands fair, and is invited for her. She is worth, and will be at her mother's death (who keeps but a little from her), 2500*l* per annum. Pray God give a good success to it. But my poor Lady, who is afeared of the sickness and resolved to be gone into the country, is forced to stay in town a day or two or three about it, to see the event of it. Thence home, and to see my Lady Pen – where my wife and I were shown a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign. So to supper at home and to bed.

29. Lay long in bed, being in some little pain of the wind, Collique. Then up and to the Duke of Albemarle, and so to the Swan and there drank at Herberts; and so by coach home, it being kept a great holiday through the City, for the birth and restoration of the King. To my office, where I stood by and saw Symson the Joyner do several things, little Jobbs, to the rendering of my closet