

and his wife came to dine with me (which is the first time they have been in my house I think these five years), I thinking it not amiss, because of their acquaintance in our country, to show them some respect. Mr. Turner and his wife and their son the Captain dined with me, and I had a very good dinner for them – and very merry; and after dinner he was forced to go, though it rained, to Stepny to preach. We also to church, and then home, and there comes Mr. Pelling with two men by promise, one Wallington and Piggott; the former whereof, being a very little fellow, did sing a most excellent bass, and yet a poor fellow, a working goldsmith, that goes without gloves to his hands. Here we sung several good things, but I am more and more confirmed that singing with many voices is not singing, but a sort of Instrumentall music, the sense of the words being lost by not being heard, and especially as they set them with Fuges of words, one after another; whereas singing properly, I think, should be but with one or two voices at most, and that counterpoint. They supped with me; and so broke up, and then my wife and I to my chamber, where through the badness of my eyes she was forced to read to me, which she doth very well; and was Mr. Boyle's discourse upon the Style of the Scripture, which is a very fine piece. And so to bed.

19. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner, W. Hewer and I and my wife, when comes my Cosen Kate Joyce and an aunt of ours, Lettice, formerly Hanes and now Howlett, come to town to see her friends, and also Sarah Kite, with her little boy in her armes, a very pretty little boy. The child I like very well, and could wish it my own. My wife, being all unready, did not appear. I made as much of them as I could such ordinary company; and yet my heart was glad to see them, though their condition was a little below my present state to be familiar with. She tells me how the Lifeguard, which we thought a little while since was sent down into the country about some insurrection, was sent to Winchcombe to spoil the Tobacco there, which it seems the people there do plant contrary to law and have always done, and still been under force and danger of having it spoiled; as it hath been oftentimes, and yet they will continue to plant it. The place, she says, is a miserable poor place. They gone, I to the office, where all the afternoon very busy; and at night, when my Eyes were weary of the light, I and my wife to walk in the garden, and then home to supper and pipe and then to bed.