

give him an Angell to teach me. To the office and sat there all the afternoon till 9 at night. So home to my musique; and my wife and I sat singing in my chamber a good while together. And then to bed.

18. Toward Westminster from the towre by water; and was fain to stand upon one of the peeres about the bridge before the men could drag their boat through the lock, and which they could not do till another was called to help them. Being through bridge, I find the Thames full of boats and gallys; and upon enquiry find that there was a wager to be run this morning. So spying of Payne in a galley, I went into him and there stayed, thinking to have gone to Chelsy with them; but upon the start, the wager-boats fell foul one of another, till at last one of them goes over, pretending foule play; and so the other rew away alone – and all our sport lost. So I went ashore at Westminster; and to the hall I went, where it was very pleasant to see the hall in the condition it is now, with the judges in the benches at the further end of it – which I had not seen all this tearme till now. Thence with Mr. Spicer, Creed and some others to drink; and so away homewards by water with Mr. Creed, whom I left in London going about business; and I home – where I stayed all the afternoon. And in the garden reading *Faber fortunae* with great pleasure. So home to bed.

19. *Lords day.* To my Lord's, where we went and sat talking and laughing in the drawing-room a great while. All our talk about their going to sea this voyage,<sup>1</sup> which Capt. Ferrers is in some doubt whether he shall go or no. But swears that he would go if he were sure never to come back again. And I giving him some hopes, he grew so mad with joy that he fell a-dancing and leaping like a madman. Now it fell out so that the balcone windows were open; and he went to the rayle and made an offer to leap over and asked what if he should leap over there. I told him I would give him 40l if he did not go to sea. With that, though I shut the door and W. Howe hindered him all we could, yet he opened them again and with a vault leaps down into the garden – the greatest and most desperate frolic that ever I saw in my life. I run to see what was become of him, and we find him crawled upon his knees – but could not rise. So we went down into the garden and dragged him to the bench, where he looked like a dead man – but could not stir. And though he

1. See above, p. 122, n. 1.