

the evening, whither Mr. Comander came to me and we discoursed about my Will, which I am resolved to perfect the next week by the grace of God. He being gone, I to write letters and other business late. And so home to supper and to bed.

24. *Lords day.* Lay long in bed. And then up; and being desirous to perform my vows that I lately made, among others to be performed this month, I did go to my office and there fell on entering out of a by-book part of my second Journall book, which hath lay these two years and more unentered. Upon this work till dinner; and after dinner, to it again till night and then home to supper; and after supper, to read a lecture to my wife upon the globes, and so to prayers and to bed. This evening also, I drow up a rough draught of my last Will – to my mind.

27. Up and to the office; and at noon to the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Asckue and Sir Wm. Petty, who in discourse is methinks one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear; among other things saying that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world – *Religio Medici*, Osborne's *Advice to a Son*, and *Hudibras*. Thence to the Change; and after doing much business, home, taking Comissioner Pett thence with me, and all alone dined together. He was mighty serious with me in discourse about the consequence of Sir W. Petty's boat<sup>1</sup> as the most dangerous thing in the world if it should be practised in the world, by endangering our loss of the command of the seas and the trade while the Turkes and others shall get the use of them, which, without doubt, by bearing more sail will go faster then any other ships; and not being of burden, our Merchants cannot have the use of them and so will be at the mercy of their enemies – so that I perceive he is afear'd that the Honour of his trade will down, though (which is a truth) he pretends this consideration to hinder the growth of this invention. He being gone, my wife and I took coach and to Covent garden to buy a mask at the French house, Madam Charett's, for my wife – in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, *The Indian Queene*; which for show, they say, exceeds *Henry the 8th*. Thence back to Mrs. Turners and sat a while with them, talking of plays and I know not what;

1. See above, p. 299 (31 July).