

with Mr. Batten in Westminster hall – who showed me my mistake, that my hares-foot<sup>1</sup> hath not the joyne to it, and assures me he never had his cholique since he carried it about him. And it is a strange thing how fancy works, for I no sooner almost handled his foot but my belly begin to be loose and to break wind; and whereas I was in some pain yesterday and t'other day, and in fear of more today, I became very well, and so continue. At home to my office a while, and so to supper – read, and to cards and to bed.

21. At the office all the morning. Thence my Lord Brunker carried me as far as Mr. Povy's and there I light and dined, meeting Mr. Sherwin, Creed, &c. there upon his accounts. After dinner they parted, and Mr. Povy carried me to Somersett house and there showed me the Queen-mother's chamber and closet, most beautiful places for furniture and pictures; and so down the great stone stairs to the garden and tried the brave Eccho upon the stairs – which continues a voice so long as the singing three notes, concords, one after another, they all three shall sound in consort together a good while most pleasantly. Thence to a Tanger Comittee at Whitehall, where I saw nothing ordered by judgment, but great heat and passion and faction now, in behalf of my Lord Bellasses and to the reproach of my Lord Tiviott, and dislike as it were of former proceedings. So away with Mr. Povey, he carrying me homeward to Mark lane in his coach. A simple fellow I now find him, to his utter shame, in his business of accounts, as none but a sorry fool would have discovered himself – and yet in little light sorry things, very cunning; yet in the principal, the most ignorant man I ever met with in so great trust as he is. To my office till past 12, and then home to supper and to bed – being now mighty well; and truly, I cannot but impute it to my fresh Hares Foote. Before I went to bed, I sat up till 2 a-clock in my chamber, reading of Mr. Hookes Microscopical Observations, the most ingenious book that ever I read in my life.

22. *Lords day.* Up, leaving my wife in bed, being sick of her months, and to church. Thence home, and in my wife's chamber dined very merry, discoursing among other things of a design I have come in my head this morning at church, of making a match between Mrs. Betty Pickering and Mr. Hill my friend, the

1. See above, p. 457 & n.