

anything, doubt not to get him preferment. This discourse ended to the joy of my father, and no less to me, to see that I am able to do this; we return to Joyces and there, wanting a coach to carry us home, I walked out as far as the New Exchange to find one, but could not. So down to the Milke-house and drank three glasses of whey, and then up into the Strand again, and there met with a coach. And so to Joyces and took up my father, wife, sister, and Mercer, and to Islington, where we drank, and then our Tour by Hackny home – where, after a little business at my office and then talk with my Lady and Pegg Pen in the garden, I home and to bed – being very weary.

18. Up betimes, and in my chamber most of the morning, setting things to right there, my Journall and accounts with my father and brother. Then to the office a little, and so to Lumberd street to borrow a little money upon a tally, but cannot. Thence to Exchequer, and there after much wrangling got consent that I should have a great tally broken into little ones. Thence to Hales's to see how my father's picture goes on, which pleases me mighty well, though I find again, as I did in Mrs. Pierces, that a picture may have more of likeness in the first or second working then it shall have when finished; though this is very well, and to my full content; but so it is. And contrarily, mine was not so like at the first, second, or third sitting as it was afterward. Thence to my Lord Bellasyse by invitation, and there dined with him and his lady and daughter; and at dinner there played to us a young boy lately come from France, where he had been learning a year or two on the viallin, and plays finely. But impartially, I do not find any goodness in their ayres (though very good) beyond ours, when played by the same hand; I observed in several of Baptiste's (the present great composer) and our Bannisters. But it was pretty to see how passionately my Lord's daughter loves music, the most that ever I saw creature in my life.

19. At my business till late at night; then with my wife into the garden, and there sang with Mercer – whom I feel myself beginning to love too much, by handling of her breasts in a morning when she dresses me, they being the finest that ever I saw in my life; that is the truth of it. So home, and to supper with beans and bacon, and to bed.

20. Up, but in some pain of the Collique – hav[ing] of late taken