

Journall, for some days leaving it imperfect, the matter being mighty grievous to me and my mind from the nature of it. And so in to solace myself with my wife, whom I got to read to me, and so W. Hewer and the boy; and so after supper, to bed. This day, my boy's Livery is come home, the first I ever had of Greene lined with red; and it likes me well enough.

23. Up, and called upon by W. How, who went with W. Hewers with me by water to the Temple. His business was to have my advice about a place he is going to buy – the Clerk of the Patent's place – which I understand not, and so could say little to him – but fell to other talk; and setting him in at the Temple, we to Whitehall, and there I to visit Lord Sandwich, who is now so reserved, or moped rather, I think with his own business, that he bids welcome to no man, I think, to his satisfaction. However, I bear with it, being willing to give him as little trouble as I can and to receive as little from him, wishing only that I had my money in my purse that I have lent him – but however, I show no discontent at all. So to Whitehall, where a Committee of Tanger expected, but none met. I met with Mr. Povy, who I discoursed with about public business. Thence with W. Hewers (who goes up and down with me like a jaylour, but yet with great love and to my great good liking, it being my desire above all things to please my wife therein). I took up my wife and boy at Unthanks, and from thence to Hercules Pillars and there dined; and thence to our Upholsters about some things more to buy, and so to see our coach, and so to the looking-glass man's by the New Exchange, and so to buy a picture for our blue-chamber chimney, and so home; and there I made my boy to read to me most of the night, to get through the *Life of the Archbishop of Canterbury*. At supper comes Mary Battelier, and with us all the evening prettily talking, and very innocent company she is; and she gone, we with much content to bed and to sleep, with mighty rest all night.

28. Up, and all the morning at the office; where, while I was sitting, one comes and tells me that my Coach is come – so I was forced to go out; and to Sir Rd. Ford's, where I spoke to him, and he is very willing to have it brought in and stand there; and so I ordered it, to my great content, it being mighty pretty; only, the horses do not please me, and therefore resolve to have better. At noon home to dinner; and so to the office again all the afternoon and did a great