

and drank with us. After that I took her to my house,¹ where I was exceeding free in dallying with her, and she not unfree to take it. At night home and called at my father's, where I found Mr. Fairebrother; but I did not stay but went homewards and called in at Mr. Rawlinsons, whither my uncle Wight was coming; and did come, but was exceeding angry (he being a little fuddled, and I think it was that I should see him in that case) as I never saw him in all my life – which I was somewhat troubled at. Home and to bed.

15. To the office; and after dinner by water to Whitehall, where I find the King gone this morning by 5 of the clock to see a Duch pleasure-boat² below bridge, where he dines, and my Lord with him. The King doth tire all his people that are about him with early rising since he came. To the office. All the afternoon I stayed there. And in the evening went to Westminster hall, where I stayed at Mrs. Michells; and with her and her husband sent for some drink and drunk with them: by the same token, she and Mrs. Murford and another old woman of the Hall were going a-gossiping* tonight. From thence to my Lord's, where I found him within and he did give me direction about his business in his absence, he entending to go into the country tomorrow morning.

16. This morning my Lord (all things being ready) carried me by coach to Mr. Crews, in the way talking how good he did hope my place would be to me and, in general, speaking that it was not the salary of any place that did make a man rich, but the opportunities of getting money while he is in the place: where he took leave and went into the coach, and so for Hinchinbrooke: my Lady Jem and Mr. Thomas Crew in the coach with him. Thence to Whitehall about noon, where I met with Mr. Madge, who took me along with him and Capt. Cooke (the famous singer) and other Maisters of Musique to dinner at an ordinary above Charing cross, where we dined, all paying their club. Thence to the Privy Seal, where there hath been but little work these two days. In the evening, home.

19. *Lords day.* In the morning my wife tells me that [her little] bich hath whelp[ed] four young ones and is very well after it, my wife having had a great fear that she would die thereof, the dog that got them being very big. This morning Sir W. Batten, Pen and myself

1. In Axe Yard.

2. Presented to the King by the city of Amsterdam.