

expressions she will have often. After an hour's talk, we to bed – the lady mightily troubled about a little pretty bitch she hath, which is very sick and will eat nothing. And the jest was, I could hear her in her chamber bemoaning the bitch; and by and by taking her to bed with her, the bitch pissed and shit abed, and she was fain to rise and had coals out of my chamber to dry the bed again. This night, I had a letter that Sir G. Carteret would be in town tomorrow, which did much surprize me.

7. Spent the evening till midnight talking with Mrs. Penington, who is a very discreet, understanding lady; and very pretty discourse we had, and great variety. And she tells me, with great sorrow, her bitch is dead this morning – died in her bed. So broke up, and to bed.

10. Up, and enter all my Journall since the 28th of October, having every day's passage well in my head, though it troubles me to remember it; and what I was forced to, being kept from my lodging, where my books and papers are, for several days. So to my office – where, till 2 or 3 a-clock, busy before I could go to my lodging to dinner. Then did it, and to my office again. In the evening news is brought me my wife is come; so I to her, and with her spent the evening, but with no great pleasure, I being vexed about her putting away of Mary in my absence; but yet I took no notice of it at all – but fell into other discourse; and she told me, having herself been this day at my house at London (which was boldly done) to see Mary have her things, that Mr. Harrington our neighbour, and East Country merchant, is dead at Epsum of the plague. And that another neighbour of ours, Mr. Hallworthy, a very able* man, is also dead, by a fall in the country from his horse, his foot hanging in the stirrup and his brains beat out. Here we sat talking; and after supper, to bed.

12. *Lords day*. Up, and invited by Capt. Cocke to dinner. So after being ready, I went to him, and there he and I and Mr. Yard (one of the Guiny Company) dined together, and very merry. Thence back by water to Capt. Cockes, and there he and I spent a great deal of the evening, as we had done of the day, reading and discoursing over part of Mr. Stillingfleete's *Origines Sacrae*, wherein many things are very good – and some frivolous.