

by Hill, who was with me this morning and is mightily surprized that I should tell him what I can have the same tarr with his for. Thence home; but finding my wife gone, I took coach and after her to her Inne; where I am troubled to see her forced to sit in the back of the coach, though pleased to see her company, none but women and one parson. And so kissing her often and Ashwell once, I bid them Adieu; and so home by coach and thence by water to Deptford to the Trinity house, where I came a little late but I found them reading their charter; which they did like fools, only reading here and there a bit, whereas they ought to do it all, every word; and then proceeded to the Eleccion of a Maister, which was Sir W. Batten, who made a heavy, short speech to them, moving them to give thanks to the late Maister for his pains, which he said was very great, and giving them thanks for their choice of him, wherein he would serve them to the best of his power. Then to the choice of their Assistants and Wardens, and so rose. Thence to church, where Dr. Britton preached a sermon full of words against the Nonconformists; but no great matter in it, nor proper for the day at all. His text was, "With one minde and one mouth give glory to God, the father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

That done, by water, I in the barge with the Maister, to the Trinity house at London, where, among others, I find my Lord Sandwich and Craven and my Cosen Rogr. Pepys and Sir Wm. Wheeler. Anon we sat down to dinner; which was very great, as they always have. Great variety of talk. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of Spirits and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearing of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very scepticall. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the Devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down; there is books of it, and they say very true. But my Lord observes that though he doth answer to any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one tune he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole, and I think it is a good argument. Sometimes they talked of handsome women; and Sir J. Mennes saying that there was no beauty like what he sees in the country-markets, and especially at Bury, in which I will agree with him that there is a prettiest woman I ever saw – my Lord replied: "Why, Sir John, what do you think of your neighbour's wife?" looking upon me, "do not you think that he hath a great beauty to his wife? Upon my word he hath!" – which I