

others – but ill attendance. Before dined, called on by my wife in a coach; and so I took leave, and there with her and Knipp and Mercer (Mr. Hunt, newly come out of the country, being there also, come to see us) to Mr. Hales the painter's, having set down Mr. Hunt by the way. Here Mr. Hales begun my wife in the posture we saw one of my Lady Peters, like a St. Katharine. While he painted, Knipp and Mercer and I sang; and by and by comes Mrs. Pierce with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money. But strange, how like his very first dead Colouring is, that it did me good to see it, and pleases me mightily – and I believe will be a noble picture. Thence with them all as far as Fleet street and there set Pierce and Knipp down; and we home, I to the office, whither the Houb[l]ons come, telling me of a little new trouble from Norwood about their ship, which troubles me, though without reason. So late home to supper and to bed.

16. I walked a good while tonight with Mr. Hater in the garden, talking about a husband for my sister and reckoning up all our clerks about us, none of which he thinks fit for her and her portion. At last I thought of young Gawden, and will think of it again.

18. *Lords day.* Lay long in bed, discoursing with pleasure with my wife; among other things, about Pall's coming up, for she must be here a little to be fashioned. And my wife hath a mind to go down for her – which I am not much against, and so I rose and to my chamber to settle several things. At noon comes my Uncle Wight to dinner, and brings with him Mrs. Wight; sad company to me, nor was I much pleased with it – only, I must show respect to my Uncle. After dinner, they gone and it being a brave day, I walked to Whitehall, where the Queene and ladies are all come; I saw some few of them, but not the Queen nor any of the great beauties. I endeavoured to have seen my Lord Hinchbrooke, who came to town yesterday, but I could not. Met with Creed, and walked with him a turn or two in the park, but without much content, having now designs of getting money in my head, which allows me not the leisure I used to have with him. Besides, an odde story lately told of him for a great truth, of his endeavouring to lie with a woman at Oxford, and her crying out saved her; and this being publicly known, doth a little make me hate him. Thence took coach, and calling by the way at my bookseller's for a book, writ about twenty years ago in prophecy of this year coming on, 1666, explaining it to