

an object. And that it is not the eye at all, or any rule in optiques, that can tell distance; but it is only an act of reason, comparing of one mark with another. Which did both please and inform me mightily. Being come thither, we went to my Lord Lauderdale's house to speak with him about getting a man at Lieth to join with one we employ to buy some prize goods for the King. We find [him] and his lady and some Scotch people at supper – pretty odd company; though my Lord Brouncker tells me my Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgment. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin, some Scotch tunes only – several – and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them by their praising and admiring them; but Lord, the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself, that he had rather hear a Catt mew then the best Musique in the world – and the better the music, the more sick it makes him. And that of all instruments, he hates the Lute most; and next to that, the Baggpipe. Thence back with my Lord to his house; all the way good discourse, informing of myself about optiques still; and there left him, and by a hackney home; and after writing three or four letters, home to supper and to bed.

29. *Lords day.* Up and all the morning in my chamber, making up my accounts in my book with my father and brother, and stating them. Towards noon, before sermon was done at church, comes news by a letter to Sir W. Batten (to my hand) of the late fight<sup>1</sup> – which I sent to his house, he at church: but Lord, with what impatience I stayed till sermon was done, to know the issue of the fight, with a thousand hopes and fears and thoughts about the consequences of either. At last sermon is done and he came home, and the bells immediately rung as soon as the church was done; but coming to Sir W. Batten to know the news, his letter said nothing of it – but all the town is full of a victory. By and by, a letter from Sir W. Coventry tells me that we have the victory. Beat them into the Weelings. Had taken two of their great ships, but by the orders of the Generals they are burned – this being methought but a poor result after the fighting of two so great fleets; and four days having no tidings of them, I was still impatient – but could know no more; so away home to dinner, where Mr. Spong and Reeves dined with

1. The Battle of St James's Day, 25 July.