

To the office then. And there all the morning. [At night] to my father's and there stayed talking with my mother and him late about my dinner tomorrow. So homewards and took up a boy that had a lanthorn, that was picking up of rags, and got him to light me home. And had great discourse with him how he could get sometimes three or four bushels of rags in a day, and gat 3*d*. a bushel for them. And many other discourses, what and how many ways there are for poor children to get their livings honestly. So home to bed – at 12 a-clock at night, being pleased well with the work that my workmen have begun today.

26. Up early to do business in my study. This is my great day, that three year ago I was cut of the stone – and blessed be God, I do yet find myself very free from pain again. All this morning I stayed at home looking after my workmen, to my great content, about my stairs. And at noon by coach to my father's, where Mrs. Turner, The[oph]., Joyce, Mr. Morrice, Mr. Armiger, Mr. Pierce the surgeon and his wife – my father and mother and myself and my wife. Very merry at dinner. Among other things, because Mrs. Turner and her company eate no flesh at all this Lent and I had a great deal of good flesh, which made their mouths water.

27. Up earely – to see my workmen at work. My brother Tom comes to me, and among other things, I looked over my old clothes and did give him a suit of black stuff clothes and a hat and some shooes. At the office all the morning – where Sir G. Carteret comes. At noon I find my stairs quite broke down, that I could not get up but by a lather. And my wife not being well, she kept her chamber all this day. Then to the Dolphin to a dinner of Mr. Harris's, where Sir Wms both and my Lady Batten and her two daughters and other company – where a great deal of mirth. And there stayed till 11 a-clock at night. And in our mirth, I sang and sometimes fiddled (there being a noise of fiddlers there) and at last we fell to dancing – the first time that ever I did in my life – which I did wonder to see myself to do. At last we made Mingo, Sir W. Battens black, and Jack, Sir W. Pens, dance; and it was strange how the first did dance with a great deal of seeming skill. Home, where I find my wife all day in her chamber, and so to bed.