

beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie in so much pain that made me mad to see it; till by and by, the servants of the house chiding of their young maister, one of them came with a thong and killed the dog outright presently. Thence to Westminster Palace and there took boat and to Foxhall, where we walked and eat and drank and sang, and very merry; but I find Mrs. Horsfield one of the veriest citizen's wives in the world, so full of little silly talk, and now and then a little sillily bawdy, that I believe if you had her sola, a man might hazer algo with her. So back by water to Westminster Palace and there got a coach who carried us as far as the Minorys, and there something of the traces broke, and we forced to light and walked to Mrs. Horsfields house, it being a long and bad way, and dark; and having there put her in a-doors, her husband being in bed, we left her; and so back to our coach, where the coachman had put it in order, but could not find his whip in the dark a great while, which made us stay long; at last, getting a neighbour to hold a candle out of their window, Mercer found it, and so away; we home at almost 12 at night; and setting them both at their homes, I home and to bed.

19. Up, and called on by Mr. Pierce, who tells me that after all this ado Ward is come to town, and hath appeared to the Commissioners of Accounts and given such answers as he thinks will do everybody right and let the world see that their great expectations and jealousies have been vain in this matter of the prizes. The Commissioners were mighty inquisitive whether he was not instructed by letters or otherwise from hence from my Lord Sandwiches friends what to say and do, and perticularly from me – which he did wholly deny, as it was true, I not knowing the man that I know of. He tells me also that for certain Mr. Vaughan is made Lord Chief Justice; which I am glad of. He tells me too, that since my Lord of Ormond's coming over, the King begins to be mightily reclaimed, and sups every night with great pleasure with the Queene; and yet it seems he is mighty hot upon the Duchess of Richmond; insomuch that upon Sunday was sennit, at night, after he had ordered his guards and coach to be ready to carry him to the park, he did on a sudden take a pair of oars or sculler, and all alone, or but one with him, go to Somerset house and there, the garden-door not being open, himself clamber over the walls to make a visit to her where she is; which is a horrid shame. He gone, I to the office, where we sat all the morning. Sir W. Pen, sick of the gout, comes