

all) and then failed unhappy in the ninth, *viz.*, that of the King's coming in. Upon the Change, a great talk there was one Mr. Tryan, an old man, a merchant in Lymestreete, robbed last night (his man and maid being gone out after he was a-bed) and gagged and robbed of 1050*l* in money and about 4000*l* in Jewells which he had in the house as security for money. It is believed that his man, by many circumstances, is guilty of confederacy, by their ready going to his secret Till in his desk wherein the key of his cash chest lay.

11. Waked this morning by 4 a-clock by my wife, to call the maids to their wash. And what through my sleeping so long last night and vexation for the lazy sluts lying so long against their great wash, neither my wife nor I could sleep one winke after that time till day; and then I rose and by coach (taking Capt. Grove with me and three bottles of Tent, which I sent to Mrs. Lane by my promise on Saturday night last) to Whitehall and there with the rest of our company to the Duke and did our business; and thence I to the Tennis Court till noon and there saw several great matches played; and so by invitation to St. James's, where at Mr. Coventry's chamber I dined with my Lord Barkely, Sir G. Carteret, Sir Edwd. Turner, Sir Ellis Layton, and one Mr. Seymour, a fine gentleman; where admirable good discourse of all sorts, pleasant and serious. Thence after dinner to Whitehall; where the Duke being busy at the Guinny business – the Duke of Albemarle, Sir W. Rider, Povy, Sir J. Lawson and I to the Duke of Albemarle's lodgings and there did some business; and so to the Court again and I to the Duke of Yorkes lodgings, where the Guinny Company are choosing their Assistants for the next year by balletting. Thence by coach with Sir J. Robinson, Lieutenant of the Tower; he set me down at Cornhill; but Lord, the simple discourse that all the way we had, he magnifying his great undertakings and cares that have been upon him for these last two years, and how he commanded the City to the content of all parties, when the loggerhead knows nothing almost that is sense. Thence to the Coffee-house, whither comes Sir W. Petty and Capt. Grant, and we fell in talk (besides a young gentleman I suppose a merchant, his name Mr. Hill, that hath travelled and I perceive is a master in most sorts of Musique and other things) of Musique, the Universall Character – art of Memory – Granger's counterfeiting of hands – and other most excellent discourses, to my great content, having not been in so good company a great while. And had I time I should covett the