

discoursed nothing today with cousin or Jackson about our business. I to Capt. Cocke's and there discoursed over our business of prizes; and I think I shall go near to state the matter so as to secure myself without wrong to him, doing nor saying anything but the very truth. Thence away to the Strand to my bookseller's, and there stayed an hour and bought that idle, roguish book, *L'escolle des Filles*; which I have bought in plain binding (avoiding the buying of it better bound) because I resolve, as soon as I have read it, to burn it, that it may not stand in the list of books, nor among them, to disgrace them if it should be found. Thence home, and busy late at the office; and then home to supper and to bed. My wife well pleased with my sister's match, and designing how to be merry at their marriage. And I am well at ease in my mind to think that that care will be over.

9. *Lords day*. Up, and at my chamber all the morning and the office, doing business and also reading a little of *L'escolle des Filles*, which is a mighty lewd book, but yet not amiss for a sober man once to read over to inform himself in the villainy of the world. At noon home to dinner, where by appointment Mr. Pelling came, and with him three friends: Wallington that sings the good bass, and one Rogers, and a gentleman, a young man, his name Tempest, who sings very well indeed and understands anything in the world at first sight. After dinner, we into our dining-room and there to singing all the afternoon (by the way, I must remember that Pegg Pen was brought to bed yesterday of a girl; and among other things, if I have not already set it down, that hardly ever was remembered such a season for the smallpox as these last two months have been, people being seen all up and down the streets, newly come out after the smallpox): but though they sang fine things, yet I must confess that I did take no pleasure in it, or very little, because I understood not the words; and with the rests that the words are set, there is no sense nor understanding in them, though they be English – which makes us weary of singing in that manner, it being but a worse sort of instrumental music. We sang till almost night, and drank my good store of wine; and then they parted and I to my chamber, where I did read through *L'escolle des Filles*; and after I had done it, I burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame; and so at night to supper and then to bed.

10. Up, and by coach to Westminster and there made a visit to