

streets and wearied in walking in London, and would not be woo'd by my wife and Ashwell to go to a play nor to Whitehall or to see the Lyons, though he was carried in a coach. I never could have thought there had been upon earth a man so little curious in the world as he is. At the office all the afternoon till 9 at night; so home—to cards with my father, wife and Ashwell, and so to bed.

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I. Up betimes and my father with me, and he and I all the morning and Will Stankes private in my wife's Closet above, settling our matters concerning our Brampton estate &c.; and I find that there will be, after all debts paid within 100*l*, 50*l* per annum clear coming towards my father's maintenance. I advised my father to good husbandry and to living within the compass of 50*l* a year; and all in such kind words as made not only both them but myself to weep—and I hope it will have a good effect. So toward Hide parke, whither all the world I think are going; and in my going (almost thither) met W. How coming, galloping upon a little crop black nag (it seems one that was taken in some ground of my Lord's, by some mischance being left by his maister, a Thiefe; this horse being found with black cloth eares on and a false mayne, having none of his own); and I back again with him to the Chequer at Charing cross, and by his advice saddled a delicate stone-horse of Capt. Ferrers. And with that rid in state to the park—where none better mounted then I almost; but being in a throng of horses, seeing the King's Riders showing tricks with their managed-horses, which were very strange, my stone-horse was very troublesome and begun to fight with other horses, to the endangering him and myself; and with much ado I got out and kept myself out of harm's way. By and by, about 7 or 8 a-clock, homeward. In my way in Leadenhall street there was morris dancing, which I have not seen a great while. So home to see Sir J. Minnes, who is well again; and after staying talking with him a while, I took leave and went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the Harpsicon, but Lord, it was enough to make any man sick to hear her; yet was I forced to commend her highly. So home to supper and to bed, Ashwell playing upon the Tryangle very well before I went to bed. This day Capt. Grove sent me a side of porke, which was the oddest present, sure, that was