

and so to the office again all the afternoon, and then to Westminster to Dr. Turberville about my eyes; whom I met with, and he did discourse I thought learnedly about them, and takes time, before he did prescribe me anything, to think of it. So I away with my wife and Deb, whom I left at Unthankes; and so to Hercules Pillars, and there we three supped on cold powdered beef; and thence home and in the garden walked a good while with Deane, talking well of the Navy miscarriages and faults. So home to bed.

27. At the office all the morning; at noon dined at home; and then my wife and Deb and I to the King's playhouse and saw *The Indian Queene*; but do not dote up[on] Nan Marshall's acting therein as the world talks of her excellence therein. Thence with my wife to buy some linen, 13*l* worth, for sheets, &c., at the new shop over against the New Exchange, come out of London since the fire; who says his and other tradesmen's retail trade is so great here, and better then it was in London, that they believe they shall not return, nor the City be ever so great for retail as heretofore. So home and to my business and supper, and to bed.

29. Called up by my Lady Peterborough's servant about some business of hers, and so to the office. Thence by and by with Sir J. Mennes toward St. James's; and I stop at Dr. Turbervilles and there did receive a direction for some physic, and also a glass of something to drop into my eyes; who gives me hopes that I may do well. Thence to St. James's and thence to Whitehall, where find the Duke of York in the Council chamber, where the Officers of the Navy were called in about Navy business, about calling in of more ships; the King of France having, as the Duke of York says, ordered his fleet to come in, notwithstanding what he had lately ordered for their staying abroad. Thence to the Chapel, it being St. Peter's day, and did hear an Anthem of Silas Taylors making – a dull old-fashion thing of six and seven parts that nobody could understand; and the Duke of York, when he came out, told me that he was a better store-keeper then Anthem-maker – and that was bad enough too. (This morning, Mr. May showed me the King's new buildings at Whitehall, very fine; and among other things, his ceilings and his houses of office.) So home to dinner, and then with my wife to the King's playhouse: *The Mulbery Garden*, which she had not seen. And so by coach to Islington and round by Hackney home with much pleasure. And to supper and bed.