

there, and a brave new merchantman which is to be launched shortly, and they say to be called the *Royall oake*. Hence we walked to dick shoare, and thence to the towre, and so home – where I found my wife and pall abroad; so I went to see Sir Wm. Pen, and there found Mr. Coventry come to see him. I sat a great while with Sir Wm. after he was gone, and have much talk with him. I perceive none of our officers care much for one another, but I do keep in with them all as much as I can. Home, where my wife not yet come home. So I went up to put my papers in order. And then was much troubled my wife was not come, it being ten a-clock just now striking as I write this last line.

18. In the afternoon we met at the office and sat till night. And then I to see my father, who I found well, and took him to Standings to drink a cup of ale. He told me my aunt at Brampton is yet alive, and my mother well there. In comes Will. Joyce to us, drunk and in a talking vapouring humour, of his state and I know not what – which did vex me cruelly. After him Mr. Hollier¹ [who] had learned at my father's that I was here (where I had appointed to meet him); and so he did give me something to take for prevention. Will. Joyce not letting us talk as I would, I left my father and him and took Mr. Hollier to the Greyhound – where he did advise me above all things both as to the Stone and the decay of my memory (of which I now complain to him), to avoyd drinking often; which I am resolved, if I can, to leave off. Hence home; and took home with me from the bookesellers Ogilbys *Æsop*, which he hath bound for me; and endeed, I am very much pleased with the book. Home and to bed.

19. After dinner I went to the Theatre, where I saw *The Lost lady*, which doth not please me much. Here I was troubled to be seen by four of our office Clerkes, which sat in the half-Crowne box and I in the 1*s.* 6*d.* From hence by Linke, and bought two mousetrappes of Tho. Pepys the Turner; and so went and drank a cup of ale with him; and so home and wrote by post to Portsmouth to my Lord, and so to bed.

21. It is strange what weather we have had all this winter; no cold

1. Pepys's surgeon: it was almost certainly he who operated on him for the stone in 1658.