

quantities, and would gladly be upon good terms with us for it – wherein I promise to assist him. So we light at the Change, where after a small turn or two, taking no pleasure nowadays to be there, because of answering questions that would be asked there which I cannot answer. So home and dined. And after dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare garden, where I have not been I think of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs – one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us (and one, very fine, went into the pit and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman), where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first, which I pledged with my hat off. And who should be in the house but Mr. Pierce the surgeon, who saw us and spoke to us.

Thence home, well enough satisfied however with the variety of this afternoon's exercise; and so I to my chamber, till in the evening our company came to supper we had invited to a venison pasty – Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, Mrs. Mercer – her daughter Anne, Mr. Le Brun, and W. Hewers. And so we supped, and very merry. And then about 9 a-clock, to Mrs. Mercers gate, where the fire and boys expected us and her son had provided abundance of Serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us and Nan Wright) till about 12 at night, flinging our fireworks and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last, our businesses being most spent – we into Mrs. Mercers, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with Candlegresse and soot, till most of us were like devils; and that being done, then we broke up and to my house, and there I made them drink; and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing (W. Batelier dancing well) and dressing, him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with his wife came over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Toms, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a Jigg, and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on periwigs. Thus we spent till 3 or 4 in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted and to bed.

15. Mighty sleepy; slept till past 8 of the clock, and was called up by a letter from Sir W. Coventry; which, among other things, tells me how we have burned 160 ships of the enemy within the Fly. I up, and with all possible haste, and in pain for fear of coming late, it being our day of attending the Duke of York, to St. James's, where