

days, just as we see Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth painted – but the play is merely a puppet-play acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things. Only, I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queen Elizabeth – and to see her come out in her nightgowne, with no locks on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage. Thence home and went as far as Mile end with Sir W. Penn, whose coach took him up there for his country-house; and after having drunk there at the Rose and Crowne, a good house for Ald. Bides Ale, we parted; and we home, and there I finished my letters and then home to supper and to bed.

18. *Lords day.* Up; and being ready, walked up and down into the streets to Creed Church to see it how it is, but I find no alteration there, as they say there was, for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to come to sermon as they do every Sunday, as they did formerly to Paul's. Walk back home and to our own church, where a dull sermon and our church empty of the best sort of people, they being at their country-houses; and so home, and there dined with me Mr. Turner and his daughter Betty. We had a good haunch of venison, powdered and boiled, and a good dinner and merry. After dinner comes Mr. Pelling the pothecary, whom I had sent for to dine with me, but he was engaged. After sitting an hour to talk, we broke up, all leaving Pelling to talk with my wife, and I walked toward Whitehall; but being weary, turned into St. Dunstan's church, where I hear an able sermon of the Minister of the place. And stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand and body; but she would not, but got further and further from me, and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again; which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did espy her design. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid in a pew close to me, and she on me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little and then withdrew. So the sermon ended and the church broke up, and my amours ended also; and so took coach and home, and there took up my wife and to Islington with her, our old road; but before we got to Islington, between that and Kingsland, there happened an odd adventure; one of our coach-horses fell sick of the staggers, so as he was ready to fall down. The coachman was fain to light and hold