

her women, another that sat by this, for a little patch off of her face, and put it into her mouth and wetted it and so clapped it upon her own by the side of her mouth, I suppose she feeling a pimple rising there. Thence with Creed to Westminster hall and there met with Cosen Roger, who tells me of the great conference this day between the Lords and Commons about the business of the East India Company – as being one of the weightiest conferences that hath been, and managed as weightily; I am heartily sorry I was not there, it being upon a mighty point of the privileges of the subjects of England in regard to the authority of the House of Lords and their being condemned by them as the supreme court; which they say ought not to be but by appeal from other courts. And he tells me that the Commons had much the better of them in reason and history there quoted, and believes the Lords will let it fall. Thence to walk in the Hall; and there hear that Mrs. Martin's child, my god-daughter, is dead. And so by water to the Old Swan; and thence home and there a little at Sir W. Penn's; and so to bed.

7. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon home to dinner, and thither I sent for Mercer to dine with me; and after dinner, she and I called Mrs. Turner and I carried them to the Duke of York's House and there saw *The Man's the Maister*, which proves, upon my seeing it again, a very good play. Thence called Knepp from the King's House; where going in for her, the play being done, I did see Becke Marshall come dressed off of the stage, and looks mighty fine and pretty, and noble – and also Nell in her boy's clothes, mighty pretty; but Lord, their confidence, and how many men do hover about them as soon as they come off of the stage, and how confident they in their talk. Here I did kiss the pretty woman newly come, called Pegg, that was Sir Ch. Sidly's mistress – a mighty pretty woman, and seems, but is not, modest.* Here took up Knepp into our coach and all of us with her to her lodging, and thither comes Bannester with a song of hers that he hath set in Sir Ch. Sidly's play for her, which is I think but very meanly set; but this he did before us, teach her; and it being but a slight, silly, short ayre, she learnt it presently. But I did here get him to prick me down the notes of the Echo in *The Tempest*, which pleases me mightily. And here was also Haynes, the incomparable dancer of the King's house, and a seeming civil man and sings pretty well. And they gone, we abroad to Marrowbone and there walked in the garden, the first time I ever there, and a pretty place it is; and here