

19. *Lords day*. Up, and to my chamber, and there begun to draw out fair and methodically my accounts of Tanger in order to show them to the Lords. But by and by comes by agreement Mr. Reeves, and after him Mr. Spong; and all day with them, both before and after dinner till 10 a-clock at night, upon Opticke enquiries – he bringing me a frame with closes on, to see how the Rays of light do cut one another, and in a dark room with smoake, which is very pretty. He did also bring a lantern, with pictures in glass to make strange things appear on a wall, very pretty. We did also at night see Jupiter and his girdle and Satellites very fine with my 12-foot glass, but could not Saturne, he being very dark. Spong and I also had several fine discourses upon the globes this afternoon, perticularly why the fixed stars do not rise and set at the same hour all the year long, which he could not demonstrate, nor I neither, the reason of. So it being late, after supper they away home. But it vexed me to understand no more from Reeves and his glasses touching the nature and reason of the several refractions of the several figured glasses, he understanding the acting part but not one bit the theory, nor can make anybody understand it – which is a strange dullness methinks.

20. Up and to Deptford by water, reading *Othello*, *Moore of Venice*, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read *The Adventures of five hours*, it seems a mean thing. Walked back, and so home and then down to the old Swan and drank at B. Michells; and so to Westminster to the Exchequer about my quarter's tallies; and so to Lumberdstreete to choose stuff to hang my new intended closet, and have chosen purple. So home to dinner, and all the afternoon, till almost midnight, upon my Tanger accounts, getting Tom Willson to help me in writing as I read, and at night W. Hewers; and find myself most happy in the keeping of all my accounts, for that after all the changings and turnings necessary in such an account, I find myself right to a farding, in an account of 127000*l*. This afternoon I visited Sir J. Mennes, who, pòor man, is much impaired by these few days sickness; and I fear ended it will kill him.

21. Late at the office; and then home and there find Mr. Batelier and his sister Mary, and we sat chatting a great while, talking of Wiches and Spirits; and he told me of his own knowledge, being with some others at Bourdeaux, making a bargain with another