

and doth what she will. This day I hear that the Moores have made some attaques upon the outworkes of Tanger; but my Lord Tiviott, with the loss of about 200 men, did beat them off, and killed many of them.

24. To Mr. Blands, where Mr. Povey, Gauden and I were invited to dinner – which we had very finely, and great plenty but for drink, though many and good; I drunk nothing but small beer and water, which I drunk so much that I wish it may not do me hurt. They have a kinswoman they call daughter in the house, a short, ugly, red-haired slut that plays upon the virginalls and sings, but after such a country manner, I was weary of it but yet could not but commend it. So by and by after dinner comes Monsieur Gotier, who is beginning to teach her; but Lord, what a drolle fellow it is, to make her hold open her mouth and telling this and that so drolly, would make a man burst; but himself I perceive sings very well.

25. To Clapham to Mr. Gaudens, who had sent his coach for me. When I came [thither], our first thing was to show me his house which is almost built, wherein he and his family lives. I find the house very regular and finely contrived, and the gardens and offices about it as convenient and as full of good variety as ever I saw in my life. It is true he hath been censured for laying out so much money; but he tells me that he built it for his brother, who is since dead (the Bishopp); who, when he should come to be Bishop of Winchester, which he was promised, to which Bishopricke at present there is no house, he did entend to dwell here. Besides, with the good husbandry in making his bricks and other things, I do not think it costs him so much money as people think and discourse. I saluted his lady and the young ladies, he having many pretty children, and his sister, the Bishop's widow, who was, it seems, Sir W. Russells daughter, the Treasurer of the Navy – who, by her discourse at dinner, I find to be a very well-bred and a woman of excellent discourse – even so much as to have my attention all dinner with much more pleasure then I did give to Creede, whose discourse was mighty merry in inveighing against Mr. Gaudens victuals that they had at sea the last voyage; which he prosecuted till methought the women begun to take it seriously. After dinner, by Mr. Gaudens motion, we got Mrs. Gauden and her sister to sing to a viall, on which Mr. Gaudens eldest son (a pretty man, but a simple one methinks) played – but very poorly and the Musique bad, but yet I