

morning. Before I went to the office there came Bagwell's wife to me to speak for her husband. I liked the woman very well and stroked her under the chin, but could not find in my heart to offer anything uncivil to her, she being I believe a very modest woman. At noon with Mr. Coventry to the affrican house, and to my Lord Peterborough's business again; and then to dinner, where before dinner we had the best oysters I have seen this year, and I think as good in all respects as ever I eat in my life. I eat a great many.

28. *Lords day.* Up and walked to Pauls; and by chance it was an extraordinary day for the Readers of the Inns of Court and all the students to come to church, it being an old ceremony not used these 25 years – upon the first Sunday in Lent. Abundance there was of students, more then there was room to seat but upon forms, and the Church mighty full. One Hawkins preached, an Oxford man – a good sermon upon these words: "But the wisdom from above is first pure, then peaceable." Both before and after sermon I was most impatiently troubled at the Quire, the worst that ever I heard. But what was extraordinary, the Bishop of London, who sat there in a pew made a-purpose for him by the pulpitt, doth give the last blessing to the congregation – which was, he being a comely old man, a very decent thing methought. The Lieutenant of the Tower, Sir J. Robinson, would needs have me by coach home with him; and sending word home to my house, I did go and dine with him, his ordinary table being very good – and his Lady a very high-carriaged but comely big woman; I was mightily pleased with her. His officers of his Regiment dined with him. No discourse at table to any purpose. Only, after dinner my Lady would needs see a boy which was represented to her to be an innocent country boy, brought up to town a day or two ago and left here to the wide world, and he losing his way, fell into the Tower; and which my Lady believes and takes pity of him and will keep him; but though a little boy and but young, yet he tells his tale so readily and answers all Que[s]tions so wittily, that for certain he is an arch rogue and bred in this town. But my Lady will not believe it, but ordered victuals to be given him – and I think will keep him as a footboy for their eldest son. After dinner to Chappell in the Tower with the Lieutenant, with the Keyes carried before us and the Warders and gentleman Porter going before us. And I sat with the Lieutenant in his pew in great state, but slept all the sermon. None, it seems, of the prisoners in the Tower that are there now, though they may,