

people, and short of what I expected, that I fear little will be done of good in it. By and by news is brought us that one of our horses is stole out of the Stable; which proves my uncles, at which I was inwardly glad; I mean, that it was not mine. And at this we were at a great loss; and they doubting a person that lay at next door, a Londoner, some lawyer's clerk, we caused him to be secured in his bed and made care to be taken to seize the horse; and so, about 12 at night or more, to bed in a sad, cold, nasty chamber; only, the maid was indifferent handsome, and so I had a kiss or two of her, and I to bed. And a little after I was asleep, they waked me to tell me that the horse was found, which was good news; and so to sleep till the morning – but was bit cruelly (and nobody else of our company, which I wonder at) by the gnatts.

18. Up, and got our people together as soon as we could; and after eating a dish of cold Creame, which was my supper last night too, we took leave of our beggarly company, though they seem good people too, and over most sad Fenns (all the way observing the sad life that the people of that place (which if they be born there, they call the “Breedlings” of the place) do live, sometimes rowing from one spot to another, and then wadeing) to Wisbeech, a pretty town and a fine church and library, where sundry very old Abbee manuscripts – and a fine house, built on the church ground by Secretary Thurlow, and a fine gallery built for him in the church, but now all in the Bishop of Elys hands. After visiting the church &c., we out of town by the help of a stranger, to find out one Blinkehorne a miller, of whom we might inquire something of old Days disposal of his estate and in whose hands it now is; and by great chance we met him and brought him to our Inne to dinner; and instead of being informed in his estate by this fellow, we find that he is the next heire to the estate, which was matter of great sport to my Cosen Tho. and me, to see such a fellow prevent us in our hopes.

*Pepys and his wife have ridden back to London on the 20th–21st.*

24. In the afternoon, telling my wife that I go to Deptford, I went by water to Westminster hall; and there finding Mrs. Lane, took her over to Lambeth where we were lately, and there did what I would with her but only the main thing, which she would not consent to, for which God be praised; and yet I came so near, that I was