

the Cross is – two bits set in the manner of a cross in the foot of the crucifix. Several fine pictures, but especially very good prints of holy pictures. I saw the Dortoire and the Cells of the priests, and we went into one – a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures – set with books. The priest was in his Cell – with his hair-cloths to his skin, bare-legged, with a Sandall only on, and his little bed without sheets, and no feather bed; but yet I thought saft enough. His Cord about his middle. But in so good company, living with[out] care, I thought it a very good life. A pretty Library they have, and I was in the Refectoire, where every man his napkin – knife – cup of earth – and basin of the same – and a place for one to sit and read while the rest are at meals. And into the Kitchin I went, where a good neck of Mutton at the fire – and other victuals boiling – I do not think they feed very hard. Their windows looking all into a fine garden and the park. And mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins – having seen what we could here, and all with mighty pleasure. So away with the Almoner in his coach, talking merrily about the difference in our religions, to Whitehall and there we left him.

To the New Exchange, there to take up my wife and Mercer, and to Temple Barr to my ordinary and had a dish of meat for them, they having not dined; and thence to the King's House and there saw *The Humerous Lieutenant* – a silly play, I think – only the spirit in it, that grows very Tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads treading upon one, and then Knipps singing, did please us. Here, in a box above, we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out, they called us, and so we stayed for them and Knipp took us all in and brought to us Nelly, a most pretty woman, who acted the great part, Cœlia, today very fine, and did it pretty well; I kissed her and so did my wife, and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Hall, which is my little Roman-nose black girl that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to tomorrow for *The Goblins*, a play of Suckelings not acted these 25 years, which was pretty; and so away thence, pleased with this sight also, and especially kissing of Nell; we away, Mr. Pierce and I on foot to his house, the women by coach. In our way we find the Guards of Horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the Seamen are in a mutiny, which put me into a great fright; so away with my wife and Mercer home, preparing against tomorrow night to have Mrs. Pierce and Knipp and a great deal more company to dance. And when I came home,