

with the Duke of Yorke against the Dutch. The Duke of York hath them done to hang in his chamber, and very finely they are done endeed. There is the Prince's – Sir G. Askues, Sir Tho. Teddiman's – Sir Chr. Mings, Sir Joseph Jordan, Sir Wm. Barkely, Sir Tho. Allen, and Captain Harman's, as also the Duke of Albemarles – and will be my Lord Sandwiche's, Sir W. Pen's, and Sir Jerem. Smiths. Being very well satisfied with this sight, and other good pictures hanging in the house, we parted; and I left them, and [to] pass away a little time went to the printed picture-seller's in the way thence to the Exchange; and there did see great plenty of fine prints but did not buy any, only a print of an old pillar in Rome, made for a Navall Triumph, which for the antiquity of the shape of ships I buy an keep. Thence to the Exchange, that is, the New Exchange, and looked over some play-books, and entend to get all the late new plays. So to Westminster and there at the Swan got a bit of meat and dined alone, and so away toward King's street; and spying out of my coach Jane that lived heretofore at Jervas my barber's, I went a little further, and stopped and went on foot back and overtook her taking water at Westminster bridge and spoke to her; and she telling me whither she was going, I over the water and met her at Lambeth, and there drank with her, she telling me how he that was so long her servant did prove to be a married man, though her maister told me (which she denies) that he had lain with her several times at his house. There left her, sin hazer alguna cosa con ella; and so away by boat to the Change and took coach and to Mr. Hales, where he would have persuaded me to have had the landskip stand in my picture; but I like it not and will have it otherwise, which I perceive he doth not like so well – however, is so civil as to say it shall be altered. Thence away to Mrs. Pierces, who was not at home, but gone to my house to visit me with Mrs. Knipp. I therefore took up the little girl Betty and my maid Mary that now lives there. And to my house, where they had been but were gone; so in our way back again, met them coming back again to my house in Cornehill, and there stopped, laughing at our pretty misfortunes; and so I carried them to Fish street and there treated them with prawns and lobsters; and it beginning to grow dark, we away; but the jest is, our horses would not draw us up the Hill, but we were fain to light and stay till the coachman had made them draw down to the bottom of the hill, thereby warming their legs; and then they came up cheerfully enough, and we got up and I carried them home; and coming home, called at my paper ruler's and there found black\*