

House of Parliament, contrary to practice, did sit also – people having no mind to observe that Scotch saint's day till they hear better news from Scotland. Thence to Westminster hall and the abby, thinking, as I had appointed, to have met Mrs. Burroughs there; but not meeting her, I home and just overtook my Cosen Rogr. Pepys, Mrs. Turner, Dike, and Joyce Norton, coming by invitation to dine with me – these ladies I have not seen since before the plague. Mrs. Turner is come to town to look after her things in her house; but all is lost. She is quite weary of the country, but cannot get her husband to let her live here any more, which troubles her mightily. She was mighty angry with me, that in all this time I never wr̄t to her; which I do think and take to myself as a fault, and which I have promised to mend. Here I had a noble and costly dinner for them, dressed by a man cooke, as that the other day was. And pretty merry we were, as I could be with this company and so great charge. We sat long; and after much talk of the plenty of her country<sup>1</sup> in Fish, but in nothing also that is pleasing, we broke up with great kindness; and when it begun to be dark, we parted, they in one coach home, and I in another to Westminster hall – where by appointment Mrs. Burroughs and I were to meet, but did not, after I had spent the whole evening there. Only, I did go drink at the Swan, and there did meet with Sarah, who is now newly married; and there I did lay the beginnings of a future amor con ella, which in time may come para laisser me hazer alguna cosa con elle. Thence, it being late, away; called at Mrs. Burroughs mother's door, and she came out to me and I did hazer whatever I would con su mano tocando mi cosa; and then parted and home; and after some playing at cards with my wife, we to supper and to bed.

## ◆ DECEMBER ◆

1. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At home to dinner, and then abroad, walking to the Old Swan, and in my way did see a cellar in Tower streete in a very fresh Fire, the late great winds having blown it up; it seemed to be only of Loggwood, that hath kept the fire all this while in it. Going further, I met my late Lord Mayor Bludworth, under whom the City was burned, and

I. North Yorkshire.