

a good dinner, and good company; among others, one Bovy, a solicitor* and lawyer and merchant all together, who hath travelled very much, did talk some things well, but only he is a Sir Positive; but the talk of their travels over the Alps very fine. Thence walked to the King's playhouse and there saw *The Mulberry-Garden* again; and cannot be reconciled to it, but only do find here and there an independent sentence of wit, and that is all. Here met with Creed and took him to Hales's, and there saw the beginnings of Harris's head which he draws for me and which I do not yet like. So he and I down to the New Exchange and there cheapened ribbands for my wife, and so down to the Wheyhouse and drank some and eat some curds, which did by and by make my belly ake mightily. So he and I to Whitehall and walked over the park to the Mulberry garden, where I never was before; and find it a very silly place, worse then Spring garden, and but little company and those a rascally, whoring, roguing sort of people; only, a wilderness here is that is somewhat pretty, but rude. Did not stay to drink, but walked an hour, and so away to Charing cross and there took coach and away home – in my way going into Bishopsgate street to bespeak places for myself and boy to go to Cambridge in the coach this week, and so to Brampton to see my wife. So home and to supper and to bed.

23. Up by 4 a-clock; and getting my things ready and recommending the care of my house to W. Hewer, I with the boy Tom, whom I take with me, to the Bull in Bishopsgate street and there about 6 took coach, he and I and a gentleman and his man – there being another coach also, with as many more I think in it. And so away to Bishops Stafford, and there dine and changed horses and coach at Mrs. Aynsworth's; but I took no knowledge of her.¹ Here this gentleman and I to dinner, and in comes Capt. Foster, an acquaintance of his, he that doth belong to my Lord Anglesy, who had been at the late horse-races at Newmarket, where the King now is; and says that they had fair weather there yesterday, though we here, and at London, had nothing but rain, insomuch that the ways are mighty full of water, so as hardly to be passed. Here I hear Mrs. Aynsworth is going to live at London; but I believe will be mistaken in it, for it will be found better for her to be chief where she is then to have little to do at London, there being many finer then she there. After dinner, away again and came to Cambridge, after much bad

1. cf. above, p. 835 (7 October).