

at Pauls, and in the Convocation house yard did there see the body of Robt. Braybrooke, Bishop of London, that died 1404. He fell down in his tomb out of the great church into St. Fayths this late Fire, and is here seen his Skeleton with the flesh on; but all tough and dry like a spongy dry leather or Touchwood all upon his bones. His head turned aside. A great man in his time, and Lord Chancellor – and now exposed to be handled and derided by some, though admired for its duration by others. Many flocking to see it.

14. To Knipp's lodging, whom I find not ready to go home with me, so I away to do a little business; among others, to call upon Mr. Osborne for my Tanger warrant for the last Quarter, and so to the New Exchange for some things for my wife, and then to Knipp again and there stayed, reading of Wallers verses while she finished her dressing – her husband being by, I had no other pastime. Her lodging very mean, and the condition she lives in; yet makes a show without doors, God bless us. I carried him along with us into the City, and set him down in Bishopsgate street and then home with her. She tells me how Smith of the Duke's house hath killed a man upon a quarrel in play – which makes everybody sorry, he being a good actor, and they say a good man, however this happens. The ladies of the Court do much bemoan him, she says. Here she and we alone at dinner. After dinner, I to teach her my new Recitative of *It is decreed* – of which she learnt a good part; and I do well like it, and believe shall be well pleased when she hath it all, and that it will be found an agreeable thing. Then carried her home, and myself to the Popeshead, where all the Houlblons were, and Dr. Croone; and by and by to an exceeding pretty supper – excellent discourse of all sorts; and endeed, are a set of the finest gentlemen that ever I met withal in my life. Here Dr. Croone told me that at the meeting at Gresham College tonight (which it seems they now have every Wednesday again) there was a pretty experiment, of the blood of one Dogg let out (till he died) into the body of another on one side, while all his own run out on the other side. The first died upon the place, and the other very well, and likely to do well. This did give occasion to many pretty wishes, as of the blood of a Quaker to be let into an Archbishop, and such like. But, as Dr. Croone says, may if it takes be of mighty use to man's health, for the amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body. After supper James Houlblon and another brother took me aside, and to talk of some businesses of their own, where I am to serve them, and will. And