

came to me and discoursed of the body of ships, which I am now going about to understand. And then I took him to the Coffee-house, where he was very earnest against Mr. Grant's report in favour of Sir W. Petty's vessel, even to some passion on both sides almost. So to the Exchange, and thence home to dinner with my brother. And in the afternoon to Westminster hall and there found Mrs. Lane; and by and by, by agreement, we met at the parliament-stairs (in my [way] down to the boat, who should meet us but my Lady Jemimah, who saw me lead her but said nothing to me of her, though I stayed to speak to her to see whether she would take notice of it or no) and off to Stangate; and so to the Kingshead at Lambeth marsh and had variety of meats and drink; come to xs. But I did so towse her and handled her; but could get nothing more from her, though I was very near it. But as wanton and bucksome as she is, she dares not adventure upon that business – in which I very much commend and like her. Stayed pretty late, and so over with her by water; and being in a great sweat with my tawsing of her, I durst not go home by water, but took coach. And at home, my brother and I fell upon Des Cartes, and I perceive he hath studied him well and I cannot find but he hath minded his book and doth love it. This evening came a letter about business from Mr. Coventry, and with it a Silver pen he promised me, to carry inke in; which is very necessary. So to prayers and to bed.

6. At noon I to the Change; and meeting with Sir W. Warren, to a Coffee-house and there finished a contract with him for the office, and so parted. And I to my Cosen Mary Joyces at a Gossiping, where much company and good Cheere. There was the King's falconer that lives by Pauls and his wife, a ugly pusse but brought him money. He speaking of the strength of hawkes, which will strike a fowle to the ground with that force that shall make the fowl rebound a great way from [the] ground, which no force of man or art can do. But it was very pleasant to hear what reasons he and another, one Ballard, a rich man of the same company of Leathersellers of which the Joyces are, did give for this. Ballards wife, a pretty and a very well-bred woman, I took occasion to kiss several times, and she to carve, drink and show me great respect. After dinner, to talk and laugh. I drank no wine, but sent for some water, the beer not being good. A fidler was sent for; and there one Mrs. Lurkin, a neighbour, a good and merry poor woman, but a very tall woman, did dance and show such tricks that made us all