

concerned with Stanes's business of the plattery of the navy, for my minde was mighty troubled with that business all night long – I did wake about one a-clock in the morning, a thing I most rarely do – and pissed a little with great pain. Continued sleepy, but in a high fever all night, fiery hot and in some pain. Toward morning I slept a little. And waking, found myself better – but pissed with some pain. And rose, I confess, with my clothes sweating, and it was somewhat cold too; which I believe might do me more hurt – for I continued cold and apt to shake all the morning, but that some trouble with Sir J. Mennes and Sir W. Batten kept me warm. At noon home to dinner upon tripes. And so though not well, abroad with my wife by coach to her tailor's and the New Exchange; and thence to my father's and spoke one word with him; and thence home, where I find myself sick in my stomach and vomited, which I do not use to do. Then I drank a glass or two of Hypocras, and to the office to despatch some business necessary. And so home and to bed – and by the help of Mithrydate slept very well.

12. Up; and after my wife had dressed herself very fine in her new laced gown, and very handsome ended – W. Howe also coming to see us – I carried her by coach to my uncle Wights and set her down there; and W. Howe and I to the Coffee-house, where we sat talking about getting of him some place under my Lord of advantage, if he should go to sea. And I would be glad to get him secretary and to out Creed if I can – for he is a crafty and false rogue. Thence a little to the Change, and thence took him to my Uncle Wight – where dined my father, poor melancholy man, that used to be as full of life as anybody – and also my aunts brother Mr. Sutton, a merchant in Flanders, a very sober, fine man – and Mr. Cole and his lady. And after dinner got a coach, very dear, it being Easter time and very foul weather, to my Lord's and there visited my Lady. And leaving my wife there, I and W. Howe to Mr. Pagets and there heard some musique, not very good – but only one Dr. Walgrave, an Englishman bred at Rome, who plays the best upon the lute that I ever heard man. Here I also met Mr. Hill, the little merchant. And after all was done, we sung. I did well enough a psalm or two of Lawes; he, I perceive, hath good skill and sings well – and a friend of his sings a good bass. Thence late; walked with them two as far as my Lord's, thinking to take up my wife and carry them home. But there being no coach to be got, away they went. And I stayed a great while, it being very late, about 10 a-clock, before a coach could be