

grown too many upon my hands, to my great trouble; and therefore at it as late as my eyes would give me leave; and then by water down to Redriffe, meaning to meet my wife, who is gone with Mercer, Barker, and the boy (it being most sweet weather) to walk; and I did meet with them and walked back, and then by the time we got home it was dark, and we stayed singing in the garden till supper was ready, and there with great pleasure. But I tried my girls, Mercer and Barker singly, one after another, a single song, *At dead low Ebb*, &c.; and I do clearly find that as to manner of singing, the latter doth much the better, the other thinking herself, as I do myself, above taking pains for a manner of singing, contenting ourselves with the judgment and goodness of eare. So to supper, and then parted and to bed.

14. *Lords day*. Up, and to read a little in my new History of Turkey; and so with my wife to church, and then home to dinner, where is little Michell and my pretty Betty and also Mercer; and very merry, a good dinner of roast beef. After dinner, I away to take water at the Tower; and thence to Westminster, where Mrs. Martin was not at home; so to Whitehall and there walked up and down; and among other things, visited Sir G. Carteret, and much talk with him; who is discontented, as he hath reason, to see how things are like to come all to naught. And it is very much that this resolution of having of country-Admirals should not come to his eares till I told it him the other day, so that I doubt who manages things. From him to Margaret Church, and there spied Martin and home with her, who had those, so could have ninguno placer; but fell out to see her expensefulness, having bought Turkey work chairs &c; by and by away home, and there took out my wife and the two Mercers and two of ur maids, Barker and Jane, and over the water to the Jamaica house, where I never was before; and there the girls did run for wagers over the bowling-green. And there with much pleasure, spent little, and so home; and they home, and I read with satisfaction in my book of Turkey and so to bed.

15. Lay long in bed – and by and by called up by Sir H. Chumbly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tanger; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune and poor. But by and by comes Dr. Childe by appointment, and sat with me all the morning, making me Bases and inward parts to several songs that I desired of