

great quarrell in the house between the two drawers which should draw us the best). Home, where I find my boy (my mayd's brother)¹ come out of the country today; but was gone to bed and so I could not see him tonight. I to bed.

22. This morning I called up the boy to me and find him a pretty well-looked boy, and one that I think will please me. I went this morning to Westminster by land along with Luellin. We walked on to Fleetstreete, where at Mr. Standings in Salsbury court we drank our morning draught and had a pickled herring. Among other discourse here, he told me how the pretty woman that I always loved at the beginning of Cheapeside that sells children's coates was served by the Lady Bennett (a famous Strumpet), who by counterfeiting to fall into a swoune upon the sight of her in her shop, became acquainted with her and at last got her ends of her to lie with a gallant that had hired her to Procure this poor soul for him. To Westminster to my Lord's; and there in the house of office vomited up all my breakfast, my stomach being ill all this day by reason of the last night's debauch. And stayed here all day in my Lord's chamber and upon the leads gazing upon Diana, who looked out at a window upon me. At last I went out to Mr. Harpers, and she standing over the way at the gate, I went over to her and appointed to meet tomorrow in the afternoon at my Lord's. Here I bought a hanging jack. From thence by coach home (by the way at the New Exchange I bought a pair of Short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones for mourning; and here I met with The[oph]. Turner and Joyce buying of things to go into mourning too for the Duke, which is now the mode of all the ladies in towne), where I writ some letters by the post to Hinchingbrooke to let them know that this day Mr. Edwd. Pickering is come from my Lord and says that he left him well in Holland and that he will be here within three or four days. To bed, not well of my last night's drinking yet. I had the boy up tonight for his sister to teach him to put me to bed, and I heard him read, which he doth pretty well.

23. *Lords day.* My wife got up to put on her mourning today and to go church this morning. I up and set down my Journall for these five days past. This morning came one from my father's with a black cloth coate, made of my short cloak, to walk up and down in.

1. Wayneman Birch.