

well; but of all the plays that ever I did see, the worst, having neither plot, language, nor anything in the earth that is acceptable. Only, Knipp sings a little song admirably. But fully the worst play that ever I saw or I believe shall see. So away home, much displeased for the loss of so much time, and disobliging my wife by being there without her; and so by link walked home, it being mighty cold but dry; yet bad walking because very slippery with the frost and treading. Home and to my chamber to set down my journal; and then to thinking upon establishing my Vows against the next year. And so to supper and to bed.

4. Up; and seeing things put in order for a dinner at my house today, I to the office awhile; and about noon home, and there saw all things in good order. Anon comes our company – my Lord Brouncker – Sir W. Penn, his Lady, and Peg and her servant, Mr. Lowder – my Lady Batten – Sir W. Batten being forced to dine at Sir R. Ford's, being invited – Mr. Turner and his wife. Here I had good room for ten, and no more would my table have held well had Sir J. Mennes (who was fallen lame) and his sister and niece and Sir W. Batten come, which was a great content to me to be without them. I did make them all gaze to see themselves served so nobly in plate; and a neat dinner endeed, though but of seven dishes. Mighty merry I was and made them all – and they mightily pleased. My Lord Brouncker went away after dinner to the Ticket Office, the rest stayed; only my Lady Batten home, her ague-fit coming on her at table. The rest merry, and to cards and then to sing and talk; and at night to sup and then to cards; and last of all, to have a flagon of Ale and apples, drunk out of a wood Cupp as a Christmas draught, made all merry; and they full of admiration at my plate, perticularly my flagons (which endeed are noble); and so late home, all with great mirth and satisfaction to them as I thought, and to myself to see all I have and do so much out-do, for neatness and plenty, anything done by any of them. They gone, I to bed much pleased. And do observe Mr. Lowder to be a pretty gentleman – and I think too good for Peg. And by the way, Peg Penn seems mightily to be kind to me, and I believe by her father's advice, who is also himself so – but I believe not a little troubled to see my plenty; and was much troubled to hear the song I sung – *The new Droll* – it touching him home. So to bed.

7. Lay long in bed. Then up and to the office, where busy all the