

did move it to my Lord, and he will see it done tomorrow. So we parted; and I to the office, and thence home to my poor wife, who works all day at home like a horse at the making of her hangings for our chamber and the bed. So to supper and to bed.

14. *Lords day*. Long in bed – till raised by my new Taylor, Mr. Penny; comes and brings me my new velvet coat, very handsome but plain; and a day hence will bring me my Camelott cloak. He gone, I close to my papers to set all in order, and to perform my vow to finish my Journall and other things before I kiss any woman more, or drink any wine, which I must be forced to do tomorrow if I go to Greenwich, as I am invited by Mr. Boreman to hear Mrs. Knipp sing. And I would be glad to go, so as we may be merry. At noon eat the second of the two Cygnets Mr. Sheply sent us for a New Year's gift; and presently to my chamber again, and so to work hard all day about my Tanger accounts, which I am going again to make up – as also upon writing a letter to my father about Pall, whom it is time now, I find, to think of disposing of, while God Almighty hath given me something to give with her; and in my letter to my father I do offer to give her 450*l*, to make her own 50*l*, given her by my uncle, up 500*l*. I do also therein propose Mr. Harman the upholster for a husband for her, to whom I have a great love, and did heretofore love his former wife, and a civil man he is, and careful in his way. Besides, I like his trade and place he lives in, being Cornehill. Thus late at work; and so to supper and to bed.

15. Busy all the morning in my chamber in my old cloth suit, while my usual one is to my tailor's to mend; which I had at noon again, and an answer to a letter I had sent this morning to Mrs. Pierce to go along with my wife and I down to Greenwich tonight, upon an invitation to Mr. Boreman's to be merry, to dance and sing with Mrs. Knipp. Being dressed and having dined, I took coach and to Mrs. Pierce, to her new house in Covent garden, a very fine place and fine house. Took her thence home to my house, and so by water to Boremans by night – where the greatest disappointment that ever I saw in my life: much company – a good supper provided, and all come with expectation of excess of mirth; but all blank through the waywardnesse of Mrs. Knipp, who, though she had appointed the night, could not be got to come – not so much as her husband could get her to come; but, which was a pleasant thing in all my anger – I asking him (while we were in expectation what