

home to dinner – and after dinner, to get my wife and boy, one after another, to read to me – and so spent the afternoon and the evening; and so after supper, to bed. And thus ended this month, with many different days of sadness and mirth, from differences between me and my wife, from her remembrance of my late unkindness to her with Willet, she not being able to forget it, but now and then hath her passionate remembrance of it, as often as prompted to it by any occasion; but this night we are at present very kind. And so ends this month.

## FEBRUARY

I. Up and by water from the Tower to Whitehall, the first time that I have gone to that end of the town by water for two or three months I think, since I kept a coach – which God send propitious to me – but it is a very great convenience. I went to a Committee of Tanger, but it did not meet; and so I meeting Mr. Povy, he and I away to Dancres to speak something touching the pictures I am getting him to make for me. And thence he carried me to Mr. Streeters the famous history-painter over the way, whom I have often heard of but did never see him before; and there I found him and Dr. Wren and several virtuosos looking upon the paintings which he is making for the new Theatre at Oxford; and endeed, they look as they would be very fine, and the rest thinks better then those of Rubens in the Banqueting-house at Whitehall, but I do not so fully think so – but they will certainly be very noble, and I am mightily pleased to have the fortune to see this man and his work, which is very famous – and he a very civil little man and lame, but lives very handsomely. So thence to my Lord Bellasses and met him within; my business only to see a chimney-piece of Dancré's doing in distemper with egg to keep off the glaring of the light, which I must have done for my room; and endeed it is pretty, but I must confess I do not think it is not altogether so beautiful as the oyle pictures; but I will have some of one and some of another. Thence set him down at Little Turnstile, and so I home; and there eat a little dinner, and away with my wife by coach to the King's playhouse, thinking to have seen *The Heyresse*, first acted on Saturday last; but when we came thither, we find no play there – Kinaston, that did act a part therein in abuse to Sir Charles Sidly, being last night