

little, but Baterton and my poor Ianthe out-do all the world. There is nothing more taking in the world with me then that play.

My present posture is this. My wife in the country and my maid Besse with her, and all quiet there. I am endeavouring to find a Woman for her to my mind; and above all, one that understands musique, especially singing. I am the willinger to keep one because I am in good hopes to get 2 or 300*l* per annum extraordinary by the business of the victualing of Tanger. I am pretty well in health; only, subject to wind upon any cold, and then immediate and great pains. All our discourse is of a Dutch war; and I find it is likely to come to it, for they are very high and desire not to compliment us at all as far as I hear, but to send a good fleet to Guinny to oppose us there. My Lord Sandwich newly gone to sea, and I, I think, fallen into his very good opinion again; at least, he did before his going, and by his letter since, show me all manner of respect and confidence. I am over-Joyed in hopes that upon this month's account I shall find myself worth 1000*l*, besides the rich present of two silver and gilt flagons which Mr. Gauden did give me the other day. I do now live very prettily at home, being most seriously, quietly, and neatly served by my two maids, Jane and the girl Su—with both of whom I am mightily well pleased. My greatest trouble is the settling of Brampton estate, that I may know what to expect and how to be able to leave it when I die, so as to be just to my promise to my Uncle Tho. and his son. The next thing is this cursed trouble my Brother Tom is likely to put us to by his death, forcing us to law with his Creditors, among others Dr. Tom Pepys, and that with some shame, as trouble. And the last, how to know in what manner, as to saving or spending, my father lives, lest they should run me in debt as one of my uncles executors, and I never the wiser nor better for it. But in all this I hope shortly to be at leisure to consider and inform myself well.

AUGUST

2. To the King's playhouse and there saw *Bartholomew fayre*, which doth still please me and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew – who tells me that he is setting up a Nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields wherein he will have common plays acted. But four