

pleasant. And one of the glasses I will buy, it being very usefull. So to bed, mighty sleepy, but with much pleasure – Reeves lying at my house again; and mighty proud I am (and ought to be thankful to God Almighty) that I am able to have a spare bed for my friends.

12. *Lords day.* Up and to my chamber, where busy all the morning; and my thoughts very much upon the manner of my removal of my closet things the next week into my present Musique-room, if I find I can spare or get money to furnish it. By and by comes Reeves by appointment, but did not bring the glasses and things I expected for our discourse and my information today, but we have agreed on it for next Sunday. By and by in comes Betty Michell and her husband; and so to dinner, I mightily pleased with their company. We passed the whole day talking with them, but without any pleasure but only her being there. In the evening all parted, and I and my wife up to her closet to consider how to order that the next summer, if we live to it. And then down to my chamber at night to examine her kitchen accounts; and there I took occasion to fall out with her, for buying of a laced handkercher and pinner without my leave; though the thing is not much, yet I would not permit her begin to do so, lest worse should fallow; from this we begin both to be angry very much, and so continued till bed, and did not sleep friends.

13. Up, without being friends with my wife, nor great enemies, being both quiet and silent. So out to Colvills; but he not being come to town yet, I to Paul's churchyard to treat with a bookbinder to come and gild the backs of all my books to make them handsome, to stand up in my new presses when they come.

14. *Thankesgiving day.* Up, and comes Mr. Foly and his man with a box of great variety of Carpenters and Joyners tooles which I had bespoke, to me, which please me mightily, but I will have more. Then I abroad down to the Old Swan, and there I called and kissed Betty Michell and would have got her to go with me to Westminster, but I find her a little colder then she used to be methought, which did a little molest me. So I away, not pleased, and to Whitehall, to the chapel, and heard a piece of the Dean of Westminsters sermon and a special good Anthemne before the king after sermon. And then home by coach with Capt. Cocke – who is in pain about his Hemp, of which he says he hath bought great