

afternoon. And coming home again, find our new mayde Doll asleep that she could not hear to let us in, so that we were fain to send the boy in at a window to open the door to us. So up to my chamber all alone. And troubled in mind to think how much of late I have addicted myself to expense and pleasure, that now I can hardly reclaime myself to look after my great business of settling Gravely business,¹ till it is now almost too late. I pray God give me grace to begin now to look after my business; but it always was, and I fear will ever be, my foible, that after I am once got behindhand with business, I am hard to set to it again to recover it. In the evening I begun to look over my accounts; and upon the whole, I do find myself, by what I can yet see, worth near 600l; for which God be blessed – which put me into great comfort. So to supper and bed.

9. To the Privy Seale in the morning, but my Lord² did not come. So I went with Capt. Morrice at his desire into the King's Privy Kitchin to Mr. Sayres the Master-Cooke, and there we had a good slice of beef or two to our breakfast. And from thence he took us into the wine-cellar; where by my troth we were very merry, and I drank too much wine – and all along had great and particular kindness from Mr. Sayre. But I drank so much wine that I was not fit for business; and therefore, at noon I went and walked in Westminster hall a while; and thence to Salsbury Court playhouse, where was acted the first time *Tis pitty shee's a Whore* – a simple play and ill acted; only, it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most ingenious lady, which pleased me much.

11. To Dr. Williams, who did carry me into his garden, where he hath abundance of grapes. And did show me how a dog that he hath doth kill all the Cattes that come thither to kill his pigeons, and doth afterwards bury them. And doth it with so much care that they shall be quite covered, that if but the tip of the tail hangs out, he will take up the cat again and dig the hole deeper – which is very strange. And he tells me he doth believe that he hath killed above 100 cats. To dinner, where I find my wife's brother Balty, as fine as hands could make him, and his servant, a Frenchman, to wait on him; and came to have my wife to visit a young lady which he is a servant to and

1. See below, p. 155 (20 September).

2. Lord Robartes, Lord Privy Seal.