

with France and Holland was not in a good while after, till Copys came over of it in English out of Holland and France, that it was a reproach not to have it printed here. This I am mighty glad of; and is the first and only piece of good news, or thing fit to be owned, that this nation hath done several years.

After dinner, I to the office; and they gone and anon, comes Pelling, and he and I to Greys Inne fields, thinking to have heard Mrs. Knight sing at her lodgings by a friend's means of his; but we came too late, so must try another time. So lost our labour, and I by coach home and there to my chamber and did a great deal of good business about my Tanger accounts; and so with pleasure discoursing with my wife of our Journy shortly to Brampton, and of this little girle, which endeed runs in my head and pleases me mightily, though I dare not own it; and so to supper and to bed.

29. *Lords day.* Up, and put off first my summer's silk suit and put on a cloth one. Then to church and so home to dinner, my wife and I alone to a good dinner. All the afternoon talking in my chamber with my wife about my keeping a coach the next year, and doing something to my house which will cost money – that is, furnish our best chamber with tapestry – and other rooms with pictures. In the evening read [a] good book, my wife to me; and I did even my kitchen accounts. Then to supper, and so to bed.

❧ OCTOBER ❧

I. All the morning busy at the office. Pleased mightyly with my girl that we have got to wait on my wife. At noon dined with Sir G. Carteret and the rest of our officers at his house in Broad street, they being there upon his accounts. After dinner took coach and to my wife, who was gone before into the Strand, there to buy a nightgowne; where I found her in a shop with her pretty girl, and having bought it, away home; and I thence to Sir G. Carteret's again, and so took coach alone, it now being almost night, to Whitehall and there in the Boarded gallery did hear the music with which the King is presented this night by Monsieur Grebus, the master of his music – both instrumental (I think 24 violins) and vocall, an English song upon peace; but God forgive me, I was never so little pleased with a consort of music in my life – the