

silversmith to make clean some plate against tomorrow. And so home, by the way paying many little debts for wine and pictures, &c., which is my great pleasure. I in my chamber all the evening, looking over my Osborns works and new Emanuel Thesaurus's *Patriarchae*. So late to bed – having eat nothing today but a piece of bread and cheese at the alehouse with Greatrex – and some bread and butter at home.

24. At home all day. There dined with me Sir Wm. Batten and his Lady and daughter – Sir W. Pen – Mr. Fox (his lady being ill could not come) and Capt. Cuttance. The first dinner I have made since I came hither. This cost me above 5*l*. And merry we were – only, my chimney smokes. The company all go away. And by and by Sir Wms both, and my Lady Batten and his daughter came again and supped with me and talked till late; and so to bed, being glad that that trouble is over.

27. *Lords day*. Before I rose, letters came to me from Portsmouth, telling me that my Lord Sandwich set sail with the *Queene* yesterday from thence for France. To church, leaving my wife now sick of her *menses* at home. A poor dull sermon, of a stranger. Home; and at dinner was very angry at my people's eating a fine pudding (made me by Slater the Cooke last Thursday) without my wife's leave. To church again; and a good sermon of Mr. Mills. This day the parson read a proclamacion at church for the keeping of Wednesday next, the 30th of January, a fast for the murther of the late King.

28. At the office all the morning. Dined at home. And after dinner to Mr. Crews and thence to the Theatre, where I saw again *The Lost Lady*, which doth now please me better then before. And here, I sitting behind in a dark place, a lady spat backward upon me by a mistake, not seeing me. But after seeing her to be a very pretty lady, I was not troubled at it at all. This noon I had my presse set up in my chamber for papers to be put in.

29. Mr. Moore making up accounts with me all this morning till Lieut. Lambert came; and so with them over the water to Southwark and so over the fields to Lambeth, and there drank – it being a most glorious and warm day, even to amazement, for this time of the year. Thence to my Lord's, where we find my Lady