

bought a few more prints of Cittys and so home with them; and my wife and maids being gone over the water to the Whitsters with their clothes, this being the first time of her trying this way of washing her linen, I dined at Sir W. Batten's; and after dinner, all alone to the King's playhouse, and there did happen to sit just before Mrs. Pierce and Mrs. Knepp, who pulled me by the hair, and so I addressed myself to them and talked to them all the intervalls of the play, and did give them fruit. The play is *Brenneralt*, which I do find but little in for my part.

16. Up, and at the office all the morning; and so at noon to dinner. And after dinner, my wife and I to the Duke's playhouse, where we saw the new play acted yesterday. *The Feign Innocence or Sir Martin Marr-all*, a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but as everybody says corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of Mirth, a complete Farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life; I laughed till my head [ached] all the evening and night with my laughing, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The house full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Thence to the New Exchange with my wife, where at my bookseller's I saw the *History of the Royall Society*, which I believe is a fine book and I have bespoke one in quires. So home, and I to the office a little; and so to my chamber and read the history of 88 in Speede, in order to my seeing the play thereof acted tomorrow at the King's House. So to supper, in some pain by the sudden change of the weather cold and my drinking of cold drink; which I must I fear begin to leave off, though I shall try it as long as I can without much pain. But I find myself to be full of wind, and my anus to be knit together, as it is always with cold. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace, and do suspect that there is some stop in it. So to bed.

17. Up and all the morning at the office, where we sat. At noon home to dinner; and presently my wife and I and Sir W. Penn to the King's playhouse, where the house extraordinary full; and there was the King and Duke of York to see the new play, *Queen Elizabeths Troubles, and the History of Eighty-Eight*. I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queen Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes. But the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and ended is merely a show; only, shows the true garbe of the queens in those