

to him, but so a warrant will be drawn from the Duke of York to qualify him, and there's an end of it. Thence home, and there settle to some accounts of mine in my chamber, all the morning till dinner. My wife comes home from Woolwich but did not dine with me, going to dress herself against night to go to Mrs. Pierces to be merry, where we are to have Knipp and Harris and other good people. I at my accounts all the afternoon, being a little lost in them as to reckonings of interest. Anon comes down my wife, dress[ed] in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat and short petticoat, laced with silver lace so basely that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining, which is too soon; so that I was horrid angry and went out of doors to the office, and there stayed and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood; and my wife sent twice or thrice to me to direct her any way to dress her but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad; and so in the evening to my chamber, vexed, and to my accounts, which I ended to my great content, and did make amends for the loss of our mirth this night by getting this done, which otherwise I fear I should not have done a good while else. So to bed.

30. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. At noon dined at home; being, without any words, friends with my wife, though last night I was very angry, and do think I did give her as much cause to be angry with me. After dinner I walked to Arundell house, the way very dusty (the day of meeting of the Society¹ being changed from Wednesday to Thursday; which I knew not before because the Wednesday is a Council day and several of the Council are of the Society, and would come but for their attending the King at Council); where I find much company, endeed very much company, in expectation of the Duchesse of Newcastle, who had desired to be invited to the Society, and was, after much debate pro and con, it seems many being against it, and we do believe the town will be full of ballets of it. Anon comes the Duchesse, with her women attending her; among others, that Ferrabosco of whom so much talk is, that her lady would bid her show her face and kill the gallants. She is endeed black and hath good black little eyes, but otherwise but a very ordinary woman I do think; but they say sings well. The Duchesse hath been a good comely woman; but her dress

1. The Royal Society.