

buying several little things; and so home and there dined with my wife and people; and then she and W. Hewer and I by appointment out with our coach, but the old horses, not daring yet to use them too much, but only to enter them – and to the Temple, there to call Talbt. Pepys; and took him up, and first went into Holborne and there saw the woman that is to be seen with a Beard; she is a little plain woman, a Dane, her name, Ursula Dyan, about forty years old, her voice like a little girl's, with a beard as much as any man I ever saw, as black almost, and grizzly. They offered [to] show my wife further satisfaction if she desired it, refusing it to men that desired it there – but there is no doubt but by her voice she is a woman. It begun to grow at about seven years old – and was shaved not above seven months ago, and is now so big as any man almost that ever I saw, I say, bushy and thick. It was a strange sight to me, I confess, and what pleased me mightily. Thence to the Duke's playhouse and saw *Mackbeth*; the King and Court there, and we sat just under them and my Lady Castlemayne, and close to the woman that comes into the pit, a kind of a loose gossip, that pretends to be like her, and is so something. And my wife, by my troth, appeared I think as pretty as any of them, I never thought so much before; and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and Duke of York minded me, and smiled upon me at the handsome woman near me: but it vexed me to see Mall Davis, in the box over his and my Lady Castlemaynes head, look down upon the King and he up to her; and so did my Lady Castlemayne once, to see who it was; but when she saw her, she blushed like fire; which troubled me. The play done, took leave of Tall. who goes into the country this Christmas; and so we home, and there I work at the office late; and so home to supper and to bed.

24. A cold day. Up and to the office, where all the morning alone at the office, nobody meeting, being the Eve of Christmas. At noon home to dinner and then to the office, busy all the afternoon, and at night home to supper; and it being now very cold, and in hopes of a frost, I begin this night to put on a Wastecoate, it being the first winter in my whole memory that ever I stayed till this day before I did so. So to bed, in mighty good humour with my wife, but sad in one thing, and that is for my poor eyes.

25. *Christmas day*. Up, and continued on my waistcoat, the first day this winter. And I to church, where Ald. Backewell coming in