

operas* it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time – where we shall have the best Scenes and Machines, the best Musique, and everything as Magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy.

3. Up betimes and set some Joyners on work to new lay my floor in our Wardrobe, which I intend to make a room for Musique. Thence abroad to Westminster; among other things, to Mr. Blagrave's and there have his consent for his kinswoman to come to be with my wife for her woman; at which I am well pleased – and hope she may do well.

4. Up betimes and to the office, fitting myself against a great dispute about the East India Company, which spent afterward with us all the morning. At noon dined with Sir W. Pen, a piece of beef only, and I counterfeited a friendship and mirth which I cannot have with him. Yet out with him by his coach, and he did carry me to a play and pay for me at the King's house, which is *The Rivall Ladys*, a very innocent and most pretty witty play – I was much pleased with it; and it being given me, I look upon it as no breach to my oath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted *The Alchymist*, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country house, was set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems, most cruelly butchered and bound – the house will have a great miss of him.

5-6. Up very betimes and set my plasterer to work about whiting and colouring my Musique roome; which having with great pleasure seen done, about 10 a-clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty Mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren according to his promise yesterday – and so through the City, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast; and to my Cosen W. Joyces, who presently mounted too, and he and I out of town toward Highgate, in the way, at Kentish towne, showing me the place and manner of Cluns being killed and laid in a ditch; and yet was not killed by any wounds, having only one in his arm, but bled to death through his strugling. He told me also the manner of it – of his going home so late, drinking with his whore – and manner of having it found out. Thence forward to Barnett and there drank, and so by night to Stevenige, it raining a little but not much; and there to my great trouble find that my wife was not