

27. Up, and called up by the King's Trumpets, which cost me 10s. So to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon, by invitation, my wife (who had not been there these ten months I think) and I to meet, all our families, at Sir W. Batten's at dinner; where neither a great dinner for so much company, nor anything good or handsome. In middle of dinner I rose, and my wife, and by coach to the King's playhouse; and meeting Creed, took him up, and there saw *The Scornfull Lady* well acted, Doll Common doing Abigail most excellently, and Knipp the Widow very well (and will be an excellent actor I think); in other parts, the play not so well done as used to be by the old actors. Anon to Whitehall by coach, thinking to have seen a play there tonight – but found it a mistake; so back again, and missed our coach, who was gone, thinking to come time enough three hours hence; and we could not blame him. So forced to get another coach, and all three home to my house; and there to Sir W. Batten's to eat a bit of cold chine of beef, and then stayed and talked; and then home, and sat and talked a little by the fire's side with wife and Creed; and so to bed, my left eye being very sore. No business, public nor private, minded all these two days.

28. To the Duke's house, and there saw *Mackbeth* most excellently acted, and a most excellent play for variety. I had sent for my wife to meet me there, who did come. And after the play done, I out so soon to meet her at the other door, that I left my cloak in the playhouse; and while I returned to get it, she was gone out and missed me, and with W. Hewer away home. I, not sorry for it much, did go to Whitehall and got my Lord Bellasses to get me into the playhouse; and there, after all staying above an hour for the players (the King and all waiting, which was absurd), saw *Henry the 5th* – well done by the Dukes people, and in most excellent habit, all new vests, being put on but this night. But I sat so high and far off, that I missed most of the words; and sat with a wind coming into my back and neck, which did much trouble me. The play continued till 12 at night; and then up, and a most horrid cold night it was, and frosty – and moonshine. But the worst is, I had left my cloak at Sir G. Carteret's; and they being abed, I was forced to go home without it. So by chance got a coach, and to the Golden Lion tavern in the Strand and there drank some mulled sack; and so home – where find my poor wife staying for me. And then to bed – mighty cold.