

and I to Sir W. Penn's, and there sent for a hackney coach and he and she and I out to take the ayre. We went to Stepny and there stopped at the Trinity house, he to talk with the servants there against tomorrow, which is a great day for the choice of a new Maister. And thence to Mile end and there eat and drank; and so home, and I supped with them; that is, eat some butter and radishes, which is my excuse for not eating of any other of their victuals, which I hate because of their sluttery. And so home and made my boy read to me part of Dr. Wilkins's new book of the *Real Character*, and so to bed.

18. Up and to my office, where most of the morning doing business and seeing my window-frames new painted; and then I out by coach to my Lord Bellasses at his new house by my late Lord Treasurer's; and there met him and Mr. Sherwin, Auditor Beale, and Creed about my Lord's accounts; and here my Lord showed me his new house, which ended is mighty noble; and good pictures, ended not one bad one in it. Thence to my tailor's, and there did find Mercer come with Mrs. Horsfield and Gayet according to my desire; and there I took them up, it being almost 12 a-clock or little more, and carried them to the King's playhouse, where the doors were not then open; but presently they did open, and we in and find many people already come in by private ways into the pit, it being the first day of Sir Charles Sidly's new play, so long expected, *The Mulbery garden*; of whom, being so reputed a wit, all the world doth expect great matters. I having sat here a while and eat nothing today, did slip out, getting a boy to keep my place; and to the Rose tavern and there got half a breast of mutton off of the spit and dined all alone; and so to the play again, where the King and Queen by and by came, and all the Court, and the house infinitely full. But the play when it came, though there was here and there a pretty saying, and that not very many neither, yet the whole of the play had nothing extraordinary in it at all, neither of language nor design; insomuch that the King I did not see laugh nor pleased the whole play from the beginning to the end, nor the company; insomuch that I have not been less pleased at a new play in my life I think. And which made it the worse was that there never was worse music played; that is, worse things composed; which made me and Capt. Rolt, who happened to sit near me, mad. So away thence, very little satisfied with the play, but pleased with my company: I carried them to Kensington to the Grotto, and there we sang to my great content; only, vexed in going in to see a son of Sir Heneage Finche's