

dinner, busy; and then home to dinner, and before dinner making my wife to sing; poor wretch, her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again but will endeavour to make her understand sounds and do her good that way, for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me; and therefore I am mighty unjust to her in discouraging her so much. But we were good friends, and to dinner; and had she not been ill with those and that it were not Friday (on which in Lent there are no plays), I had carried her to a play. But she not being fit to go abroad, I to the office; where all the afternoon close, examining the collection of my papers of the accounts of the Navy since this war to my great content; and so at night home to talk and sing with my wife; and then to supper and so to bed with great pleasure.

2. After dinner with my wife to the King's house, to see *The Mayden Queene*, a new play of Dryden's mightily commended for the regularity of it and the strain and wit; and the truth is, there is a comical part done by Nell, which is Florimell, that I never can hope ever to see the like done again by man or woman. The King and Duke of York was at the play; but so great performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell doth this, both as a mad girle and then, most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant; and hath the motions and carriage of a spark the most that ever I saw any man have. It makes me, I confess, admire her. Thence home and to the office, where busy a while; and then home to read the lives of Henry the 5th and 6th, very fine, in Speede; and so to bed.

3. Lay long, merrily talking with my wife; and then up and to church, where a dull sermon of Mr. Mills touching Originall Sin; and then home and there find little Michell and his wife, whom I love mightily. Mightily contented I was in their company, for I love her much; and so after dinner I left them and by water from the Old Swan to Whitehall; where walking in the galleries, I in the first place met Mr. Pierce, who tells me the story of the death of Tom Woodall the surgeon, killed in a drunken quarrel, and how the Duke of York hath a mind to get him one of his places in St. Tho. Hospitall. They do also tell me that news is this day come to the King that the King of France is come with his army to the frontiers of Flanders, demanding leave to pass through their country