

and I think my wife did not see her, but I did get my thoughts free of her as soon as I could.

12. This day was brought home my pair of black coach-horses, the first I ever was maister of; they cost me 50*l*, and are a fine pair.

14. Up and by water to Whitehall to a Committee of Tanger; where, among other things, a silly account of a falling-out between Norwood at Tanger and Mr. Bland the Mayor, who is fled to Cales. His complaint is ill-worded; and the other's defence, the most ridiculous that ever I saw – and so everybody else that was there thought it. But never did I see so great an instance of the use of grammar and knowledge how to tell a man's tale as this day, Bland having spoiled his business by ill-telling it; who had work to have made himself notorious by his mastering Norwood his enemy, if he had known how to have used. Thence calling Smith the Auditors clerk at the Temple, I by the Exchange home and there looked over my Tanger accounts with him; and so to dinner, and then set him down again by a hackney, my coachman being this day about breaking of my horses to the coach, they having never yet drawn.

19. Up, and to the office, where all the morning; and at noon, eating very little dinner, my wife and I by hackney to the King's playhouse and there, the pit being full, sat in a box above and saw *Catelin's Conspiracy* – yesterday being the first day – a play of much good sense and words to read, but that doth appear the worst upon the stage, I mean the least divertising, that ever I saw any, though most fine in clothes and a fine Scene of the Senate and of a fight, that ever I saw in my life – but the play is only to be read. And therefore home with no pleasure at all, but only in sitting next to Betty Hall, that did belong to this House and was Sir Ph. Howard's mistress; a mighty pretty wench, though my wife will not think so, and I dare neither commend nor be seen to look upon her or any other now, for fear of offending her. So, our own coach coming for us, home and to end letters; and so home, my wife to read to me out of *The Siege of Rhodes*; and so to supper and to bed.

20. *Lords day*. Up and with my wife to church, and then home; and there found W. Joyce come to dine with me, as troublesome a talking coxcomb as ever he was – and yet once in a year I like him well enough. In the afternoon, my wife and W. Hewer and I to