

therefore I now took them to Westminster Abbey and there did show them all the tombs very finely, having one with us alone (there being other company this day to see the tombs, it being Shrove Tuesday); and here we did see, by perticular favour, the body of Queen Katherine of Valois, and had her upper part of her body in my hands. And I did kiss her mouth, reflecting upon it that I did kiss a Queen, and that this was my birthday, 36 years old, that I did first kiss a Queen. Thence to the Duke of York's playhouse, and there finding the play begun, we homeward to the glass-house and there showed my cousins the making of glass, and had several things made with great content; and among others, I had one or two singing-glasses made, which make an echo to the voice, the first that ever I saw; but so thin that the very breath broke one or two of them. So home, and thence to Mr. Batelier's, where we supped, and had a good supper; and here was Mr. Gumbleton, and after supper some fiddles and so to dance; but my eyes were so out of order that I had little pleasure this night at all, though I was glad to see the rest merry. And so about midnight home and to bed.

24. Lay long in bed, both being sleepy and my eyes bad, and myself having a great cold, so as I was hardly able to speak; but however, by and by up and to the office; and at noon home with my people to dinner; and then I to the office again and there till the evening, doing of much business; and at night my wife sends for me to W. Hewer's lodging, where I find two most [fine] chambers of his, so finely furnished and all so rich and neat, that I was mightily pleased with him and them; and here only my wife and I and the two girls, and had a mighty neat dish of custards and tarts, and good drink and talk; and so away home to bed, with infinite content at this his treat, for it was mighty pretty and everything mighty rich.

25. All the morning at the office; at noon home and eat a bit myself, and then fallowed my wife and girls to the Duke of York's House and there before one, but the house infinite full; where by and by the King and Court comes, it being a new play, or an old one new-vamp[ed] by Shadwell, called *The Royall Shepheardesse*; but the silliest for words and design, and everything, that ever I saw in my whole life – there being nothing in the world pleasing in it but a good martiall dance of pikemen, where Harris and another do handle their pikes in a dance to admiration – but never less satisfied with a play in my life. Thence to the office I, and did a little business;