

30. Thus ended this month with very good content, that hath been the most sad to my heart and the most expensive to my purse on things of pleasure, having furnished my wife's closet and the best chamber, and a coach and horses, that ever I yet knew in the world; and doth put me into the greatest condition of outward state that ever I was in, or hoped ever to be, or desired – and this at a time when we do daily expect great changes in this office and by all reports, we must all of us turn out. But my eyes are come to that condition that I am not able to work; and therefore, that, and my wife's desire, makes me have no manner of trouble in my thoughts about it – so God do his will in it.

✱ DECEMBER ✱

2. Up and at the office all the morning upon some accounts of Sir D. Gawden; and at noon abroad with W. Hewer, thinking to have found Mr. Wren at Capt. Cox, to have spoke something to him about doing a favour for Will's Uncle Stevenson, but missed him; and so back home and abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach; which doth make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me and continue it. So she and I to the King's playhouse, and there sat to avoid seeing of Knepp in a box above, where Mrs. Williams happened to be; and there saw *The Usurper*, a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly. The play done, we to Whitehall; where [my] wife stayed, while I up to the Duchesses and Queenes side to speak with the Duke of York; and here saw all the ladies and heard the silly discourse of the King with his people about him, telling a story of my Lord of Rochester's having of his clothes stole while he was with a wench, and his gold all gone but his clothes found afterward, stuffed into a feather-bed by the wench that stole them.

5. Up, after a little talk with my wife which troubled me, she being ever since our late difference mighty watchful of sleep and dreams, and will not be persuaded but I do dream of Deb, and doth tell me that I speak in my dream and that this night I did cry "Huzzy!" and it must be she – and now and then I start otherwise then I used to do, she says; which I know not, for I do not know that