

by others, I was vexed at it and desired her and then commanded her to teare it – which she desired to be excused it; I forced it from her and tore it, and withal took her other bundle of papers from her and leapt out of the bed and in my shirt clapped them into the pockets of my breeches, that she might not get them from me; and having got on my stockings and breeches and gown, I pulled them out one by one and tore them all before her face, though it went against my heart to do it, she crying and desiring me not to do it. But such was my passion and trouble to see the letters of my love to her, and my Will, wherein I had given her all I have in the world when I went to sea with my Lord Sandwich, to be joyned with a paper of so much disgrace to me and dishonour if it should have been found by anybody. Having tore them all, saving a bond of my uncle Robts. which she hath long had in her hands, and our Marriage licence and the first letter that ever I sent her when I was her servant, I took up the pieces and carried them into my chamber, and there, after many disputes with myself whether I should burn them or no, and having picked up the pieces of paper she read today and of my Will which I tore, I burnt all the rest. And so went out to my office – troubled in mind. Mr. Bland came in the evening to me hither, and sat talking to me about many things of Merchandize; and I should be very happy in his discourse, durst I confess my ignorance to him, which is not so fit for me to do.

12. With Mr. Creede to the Kings head ordinary; but people being sat down, we went to two or three places; at last found some meat at a welch cook's at Charing cross and there dined, and our boys. After dinner to the Change to buy some linen for my wife; and going back, met our two boys; mine had struck down Creedes boy in the dirt, with his new suit on in the dirt, all over dirty, and the boy taken by a gentlewoman into a house to make clean, but the poor boy was in a pitiful taking and pickle; but I basted my rogue soundly. So I went to the [Tangier] Comittee, where we spent all this night attending to Sir J. Lawsons description of Tanger and the place for the molde, of which he brought a very pretty draught. Concerning the making of the molle, Mr. Cholmely did also discourse very well, having had some experience in it. So home, and find my wife's new gowne come home and she mightily pleased with it. But I appeared very angry that there was no more things got ready against tomorrow's feast, and in that passion sat up long and went discontented to bed.