

ever to have her hand over me, that I shall for ever be a slave to her; that is to say, only in matters of pleasure, but in other things she will make her business, I know, to please me and to keep me right to her – which I will labour to be endeed, for she deserves it of me, though it will be I fear a little time before I shall be able to wear Deb out of my mind. At the office all the morning, and merry at noon at dinner; and after dinner to the office, where all the afternoon and doing much business late; my mind being free of all troubles, I thank God, but only for my thoughts of this girl, which hang after her. And so at night home to supper, and there did sleep with great content with my wife. I must here remember that I have lain with my moher as a husband more times since this falling-out then in I believe twelve months before – and with more pleasure to her then I think in all the time of our marriage before.

16. Up, and by water to Whitehall, and there at the Robe-chamber at a Committee for Tanger; where some of us, my Lord Sandwich, Sir W. Coventry, and myself, with another or two, met to debate the business of the Molle and there draw up reasons for the King's taking of it into his own hands and managing of it upon accounts with Sir H. Cholmly. This being done, I away to Holborne about Whetstones park, where I never was in my life before, where I understand by my wife's discourse that Deb is gone; which doth trouble me mightily, that the poor girl should be in a desperate condition forced to go thereabouts; and there, not hearing of any such man as Allbon, with whom my wife said she now was, I to the Strand and there, by sending of Drumbleby's boy, my flagelette-maker, to Eagle court, where my wife also by discourse lately let fall that he did lately live, I found that this Dr. Allbon is a kind of a poor broken fellow that dare not show his head nor be known where he is gone; but to Lincoln's Inn fields I went, to Mr. Povy's, but missed him; and so hearing only that this Allbon is gone to Fleet street, I did only call at Martins my bookseller's, and there bought *Cassandra* and some other French books for my wife's closet; and so home, having eat nothing but two pennorth of Oysters, opened for me by a woman in the Strand while the boy went to and again to inform me about this man; and therefore home and to dinner, and so all the afternoon at the office and there late, busy; and so home to supper and, pretty pleasant with my wife, to bed – and rested pretty well.