

talk, I over Tower hill with them to a lady's they go to visit; and so away with my wife, whose being dressed this day in fair hair did make me so mad, that I spoke not one word to her in our going, though I was ready to burst with anger. So to Whitehall to the Committee of Tanger, where they were discoursing about laws for the civil government of that place; but so dull and so little to purpose, that I fell to slumber; which the fear of being seen by Sir W. Coventry did trouble me much afterwards, but I hope he did not. After that broke up, Creed and I into the park and walked, a most pleasant evening; and so took coach and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing by God several times (which I pray God forgive me for) and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprized with it, and made me no answer all the way home. But there we parted, and I to the office late; and then home, and without supper to bed, vexed.

12. *Lords day.* Up, and to my chamber to settle some accounts there; and by and by down comes my wife to me in her nightgown; and we begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight; which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, begun to except against and made her fly out to very high terms, and cry; and in her heat told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying that if I would promise never to see her more (of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton), she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything; but do think never to see this woman; at least, to have her here more. But by and by I did give her money to buy lace, and she promised to wear no more white locks while I lived; and so all very good friends as ever, and I to my business and she to dress herself. Against noon we had a coach ready for us; and she and I to Whitehall, where I went to see whether Sir G. Carteret was at dinner or no, our design being to make a visit there, and I found them sat down, which troubled me, for I would not then go up; but back to the coach to my wife, and she and I homeward again; and in our way bethought ourselves of going alone, she and I, to a French house to dinner, and so enquired out Monsieur Robins my periwig-maker, who keeps an ordinary, and in an ugly street in Covent garden did find him at the door, and so we in; and in a moment almost have the table covered, and clean