

no fear of doing more hurt; so homeward and stopped at Mr. Mills, where he and she at the door, and Mrs. Turner and Betty and Mrs. Hollworthy; and there I stayed and talked, and up to the church leads and saw the fire, which spent and spent itself, till all fear over; I home, and there we to bed again and slept pretty well. And about 9 rose; and then my wife fell into her blubbering again and at length had a request to make to me, which was that she might go into France and live there out of trouble: and then all came out, that I loved pleasure and denied her any, and a deal of do; and I find that there have been great fallings-out between my father and her, whom for ever hereafter I must keep asunder, for they cannot possibly agree. And I said nothing; but with very mild words and few suffered her humour to spend, till we begin to be very quiet and I think all will be over, and friends; and so I to the office, where all the morning doing business. Yesterday I heard how my Lord Ashly is like to die, having some imposthume in his breast, that he hath been fain to be cut into the body. At noon home to dinner; and thence by coach to Whitehall, where we attended the Duke of York in his closet upon our usual business. And thence out and did see many of the Knights of the Garter with the King and Duke of York, going into the Privy-chamber to elect the Elector of Saxony into the Order; who I did hear the Duke of York say was a good drinker; I know not upon what score this compliment is done him. Thence with W. Penn, who is in great pain of the gowte, by coach round by Hoborn home, he being at every kennel full of pain. There home; and by and by comes in my wife and Deb, who have been at the King's House today, thinking to spy me there; and saw the new play, *Evening Love* (of Dryden's); which though the world commends, she likes not. So to supper and talk, and all in good humour; and then to bed — where I slept not well, from my apprehensions of some trouble about some business of Mr. Povy's he told me of the other day.

21. *Lords day.* Up, and to church; and home and dined with my wife and Deb alone, but merry and in good humour; which is, when all is done, the greatest felicity of all. And after dinner, she to read in the *Illustr. Bassa*. And so to church, I alone, and thence to see Sir W. Penn, who is ill again; and then home — and there get my wife to read to me till supper, and then to bed.

23. Up, and all the morning at the office. At noon home to dinner;