

King that so many ships lie together there. I was among the Canvas in stores also with Mr. Harris the Saylmaker, and learnt the difference between one sort and another to my great content. And so by water home again – where my wife tells me stories how she hears that by Sarahs going to live at Sir W. Penn's, all our affairs of my family are made known and discoursed of there, and theirs by my people – which doth trouble me much, and I shall take a time to let Sir W. Penn know how he hath dealt in taking her without our full consent. So to my office, and by and by home to supper. And so to prayers and bed.

8. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time today, which is call[ed] *The Adventures of five houres*, at the Duke's house, being they say made or translated by Coll. Tuke, I did long to see it and so made my wife to get her ready, though we were forced to send for a smith to break open her Trunke, her maid Jane being gone forth with the keyes. And so we went; and though earely, were forced to sit almost out of sight at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw or think ever shall. And all possible, not only to be done in that time, but in most other respects very admittible and without one word of ribaldry. And the house, by its frequent plaudites, did show their sufficient approbacion. So home, with much ado in an hour getting a coach home; and after writing letters at my office, I went home to supper and to bed – now resolving to set up my rest as to plays till Easter, if not Whitsuntide next, excepting plays at Court.

9. My wife begun to speak again of the necessity of her keeping somebody to bear her company; for her familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all, and other company she hath none (which is too true); and called for Jane to reach her out of her trunk, giving her the keys to that purpose, a bundle of papers; and pulls out a paper, a copy of what, a pretty while since, she had writ in a discontent to me, which I would not read but burned.¹ She now read it, and was so picquant, and wrote in English and most of it true, of the retirednesse of her life and how unpleasant it was, that being writ in English and so in danger of being met with and read

1. See above, p. 235 (13 November).