

And a little before and after we were in bed, we had much talk and difference between us about my wife's having a woman; which I seemed much angry at that she should go so far in it without consideration and my being consulted with. So to sleep.

13. Up – and begun our discontent again and sorely angered my wife; who ended doth live very lonely. But I do perceive that it is want of work that doth make her and all other people think of ways of spending their time worse; and this I owe to my building, that doth not admit of her undertaking anything of work, because the house hath been and is still so dirty. To my office late. And this afternoon my wife in her discontent sent me a letter, which I am in a quandary what to do, whether to read it or not; but I purpose not, but to burn it before her face, that I may put a stop to more of this nature. But I must think of some way, either to find her somebody to keep her company, or to set her to work and by employment to take up her thoughts and time. After doing what I had to do, I went home to supper. And there was very sullen to my wife, and so went to bed and to sleep (though with much ado, my mind being troubled) without speaking one word to her.

14. She begun to talk in the morning and to be friends, believing all this while that I had read her letter, which I perceive by her discourse was full of good counsel and relating the reason of her desiring a Woman and how little charge she did intend it to be to me. So I begun and argued it so full and plain to her, and she to reason it highly to me to put her away and take one of the Bowyers if I did dislike her, that I did resolve, when the house is ready, she shall try her for a while.

22. *Saturday*. This morning, from some difference between my wife and Sarah her maid, my wife and I fell out cruelly, to my great discontent. But I do see her set so against the wench, which I take to be a most extraordinary good servant, that I was forced for the wench's sake to bid her get her another place – which shall cost some trouble to my wife, however, before I suffer to be. This day I bought the book of country-dances against my wife's woman Gosnell comes, who dances finely. And meeting Mr. Playford, he did give me his Latin Songs of Mr. Deerings, which he lately printed. This day Mr. Moore told me that for certain the Queene Mother is married to my Lord St. Albans, and he is like to be made