

and foot-race; I am sorry I could not go thither.

So home, back as I came, to London bridge and so home – where I find my wife in a musty humour, and tells me before Ashwell that Pembleton had been there and she would not have him come in unless I was there, which I was ashamed of; but however, I had rather it should be so then the other way. So to my office to put things in order there. And by and by comes Pembleton and word is brought me from my wife thereof, that I might come home; so I sent word that I would have her go dance, and I would come presently. So being at a great loss whether I should appear to Pembleton or no, and which would most proclaim my jealousy to him, I at last resolved to go home; and took Tom Hater with me and stayed a good while in my chamber, and there took occasion to tell him how I hear that parliament is putting an act out against all sorts of Conventicles and did give him good counsel, not only in his own behalfe but my own, that if he did hear or know anything that could be said to my prejudice, that he would tell me; for in this wicked age (especially Sir W. Batten being so open to my reproches and Sir J. Mennes, for the neglect of their duty, and so will think themselves obliged to scandalize me all they can to right themselves if there shall be any enquiry into the matters of the Navy, as no doubt there will) a man ought to be prepared to answer for himself in all things that can be enquired concerning him. After much discourse of this nature to him, I sent him away and then went up; and there we danced country dances and single, my wife and I, and my wife paid him off for this month also, and so he is cleared. After dancing, we took him down to supper and were very merry; and I made myself so and kind to him as much as I could, to prevent his discourse; though I perceive to my trouble that he knows all, and my dote doth me the disgrace to publish it as much as she can. Which I take very ill, and if too much provoked shall witness it to her. After supper and he gone, we to bed.

28. To the Dukes house and there saw *Hamlett* done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Baterton. Who should we see come upon the Stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid, but neither spoke, danced nor sung; which I was sorry for. But she becomes the stage very well.

29. This day is kept strictly as a holyday, being the King's Coronacion. We lay long in bed. And it rained very hard, rain and