

differences,¹ which I hate to have remembered. I vowed to break them, or that she should go and get what she could for them again. I went with that resolution out of doors. The poor wretch afterward, in a little while, did send out to change them for her money again. I fallowed Besse her messenger at the Change and there did consult and sent her back; I would not have them changed, being satisfied that she yielded. So went home, and friends again as to that business; but the words I could not get out of my mind, and so went to bed at night discontented; and she came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends, but sleep and rise in the morning angry. This day the King and the Queenes went to visit my Lord Sandwich and the fleet going forth, in the Hope.

6. Up very betimes, and my wife also, and got us ready; and about 8 a-clock, having got some bottles of wine and beer and neat's tongues, we went to our barge at the Towre, where Mr. Pierce and his wife and a kinswoman and his sister, and Mrs. Clerke and her sister and cousin were to expect us. And so set out for the Hope, all the way down playing at Cards and other sports, spending our time pretty merry. Came to the Hope about one, and there showed them all the ship[s] and had a collacion of anchoves, Gammon &c.; and after an hour's stay or more imbarked again for home, and so to cards and other sports till we came to Greenwich; and there Mrs. Clerke and my wife and I on shore to an alehouse for them to do their business, and so to the barge again, having shown them the King's pleasure-boat. And so home to the Bridge, bringing night home with us and it raining hard, but we got them on foot to the Beare and there put them into a boat; and I back to my wife in the barge and so to the Tower wharf and home – being very well pleased today with the company, especially Mrs. Pierce, who continues her complexion as well as ever, and hath at this day, I think, the best complexion that ever I saw on any woman, young or old, or child either, all days of my life. Also, Mrs. Clerkes kinswoman sings very prettily, but is very confident in it. Mrs. Clerke herself witty, but spoils all in being so conceited and making so great a flutter with a few fine clothes and some bad tawdry things worn with them. But the charge of the barge lies heavy upon me, which troubles me; but it is but once, and I may make Pierce do me some courtesy as great. Being come home, I weary to bed with

1. See above, p. 148 (13 August) & n. 2.