

made clean. And so to sit, where all the morning; and did receive a hint or two from my Lord Anglesy, as if he thought much of my taking the ayre as I have done – but I care not a turd. But whatever the matter is, I think he hath some ill-will to me, or at least an opinion that I am more the servant of the Board than I am. At noon home to dinner, where my wife still in a melancholy fusty humour, and crying; and doth not tell me plainly what it is, but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays and carrying people abroad every day in her absence; and that I cannot help, but the storm will break out, I know, in a little time. After dinner, carried her by coach to St. James's, where she sat in the coach till I to my Lady Peterborough; who tells me, among other things, her Lord's good words to the Duke of York lately about my Lord Sandwich, and that the Duke of York is kind to my Lord Sandwich – which I am glad to hear. My business here was about her Lord's pension from Tanger. Here met with Povy, who tells me how hard Creed is upon him, though he did give him, about six months since I think he said, 50 pieces in gold. And one thing there is in his accounts that I fear may touch me; but I shall help it, I hope. So, my wife not speaking a word going nor coming, nor willing to go to a play, though a new one, I to the office and did much business. At night home, where supped Mr. Turner and his wife, and Betty and Mercer and Pelling, as merry as the ill melancholy humour that my wife was in would let us; which vexed me, but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear away itself.

After supper, parted and to bed; and my wife troubled all night, and about one a-clock goes out of the bed to the girl's bed; which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing, without telling the cause. By and by comes back to me, and still crying; I then rose and would have sat up all night, but she would have me come to bed again. And being pretty well pacified, we to sleep; when between 2 and 3 in the morning, we were waked with my maids crying out, "Fire! Fire! in Marke lane!" so I rose and looked out, and it was dreadful; and strange apprehensions in me, and us all, of being presently burnt: so we all rose, and my care presently was to secure my gold and plate and papers, and could quickly have done it, but I went forth to see where it was, and the whole town was presently in the streets; and I found it in a new-built house that stood alone in Minchin lane, over against the Clothworkers hall – which burned furiously, the house not yet quite finished. And the benefit of brick was well seen, for it burnt all inward and fell down within itself – so