

like at other times. And they did say in doing it, that my Lord Sandwichs back was broad enough to bear it. Having learned as much as I could, which was that the King and Duke are very severe in this point, whatever order they before had given my Lord in approbation of what he had done, and that all will come out, and the King see by the entries at the Custome house what all doth amount to that had been taken. And so I took leave and by water, very cold, and to Woolwich – where it was now noon; and so I stayed dinner and talking part of the afternoon; and then by coach, Capt. Cocke, to Greenwich, taking the young lady home. And so to Cocke, and he tells me that he hath cajoled with Seymour, who will be our friend; but that above all, Seymour tells him that my Lord Duke did show him today an order from Court for having all respect paid to the Earle of Sandwich, and what goods had been delivered by his order – which doth overjoy us; and that tomorrow our goods shall be weighed and he doubts not, possession tomorrow or next day. Being overjoyed at this, I to write my letters, and at it very late. Good news this week that there are about 600 less dead of the plague then the last. So home to bed.

13. This day the Duke tells me that there is no news heard of the Dutch, what they do or where they are; but believes that they are all gone home – for none of our Spyes can give us any tidings of them.

15. *Lords day.* Up, and while stayed for the barber, tried to compose a duo of Counterpoint; and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berchensha's rule. By and by, by appointment comes Mr. Povy's coach, and, more then I expected, him himself to fetch me to Brainford; so he and I immediately set out, having drunk a draught of Mull'd Sacke, and so rode most nobly in his most pretty and best-contrived Charriott in the world, with many new conveniences, his never having, till now in a day or two, not yet finished – our discourse upon Tanger business – want of money – and then of public miscarriages – nobody minding the public, but everybody himself and his lusts. Anon we came to his house and there I eat a bit, and so with fresh horses, his noble fine horses (the best confessedly in England, the King having none such), he sent me to Sir Rob. Viner's, whom I met coming just from church; and so after having spent half an hour almost looking upon the horses with some gentlemen that were in company – he and I into his garden to discourse of money, but none is to be had – he confessing