

encouragement, my encouragement in the Navy alone being in no wise proportionable to my pains or deserts. This, added to the letter I had three days since from Mr. Southerne, signifying that the Duke of Yorke had in his master's absence opened my letter and commanded him to tell me that he did approve of my being the Surveyor-general, doth make me joyful beyond myself, that I cannot express it; to see that as I do take pains, so God blesses me and hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains.

29. *Lords day*. Up, and being ready, set out with Capt. Cocke in his coach toward Erith, Mr. Deane riding along with us – where we dined and were very merry. After dinner we fell to discourse about the Dutch, Cocke undertaking to prove that they were able to wage war with us three year together – which, though it may be true, yet, not being satisfied with his arguments, my Lord and I did oppose the strength of his arguments, which brought us to a great heat – he being a conceited man but of no Logique in his head at all, which made my Lord and I mirth. Anon we parted and back again, we hardly having a word all the way, he being so vexed at our not yielding to his persuasion. I was set down at Woolwich town's-end and walked through the town in the dark, it being now night. But in the street did overtake and almost run upon two women, crying and carrying a man's Coffin between them: I suppose the husband of one of them, which methinks is a sad thing.

31. Up, and to the office, where Sir W. Batten met me and did tell me that Capt. Cockes black was dead of the plague – which I had heard of before but took no notice. By and by Capt. Cocke came to the office, and Sir W. Batten and I did send to him that he would either forbear the office or forbear going to his own office. However, meeting yesterday the Searchers with their rods in their hands coming from his house, I did overhear them say that the fellow did not die of the plague. But he had I know been ill a good while, and I am told that his boy Jacke is also ill. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office again, leaving Mr. Hill, if he can, to get Mrs. Coleman at night. About 9 at night I came home, and there find Mrs. Pierce come, and little Franke Tooker and Mr. Hill and other people, a great many, dancing. Anon comes Mrs. Coleman, with her husband and Laneare. The dancing ended, and to sing, which Mrs. Coleman doth very finely, though her voice is decayed as to strength; but mighty sweet, though soft – and a pleasant jolly