

Court to chapel to-morrow. This day I have news from Mr. Coventry that the fleet is sailed yesterday from Harwich to the coast of Holland, to see what the Dutch will do. God go along with them.

23. *Lords day.* Mr. Povy, according to promise, sent his coach betimes, and I carried my wife and her woman to Whitehall chapel and set them in the Organ loft. And I, having list to untruss, went to the Harp and ball, and there drank also, and entertained myself in talk with the maid of the house, a pretty maid and very modest. Thence to the chapel and heard the famous young Stillingfleete, who I knew at Cambridge and is now newly admitted one of the King's chaplains – and was presented, they say, to my Lord Treasurer for St. Andrews Holborne, where he is now minister, with these words: that they (the Bishops of Canterbury, London, and another) believed he is the ablest young man to preach the gospel of any since the Apostles. He did make the most plain, honest, good, grave sermon, in the most unconcerned and easy yet substantial manner, that ever I heard in my life – upon the words of Samuell to the people – “Fear the Lord in truth with all your heart, and remember the great things that he hath done for you” – it being proper to this day, the day of the King's Coronation. Thence to Mr. Povy's, where mightily treated, and Creed with us. But Lord, to see how Povy overdoes everything in commending it doth make it nauseous to me, and was not (by reason of my large praise of his house) over-acceptable to my wife. Thence after dinner Creed and we by coach; took the ayre in the fields beyond St. Pancras, it raining now and then; which it seems is most welcome weather. And then all to my house – where comes Mr. Hill, Andrews, and Capt. Taylor, and good Musique; but at supper, to hear the arguments we had against Taylor concerning a Corant – he saying that the law of a dancing Corant is to have every barr to end in a pricked Crochet and quaver – which I did deny, was very strange. It proceeded till I vexed him; but all parted friends, for Creed and I to laugh at when he was gone. After supper Creed and I together to bed in Mercer's bed – and so to sleep.

24. To the Cockepitt, and there walked an hour with my Lord Duke of Albemarle alone in his garden, where he expressed in great words his opinion of me: that I was the right hand of the Navy here, nobody but I taking any care of anything therein – so that he should not know what could be done without me – at which I was (from