

having talked with him a little, I took leave and carried my wife and Mrs. Pierce to Cloathworkers hall to dinner, where Mr. Pierce the purser met us. We were invited by Mr. Chaplin the victualler, where Nich. Osborne was. Our entertainment very good. A brave hall. Good company and very good Musique. Where among other things, I was pleased that I could find out a man by his voice, whom I had never seen before, to be one that sung behind the Curtaine formerly at Sir W. Davenants opera. Here Dr. Gauden and Mr. Gauden the victualler dined with us. After dinner to Mr. Rawlinson's to see him and his wife. And would have gone to my aunt Wight, but that her only child, a daughter, died last night. Home and to my Lord, who supped within; and Mr. Edwd. Mountagu, Mr. Tho. Crew and others with him sat up late. I home and to bed.

29. This day or two my maid Jane hath been lame, that we cannot tell what to do for want of her. Up and to Whitehall, where I got my warrant from the Duke to be Clerk of the Acts. Meeting Mr. Townsend in the palace [yard] – he and I and another or two went and dined at the Leg there. Then to Whitehall, where I was told by Mr. Huchinson at the Admiralty that Mr. Barlow my Predecessor, Clerk of the Acts, is yet alive and coming up to town to look after his place – which made my heart sad a little. At night told my Lord thereof and he bade me to get possession of my patent; and he would do all that could be done to keep him out. This night my Lord and I looked over the list of the Captains, and marked some that my Lord hath a mind to have put out. Home and to bed. Our wench very lame, abed these two days.

30. To my Lord and with him to Whitehall, where I saw a great many fine Antique heads of marble that my Lord Northumberland hath given the King. Here meeting with Mr. De Cretz, he looked over many of the pieces in the gallery with me and told me whose hands they were, with great pleasure. Dined at home and Mr. Hawly with me upon six of my pigeons which my wife is resolved to kill here. This day came Will my boy to me, the wench continuing lame so that my wife could not be longer without somebody to help her. To Mr. Crews, and there took money and paid Mrs. Anne, Mrs. Jemimahs maid, off quite. And so she went away and another came to her. To Whitehall with Mr. Moore, where I met with a letter from Mr. Turner of the Navy office, offering me 150*l* to be joined with me in my patent, and to advise