

draw up what I would have him write to the office. I did lay open the whole failings of the office, and how it was his duty to find them and to find fault with them, as Admiral, especially at this time – which he agreed to – and seemed much to rely on what I said. Thence to Whitehall and there waited to attend the Council, but was not called in; and so home, and after dinner back with Sir J. Mennes by coach, and there attended, all of us, the Duke of York, and had the hearing of Mr. Pett's business, the maister-shipwright at Chatham; and I believe he will be put out. But here Commissioner Middleton did, among others, show his good-nature and easiness to the Maisters-Attendants by mitigating their faults, so as I believe they will come in again. So home and to supper and to bed, the Duke of York staying with us till almost night.

29. Busy all the morning at the office. So home to dinner, where Mercer; and there comes Mr. Swan, my old acquaintance, and dines with me, and tells me for a certainty that Creed is to marry Betty Pickering and that the thing is concluded; which I wonder at – and am vexed for. So he gone, I with my wife and two girls to the King's House and saw *The Mad Couple*, a mean play altogether; and thence to Hyde park, where but few coaches; and so to the New Exchange and thence by water home with much pleasure; and then to sing in the garden, and so home to bed, my eyes for these four days being my trouble, and my heart thereby mighty sad.

31. Up, and at my office all the morning. About noon, with Mr. Ashburnham to the new Excise Office; and there discoursed about our business and I made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand; but God knows, I have paid dear for it in my eyes. Home and to dinner; and then my wife and Deb and I with Sir J. Mennes to Whitehall, she going thence to New Exchange; and the Duke of York not being in the way, J. Mennes and I to her and took them two to the King's House to see the first day of Lacy's *Monsieur Ragou*, now new-acted. The King and Court all there, and mighty merry: a Farce. Thence, Sir J. Mennes giving us like a gentleman his coach, hearing we had some business, we to the park, and so home; little pleasure there, there being little company. But mightily taken with a little chariot that we saw in the street, and which we are resolved to have ours like it. So home to walk in the garden a little, and then to bed. The month ends mighty sadly with me, my eyes being now past all use almost; and I am mighty hot upon trying the