

a little pain in one of my testicles, by a stroke I did give it in pulling up my breeches yesterday over-eagerly. The plague, it seems, grows more and more at Amsterdam. And we are going upon making of all ships coming from thence and Hambrough, or any other infected places, to perform their Quarantine (for 30 days as Sir Rd. Browne expressed it in the order of the Council, contrary to the import of the word; though in the general acceptation, it signifies now the thing, not the time spent in doing it) in Holehaven – a thing never done by us before.

28. Up and at the office; sat all the morning and at noon by Mr. Coventrys coach to the Change; and after a little while there, where I met with Mr. Pierce the surgeon, who tells me for good news that my Lord Sandwich is resolved to go no more to Chelsy, and told me he believed that I had been giving my Lord some counsel, which I neither denied nor affirmed but seemed glad with him that he went thither no more. And so I home to dinner, and thence abroad to Pauls churchyard and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*; which I buy not but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cries so mightily up; though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty. Back again home; and to my office and there late doing businesses, and so home to supper and to bed. I have been told it two or three times, but today for certain I am told how in Holland publicly they have pictured our King with reproach. One way is with his pockets turned the wrong side outward, hanging out empty – another, with two courtiers picking of his pocket – and a third, leading of two ladies, while others abuse him – which amounts to great contempt.

29. *Lords day*. This morning I put on my best black cloth-suit trimmed with Scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with Velvett and a new Beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago. I to church alone, my wife not going; and there I find my Lady Batten in a velvet gowne, which vexed me that she should be in it before my wife, or that I am able to put her into one; but what cannot be, cannot be. However, when I came home I told my wife of it; and to see my weakness, I could on the sudden have found my heart to have offered her one, but second thoughts put it by; and ended, it would undo me to think of doing as Sir W. Batten and his Lady do, who hath a good