

(and it did come by express) that news is brought over by a gentleman from Callice that the Duch fleet, 130 sail, are come upon the French coast – and that the country is bringing in Pickeaxes and Shovells and wheelbarrows into Callice. That there are 6000 men, armed with head, back, and breast (Frenchmen), ready to go on board the Duch fleet, and will be fallowed by 12000 more. That they pretend they are to come to Dover. And that thereupon the Governor of Dover Castle is getting the victuallers' provision out of the town into the castle, to secure it – but I do think this is a ridiculous conceit. But a little time will show. At night, home to supper and to bed.

30. Up and to the office; and mightily troubled all this morning with going to my Lord Mayor (Sir Tho. Bludworth, a silly man I think) and other places about getting shipped some men that they have these two last nights pressed in the City out of houses – the persons wholly unfit for sea, and many of them people of very good fashion – which is a shame to think of; and carried to Bridewell they are, yet without being impressed with money legally, as they ought to be. But to see how the King's business is done, my Lord Mayor himself did scruple, at this time of extremity, to do this thing, because he had not money to pay the prest money to the men – he told me so himself; nor to take up boats to carry them down through bridge to the ships I have prepared to carry them down in. Insomuch that I was forced to promise to be his paymaister; and he did send his City Remembrancer afterward to the office, and at the table, in the face of the officers, I did there out of my own purse disburse 15*l* to pay for their pressing and diet last night and this morning – which is a thing worth record of my Lord Mayor. Busy about this all the morning. At noon dined, and then to the office again, and all the afternoon, till 12 at night, full of this business and others. And among those others, about the getting of men pressed by our officers of the fleet into the service, even our own men that [are] at the office and the boats that carries us – so that it is now become impossible to have so much as a letter carried from place to place, or any message done for us. Nay, out of victualling ships full loaden to go down to the fleet, and out of vessels of the Officers of the Ordinance, they press men; so that for want of discipline in this respect, I do fear all will be undone. Vexed with these things, but eased in mind by my ridding of a great deal of business from the office, I late home to supper and to bed. But before I was in bed,