

to be sent to the King, we took coach and home – where we find a hampire of Millons sent to me also.

29. *Lords day*. At dinner and supper, I drank, I know not how, of my owne accord, so much wine, that I was even almost foxed and my head aked all night. So home, and to bed without prayers, which I never did yet since I came to the house of a Sunday night: I being now so out of order that I durst not read prayers, for fear of being perceived by my servants in what case I was. So to bed.

30. This morning up by mooneshine; at 5 a-clock to Whitehall to meet Mr. Moore at the Privy Seale; but he not being come as appointed, I went into King Streete to the Red Lyon to drink my morning draught and there I heard of a fray between the two Embassadors of Spaine and France; and that this day being the day of the entrance of an Embassador from Sweden, they were entended to fight for the precedence. In Cheapeside hear that the Spaniard hath got the best of it and killed three of the French coach-horses and several men and is gone through the City next to our King's coach. At which it is strange to see how all the City did rejoyce. And endeed, we do naturally all love the Spanish and hate the French. But I, as I am in all things curious, presently got to the waterside and there took oares to Westminster palace, thinking to have seen them come in thither with all the coaches; but they being come and returned, I run after them with my boy after me, through all the dirt and the streets full of people; till at last at the mewes I saw the Spanish coach go, with 50 drawne swords at least to guard it and our soldiers shouting for joy. And so I fallowed the coach, and then met it at Yorke house, where the Embassador lies; and there it went in with great state. So then I went to the French [ambassador's] house, where I observe still that there is no men in the world of a more insolent spirit where they do well or before they begin a matter, and more abject if they do miscarry, then these people are. For they all look like dead men and not a word among them, but shake their heads. So having been very much dawbed with dirt, I got a coach and home – where I vexed my wife in telling of her this story and pleading for the Spaniard against the French.

So ends this month. Myself and family in good condition of health. But my head full of my Lord's and my own and the office business – where we are now very busy about the business of