

8. At the office all the morning, doing business alone. And then to the Wardrobe, where my Lady going out with the children to dinner, I stayed not but returned home; and was overtaken in St Paul's churchyard by Sir G. Carteret in his coach, and so he carried me to the Exchange, where I stayed awhile. He told me that the Queene and the fleet were in Mounts bay on monday last – and that the Queene endures her sickness pretty well. He also told me how Sir John Lawson hath done some execution upon the Turkes in the Straight, of which I am glad and told the news the first on the Exchange. And was much fallowed by merchants to tell it. So home and to dinner. And by and by to the office, and after the rest gone (my Lady Albemarle being this day at dinner at Sir W. Batten), Sir G. Carteret comes and he and I walked in the garden; and among other discourse, he tells me that it is Mr. Coventry that is to come to us as a Comissioner of the Navy. At which he is much vexed, and cries out upon Sir W. Penn and threatens him highly; and looking upon his lodgings, which are new enlarging, he in passion cried "*guarda mi spada!* for by God, I may chance to keep him in Ireland when he is there" – for Sir W. Penn is going thither with my Lord Lieutenant, but it is my design to keep much in with Sir G. and I think I have begun very well towards it. So to the office, and was there late doing business; and so, with my head full of business, I to bed.

10. By myself at the office all the morning, drawing up instructions for Portsmouth yard in those things wherein we at our late being there did think fit to reforme. And got them signed this morning to send away tonight, the Duke being now there. At the office all afternoon; and in the evening comes Sir G. Carteret, and he and I did hire a ship for Tanger, and other things together; and I find that he doth single me out to join with him apart from the rest; which I am much glad of. So home; and after being trimmed, to bed.

11. *Lordsday*. To our own church in the morning; where our Minister being out of town, a dull, flat Presbiter preached. Dined at home, and my wife's brother with us, we having a good dish of stewed beef of Janes own dressing, which was well done, and a piece of Sturgeon, of a barrel lately sent me by Capt. Cocke. In the afternoon to Whitehall and there walked an hour or two in the