

her – and a very pretty creature it is. So in the evening parted, and I to the office, where late writing letters; and at my lodging later, writing for the last twelve days my Journall, and so to bed. Great expectation what mischief more the French will do us – for we must fall out. We in extraordinary lack of money and everything else to go to sea the next year. My Lord Sandwich is gone from the Fleet yesterday toward Oxford.

24. After dinner, Capt. Cocke and I about some business; and then with my other barrel of oysters home to Greenwich, sent them by water to Mrs. Penington, while he and I landed and visited Mr. Eveling – where most excellent discourse with him; among other things, he showed me a Lieger of a Treasurer of the Navy, his great-grandfather, just 100 years old; which I seemed mighty fond of, and he did present me with it; which I take as a great rarity, and he hopes to find me more, older than it. He also showed us several letters of the old Lord of Liecesters in Queen Elizabeth's time – under the very handwriting of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary Queen of Scotts and others, very venerable names. But Lord, how poorly methinks they wrote in those days, and on what plain uncut paper. Thence, Cocke having sent for his coach, we to Mrs. Penington, and there sat and talked and eat our oysters with great pleasure; and so home to my lodging late, and to bed.

30. Up, and at the office all the morning. At noon comes Sir Tho. Allen and I made him dine with me, and very friendly he is; and a good man I think, but one that professes he loves to get and to save. He dined with my wife and me and Mrs. Barbary, whom my wife brings along with her from Woolwich for as long as she stays here. In the afternoon to the office, and there very late writing letters; and then home, my wife and people sitting up for me, and after supper, to bed. Great joy we have this week in the weekly Bill, it being come to 544 in all, and but 333 of the plague – so that we are encouraged to get to London as soon as we can. And my father writes as great news of joy to them, that he saw Yorkes waggon go again this week to London, and was full of passengers – and tells me that my aunt Bell hath been dead of the plague these seven weeks.