

near 10l this morning in clothes for her. And so I to the Change, where a while, and so home and to dinner, and thither came W. Bowyer and dined with us; but strange to see how he could not endure onyons in sauce to lamb, but was overcome with the sight of it and so was forced to make his dinner of an egg or two. He tells us how Mrs. Lane is undone by her marrying so bad, and desires to speak with me; which I know is wholly to get me to do something for her to get her husband a place which he is in no wise fit for. After dinner I down to Woolwich with a galley, and then to Deptford and so home – all the way reading Sir J. Suck[ling]s *Aglaura*, which methinks is but a mean play – nothing of design in it.

6. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning. At noon home to dinner. Then to my office and there waited, thinking to have had Baggwel's wife come to me about business, that I might have talked with her; but she came not. So I to Whitehall by coach with Mr. Andrews; and there I got his contract for the victualling of Tanger signed and sealed by us there. So that all that business is well over, and I hope to have made a good business of it – and to receive 100l by it the next week – for which God be praised. Thence to W. Joyces and Anthonys to invite them to dinner to meet my aunt James at my house. So home, having called upon Doll, our pretty Change woman, for a pair of gloves trimmed with yellow ribbon (to [the] petticoat she bought yesterday), which costs me 20s. But she is so pretty, that, God forgive me, I could not think it too much; which is a strange slavery that I stand in to beauty, that I value nothing near it. So going home and my coach stopping in Newgate market over against a poulterer's shop, I took occasion to buy a rabbit; but it proved a deadly old one when I came to eat it – as I did do after an hour's being at my office; and after supper, again there till past 11 at night. And so home and to bed. This day, Mr. Coventry did tell us how the Duke did receive the Dutch Ambassador the other day – by telling him that whereas they think us in Jest, he believes that the Prince (Rupert), which goes in this fleet to guinny, will soon tell them that we are in earnest; and that he himself will do the like here in the head of fleet here at home. And that for the *Meschants*,¹ which he told the Duke there were in England which did hope to do themselves good by the King's being at war, says he, "the English have ever united all this private

1. Miscreants, sc. Puritan fanatics.