

windows, nor will have any. That the King hath his meat sent up by a dozen of lazy guards, and in pipkins sometimes, to his own table – and sometimes nothing but fruits, and now and then half a hen. And that now the Infanta is becoming our Queene, she is come to have a whole hen or goose to her table – which is not ordinary.

19. At the office all morning; and at noon Mr. Coventry, who sat with us all this morning, and Sir G. Carteret, Sir W. Penn and myself by coach to Capt. Marshes at Limehouse, to a house that hath been their ancestors for this 250 years – close by the Limehouse which gives the name to the place. Here they have a design to get the King to hire a docke for the herring busses (which is now the great design on foote) to lie up in. We had a very good and handsome dinner, and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise and at all times I am and can be, when I am in good habitt; which makes me remember my father Osborne's<sup>1</sup> rule for a gentleman, to spare in all things rather then in that. So by coach home; and so to write letters by post, and so to bed.

20. *Lordsday*. At home in bed all the morning to ease my late tumour; but up to dinner, and much offended in mind at a proud trick my man Will: hath got, to keep his hatt on in the house; but I will not speak of it to him today, but I fear I shall be troubled with his pride and laziness, though in other things he is good enough. To church in the afternoon, where a sleepy presbyter preached. And then to Sir W. Batten, who is to go to Portsmouth tomorrow too, to wait upon the Duke of Yorke, who goes to take possession and to set in order the Garrison there. Supped at home and to bed.

22. At the office all the morning, where we had a Deputacion\* from the Duke in his absence (he being gone to Portsmouth) for us to have the whole dispose and ordering of the fleet.<sup>2</sup> In the afternoon, about business up and down; and at night to visit Sir R. Slingsby, who is fallen sick of this new disease, an ague and fever. So home after visiting my aunt Wight and Mrs. Norbury (who continues still a very pleasant lady); and to supper and so to bed.

1. Author of *Advice to a Son* (1658).

2. Now fitting out for the Mediterranean.