

Mountagu did waylay them at their lodgings till the difference was made up, much to my Lord's honour, who hath got great reputation thereby.

8. At the office all the morning. At noon to the Exchange. Here I met with many sea-commanders; and among others, Capt. Cuttle, and Curtis and Mootham; and I went to the Fleece tavern to drink and there we spent till 4 a-clock telling stories of Algier and the manner of the life of Slaves¹ there; and truly, Capt. Mootham and Mr. Dawes (who have been both slaves there) did make me full acquainted with their condition there. As, how they eat nothing but bread and water. At their redempcion, they pay so much for the water that they drink at the public fountaynes during their being slaves. How they are beat upon the soles of the feet and bellies at the Liberty of their *Padron*. How they are all at night called into their master's Bagnard, and there they lie. How the poorest men do use their slaves best. How some rogues do live well, if they do endent to bring their masters in so much a week by their industry or theft; and then they are put to no other work at all. And theft there is counted no great crime at all. Thence to Mr. Rawlinsons, having met my old friend Dick Scobell, and there I drank a great deal with him; and so home and to bed betimes, my head akeing.

10. *Lord's day*. Took Phisique all day. And God forgive me, did spend it in reading of some little French Romances. At night my wife and I did please ourselves talking of our going into France, which I hope to effect this summer.

13. At the office all the morning. Dined at home; and poor Mr. Wood with me – who after dinner would have borrowed money of me, but I would lend none. Then to Whitehall by coach with Sir W. Pen, where we did very little business; and so back to Mr. Rawlinson's, where I took him in and gave him a cup of wine – he having formerly known Mr. Rawlinson. And here I met my uncle Wight and he drank with us. Then with him to Sir W. Batten's; whither I sent for my wife and we chose Valentines against tomorrow. My wife chose me, which did much please me. My Lady Batten, Sir W. Pen &c. Here we sat late; and so home to bed – having got my Lady Batten to give me a spoonful

1. Taken by the pirates of Algiers.