

they are full of the perticulars – how they are generally good merchant ships, some of them laden, and supposed rich ships. We spent five fireships upon them. We landed on the Schelling (Sir Ph. Howard with some men, and Holmes I think with others, about 1000 in all), and burned a town – and so came away. By and by the Duke of York with his books showed us the very place and manner – and that it was not our design or expectation to have done this, but only to have landed on the Fly and burned some of their stores; but being come in, we spied these ships, and with our longboats one by one fired them, our ships running all aground, it being so shoal water. We were led to this by, it seems, a Renegado Captain of the Hollanders, who found himself ill-used by De Ruyter for his good service, and so came over to us; and hath done us good service, so that now we trust him, and he himself did go on this expedition. The service is very great – and our joys as great for it. All is, it will make the Duke of Albemarle in repute again I doubt – though there be nothing of his in this. But Lord, to see what success doth, whether with or without reason, and making a man seem wise, notwithstanding never so late demonstration of the profoundest folly in the world. Thence to the Exchequer, but did nothing, they being all gone from their offices; and so to the Old Exchange, where the town full of this good news; but I did not stay to tell or hear any, but home, my head akeing and drowzy, and to dinner; and then lay down upon the couch, thinking to get a little rest, but could not. So down the River, reading *The Adventures of five houres*, which the more I read the more I admire. So down below Greenwich; but the wind and tide being against us, I back again to Deptford and did a little business there, and thence walked to Redriffe, and so home – and to the office a while; in the evening comes W. Batelier and his sister and my wife and fair Mrs. Turner into the garden, and there we walked; and then with my Lady Pen and Pegg in a-doors, and eat and were merry; and so pretty late broke up and to bed – the guns of the Tower going off, and there being bonfires also in the street for this late good Successe.

16. Up, having slept well; and after entering my journall, to the office – where all the morning; but of late Sir W. Coventry hath not come to us, he being discouraged from the little we have to do but to answer the clamours of people for money. At noon home, and there dined with me my Lady Pen only, and W. Hewer, at a haunch of venison boiled – where pretty merry. Only, my wife vexed me a