

hath done my Lord Sandwich all the right imaginable, by showing him his countenance before all the world on every occasion, to remove thoughts of discontent – and that he is to go Embassador; and that the Duke of Yorke is made Generall of all forces by land and sea, and the Duke of Albemarle Lieutenant-General; whether the two latter alterations be so true or no, he knows not, but he is told so – but my Lord is in full favour with the King. So all home and to bed.

9. Called up betimes by my Lord Brouncker, who is come to town from his long Water worke at Erith last night – to go with him to the Duke of Albemarle, which by his coach I did – our discourse upon the ill posture of the times through lack of money. At the Dukes did some business, and I believe he was not pleased to see all the Duke's discourse and applications to me and everybody's else. Discoursed also with Sir G. Carteret about office business, but no money in view. Here my Lord and I stayed and dined, the Vice-Chamberlain taking his leave. At table, the Duchesse, a damned ill-looked woman, complaining of her Lord's going to sea the next year, said these cursed words – “If my Lord had been a coward he had gone to sea no more it may be; then he might have been excused and made an Embassador” (meaning my Lord Sandwich); this made me mad, and I believe she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much. I was in hopes others had not minded it; but my Lord Bruncker, after we were come away, took notice of the words to me with displeasure. Thence after dinner away by water, calling and taking leave of Sir G. Carteret, whom we found going through at Whitehall; and so over to Lambeth and took coach and home; and so to the office, where late writing letters; and then home to Mr. Hill and sang, among other things, my song of *Beauty [retire]*, which he likes; only, excepts against two notes in the bass, but likes the whole very well. So, late to bed.

10. *Lords day.* Lay long talking, Hill and I, with great pleasure, and then up; and being ready, walked to Cocke's for some news, but heard none; only, they would have us stay their dinner, and sent for my wife, who came, and very merry we were – there being Sir Edm. Pooly and Mr. Eveling. Before we had dined comes Mr. Andrews, whom we had sent for to Bow, and so after dinner, home; and there we sang some things, but not with much pleasure, Mr. Andrews being in so great haste to go home, his wife looking