

fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and by comes the King and Queen, the Duke and Duchesse, and all the great ones; and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchess of Yorke, and the Duke the Duchesse of Buckingham, the Duke of Monmouth my Lady Castlemayne, and so other lords other ladies; and they danced the Bransle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies. Very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to Country dances; the King leading the first which he called for; which was — says he, *Cuckolds all a-row*, the old dance of England. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress and my Lady Castlemayne and a daughter of Sir Harry De Vickes were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queen herself, stands up; and endeed he dances rarely and much better then the Duke of Yorke. Having stayed here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at Court, I went out, leaving them dancing.

Thus ended this year, with great mirth to me and my wife. Our condition being thus — we are at present spending a night or two at my Lord's lodgings at Whitehall. Our home at the Navy office — which is and hath a pretty while been in good condition, finished and made very convenient. My purse is worth about 650*l* — besides my goods of all sorts — which yet might have been more but for my late layings-out upon my house and public assessment, and yet would not have been so much if I had not lived a very orderly life all this year, by virtue of the oaths that God put into my heart to take against wine, plays, and other expenses, and to observe for these last twelve months — and which I am now going to renew, I under God oweing my present content therunto. My family* is myself and wife — Wm. my clerk — Jane, my wife's upper-maid; but I think growing proud and negligent upon it, we must part; which troubles me — Susan our cook-maid, a pretty willing wench but no good cook — and Waynman my boy, who I am now turning away for his naughty tricks. We have had from the beginning our healths to this day, very well, blessed be God. Our late mayde Sarah going from us (though put away by us) to live with Sir W. Penn doth trouble me, though I love the wench — so that we do make ourselfs a little strange to him and his family for it, and resolve to do so. We have lately had it in our thoughts, and I can hardly bring myself off of it since Mrs. Gosnell cannot be with us, to find out another to be in the quality of a Woman to my wife, that can sing or dance. And yet