

differences to attend Forraigne," and that Cromwell, notwithstanding the *Meschants* in his time (which were the Cavaliers), he did never find them interrupt him in his foreign businesses. And that he did not doubt but to live to see the Dutch as fearful of provoking the English under the government of a King, as he remembers them to have been under that of a Coquin. I writ all this story to my Lord Sandwich tonight into the Downes, it being very good and true, word for word from Mr. Coventry today.

7. Lay long today, pleasantly discoursing with my wife about the dinner we are to have for the Joyces a day or two hence. Then up and with Mr. Margetts to Limehouse to see his ground and ropeyard there; which is very fine, and I believe we shall employ it for the Navy — for the King's grounds are not sufficient to supply our dispense if a warr comes. Thence back to the Change — where great talk of the forwardness of the Dutch; which puts us all to a stand, and perticularly myself for my Lord Sandwich, to think him to lie where he is for a Sacrifice if they should begin with us. So home and Creed with me, and to dinner; and after dinner, I out to my office, taking in Bagwells wife, who I knew waited for me; but company came to me so soon, that I could have no discourse with her as I intended, of pleasure. So anon abroad with Creed; walked to Bartholomew fayre, this being the last day, and there saw the best dancing on the ropes that I think I ever saw in my life — and so all say. And so by coach home — where I find my wife hath had her head dressed by her woman Mercer, which is to come to her tomorrow; but my wife being to go to a christening tomorrow, she came to do her head up tonight. So a while to my office, and then to supper and to bed.

9. Up, and to put things in order against dinner, I out and bought some things; among others, a dozen of Silver Salts. Home and to the office, where some of us met a little; and then home and at noon comes my company — *viz.*, Anth. and Will Joyce and their wifes — my aunt James newly come out of Wales, and my Cosen Sarah Gyles — her husband did not come, and by her I did understand afterward that it was because he was not yet able to pay me the 40s. she had borrowed a year ago of me. I was as merry as I could, giving them a good dinner; but W. Joyce did so talk, that he made everybody else Dumb, but only laugh at him. I forgot, there was Mr. Harman and his wife. My aunt a very good harmellesse