

and the Duke hath ordered the *Souveraigne* and all other ships ready to go out to go to the fleet to strengthen them. This news troubles us all, but cannot be helped. Having read all this news, and received commands of the Duke with great content, he giving me the words which to my great joy he hath several times said to me, that his greatest reliance is upon me – and my Lord Craven also did come out to talk with me, and told me that I am in mighty esteem with the Duke, for which I bless God.

25. Up betimes to the office, and there, as well as all the afternoon (saving a little dinner time, all alone) till late at night, writing letters and doing business, that I may get beforehand with my business again, which hath run behind a great while; and then home to supper and to bed. This day I am told that Dr. Burnett my physician is this morning dead of the plague – which is strange, his man dying so long ago, and his house this month open again. Now himself dead – poor unfortunate man.

26. Up betimes, and prepared to my great Satisfaction an account for the Board of my office disbursements, which I had suffered to run on to almost 120*l*. That done, I down by water to Greenwich, where we met the first day, my Lord Brouncker, Sir J. Mennes, and I, and I think we shall do well there. And begun very auspiciously to me, by having my account abovesaid passed and put into a way of having it presently paid. We parted at my Lord Brunckers door – where I went in (having never been there before) – and there he made a noble entertainment for Sir J. Mennes, myself, and Capt. Cocke; none else – saving some painted lady that dined there, I know not who she is.¹ But very merry we were. Thence I by water home, in my way seeing a man taken up dead out of the Hold of a small ketch that lay at Deptford; I doubt it might be the plague, which, with the thought of Dr. Burnett, did something disturb me, so that I did not what I intended and should have done at the office as to business. But home sooner then ordinary; and after supper to read melancholy alone, and then to bed.

28. Up; and being ready, I out to Mr. Colvill the goldsmith's, having not for some days been in the streets. But now, how few people I see, and those walking like people that had taken leave of

1. She was Abigail Williams, Brouncker's mistress.