

hath gone into the Privy purse since this Warr, and that that hath consumed so much of our money and makes the King and Court so mad to be brought to discover it. He gone, and after him the rest—I to the office; and at noon to the Change, where the very good newes is just come of our four ships from Smyrna come safe without convoy even into the Downes, without seeing any enemy—which is the best, and endeed only considerable good news to our Exchange since the burning of the City; and it is strange to see how it doth cheer up men's hearts. Here I saw shops now come to be in this Exchange. And met little Batelier—who sits here, but at  $3l$  per annum, whereas he sat at the other at  $100l$ —which he says he believes will prove of as good account to him now, as the other did at that rent. From the Change to Capt. Cockes, and there by agreement dined. And there was Charles Porter—Temple—Fenn—De Busty (whose bad English and pleasant discourses was exceeding good entertainment), Matt Wren—Maj. Cooper, and myself. Mighty merry, and pretty discourse. They talked for certain that now the King doth fallow Mrs. Steward wholly—and my Lady Castlemayne not above once a week. That the Duke of York doth not haunt my Lady Denham so much. That she troubles him with matters of state, being of my Lord Bristoll's faction, and that he avoids. That she is ill still. After dinner I away to the office, where we sat late upon Mr. Gaudens accounts—Sir J. Mennes being gone home sick. I late at the office, and then home to supper and to bed, being mightily troubled with a pain in the small of my back, through cold, or (which I think most true) by straining last night to get open my plate chest. In such pain all night, I could not turn myself in my bed. News this day from Brampton of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead—a clowne.

13. This afternoon Sir W. Warren and Mr. Moore, one after another, walked with me in the garden; and they both tell me that my Lord Sandwich is called home. And that he doth grow more and more in esteem everywhere, and is better spoken of—which I am mighty glad—though I know well enough his deserving the same before, and did foresee that it will come to it. In mighty great pain in my back still. But I perceive it changes its place—and doth not trouble me at all in making of water; and that is my joy, so that I believe it is nothing but a strain. And for these three or four days I perceive my overworking of my eyes by Candlelight doth hurt them, as it did the last winter. That by day I am well and do get