

God, I find I have encreased my last balance, though but little – but I hope ere long to get more. In the meantime, praise God for what I have, which is 1209*l.* So, with my heart glad to see my accounts fall so right in this time of mixing of monies and confusion, I home to bed.

## DECEMBER

2. Lay long in bed. Then up and to the office, where busy all the morning. At home dined. After dinner, with my wife and Mercer to the Dukes house and there saw *The Rivalls*, which I had seen before. But the play not good, nor anything but the good actings of Baterton and his wife and Harris. Thence homeward, and the coach broke with us in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and so walked to Fleet street and there took coach and home and to my office – whither by and by comes Capt. Cocke and then Sir W. Batten; and we all to Sir J. Minnes and I did give them a barrel of oysters I had given me, and so there sat and talked; where good discourse of the late troubles, they knowing things, all of them very well – and Cocke from the King's own mouth, being then intrusted himself much, doth know perticularly that the Kings credulity to Cromwells promises private to him – against the advice of his friends and the certain discovery of the practices and discourses of Cromwell in council (by Maj. Huntington) – did take away his life, and nothing else. Then to some loose atheisticall discourse of Cocks, when he was almost drunk; and then about 11 a-clock broke up, and I to my office to fit up an account for Povey, wherein I hope to get something. At it till almost 2 a-clock; then home to supper and to bed.

3. The Duke of Yorke being expected tonight with great joy from Portsmouth, after his having been abroad at sea three or four days with the fleet; and the Dutch are all drawn into their harbours – but it seems like a victory. And a matter of some reputation to us it is, and blemish to them; but in no degree like what it is esteemed at – the weather requiring them to do so.

10. Lay long; at which I am ashamed, because of so many people's observing it that know not how late I sit up, and for fear of Sir W. Batten's speaking of it to others – he having stayed for me a good