

2. Up and to the office; where, though Candlemass day, Mr. Coventry, Sir W. Penn and I are all the morning, the others being at a Survey at Deptford; at noon by coach to the Change with Mr. Coventry. Thence to the Coffee-house with Capt. Cocke, who discoursed well of the good effects in some kind of a Dutch war and conquest (which I did not consider before but the contrary); that is, that the trade of the world is too little for us two, therefore one must down. Secondly, that though our merchants will not be the better husbands by all this, yet our Wool will bear a better prize by vaunting of our cloths, and by that our tenants will be better able to pay rents and our lands will be more worth, and all our own manufactures – which now the Dutch out-vie us in. That he thinks the Dutch are not in so good a condition as heretofore, because of want of men always, and now from the wars against the Turke more then ever. Thence to the Change again, and thence off to the Sun taverne with Sir W. Warren and with him discoursed long and had good advice and hints from him; and among [other] things, he did give me a pair of gloves for my wife, wrapped up in paper; which I would not open, feeling it hard, but did tell him my wife should thank him, and so went on in discourse. When I came home, Lord, in what pain I was to get my wife out of the room without bidding her go, that I might see what these gloves were; and by and by, she being gone, it proves a pair of white gloves for her and 40 pieces in good gold: which did so cheer my heart that I could eat no victuals almost for dinner for joy to think how God doth bless us every day more and more – and more yet I hope he will upon the encrease of my duty and endeavours. I was at great loss what to do, whether tell my wife of it or no; which I could hardly forbear, but yet I did and will think of it first before I do, for fear of making her think me to be in a better condition or in a better way of getting money then yet I am. After dinner to the office, where doing infinite of business till past 10 at night to the comfort of my mind; and so home with joy to supper and to bed.

3. In Covent garden tonight, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before – where Draydon the poet (I knew at Cambrige) and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player and Mr. Hoole of our college; and had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there I perceive is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry and it was late; they were all ready to go away.