

my making my last oaths, and by them I am at liberty to dispense with any of my oaths every seventh day, after I had for the six days before-going performed all my vows). Here I find my father's picture begun; and so much to my content, that it joys my very heart to think that I should have his picture so well done – who, besides that he is my father, and a man that loves me and hath ever done so – is also at this day one of the most careful and innocent men in the world. Thence with mighty content homeward; and in my way, at the Stockes, did buy a couple of lobsters, and so home to dinner. Where I find my wife and father had dined, and were going out to Hales's to sit there. So Balty and I alone to dinner; and in the middle of my grace, praying for a blessing upon (these his good creatures), my mind fell upon my Lobsters – upon which I cried, "Cuds zookes!" And Balty looked upon me like a man at a loss what I meant, thinking at first that I meant only that I had said the grace after meat, instead of that before meat; but then I cried, "What is become of my lobsters?", whereupon he run out of doors to overtake the coach, but could not, and so came back again, and mighty merry at dinner to think of my Surprize. After dinner to the Excize office by appointment, thence home, and put off Balty; and so (being invited) to Sir Chr. Mings's Funerall, but find them gone to church. However, I into the church (which is a fair large church, and a great Chappell), and there heard the service and stayed till they buried him, and then out. And there met with Sir W. Coventry (who was there out of great generosity, and no person of quality there but he) and went with him into his Coach; and being in it with him, there happened this extraordinary case – one of the most Romantique that ever I heard of in my life, and could not have believed but that I did see it – which was this.

About a Dozen able, lusty, proper men came to the coach-side with tears in their eyes, and one of them, that spoke for the rest, begun and says to Sir W. Coventry – "We are here a Dozen of us that have long known and loved and served our dead commander, Sir Chr. Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other to offer after him, and in revenge of him – all we have is our lives. If you will please to get his Royal Highness to give us a Fireshipp among us all, here is a Dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is, will serve him, and, if possible, do that that shall show our memory of our dead commander and our revenge." Sir W. Coventry was herewith much moved (as well as I,