

the stone again, he tells me that he doth verily fear that I have it again and hath brought me something to dissolve it – which doth make me very much troubled and pray to God to ease me. He gone, I down by water to Woolwich and Deptford to look after the despatch of the ships, all the way reading Mr. Spencers book of Prodigys, which is most ingeniously writ, both for matter and style. Home at noon and my little girl got me my dinner; and I presently out by water and landed at Somerset stairs and thence through Coventgarden, where I met with Mr. Southwell (Sir W. Pen's friend), who tells me the very sad newes of my Lord Tiviott's and 19 more commission officers being killed at Tanger by the Moores, by an ambush of the enemy's upon them while they were surveying their lines; which is very sad, and he says afflicts the King much. Thence to W. Joyces, where by appointment I met my wife (but neither of them at home); and she and I to the King's house and saw *The Silent Woman*; but methought not so well done or so good [a] play as I formerly thought it to be, or else I am nowadays out of humour. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of Hayle that we in the middle of the pit¹ were fain to rise, and all the house in a disorder; and so my wife and I out and got into a little alehouse and stayed there an hour after the play was done before we could get a coach; which at last we did (and by chance took up Joyce Norton and Mrs. Bowles and set them at home); and so home ourselves and I a little to my office and so home to supper and to bed.

2. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning; and then to the Change, where after some stay, by coach with Sir J. Mennes and Mr. Coventry to St. James and there dined with Mr. Coventry very finely; and so over the park to Whitehall to a Committee of Tanger about providing provisions, money, and men for Tanger. At it all the afternoon; but it is strange to see how poorly and brokenly things are done of the greatest consequence – and how soon the memory of this great man is gone, or at least out of mind, by the thoughts of who goes next, which is not yet known. My Lord of Oxford, Muskerry, and several others are discoursed of. It seems my Lord Tiviotts design was to go out a mile and a half out of the town to cut down a wood in which the enemy did use to lie in ambush. He had sent several spyes; but all brought word that the way was clear, and so might be for anybody's discovery of an

1. There was a glazed cupola immediately overhead.