

four of Sarah, whom yo trouvais aqui; and so by coach to Sir Rob. Viner's about my accounts with him; and so to the Change, where I hear for certain that we are going on with our treaty of peace, and that we are to treat at Bredah. But this our condescension people do think will undo us – and I do much fear it. So home to dinner, where my wife having dressed herself in a silly dress, of a blue petticoat uppermost and a white satin waistcoat and white hood (though I think she did it because her gown is gone to the tailor's) did, together with my being hungry (which always makes me peevish), make me angry. But when my belly was full, was friends again, and dined and then by water down to Greenwich and thence walked to Woolwich, all the way reading Playfords *Introduction to Musique*, wherein are some things very pretty. At Woolwich I did much business, taking an account of the state of the ships there under hand; thence to Blackewall and did the like for two ships we have repairing there; and then to Deptford and did the like there; and so home, Capt. Perriman with me from Deptford, telling me many particulars how the King's business is ill ordered; and indeed so they are, God knows. So home and to the office, where did business; and so home to my chamber, and then to supper and to bed.

23. At the office all the morning, where Sir W. Penn came, being returned from Chatham from considering the means of fortifying the River Medway, by a chain at the stakes and ships laid there, with guns to keep the enemy from coming up to burn our ships – all our care now being [to] fortify ourselfs against their invading us. At noon home to dinner, and then to the office all the afternoon again – where Mr. Moore came, who tells me that there is now no doubt made of a peace being agreed on, the King having declared this week in council that they would treat at Bredagh. He gone, I to my office, where busy late; and so to supper and to bed – vexed with our maid Luce, our cook-maid, who is a good drudging servant in everything else and pleases us, but that she will be drunk, and hath been so last night and all this day, that she could not make clean the house – my fear is only fire.

25. *Lady day*. To the King's playhouse, and by and by comes Mr. Lowder and his wife and mine and into a box forsooth, neither of them being dressed, which I was almost ashamed of – Sir W. Penn and I in the pit; and here saw *The Mayden Queene* again; which endeed, the more I see the more I like; and is an excellent play, and