

his advice against our pretences to the Priz[e] office (in his letter from Portsmouth); because he knew that the King and the Duke had resolved to put in some parliament-men that have deserved well and that would need be obliged by putting them in. Thence homeward; called at my booksellers and bespoke some books against the year out. And then to the Change; and so home to dinner and then to the office, where my Lord Brunkard comes and reads over part of our instructions in the Navy; and I expounded it to him, so he is become my disciple. He gone, comes Cutler to tell us that the King of France hath forbid any Canvas to be carried out of his kingdom. And I, to examine, went with him to the East India house to see a letter, but came too late. So home again and there late, till 12 at night, at my office; and then home to supper and to bed. This day (to see how things are ordered in the world), I had a command from the Earle of Sandwich (at Portsmouth) not to be forward with Mr. Cholmly and Sir J. Lawson about the Molle at Tanger, because that what I do therein will (because of his friendship to me known) redound against him, as if I had done it upon his score. So I wrote to my Lord my mistake, and am contented to promise never to pursue it more – which goes against my mind with all my heart.

14. Up; and after a while at the office, I abroad in several places; among other, to my booksellers and there spoke for several books against New Year's day, I resolving to lay out about 7 or 8*l*, God having given me some profit extraordinary of late. And bespoke also some plate, spoons, and forks. I pray God keep me from too great expenses, though these will still be pretty good money. Then to the Change; and I home to dinner, where Creed (and Mr. Cæsare, my boy's lute master, who plays ended mightily finely); and after dinner I abroad, parting from Creed, and away to and fro, laying-out or preparing for laying-out more money, but I hope and resolve not to exceed therein. And tonight spoke for some fruit for the country for my father against Christmas; and where should I do it but at the pretty woman's that use to stand at the door in Fanchurch street – I having a mind to know her. So home and late at my office, evening reckonings with Shergoll and so away home to supper and to bed, not being very well through my taking cold of late and so troubled with some wind.

15. Called up very betimes by Mr. Cholmly, and with him a good