

the correcting two or three egregious faults in the Charter for Tanger, after it had so long lain before the Council and been passed there and drawn up by the Atturny general, so slightly are all things in this age done.

5. *Lords day.* Up, and to my chamber and there to the writing fair some of my late music notions; and so to church, where I have not been a good while. And thence home, and dined at home with W. Hewers with me; and after dinner, he and I a great deal of good talk touching this office: how it is spoilt by having so many persons in it, and so much work that is not made the work of any one man but of all, and so is never done; and that the best way to have it well done were to have the whole trust in one (as myself) to set whom I pleased to work in the several businesses of the Office, and me to be accountable for the whole; and that would do it, as I would find instruments. But this is not to be compassed; but something I am resolved to do about Sir J. Mennes before it be long. Then to my chamber again, to my music, and so to church; and then home, and thither comes Capt. Silas Taylor to me, the Storekeeper of Harwich; where much talk, and most of it against Capt. Deane, whom I do believe to be a high, proud fellow; but he is an active man, and able in his way, and so I love him. He gone, I to my music again and to read a little and to sing with Mr. Pelling, who came to see me and so spent the evening; and then to supper and to bed. I hear that eight of the ringleaders in the late tumults of the prentices at Easter are condemned to die.

6. Meeting Creed, he and I to the new Cockepitt by the King's gate, and there saw the manner of it and the mixed rabble of people that came thither; and saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport, but only to consider how these creatures without any provocation do fight and kill one another – and aim only at one another's heads, and by their good wills not leave till one of them be killed. And thence to the park in a hackney coach, so would not go into the Tour, but round about the park and to the [Lodge], and there at the door eat and drank; whither came my Lady Kerneagy, of whom Creed tells me more perticularly: how her Lord, finding her and the Duke of York at the King's first coming in too kind, did get it out of her that he did dishonour him; and so he bid her continue to let him, and himself went to the foulest whore he could find, that he might get the pox; and did, and did give his wife it on