

 FEBRUARY

2. Up betimes, and knowing that my Lord Sandwich is come to town with the King and Duke, I to wait upon him; which I did and find him in very good humour, which I am glad to see with all my heart. Having received his commands and discoursed with some of his people about my Lord's going, and with Sir Rog. Cuttance, who was there and finds himself slighted by Sir W. Coventry, I advised him however to look after imployment, lest it be said that my Lord's friends do forsake the service after he hath made them rich with the prizes. I to London, and there, among other things, did look over some pictures at Cades for my house, and did carry home a Silver Drudger for my cupboard of plate, and did call for my silver chafing-dishes, but they are sent home and the man would not be paid for them, saying that he was paid for them already, and with much ado got him to tell me, by Mr. Wayth; but I would not accept of that, but will send him his money, not knowing any courtesy I have yet done him to deserve it. So home, and with my wife looked over our plate and picked out 40*l* worth I believe, to change for more useful plate, to our great content; and then we shall have a very handsome cupboard of plate. So to dinner, and then to the office, where we had a meeting extraordinary about stating to the Duke the present debts of the Navy for which ready money must be had. And that being done, I to my business, where late; and then home to supper and to bed.

4. *Lords day.* And my wife and I the first time together at church since the plague, and now only because of Mr. Mills his coming home to preach his first sermon, expecting a great excuse for his leaving the parish before anybody went, and now staying till all are come home; but he made but a very poor and short excuse, and a bad sermon. It was a frost, and had snowed last night, which covered the graves in the churchyard, so I was the less afeared for going through. Here I had the content to see my noble Mrs. Lethulier; and so home to dinner, and all the afternoon at my Journall till supper, it being a long while behindhand. At supper my wife tells me that W. Joyce hath been with her this evening, the first time since the plague — and tells her my aunt James is lately dead of the stone, and what she had hath given to his and his brother's wife and my cousin Sarah. So after supper to work again, and late to bed.