

miscarried, will tend to the loss of the garrison of Tanger. Thence home; in my way, had the opportunity I longed for, of seeing and saluting Mrs. Stokes, my little goldsmiths wife in Paternoster row; and there bespoke something, a silver chafing-dish for warming plates. And so home to dinner. Found my wife busy about making her hangings for her chamber with the Upholster. So I to the office, and anon to the Duke of Albemarle by coach at night (taking, for saving time, Sir W. Warren with me, talking of our businesses all the way going and coming) and there got his reference of my pursers' paper to the Board, to consider of it before he read it, for he will never understand it I am sure. Here I saw Sir W. Coventry's kind letter to him concerning my paper. And among other of his letters (which I see all, and that is a strange thing, that whatever is writ to this Duke of Albemarle, all the world may see; for this very night he did give me Mr. Coventry's letter to read as soon as it came to his hand, before he had read it himself, and bid me take out of it what concerned the Navy; and many things there was in it which I should not have thought fit for him to have let anybody so suddenly see). But among other things, find him profess himself to the Duke a friend into the enquiring further into the business of Prizes,¹ and advises that it may be public, for the righting the King and satisfying the people and getting the blame to be rightly laid where it should be – which strikes very hard upon my Lord Sandwich – and troubles me to read it. Besides, what vexed me more, I heard the damned Duchesse again say,² to twenty gentlemen publicly in the room, that she would have Mountagu sent once more to sea, before he goes his Embassy, that we may see whether he will make amends for his cowardize, and repeated the answer she did give the other day in my hearing to Sir G. Downing – wishing her Lord had been a coward, for then perhaps he might have been made an Ambassador and not been sent now to sea. But one good thing she said – she cried mightily out against the having of gentlemen Captains with feathers and ribbands, and wished the King would send her husband to sea with the old plain sea-Captains that he served with formerly, that would make their ships swim with blood, though they could not make legs as captains nowadays can.

12. By coach to the Duke of Albemarle, where Sir W. Batten and I

1. See above, p. 159 (10 October) & n.
2. cf. above, p. 561 (9 December).