

wretched, dirty seamen, who, poor wretches, had got together about 37 lb of Cloves and 10 lb of Nuttmeggs. And we bought them of them – the first at 5s.-6d. per lb., and the latter at 4s. – and paid them in gold; but Lord, to see how silly these men are in the selling of it, and easily to be persuaded almost to anything – offering a bag to us, to pass as 20 lb of cloves which upon weighing proved 25 lb. But it would never have been allowed by my conscience to have wronged the poor wretches, who told us how dangerously they had got some and dearly paid for the rest of these goods. By and by to dinner about 3 a-clock. And then I in the cabin to writing down my journall for these last seven days, to my great content – it having pleased God that in this sad time of the plague, everything else hath conspired to my happiness and pleasure, more for these last three months then in all my life before in so little time. God long preserve it, and make me thankful for it. After finishing my Journall, then to discourse and to read, and then to supper and to bed, my mind not being at full ease, having not fully satisfied myself how Capt. Cocke will deal with me as to the share of the profits.

25. Found ourselfs come to the fleet; and so aboard the *Prince*, and there, after a good while in discourse, we did agree a bargain of 5000l with Sir Rog. Cuttance for my Lord Sandwich, for silk, cinnamon, nutmegs and Indico. And I was near signing to an undertaking for the payment of the whole sum, but I did by chance escape it, having since, upon second thoughts, great cause to be glad of it, reflecting upon the craft and not good condition, it may be, of Capt. Cocke. I could get no trifles for my wife. Anon to dinner, and thence in great haste to make a short visit to Sir W. Pen, where I found them, and his lady and daughter and many commanders at dinner – among others, Sir G. Askue, of whom, whatever the matter is, the world is silent altogether. But a very pretty dinner there was; and after dinner Sir W. Penn made a bargain with Cocke for ten bales of Silke at 16s. per lb – which, as Cocke says, will be a good pennorth. And so away to the *Prince*, and presently comes my Lord on board from Greenwich, with whom, after a little discourse about his trusting of Cocke, we parted and to our Yacht; but it being calme, we, to make haste, took our Wherry toward Chatham; but it growing dark, we were put to great difficultys, our simple yet confident waterman not knowing a step of the way; and we found ourselfs to go backward and forward, which, in that dark night and a wild place, did vex us mightily. At