

Steward and all the ladies at Court, in helping to slip their calves when there is occasion, and with the great men in curing of their claps, that he can do what he please with the King in spite of any man, and upon the same score with the Prince – they all having more or less occasion to make use of him. Sir G. Carteret tells me this afternoon that the Dutch are not yet ready to set out; and by that means do lose a good wind, which would carry them out and keep us in. And moreover, he says that they begin to bogle in the business, and he thinks may offer terms of peace for all this; and seems to argue that it will be well for the King too – and I pray God send it.

29. *Michaelmas day*. Up, and to the office, where all the morning. Dined at home and Creed with me. After dinner I to Sir G. Carteret, and with him to his new house he is taking in Broadstreete; and there surveyed all the rooms and bounds in order to the drawing up a lease thereof. And that done, Mr Cutler (his landlord) took me up and down and showed me all his ground and houses, which is extraordinary great, he having bought all the Augustin fryers; and many many a 1000*l* he hath and will bury there. So home to my business, clearing my papers and preparing my accounts against tomorrow for a monthly and a great Auditt. So to supper and to bed. Fresh newes came of our beating the Dutch at Guiny quite out of all their castles almost, which will make them quite mad here at home, sure. And Sir G. Carteret did tell me that the King doth joy mightily at it; but asked him, laughing, “But,” says he, “how shall I do to answer this to the Embassador, when he comes?” Nay, they say that we have beat them out of the New Netherlands too – so that we have been doing them mischief a great while in several parts of the world, without public knowledge or reason. Their Fleete for Guinny is now, they say, ready and abroad, and will be going this week. Coming home tonight, I did go to examine my wife’s house-accounts; and finding things that seemed somewhat doubtful, I was angry, though she did make it pretty plain; but confessed that when she doth misse a sum, she doth add something to other things to make it. And upon my being very angry, she doth protest she will here lay up something for herself to buy her a neckelace with – which madded me and doth still trouble me, for I fear she will forget by degrees the way of living cheap and under a sense of want.