

her. Thence with Capt. Cocke (in his coach) home to dinner, whither comes by invitation My Lord Bruncker and his mistress, and very good company we were. But in dinner-time comes Sir Jo. Minnes from the fleet like a simple weak man, having nothing to say of what he hath done there, but tells us of what value he imagines the prizes to be, and that my Lord Sandwich is well and mightily concerned to hear that I was well. But this did put me upon a desire of going thither; and moving of it to my Lord, we presently agreed upon it to go this very Tide, we two and Capt. Cocke. So everybody prepared to fit himself for his Journy, and I walked to Woolwich to trim and shift myself; and by the time I was ready they came down in the *Bezan Yacht*, and so I aboard and my boy Tom. And there very merrily we sailed to below Gravesend, and there came to Anchor for all night and supped and talked, and with much pleasure at last settled ourselfs to sleep — having very good lodging upon Cushions in the Cabbin.

18. By break of day we came to within sight of the fleet, which was a very fine thing to behold, being above 100 ships, great and small — with the flag-ships of each squadron distinguished by their several flags on their main, fore, or mizzen masts. Among others, the *Soveraigne*, *Charles*, and *Prince*, in the last of which my Lord Sandwich was. When we called by her side, his Lordship was not stirring; so we came to anchor a little below his ship, thinking to have rowed on board him; but the wind and tide was so strong against us that we could not get up to him; no, though rowed by a boat of the *Prince*'s that came to us to tow us up; at last, however, he brought us within a little way, and then they flung out a rope to us from the *Prince*, and so came on board, but with great trouble and time and patience, it being very cold. We find my Lord newly up in his nightgown, very well. He received us kindly, telling us the state of the fleet; lacking provisions, having no beer at all, nor have had most of them these three weeks or month, and but few days' dry provisions. And endeed, he tells us that he believes no fleet was ever set to sea in so ill condition of provision as this was when it went out last. By and by was called a council of warr on board, when came Sir W. Pen there — and Sir Chr. Mings, Sir Edwd. Spragg, Sir Jos. Jordan, Sir Tho. Teddiman, and Sir Rogr. Cuttance. And so the necessities of the fleet for victuals, clothes, and money was discoursed, but by the discourse there of all but my Lord — that is to say, the counterfeit grave nonsense of Sir W. Pen and the poor mean