

no disappointment may happen therein – which I will help on all I can. This afternoon I waited on the Duke of Albemarle; and so to Mrs. Crofts, where I found and saluted Mrs. Burrows, who is a very pretty woman for a mother of so many children. But Lord, to see how the plague spreads; it being now all over Kings street, at the Axe and the next door to it, and in other places.

26. Up; and after doing a little business, down to Deptford with Sir W. Batten – and there left him, and I to Greenwich to the park, where I hear the King and Duke are come by water this morn from Hampton Court. They asked me several Questions. The King mightily pleased with his new buildings there.¹ Great variety of talk – and was often led to speak to the King and Duke. By and by they to dinner; and all to dinner and sat down to the King saving myself, which though I could not in modesty expect, yet God forgive my pride, I was sorry I was there, that Sir W. Batten should say that he could sit down where I could not – though he had twenty times more reason than I. But this was my pride and folly. The King having dined, he came down, and I went in the barge with him, I sitting at the door hearing him and the Duke talk and seeing and observing their manner of discourse; and God forgive me, though I adore them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men, though (blessed be God) they are both princes of great nobleness and spirits. The Barge put me into another boat that came to our side, Mr. Holder with a bag of gold to the Duke; and so they away, and I home to the office. The Duke of Monmouth is the most skittish, leaping gallant that ever I saw, alway in action, vaulting or leaping or clambering. I home to set my Journall for these four days in order, they being four days of as great content and honour and pleasure to me as ever I hope to live or desire or think anybody else can live. For methinks if a man could but reflect upon this, and think that all these things are ordered by God Almighty to make me contented, and even this very marriage now on foot is one of the things entended to find me content in in my life and matter of mirth, methinks it should make one mightily more satisfied in the world than he is. This day poor Robin Shaw at Backewells died – and Backewell himself now in Flanders. The King himself asked about Shaw; and being told he was dead, said he

1. At Greenwich Palace.