

of a sudden and the greatest and most continued Thunder that ever I heard I think in my life. In the evening home to my wife – and there talked seriously of several of our family concernments; and among others, of bringing Pall out of the country to us here, to try to put her off;¹ which I am very desirous, and my wife also, of. So to supper – prayers, which I have of late too much omitted. So to bed.

20. It having been a very cold night last night, I had got some cold, and so in pain by wind; and a sure præcursor of pain, I find, is sudden letting off some farts; and when that stops, then my passages stop and my pain begins. Up, and did several businesses; and so with my wife by water to Whitehall – she to her father's, I to the Duke, where we did our usual business. And among other discourse of the Dutch, he was merrily saying how they print that Prince Robt., Duke of Albemarle, and my Lord Sandwich are to be Generalls; and soon after is to fallow them "*Vieux Pen*", and so the Duke called him in mirth Old Pen. They have, it seems, lately wrote to the King to assure him that their setting-out ships were only to defend their fishing trade and to stay near home, not to annoy the King's subjects; and to desire that he would do the like with his ships – which the King laughs at, but yet is troubled they should think him such a child, to suffer them to bring home their fish and east India Company's ships, and then they will not care a fart for us. Thence to Westminster hall, it being term-time. And meeting Pickering, he tells me how my Lady last week went to see Mrs. Becke the mother. And by and by the daughter came in. But that my Lady doth say herself (as he says) that, she knew not for what reason, for she never knew they had a daughter (which I do not believe), she was troubled and her heart did rise as soon as she appeared, and seems the most ugly woman that ever she saw. This, if true, were strange; but I believe it is not. Thence to my Lord's lodgings and were merry with the young ladies; who make a great story of their appearing before their mother the morning after we carried them, the last week, home so late. And that their mother took it very well, at least without any anger. Here I heard how the rich widow, my Lady Gold, is married to one Neale, after he had received a box on the eare by her brother (who was there a sentinel

1. To marry her off.