

handsome and the setting up of some neat plats that Burston hath for my money made me. And so home to dinner; and then, with my wife, mother, and Mercer in one boat, and I in another, down to Woolwich, I walking from Greenwich, the others going to and fro upon the water till my coming back, having done but little business. So home and to supper, and weary to bed. We have everywhere taken some prizes. Our merchants have good luck to come home safe: Colliers from the North, and some Streights-men just now – and our Hambrough ships, of whom we were so much afeared, are safe in Hambrough. Our Fleete resolved to sail out again from Harwich in a day or two.

→ JUNE ←

I. Up, and to the office, where sat all the morning. At noon to the Change and there did some business and home to dinner, whither Creed comes. And after dinner I put on my new silk Camelott Sute, the best that ever I wore in my life, the suit costing me above 24*l*. In this I went with him to Goldsmiths hall to the burial of Sir Tho. Viner; which hall, and Haberdashers also, was so full of people, that we were fain for ease and coolness to go forth to Paternoster row to choose a silk to make me a plain ordinary suit. That done, we walked to Cornehill, and there at Mr. Cades stood in the Balcon and saw all the funerals, which was with the Bluecoat boys and old men – all the Aldermen, and Lord Mayor, &c., and the number of the company very great – the greatest I ever did see for a Taverne. Hither came up to us Dr. Allen – and then Mr. Povy and Mr. Fox. The show being over, and my discourse with Mr. Povy – I took coach and to Westminster hall, where I took the fairest flower and by coach to Tothill fields for the ayre, till it was dark. I light, and in with the fairest flower to eat a cake, and there did do as much as was safe with my flower, and that was enough on my part. Broke up, and away without any notice; and after delivering the rose where it should be, I to the Temple and light; and came to the middle door and there took another coach, and so home – to write letters; but very few, God knows, being (by my pleasure) made to forget everything that is. The coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again, nor the people at the house where we were. Home to bed, certain news being come that our fleet is in sight of the Dutch ships.