

business, they quite deadening the enemy – they run away upon sight of the *Prince*. It is strange, to see how people do already slight Sir Wm. Berkely, my Lord Fitzharding's brother, who three months since was the delight of the Court. Capt. Smith of the *Mary*, the Duke talks mightily of, and some great thing will be done for him. Strange, to hear how the Dutch do relate, as the Duke says, that they are the conquerors – and bonfires are made in Dunkirke in their behalf – though a clearer victory can never be expected. Mr. Coventry thinks they cannot have lost less then 6000 men; and we not dead above 200, and wounded about 400; in all, about 600. Thence home, and to my office till past 12 and then home to supper and to bed – my wife and mother not being yet come home from W. Hewres chamber, who treats my mother tonight. Capt. Grove, the Duke told us this day, hath done the basest thing at Lastoffe, in hearing of the guns and could not (as others) be got out, but stayed there – for which he will be tried; and is reckoned a prating coxcombe, and of no courage.

17. It stroke me very deep this afternoon, going with a Hackny-coach from my Lord Treasurer's down Holborne – the coachman I found to drive easily and easily; at last stood still, and came down hardly able to stand; and told me that he was suddenly stroke very sick and almost blind, he could not see. So I light and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and trouble for myself, lest he should have been stroke with the plague – being at that end of the town that I took him up. But God have mercy upon us all. Sir Jo. Lawson, I hear, is worse then yesterday – the King went to see him today, most kindly. It seems his wound is not very bad, but he hath a fever – a thrush and a Hickup, all three together; which are, it seems, very bad symptoms.

20. *Thanksgiving day for Victory over the Dutch*. Up, and to the office, where very busy alone all the morning till church time; and there heard a mean sorry sermon of Mr. Mills. Then to the Dolphin Taverne, where all we officers of the Navy met with the Comissioners of the Ordnance by agreement and dined – where good Musique, at my direction. Our club came to 34s. a man – nine of us. Thence after dinner I to Whitehall with Sir W. Berkely in his coach. And so I walked to Herberts and there spent a little time avec la mosa, sin hazer algo con ella que kiss and tocar ses mamelles, que