

14. Up betimes to the office, to write fair a laborious letter I wrote, as from the Board, to the Duke of York, laying out our want of money again. That being done, I down to Thames Streete and there agreed for four or five Tons of Corke to send this day to the fleet, being a new device to make Barrecados with, instead of Junke. By this means I came to see and kiss Mr. Hill's young wife; and a blithe young woman she is. So to the office, and at noon home to dinner; and then sent for young Michell and imployed him all the afternoon about weighing and shipping off of the Corke – having by this means an opportunity of getting him 30 or 40s. Having set him a-doing, I home and to the office very late, very busy, and did ended despatch much business; and so to supper and to bed – after a song in the garden – which, and after dinner, is now the greatest pleasure I take, and ended doth please me mightily. To bed, after washing my legs and feet with warm water in my Kitchin. This evening I had Davila brought home to me, and I find it a most excellent history as ever I read.

15. *Lords day*. Up, and to church, where our lecturer made a sorry silly sermon upon the great point of proving the truth of the Christian religion. Home, and had a good dinner, expecting Mr. Hunt, but there comes only young Michell and his wife – whom my wife concurs with me to be a pretty woman, and with her husband, is a pretty innocent couple. Mighty pleasant we were, and I mightily pleased in her company and to find my wife so well pleased with them also. After dinner he and I walked to Whitehall, not being able to get a coach – he to the Abbey and I to Whitehall; but met with nobody to discourse with, having no great mind to be found idling there and be asked questions of the fleet; so walked only through to the park, and there, it being mighty hot, and I weary, lay down by the Canaille upon the grasse and slept a while, and was thinking of a Lampoone which hath run in my head this week, to make upon the late fight at sea and the miscarriages there – but other businesses put it out of my head. Having lain there a while, I then to the Abbey and there called Michell; and so walked in great pain, having new shoos on, as far as Fleet street; and there got a coach, and so in some little ease home – and there drank a great deal of small beer. And so took up my wife and Betty Michell and her husband, and away into the fields to take the ayre – as far as beyond Hackny, and so back again. In our way drinking a great deale of Milke, which I drank to take away my Heartburne,