

mightily, what a brave fellow I am. Back by water, it raining hard, and so to the office and stopped my going, as I intended, to the Buoy of the Noure; and great reason I had to rejoice at it, for it proved the night of as great a Storme as was almost ever remembered. Late at the office, and so home to bed. This day, calling at Mr. Rawlinson's to know how all did there, I hear that my pretty grocer's wife, Mrs. Beversham, over the way there, her husband is lately dead of the plague at Bow, which I am sorry for, for fear of losing her neighbourhood.

15. Up, and all the morning at the office busy; and at noon to the Kings head Taverne, where all the Trinity house dined today to choose a new Maister in the room of Hurlstone that is dead. And Capt. Crispe is chosen. But Lord, to see how Sir W. Batten governs all and tramples upon Hurlstone; but I am confident that company will grow the worse for that man's death, for now Batten, and in him a lazy, corrupt, doting rogue, will have all the sway there. After dinner, who comes in but my Lady Batten and a troop of a dozen women almost; and expected, as I found afterward, to be made mighty much of, but nobody minded them. But the best Jest was, that when they saw themselves not regarded, they would go away; and it was horrible foul weather, and my Lady Batten walking through the dirty lane with new spick-and-span white shoes, she dropped one of her Galloshes in the dirt, where it stuck, and she forced to go home without one – at which she was horrible vexed, and I led her. And after vexing her a little more in mirth, I parted, and to Glanvills, where I knew Sir Jo. Robinson, Sir G. Smith and Capt. Cocke were gone. And there, with the company of Mrs. Penington (whose father I hear was one of the Court of Justice, and died prisoner, of the stone, in the Towre), I made them against their resolutions to stay from hour to hour till it was almost midnight, and a furious dark and rainy and windy stormy night; and which was best, I, with drinking small beer, made them all drunk drinking wine, at which Sir Jo. Robinson made great sport. But they being gone, the lady and I very civilly sat an hour by the fireside observing the Folly of this Robinson, that makes it his work to praise himself and all he says and doth – like a heavy-headed coxcomb. The plague, blessed be God, is decreased near 400; making the whole this week but 1300 and odd – for which the Lord be praised.