

yet in his and Lord Cravens books; and thence to the Swan and there drank, and so down to the bridge, and so to the Change, where spoke with many people and about a great deal of business, which kept me late. I heard this day that Mr. Harrington is not dead of the plague as we believed; at which I was very glad – but most of all to hear that the plague is come very low; that is, the whole under 1000 and the plague 600 and odd – and great hopes of a further decrease, because of this day's being a very exceeding hard frost – and continues freezing. This day the first of the *Oxford Gazettes* came out, which is very pretty, full of news, and no folly in it – wrote by Williamson. From the Change, which is pretty full again, I to my house and there took some things, and so by water to my lodging at Greenwich and dined; and then to the office a while and at night home to my lodgings, and took T. Willson and T. Hater with me and there spent the evening till midnight, discoursing and settling of our Victualling business, that thereby I might draw up instructions for the Surveyours, and that we might be doing something to earne our money. This done, I late to bed. Among other things, it pleased me to have it demonstrated that a purser without professed cheating is a professed loser, twice as much as he gets.

23. Up betimes, and so being trimmed, I to get papers ready against Sir H. Cholmly come to me by appointment, he being newly come over from Tanger. He did by and by come, and we settled all matters about his money; and he is a most satisfied man in me, and doth declare his resolution to give me 200*l* per annum. It continuing to be a great frost (which gives us hope for a perfect cure of the plague), he and I to walk in the park, and there discoursed with grief of the calamity of the times; how the King's service is performed, and how Tanger is governed by a man, who, though honourable, yet doth mind his ways of getting, and little else compared,¹ which will never make the place flourish. I brought him home and had a good dinner for him; and there come by chance Capt. Cuttance – who tells me how for a Quarrell (which ended my Lord the other night told me), Capt. Ferrers, having cut all over the back of another of my Lord's servants, is parted from my Lord. I sent for little Mrs. Fr. Tooker; and after they were gone, I sat dallying with her an hour, doing what I would with my hand about

1. Lord Belasyse.