

all men are busy in looking after their own business, to save themselves. He gone, I to finish my letters; and home to bed and find, to my infinite joy, many rooms clean, and myself and wife lie in our own chamber again. But much terrified in the nights nowadays, with dreams of fire and falling down of houses.

17. Up betimes, and shaved myself after a week's growth; but Lord, how ugly I was yesterday and how fine today. By water, seeing the City all the way, a sad sight indeed, much fire being still in – to Sir W. Coventry, and there read over my collection of the particulars of the excess of charge created by a war – with good content. Sir W. Coventry was in great pain lest the French fleet should be passed by our fleet – who had notice of them on Saturday, and were preparing to go meet them; but their minds altered, and judged them merchantmen, when the same day, the *Success*, Capt. Ball, made their whole fleet, and came to Brightemson and thence at 5 a-clock afternoon, Saturday, wrote Sir W. Coventry news thereof. So that we do much fear our missing them. Here came in and talked with him, Sir Tho. Clifford, who appears a very fine gentleman, and much set by at Court for his activity in going to sea, and stoutness everywhere and stirring up and down. Thence by coach over the ruines, down Fleete streete and Cheapside to Broad street to Sir G. Carteret, where Sir W. Batten (and Sir J. Mennes, whom I had not seen a long time before, being his first coming abroad) and Lord Brouncker passing his accounts. Thence home a little to look after my people at work, and back to Sir G. Carteret to dinner; and thence, after some discourse with him upon our public accounts, I back home, and all the day with Harman and his people finishing the hangings and beds in my house; and the hangings will be as good as ever, and perticularly in my new closet. They gone, and I weary, my wife and I, and Balty and his wife, who came hither today to help us, to a barrel of oysters I sent from the River today, and so to bed.

18. Strange, with what freedom and quantity I pissed this night, which I know not what to impute to but my oysters – unless the coldness of the night should cause it, for it was a sad rainy and tempestuous night. As soon as up, I begun to have some pain in my blather and belly as usual, which made me go to dinner betimes to fill my belly; and that did ease me, so as I did my business in the afternoon, in forwarding the settling of my house, very well.