

while I was undressing myself, our new ugly maid Luce had like to have broke her neck in the dark, going down our upper stairs; but (which I was glad of) the poor girl did only bruise her head. But at first did lie on the ground groaning, and drawing her breath like one a-dying.

This month I end in much hurry of business, but in much more trouble in mind to think what will become of public businesses, having so many enemies abroad, and neither force – nor money at all – and but little Courage for ourselves. It being really true that the spirits of our seamen, and commanders too, are really broke by the last defeat with the Duch; and this is not my conjecture only, but the real and serious thoughts of Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Coventry, whom I have at distinct times hear[d] the same thing come from, with a great deal of grief and trouble. But lastly, I am providing against a foul day, to get as much money into my hands as I can, at least out of the public hands, that so, if a turn (which I fear) do come, I may have a little to trust to. I pray God give me good success in my choice how to dispose of what little I have, that I may not take it out of public hands and put it into worse.

✱ JULY ✱

1. *Sunday*. Up betimes and to the office, receiving letters, two or three one after another, from Sir W. Coventry, and sent as many to him – being full of variety of business and hurry; but among the chiefest, is the getting of these pressed men out of the City down the River to the fleet. While I was hard at it, comes Sir W. Pen to town, which I little expected, having invited my Lady and her daughter Pegg to dine with me today – which at noon they did, and Sir W. Penn with them, and pretty merry we were. And though I do not love him, yet I find it necessary to keep in with him – his good service at Sherenesse in getting out the fleet being much taken notice of, and reported to the King and Duke even from the Prince and Duke of Albemarle themselves, and made the most of to me and them by Sir W. Coventry. Therefore, I think it discretion, great and necessary discretion, to keep in with him. After dinner to the office again, where busy; and then down to Deptford to the yard, thinking to have seen Bagwell's wife, whose husband is gone yesterday back to the fleet; but I did not see her, so missed what I