

2. Met an express from Sir W. Batten at Harwich, that the fleet is all sailed from Solebay, having spied the Dutch Fleete at sea – and that if the Calmes hinder not, they must needs be now engaged with them.
3. All this day, by all people upon the River and almost everywhere else hereabout, were heard the Guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular; and all our hearts full of concernment for the Duke, and I particularly for my Lord Sandwich and Mr. Coventry after his Royal Highness.
7. This day, much against my Will, I did in Drury lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and “Lord have mercy upon us” writ there – which was a sad sight to me, being the first of that kind that to my remembrance I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to smell to and chaw – which took away the apprehension.
8. About 5 a-clock my wife came home, it having lightened all night hard, and one great shower of rain. She came and lay upon the bed. I up, and to the office, where all the morning. I alone at home to dinner, my wife, mother, and Mercer dining at W. Joyces, I giving her a caution to go round by the Half Moone to his house, because of the plague. I to my Lord Treasurer’s, by appointment of Sir Tho. Ingram’s, to meet the goldsmiths – where I met with the great news, at last newly come, brought by Bab May from the Duke of Yorke, that we have totally routed the Dutch.<sup>1</sup> That the Duke himself, the Prince, my Lord Sandwich, and Mr. Coventry are all well. Which did put me into such a joy, that I forgot almost all other thoughts. The sum of the news is:

*Victory over the Dutch. June. 3. 1665.*

This day they engaged – the Dutch neglecting greatly the opportunity of the wind they had of us – by which they lost the benefit of their fireships. The Earl of Falmouth, Muskery, and Mr. Rd. Boyle killed on board the Dukes ship, the *Royall Charles*, with one shot. Their blood and brains flying in the Duke’s face – and the

1. At the Battle of Lowestoft.