

table the Treasurer and we three – Mr. Wayth, Fenn, Smith, Turner, and Mr Morrice the Wine Cooper (who this day did divide the two butts, which we four did send for, of Sherry from Cales, and mine was put into a hogshead and the vessell filled up with four gallons of Malago wine; but what it will stand us in I know not, but it is the first great Quantity of wine that I ever bought). And after dinner to the office all the afternoon, till late at night. And then home, where my aunt and uncle Wight and Mrs. Anne Wight came to play at Cards (at gleeke, which she taught me and my wife the last week); and so to supper and then to Cards, and so good-night. Then I to my practice of Musique and then at 12 a-clock to bed. This day the workmen begin to make me a sellar door out of the back yard – which will much please me.

23. All the morning with Mr. Berchenshaw and after him Mr. Moore, in discourse of business; and at noon by Coach by invitacion to my Uncle Fenners, where I find his new wife, a pitiful, old, ugly, illbread woman in a hatt, a midwife. Here were many of his and as many of her relations, sorry mean people. And after choosing our gloves, we all went over to the Three Crane taverne, and (though the best room of the house) in such a narrow dogghole we were crammed (and I believe we were near 40) that it made me loathe my company and victuals; and a sorry poor dinner it was too.

25. At home and the office all the morning. Walking in the garden to give the gardener directions what to do this year (for I entend to have the garden handsome), Sir Wm. Pen came to me. Thence with him to the Trinity house to dinner, where Sir Richard Brown (one of the clerks of the Council, and who is much concerned against Sir N. Crisp's project of making a great sasse in the King's Lands about Deptford, to be a wett dock to hold 200 sail of ships – but the ground, it seems, was long since given by the King to Sir Richd.) was; and after the Trinity house men had done their business, the maister, Sir Wm. Rider, came to bid us welcome; and so to dinner – where good cheer and discourse, but I eat a little too much beef, which made me sick; and so after dinner we went to the office, and there in the garden I went in the darke and vomited, whereby I did much ease my stomach. Thence to supper with my wife to Sir Wm. Pens. And so while we were at supper, comes Mr. Moore with letters from my Lord Sandwich, speaking of his lying still at Tanger, looking for the fleet – which we hope is now in a good way thither.