

I find Sir W. Doyly and he and Eveling at supper; and I with them, full of discourse of the neglect of our masters, the great officers of State, about all businesses, and especially that of money – having now some thousand prisoners kept to no purpose, at a great charge, and no money provided almost for the doing of it. We fell to talk largely of the want of some persons understanding to look after businesses, but all goes to wrack. “For,” says Capt. Cocke, “My Lord Treasurer, he minds his ease and lets things go how they will; if he can have his 8000*l* per annum and a game at Lombre, he is well. My Lord Chancellor, he minds getting of money and nothing else; and my Lord Ashly will rob the devil and the Alter but he will get money if it be to be got.” But that that puts us into this great melancholy was news brought today, which Capt. Cocke reports as a certain truth, that all the Dutch fleet, men-of-war and merchant East India ships, are got every one in from Bergen the 3rd of this month, Sunday last – which will make us all ridiculous. The fleet came home with shame to require great deal of money, which is not to be had – to discharge many men, that must get the plague then or continue at greater charge on shipboard. Nothing done by them to encourage the Parliament to give money – nor the Kingdom able to spare any money if they would, at this time of the plague. So that as things look at present, the whole state must come to Ruine. Full of these melancholy thoughts, to bed – where though I lay the saftest I ever did in my life, with a down bed (after the Danish manner, upon me), yet I slept very ill, chiefly through the thoughts of my Lord Sandwiches concernment in all this ill-success at sea.

10. *Lords day.* News come to me by an expresse from Mr. Coventry, telling me the most happy news of my Lord Sandwiches meeting with part of the Dutch; his taking two of their East India ships and six or seven others, and very good prize – and that he is in search of the rest of the fleet, which he hopes to find upon the Well bancke – with the loss only of the *Hector*, poor Capt. Cuttle. This news doth so overjoy me, that I know not what to say enough to express it; but the better to do it, I did walk to Greenwich; and there sending away Mr. Andrews, I to Capt. Cocke’s where I find my Lord Brouncker and his mistress and Sir J. Mennes – where we supped (there was also Sir W. Doyly and Mr. Eveling); but the receipt of this news did put us all into such an extasy of joy, that it inspired into Sir J. Mennes and Mr. Eveling such a spirit of mirth, that in all my life I never met with so merry a two hours as our