

more, which is the first decrease we have yet had in the sickness since it begun – and great hopes that the next week it will be greater. Then on the other side – my finding that though the Bill in general is abated, yet the City within the walls is encreased and likely to continue so, and is close to our house there – my meeting dead corps's of the plague, carried to be buried close to me at noonday through the City in Fanchurch street – to see a person sick of the sores carried close by me by Grace church in a hackney-coach – my finding the Angell tavern at the lower end of Tower hill shut up; and more then that, the alehouse at the Tower stairs; and more then that, that the person was then dying of the plague when I was last there, a little while ago at night, to write a short letter there, and I overheard the mistress of the house sadly saying to her husband somebody was very ill, but did not think it was of the plague – to hear that poor Payne my water[man] hath buried a child and is dying himself – to hear that a labourer I sent but the other day to Dagenhams to know how they did there is dead of the plague; and that one of my own watermen, that carried me daily, fell sick as soon as he had landed me on Friday morning last, when I had been all night upon the water (and I believed he did get his infection that day at Brainford) is now dead of the plague – to hear that Capt. Lambert and Cuttle are killed in the taking these ships and that Mr. Sidny Mountague is sick of a desperate fever at my Lady Carteret's at Scott's hall – to hear that Mr. Lewes hath another daughter sick – and lastly, that both my servants, W. Hewers and Tom Edwards, have lost their fathers, both in St. Sepulcher's parish, of the plague this week – doth put me into great apprehensions of melancholy, and with good reason. But I put off the thoughts of sadness as much as I can; and the rather to keep my wife in good heart, and family also. After supper (having eat nothing all day) upon a fine Tench of Mr. Sheldens taking, we to bed.

15. Up, it being a cold misling morning, and so by water to the office, where very busy upon several businesses. At noon got the messenger, Marlow, to get me a piece of bread and butter and cheese and a bottle of beer and ale, and so I went not out of the office but dined off that, and my boy Tom, but the rest of my clarks went home to dinner. Then to my business again, and by and by sent my waterman to see how Sir W. Warren doth, who is sick, and for which I have reason to be very sorry, he being the friend I have got most by of most friends in England but the King. Who returns me