

Greenwich, having good discourse; and thence by water, it being now moonshine and 9 or 10 a-clock at night, and landed at Wapping and by him and his man safely brought to my door; and so he home – having spent the day with him very well. So home and eat something and then to my office a while; and so home to prayers and to bed.

6. Up and to my office – whither by and by came John Noble, my father's old servant, to speak with me. I smelling the business, took him home; and there all alone he told me how he had been serviceable to my brother Tom in the business of his getting his servant, an ugly jade, Margeret, with child. She was brought to bed in St. Sepulchers parish of two children. One is dead, the other is alive; her name Elizabeth and goes by the name of Taylor, daughter to John Taylor. It seems Tom did a great while trust one Crawly with the business, who daily got money of him; and at last, finding himself abused, he broke the matter to J. Noble – upon a vow of secrecy. Toms first plot was to go on the other side the water and give a beggar-woman something to take the child. They did once go, but did nothing, J. Noble saying that seven year hence the mother might come to demand the child and force him to produce it, or to be suspected of murther. Then, I think it was, that they consulted and got one Cave, a poor pensioner in St. Brides parish, to take it, giving him *sl*; he thereby promising to keep it for ever, without more charge to them. The parish hereupon indite the man Cave for bringing this child upon the parish, and by Sir Rd. Browne is sent to the Counter.

7. Up and to my office, where busy; and by and by comes Sir W. Warren and old Mr. Bond in order to the resolving me some questions about masts and their proportions but he could say little to me to my satisfaction and so I held him not long but parted. So to my office, busy till noon, and then to the Change, where high talk of the Duch's protest against our Royall Company in Guinny and their granting letters of Marke against us there. And everybody expects a war, but I hope it will not yet be so nor that this is true. Thence to dinner, where my wife got me a pleasant French Fricasse of veale for dinner. And thence to the office, where vexed to see how Sir W. Batten ordered things this afternoon (*vide* my office book; for about this time I have begun, my notions and informations increasing now greatly every day, to enter all occurrences