

Whitefriers, who went to my father's to dinner, it being my father's wedding day, there being a very great dinner and only the Fenners and Joyces there. I was forced to go to my Lord's to get him to meet the officers of the Navy this afternoon, and so could not go along with her. But I missed my Lord, who was this day upon the bench at the Sessions house. So I dined there and went to Whitehall, where I met with Sir W. Batten and Pen, who with the Comptroller, Treasurer, and Mr. Coventry (at his Chamber) made up a list of such ships as are fit to be kept out for the Winter guard – and the rest to be paid off by the Parliament when they can get money, which I doubt will not be a great while. That done, I took Coach and called my wife at my father's, and so home where I fell to read *The fruitlesse precaution* (a book formerly recommended by Dr. Clerke at sea to me), which I read in bed till I had made an end of it and do find it the best-writ tale that ever I read in my life. After that done, to sleep, which I did not very well do because that my wife, having a stopping in her nose, she snored much, which I never did hear her do before.

17. office day. At noon comes Mr. Creede to me, whom I took along with me to the feathers in Fishstreete, where I was invited by Capt. Cuttance to dinner – a dinner made by Mr. Dawes and his brother. We have two or three dishes of meat well done. Their great designe was to get me concerned in a business of theirs about a vessel of theirs that is in the service, hired by the King, in which I promise to do them all the service I can.

19. office in the morning. This morning my Dining-room was finished with greene Serge hanging and gilt leather, which is very handsome. This morning Hacker and Axtell were hanged and Quarterd, as the rest are. This night I sat up late to make up my accounts ready against tomorrow for my Lord; and I find him to be above 80*l* in my debt, which is a good sight and I bless God for it.

20. This morning one came to me to advise with me where to make me a window into my cellar in lieu of one that Sir W. Batten had stopped up; and going down into my cellar to look, I put my foot into a great heap of turds, by which I find that Mr. Turners house of office is full and comes into my cellar, which doth trouble me; but I will have it helped. To my Lord's by land, calling at