

head of Mr. Boyle striking down the Duke, as some say. Earle of Marlborough, Portland, Rere-[A]dm. Sansum (to Prince Rupert) killed, and Capt. Kirby and Ableson. Sir Jo. Lawson wounded on the knee – hath had some bones taken out, and is likely to be well again. Upon receiving the hurt, he sent to the Duke for another to command the *Royall Oake*. The Duke sent Jordan out of the *St. George*, who did brave things in her. Capt. Jer. Smith of the *Mary* was second to the Duke, and stepped between him and Capt. Seaton of the *Urania* (76 guns and 400 men), who had sworn to board the Duke. Killed him, 200 men, and took the ship. Himself losing 99 men, and never an officer saved but himself and Lieutenant. His maister endeed is saved, with his leg cut off. Adm. Opdam blown up. Trump killed, and said by Holmes. All the rest of their Admiralls, as they say, but Everson (whom they dare not trust for his affection to the prince of Orange) are killed. We have taken and sunk, as is believed, about 24 of their best ships. Killed and taken near 8 or 10000 men; and lost, we think, not above 700. A great victory, never known in the world. They are all fled; some 43 got into the Texell and others elsewhere, and we in pursuit of the rest.

Thence, with my heart full of Joy, home, and to my office a little; then to my Lady Pen's, where they are all joyed and not a little puffed up at the good success of their father; and good service endeed is said to have been done by him. Had a great bonefire at the gate; and I with my Lady Pens people and others to Mrs. Turner's great room, and then down into the street. I did give the boys 4s. among them – and mighty merry; so home to bed – with my heart at great rest and quiet, saving that the consideration of the victory is too great for me presently to comprehend.

10. Lay long in bed; and then up and at the office all the morning. At noon dined at home, and then to the office, busy all the afternoon. In the evening home to supper, and there to my great trouble hear that the plague is come into the City (though it hath these three or four weeks since its beginning been wholly out of the City); but where should it begin but in my good friend and neighbour's, Dr. Burnett in Fanchurch street – which in both points troubles me mightily.

11. *Lords day*. Up, and expected long a new suit; but coming not, dressed myself in my late new black silk camelot suit; and when full