

there appointed to meet in the evening about my business. And thence I walked home; and up and down the streets is cried mightily the great victory got by the Portugalls against the Spaniards,¹ where 10000 slain, 3 or 4000 taken prisoners, with all the artillery, baggage, money, &c., and Don John of Austria forced to fly with a man or two with him – which is very great news. Thence home and at my office all the morning, and so dined at home; and then by water to St. James, but no meeting, today being holyday; but met Mr. Creed in the park, and after a walk or two, discoursing his business, I took leave of him in Westminster hall, whither we walked; and then came again to the hall and fell in talk with Mrs. Lane and after great talk that she never went abroad with any man as she used heretofore to do, I with one word got her to go with me and to meet me at the further Rhenish winehouse – where I did give her a Lobster and do so towse her and feel her all over, making her believe how fair and good a skin she had; and ended, she hath a very white thigh and leg, but monstrous fat. When weary, I did give over, and somebody having seen some of our dalliance, called aloud in the street, “Sir! why do you kiss the gentlewoman so?” and flung a stone at the window – which vexed me – but I believe they could not see my towsing her; and so we broke up and went out the back way, without being observed I think.

30. Thus, by God’s blessing, end this book of two years. Being in all points in good health, and a good way to thrive and do well. Some money I do and can lay up, but not much; being worth now above 700*l*, besides goods of all Sorts. My wife in the country with Ashwell her woman, with my father. Myself at home with W. Hewre and my cook-maid Hannah, my boy Waynman being lately run away from me. In my office, my repute and understanding good, especially with the Duke, and Mr. Coventry. Only, the rest of the officers do rather envy then love me, I standing in most of their lights, especially Sir W. Batten, whose cheats I do daily oppose, to his great trouble, though he appears mighty kind and willing to keep friendship with mee, while Sir J. Mennes, like a dotard, is led by the nose by him. My wife and I (by my late jealousy, for which I am truly to be blamed) have not that fondness between us which we used and ought to have, and I fear will be lost hereafter if I do not take some course to oblige her and yet preserve

1. At the battle of Ameixial (29 May, by the English calendar).