

that they were in sight of the Duch Fleete and were fitting themselves to fight them – so that they are, ere this, certainly engaged; besides, several do averr they heard the guns all yesterday in the afternoon. This put us at the board into a Tosse. Presently comes orders for our sending away to the fleet a recruite of 200 soldiers. So I rose from the table, and to the Victualling Office and thence upon the river among several vessels, to consider of the sending them away; and lastly down to Greenwich and there appointed two Yachts to be ready for them – and did order the soldiers to march to Blackewall. Having set all things in order against the next Flood, I went on shore with Capt. Erwin at Greenwich and into the parke and there we could hear the guns from the Fleete most plainly. Thence he and I to the King's head and there bespoke a dish of steaks for our dinner about 4 a-clock. While that was doing, we walked to the waterside, and there seeing the King and Duke come down in their barge to Greenwich house, I to them and did give them an account what I was doing. They went up to the park to hear the guns of the fleet go off. All our hopes now is that Prince Rupert with his fleet is coming back and will be with the fleet this noon – a message being sent to him to that purpose on Wednesday last. And a return is come from him this morning, that he did intend to sail from St. Ellens point about 4 in the afternoon on Wednesday, which was yesterday; which gives us great hopes, the wind being very fair, that he is with them this noon; and the fresh going-off of the guns makes us believe the same. After dinner, having nothing else to do till flood, I went and saw Mrs. Daniel – to whom I did not tell that the fleets were engaged, because of her husband, who is in the *Royal Charles*. Very pleasant with her half an hour, and so away, and down to Blackewall and there saw the soldiers (who were by this time gotten most of them drunk) shipped off. But Lord, to see how the poor fellows kissed their wives and sweethearts in that simple manner at their going off, and shouted and let off their guns, was strange sport. Having put the soldiers on board, I home and wrote what I had to write by the post; and so home to supper and to bed, it being late.

3. *Lords day. Whitsunday.* Up and by water to Whitehall; and there met with Mr. Coventry, who tells me the only news from the fleet is brought by Capt. Elliott of the *Portland*, which, by being run on board by the *Guernsey*, was disabled from staying abroad – so is coming in to Albrough. That he saw one of the Duch great ships