

from him, and then met the Duke and gave him the same account; and so broke up, and I left them going to the surgeon's; and I myself by water to the Change, and to several people did give account of the business; and so home about 4 a-clock to dinner and was fallowed by several people home, to be told the news, and good news it is.

Fresh letters are come from Harwich – where the *Glocester*, Capt. Clerke, is come in. And says that on Sunday night, upon coming in of the Prince, the Duch did fly. But all this day they have been fighting; therefore, they did face again, to be sure. Capt. Bacon of the *Bristoll* is killed. They cry up Jenings of the *Ruby* and Saunders of the *Sweepstakes*. They condemn mightily Sir Tho. Teddiman for a Coward, but with what reason, time must show. Having heard all this, Creed and I walked into the park till 9 or 10 at night, it being fine moonshine – discoursing of the unhappiness of our fleet. What it would have been if the Prince had not come in. How much the Duke hath failed of what he was so presumptuous of. How little we deserve of God Almighty to give us better fortune. How much this excuse[s] all that was imputed to my Lord Sandwich; and how much more he is a man fit to be trusted with all these matters than these that now command, who act by nor with any advice, but rashly and without any order. How bad we are at intelligence, that should give the Prince no sooner notice of anything, but let him come to Dover without notice of any fight, or where the fleet were, or anything else; nor give the Duke any notice that he might depend upon the Prince's reserve. And lastly, of how good use all may be to check our pride and presumption in adventuring upon hazards upon unequal force, against a people that can fight, it seems now, as well as we, and that will not be discouraged by any losses, but that they will rise again. Thence by water home, and to supper (my father, wife, and sister having been at Islington today at Pitts's) and to bed.

6. By water to St. James's. There we all met and did our business as usual with the Duke; thence after the Duke into the park, walking through to Whitehall; and there everybody listening for guns, but none heard; and every creature is now overjoyed and conclude, upon very good grounds, that the Duch are beaten, because we have heard no guns nor no news of our fleet. By and by, walking a little further, Sir Ph. Frowde did meet the Duke with an express to Sir W. Coventry (who was by) from Capt. Taylor, the Storekeeper