

other things, making a contract with Sir W. Warren for almost 1000 Gottenburg masts, the biggest that ever was made in the Navy and wholly of my composing, and a good one I hope it is for the King. Dined at Sir W. Batten, where I have not eat these many months. Sir G. Carteret, Mr. Coventry, Sir J. Mennes and myself there only, and my Lady. A good venison pasty, and very merry and pleasant I made myself with my Lady, and she as much to me. This morning to the office comes Nich. Osborne, Mr. Gauden's clerk, to desire of me what piece of plate I would choose to have, a 100*l* or thereabouts, bestowed upon me in – he having order to lay out so much, and out of his freedom with me doth of himself come to make this question: I a great while urged my unwillingness to take any, not knowing how I could serve Mr. Gauden; but left it wholly to himself. So at noon I find brought home in fine leather cases a pair of the noblest Flaggons that ever I saw all days of my life. Whether I shall keep them or no, I cannot tell; for it is to oblige me to him in that business of the Tanger victualing, wherein I doubt I shall not; but glad I am to see that I shall be sure to get something on one side or other, have it which will. So with a merry heart, I looked upon them and locked them up. Thence to Westminster and to Mrs. Lane's lodging to give her joy. And there suffered me to deal with her as I used to do; and by and by her husband comes, a sorry simple fellow, and his letter to her, which she proudly showed me, a simple, silly, nonsensical thing. A man of no discourse, and I fear married her to make a prize of; which he is mistaken in. And a sad wife I believe she will prove to him, for she urged me to appoint a time, as soon as he is gone out of town, to give her a meeting next week.

22. Up and to my office, where busy all the morning. At noon to the Change, and so home to dinner and then down by water to Deptford; where coming too soon, I spent an hour in looking round the yard and putting Mr. Shish to measure a piece or two of timber; which he did most cruelly wrong and to the King's loss, 12 or 13*s*. in a piece of 28*f*[oot] in contents. Thence to the Clerke of the Cheques, from whose house Mr. Falconer was buried today – Sir J. Mennes and I the only principall officers that were there. We walked to church with him; and then I left them without staying the sermon, and straight home by water and there find as I expected, Mr. Hill and Andrews and one slovenly and ugly fellow, Seignor Pedro, who sings Italian songs to the Theorbo most neatly;