

come, nor any Stamford coach gone down this week, so that she cannot come. So, vexed and weary and not thoroughly out of pain neither in my old parts – I after supper to bed. And after a little sleep, W. Joyce comes in his shirt to my chamber, with a note and a messenger from my wife that she was come by Yorke coach to Bigglesworth, and would be with us tomorrow morning. So, I mightily pleased at her discreet action in this business, I with peace to sleep again till next morning. So up; and W. Joyce and I to a game at Bowles on the green there – till 8 a-clock; and then comes my wife in the coach, and a coach full of women. So, very joyful, drank there, not lighting; and we mounted and away with them to Welling, and there light and dined very well, and merry and glad to see my poor wife.

7. *Lords day*. Lay long, caressing my wife and talking – she telling me sad stories of the ill, improvident, disquiet, and sluttish manner that my father and mother and Pall live in the country; which troubles me mightily and I must seek to remedy it. So up and ready – and my wife also; and then down and I showed my wife, to her great admiration and joy, Mr. Gaudens present of plate, the two Flaggons; which ended are so noble that I hardly can think that they are yet mine. So blessing God for it, we down to dinner, mighty pleasant; and so up after dinner for a while and I then to Whitehall; walked thither – having at home met with a letter of Capt. Cooke's, with which he had sent a boy for me to see, whom he did intend to recommend to me. I therefore went, and there met and spoke with him. He gives me great hopes of the boy, which pleases me; and at Chappell I there met Mr. Blaggrave, who gives a report of the boy; and he showed me him and I spoke to him, and the boy seems a good willing boy to come to me, and I hope will do well.<sup>1</sup> So I walked homeward and met with Mr. Spong; and he with me as far as the Old Exchange, talking of many ingenuous things, Musique, and at last of Glasses, and I find him still the same ingenuous man that ever he was; and doth, among other fine things, tell me that by his Microscope of his own making he doth discover that the wings of a Moth is made just as the feathers of the wing of a bird, and that most plainly and certainly. While we were talking, came by several poor creatures, carried by by Constables

1. This was Tom Edwards, who became a favourite servant and married the Pepyses' beloved maid Jane Birch.