

parke, where I saw the King now out of mourning¹ – in a suit laced with gold and silver, which it was said was out of fashion. Thence to the Wardrobe and there consulted with the ladies² about our going to Hampton court tomorrow; and thence home and after settled business there, my wife and I to the Wardrobe; and there we lay all night in Capt. Ferrers chamber, but the bed so saft that I could not sleep that hot night.

12. Mr. Townsend called us up by 4 a-clock. And by 5 the three ladies, my wife and I, and Mr. Townsend, his son and daughter, were got to the barge and set out. We walked from Moreclacke to Richmond, and so to boat again; and from Teddington to Hampton Court, Mr. Townsend and I walked again – and there met the ladies and were showed the whole house by Mr. Marriot – which endeed is nobly furnished – perticularly the Queenes bed, given her by the States of Holland. A Lookeing glase, sent by the Queene-Mother from France, hanging in the Queens chamber. And many brave pictures. So to Mr. Marriots, and there we rested ourselfs and drank. And so to barge again, and there we had good victuals and wine and were very merry. And got home about 8 at night, very well. So my wife and I took leave of my Lady and home by a hackny-coach, the easiest that ever I met with. And so to bed.

15. To Westminster; and at the Privy Seale I saw Mr. Coventrys seal for his being Comissioner with us – at which I know not yet whether to be glad or otherwise. So, doing several things by the way, I walked home; and after dinner to the office all the afternoon. At night all the bells in the towne rung, and bonefires made for the joy of the Queenes arrivall; who came and landed at Portsmouth last night. But I do not see much thorough joy, but only an indifferent one, in the hearts of people, who are much discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court, and running in debt. So to bed.

18. *Whitsunday*. By water to Whitehall and there to Chappell in my pew, belonging me as Clerk of the Privy Seale. And there I heard a most excellent sermon of Dr. Hacke[t], Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry – upon these words: “Hee that drinketh this water shall never thirst.” We had an excellent Anthemne sung by Capt.

1. For his aunt, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (d. 13 February).

2. Lady Mountagu's daughters, Jemima, Paulina and Anne.