

coming as that it was black (which otherwise is white sand) as everyone would stand by another. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them and came into his own boat, and Gen. Pen and I with him – my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him; which in the end fell into disorder, which seemed very handsome. The gun over against my Cabbin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he hath been saluted by his own ships since this change. But holding my head too much over the gun, I have almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but going of guns almost all this day. In the evening we begun to remove Cabbins; I to the Carpenters Cabbin and Dr. Clerke with me.

23. In the morning came infinite of people on board from the King, to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crew, and others go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore. Where (Sir R. Stayner bringing His Majesty into the boat) I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes, the Queen of Bohemia, Princesse Royalle, and Prince of Orange, came on board; where I in their coming in kissed the Kings, Queen and Princesses hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better then if it had been otherwise. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royall company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner, the King and Duke altered the name of some of the Shippes, *viz.* the *Nazeby* into *Charles* [etc.]. That done, the Queen, Princess Royall, and Prince of Orange took leave of the King, and the Duke of Yorke went on board the *London*, and the Duke of Gloucester the *Swiftsure* – which done, we weighed Ancre, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England – all the afternoon the King walking here and there, up and down – (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been), very active and stirring. Upon the Quarter-deck he fell in discourse of his escape from Worcester. Where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through. As his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to the knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on and a pair of country shoes, that made him so sore all over his feet that