

more then ordinary between the King and my Lord to let Monke carry on the business, for it is he that must do the business, or at least that can hinder the business if he be not flattered and observed. This my Lord will hint himself sometimes. I wrote this morning many letters, and to all the copies of the vote of the council of Warr I put my name; that if it should come in print, my name may be at it. I sent a copy of the vote to Doling, inclosed in this letter:

“Sir,

He that can fancy a fleet (like ours) in her pride, with pendants loose, guns roaring, caps flying, and the loud *Vive le Roy*'s echoed from one ship's company to another, he and he only can apprehend the joy this enclosed vote was received with, or the blessing he thought himself possessed of that bore it, and is

Your humble servant.”

About 9 a-clock I got all my letters done, and sent them by the messenger that came yesterday. The rest of the afternoon at nine-pins. In the evening came a packet from London; among the rest, a letter from my wife which tells me that she hath not been well, which did exceedingly trouble me; but my Lord sending Mr. Cooke this night, I wrote to her and sent a piece of gold inclosed to her, and writ also to Mrs. Bowyer and enclosed a half-piece to her for a token. After supper at the table in the coach, my Lord talking concerning the uncertainty of the places of the Exchequer to them that have them now, he did at last think of an office which doth belong to him in case the King doth restore every man to his places that ever have been patent, which is to be one of the clerks of the Signett,<sup>1</sup> which will be a fine employment for one of his sons. After all this discourse, we broke up and to bed.

6. *Lords day*. This morning, while we were at sermon, comes in Dr. Clarges and a Dozen gentlemen with him to see my Lord – who after sermon dined with him. I remember that last night, upon discourse concerning Clarges, my Lord told me that he was a man of small *entendimiento*. It fell very well today; a stranger preached here today for Mr. Ibbott, one Mr. Stanly, who prayed for King Charles, by the Grace of God, &c., which gave great contentment to the gentlemen that were on board here, and said they would talk of it when they came to Breda, as not having it done yet in London so publicly. After they were gone from on board, my Lord writ a

1. Correctly, Privy Seal.