

in a merry mood because of the King's coming. I expect every minute to hear by Mr. Cooke how my poor wife doth. This day I begun to teach Mr. Edwd., who I find to have a very good Foundation laid for his Latin by Mr. Fuller. I find myself in all things well as to body and mind, but only for the absence of my wife.

✧ JUNE ✧

1. At night Mr. Cooke comes from London with letters – leaving all things there very gallant and joyful. And brought us word that the Parliament had ordered the 29 of May, the King's birthday, to be for ever kept as a day of thanksgiving for our redemption from tyranny and the King's return to his Government, he entering London that day. My wife was in London when he came thither, and hath been there a week with Mr. Bowyer and his wife. My poor wife hath not been well a week before; but thanks be to God, is well again. She would fain see me and be at her house again, but we must be content. She writes me word how the Joyces go very rich and grow very Proud; but it is no matter. And that there was a talk that I should be knighted by the King; which they laugh at, but I think myself happier in my wife and estate then they are in theirs. To bed.

2. Being with my Lord in the morning about business in his Cabbin, I took occasion to give him thanks for his love to me in the share that he had given me of his Majestys money and the Dukes. He told me that he hoped to do me a more lasting kindness, if all things stand as they are now between him and the King – but says “We must have a little patience and we will rise together. In the meantime I will do you all the good Jobbs I can.” Which was great content for me to hear from my Lord. All the morning with the Captain, computing how much the 30 ships that came with the King from Scheveling their pay comes to for a month (because the King promised to give them all a month's pay) and it comes to 6538*l*: and the *Charles* perticularly, 777*l*. I wish we had the money. All the afternoon with two or three captains in the Captain's cabin, drinking of white wine and sugar and eating pickled oysters – where Capt. Sparling told us the best Story that ever I heard; about