

Petty was I perceive at some loss, but did argue discreetly and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other by-standers with great discretion – and offered to take oddes against the King's best boats; but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat. Thence to Westminster hall and there met with diverse people, it being term-time. Here I met with Mr. Pierce, who tells me of several passages at Court; among others, how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see *The Indian Queene* (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he came; and leaning over other ladies a while to whisper with the King, she ris out of that box and went into the King's and sat herself on the King's right hand between the King and the Duke of Yorke – which he swears put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance, and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet – as was believed. Thence with Ald. Maynell by his coach to the Change, and there with several people busy; and so home to dinner and took my wife out immediately to the King's Theatre, it being a new month (and once a month I may go) and there saw *The Indian Queen* acted, which ended is a most pleasant show and beyond my expectation; the play good but spoiled with the Ryme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall did do her part most excellently well as ever I heard woman in my life, but her voice not so sweet as Ianthes – but however, we came home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering and his mistress, Mrs Doll. Wilde. He tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristoll against the Parliament. And that my Lord Lauderdale and Cooper open high against the Chancellor – which I am sorry for. In my way home I light and to the Coffee-house, where I heard Lieut.-Coll. Baron tell very good stories of his travels over the high hills in Asia above the Cloudes. How clear the heaven is above them. How thick, like a mist, the way is through the cloud, that wets like a sponge one's clothes. The ground above the clouds all dry and parched, nothing in the world growing, it being only a dry earth. Yet not so hot above as below the clouds. The stars at night most delicate bright and a fine clear blue sky. But cannot see the earth at any time through the clouds, but the clouds look like a world below you.