

[my Lord], there dining there my Lord Mountagu of Boughton, Mr Wm. Mountague his brother, the Queen's Sollicitor, &c.; and a fine dinner. Their talk about a ridiculous falling-out two days ago at my Lord of Oxford's house at an entertainment of his, there being there my Lord of Albemarle, Lynsey, two of the Porters, my Lord Bellasse[s], and others; where there was high words and some blows and pulling off of perriwigg's – till my Lord Monke took away some of their swords and sent for some soldiers to guard the house till the fray was ended. To such a degree of madness the nobility of this age is come.

After dinner I went up to Sir Tho. Crew, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizzinesse; and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon, from one discourse to another. The most was upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King doth mind nothing but pleasures and hates the very sight or thoughts of business. That my Lady Castlemayne rules him; who he says hath all the tricks of Aretin that are to be practised to give pleasure. It seems the present favourites now are my Lord Bristoll, Duke of Buckingham, Sir H. Bennet, my Lord Ashley, and Sir Ch. Berkely; who among them have cast my Lord Chancellor upon his back, past ever getting up again; there being now little for him to do, and waits at court attending to speak to the King as others do. My Lord Albemarle, I hear, doth bear through and bustle among them and will not be removed from the King's good opinion and favour, though none of the Cabinett; but yet he is envied enough. It is made very doubtful whether the King doth not intend the making of the Duke of Monmouth legitimate; but surely the Commons of England will never do it nor the Duke of Yorke suffer it – whose lady I am told is very troublesome to him by her jealousy. Having thus freely talked with him and of many more things, I took leave; and by coach to St. James's and there told Mr. Coventry what I had done with my Lord, with great satisfaction; and so, well pleased, home – where I find it almost night and my wife and the Dancing Maister alone above, not dancing but walking. Now, so deadly full of jealousy I am, that my heart and head did so cast about and fret, that I could not do any business possibly, but went out to my office; and anon late home again, and ready to chide at everything; and then suddenly to bed and could hardly sleep, yet durst not say anything.

16. Up, with my mind disturbed and with my last night's doubts