

agree to the confining or sequestering of the Earle of Clarendon from Parliament, forasmuch as they do not specify any perticular crime which they lay upon him and call treason. This the House did receive, and so parted; at which, I hear the Commons are like to grow very high, and will insist upon their privileges and the Lords will on theirs – though the Duke of Buckingham, Bristoll and others have been very high in the House of Lords to have had him committed. This is likely to breed ill blood. Thence I away home (calling at my Mercer and tailor's) and there find, as I expected, Mr. Cæsar and little Pellam Humphrys, lately returned from France and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. The truth is, everybody says he is very able; but to hear how he laughs at all the King's music here, as Blagrave and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune nor understand anything, and that Grebus the Frenchman, the King's Master of the Musique, how he understands nothing nor can play on any instrument and so cannot compose, and that he will give him a lift out of his place, and that he and the King are mighty great, and that he hath already spoke to the King of Grebus, would make a man piss. I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl, and after dinner we did play, he on the Theorbo, Mr. Cæsar on his French lute, and I on the viol, but made but mean music; nor do I see that this Frenchman doth so much wonders on the Theorbo, but without question he is a good musician; but his vanity doth offend me. They gone towards night, I to the office awhile, and then home and to my chamber, where busy; till by and by comes Mr. Moore, and he stayed and supped and talked with me about many things. By and by I got him to read part of my Lord Cooke's chapter of Treason, which is mighty well worth reading and doth inform me in many things; and for aught I see, it is useful now to know what these crimes are. And then to supper; and after supper he went away, and so I got the girl to comb my head and then to bed – my eyes bad.

18. Up, and all the morning at my office till 3 after noon with Mr. Hater, about perfecting my little pocket market-book of the office, till my eyes were ready to fall out of my head. And then home to dinner, glad that I had done so much; and so abroad to Whitehall to Commissioners of the Treasury and there did a little business with them; and so home, leaving multitude of solicitors at their door, of one sort or other, complaining for want of such despatch as they