

while about some of his Tanger accounts. And discoursing of the condition of Tanger, he did give me the whole account of the difference between FitzGerald and Norwood; which were very high on both sides, but most imperious and base on FitzGerald's. And yet, through my Lord Fitzharding's means, the Duke of Yorke is led rather to blame Norwood and to speak that he should be called home, then be sensible of the other. It seems, of all mankind there is no man so led by another as the Duke is by my Lord Muskerry and this FitzHarding. Insomuch, as when the King would have him to be Privy purse, the Duke wept and said, "But, Sir, I must have your promise, if you will have my dear Charles from me, that if ever you have occasion for an army again, I may have him with me" – believing him to be the best commander of an army in the world. But Mr. Cholmly thinks, as all other men I meet with do, that he is a very ordinary fellow. It is strange how the Duke also doth love naturally and affect the Irish above the English. He, of the company he carried with him to sea, took above two-thirds Irish and French. He tells me the King doth hate my Lord Chancellor. And that they, that is the King and my Lord Fitzharding, do laugh at him for a dull fellow; and in all this business of the Dutch war doth nothing by his advice, hardly consulting him. Only, he is a good minister in other respects, and the King cannot be without him; but above all, being the Dukes father-in-law, he is kept in; otherwise, Fitzharding were able to fling down two of him. This all the wise and grave lords see, and cannot help it but yield to it. He being gone, I abroad to the carriers to see some things sent away to my father against Christmas; and I thence to Moorefields, and there up and down to several houses to drink, to look for a place pour rancontrer la femme de je sais quoy against next Monday, but could meet none; but so to the Coffee-house, where great talk of the Comett seen in several places and among our men at sea and by my Lord Sandwich, to whom I intend to write about it tonight. Thence home to dinner; and then to the office, where all the afternoon; and in the evening home to supper, and then to the office late, and so to bed. This night I begun to burn wax candles in my closet at the office, to try the charge and to see whether the smoke offends like that of tallow candles.

16. Up and by water to Deptford, thinking to have met la femme de Bagwell, but failed; and having done some business at the yard, I back again, it being a fine fresh morning to walk. Back again, Mr.