

9. Up, and to the office; and thence to the Duke of Richmond's lodgings by his desire, by letter yesterday. I found him at his lodgings in the little building in the Bouling-green at Whitehall, that that was begun to be built by Capt. Rolt. They are fine rooms. I did hope to see his Lady, the beautiful Mrs. Stuart; but she, I hear, is in the country. His business was about his Yacht, and seems a mighty good-natured man, and did presently write me a warrant for a Doe from Cobham when the season comes, bucks season being past. I shall make much of this acquaintance, that I may live to see his Lady near. Thence to Westminster to Sir R. Long's office; and going, met Mr. George Mountagu, who talked and complimented me mightily; and long discourse I had with him – who, for news, tells me for certain that Trevor doth come to be Secretary at Michaelmas and that Morris goes out, and he believes without any compensation. He tells me that now Buckingham does rule all; and the other day, in the King's Journy he is now in, at Bagshot and that way, he caused Prince Rupert's horses to be turned out of an Inne, and caused his own to be kept there; which the Prince complained of to the King, and the Duke of York seconded the complaint but the King did over-rule it for Buckingham; by which there are high displeasures among them – and Buckingham and Arlington rule all. Thence by water home and to dinner; and after dinner by water again to Whitehall, where Brouncker, W. Penn and I attended the Commissioners of the Treasury about the victualling contract – where high words between Sir Tho. Clifford and us, and myself more perticularly, who told him that something that he said was told him about this business was a flat untruth. However, we went on to our business in the examination of the draft, and so parted, and I vexed at what happened. And Brouncker, W. Penn and I home in a hackney coach – and I all the night so vexed, that I did not sleep almost all night; which shows how unfit I am for trouble. So after a little supper, vexed and spending a little time melancholy in making a base to the Lark's song, I to bed.

13. *Lords day.* The like all this morning and afternoon, and finished it to my mind. So about 4 a-clock walked to the Temple, and there by coach to St. James's and met, to my wish, the Duke of York and Mr. Wren; and understand the Duke of York hath received answers from Brouncker, W. Penn and J. Mennes; and as soon as he saw me, he bid Mr. Wren read them over with me. So having no opportunity of talk with the Duke of York, and Mr.