

would not come again, but she now was sure I would come again – though I hope in God I shall not, for though she be one of the prettiest women I ever saw, yet I fear her abusing me. So desiring God to forgive me for this vanity, I went home, taking some books home from my bookseller and taking his lad home with me, to whom I paid 10*l* for books I have laid up money for and laid out within these three weeks – and shall do no more a great while I hope. So to my office, writing letters; and then home and to bed, weary of the pleasure I have had today and ashamed to think of it.

26. All the morning at the office. At noon to Anth. Joyces to our gossips dinner;¹ I had sent a dozen and a half bottles of wine thither and paid my double share besides, which is 18*s*. Very merry we were, and when the women were merry and ris from table, I above with them, ne'er a man but I; I begin discourse of my not getting of children and prayed them to give me their opinions and advice; and they freely and merrily did give me these ten among them. 1. Do not hug my wife too hard nor too much. 2. Eat no late suppers. 3. Drink Juyce of sage. 4. Tent and toast. 5. Wear cool Holland-drawers. 6. Keep stomach warm and back cool. 7. Upon my query whether it was best to do at night or morn, they answered me neither one nor other, but when we have most mind to it. 8. Wife not to go too strait-laced. 9. Myself to drink Mum and sugar. 10. Mrs Ward did give me to change my plat. The 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 10th they all did seriously declare and lay much stress upon them, as rules fit to be observed indeed, and especially the last: to lie with our heads where our heels do, or at least to make the bed high at feet and low at head. Very merry all, as much as I could be in such sorry company. Great discourse of the fray yesterday² in Moore-fields, how the Butchers at first did beat the Weavers (between whom there hath been ever an old competition for mastery), but at last the weavers rallied and beat them. At first the butchers knock down all for weavers that had green or blue aprons, till they were fain to pull them off and put them in their breeches. At last, the butchers were fain to pull off their sleeves, that they might not be known, and were soundly beaten out of the field, and some deeply wounded and bruised – till at last the weavers went out tryumphing, calling, “A hundred pound for a Butcher!” Toward [evening] I

1. To celebrate the christening of his daughter: see above, p. 403 (10 July).

2. St James's Day, a holiday.