

Wapping to walk tonight. So I to my Journall and so home – to supper and to bed.

20. *Lords day.* After a dull sermon of the Scotchman, home; and there I find my brother Tom and my two Cosens Scotts, he and she – the first time they were ever here, And by and by in comes my uncle Wight and Mr. Norbury, and they sat with us a while drinking of wine, of which I did give them plenty. But they two would not stay supper, but the other two did; and we were as merry as I could be with people that I do wish well to but know not what discourse either to give them or find from them. We showed them our house from top to bottom, and had a good turkey roasted for our supper, and store of wine. And after supper sent them home on foot; and so we to prayers and to bed.

21. Being directed by sight of bills upon the walls, did go to Shooe lane to see a Cocke-fighting at a new pit there – a sport I was never at in my life. But Lord, to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament-man (by name Wildes, that was Deputy-governor of the Tower when Robinson was Lord Mayor) to the poorest prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows one with another in swearing, cursing, and betting. I soon had enough of it; and yet I would not but have seen it once, it being strange to observe the nature of those poor creatures, how they will fight till they drop down dead upon the table and strike after they are ready to give up the ghost – not offering to run away when they are weary or wounded past doing further. Whereas, where a Dunghill brood comes, he will, after a sharp stroke that pricks him, run off the stage, and then they wring off his neck without more ado. Whereas the other they preserve, though their eyes be both out, for breed only of a true cock of the game. One thing more it is strange to see, how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put in their mouths, shall bet 3 or 4^l at one bet and lose it, and yet bet as much the next battell, as they call every make of two cocks – so that one of them will lose 10 or 20^l at a meeting. Thence, having enough of it, by coach to my Lord Sandwiches; where I find him within with Capt. Cooke and his boys, Dr. Childe, Mr. Mage, and Mallard, playing and singing over my Lord's Anthemne which he hath made to sing in the King's Chappell. My Lord saluted me kindly and took me into the withdrawing-room to hear it at a distance; and ended, it sounds