

our office business to Mr. Spicer and he and I walked as far as the Temple, where I halted a little and then went to Pauls schoole; but it being too soon, I went and drank my morning draught with my Cosen Tom. Pepys the turner, and saw his house and shop. Thence to school, where he that made the speech for the seventh form, in praise of the Founder,¹ did show a book that Mr. Crumlum had lately got, which is believed to be of the Founder's own writing. After all the speeches, in which my Brother John came off as well as any of the rest, I went straight home and dined. Mr. Moore told me of a picture hung up at the Exchange, of a great pair of buttocks shitting of a turd into Lawsons mouth, and over it was writ "The thanks of the House." Boys do now cry "Kiss my Parliament" instead of "Kiss my arse," so great and general a contempt is the Rump come to among all men, good and bad.

9. As soon as out of my bed, I wrote letters into the country to go by the carrier today. Before I was out of my bed, I heard the soldiers very busy in the morning, getting their horses ready where they lay at Hiltons, but I knew not then their meaning in so doing. After I had writ my letters, I went to Westminster. In the Hall, I understand how Monke is this morning gone into London with his army; and met with Mr. Fage, who told me that he doth believe that Monke is gone to secure some of the Common Council of the City, who were very high yesterday there and did vote that they would not pay any taxes till the House was filled up. I called at Mr. Harpers, who told me how Monke had this day clapped up many of the Common Council, and that the Parliament had voted that he should pull down their gates and portcullisses, their posts and their chains, which he doth entend to do, and doth lie in the City all night. I went home and got some Allum to my mouth, where I have the beginnings of a Cancre, and have also a plaster to my boyle underneath my chin.

11. This morning I lay long abed; and then to my office where I read all the morning my Spanish book of Rome. At noon I walked in the Hall, where I heard the news of a letter from Monke, who was now gone into the City again and did resolve to stand for the sudden filling up of the House; and it was very strange how the countenance of men in the Hall was all changed with joy in half an

1. Dean Colet (d. 1519).