

world talks concerning him, and leaving it to him; and myself to be thought of by him as he pleases, but I have done but my duty in it. I wait Mr. Moores coming for his advice about sending it. So home to supper to my wife, myself finding myself, by cold got last night, beginning to have some pain; which grieves me much in my mind, to see to what a weakness I am come. This day being our Queenes birthday, the guns of the tower went all off. And in the evening the Lord Mayor sent from church to church to order the constables to cause bonfires to be made in every street – which methinks is a poor thing to be forced to be commanded. After a good supper with my wife, and hearing on the maids read in the Bible, we to prayers and to bed.

17. With Mr. Moore to my office and there I read to him the letter I have writ to send to my Lord, to give him an account how the world, both City and Court, doth talk of him and his living as he doth there, in such a poor and bad house, so much to his disgrace – which Mr. Moore doth conclude so well drawn, that he would not have me by any means to neglect sending it; assuring me, in the best of his judgment, that it cannot but endear me to my Lord, instead of what I fear, of getting his offence; and did offer to take the same words and send them, as from him with his hand, to him – which I am not unwilling should come (if they are at all fit to go) from anybody but myself. And so he being gone, I did take a copy of it to keep by me in shorthand, and sealed them up to send tomorrow by my Will. So home, Mr. Hollyard being come. I had great discourse with him about my disease. He tells me again that I must eat in a morning some loosening grewell; and at night, roasted apples. That I must drink now and then ale with my wine, and eat bread and butter and honey – and rye bread if I can endure it, it being loosening. I must also take once a week a glister of his past prescription; only, honey now and then instead of butter – which things I am now resolved to apply myself to. He being gone, I to my office again to a little business; and then home to supper and to bed – being in a little pain by drinking of cold small beer today, and being in a cold room at the Taverne I believe.

18. This morning I sent Will with my great letter of reproof to my Lord Sandwich, who did give it into his own hand.  
*My Lord.*

I do verily hope that neither the manner nor matter of this advice