

Quotations from Diary of Samuel Pepys eBook

Quotations from Diary of Samuel Pepys by Samuel Pepys

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THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EDITION OF THE UNABRIDGED DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

Diary of Samuel Pepys, preface and life [sp02g10.txt]

Confusion of years in the case of the months of January (etc.)
Else he is a blockhead, and not fitt for that imployment
Fixed that the year should commence in January instead of March
He knew nothing about the navy
He made the great speech of his life, and spoke for three hours
I never designed to be a witness against any man
In perpetual trouble and vexation that need it least
Inoffensive vanity of a man who loved to see himself in the glass
Learned the multiplication table for the first time in 1661
Montaigne is conscious that we are looking over his shoulder
Nothing in it approaching that single page in St. Simon
The present Irish pronunciation of English

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan 1659/60 [sp03g10.txt]

A very fine dinner
Gave him his morning draft
Much troubled with thoughts how to get money
My wife was making of her tarts and larding of her pullets
My wife was very unwilling to let me go forth
Put to a great loss how I should get money to make up my cash
This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Feb 1659/60 [sp04g10.txt]

Dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else
Do press for new oaths to be put upon men
Hanging jack to roast birds on
Kiss my Parliament, instead of "Kiss my [rump]"
Mottoes inscribed on rings was of Roman origin
My wife and I had some high words
Petition against hackney coaches
Playing the fool with the lass of the house
Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves
Some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house
To the Swan and drank our morning draft
Wedding for which the posy ring was required
Went to bed with my head not well by my too much drinking to-day



Diary of Samuel Pepys, Mar/Apr 1659/60 [sp05g10.txt]

Cavaliers have now the upper hand clear of the Presbyterians
Resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it
Strange thing how I am already courted by the people

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may 1660 [sp06g10.txt]

An exceeding pretty lass, and right for the sport
And in all this not so much as one
Bought for the love of the binding three books
Drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets
Fashionable and black spots
He and I lay in one press bed, there being two more
He is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I
He that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it
He was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while
If it should come in print my name maybe at it
In comes Mr. North very sea-sick from shore
John Pickering on board, like an ass, with his feathers
Made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead
My Lord, who took physic to-day and was in his chamber
Presbyterians against the House of Lords
Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jun/Jul 1660 [sp07g10.txt]

A good handsome wench I kissed, the first that I have seen
Among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest
An offer of L500 for a Baronet's dignity
Court attendance infinite tedious
Did not like that Clergy should meddle with matters of state
Dined upon six of my pigeons, which my wife has resolved to kill
Five pieces of gold for to do him a small piece of service
God help him, he wants bread.
Had no more manners than to invite me and to let me pay
How the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst
I pray God to make me able to pay for it.
I went to the cook's and got a good joint of meat
King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery
L100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas
Most of my time in looking upon Mrs. Butler
My new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life
Offer me L500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place
Sceptic in all things of religion
She had six children by the King
Strange how civil and tractable he was to me
The ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them
This afternoon I showed my Lord my accounts, which he passed
To see the bride put to bed
We cannot tell what to do for want of her (the maid)
Where I find the worst very good
Which I did give him some hope of, though I never intend it
Woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Aug/Sep 1660 [sp08g10.txt]

Boy up to-night for his sister to teach him to put me to bed
Diana did not come according to our agreement
Drink at a bottle beer house in the Strand
Finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly laid up
Formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a whore
Hand i' the cap
Hired her to procure this poor soul for him
I fear is not so good as she should be
I was angry with her, which I was troubled for
I was exceeding free in dallying with her, and she not unfree
Ill all this day by reason of the last night's debauch
King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising



Kissed them myself very often with a great deal of mirth
My luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions
Show many the strangest emotions to shift off his drink
Upon the leads gazing upon Diana

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Oct/Nov/Dec 1660 [sp09g10.txt]

Asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside
Barkley swearing that he and others had lain with her often
But I think I am not bound to discover myself
But we were friends again as we are always
Cure of the King's evil, which he do deny altogether
Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another

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very wanton

First time I had given her leave to wear a black patch
First time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral
Gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King
Have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant
Have not known her this fortnight almost, which is a pain to me
He did very well, but a deadly drinker he is
I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely
I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy
I was demanded L100, for the fee of the office at 6d. a pound
In discourse he seems to be wise and say little
It not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal with us
Learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no
Long cloaks being now quite out
Sit up till 2 o'clock that she may call the wench up to wash
Smoke jack consists of a wind-wheel fixed in the chimney
So I took occasion to go up and to bed in a pet
So we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel
The rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too
There being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered
Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall
To see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn; and quartered

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1660 N.S. Complete [sp10g10.txt]

A very fine dinner
A good handsome wench I kissed, the first that I have seen
Among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest
An exceeding pretty lass, and right for the sport
An offer of L500 for a Baronet's dignity
And in all this not so much as one
Asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside
Barkley swearing that he and others had lain with her often
Bought for the love of the binding three books
Boy up to-night for his sister to teach him to put me to bed
But we were friends again as we are always
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Court attendance infinite tedious
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Dined upon six of my pigeons, which my wife has resolved to kill
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Drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets
Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wanton
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Fashionable and black spots
Finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly laid up
First time I had given her leave to wear a black patch
First time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral
Five pieces of gold for to do him a small piece of



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service

Fixed that the year should commence in January instead of March
Formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a whore
Gave him his morning draft
Gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King
God help him, he wants bread.
Had no more manners than to invite me and to let me pay
Hand i' the cap
Hanging jack to roast birds on
Have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant
Have not known her this fortnight almost, which is a pain to me
He and I lay in one press bed, there being two more
He is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I
He that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it
He was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while
He did very well, but a deadly drinker he is
He made the great speech of his life, and spoke for three hours
He knew nothing about the navy
Hired her to procure this poor soul for him
How the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst
I fear is not so good as she should be
I never designed to be a witness against any man
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If it should come in print my name maybe at it
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In discourse he seems to be wise and say little
In comes Mr. North very sea-sick from shore
In perpetual trouble and vexation that need it least
Inoffensive vanity of a man who loved to see himself in the glass
It not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal with us
John Pickering on board, like an ass, with his feathers
King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising
King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery
Kiss my Parliament, instead of "Kiss my [rump]"
Kissed them myself very often with a great deal of mirth
L100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas



Learned the multiplication table for the first time in 1661
Learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no
Long cloaks being now quite out
Made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead
Montaigne is conscious that we are looking over his shoulder
Most of my time in looking upon Mrs. Butler
Mottoes inscribed on rings was of Roman origin
Much troubled with thoughts how to get money
My luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions
My new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life
My wife and I had some high words
My wife was very unwilling to let me go forth
My wife was making of her tarts and larding of her pullets

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My Lord, who took physic to-day and was in his chamber
Nothing in it approaching that single page in St. Simon
Offer me L500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place
Petition against hackney coaches
Playing the fool with the lass of the house
Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves
Presbyterians against the House of Lords
Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques
Put to a great loss how I should get money to make up my cash
Resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it
Sceptic in all things of religion
She had six children by the King
Show many the strangest emotions to shift off his drink
Sit up till 2 o'clock that she may call the wench up to wash
Smoke jack consists of a wind-wheel fixed in the chimney
So we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel
So I took occasion to go up and to bed in a pet
Some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house
Strange thing how I am already courted by the people
Strange how civil and tractable he was to me
The present Irish pronunciation of English
The rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too
The ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them
There being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered
This afternoon I showed my Lord my accounts, which he passed
This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes
Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall
To see the bride put to bed
To the Swan and drank our morning draft
To see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn; and quartered
Upon the leads gazing upon Diana
We cannot tell what to do for want of her (the maid)
Wedding for which the posy ring was required
Went to bed with my head not well by my too much drinking to-day
Where I find the worst very good
Which I did give him some hope of, though I never intend it
Woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb/Mar 1660/61 [sp11g10.txt]



A lady spit backward upon me by a mistake
A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon
Comely black woman.—[The old expression for a brunette.]
Cruel custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday
Day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword
Discontented that my wife do not go neater now she has two maids
Fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life
Have been so long absent that I am ashamed to go
I took occasion to be angry with him
Justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors
Lady Batten to give me a spoonful of honey for my cold
My great expense at the Coronacion
She hath got her teeth new done by La Roche
That I might not seem to be afeared
The monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her
Was kissing my wife, which I did not like
We are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repayre
Who we found ill still, but he do make very much of it
Wronged by my over great expectations



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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Apr/may 1661 [sp12g10.txt]

A little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew
Being sure never to see the like again in this world
Believe that England and France were once the same continent
Chocolate was introduced into England about the year 1652
Did trouble me very much to be at charge to no purpose
Difference there will be between my father and mother about it
Eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat on in all my life
Foolery to take too much notice of such things
Frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed
I could not forbear to love her exceedingly
I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often
I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be
I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due
Jealousy of him and an ugly wench that lived there lately
Lay with her to-night, which I have not done these eight(days)
Made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian
She would not let him come to bed to her out of jealousy
So home and to bed, where my wife had not lain a great while
The barber came to trim me and wash me
Troubled to see my father so much decay of a suddain
What people will do tomorrow
What they all, through profit or fear, did promise
Who seems so inquisitive when my, house will be made an end of

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jun/Jul/Aug 1661 [sp13g10.txt]

A great baboon, but so much like a man in most things
A play not very good, though commended much
Begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth (corpse)
Bleeding behind by leeches will cure
By chewing of tobacco is become very fat and fallow
Cannot bring myself to mind my business
Durst not take notice of her, her husband being there
Faced white coat, made of one of my wife's pettycoates
Family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour
Fear I shall not be able to wipe my hands of him again
Finding my wife not sick, but yet out of order
Found him not so ill as I thought that he had been ill
Found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me
Good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it!
Greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow
His company ever wearys me



I broke wind and so came to some ease
I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me
Instructed by Shakespeare himself
Lady Batten how she was such a man's whore
Lately too much given to seeing of plays, and expense
Lewdness and beggary of the Court
Look askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them
None will sell us any thing without our personal security given
Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen
Sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes

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So the children and I rose and dined by ourselves
Sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect
The Alchymist,—Comedy by Ben Jonson
The Lords taxed themselves for the poor—an earl, 1s.
This week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week
Those absent from prayers were to pay a forfeit
To be so much in love of plays
Woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Sep/Oct 1661 [sp14g10.txt]

And so by coach, though hard to get it, being rainy, home
But she loves not that I should speak of Mrs. Pierce
God! what an age is this, and what a world is this
In men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw
Inconvenience that do attend the increase of a man's fortune
Man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation
My head was not well with the wine that I drank to-day
She is a very good companion as long as she is well
So much wine, that I was even almost foxed
Still in discontent with my wife, to bed, and rose so this morn
This day churched, her month of childbed being out
Vices of the Court, and how the pox is so common there
We do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Nov/Dec 1661 [sp15g10.txt]

After dinner my wife comes up to me and all friends again
Ambassador—that he is an honest man sent to lie abroad
As all things else did not come up to my expectations
Coming to lay out a great deal of money in clothes for my wife
Did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it
Dominion of the Sea
Exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church
From some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttish
Gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor
Get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern
Good wine, and anchovies, and pickled oysters (for breakfast)
Like a passionate fool, I did call her whore
My wife and I fell out

Oliver Cromwell as his ensign
Seemed much glad of that it was no more
Sir W. Pen was so fuddled that we could not try him to play
Strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money
The unlawfull use of lawfull things
Took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly
Took physique, and it did work very well
Tory—The term was not used politically until about 1679
We had a good surloyne of rost beefe

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1661 N.S. Complete [sp16g10.txt]



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A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon
A play not very good, though commended much
A great baboon, but so much like a man in most things
A little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew
A lady spit backward upon me by a mistake
After dinner my wife comes up to me and all friends again
Ambassador—that he is an honest man sent to lie abroad
And so by coach, though hard to get it, being rainy, home
As all things else did not come up to my expectations
Begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth (corpse)
Being sure never to see the like again in this world
Believe that England and France were once the same continent
Bleeding behind by leeches will cure him
But she loves not that I should speak of Mrs. Pierce
By chewing of tobacco is become very fat and fallow
Cannot bring myself to mind my business
Chocolate was introduced into England about the year 1652
Comely black woman.—[The old expression for a brunette.]
Coming to lay out a great deal of money in clothes for my wife
Cruel custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday
Day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword
Did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it
Did trouble me very much to be at charge to no purpose
Difference there will be between my father and mother about it
Discontented that my wife do not go neater now she has two maids
Dominion of the Sea
Durst not take notice of her, her husband being there
Eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat on in all my life
Exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church
Faced white coat, made of one of my wife's pettycoates
Family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour
Fear I shall not be able to wipe my hands of him again
Fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life
Finding my wife not sick, but yet out of order
Foolery to take too much notice of such things
Found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me
Found him not so ill as I thought that he had been ill
Frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed
From some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttish
Gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor
Get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern
God! what an age is this, and what a world is this
Good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it!



Good wine, and anchovies, and pickled oysters (for breakfast)
Greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow
Have been so long absent that I am ashamed to go
His company ever wearys me
I could not forbear to love her exceedingly
I took occasion to be angry with him
I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often
I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me
I broke wind and so came to some ease
I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be

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I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due
In men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw
Inconvenience that do attend the increase of a man's fortune
Instructed by Shakespeare himself
Jealousy of him and an ugly wench that lived there lately
Justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors
King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer
Lady Batten how she was such a man's whore
Lady Batten to give me a spoonful of honey for my cold
Lately too much given to seeing of plays, and expense
Lay with her to-night, which I have not done these eight(days)
Lewdness and beggary of the Court
Like a passionate fool, I did call her whore
Look askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them
Made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian
Man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation
My head was not well with the wine that I drank to-day
My great expense at the Coronacion
My wife and I fell out
None will sell us any thing without our personal security given
Oliver Cromwell as his ensign
Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen
Sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King's mistress, and filled my eyes
Seemed much glad of that it was no more
She hath got her teeth new done by La Roche
She would not let him come to bed to her out of jealousy
She is a very good companion as long as she is well
Sir W. Pen was so fuddled that we could not try him to play
So the children and I rose and dined by ourselves
So home and to bed, where my wife had not lain a great while
So much wine, that I was even almost foxed
Sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect
Still in discontent with my wife, to bed, and rose so this morn
Strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money
That I might not seem to be afeared
The Lords taxed themselves for the poor—an earl, s.
The unlawfull use of lawfull things
The barber came to trim me and wash me
The Alchymist,"—[Comedy by Ben Jonson
The monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her



This week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week
This day churched, her month of childbed being out
Those absent from prayers were to pay a forfeit
To be so much in love of plays
Took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly
Took physique, and it did work very well
Tory—The term was not used politically until about 1679
Troubled to see my father so much decay of a suddain
Vices of the Court, and how the pox is so common there
Was kissing my wife, which I did not like
We do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French
We are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repayre
We had a good surloyne of rost beefe
What they all, through profit or fear, did promise
What people will do tomorrow
Who seems so inquisitive when my, house will be made an end of
Who we found ill still, but he do make very much of it
Woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique
Wronged by my over great expectations



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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb 1661/62 [sp17g10.txt]

Aptness I have to be troubled at any thing that crosses me
Cannot but be with the workmen to see things done to my mind
Command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Mar/Apr 1661/62 [sp18g10.txt]

After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly
Agreed at L3 a year (she would not serve under)
All the fleas came to him and not to me
Badge of slavery upon the whole people (taxes)
Did much insist upon the sin of adultery
Discoursed much against a man's lying with his wife in Lent
Fearing that Sarah would continue ill, wife and I removed
Parliament hath voted 2s. per annum for every chimney in England
Peruques of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear
Raising of our roofs higher to enlarge our houses
See a dead man lie floating upon the waters
Sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long
To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood
Up early and took my physique; it wrought all the morning well
Whether he would have me go to law or arbitracon with him
Whether she suspected anything or no I know not

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may/Jun 1662 [sp19g10.txt]

Afeard of being louzy
Afeard that my Lady Castlemaine will keep still with the King
Afraid now to bring in any accounts for journeys
As much his friend as his interest will let him
Comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering
Deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing
Discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court
Enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money
God forgive me! what a mind I had to her
Hard matter to settle to business after so much leisure
Holes for me to see from my closet into the great office
I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask
King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day
Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court
Let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full
Lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England
Only wind do now and then torment me . . . extremely



See her look dejectedly and slighted by people already
She also washed my feet in a bath of herbs, and so to bed
Sir W. Pen did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember
Slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears
They were not occupiers, but occupied (women)
Trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he not be heard
Up and took physique, but such as to go abroad with
Will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt
With my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jull/Aug 1662 [sp20g10.txt]

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Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles)
Fear she should prove honest and refuse and then tell my wife
Hopes to have had a bout with her before she had gone
Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King
Last of a great many Presbyterian ministers
Muske Millon
My first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table
So good a nature that he cannot deny any thing
Sorry to hear that Sir W. Pen's maid Betty was gone away

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Sep/Oct 1662 [sp21g10.txt]

All made much worse in their report among people than they are
Care not for his commands, and especially on Sundays
Caught cold yesterday by putting off my stockings
Hate in others, and more in myself, to be careless of keys
I fear that it must be as it can, and not as I would
Lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife
My Jane's cutting off a carpenter's long mustacho
No good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears
Parson is a cunning fellow he is as any of his coat
Pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them
She so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases
Strange things he has been found guilty of, not fit to name
Then to church to a tedious sermon
When the candle is going out, how they bawl and dispute

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Nov/Dec 1662 [sp22g10.txt]

All may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in
Bewailing the vanity and disorders of the age
Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King
Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand
Goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates
He made but a poor sermon, but long
Joyne the lion's skin to the fox's tail
Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases
Laughing and jeering at every thing that looks strange
Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen
Short of what I expected, as for the most part it do fall out
Will upon occasion serve for a fine withdrawing room

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1662 N.S. Complete [sp23g10.txt]



Afeard of being louzy
Afeard that my Lady Castlemaine will keep still with the King
Afraid now to bring in any accounts for journeys
After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly
Agreed at L3 a year (she would not serve under)
All may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in
All made much worse in their report among people than they are
All the fleas came to him and not to me
Aptness I have to be troubled at any thing that crosses me
As much his friend as his interest will let him
Badge of slavery upon the whole people (taxes)
Bewailing the vanity and disorders of the age
Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles)

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Cannot but be with the workmen to see things done to my mind
Care not for his commands, and especially on Sundays
Caught cold yesterday by putting off my stockings
Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King
Comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering
Command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King
Deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing
Did much insist upon the sin of adultery
Discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court
Discoursed much against a man's lying with his wife in Lent
Enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money
Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand
Fear she should prove honest and refuse and then tell my wife
Fearing that Sarah would continue ill, wife and I removed
God forgive me! what a mind I had to her
Goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates
Hard matter to settle to business after so much leisure
Hate in others, and more in myself, to be careless of keys
He made but a poor sermon, but long
Holes for me to see from my closet into the great office
Hopes to have had a bout with her before she had gone
I fear that it must be as it can, and not as I would
I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask
Joyne the lion's skin to the fox's tail
King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day
Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court
Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King
Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases
Last of a great many Presbyterian ministers
Laughing and jeering at every thing that looks strange
Let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full
Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen
Lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England
Lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife
Muske Millon
My Jane's cutting off a carpenter's long mustacho
My first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table
No good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears
Only wind do now and then torment me . . . extremely
Parliament hath voted 2s. per annum for every chimney in England



Parson is a cunning fellow he is as any of his coat
Peruques of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear
Pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them
Raising of our roofs higher to enlarge our houses
See her look dejectedly and slighted by people already
See a dead man lie floating upon the waters
Sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long
She so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases
She also washed my feet in a bath of herbs, and so to bed
Short of what I expected, as for the most part it do fall out
Sir W. Pen did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember
Slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on

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the ears

So good a nature that he cannot deny any thing
Sorry to hear that Sir W. Pen's maid Betty was gone away
Strange things he has been found guilty of, not fit to name
Then to church to a tedious sermon
They were not occupiers, but occupied (women)
To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood
Trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he not be heard
Up and took physique, but such as to go abroad with
Up early and took my physique; it wrought all the morning well
When the candle is going out, how they bawl and dispute
Whether she suspected anything or no I know not
Whether he would have me go to law or arbitracon with him
Will upon occasion serve for a fine withdrawing room
Will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt
With my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb 1662/63 [sp24g10.txt]

After oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb
At last we pretty good friends
Before I sent my boy out with them, I beat him for a lie
Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching
Eat a mouthful of pye at home to stay my stomach
Familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all
Feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood
Found him a fool, as he ever was, or worse
Goes down the wind in honour as well as every thing else
Had a good supper of an oxe's cheek
Hanged with a silken halter
How highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffeehouses still
I and she never were so heartily angry in our lives as to-day
Ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up
Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents
Lay chiding, and then pleased with my wife in bed
Lay very long with my wife in bed talking with great pleasure
Liability of a husband to pay for goods supplied his wife
Many thousands in a little time go out of England
Money, which sweetens all things
Most flat dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery
Much discourse, but little to be learned
Nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them



Nothing in the world done with true integrity
Once a week or so I know a gentleman must go
Pain of the stone, and makes bloody water with great pain
Rabbit not half roasted, which made me angry with my wife
Scholler, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so
See how time and example may alter a man
Servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business
So home, and mighty friends with my wife again
So neat and kind one to another
Sorry for doing it now, because of obliging me to do the like
Talk very highly of liberty of conscience
The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant
There is no passing but by coach in the streets, and hardly that
These young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad
They were so false spelt that I was ashamed of them
Vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf
Wine, new and old, with labells pasted upon each bottle
With much ado in an hour getting a coach home
Yet it was her fault not to see that I did take them

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Mar/Apr 1662/63 [sp25g10.txt]

Academy was dissolved by order of the Pope
After some pleasant talk, my wife, Ashwell, and I to bed
And so to bed, my father lying with me in Ashwell's bed
Dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good
Dinner was great, and most neatly dressed
Dog attending us, which made us all merry again
Galileo's air thermometer, made before 1597
I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself
I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow
Insurrection of the Catholiques there
Justice of proceeding not to condemn a man unheard
Matters in Ireland are full of discontent
My maid Susan ill, or would be thought so
Parliament do agree to throw down Popery
Railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin
She is conceited that she do well already
So home to supper and bed with my father
That he is not able to live almost with her
That I might say I saw no money in the paper
There is no man almost in the City cares a turd for him
Though it be but little, yet I do get ground every month

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may/Jun 1663 [sp26g10.txt]

A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it
After awhile I caressed her and parted seeming friends
Book itself, and both it and them not worth a turd
But a woful rude rabble there was, and such noises
Did find none of them within, which I was glad of
Did so watch to see my wife put on drawers, which (she did)
Duodecimal arithmetique
Employed by the fencers to play prizes at
Enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many
Every small thing is enough now-a-days to bring a difference
Give her a Lobster and do so touse her and feel her all over
God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind
Goes with his guards with him publicly, and his trumpets
Great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland
He hoped he should live to see her "ugly and willing"
He is too wise to be made a friend of
I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me
I slept most of the sermon



In some churches there was hardly ten people in the whole church
It must be the old ones that must do any good
Jealous, though God knows I have no great reason
John has got a wife, and for that he intends to part with him
Keep at interest, which is a good, quiett, and easy profit
Lay long in bed talking and pleasing myself with my wife
My wife and her maid Ashwell had between them spilled the pot. . . .
No sense nor grammar, yet in as good words that ever I saw
Nor would become obliged too much to any
Nothing is to be got without offending God and the King
Nothing of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design
Reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have

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great need

Sad for want of my wife, whom I love with all my heart
Saw his people go up and down louseing themselves
See whether my wife did wear drawers to-day as she used to do
Sent me last night, as a bribe, a barrel of sturgeon
She begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please
She used the word devil, which vexed me
So home, and after supper did wash my feet, and so to bed
Softly up to see whether any of the beds were out of order or no
Statute against selling of offices
The goldsmith, he being one of the jury to-morrow
Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad
Therefore ought not to expect more justice from her
They say now a common mistress to the King
Through the Fleete Ally to see a couple of pretty [strumpets]
Upon a small temptation I could be false to her
Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird
Whose voice I am not to be reconciled
Wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing but talking
Would not make my coming troublesome to any

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jull/Aug 1663 [sp27g10.txt]

And so to bed and there entertained her with great content
Apprehend about one hundred Quakers
Being cleansed of lice this day by my wife
Conceited, but that's no matter to me
Fear it may do him no good, but me hurt
Fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off
He having made good promises, though I fear his performance
My wife has got too great head to be brought down soon
So much is it against my nature to owe anything to any body
Sporting in my fancy with the Queen
Things being dear and little attendance to be had we went away
Towzing her and doing what I would, but the last thing of all. . . .

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Sep/Oct 1663 [sp28g10.txt]

And so to sleep till the morning, but was bit cruelly
And there, did what I would with her
Content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile
Found guilty, and likely will be hanged (for stealing spoons)



Half a pint of Rhenish wine at the Still-yard, mixed with beer
His readiness to speak spoilt all
No more matter being made of the death of one than another
Out of an itch to look upon the sluts there
Plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fears of it here
Pride himself too much in it
Reckon nothing money but when it is in the bank
Resolve to live well and die a beggar
Scholler, that would needs put in his discourse (every occasion)
She was so ill as to be shaved and pidgeons put to her feet
The plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Argier
We having no luck in maids now-a-days
Who is over head and eares in getting her house up

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Nov/Dec 1663 [sp29g10.txt]



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Again that she spoke but somewhat of what she had in her heart
Better we think than most other couples do
Compliment from my aunt, which I take kindly as it is unusual
Did go to Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there
Dined at home alone, a good calves head boiled and dumplings
Every man looking after himself, and his owne lust and luxury
Excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions
Expectation of profit will have its force
King was gone to play at Tennis
Opening his mind to him as of one that may hereafter be his foe
Pen was then turned Quaker
Persuade me that she should prove with child since last night
Pride and debauchery of the present clergy
Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists
Taught my wife some part of subtraction
To bed with discontent she yielded to me and began to be fond

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1663 N.S. Complete [sp30g10.txt]

A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it
Academy was dissolved by order of the Pope
After oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb
After some pleasant talk, my wife, Ashwell, and I to bed
After awhile I caressed her and parted seeming friends
Again that she spoke but somewhat of what she had in her heart
And there, did what I would with her
And so to sleep till the morning, but was bit cruelly
And so to bed and there entertained her with great content
And so to bed, my father lying with me in Ashwell's bed
Apprehend about one hundred Quakers
At last we pretty good friends
Before I sent my boy out with them, I beat him for a lie
Being cleansed of lice this day by my wife
Better we think than most other couples do
Book itself, and both it and them not worth a turd
But a woful rude rabble there was, and such noises
Compliment from my aunt, which I take kindly as it is unusual
Conceited, but that's no matter to me
Content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile
Dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good
Did so watch to see my wife put on drawers, which (she did)
Did go to Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there
Did find none of them within, which I was glad of
Dined at home alone, a good calves head boiled and dumplings



Dinner was great, and most neatly dressed
Dog attending us, which made us all merry again
Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching
Duodecimal arithmetique
Eat a mouthful of pye at home to stay my stomach
Employed by the fencers to play prizes at
Enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many
Every man looking after himself, and his owne lust and luxury
Every small thing is enough now-a-days to bring a difference
Excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions
Expectation of profit will have its force

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Familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all
Fear it may do him no good, but me hurt
Fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off
Feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood
Found guilty, and likely will be hanged (for stealing spoons)
Found him a fool, as he ever was, or worse
Galileo's air thermometer, made before 1597
Give her a Lobster and do so touse her and feel her all over
God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind
Goes with his guards with him publicly, and his trumpets
Goes down the wind in honour as well as every thing else
Great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland
Had a good supper of an ox's cheek
Half a pint of Rhenish wine at the Still-yard, mixed with beer
Hanged with a silken halter
He is too wise to be made a friend of
He hoped he should live to see her "ugly and willing"
He having made good promises, though I fear his performance
His readiness to speak spoilt all
How highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffeehouses still
I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me
I and she never were so heartily angry in our lives as to-day
I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself
I slept most of the sermon
I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow
Ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up
In some churches there was hardly ten people in the whole church
Insurrection of the Catholiques there
It must be the old ones that must do any good
Jealous, though God knows I have no great reason
John has got a wife, and for that he intends to part with him
Justice of proceeding not to condemn a man unheard
Keep at interest, which is a good, quiett, and easy profit
King was gone to play at Tennis
Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents
Lay long in bed talking and pleasing myself with my wife
Lay very long with my wife in bed talking with great pleasure
Lay chiding, and then pleased with my wife in bed
Liability of a husband to pay for goods supplied his wife
Many thousands in a little time go out of England



Matters in Ireland are full of discontent
Money, which sweetens all things
Most flat dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery
Much discourse, but little to be learned
My maid Susan ill, or would be thought so
My wife has got too great head to be brought down soon
My wife and her maid Ashwell had between them spilled the pot. . . .
No more matter being made of the death of one than another
No sense nor grammar, yet in as good words that ever I saw
Nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them
Nor would become obliged too much to any
Nothing in the world done with true integrity
Nothing of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design
Nothing is to be got without offending God and the



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King

Once a week or so I know a gentleman must go
Opening his mind to him as of one that may hereafter be his foe
Out of an itch to look upon the, sluts there
Pain of the stone, and makes bloody water with great pain
Parliament do agree to throw down Popery
Pen was then turned Quaker
Persuade me that she should prove with child since last night
Plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fears of it here
Pride and debauchery of the present clergy
Pride himself too much in it
Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists
Rabbit not half roasted, which made me angry with my wife
Railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin
Reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need
Reckon nothing money but when it is in the bank
Resolve to live well and die a beggar
Sad for want of my wife, whom I love with all my heart
Saw his people go up and down louseing themselves
Scholler, that would needs put in his discourse (every occasion)
Scholler, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so
See how time and example may alter a man
See whether my wife did wear drawers to-day as she used to do
Sent me last night, as a bribe, a barrel of sturgeon
Servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business
She was so ill as to be shaved and pidgeons put to her feet
She is conceited that she do well already
She used the word devil, which vexed me
She begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please
So home, and mighty friends with my wife again
So much is it against my nature to owe anything to any body
So home to supper and bed with my father
So home, and after supper did wash my feet, and so to bed
So neat and kind one to another
Softly up to see whether any of the beds were out of order or no
Sorry for doing it now, because of obliging me to do the like
Sporting in my fancy with the Queen
Statute against selling of offices
Talk very highly of liberty of conscience
Taught my wife some part of subtraction
That I might say I saw no money in the paper
That he is not able to live almost with her



The plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Argier
The goldsmith, he being one of the jury to-morrow
The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant
Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad
There is no passing but by coach in the streets, and hardly that
There is no man almost in the City cares a turd for him
Therefore ought not to expect more justice from her
These young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad
They were so false spelt that I was ashamed of them
They say now a common mistress to the King
Things being dear and little attendance to be had we went away
Though it be but little, yet I do get ground every month
Through the Fleete Ally to see a couple of pretty [strumpets]

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To bed with discontent she yielded to me and began to be fond
Towzing her and doing what I would, but the last thing of all. . . .
Upon a small temptation I could be false to her
Vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf
Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird
We having no luck in maids now-a-days
Who is over head and eares in getting her house up
Whose voice I am not to be reconciled
Wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing but talking
Wine, new and old, with labells pasted upon each bottle
With much ado in an hour getting a coach home
Would not make my coming troublesome to any
Yet it was her fault not to see that I did take them

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb 1663/64 [sp31g10.txt]

A mad merry slut she is
A real and not a complimentary acknowledgment
At least 12 or 14,000 people in the street (to see the hanging)
Bearing more sayle will go faster than any other ships(multihull)
But the wench went, and I believe had her turn served
Chatted with her, her husband out of the way
Could not saw above 4 inches of the stone in a day
Do look upon me as a remembrancer of his former vanity
Fear of making her think me to be in a better condition
Few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse
God forgive me! what thoughts and wishes I had
Good writers are not admired by the present
Hear something of the effects of our last meeting (pregnancy?)
I do not like his being angry and in debt both together to me
I will not by any over submission make myself cheap
Ireland in a very distracted condition
Jane going into the boat did fall down and show her arse
King is mighty kind to these his bastard children
King still do doat upon his women, even beyond all shame
Mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world
Play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense
Pleased to look upon their pretty daughter
Pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!
Pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes



Ryme, which breaks the sense
Sent my wife to get a place to see Turner hanged
Sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewell
So home to prayers and to bed
Such open flattery is beastly
Talked with Mrs. Lane about persuading her to Hawly
Their saws have no teeth, but it is the sand only
There did see Mrs. Lane. . . .
Travels over the high hills in Asia above the clouds
Wherein every party has laboured to cheat another
Willing to receive a bribe if it were offered me
Would make a dogg laugh

Diary of Samuel Pepys, March 1663/64 [sp32g10.txt]

Doubtfull of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion
Drink a dish of coffee
Ill from my late cutting my hair so close to my head
Nothing of the memory of a man, an houre after he is dead!
She had got and used some puppy-dog water
Subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions
Very angry we were, but quickly friends again
Went against me to have my wife and servants look upon them

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Apr/May 1664 [sp33g10.txt]

Bath at the top of his house
Fear all his kindness is but only his lust to her
Fetch masts from New England
Find myself to over-value things when a child
Generally with corruption, but most indeed with neglect
I slept soundly all the sermon
In a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen
In my dining-room she was doing something upon the pott
Methought very ill, or else I am grown worse to please
Mrs. Lane was gone forth, and so I missed of my intent
Saw "The German Princess" acted, by the woman herself
Slabbering my band sent home for another
That hair by hair had his horse's tail pulled off indeed

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jun/Jul 1664 [sp34g10.txt]

All divided that were bred so long at school together
Began discourse of my not getting of children
Came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends
Feared I might meet with some people that might know me
Had no mind to meddle with her
Her impudent tricks and ways of getting money
How little to be presumed of in our greatest undertakings
Mind to have her bring it home
My wife made great means to be friends, coming to my bedside
Never to trust too much to any man in the world
Not well, and so had no pleasure at all with my poor wife
Not when we can, but when we list
Now against her going into the country (lay together)
Periwigg he lately made me cleansed of its nits
Presse seamen, without which we cannot really raise men
Shakespeare's plays
She had the cunning to cry a great while, and talk and blubber
There eat and drank, and had my pleasure of her twice
These Lords are hard to be trusted
Things wear out of themselves and come fair again
To my Lord Sandwich, thinking to have dined there
Upon a very small occasion had a difference again broke out
Very high and very foule words from her to me
What wine you drinke, lett it bee at meales

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Aug/Sep 1664 [sp35g10.txt]



All the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore
And with the great men in curing of their claps
Expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done
Having some experience, but greater conceit of it than is fit
Helping to slip their calves when there is occasion
Her months upon her is gone to bed
I had agreed with Jane Welsh, but she came not, which vexed me
Lay long caressing my wife and talking
Let her brew as she has baked
New Netherlands to English rule, under the title of New York
Reduced the Dutch settlement of New Netherlands to English rule
Staid two hours with her kissing her, but nothing more
Strange slavery that I stand in to beauty
Thinks she is with child, but I neither believe nor desire it
Up, my mind very light from my last night's accounts
We do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a warr
Would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Oct/Nov 1664 [sp36g10.txt]

About several businesses, hoping to get money by them
After many protestings by degrees I did arrive at what I would
All ended in love
Below what people think these great people say and do
Even to the having bad words with my wife, and blows too
Expected musique, the missing of which spoiled my dinner
Gadding abroad to look after beauties
Greatest businesses are done so superficially
Little children employed, every one to do something
Meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett feavour
My leg fell in a hole broke on the bridge
My wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding
Not the greatest wits, but the steady man
Rotten teeth and false, set in with wire
Till 12 at night, and then home to supper and to bed
What a sorry dispatch these great persons give to business
What is there more to be had of a woman than the possessing her
Where a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers

Diary of Samuel Pepys, December 1664 [sp37g10.txt]

Irish in Ireland, whom Cromwell had settled all in one corner
Tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1664 N.S. Complete [sp38g10.txt]

A real and not a complimentary acknowledgment
A mad merry slut she is
About several businesses, hoping to get money by them
After many protestings by degrees I did arrive at what I would
All divided that were bred so long at school together
All ended in love
All the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore
And with the great men in curing of their claps
At least 12 or 14,000 people in the street (to see the hanging)
Bath at the top of his house
Bearing more sayle will go faster than any other ships(multihull)
Began discourse of my not getting of children
Below what people think these great people say and do
But the wench went, and I believe had her turn served
Came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends
Chatted with her, her husband out of the way



Could not saw above 4 inches of the stone in a day
Do look upon me as a remembrancer of his former vanity
Doubtfull of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion
Drink a dish of coffee
Even to the having bad words with my wife, and blows too
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Expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done
Fear of making her think me to be in a better condition
Fear all his kindness is but only his lust to her
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Few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse
Find myself to over-value things when a child

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In my dining-room she was doing something upon the pott
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Ireland in a very distracted condition
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King still do doat upon his women, even beyond all shame
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Little children employed, every one to do something
Mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world
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Mind to have her bring it home
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Periwigg he lately made me cleansed of its nits
Play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense
Pleased to look upon their pretty daughter
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We do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a warr
Went against me to have my wife and servants look upon them
What wine you drinke, lett it bee at meales
What a sorry dispatch these great persons give to business
What is there more to be had of a woman than the possessing her
Where a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers
Wherein every party has laboured to cheat another
Willing to receive a bribe if it were offered me
Would either conform, or be more wise, and not be caught!
Would make a dogg laugh

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb 1964/65 [sp39g10.txt]

Accounts I never did see, or hope again to see in my days
At a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die
By his many words and no understanding, confound himself
Church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached



Clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me
Costs me 12d. a kiss after the first
Find that now and then a little difference do no hurte
Going with her woman to a hot-house to bathe herself
Good discourse and counsel from him, which I hope I shall take
Great thaw it is not for a man to walk the streets
Heard noises over their head upon the leads
His disease was the pox and that he must be fluxed (Rupert)
I know not how their fortunes may agree
If the exportations exceed importations
It is a strange thing how fancy works
Law against it signifies nothing in the world
Law and severity were used against drunkennesse
Luxury and looseness of the times
Must be forced to confess it to my wife, which troubles me
My wife after her bathing lying alone in another bed
No man is wise at all times

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Offer to give me a piece to receive of me 20
Pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean
Sat an hour or two talking and discoursing
So great a trouble is fear
Those bred in the North among the colliers are good for labour
Tied our men back to back, and thrown them all into the sea
Too much of it will make her know her force too much
Up, leaving my wife in bed, being sick of her months
When she least shews it hath her wit at work
Where money is free, there is great plenty
Who is the most, and promises the least, of any man
Wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person)

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Mar/Apr 1964/65 [sp40g10.txt]

Castlemayne is sicke again, people think, slipping her filly
Desired me that I would baste his coate
Did put evil thoughts in me, but proceeded no further
France, which is accounted the best place for bread
How Povy overdoes every thing in commending it
Never could man say worse himself nor have worse said
Wanton as ever she was, with much I made myself merry and away

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may/Jun 1665 [sp41g10.txt]

A vineyard, the first that ever I did see
All the towne almost going out of towne (Plague panic)
Buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw
Consult my pillow upon that and every great thing of my life
Convenience of periwiggs is so great
Dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before
Hear that the plague is come into the City
Houses marked with a red cross upon the doors
My old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still
Plague claimed 68,596 victims (in 1665)
Pride of some persons and vice of most was but a sad story
The coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again
Though neither of us care 2d. one for another
Which may teach me how I make others wait

*Diary of Samuel Pepys, July 1665 [sp42g10.txt]*

About two o'clock, too late and too soon to go home to bed
And all to dinner and sat down to the King saving myself
Baseness and looseness of the Court
Being able to do little business (but the less the better)
Contracted for her as if he had been buying a horse
Did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while
Doubtfull whether her daughter will like of it or no
Endeavouring to strike tallys for money for Tangier
For, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons
Had what pleasure almost I would with her
Hath a good heart to bear, or a cunning one to conceal his evil
I have promised, but know not when I shall perform
I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne
Less he finds of difference between them and other men
Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did
Nan at Moreclacke, very much pleased and merry with

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her

Not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand
Out of my purse I dare not for fear of a precedent
Plague, forty last night, the bell always going
Pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men
So to bed, to be up betimes by the helpe of a larum watch
This absence makes us a little strange instead of more fond
What silly discourse we had by the way as to love-matters

Diary of Samuel Pepys, August 1665 [sp43g10.txt]

A fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady
Bagwell's wife waited at the door, and went with me to my office
Because I would not be over sure of any thing
Being the first Wednesday of the month
Bottle of strong water; whereof now and then a sip did me good
Copper to the value of L5,000
Disease making us more cruel to one another than if we are doggs
Every body is at a great losse and nobody can tell
Every body's looks, and discourse in the street is of death
First thing of that nature I did ever give her (L10 ring)
For my quiet would not enquire into it
Give the other notice of the future state, if there was any
His wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day
How sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people
I met a dead corps of the plague, in the narrow ally
In our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we could dream
King is not at present in purse to do
King shall not be able to whip a cat
Not liking that it should lie long undone, for fear of death
Ordered in the yarde six or eight bargemen to be whipped
Pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest house
Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them
Resolving not to be bribed to dispatch business
Two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up
Well enough pleased this morning with their night's lodging

Diary of Samuel Pepys, September 1665 [sp44g10.txt]

And feeling for a chamber-pott, there was none
Discourse of Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning
Fell to sleep as if angry

King himself minding nothing but his ease
Not to be censured if their necessities drive them to bad
Ordered him L2000, and he paid me my quantum out of it
Sicke men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors
Told us he had not been in a bed in the whole seven years

Diary of Samuel Pepys, October 1665 [sp45g10.txt]

A conceited man, but of no Logique in his head at all
Best poem that ever was wrote (Siege of Rhodes)
French have taken two and sunk one of our merchant-men
Hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains
How little heed is had to the prisoners and sicke and wounded
How unhppily a man may fall into a necessity of bribing people
Lechery will never leave him
Money I have not, nor can get
Mr. Evelyn's translating and sending me as a present
Poor seamen that lie starving in the streets
Saying me to be the fittest man in England
Searchers with their rods in their hands

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Nov/Dec 1665 [sp46g10.txt]

A most conceited fellow and not over much in him
A pretty man, I would be content to break a commandment with him
Among many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary
Delight to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition
Great many silly stories they tell of their sport
His enemies have done him as much good as he could wish
How little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour
I am a foole to be troubled at it, since I cannot helpe it
L10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crowne to my Lord of Sandwich
Left him with some Commanders at the table taking tobacco
One whom a great belly becomes as well as ever I saw any
Pleases them mightily, and me not at all
See how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody
The boy is well, and offers to be searched

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1665 N.S. Complete [sp47g10.txt]

A fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady
A most conceited fellow and not over much in him
A conceited man, but of no Logique in his head at all
A vineyard, the first that ever I did see
A pretty man, I would be content to break a commandment with him
About two o'clock, too late and too soon to go home to bed
Accounts I never did see, or hope again to see in my days
All the towne almost going out of towne (Plague panic)
Among many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary
And feeling for a chamber-pott, there was none
And all to dinner and sat down to the King saving myself
At a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die
Bagwell's wife waited at the door, and went with me to my office
Baseness and looseness of the Court
Because I would not be over sure of any thing
Being able to do little business (but the less the better)
Being the first Wednesday of the month
Best poem that ever was wrote (Siege of Rhodes)
Bottle of strong water; whereof now and then a sip did me good
Buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw
By his many words and no understanding, confound himself
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Church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached
Clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me
Consult my pillow upon that and every great thing of my life



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Copper to the value of L5,000
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Endeavouring to strike tallys for money for Tangier
Every body is at a great losse and nobody can tell
Every body's looks, and discourse in the street is of death
Fell to sleep as if angry
Find that now and then a little difference do no hurte
First thing of that nature I did ever give her (L10 ring)
For my quiet would not enquire into it
For, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons
France, which is accounted the best place for bread
French have taken two and sunk one of our merchant-men
Give the other notice of the future state, if there was any
Going with her woman to a hot-house to bathe herself
Good discourse and counsel from him, which I hope I shall take
Great many silly stories they tell of their sport
Great thaw it is not for a man to walk the streets
Had what pleasure almost I would with her
Hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains
Hath a good heart to bear, or a cunning one to conceal his evil
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Heard noises over their head upon the leads
His wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day
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I met a dead corps of the plague, in the narrow ally
I am a foole to be troubled at it, since I cannot helpe it
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In our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we could dream
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The coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again
The boy is well, and offers to be searched
This absence makes us a little strange instead of more fond
Those bred in the North among the colliers are good for labour
Though neither of us care 2d. one for another
Tied our men back to back, and thrown them all into the sea
Told us he had not been in a bed in the whole seven years
Too much of it will make her know her force too much
Two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up
Up, leaving my wife in bed, being sick of her months
Wanton as ever she was, with much I made myself merry and away
Well enough pleased this morning with their night's lodging



What silly discourse we had by the way as to love-matters
When she least shews it hath her wit at work
Where money is free, there is great plenty
Which may teach me how I make others wait
Who is the most, and promises the least, of any man
Wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person)

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jan/Feb 1965/66 [sp48g10.txt]

After a harsh word or two my wife and I good friends
By and by met at her chamber, and there did what I would
Did drink of the College beer, which is very good
Got her upon my knee (the coach being full) and played with her
Lady Duchesse the veryest slut and drudge
Last act of friendship in telling me of my faults also
Scotch song of "Barbary Allen"
Tooth-ake made him no company, and spoilt ours
Wherewith to give every body something for their pains
Who must except against every thing and remedy nothing



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DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, MAR/APR 1665/66 [SP#49] [sp49g10.txt]4164

Ashamed at myself for this losse of time
Begun to write idle and from the purpose
Counterfeit mirth and pleasure with them, but had but little
Driven down again with a stinke by Sir W. Pen's shying of a pot
Great newes of the Swedes declaring for us against the Dutch
He has been inconvenienced by being too free in discourse
Mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible
Reading over my dear "Faber fortunae," of my Lord Bacon's
Thence to Mrs. Martin's, and did what I would with her
Through want of money and good conduct
Too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure
Tooke my wife well dressed into the Hall to see and be seen

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may/Jun 1666 [sp50g10.txt]

A cat will be a cat still
And if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone
Apprehension of the King of France's invading us
As very a gossip speaking of her neighbours as any body
Baited at Islington, and so late home about 11 at night
Called at a little ale-house, and had an eele pye
Checking her last night in the coach in her long stories
Foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launch'd
Great deale of tittle tattle discourse to little purpose
He is such innocent company
Here I first saw oranges grow
I do not value her, or mind her as I ought
I to bed even by daylight
Long petticoat dragging under their men's coats
Mightily pleased with myself for the business that I have done
Mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women
Never fought with worse officers in his life
Not being well pleased with her over free and loose company
Now very big, and within a fortnight of lying down
Out also to and fro, to see and be seen
Providing against a foule day to get as much money into my hands
Rejoiced over head and ears in this good newes
Requisite I be prepared against the man's friendship
Sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure



Send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home
Shy of any warr hereafter, or to prepare better for it
So back again home to supper and to bed with great pleasure
So home and to supper with beans and bacon and to bed
That I may look as a man minding business
There did what I would with her
There did what 'je voudrais avec' her
Think that we are beaten in every respect
This is the use we make of our fathers
Took him home the money, and, though much to my grief
Unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me
What itching desire I did endeavour to see Bagwell's wife
Young man play the foole upon the doctrine of purgatory

Diary of Samuel Pepys, July 1666 [sp51g10.txt]

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Better the musique, the more sicke it makes him
Contempt of the ceremoniousnesse of the King of Spayne
Listening to no reasoning for it, be it good or bad
Many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men
Milke, which I drank to take away, my heartburne
No money to do it with, nor anybody to trust us without it
Rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world
Says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here
So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me
The gentlemen captains will undo us
To bed, after washing my legs and feet with warm water
Venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's
With a shower of hail as big as walnuts
World sees now the use of them for shelter of men (fore-castles)

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Aug/Sep 1666 [sp52g10.txt]

About my new closet, for my mind is full of nothing but that
About the nature of sounds
All the innocent pleasure in the world
Angry, and so continued till bed, and did not sleep friends
Beare-garden
Being examined at Allgate, whether we were husbands and wives
Did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese
Do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day
Durst not ask any body how it was with us
Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering
Fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more
Good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs
Great fire they saw in the City
Horrid malicious bloody flame
I never did observe so much of myself in my life
No manner of means used to quench the fire
Not permit her begin to do so, lest worse should follow
Offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward
Pain to ride in a coach with them, for fear of being seen
Plot in it, and that the French had done it
Put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are
Removing goods from one burned house to another
Sad sight it was: the whole City almost on fire
Staying out late, and painting in the absence of her husband
There did 'tout ce que je voudrais avec' her
This unhappinesse of ours do give them heart
Ye pulling down of houses, in ye way of ye fire



Diary of Samuel Pepys, October 1666 [sp53g10.txt]

Being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not
Bill against importing Irish cattle
Bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three
But how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten
But pretty! how I took another pretty woman for her
Catholiques are everywhere and bold
Did tumble them all the afternoon as I pleased
Discoursing upon the sad condition of the times
Exceeding kind to me, more than usual, which makes me afeard
Fashion, the King says; he will never change
I did what I would, and might have done anything else
King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment
King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way
So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night
The very rum man must have L200
Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, November 1666 [sp54g10.txt]

Amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body
And for his beef, says he, "Look how fat it is"
First their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves
For a land-tax and against a general excise
I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook
In opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion
Magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates
Origin in the use of a plane against the grain of the wood
Play on the harpsicon, till she tired everybody
Reading to my wife and brother something in Chaucer
Said that there hath been a design to poison the King
Tax the same man in three or four several capacities
There I did lay the beginnings of a future 'amour con elle'
Too much ill newes true, to afflict ourselves with uncertain
What I had writ foule in short hand

Diary of Samuel Pepys, December 1666 [sp55g10.txt]

Being five years behindhand for their wages (court musicians)
But fit she should live where he hath a mind
Gladder to have just now received it (than a promise)
Most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good natured
No Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good
Peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like
That I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping
Weary of the following of my pleasure

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1666 N.S. Complete [sp56g10.txt]

A cat will be a cat still
About the nature of sounds
About my new closet, for my mind is full of nothing but that
After a harsh word or two my wife and I good friends
All the innocent pleasure in the world
Amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body
And if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone
And for his beef, says he, "Look how fat it is"
Angry, and so continued till bed, and did not sleep friends
Apprehension of the King of France's invading us
As very a gossip speaking of her neighbours as any body
Ashamed at myself for this losse of time
Baited at Islington, and so late home about 11 at night



Beare-garden

Begun to write idle and from the purpose

Being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not

Being examined at Allgate, whether we were husbands and wives

Being five years behindhand for their wages (court musicians)

Better the musique, the more sicke it makes him

Bill against importing Irish cattle

Bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three

But pretty! how I took another pretty woman for her

But fit she should live where he hath a mind

But how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten

By and by met at her chamber, and there did what I would

Called at a little ale-house, and had an eele pye

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Catholiques are everywhere and bold
Checking her last night in the coach in her long stories
Contempt of the ceremoniousnesse of the King of Spayne
Counterfeit mirth and pleasure with them, but had but little
Did tumble them all the afternoon as I pleased
Did drink of the College beer, which is very good
Did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese
Discoursing upon the sad condition of the times
Do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day
Driven down again with a stinke by Sir W. Pen's shying of a pot
Durst not ask any body how it was with us
Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering
Exceeding kind to me, more than usual, which makes me afeard
Fashion, the King says; he will never change
Fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more
First their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves
For a land-tax and against a general excise
Foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launche
Gladder to have just now received it (than a promise)
Good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs
Got her upon my knee (the coach being full) and played with her
Great fire they saw in the City
Great deale of tittle tattle discourse to little purpose
Great newes of the Swedes declaring for us against the Dutch
He is such innocent company
He has been inconvenienced by being too free in discourse
Here I first saw oranges grow
Horrid malicious bloody flame
I to bed even by daylight
I do not value her, or mind her as I ought
I did what I would, and might have done anything else
I never did observe so much of myself in my life
I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook
In opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion
King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way
King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment
Lady Duchesse the veryest slut and drudge
Last act of friendship in telling me of my faults also
Listening to no reasoning for it, be it good or bad
Long petticoat dragging under their men's coats



Magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates
Many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men
Mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible
Mightily pleased with myself for the business that I have done
Mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women
Milke, which I drank to take away, my heartburne
Most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good natured
Never fought with worse officers in his life
No Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good
No manner of means used to quench the fire
No money to do it with, nor anybody to trust us without it
Not being well pleased with her over free and loose company
Not permit her begin to do so, lest worse should follow
Now very big, and within a fortnight of lying down

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Offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward
Origin in the use of a plane against the grain of the wood
Out also to and fro, to see and be seen
Pain to ride in a coach with them, for fear of being seen
Peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like
Play on the harpsicon, till she tired everybody
Plot in it, and that the French had done it
Providing against a foule day to get as much money into my hands
Put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are
Rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world
Reading over my dear "Faber fortunae," of my Lord Bacon's
Reading to my wife and brother something in Chaucer
Rejoiced over head and ears in this good newes
Removing goods from one burned house to another
Requisite I be prepared against the man's friendship
Sad sight it was: the whole City almost on fire
Said that there hath been a design to poison the King
Sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure
Says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here
Scotch song of "Barbary Allen"
Send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home
Shy of any warr hereafter, or to prepare better for it
So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night
So back again home to supper and to bed with great pleasure
So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me
So home and to supper with beans and bacon and to bed
Staying out late, and painting in the absence of her husband
Tax the same man in three or four several capacities
That I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping
That I may look as a man minding business
The gentlemen captains will undo us
The very rum man must have L200
Thence to Mrs. Martin's, and did what I would with her
There did what 'je voudrais avec' her
There did 'tout ce que je voudrais avec' her
There I did lay the beginnings of a future 'amour con elle'
There did what I would with her
Think that we are beaten in every respect
This is the use we make of our fathers
This unhappinesse of ours do give them heart



Through want of money and good conduct
Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand
To bed, after washing my legs and feet with warm water
Too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure
Too much ill newes true, to afflict ourselves with uncertain
Took him home the money, and, though much to my grief
Tooke my wife well dressed into the Hall to see and be seen
Tooth-ake made him no company, and spoilt ours
Unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me
Venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's
Weary of the following of my pleasure
What I had writ foule in short hand
What itching desire I did endeavour to see Bagwell's wife
Wherewith to give every body something for their pains
Who must except against every thing and remedy nothing
With a shower of hail as big as walnuts
World sees now the use of them for shelter of men (fore-castles)
Ye pulling down of houses, in ye way of ye fire
Young man play the foole upon the doctrine of purgatory



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Diary of Samuel Pepys, January 1966/67 [sp57g10.txt]

Baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the late great fire begun
Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland
But my wife vexed, which vexed me
Clap of the pox which he got about twelve years ago
Come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap
Court full of great apprehensions of the French
Declared he will never have another public mistress again
Desk fastened to one of the armes of his chayre
Do outdo the Lords infinitely (debates in the Commons)
Enough existed to build a ship (Pieces of the true Cross)
Enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them
Erasmus "de scribendis epistolis"
For I will be hanged before I seek to him, unless I see I need
Gold holds up its price still
Have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure (Commons)
He will do no good, he being a man of an unsettled head
I did get her hand to me under my cloak
I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long
Mazer or drinking-bowl turned out of some kind of wood
Mirrors which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter
Outdo for neatness and plenty anything done by any of them
Poll Bill
Saying, that for money he might be got to our side
Sermon without affectation or study
Some ends of my own in what advice I do give her
The pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory
Very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed
Where a piece of the Cross is
Whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!
Whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist
Wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without
Yet let him remember the days of darkness

Diary of Samuel Pepys, February 1966/67 [sp58g10.txt]

Being taken with a Psalmbook or Testament
Consider that this is all the pleasure I live for in the world
Dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes
If the word Inquisition be but mentioned
King's service is undone, and those that trust him perish
Mean, methinks, and is as if they had married like dog and bitch
Musique in the morning to call up our new-married people



Must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension (unreceived)
New medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face
Not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity
Only because she sees it is the fashion (She likes it)
Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed
Proud that she shall come to trill
Receive the applications of people, and hath presents
Seems she hath had long melancholy upon her
Sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself
Sick of it and of him for it
The world do not grow old at all
Then home, and merry with my wife
Though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not
To my joy, I met not with any that have sped better than myself
Used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, March 1966/67 [sp59g10.txt]

Angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over
Better now than never
Bring me a periwig, but it was full of nits
Buying up of goods in case there should be war
For I will not be inward with him that is open to another
He is a man of no worth in the world but compliment
History of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth
I love the treason I hate the traitor
King of France did think other princes fit for nothing
My wife will keep to one another and let the world go hang
No man knowing what to do, whether to sell or buy
Not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought
Now above six months since (smoke from the cellars)
Reparation for what we had embezzled
Uncertainty of all history
Whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her

Diary of Samuel Pepys, April 1667 [sp60g10.txt]

As he called it, the King's seventeenth whore abroad
He is not a man fit to be told what one hears
I having now seen a play every day this week
Ill sign when we are once to come to study how to excuse
King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying
Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again
Much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money
My people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual
My wife this night troubled at my leaving her alone so much
Never was known to keep two mistresses in his life (Charles II.)
Officers are four years behind-hand unpaid
Sparrowgrass
Suspect the badness of the peace we shall make
Swear they will not go to be killed and have no pay

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may 1667 [sp61g10.txt]

Advantage a man of the law hath over all other people
Certainly Annapolis must be defended,—where is Annapolis?
Credit of this office hath received by this rogue's occasion
Did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said
Father, who to supper and betimes to bed at his country hours
Give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like



Hath given her the pox, but I hope it is not so
How do the children?
Hunt up and down with its mouth if you touch the cheek
Just set down to dinner, and I dined with them, as I intended
Little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain
Looks to lie down about two months hence
Pit, where the bears are baited
Said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer
Says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth
Shame such a rogue should give me and all of us this trouble
Street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's
Think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more
We find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off
Which he left him in the lurch
Who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business
Whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him
Wretch, n., often used as an expression of endearment

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, June 1667 [sp62g10.txt]

Buying his place of my Lord Barkely
Heeling her on one side to make her draw little water
Know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office
Night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with Castlemayne
Young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind

Diary of Samuel Pepys, July 1667 [sp63g10.txt]

20s. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him
Archbishop is a wench, and known to be so
Bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion
Cast stones with his horne crooke
Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures
Dash the brains of it out before the King's face
Dog, that would turn a sheep any way which
Dutch fleets being in so many places
Fool's play with which all publick things are done
Good purpose of fitting ourselves for another war (A Peace)
He was charged with making himself popular
King governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him
King is at the command of any woman like a slave
King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion
Never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach
Nobody being willing to trust us for anything
She has this silly vanity that she must play
So every thing stands still for money
They are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed!
What way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time

Diary of Samuel Pepys, August 1667 [sp64g10.txt]

Beginnings of discontents take so much root between us
Eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life
Hugged, it being cold now in the mornings
I would not enquire into anything, but let her talk
Ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything any body said
Kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth
Little content most people have in the peace
Necessary, and yet the peace is so bad in its terms
Never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head ached
Nobody knows which side will be uppermost
Sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also



Spends his time here most, playing at bowles
Take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her
The gates of the City shut, it being so late
They want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing
Troubled to think what trouble a rogue may without cause give
Wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have

Diary of Samuel Pepys, September 1667 [sp65g10.txt]

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Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office
And a deal of do of which I am weary
But do it with mighty vanity and talking
Feared she hath from some [one] or other of a present
Fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another
Found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds
Had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently!
Hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before
House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make
I find her painted, which makes me loathe her (cosmetics)
King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate
Lady Castlemayne is compounding with the King for a pension
My intention to learn to trill
Never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction
Pressing in it as if none of us had like care with him
Singing with many voices is not singing
Their condition was a little below my present state
Weary of it; but it will please the citizens
Weigh him after he had done playing

Diary of Samuel Pepys, October 1667 [sp66g10.txt]

Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction
Disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight
Painful to keep money, as well as to get it
Sorry thing to be a poor King
Spares not to blame another to defend himself
Wise man's not being wise at all times

Diary of Samuel Pepys, November 1667 [sp67g10.txt]

Anthem anything but instrumentall musique with the voice
Chief Court of judicature (House of Lords)
Confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything
Had the umbles of it for dinner
I am not a man able to go through trouble, as other men
Liberty of speech in the House
Nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man
Through my wife's illness had a bad night of it, and she a worse
What I said would not hold water

Diary of Samuel Pepys, December 1967 [sp68g10.txt]



A gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble
Every body leads, and nobody follows
Lady Castlemayne's nose out of joynt
Make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool
Mr. William Pen a Quaker again
Run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk
Silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing
Speaks rarely, which pleases me mightily
Sport to me to see him so earnest on so little occasion
Supper and to bed without one word one to another
Voyage to Newcastle for coles

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1667 N.S. Complete [sp69g10.txt]



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20s. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him
A gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble
Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office
Advantage a man of the law hath over all other people
And a deal of do of which I am weary
Angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over
Anthem anything but instrumentall musique with the voice
Archbishop is a wench, and known to be so
As he called it, the King's seventeenth whore abroad
Baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the late great fire begun
Beginnings of discontents take so much root between us
Being taken with a Psalmbook or Testament
Better now than never
Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland
Bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion
Bring me a periwig, but it was full of nits
But do it with mighty vanity and talking
But my wife vexed, which vexed me
Buying his place of my Lord Barkely
Buying up of goods in case there should be war
Cast stones with his horne crooke
Certainly Annapolis must be defended,—where is Annapolis?
Chief Court of judicature (House of Lords)
Clap of the pox which he got about twelve years ago
Come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap
Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction
Confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything
Consider that this is all the pleasure I live for in the world
Court full of great apprehensions of the French
Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures
Credit of this office hath received by this rogue's occasion
Dash the brains of it out before the King's face
Declared he will never have another public mistress again
Desk fastened to one of the armes of his chayre
Did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said
Dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes
Disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight
Do outdo the Lords infinitely (debates in the Commons)
Dog, that would turn a sheep any way which
Dutch fleets being in so many places
Eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life
Enough existed to build a ship (Pieces of the true Cross)
Enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them



Erasmus "de scribendis epistolis"

Every body leads, and nobody follows

Father, who to supper and betimes to bed at his country hours

Feared she hath from some [one] or other of a present

Fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another

Fool's play with which all publick things are done

For I will not be inward with him that is open to another

For I will be hanged before I seek to him, unless I see I need

Found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds

Give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like

Gold holds up its price still

Good purpose of fitting ourselves for another war



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(A Peace)

Had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently!
Had the umbles of it for dinner
Hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before
Hath given her the pox, but I hope it is not so
Have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure (Commons)
He was charged with making himself popular
He is not a man fit to be told what one hears
He will do no good, he being a man of an unsettled head
He is a man of no worth in the world but compliment
Heeling her on one side to make her draw little water
History of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth
House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make
How do the children?
Hugged, it being cold now in the mornings
Hunt up and down with its mouth if you touch the cheek
I would not enquire into anything, but let her talk
I am not a man able to go through trouble, as other men
I having now seen a play every day this week
I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long
I did get her hand to me under my cloak
I love the treason I hate the traitor
I find her painted, which makes me loathe her (cosmetics)
If the word Inquisition be but mentioned
Ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything any body said
Ill sign when we are once to come to study how to excuse
Just set down to dinner, and I dined with them, as I intended
King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate
King is at the command of any woman like a slave
King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion
King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying
King of France did think other princes fit for nothing
King governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him
King's service is undone, and those that trust him perish
Kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth
Know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office
Lady Castlemayne's nose out of joynt
Lady Castlemayne is compounding with the King for a pension
Liberty of speech in the House
Little content most people have in the peace
Little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain
Looks to lie down about two months hence



Make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool
Mazer or drinking-bowl turned out of some kind of wood
Mean, methinks, and is as if they had married like dog and bitch
Mirrors which makes the room seem both bigger and lighter
Mr. William Pen a Quaker again
Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again
Much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money
Musique in the morning to call up our new-married people
Must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension (unreceived)
My wife will keep to one another and let the world go hang
My intention to learn to trill
My people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual
My wife this night troubled at my leaving her alone so much

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Necessary, and yet the peace is so bad in its terms
Never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head ached
Never was known to keep two mistresses in his life (Charles II.)
Never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction
Never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach
New medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face
Night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with Castlemayne
No man knowing what to do, whether to sell or buy
Nobody knows which side will be uppermost
Nobody being willing to trust us for anything
Nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man
Not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought
Not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity
Now above six months since (smoke from the cellars)
Officers are four years behind-hand unpaid
Only because she sees it is the fashion (She likes it)
Outdo for neatness and plenty anything done by any of them
Painful to keep money, as well as to get it
Pit, where the bears are baited
Poll Bill
Pressing in it as if none of us had like care with him
Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed
Proud that she shall come to trill
Receive the applications of people, and hath presents
Reparation for what we had embezzled
Run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk
Said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer
Saying, that for money he might be got to our side
Says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth
Seems she hath had long melancholy upon her
Sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also
Sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself
Sermon without affectation or study
Shame such a rogue should give me and all of us this trouble
She has this silly vanity that she must play
Sick of it and of him for it
Silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing
Singing with many voices is not singing
So every thing stands still for money
Some ends of my own in what advice I do give her



Sorry thing to be a poor King
Spares not to blame another to defend himself
Sparrowgrass
Speaks rarely, which pleases me mightily
Spends his time here most, playing at bowles
Sport to me to see him so earnest on so little occasion
Street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's
Supper and to bed without one word one to another
Suspect the badness of the peace we shall make
Swear they will not go to be killed and have no pay
Take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her
The pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory
The world do not grow old at all
The gates of the City shut, it being so late
Their condition was a little below my present state
Then home, and merry with my wife
They are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed!

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They want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing
Think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more
Though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not
Through my wife's illness had a bad night of it, and she a worse
To my joy, I met not with any that have sped better than myself
Troubled to think what trouble a rogue may without cause give
Uncertainty of all history
Used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes
Very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed
Voyage to Newcastle for coles
We find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off
Weary of it; but it will please the citizens
Weigh him after he had done playing
What way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time
What I said would not hold water
Whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her
Where a piece of the Cross is
Which he left him in the lurch
Whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!
Who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business
Whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist
Whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him
Wise man's not being wise at all times
Wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have
Wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without
Wretch, n., often used as an expression of endearment
Yet let him remember the days of darkness
Young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind

Diary of Samuel Pepys, January 1667/68 [sp70g10.txt]

And they did lay pigeons to his feet
As all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things
Carry them to a box, which did cost me 20s., besides oranges
Declared, if he come, she would not live with me
Fear that the goods and estate would be seized (after suicide)
Fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists
Greater number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue
He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound
In my nature am mighty unready to answer no to anything



It may be, be able to pay for it, or have health
Lady Castlemayne do rule all at this time as much as ever
No man was ever known to lose the first time
She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her
The devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester
The manner of the gaming
This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves
Turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all
Where I expect most I find least satisfaction

Diary of Samuel Pepys, February 1667/68 [sp71g10.txt]

Being very poor and mean as to the bearing with trouble
Bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it
Burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame
Come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night
Fear what would become of me if any real affliction should come
Force a man to swear against himself
L'escholle des filles, a lewd book
Live of L100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches
No pleasure—only the variety of it

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, March 1667/68 [sp72g10.txt]

Act against Nonconformists and Papists
Bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's Essays
Bought Montaigne's Essays, in English
But if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it
Endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward
I know not how in the world to abstain from reading
Inventing a better theory of musique
King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them"
Never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man
Not eat a bit of good meat till he has got money to pay the men
Slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes
To be enjoyed while we are young and capable of these joys
Tried the effect of my silence and not provoking her
Trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink
Uncertainty of beauty
Without importunity or the contrary

Diary of Samuel Pepys, April 1668 [sp73g10.txt]

Best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay
But this the world believes, and so let them
Coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1s.
Ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?
Making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace
Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists
Rough notes were made to serve for a sort of account book
Saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport
Whip a boy at each place they stop at in their procession
Work that is not made the work of any one man

Diary of Samuel Pepys, may 1668 [sp74g10.txt]

And will not kiss a woman since his wife's death
Beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie
City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats
Disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola
Down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds
Eat some butter and radishes
Little company there, which made it very unpleasing
So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself
There setting a poor man to keep my place
Whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well



Diary of Samuel Pepys, Jun/Jul 1668 [sp75g10.txt]

At work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad
Bristol milk (the sherry) in the vaults
But get no ground there yet
Cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water
City pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest
Cost me L5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also
Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord
Forced to change gold, 8s. 7d.; servants and poor, 1s. 6d.
Frequent trouble in things we deserve best in
How natural it is for us to slight people out of power
I could have answered, but forbore
Little pleasure now in a play, the company being but

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little

Made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand
My wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits
My wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour
So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed
Suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet
Troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age
Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry
Weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in.
When he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic
Where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise

Diary of Samuel Pepys, August 1668 [sp76g10.txt]

And the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it
But what they did, I did not enquire
Family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it
I know not whether to be glad or sorry
My heart beginning to falsify in this business
Pictures of some Maids of Honor: good, but not like
Resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now
Saw "Mackbeth," to our great content
The factious part of the Parliament
Though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Sep/Oct 1668 [sp77g10.txt]

A book the Bishops will not let be printed again
All things to be managed with faction
Being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest
Business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale
Cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour
Caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard
Doe from Cobham, when the season comes, bucks season being past
Forgetting many things, which her master beat her for
Glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another
I away with great content, my mind being troubled before
My wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre"
My wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl
Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best
Ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen, for the Quaker
Shows how unfit I am for trouble



Sir, your faithful and humble servant
The most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken
Their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden
Vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself
With hangings not fit to be seen with mine

Diary of Samuel Pepys, November 1668 [sp78g10.txt]

Calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart
Have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament
I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl
Resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more
Should alway take somebody with me, or her herself
There being no curse in the world so great as this

Diary of Samuel Pepys, December 1668 [sp79g10.txt]



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Craft and cunning concerning the buying and choosing of horses
Did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys
Hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years
He told me that he had so good spies
Laissez nous affaire—Colbert
Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses
Offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired
Seeing that he cared so little if he was out
Tell me that I speak in my dreams

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1668 N.S. Complete [sp80g10.txt]

A book the Bishops will not let be printed again
Act against Nonconformists and Papists
All things to be managed with faction
And will not kiss a woman since his wife's death
And the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it
And they did lay pigeons to his feet
As all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things
At work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad
Beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie
Being very poor and mean as to the bearing with trouble
Being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest
Best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay
Bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it
Bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's Essays
Bought Montaigne's Essays, in English
Bristol milk (the sherry) in the vaults
Burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame
Business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale
But get no ground there yet
But this the world believes, and so let them
But what they did, I did not enquire
But if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it
Calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart
Cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour
Cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water
Carry them to a box, which did cost me 20s., besides oranges
Caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard
City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats
City pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest
Coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1s.
Come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night
Cost me L5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also



Craft and cunning concerning the buying and choosing of horses
Declared, if he come, she would not live with me
Did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys
Disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola
Doe from Cobham, when the season comes, bucks season being past
Down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds
Eat some butter and radishes
Endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward
Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord
Ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?
Family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it
Fear what would become of me if any real affliction should come

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Fear that the goods and estate would be seized (after suicide)
Fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists
Force a man to swear against himself
Forced to change gold, 8s. 7d.; servants and poor, 1s. 6d.
Forgetting many things, which her master beat her for
Frequent trouble in things we deserve best in
Glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another
Greater number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue
Hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years
Have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament
He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound
He told me that he had so good spies
How natural it is for us to slight people out of power
I know not how in the world to abstain from reading
I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl
I could have answered, but forbore
I away with great content, my mind being troubled before
I know not whether to be glad or sorry
In my nature am mighty unready to answer no to anything
Inventing a better theory of musique
It may be, be able to pay for it, or have health
King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them"
L'escholle des filles, a lewd book
Lady Castlemayne do rule all at this time as much as ever
Laissez nous affaire — Colbert
Little company there, which made it very unpleasing
Little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little
Live of L100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches
Made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand
Making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace
My wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre"
My wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits
My wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl
My wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour
My heart beginning to falsify in this business
Never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man
No pleasure—only the variety of it
No man was ever known to lose the first time
Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses
Not eat a bit of good meat till he has got money to pay the men



Offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired
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Seeing that he cared so little if he was out
She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her
Should alway take somebody with me, or her herself
Shows how unfit I am for trouble

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Sir, your faithful and humble servant
Slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes
So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed
So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself
Suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet
Tell me that I speak in my dreams
The factious part of the Parliament
The manner of the gaming
The most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken
The devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester
Their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden
There being no curse in the world so great as this
There setting a poor man to keep my place
This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves
Though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever
To be enjoyed while we are young and capable of these joys
Tried the effect of my silence and not provoking her
Trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink
Troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age
Turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all
Uncertainty of beauty
Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry
Vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself
Weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in.
When he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic
Where I expect most I find least satisfaction
Where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise
Whip a boy at each place they stop at in their procession
Whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well
With hangings not fit to be seen with mine
Without importunity or the contrary
Work that is not made the work of any one man

Diary of Samuel Pepys, January 1668/69 [sp81g10.txt]

Dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's
Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow
Fain to keep a woman on purpose at 20s. a week
Find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me
Found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great



I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days
I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it
Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King
Mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will
Observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse
Proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile
She finds that I am lousy
Unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me
Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall
Weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed

Diary of Samuel Pepys, Feb/Mar 1668/69 [sp82g10.txt]

Broken sort of people, that have not much to lose
But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife
By her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last
Have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all
His satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got
Nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife
With egg to keep off the glaring of the light

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Diary of Samuel Pepys, Apr/may 1668 [sp83g10.txt]

Drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York
Last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child
Quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat

Diary of Samuel Pepys, 1669 N.S. Complete [sp84g10.txt]

Broken sort of people, that have not much to lose
But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife
By her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last
Dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's
Drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York
Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow
Fain to keep a woman on purpose at 20s. a week
Find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me
Found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great
Have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all
His satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got
I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days
I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it
Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King
Last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child
Mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will
Nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife
Observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse
Proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile
Quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat
She finds that I am lousy
Unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me
Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall
Weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed
With egg to keep off the glaring of the light

Diary of Samuel Pepys, complete and unabridged [sp85g10.txt]

20s. in money, and what wine she needed, for the burying him
A mad merry slut she is
A real and not a complimentary acknowledgment
A good handsome wench I kissed, the first that I have seen
A fair salute on horseback, in Rochester streets, of the lady
A most conceited fellow and not over much in him
A conceited man, but of no Logique in his head at all
A vineyard, the first that ever I did see



A pretty man, I would be content to break a commandment with him
A little while since a very likely man to live as any I knew
A lady spit backward upon me by a mistake
A gainful trade, but yet make me great trouble
A great baboon, but so much like a man in most things
A play not very good, though commended much
A very fine dinner
A cat will be a cat still
A book the Bishops will not let be printed again
A woman sober, and no high-flyer, as he calls it
A most tedious, unreasonable, and impertinent sermon
About two o'clock, too late and too soon to go home to bed

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About several businesses, hoping to get money by them
About my new closet, for my mind is full of nothing but that
About the nature of sounds
Academy was dissolved by order of the Pope
Accounts I never did see, or hope again to see in my days
Act against Nonconformists and Papists
Act of Council passed, to put out all Papists in office
Advantage a man of the law hath over all other people
Afeard of being louzy
Afeard that my Lady Castlemaine will keep still with the King
Afraid now to bring in any accounts for journeys
After taking leave of my wife, which we could hardly do kindly
After awhile I caressed her and parted seeming friends
After many protestings by degrees I did arrive at what I would
After dinner my wife comes up to me and all friends again
After oysters, at first course, a hash of rabbits, a lamb
After some pleasant talk, my wife, Ashwell, and I to bed
After a harsh word or two my wife and I good friends
Again that she spoke but somewhat of what she had in her heart
Agreed at L3 a year (she would not serve under)
All ended in love
All the men were dead of the plague, and the ship cast ashore
All made much worse in their report among people than they are
All the fleas came to him and not to me
All divided that were bred so long at school together
All may see how slippery places all courtiers stand in
All things to be managed with faction
All the innocent pleasure in the world
All the towne almost going out of towne (Plague panic)
Ambassador—that he is an honest man sent to lie abroad
Amending of bad blood by borrowing from a better body
Among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest
Among many lazy people that the diligent man becomes necessary
An exceeding pretty lass, and right for the sport
An offer of L500 for a Baronet's dignity
And for his beef, says he, "Look how fat it is"
And the woman so silly, as to let her go that took it
And if ever I fall on it again, I deserve to be undone
And will not kiss a woman since his wife's death
And a deal of do of which I am weary



And they did lay pigeons to his feet
And there, did what I would with her
And so to sleep till the morning, but was bit cruelly
And so to bed and there entertained her with great content
And all to dinner and sat down to the King saving myself
And feeling for a chamber-pott, there was none
And with the great men in curing of their claps
And so to bed, my father lying with me in Ashwell's bed
And in all this not so much as one
And so by coach, though hard to get it, being rainy, home
Angling with a minikin, a gut-string varnished over
Angry, and so continued till bed, and did not sleep friends
Anthem anything but instrumentall musique with the voice
Apprehend about one hundred Quakers
Apprehension of the King of France's invading us
Aptness I have to be troubled at any thing that crosses

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me

Archbishop is a wench, and known to be so
As much his friend as his interest will let him
As very a gossip speaking of her neighbours as any body
As all other women, cry, and yet talk of other things
As he called it, the King's seventeenth whore abroad
As all things else did not come up to my expectations
Ashamed at myself for this losse of time
Asleep, while the wench sat mending my breeches by my bedside
At work, till I was almost blind, which makes my heart sad
At least 12 or 14,000 people in the street (to see the hanging)
At a loss whether it will be better for me to have him die
At last we pretty good friends
Badge of slavery upon the whole people (taxes)
Bagwell's wife waited at the door, and went with me to my office
Baited at Islington, and so late home about 11 at night
Baker's house in Pudding Lane, where the late great fire begun
Barkley swearing that he and others had lain with her often
Baseness and looseness of the Court
Bath at the top of his house
Beare-garden
Bearing more sayle will go faster than any other ships(multihull
Beating of a poor little dog to death, letting it lie
Because I would not be over sure of any thing
Before I sent my boy out with them, I beat him for a lie
Began discourse of my not getting of children
Beginnings of discontents take so much root between us
Begun to write idle and from the purpose
Begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth (corpse)
Being able to do little business (but the less the better)
Being the first Wednesday of the month
Being there, and seeming to do something, while we do not
Being cleansed of lice this day by my wife
Being examined at Allgate, whether we were husbands and wives
Being five years behindhand for their wages (court musicians)
Being sure never to see the like again in this world
Being the people that, at last, will be found the wisest
Being very poor and mean as to the bearing with trouble
Being taken with a Psalmbook or Testament
Believe that England and France were once the same continent
Below what people think these great people say and do
Best fence against the Parliament's present fury is delay



Best poem that ever was wrote (Siege of Rhodes)
Better the musique, the more sicke it makes him
Better now than never
Better we think than most other couples do
Bewailing the vanity and disorders of the age
Bill against importing Irish cattle
Bill against importing Cattle from Ireland
Bite at the stone, and not at the hand that flings it
Bleeding behind by leeches will cure him
Bold to deliver what he thinks on every occasion
Book itself, and both it and them not worth a turd
Bookseller's, and there looked for Montaigne's Essays
Bottle of strong water; whereof now and then a sip did me good
Bought for the love of the binding three books
Bought Montaigne's Essays, in English

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Bowling-ally (where lords and ladies are now at bowles)
Boy up to-night for his sister to teach him to put me to bed
Bring me a periwig, but it was full of nits
Bringing over one discontented man, you raise up three
Bristol milk (the sherry) in the vaults
Broken sort of people, that have not much to lose
Burned it, that it might not be among my books to my shame
Business of abusing the Puritans begins to grow stale
But fit she should live where he hath a mind
But pretty! how I took another pretty woman for her
But she loves not that I should speak of Mrs. Pierce
But a woful rude rabble there was, and such noises
But how many years I cannot tell; but my wife says ten
But what they did, I did not enquire
But so fearful I am of discontenting my wife
But do it with mighty vanity and talking
But the wench went, and I believe had her turn served
But I think I am not bound to discover myself
But we were friends again as we are always
But this the world believes, and so let them
But if she will ruin herself, I cannot help it
But my wife vexed, which vexed me
But get no ground there yet
Buy some roll-tobacco to smell to and chaw
Buying up of goods in case there should be war
Buying his place of my Lord Barkely
By his many words and no understanding, confound himself
By chewing of tobacco is become very fat and sallow
By and by met at her chamber, and there did what I would
By her wedding-ring, I suppose he hath married her at last
Called at a little ale-house, and had an eele pye
Calling me dog and rogue, and that I had a rotten heart
Came to bed to me, but all would not make me friends
Cannot but be with the workmen to see things done to my mind
Cannot get suitably, without breach of his honour
Cannot bring myself to mind my business
Cannot be clean to go so many bodies together in the same water
Care not for his commands, and especially on Sundays
Carry them to a box, which did cost me 20s., besides oranges
Cast stones with his horne crooke



Castlemayne is sicke again, people think, slipping her filly
Caught cold yesterday by putting off my stockings
Catholiques are everywhere and bold
Caustic attack on Sir Robert Howard
Cavaliers have now the upper hand clear of the Presbyterians
Certainly Annapolis must be defended,—where is Annapolis?
Charles Barkeley's greatness is only his being pimp to the King
Chatted with her, her husband out of the way
Checking her last night in the coach in her long stories
Chief Court of judicature (House of Lords)
Chocolate was introduced into England about the year 1652
Church, where a most insipid young coxcomb preached
City to be burned, and the Papists to cut our throats
City pay him great respect, and he the like to the meanest
Clap of the pox which he got about twelve years ago
Clean myself with warm water; my wife will have me

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Coach to W. Coventry about Mrs. Pett, 1s.
Comb my head clean, which I found so foul with powdering
Come to see them in bed together, on their wedding-night
Come to us out of bed in his furred mittens and furred cap
Comely black woman.—[The old expression for a brunette.]
Coming to lay out a great deal of money in clothes for my wife
Command of an army is not beholden to any body to make him King
Commons, where there is nothing done but by passion, and faction
Compliment from my aunt, which I take kindly as it is unusual
Conceited, but that's no matter to me
Confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything
Confusion of years in the case of the months of January (etc.)
Consider that this is all the pleasure I live for in the world
Consult my pillow upon that and every great thing of my life
Contempt of the ceremoniousnesse of the King of Spayne
Content as to be at our own home, after being abroad awhile
Contracted for her as if he had been buying a horse
Convenience of periwiggs is so great
Copper to the value of L5,000
Cost me L5, which troubles me, but yet do please me also
Costs me 12d. a kiss after the first
Could not saw above 4 inches of the stone in a day
Counterfeit mirth and pleasure with them, but had but little
Court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures
Court attendance infinite tedious
Court full of great apprehensions of the French
Craft and cunning concerning the buying and choosing of horses
Credit of this office hath received by this rogue's occasion
Cruel custom of throwing at cocks on Shrove Tuesday
Cure of the King's evil, which he do deny altogether
Dare not oppose it alone for making an enemy and do no good
Dash the brains of it out before the King's face
Day I first begun to go forth in my coat and sword
Declared, if he come, she would not live with me
Declared he will never have another public mistress again
Delight to see these poor fools decoyed into our condition
Deliver her from the hereditary curse of child-bearing
Desired me that I would baste his coate
Desk fastened to one of the armes of his chayre
Diana did not come according to our agreement



Did dig another, and put our wine in it; and I my Parmazan cheese
Did extremely beat him, and though it did trouble me to do it
Did so watch to see my wife put on drawers, which (she did)
Did take me up very prettily in one or two things that I said
Did much insist upon the sin of adultery
Did go to Shoe Lane to see a cocke-fighting at a new pit there
Did find none of them within, which I was glad of
Did tumble them all the afternoon as I pleased
Did trouble me very much to be at charge to no purpose
Did see the knaveries and tricks of jockeys
Did not like that Clergy should meddle with matters of state
Did put evil thoughts in me, but proceeded no further
Did bear with it, and very pleasant all the while

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Did drink of the College beer, which is very good
Difference there will be between my father and mother about it
Dine with them, at my cozen Roger's mistress's
Dined with my wife on pease porridge and nothing else
Dined upon six of my pigeons, which my wife has resolved to kill
Dined at home alone, a good calves head boiled and dumplings
Dinner was great, and most neatly dressed
Dinner, an ill and little mean one, with foul cloth and dishes
Discontented at the pride and luxury of the Court
Discontented that my wife do not go neater now she has two maids
Discourse of Mr. Evelyn touching all manner of learning
Discoursed much against a man's lying with his wife in Lent
Discoursing upon the sad condition of the times
Disease making us more cruel to one another than if we are doggs
Disorder in the pit by its raining in, from the cupola
Disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight
Do press for new oaths to be put upon men
Do outdo the Lords infinitely (debates in the Commons)
Do look upon me as a remembrancer of his former vanity
Do bury still of the plague seven or eight in a day
Doe from Cobham, when the season comes, bucks season being past
Dog attending us, which made us all merry again
Dog, that would turn a sheep any way which
Dominion of the Sea
Doubtfull of himself, and easily be removed from his own opinion
Doubtfull whether her daughter will like of it or no
Down to the Whey house and drank some and eat some curds
Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching
Drawing up a foul draught of my petition to the Duke of York
Drink at a bottle beer house in the Strand
Drink a dish of coffee
Drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets
Driven down again with a stinke by Sir W. Pen's shying of a pot
Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wanton
Duodecimal arithmetique
Durst not ask any body how it was with us
Durst not take notice of her, her husband being there
Dutch fleets being in so many places
Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow
Dying this last week of the plague 112, from 43 the week before



Eat some of the best cheese-cakes that ever I eat in my life
Eat of the best cold meats that ever I eat on in all my life
Eat a mouthful of pye at home to stay my stomach
Eat some butter and radishes
Else he is a blockhead, and not fitt for that imployment
Employed by the fencers to play prizes at
Endangering the nation, when he knew himself such a coward
Endeavouring to strike tallys for money for Tangier
Enjoy some degree of pleasure now that we have health, money
Enough existed to build a ship (Pieces of the true Cross)
Enquiring into the selling of places do trouble a great many
Enviously, said, I could not come honestly by them
Erasmus "de scribendis epistolis"
Espinette is the French term for a small harpsichord

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Evelyn, who cries out against it, and calls it bitchering
Even to the having bad words with my wife, and blows too
Ever have done his maister better service than to hang for him?
Every man looking after himself, and his owne lust and luxury
Every small thing is enough now-a-days to bring a difference
Every body leads, and nobody follows
Every body is at a great losse and nobody can tell
Every body's looks, and discourse in the street is of death
Exceeding kind to me, more than usual, which makes me afeard
Exclaiming against men's wearing their hats on in the church
Excommunications, which they send upon the least occasions
Expectation of profit will have its force
Expected musique, the missing of which spoiled my dinner
Expressly taking care that nobody might see this business done
Faced white coat, made of one of my wife's pettycoates
Fain to keep a woman on purpose at 20s. a week
Familiarity with her other servants is it that spoils them all
Family governed so nobly and neatly as do me good to see it
Family being all in mourning, doing him the greatest honour
Fanatiques do say that the end of the world is at hand
Fashion, the King says; he will never change
Fashionable and black spots
Father, who to supper and betimes to bed at his country hours
Fear all his kindness is but only his lust to her
Fear that the goods and estate would be seized (after suicide)
Fear what would become of me if any real affliction should come
Fear it may do him no good, but me hurt
Fear of making her think me to be in a better condition
Fear I shall not be able to wipe my hands of him again
Fear she should prove honest and refuse and then tell my wife
Feared I might meet with some people that might know me
Feared she hath from some [one] or other of a present
Fearful that I might not go far enough with my hat off
Fearing that Sarah would continue ill, wife and I removed
Fears some will stand for the tolerating of Papists
Fell to sleep as if angry
Fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another
Fell to dancing, the first time that ever I did in my life
Fetch masts from New England
Feverish, and hath sent for Mr. Pierce to let him blood



Few in any age that do mind anything that is abstruse
Find that now and then a little difference do no hurte
Find it a base copy of a good originall, that vexed me
Find myself to over-value things when a child
Finding my wife not sick, but yet out of order
Finding my wife's clothes lie carelessly laid up
Fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more
First time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral
First their apes, that they may be afterwards their slaves
First thing of that nature I did ever give her (L10 ring)
First time I had given her leave to wear a black patch
Five pieces of gold for to do him a small piece of



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service

Fixed that the year should commence in January instead of March
Fool's play with which all publick things are done
Foolery to take too much notice of such things
For my quiet would not enquire into it
For, for her part, she should not be buried in the commons
For a land-tax and against a general excise
For I will not be inward with him that is open to another
For I will be hanged before I seek to him, unless I see I need
Force a man to swear against himself
Forced to change gold, 8s. 7d.; servants and poor, 1s. 6d.
Foretelling the draught of water of a ship before she be launche
Forgetting many things, which her master beat her for
Formerly say that the King was a bastard and his mother a whore
Found my brother John at eight o'clock in bed, which vexed me
Found him a fool, as he ever was, or worse
Found him not so ill as I thought that he had been ill
Found in my head and body about twenty lice, little and great
Found to be with child, do never stir out of their beds
Found guilty, and likely will be hanged (for stealing spoons)
France, which is accounted the best place for bread
French have taken two and sunk one of our merchant-men
Frequent trouble in things we deserve best in
Frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky, ready formed
From some fault in the meat to complain of my maid's sluttish
Gadding abroad to look after beauties
Galileo's air thermometer, made before 1597
Gamester's life, which I see is very miserable, and poor
Gave him his morning draft
Generally with corruption, but most indeed with neglect
Gentlewomen did hold up their heads to be kissed by the King
Get his lady to trust herself with him into the tavern
Give the King of France Nova Scotia, which he do not like
Give her a Lobster and do so touse her and feel her all over
Give the other notice of the future state, if there was any
Glad to be at friendship with me, though we hate one another
Gladder to have just now received it (than a promise)
God knows that I do not find honesty enough in my own mind
God forgive me! what thoughts and wishes I had
God help him, he wants bread.
God forgive me! what a mind I had to her
God! what an age is this, and what a world is this



Goes down the wind in honour as well as every thing else
Goes with his guards with him publicly, and his trumpets
Going with her woman to a hot-house to bathe herself
Gold holds up its price still
Goldsmiths in supplying the King with money at dear rates
Good God! how these ignorant people did cry her up for it!
Good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs
Good wine, and anchovies, and pickled oysters (for breakfast)
Good purpose of fitting ourselves for another war (A Peace)
Good discourse and counsel from him, which I hope I shall take
Good writers are not admired by the present
Got her upon my knee (the coach being full) and played

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with her
Great plot which was lately discovered in Ireland
Great thaw it is not for a man to walk the streets
Great newes of the Swedes declaring for us against the Dutch
Great deale of tittle tattle discourse to little purpose
Great many silly stories they tell of their sport
Great fire they saw in the City
Greater number of Counsellors is, the more confused the issue
Greatest businesses are done so superficially
Greedy to see the will, but did not ask to see it till to-morrow
Had no more manners than to invite me and to let me pay
Had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently!
Had no mind to meddle with her
Had a good supper of an oxe's cheek
Had what pleasure almost I would with her
Had the umbles of it for dinner
Half a pint of Rhenish wine at the Still-yard, mixed with beer
Hand i' the cap
Hanged with a silken halter
Hanging jack to roast birds on
Hard matter to settle to business after so much leisure
Hate in others, and more in myself, to be careless of keys
Hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before
Hath not a liberty of begging till he hath served three years
Hath sent me masters that do observe that I take pains
Hath a good heart to bear, or a cunning one to conceal his evil
Hath given her the pox, but I hope it is not so
Have her come not as a sister in any respect, but as a servant
Have not known her this fortnight almost, which is a pain to me
Have not any awe over them from the King's displeasure (Commons)
Have me get to be a Parliament-man the next Parliament
Have not much to lose, and therefore will venture all
Have been so long absent that I am ashamed to go
Having some experience, but greater conceit of it than is fit
He that will not stoop for a pin, will never be worth a pound
He told me that he had so good spies
He did very well, but a deadly drinker he is
He made the great speech of his life, and spoke for three hours
He made but a poor sermon, but long
He knew nothing about the navy
He is such innocent company
He has been inconvenienced by being too free in discourse



He having made good promises, though I fear his performance
He hoped he should live to see her "ugly and willing"
He is too wise to be made a friend of
He was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while
He and I lay in one press bed, there being two more
He was charged with making himself popular
He that must do the business, or at least that can hinder it
He is, I perceive, wholly sceptical, as well as I
He is a man of no worth in the world but compliment
He will do no good, he being a man of an unsettled head
He is not a man fit to be told what one hears
Hear that the plague is come into the City
Hear something of the effects of our last meeting (pregnancy?)
Heard noises over their head upon the leads
Heeling her on one side to make her draw little water

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Helping to slip their calves when there is occasion
Her months upon her is gone to bed
Her impudent tricks and ways of getting money
Here I first saw oranges grow
Hired her to procure this poor soul for him
His enemies have done him as much good as he could wish
His readiness to speak spoilt all
His wife and three children died, all, I think, in a day
His disease was the pox and that he must be fluxed (Rupert)
His satisfaction is nothing worth, it being easily got
His company ever wearys me
History of this day's growth, we cannot tell the truth
Holes for me to see from my closet into the great office
Hopes to have had a bout with her before she had gone
Horrid malicious bloody flame
House of Lords is the last appeal that a man can make
Houses marked with a red cross upon the doors
How the Presbyterians would be angry if they durst
How highly the Presbyters do talk in the coffeehouses still
How little merit do prevail in the world, but only favour
How little heed is had to the prisoners and sicke and wounded
How do the children?
How sad a sight it is to see the streets empty of people
How Povy overdoes every thing in commending it
How unhppily a man may fall into a necessity of bribing people
How natural it is for us to slight people out of power
How little to be presumed of in our greatest undertakings
Hugged, it being cold now in the mornings
Hunt up and down with its mouth if you touch the cheek
I went in and kissed them, demanding it as a fee due
I had the opportunity of kissing Mrs. Rebecca very often
I took occasion to be angry with him
I could not forbear to love her exceedingly
I do not value her, or mind her as I ought
I did what I would, and might have done anything else
I never did observe so much of myself in my life
I broke wind and so came to some ease
I would fain have stolen a pretty dog that followed me
I have itched mightily these 6 or 7 days
I know not whether to be glad or sorry



I was as merry as I could counterfeit myself to be
I could have answered, but forbore
I have a good mind to have the maidenhead of this girl
I know not how in the world to abstain from reading
I fear that it must be as it can, and not as I would
I to bed even by daylight
I had six noble dishes for them, dressed by a man-cook
I away with great content, my mind being troubled before
I am not a man able to go through trouble, as other men
I find her painted, which makes me loathe her (cosmetics)
I did get her hand to me under my cloak
I perceive no passion in a woman can be lasting long
I having now seen a play every day this week
I was very angry, and resolve to beat him to-morrow
I know not yet what that is, and am ashamed to ask
I had agreed with Jane Welsh, but she came not, which vexed me
I do not like his being angry and in debt both together

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to me
I will not by any over submission make myself cheap
I slept soundly all the sermon
I slept most of the sermon
I do not find other people so willing to do business as myself
I know I have made myself an immortal enemy by it
I and she never were so heartily angry in our lives as to-day
I calling her beggar, and she me pricklouse, which vexed me
I love the treason I hate the traitor
I would not enquire into anything, but let her talk
I kissed the bride in bed, and so the curtaines drawne
I went to the cook's and got a good joint of meat
I have promised, but know not when I shall perform
I know not how their fortunes may agree
I met a dead corps of the plague, in the narrow ally
I am a foole to be troubled at it, since I cannot helpe it
I was exceeding free in dallying with her, and she not unfree
I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy
I was angry with her, which I was troubled for
I pray God to make me able to pay for it.
I took a broom and basted her till she cried extremely
I was demanded L100, for the fee of the office at 6d. a pound
I never designed to be a witness against any man
I fear is not so good as she should be
If the word Inquisition be but mentioned
If the exportations exceed importations
If it should come in print my name maybe at it
Ill from my late cutting my hair so close to my head
Ill all this day by reason of the last night's debauch
Ill sign when we are once to come to study how to excuse
Ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up
Ill-bred woman, would take exceptions at anything any body said
In my nature am mighty unready to answer no to anything
In men's clothes, and had the best legs that ever I saw
In some churches there was hardly ten people in the whole church
In our graves (as Shakespeere resembles it) we could dream
In discourse he seems to be wise and say little
In perpetual trouble and vexation that need it least
In comes Mr. North very sea-sick from shore
In a hackney and full of people, was ashamed to be seen
In my dining-room she was doing something upon the pott
In opposition to France, had made us throw off their fashion



Inconvenience that do attend the increase of a man's fortune
Inoffensive vanity of a man who loved to see himself in the glass
Instructed by Shakespeare himself
Insurrection of the Catholiques there
Inventing a better theory of musique
Ireland in a very distracted condition
Irish in Ireland, whom Cromwell had settled all in one corner
It must be the old ones that must do any good
It not being handsome for our servants to sit so equal with us
It is a strange thing how fancy works
It may be, be able to pay for it, or have health
Jane going into the boat did fall down and show her arse
Jealous, though God knows I have no great reason
Jealousy of him and an ugly wench that lived there

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lately

John Pickering on board, like an ass, with his feathers
John has got a wife, and for that he intends to part with him
Joyne the lion's skin to the fox's tail
Just set down to dinner, and I dined with them, as I intended
Justice of God in punishing men for the sins of their ancestors
Justice of proceeding not to condemn a man unheard
Keep at interest, which is a good, quiett, and easy profit
King is at the command of any woman like a slave
King shall not be able to whip a cat
King was gone to play at Tennis
King hath lost his power, by submitting himself to this way
King do resolve to declare the Duke of Monmouth legitimate
King himself minding nothing but his ease
King is not at present in purse to do
King is mighty kind to these his bastard children
King the necessity of having, at least, a show of religion
King be desired to put all Catholiques out of employment
King still do doat upon his women, even beyond all shame
King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying
King of France did think other princes fit for nothing
King governed by his lust, and women, and rogues about him
King, Duke and Duchess, and Madame Palmer, were
King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day
King, "it is then but Mr. Pepys making of another speech to them"
King do tire all his people that are about him with early rising
King's service is undone, and those that trust him perish
King's Proclamation against drinking, swearing, and debauchery
Kingdom will fall back again to a commonwealth
Kiss my Parliament, instead of "Kiss my [rump]"
Kissed them myself very often with a great deal of mirth
Know yourself to be secure, in being necessary to the office
L'escholle des filles, a lewd book
L100 worth of plate for my Lord to give Secretary Nicholas
L10,000 to the Prince, and half-a-crowne to my Lord of Sandwich
Lady Castlemaine's interest at Court increases
Lady Castlemayne is compounding with the King for a pension
Lady Duchesse the veryest slut and drudge
Lady Castlemaine hath all the King's Christmas presents
Lady Castlemaine do speak of going to lie in at Hampton Court
Lady Batten to give me a spoonful of honey for my cold
Lady Castlemaine is still as great with the King



Lady Castlemayne's nose out of joynt
Lady Batten how she was such a man's whore
Lady Castlemayne is now in a higher command over the King
Lady Castlemayne do rule all at this time as much as ever
Laissez nous affaire — Colbert
Last day of their doubtfulness touching her being with child
Last act of friendship in telling me of my faults also
Last of a great many Presbyterian ministers
Lately too much given to seeing of plays, and expense
Laughing and jeering at every thing that looks strange
Law and severity were used against drunkenness
Law against it signifies nothing in the world

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Lay long caressing my wife and talking
Lay very long with my wife in bed talking with great pleasure
Lay long in bed talking and pleasing myself with my wife
Lay chiding, and then pleased with my wife in bed
Lay with her to-night, which I have not done these eight(days)
Learned the multiplication table for the first time in 1661
Learnt a pretty trick to try whether a woman be a maid or no
Lechery will never leave him
Left him with some Commanders at the table taking tobacco
Less he finds of difference between them and other men
Let me blood, about sixteen ounces, I being exceedingly full
Let her brew as she has baked
Lewdness and beggary of the Court
Liability of a husband to pay for goods supplied his wife
Liberty of speech in the House
Like a passionate fool, I did call her whore
Listening to no reasoning for it, be it good or bad
Little content most people have in the peace
Little pleasure now in a play, the company being but little
Little children employed, every one to do something
Little worth of this world, to buy it with so much pain
Little company there, which made it very unpleasing
Live of L100 a year with more plenty, and wine and wenches
Long cloaks being now quite out
Long petticoat dragging under their men's coats
Look askew upon my wife, because my wife do not buckle to them
Looks to lie down about two months hence
Lord! to see the absurd nature of Englishmen
Lord! in the dullest insipid manner that ever lover did
Lust and wicked lives of the nuns heretofore in England
Luxury and looseness of the times
Lying a great while talking and sporting in bed with my wife
Made a lazy sermon, like a Presbyterian
Made to drink, that they might know him not to be a Roundhead
Made him admire my drawing a thing presently in shorthand
Magnifying the graces of the nobility and prelates
Make a man wonder at the good fortune of such a fool
Making their own advantages to the disturbance of the peace
Man cannot live without playing the knave and dissimulation
Mankind pleasing themselves in the easy delights of the world



Many thousands in a little time go out of England
Many women now-a-days of mean sort in the streets, but no men
Mass, and some of their musique, which is not so contemptible
Matters in Ireland are full of discontent
Mazer or drinking-bowl turned out of some kind of wood
Mean, methinks, and is as if they had married like dog and bitch
Meazles, we fear, or, at least, of a scarlett feavour
Methought very ill, or else I am grown worse to please
Mightily pleased with myself for the business that I have done
Mightily vexed at my being abroad with these women
Mighty fond in the stories she tells of her son Will
Milke, which I drank to take away, my heartburne
Mind to have her bring it home
Mirrors which makes the room seem both bigger and



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lighter
Money I have not, nor can get
Money, which sweetens all things
Montaigne is conscious that we are looking over his shoulder
Most flat dead sermon, both for matter and manner of delivery
Most homely widow, but young, and pretty rich, and good natured
Most of my time in looking upon Mrs. Butler
Mottoes inscribed on rings was of Roman origin
Mr. Evelyn's translating and sending me as a present
Mr. William Pen a Quaker again
Mrs. Lane was gone forth, and so I missed of my intent
Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again
Much troubled with thoughts how to get money
Much difficulty to get pews, I offering the sexton money
Much discourse, but little to be learned
Musique in the morning to call up our new-married people
Muske Millon
Must yet pay to the Poll Bill for this pension (unreceived)
Must be forced to confess it to my wife, which troubles me
My wife after her bathing lying alone in another bed
My luck to meet with a sort of drolling workmen on all occasions
My wife made great means to be friends, coming to my bedside
My leg fell in a hole broke on the bridge
My wife, coming up suddenly, did find me embracing the girl
My maid Susan ill, or would be thought so
My wife having a mind to see the play "Bartholomew-Fayre"
My wife hath something in her gizzard, that only waits
My heart beginning to falsify in this business
My old folly and childishnesse hangs upon me still
My new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life
My Lord, who took physic to-day and was in his chamber
My wife and I had some high words
My wife was very unwilling to let me go forth
My wife will keep to one another and let the world go hang
My people do observe my minding my pleasure more than usual
My wife this night troubled at my leaving her alone so much
My wife was making of her tarts and larding of her pullets
My head was not well with the wine that I drank to-day
My great expense at the Coronacion
My wife and I fell out
My wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour
My wife and her maid Ashwell had between them spilled the pot. . . .



My first attempt being to learn the multiplication-table
My intention to learn to trill
My wife was angry with me for not coming home, and for gadding
My Jane's cutting off a carpenter's long mustacho
My wife has got too great head to be brought down soon
Nan at Moreclacke, very much pleased and merry with her
Necessary, and yet the peace is so bad in its terms
Never laughed so in all my life. I laughed till my head ached
Never, while he lives, truckle under any body or any faction
Never to trust too much to any man in the world
Never fought with worse officers in his life
Never was known to keep two mistresses in his life (Charles II.)
Never could man say worse himself nor have worse said
Never saw so many sit four hours together to hear

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any man

Never to keep a country-house, but to keep a coach
New medall, where, in little, there is Mrs. Steward's face
New Netherlands to English rule, under the title of New York
Night the Dutch burned our ships the King did sup with Castlemayne
No more matter being made of the death of one than another
No Parliament can, as he says, be kept long good
No manner of means used to quench the fire
No pleasure—only the variety of it
No money to do it with, nor anybody to trust us without it
No man is wise at all times
No man was ever known to lose the first time
No man knowing what to do, whether to sell or buy
No sense nor grammar, yet in as good words that ever I saw
No good by taking notice of it, for the present she forbears
Nobody knows which side will be uppermost
Nobody being willing to trust us for anything
Nonconformists do now preach openly in houses
None will sell us any thing without our personal security given
Nor would become obliged too much to any
Nor will yield that the Papists have any ground given them
Nor was there any pretty woman that I did see, but my wife
Nor offer anything, but just what is drawn out of a man
Not well, and so had no pleasure at all with my poor wife
Not eat a bit of good meat till he has got money to pay the men
Not the greatest wits, but the steady man
Not when we can, but when we list
Not to be censured if their necessities drive them to bad
Not more than I expected, nor so much by a great deal as I ought
Not thinking them safe men to receive such a gratuity
Not had the confidence to take his lady once by the hand
Not permit her begin to do so, lest worse should follow
Not liking that it should lie long undone, for fear of death
Not being well pleased with her over free and loose company
Nothing in the world done with true integrity
Nothing in it approaching that single page in St. Simon
Nothing of the memory of a man, an houre after he is dead!
Nothing is to be got without offending God and the King
Nothing of any truth and sincerity, but mere envy and design
Now against her going into the country (lay together)
Now above six months since (smoke from the cellars)
Now very big, and within a fortnight of lying down



Observing my eyes to be mightily employed in the playhouse
Offer to give me a piece to receive of me 20
Offer me L500 if I would desist from the Clerk of the Acts place
Offered to shew my wife further satisfaction if she desired
Offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward
Officers are four years behind-hand unpaid
Oliver Cromwell as his ensign
Once a week or so I know a gentleman must go
One whom a great belly becomes as well as ever I saw any
Only wind do now and then torment me . . . extremely
Only because she sees it is the fashion (She likes it)
Opening his mind to him as of one that may hereafter



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be his foe

Ordered him L2000, and he paid me my quantum out of it

Ordered in the yarde six or eight bargemen to be whipped

Origin in the use of a plane against the grain of the wood

Out of my purse I dare not for fear of a precedent

Out also to and fro, to see and be seen

Out of an itch to look upon the sluts there

Outdo for neatness and plenty anything done by any of them

Pain of the stone, and makes bloody water with great pain

Pain to ride in a coach with them, for fear of being seen

Painful to keep money, as well as to get it

Parliament being vehement against the Nonconformists

Parliament hath voted 2s. per annum for every chimney in England

Parliament do agree to throw down Popery

Parson is a cunning fellow he is as any of his coat

Peace with France, which, as a Presbyterian, he do not like

Pen was then turned Quaker

Periwigg he lately made me cleansed of its nits

Persuade me that she should prove with child since last night

Peruques of hair, as the fashion now is for ladies to wear

Pest coaches and put her into it to carry her to a pest house

Petition against hackney coaches

Pictures of some Maids of Honor: good, but not like

Pit, where the bears are baited

Plague claimed 68,596 victims (in 1665)

Plague is much in Amsterdam, and we in fears of it here

Plague, forty last night, the bell always going

Play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense

Play on the harpsicon, till she tired everybody

Playing the fool with the lass of the house

Pleased to look upon their pretty daughter

Pleases them mightily, and me not at all

Pleasures are not sweet to me now in the very enjoying of them

Plot in it, and that the French had done it

Poll Bill

Poor seamen that lie starving in the streets

Posies for Rings, Handkerchers and Gloves

Pray God give me a heart to fear a fall, and to prepare for it!

Presbyterian style and the Independent are the best

Presbyterians against the House of Lords

Presse seamen, without which we cannot really raise men

Pressing in it as if none of us had like care with him



Pretends to a resolution of being hereafter very clean
Pretty sayings, which are generally like paradoxes
Pretty to see the young pretty ladies dressed like men
Pride himself too much in it
Pride of some persons and vice of most was but a sad story
Pride and debauchery of the present clergy
Prince's being trepanned, which was in doing just as we passed
Protestants as to the Church of Rome are wholly fanatiques
Proud, carping, insolent, and ironically-prophane stile
Proud that she shall come to trill
Providing against a foule day to get as much money into my hands
Put up with too much care, that I have forgot where they are
Put to a great loss how I should get money to make up my cash
Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists

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Quakers do still continue, and rather grow than lessen
Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them
Quite according to the fashion—nothing to drink or eat
Rabbit not half roasted, which made me angry with my wife
Railed bitterly ever and anon against John Calvin
Raising of our roofs higher to enlarge our houses
Rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world
Reading to my wife and brother something in Chaucer
Reading over my dear “Faber fortunae,” of my Lord Bacon’s
Reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need
Receive the applications of people, and hath presents
Reckon nothing money but when it is in the bank
Reduced the Dutch settlement of New Netherlands to English rule
Rejoiced over head and ears in this good newes
Removing goods from one burned house to another
Reparation for what we had embezzled
Requisite I be prepared against the man’s friendship
Resolve to have the doing of it himself, or else to hinder it
Resolve never to give her trouble of that kind more
Resolve to live well and die a beggar
Resolved to go through it, and it is too late to help it now
Resolving not to be bribed to dispatch business
Ridiculous nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen, for the Quaker
Rotten teeth and false, set in with wire
Rough notes were made to serve for a sort of account book
Run over their beads with one hand, and point and play and talk
Ryme, which breaks the sense
Sad sight it was: the whole City almost on fire
Sad for want of my wife, whom I love with all my heart
Said to die with the cleanest hands that ever any Lord Treasurer
Said that there hath been a design to poison the King
Sang till about twelve at night, with mighty pleasure
Sat an hour or two talking and discoursing
Sat before Mrs. Palmer, the King’s mistress, and filled my eyes
Saw “Mackbeth,” to our great content
Saw two battles of cocks, wherein is no great sport
Saw “The German Princess” acted, by the woman herself
Saw his people go up and down louseing themselves
Saying me to be the fittest man in England
Saying, that for money he might be got to our side



Says, of all places, if there be hell, it is here
Says of wood, that it is an excrescence of the earth
Sceptic in all things of religion
Scholler, that would needs put in his discourse (every occasion)
Scholler, but, it may be, thinks himself to be too much so
Scotch song of "Barbary Allen"
Searchers with their rods in their hands
See a dead man lie floating upon the waters
See her look dejectedly and slighted by people already
See whether my wife did wear drawers to-day as she used to do
See how a good dinner and feasting reconciles everybody
See how time and example may alter a man
Seeing that he cared so little if he was out
Seemed much glad of that it was no more

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Seems she hath had long melancholy upon her
Send up and down for a nurse to take the girle home
Sent my wife to get a place to see Turner hanged
Sent me last night, as a bribe, a barrel of sturgeon
Sermon without affectation or study
Sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amours ended also
Sermon upon Original Sin, neither understood by himself
Sermon; but, it being a Presbyterian one, it was so long
Servant of the King's pleasures too, as well as business
Shakespeare's plays
Shame such a rogue should give me and all of us this trouble
She is conceited that she do well already
She used the word devil, which vexed me
She was so ill as to be shaved and pidgeons put to her feet
She begins not at all to take pleasure in me or study to please
She is a very good companion as long as she is well
She also washed my feet in a bath of herbs, and so to bed
She would not let him come to bed to her out of jealousy
She had six children by the King
She has this silly vanity that she must play
She had the cunning to cry a great while, and talk and blubber
She had got and used some puppy-dog water
She hath got her teeth new done by La Roche
She loves to be taken dressing herself, as I always find her
She so cruel a hypocrite that she can cry when she pleases
She finds that I am lousy
Sheriffs did endeavour to get one jewell
Short of what I expected, as for the most part it do fall out
Should alway take somebody with me, or her herself
Show many the strangest emotions to shift off his drink
Shows how unfit I am for trouble
Shy of any warr hereafter, or to prepare better for it
Sick of it and of him for it
Sicke men that are recovered, they lying before our office doors
Silence; it being seldom any wrong to a man to say nothing
Singing with many voices is not singing
Sir, your faithful and humble servant
Sir W. Pen was so fuddled that we could not try him to play
Sir W. Pen did it like a base raskall, and so I shall remember
Sit up till 2 o'clock that she may call the wench up to wash



Slabbering my band sent home for another
Slabbering themselves, and mirth fit for clownes
Slight answer, at which I did give him two boxes on the ears
Smoke jack consists of a wind-wheel fixed in the chimney
So home to supper, and to bed, it being my wedding night
So home, and mighty friends with my wife again
So neat and kind one to another
So great a trouble is fear
So to bed, to be up betimes by the helpe of a larum watch
So much is it against my nature to owe anything to any body
So home, and after supper did wash my feet, and so to bed
So home to prayers and to bed
So home to supper and bed with my father
So back again home to supper and to bed with great pleasure
So I took occasion to go up and to bed in a pet
So to bed in some little discontent, but no words



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from me

So home and to supper with beans and bacon and to bed
So we went to bed and lay all night in a quarrel
So much wine, that I was even almost foxed
So good a nature that he cannot deny any thing
So time do alter, and do doubtless the like in myself
So the children and I rose and dined by ourselves
So home and to bed, where my wife had not lain a great while
So out, and lost our way, which made me vexed
So every thing stands still for money
Softly up to see whether any of the beds were out of order or no
Some merry talk with a plain bold maid of the house
Some ends of my own in what advice I do give her
Sorry in some respect, glad in my expectations in another respect
Sorry for doing it now, because of obliging me to do the like
Sorry to hear that Sir W. Pen's maid Betty was gone away
Sorry thing to be a poor King
Spares not to blame another to defend himself
Sparrowgrass
Speaks rarely, which pleases me mightily
Spends his time here most, playing at bowles
Sport to me to see him so earnest on so little occasion
Sporting in my fancy with the Queen
Staid two hours with her kissing her, but nothing more
Statute against selling of offices
Staying out late, and painting in the absence of her husband
Still in discontent with my wife, to bed, and rose so this morn
Strange slavery that I stand in to beauty
Strange thing how I am already courted by the people
Strange things he has been found guilty of, not fit to name
Strange the folly of men to lay and lose so much money
Strange how civil and tractable he was to me
Street ordered to be continued, forty feet broad, from Paul's
Subject to be put into a disarray upon very small occasions
Such open flattery is beastly
Suffered her humour to spend, till we begun to be very quiet
Supper and to bed without one word one to another
Suspect the badness of the peace we shall make
Swear they will not go to be killed and have no pay
Take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her
Talk very highly of liberty of conscience
Talked with Mrs. Lane about persuading her to Hawly



Taught my wife some part of subtraction
Tax the same man in three or four several capacities
Tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping
Tell me that I speak in my dreams
That I might not seem to be afeared
That I may have nothing by me but what is worth keeping
That I might say I saw no money in the paper
That he is not able to live almost with her
That I may look as a man minding business
That hair by hair had his horse's tail pulled off indeed
The gentlemen captains will undo us
The very rum man must have L200
The gates of the City shut, it being so late
The manner of the gaming
The factious part of the Parliament
The Lords taxed themselves for the poor—an earl, s.
The unlawfull use of lawfull things

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The coachman that carried [us] cannot know me again
The boy is well, and offers to be searched
The devil being too cunning to discourage a gamester
The monkey loose, which did anger me, and so I did strike her
The most ingenious men may sometimes be mistaken
The Alchymist,"—[Comedy by Ben Jonson
The barber came to trim me and wash me
The present Irish pronunciation of English
The house was full of citizens, and so the less pleasant
The goldsmith, he being one of the jury to-morrow
The plague is got to Amsterdam, brought by a ship from Argier
The pleasure of my not committing these things to my memory
The world do not grow old at all
The ceremonies did not please me, they do so overdo them
The rest did give more, and did believe that I did so too
Their ladies in the box, being grown mighty kind of a sudden
Their saws have no teeth, but it is the sand only
Their condition was a little below my present state
Then to church to a tedious sermon
Then home, and merry with my wife
Thence by coach, with a mad coachman, that drove like mad
Thence to Mrs. Martin's, and did what I would with her
There is no passing but by coach in the streets, and hardly that
There did see Mrs. Lane. . . .
There eat and drank, and had my pleasure of her twice
There did 'tout ce que je voudrais avec' her
There did what 'je voudrais avec' her . . .
There setting a poor man to keep my place
There is no man almost in the City cares a turd for him
There being no curse in the world so great as this
There I did lay the beginnings of a future 'amour con elle'
There being ten hanged, drawn, and quartered
There did what I would with her
Therefore ought not to expect more justice from her
These young Lords are not fit to do any service abroad
These Lords are hard to be trusted
They are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed!
They were so false spelt that I was ashamed of them
They say now a common mistress to the King
They were not occupiers, but occupied (women)



They want where to set their feet, to begin to do any thing
Things wear out of themselves and come fair again
Things being dear and little attendance to be had we went away
Think never to see this woman—at least, to have her here more
Think that we are beaten in every respect
Thinks she is with child, but I neither believe nor desire it
This day church'd, her month of childbed being out
This absence makes us a little strange instead of more fond
This week made a vow to myself to drink no wine this week
This day I began to put on buckles to my shoes
This afternoon I showed my Lord my accounts, which he passed
This unhappinesse of ours do give them heart
This is the use we make of our fathers
This kind of prophane, mad entertainment they give themselves
Those absent from prayers were to pay a forfeit

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Those bred in the North among the colliers are good for labour
Though it be but little, yet I do get ground every month
Though I know it will set the Office and me by the ears for ever
Though neither of us care 2d. one for another
Though he knows, if he be not a fool, that I love him not
Through want of money and good conduct
Through the Fleete Ally to see a couple of pretty [strumpets]
Through my wife's illness had a bad night of it, and she a worse
Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall
Tied our men back to back, and thrown them all into the sea
Till 12 at night, and then home to supper and to bed
Time spending, and no money to set anything in hand
To Mr. Holliard's in the morning, thinking to be let blood
To bed with discontent she yielded to me and began to be fond
To bed, after washing my legs and feet with warm water
To my joy, I met not with any that have sped better than myself
To my Lord Sandwich, thinking to have dined there
To be enjoyed while we are young and capable of these joys
To be so much in love of plays
To see Major-general Harrison hanged, drawn; and quartered
To the Swan and drank our morning draft
To see the bride put to bed
Told us he had not been in a bed in the whole seven years
Too late for them to enjoy it with any pleasure
Too much ill newes true, to afflict ourselves with uncertain
Too much of it will make her know her force too much
Took him home the money, and, though much to my grief
Took occasion to fall out with my wife very highly
Took physique, and it did work very well
Tooke my wife well dressed into the Hall to see and be seen
Tooth-ake made him no company, and spoilt ours
Tory—The term was not used politically until about 1679
Towzing her and doing what I would, but the last thing of all. . . .
Travels over the high hills in Asia above the clouds
Tried the effect of my silence and not provoking her
Trouble, and more money, to every Watch, to them to drink
Troubled to see my father so much decay of a suddain
Troubled to think what trouble a rogue may without cause give
Troubled me, to see the confidence of the vice of the age
Trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he not be heard



Turn out every man that will be drunk, they must turn out all
Two shops in three, if not more, generally shut up
Uncertainty of all history
Uncertainty of beauty
Unless my too-much addiction to pleasure undo me
Unquiet which her ripping up of old faults will give me
Up, leaving my wife in bed, being sick of her months
Up, and with W. Hewer, my guard, to White Hall
Up, my mind very light from my last night's accounts
Up early and took my physique; it wrought all the morning well
Up, finding our beds good, but lousy; which made us merry
Up and took physique, but such as to go abroad with
Upon a very small occasion had a difference again



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broke out
Upon the leads gazing upon Diana
Upon a small temptation I could be false to her
Used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes
Venison-pasty that we have for supper to-night to the cook's
Very high and very foule words from her to me
Very angry we were, but quickly friends again
Very great tax; but yet I do think it is so perplexed
Vexed at my wife's neglect in leaving of her scarf
Vexed me, but I made no matter of it, but vexed to myself
Vices of the Court, and how the pox is so common there
Voyage to Newcastle for coles
Waked this morning between four and five by my blackbird
Wanton as ever she was, with much I made myself merry and away
Was kissing my wife, which I did not like
We having no luck in maids now-a-days
We cannot tell what to do for want of her (the maid)
We find the two young ladies come home, and their patches off
We do nothing in this office like people able to carry on a warr
We do naturally all love the Spanish, and hate the French
We are to go to law never to revenge, but only to repayre
We had a good surloyne of rost beefe
Weary of it; but it will please the citizens
Weary of the following of my pleasure
Weather being very wet and hot to keep meat in.
Wedding for which the posy ring was required
Weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed
Weigh him after he had done playing
Well enough pleased this morning with their night's lodging
Went against me to have my wife and servants look upon them
Went to bed with my head not well by my too much drinking to-day
What way a man could devise to lose so much in so little time
What I said would not hold water
What I had writ foule in short hand
What itching desire I did endeavour to see Bagwell's wife
What wine you drinke, lett it bee at meales
What people will do tomorrow
What they all, through profit or fear, did promise
What silly discourse we had by the way as to love-matters
What a sorry dispatch these great persons give to business
What is there more to be had of a woman than the possessing her
Whatever I do give to anybody else, I shall give her



When she least shews it hath her wit at work
When he was seriously ill he declared himself a Roman Catholic
When the candle is going out, how they bawl and dispute
Where money is free, there is great plenty
Where a pedlar was in bed, and made him rise
Where I find the worst very good
Where a piece of the Cross is
Where a trade hath once been and do decay, it never recovers
Where I expect most I find least satisfaction
Wherein every party has laboured to cheat another
Wherewith to give every body something for their pains
Whether she suspected anything or no I know not
Whether he would have me go to law or arbitracon with him
Which may teach me how I make others wait
Which he left him in the lurch

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Which I did give him some hope of, though I never intend it
Whip this child till the blood come, if it were my child!
Whip a boy at each place they stop at in their procession
Who continues so ill as not to be troubled with business
Who is the most, and promises the least, of any man
Who we found ill still, but he do make very much of it
Who must except against every thing and remedy nothing
Who seems so inquisitive when my house will be made an end of
Who is over head and eares in getting her house up
Whom, in mirth to us, he calls Antichrist
Whom I find in bed, and pretended a little not well
Whose red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him
Whose voice I am not to be reconciled
Wife that brings me nothing almost (besides a comely person)
Wife and the dancing-master alone above, not dancing but talking
Will upon occasion serve for a fine withdrawing room
Will put Madam Castlemaine's nose out of joynt
Willing to receive a bribe if it were offered me
Wine, new and old, with labells pasted upon each bottle
Wise man's not being wise at all times
Wise men do prepare to remove abroad what they have
With much ado in an hour getting a coach home
With hangings not fit to be seen with mine
With egg to keep off the glaring of the light
With my whip did whip him till I was not able to stir
With a shower of hail as big as walnuts
Without importunity or the contrary
Woman that they have a fancy to, to make her husband a cuckold
Woman with a rod in her hand keeping time to the musique
Wonders that she cannot be as good within as she is fair without
Work that is not made the work of any one man
World sees now the use of them for shelter of men (fore-castles)
Would make a dogg laugh
Would either conform, or be more wise, and not be catched!
Would not make my coming troublesome to any
Wretch, n., often used as an expression of endearment
Wronged by my over great expectations
Ye pulling down of houses, in ye way of ye fire
Yet let him remember the days of darkness
Yet it was her fault not to see that I did take them

Young man play the foole upon the doctrine of purgatory
Young fellow, with his hat cocked like a fool behind