

writing a letter to my brother John, the first I have done since my being angry with him; and that so sharp a one too, that I was sorry almost to send it when I had wrote it; but it is preparative to my being kind to him, and sending for him up hither when he hath passed his degree of Maister in Arts. So home to supper and to bed.

29. *Lords day.* Up and to church, where Mr. Mills; a lazy, simple sermon upon the Devil's having no right to anything in this world. So home to dinner; and after dinner I and my boy down by water to Redriffe; and thence walked to Mr. Evelin's, where I walked in his garden till he came from church, with great pleasure reading Ridlys discourse all my way going and coming, upon the Civill and Ecclesiastical Law. He being come home, he and I walked together in the garden with mighty pleasure, he being a very ingenious man, and the more I know him, the more I love him. His chief business with me was to propose having my Cosen Tho. Pepys in Commission of the Peace; which I do not know what to say to till I speak with him, but should be glad of it – and will put him upon it. Thence walked back again, reading; and so took water and home, where I find my Uncle and Aunt Wight and supped with them upon my leads with mighty pleasure and mirth. And they being gone, I mighty weary to bed, after having my hair of my head cut shorter, even close to my skull, for coolness, it being mighty hot weather.

30. Up, and being ready to finish my journalls for four days past – to the office, where busy all the morning. At noon dined alone, my wife gone abroad to conclude about her necklace of pearl. I after dinner to even all my accounts of this month; and, bless God, I find myself, notwithstanding great expenses of late – *viz.*, 80*l* now to pay for a necklace – near 40*l* for a set of chairs and couch – near 40*l* for my three pictures – yet I do gather, and am now worth 5200*l*. My wife comes home by and by, and hath pitched upon a necklace with three rows, which is a very good one, and 80*l* is the price. In the evening with my [wife] and Mercer by coach to take the ayre as far as Bow, and eat and drank in the coach by the way, and with much pleasure and pleased with my company: at night home and up to the leads; but were, contrary to expectation, driven down again with a stink, by Sir W. Pen's emptying of a shitten pot in their house of office close by; which doth trouble me, for fear it do hereafter annoy me. So down to sing a little, and then to bed. So ends this month, with great layings-out – good health and gettings, and