

24. Long with Mr. Berchenshaw in the morning at my Musique practice, finishing my song of *Gaze not on swans* in two parts, which pleases me well. And I did give him *5l* for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money and troubled me to part with it. After supper, called Will up and chid him before my wife for refusing to go to church with the maids yesterday, and telling his mistress that he would not be made a slave of – which vexes me. So to bed.

25. All the morning at the office. At noon with Mr. Moore to the Coffee-house – where among other things, the great talk was of the effects of this late great wind; and I heard one say that he hath five great trees standing together blown down, and going to lop them – one of them, as soon as the lops were cut off, did by the weight of the root rise again and fasten. We have letters from the Forrest of Deane, that above 1000 oakes and as many beeches are blown down in one walke there. And letters from my father tells me of 20 hurt to us down at Brampton.

26. Mr. Berchensha with me all the morning, composing of musique to *This cursed Jealousy, what is it?*, a song of Sir W. Davenants. After dinner I went to my Bookesellers, W. Joyces and several other places, to pay my debts and do business – I being resolved to cast up my accounts within a day or two, for I fear I have run out too far.

27. This morning came Mr Berchensha to me; and in our discourse, I finding that he cries up his rules for most perfect (though I do grant them to be very good, and the best I believe that ever yet were made) and that I could not persuade him to grant wherein they were somewhat lame, we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber and I never stopped him, being intended to have put him off today whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give, and so there remains nothing but practice now to do me good – and it is not for me to continue with him at *5l* per mensem. So I settled to put his rules all in fair order in a book, which was my work all the morning till dinner. After dinner to the office till late at night; and so home to write by the post, and so to bed.

28. The boy failing to call us up as I commanded, I was angry and