

some simple discourse about Quakers being charmed by a string about their wrists. And so home; and after a little while at my office, I home and supped; and so had a good fire in my chamber and there sat till 4 a-clock in the morning, making up my accounts and writing this last Journall of the year.

And first, I bless God I do find that I am worth in money, besides all my household stuff or anything of Brampton, above 800*l* – for which the good God be pleased to give me a thankful heart and a mind careful to preserve this and encrease it. I do live at my lodgings in the Navy Office – my family being, besides my wife and I, Jane Gentleman, Besse our excellent good-natured cook-maid, and Susan, a little girl – having neither man nor boy, nor like to have again a good while – living now in most perfect content and quiet and very frugally also. My health pretty good, but only that I have been much troubled with a costiveness which I am labouring to get away, and have hopes of doing it. At the office I am well, though envied to the devil by Sir W. Batten, who hates me to death but cannot hurt me. The rest either love, or at least do not show otherwise, though I know Sir W. Penn to be a false knave touching me, though he seems fair. My father and mother well in the country; and at this time, the young ladies of Hinchbrooke with them, their house having the smallpox in it. The Queene, after a long and sore sickness, is become well again. And the King minds his mistress a little too much. But I hope all things will go well, and in the Navy particularly; wherein I shall do my duty, whatever comes of it. The great talk is the designs of the King of France; whether against the Pope or King of Spain nobody knows; but a great and a most promising prince he is, and all the princes of Europe have their eye upon him. My wife's brother come to great unhappiness by the ill-disposition, my wife says, of his wife, and her poverty; which she now professes, after all her husband's pretence of a great portion. But I see none of them; at least, they come not to trouble me. My brother Tom I know not what to think of, for I cannot hear whether he minds his business or no. And my brother John, at Cambrige with as little hopes of doing good there; for when he was here, he did give me great cause of dissatisfaction with his manner of life. Pall with my father, and God knows what she doth there or what will become of her, for I have not anything yet to spare her, and she grows now old and must be disposed of one way or other. The Turkes very fur entered into Germany, and