

— by which, as I have spent very largely, so I have laid up above 500l this year above what I was worth this day twelvemonth. The Lord make me for ever thankful to his holy name for it. Thence home to eat a little, and so to bed. As soon as ever the clock struck one, I kissed my wife in the kitchen by the fireside, wishing her a merry New year, observing that I believe I was the first proper wisher of it this year, for I did it as soon as ever the clock struck one. So ends the old year, I bless God with great joy to me; not only from my having made so good a year of profit, as having spent 420l and laid up 540l and upward. But I bless God, I never have been in so good plight as to my health in so very cold weather as this is, nor indeed in any hot weather these ten years, as I am at this day and have been these four or five months. But am at a great loss to know whether it be my Hare's foote,¹ or taking every morning of a pill of Turpentine, or my having left off the wearing of a gowne. My family is my wife, in good health, and happy with her — her woman Mercer, a pretty modest quiet maid — her chambermaid Besse — her cook-maid Jane — the little girle Susan, and my boy which I have had about half a year, Tom Edwards, which I took from the King's Chappell. And a pretty and loving quiet family I have as any man in England. My credit in the world and my office grows daily, and I am in good esteem with everybody I think. My troubles of my uncles estate pretty well over. But it comes to be but of little profit to us, my father being much supported by my purse. But great vexations remain upon my father and me from my Brother Tom's death and ill condition, both to our disgrace and discontent — though no great reason for either. Public matters are all in a hurry about a Dutch warr. Our preparations great. Our provocations against them great; and after all our presumption, we are now afeared as much of them as we lately contemned them. Everything else in the State quiet, blessed be God. My Lord Sandwich at sea with the fleet at Portsmouth — sending some about to cruise for taking of ships, which we have done to a great number. This Christmas I judged it fit to look over all my papers and books, and to tear all that I found either boyish or not to be worth keeping, or fit to be seen if it should please God to take me away suddenly.

i. Worn as a charm.