

and so called to see Tom, but not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and Mrs. Turner and Dike and they say he will not live two months to an end. So home and to the office, and then to supper and to bed.

30. Up, and a sorry sermon of a young fellow I knew at Cambrige. But the day kept solemnly for the King's murther, and I all day within doors making up my Brampton papers; and in the evening Mr. Comander came and we made perfect and signed and sealed my last Will and Testament, which is so to my mind, and I hope to the liking of God Almighty, that I take great joy in myself that it is done, and by that means my mind in a good condition of quiet. At night, to supper and to bed. This evening, being in an humour of making all things even and clear in the world, I tore some old papers; among others, a Romance which (under the title of *Love a Cheate*) I begun ten year ago at Cambrige; and at this time, reading it over tonight, I liked it very well and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

31. *Lords day.* Up, and in my chamber all day long (but a little at dinner) settling all my Brampton Accounts to this day in very good order, I having obliged myself by oath to do that and some other things within this month. I did also perfectly prepare a state of my Estate and annexed it to my last Will and Testament, which now is perfect. And lastly, I did make up my month's accounts and find that I have gained above 50*l* this month clear, and so am worth 858*l* clear, which is the greatest sum I ever yet was maister of. And also read over my usual vowes, as I do every Lord's day, but with greater seriousness then ordinary, and I do hope that every day I shall see more and more the pleasure of looking after my business and laying up of money. And blessed be God for what I have already been enabled by his Grace to do.

## —\*FEBRUARY\*—

1. To Whitehall, where in the Dukes chamber the King came and stayed an hour or two, laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there about his boat, and at Gresham College in general. At which poor