

31. Rising this day with a full design to mind nothing else but to make up my accounts for the year past, I did take money and walk forth to several places in the town, as far as the New Exchange, to pay all my debts, it being still a very great frost and good walking. I stayed at the Fleece tavern in Covent garden, while my boy Tom went to W. Joyces to pay what I owed for candles there. Thence to the New Exchange to clear my wife's score; and so going back again, I met Doll Lane (Mrs. Martin's sister) with another young woman of the Hall, one Scott, and took them to the Half-Moon tavern and there drank some burned wine with them, without more pleasure; and so away home by coach, and there to dinner and then to my accounts, wherein at last I find them clear and right; but to my great discontent, do find that my gettings this year have been $573l$ less then my last – it being this year in all, but $2986l$; whereas the last I got $3560l$. And then again, my spendings this year have exceeded my spendings the last, by 644 – my whole spendings last year being but $509l$; whereas this year it appears I have spent $1154l$ – which is a sum not fit to be said that ever I should spend in one year, before I am maister of a better estate then I am. Yet, blessed be God, and I pray God make me thankful for it, I do find myself worth in money, all good, above $6200l$; which is above $1800l$ more than I was the last year. This, I trust in God, will make me thankful for what I have, and careful to make up by care next year what by my negligence and prodigality I have lost and spent this year. The doing of this and entering it fair, with the sorting of all my expenses to see how and in what points I have exceeded, did make it late work, till my eyes became very sore and ill; and then did give over, and supper and to bed.

Thus ends this year of public wonder and mischief to this nation – and therefore generally wished by all people to have an end. Myself and family well, having four maids and one clerk, Tom, in my house; and my brother now with me, to spend time in order to his preferment. Our healths all well; only, my eyes, with overworking them, are sore as soon as candlelight comes to them, and not else. Public matters in a most sad condition. Seamen discouraged for want of pay, and are become not to be governed. Nor, as matters are now, can any fleet go out next year. Our enemies, French and Dutch, great, and grow more, by our poverty. The Parliament backward in raising, because jealous of the spending, of the money. The City less and less likely to be built again, everybody settling elsewhere, and nobody encouraged to trade. A sad, vicious,