

13. *Lords day*. I lay long in bed, talking with my wife; and then up, in great doubt whether I should not go see Mr. Coventry or no, who hath not been well these two or three days; but it being foul weather, I stayed within; and so to my office and there all the morning reading some Common law, to which I will allot a little time now and then, for I much want it. At noon home to dinner; and then after some discourse with my wife, to the office again; and by and by Sir W. Pen came to me after sermon and walked with me in the garden, and then one comes to tell me that Anth. and Will Joyce were come to see me; so I in to them and made mighty much of them, and very pleasant we were. And most of their business I find to be to advise about getting some woman to attend my Brother Tom, whom they say is very ill and seems much to want one – to which I agreed, and desired them to get their wives to enquire out one. By and by they bid me good-night; but immediately as they were gone out of doors comes Mrs. Turner's boy with a note to me, to tell me that my brother Tom was so ill as they feared he could not long live and that it would be fit I should come and see him. So I sent for them back, and they came; and Will Joyce desiring to speak with me alone, I took him up and there he did plainly tell me, to my great astonishment, that my brother is deadly ill and that their chief business of coming was to tell me so; and which is worse, that his disease is the pox, which he hath heretofore got and hath not been cured, but is come to this; and that this is certain, though a secret told his father Fenner by the Doctor which he helped my brother to. This troubled me mightily; but however, I thought fit to go see him for speech of people's sake, and so walked along with them, and in our way called on my Uncle Fenner (where I have not been this 12 months and more) and advised with him; and then to my brother, who lies in bed talking idle. He could only say that he knew me and then fell to other discourse, and his face like a dying man – which Mrs. Turner, who was here, and others conclude he is. The company being gone, I took the mayde, which seems a very grave and serious woman, and in W. Joyces company did enquire how things are with her master. She told me many things very discreetly and said she had all his papers and books and key of his cutting-house. And showed me a bag which I and Wm: Joyce told, coming to 5*l* 14*s*. – which we left with her again. After giving her good counsel, and the boys, and seeing a nurse there of Mrs. Holden's choosing, I left them and so walked home, greatly troubled to think of my brother's condition