

tell him something of his condition and asked him whither he thought he should go. He in distracted manner answered me – “Why, whither should I go? there are but two ways. If I go to the bad way, I must give God thanks for it. And if I go the other way, I must give God the more thanks for it; and I hope I have not been so undutiful and unthankful in my life but I hope I shall go that way.” This was all the sense, good or bad, I could get of him this day.

I left my wife to see him laid out, and I by coach home, carrying my brother’s papers, all I could find, with me. And having wrote a letter to my father, telling him what hath been said, I returned by coach, it being very late and dark, to my brother’s. But all being gone, the Corps laid out and my wife at Mrs. Turners, I thither; and there, after an hour’s talk, we up to bed – my wife and I in the little blue chamber. And I lay close to my wife, being full of disorder and grief for my brother, that I could not sleep nor wake with satisfaction; at last I slept till 5 or 6 a-clock. And then I rose and up, leaving my wife in bed, and to my brother’s, where I set them on cleaning the house. And my wife coming anon to look after things, I up and down to my Cosen Stradwickes and uncle Fenners about discoursing for the funeral, which I am resolved to put off till Friday next. Thence home and trimmed myself; and then to the Change and told my uncle Wight of my brother’s death; and so by coach to my Cosen Turners and there dined very well. But my wife having those upon her today and in great pain, we were forced to rise in some disorder and in Mrs. Turners coach carried her home and put her to bed. Then back again with my Cosen Norton to Mrs. Turners and there stayed a while talking with Dr. Pepys, that puppy, whom I had no patience to hear. So I left them, and to my brother’s to look after things – and saw the Coffin brought; and by and by Mrs. Holden came and saw him nailed up. Then came W. Joyce to me half-drunk, and much ado I had to tell him the story of my brother’s being found clear of what was said, but he would interrupt me by some idle discourse or other, of his crying what a good man and a good speaker my brother was and God knows what. At last, weary of him, I got him away and I to Mrs. Turner’s; and there, though my heart is still heavy to think of my poor brother, yet I could give way to my fancy to hear Mrs. The[oph]. play upon the Harpsicon – though the Musique did not please me neither. Thence to my brother’s and found them with my maid Elizabeth, taking an Inventory of the goods of the house; which I was well pleased at, and am much beholding to Mr. Honywoods