

and preaching his funeral sermon, and did at last bid the Angells do their office, and died. It seems there is great presumption that there will be a Toleration granted; so that the presbyters do hold up their heads, but they will hardly trust the King or the Parliament where to yield to them – though most of the sober party be for some kind of allowance to be given them.

21. Up, and while at the office comes news from Kate Joyce that if I would see her hus[band] alive, I must come presently; so after the office was up, I to him, and W. Hewer with me, and find him in his sick bed (I never was at their house, this Inne, before), very sensible in discourse and thankful for my kindnesses to him; but his breath rattled in his throate and they did lay pigeons to his feet while I was in the house; and all despair of him, and with good reason. But the sorrow is that it seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet out of doors in the morning to Islington, and behind one of the Inns, the White Lion, did fling himself into a pond – was spied by a poor woman and got out by some people binding up Hay in a barn there, and set on his head and got to life; and known by a woman coming that way, and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the Devil; and doth declare his reason to be his trouble that he found in having forgot to serve God as he ought since he came to this new imployment; and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it, and so everybody concludes. He stayed there all that night, and came home by coach next morning; and there grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. I stayed a while among the friends that were there; and they being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself,¹ my cousin did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take [her] flagons; which I was glad of, and did take them away with me, in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead; but yet so fearful I was. So home and there eat my dinner, and busy all the afternoon, and troubled at this business. In the evening, with Sir D. Gawden to Guildhall to advise with the Towne Clerke about the practice of the City and nation in this case, and he thinks it cannot be found Selfe-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So we parted, and I to my cousin's

1. Until 1870 the property of suicides was forfeit to the Crown.