

all but the Eunuches, who was so much out that he was hissed off the stage. Home and wrote letters to my Lord to Sea; and so to bed.

6. Waked this morning with news, brought me by a messenger on purpose, that my Uncle Robert is dead – and died yesterday. So I rose, sorry in some respect; glad in my expectations in another respect. So I made myself ready. Went and told my Uncle Wight – my Lady – and some others thereof. And bought me a pair of boots in St. Martins and got myself ready; and then to the post-house and set out about 11 or 12 a-clock, taking the messenger with me that came to me; and so we rode and got well by 9 a-clock to Brampton, where I find my father well. My Uncles corps in a coffin, standing upon joynt-stooles in the chimny in the hall; but it begun to smell, and so I caused it to be set forth in the yard all night and wached by two men. My aunt I find in bedd in a most nasty ugly pickle, made me sick to see it. My father and I lay together tonight, I greedy to see the Will but did not aske to see it till tomorrow.

7. *Lords day.* In the morning my father and I walked in the garden and read the Will; where though he gives me nothing at present till my father's death, or at least very little, yet I am glad to see that he hath done so well for us all – and well to the rest of his kindred. After that done, we went about getting things, as ribbands and gloves, ready for the burial. Which in the afternoon was done; where it being Sonday, all people far and near came in and in the greatest disorder that ever I saw; we made shift to serve them what we had of wine and other things; and then to carry him to the church, where Mr. Taylor buried him and Mr. Turner preached a funerall Sermon – where he spoke not perticularly of him anything, but that he was one so well-known for his honesty, that it spoke for itself above all that he could say for it. And so made a very good sermon. Home with some of the company who supped there; and things being quiet, at night to bed.

8-13. I fell to work, and my father, to look over his papers and clothes. And continued all this week upon that business – much troubled with my aunts base ugly humours. We had new of Tom Trices¹ putting in a caveat against us in behalfe of his mother, to whom my Uncle hath not given anything, and for good reason

1. Stepson of Robert Pepys.