

and the trouble that would arise to me by his death or continuing sick. So at home, my mind troubled, to bed.

14. Up, and walked to my brother's, where I find he hath continued talking idle all night and now knows me not – which troubles me mightily. So I walked down and discoursed a great while alone with the mayde, who tells me many passages of her master's practices and how she concludes that he hath run behindhand a great while and owes money and hath been dunned by several people; among others, by one Cave, both husband and wife, but whether it was for money or something worse she knows not. But there is one Cranburne, I think she called him, in Fleete lane with whom he hath many times been mighty private, but what their dealings have been she knows not, but believes they were naught.* And then his sitting up two Saturday nights, one after another, when all were a-bed, doing something to himself; which she now suspects what it was but did not before. But tells me that he hath been a very bad husband as to spending his time, and hath often told him of it. So that upon the whole, I do find he is, whether he lives or dies, a ruined man. And what trouble will befall me by it, I know not. The Doctors give him over and so do all that see him. He talks no sense two words together now. And I confess it made me weep to see that he should not be able when I asked him, to say who I was. [My uncle Fenner] tells me his thoughts long of my brother's bad husbandry; and from that, to say that he believes he owes a great deal of money – as, to my Cozen Scott, I know not how much – and Dr. Tho. Pepys, 30*l*; but that the Doctor confesses that he is paid 20*l* of it. And what with that and what he owes my father and me, I doubt he is in a very sad condition; that if he lives, he will not be able to show his head – which will be a very great shame to me.

15–16. Up and to the office, where we sat all the morning; and at noon comes Madam Turner and her daughter The[oph]. – her chief errand to tell me that she had got Dr. Wiverly her Doctor to search my brother's mouth, where Mr. Powell says there is an Ulcer; from whence he concludes that he hath had the pox. But the Doctor swears there is not, nor ever was any. And my brother being very sensible, which I was glad to hear, he did talk with him about it; and he did wholly disclaim that ever he had that disease or that ever he said to Powell that he had it – all which did put me into great