

comfort as to that reproach which was spread against him. So I sent for a barrel of oysters and they dined, and we were very merry, I being willing to be so upon this news. After dinner we took coach and to my brother's; where, contrary to my expectation, he continues as bad or worse, talking idle and now not at all knowing any of us as before. Here we stayed a great while, I going up and down the house looking after things. In the evening Dr. Wiverley came again and I sent for Mr. Powell (the Doctor and I having first by ourselfs searched my brother again at his privities; where he was as clear as ever he was born, and in the Doctor's opinion had been ever so). And we three alone discoursed that business, where the Coxcomb did give us his simple reasons for what he had said; which the Doctor fully confuted and left the fellow, only saying that he should cease to report any such thing and that what he had said was the best of his judgment, from my brother's words and ulcer, as he supposed, in his mouth. I threatened him that I would have satisfaction if I heard any more such discourse. And so good night to them two, giving the Doctor a piece for his fee but the other nothing.

I to my brother again, where Madam Turner and her company, and Mrs. Croxton, my wife, and Mrs. Holding. About 8 a-clock my brother begun to fetch his spittle with more pain and to speak as much, but not so distinctly; till at last, the phlegm getting the maistry of him and he beginning as we thought to rattle, I had no mind to see him die, as we thought he presently would, and so withdrew and led Mrs. Turner home. But before I came back, which was in a quarter of an hour, my brother was dead. I went up and found the nurse holding his eyes shut; and he, poor wretch, lying with his chops fallen, a most sad sight and that which put me into a present very great transport of grief and cries. And endeed, it was a most sad sight to see the poor wretch lie now still and dead and pale like a stone. I stayed till he was almost cold, while Mrs. Croxton, Holden, and the rest did strip and lay him out — they observing his corps, as they told me afterwards, to be as clear as any they ever saw. And so this was the end of my poor brother, continuing talking idle and his lips working even to his last, that his phlegm hindered his breathing; and at last his breath broke out, bringing a flood of phlegm and stuff out with it, and so he died. This evening he talked among other talk a great deal of French, very plain and good; as among others — "*quand un homme boit quand il n'a poynt d'inclinacion a boire il ne luy fait jamais de bien.*" I once begun to