

5. *Lords day.* Up, and after being trimmed, by boate to the Cockepitt, where I heard the Duke of Albemarle's chaplain make a simple sermon. Among other things, reproaching the imperfection of humane learning, he cried – “All our physicians can't tell what an ague is, and all our Arithmetique is not able to number the days of a man” – which, God knows, is not the fault of arithmetique, but that our understandings reach not that thing. To dinner, where a great deal of silly discourse. But the worst is, I hear that the plague encreases much at Lambeth, St. Martins, and Westminster, and fear it will all over the City. Thence I to the Swan, there thinking to have seen Sarah, but she was at church; and so by water to Deptford, and there made a visit to Mr. Evelings, who, among other things, showed me most excellent painting in little – in distemper, Indian Incke – water colours – graveing; and above all, the whole secret of Mezzo Tinto and the manner of it, which is very pretty, and good things done with it. He read to me very much also of his discourse he hath been many years and now is about, about Guardenage; which will be a most noble and pleasant piece. He read me part of a play or two of his making, very good, but not as he conceits them, I think, to be. He showed me his *Hortus hyemalis*; leaves laid up in a book of several plants, kept dry, which preserve Colour however, and look very finely, better than any herball. In fine, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little for a little conceitedness; but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read me, though with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two very pretty Epigrams: among others, of a lady looking in at a grate and being pecked at by an Eagle that was there. Here comes in in the middle of our discourse, Capt. Cocke, as drunk as a dog, but could stand and talk and laugh. He did so joy himself in a brave woman that he had been with all the afternoon, and who should it be but my Lady Robinson. But very troublesome he is with his noise and talk and laughing, though very pleasant. With him in his coach to Mr. Glanvills, where he sat with Mrs. Penington and myself a good while, talking of this fine woman again, and then went away. Then the lady and I to very serious discourse; and among other things, of what a bonny lass my Lady Robinson is, who is reported to be kind to the prisoners, and hath said to Sir G. Smith, who is her great Chrony: “Look, there is a pretty man; I could be contented to break a commandment with him” – and such loose