

and out-goes any horse, and so easy he says. So for Curiosity I went into it to try it; and up the hill to the Heath and over the Cartrutts went to try it, and found it pretty well, but not so easy as he pretends; and so back again and took leave of my Lord and drove myself in the chariot to the office – and there ended my letters; and home pretty betimes, and there find W. Pen, and he stayed supper with us, and mighty merry talking of his Travells and the French humours, &c; and so parted and to bed.

6. Busy all the morning writing letters to several. So to dinner – to London to pack up more things thence; and there I looked into the street and saw Fires burning in the street, as it is through the whole City by the Lord Mayors order. Thence by water to the Duke of Albemarle. All the way fires on each side the Thames; and strange to see in broad daylight two or three Burialls upon the Bankside, one at the very heels of another – doubtless all of the plague – and yet at least 40 or 50 people going along with every one of them.

7. Up by 5 of the clock, mighty full of fear of an Ague, but was obliged to go; and so by water, wrapping myself up warm, to the Tower; and there sent for the Weekly Bill and find 8252 dead in all, and of them, 6978 of the plague – which is a most dreadfull Number – and shows reason to fear that the plague hath got that hold that it will yet continue among us. Thence to Brainford, reading *The Villaine* (a pretty good play) all the way. There a coach of Mr. Povy's stood ready for me, and he at his house ready to come in; and so we together merrily to Swakely, Sir R. Viner's – a very pleasant place, bought by him of Sir James Harringtons lady. He took us up and down with great respect and showed us all his house and grounds; and is a place not very moderne in the gardens nor house, but the most uniforme in all that ever I saw – and some things to excess. Pretty to see over the Screene of the Hall (put up by Sir J. Harrington, a Long Parliament-man) the King's head, and my Lord of Essex on one side and Fairfax on the other – and upon the other side of the Screene, the parson of the parish and the lord of the manor and his sisters. The window-cases, door-cases, and Chimneys of all the house are Marble. He showed me a black boy that he had that died of a consumption; and being dead, he caused him to be dried in a Oven, and lies there entire in a box. By and by to dinner, where his lady I find yet handsome, but hath been a very handsome woman – now is old – hath brought him near 100000*l*. And now he