

He tells me for certain, that offers had been made to the old man<sup>1</sup> of marriage between the King and his daughter, to have obliged him; but he would not. He thinks (with me) that it never was in his power to bring in the King with the consent of any of his officers about him. And that he scorned to bring him in as Monke did, to secure himself and deliver everybody else. When I told him of what I found writ in a French book of one Monsieur Sorbiere, that gives an account of his observations here in England – among other things, he says that it is reported that Cromwell did in his life-time transpose many of the bodies of the kings of England from one grave to another, and that by that means it is not known certainly whether the head that is now set up upon a post be that of Cromwell or of one of the kings – Mr. White tells me that he believes he never had so poor a low thought in him to trouble himself about. He says the hand of God is much to be seen; that all his children are in good condition enough as to estate, and that their relations that betrayed their family are all now either hanged or very miserable.

14. Up by break of day and got to Brampton by 3 [*sic.*] a-clock – where my father and mother overjoyed to see me – my mother ready to weep every time she looked upon me. After dinner my father and I to the Court and there did all our business to my mind, as I have set down in a paper perticularly expressing our proceedings at this Court. So home, where W. Joyce full of talk and pleased with his journey. And after supper, I to bed and left my father, mother and him laughing.

15. My father and I up and walked alone to Hinchbrook; and among the other late chargeable works that my Lord hath done there, we saw his waterworks and the *Ora*, which is very fine – and so is the house all over. But I am sorry to think of the money at this time spent therein. Back to my father's (Mr. Sheply being out of town) and there breakfasted, after making an end with Barton about his businesses. And then my mother called me into the garden and there, but all to no purpose, desiring me to be friends with John; but I told her I cannot, nor ended easily shall; which afflicted the poor woman, but I cannot help it. Then taking leave, W. Joyce and I set out, calling T. Trice at Bugden; and thence got by night to Stevenage and there mighty merry, though I in bed more

1. Oliver Cromwell.