

towards Poland, but is denied; and thereupon, that he is gone into the country: how true this is, I dare not believe till I hear more.<sup>1</sup> From them I walked into the park, it being a fine but very cold day, and there took two or three turns the length of the Pell Mell. And there I met Serjeant Barcroft, who was sent for the Duke of Buckingham to have brought him prisoner to the Towre. He came to town this day; and brings word that being overtaken and outridd by the Duchess of Buckingham, within a few miles of the Duke's house of Westthorp he believes, she got thither about a quarter of an hour before him and so had time to consider – so that when he came, the doors were kept shut against him. The next day, coming with officers of the neighbour market-town to force open the doors, they were open for him, but the Duke of Buckingham gone; so he took horse presently, and heard upon the road that the Duke of Buckingham was gone before him for London; so that he believes he is this day also come to town before him – but no news is yet heard of him. This is all he brings. Thence to my Lord Chancellor; and there meeting Sir H. Cholmly, he and I walked in my Lord's garden and talked, among other things, of the treaty; and he says there will certainly be a peace, but I cannot believe it. He tells me that the Duke of Buckingham his crimes, as far as he knows, is his being of a Caball with some discontented persons of the late House of Commons, and opposing the desires of the King in all his matters in the House – and endeavouring to become popular – and advising how the Commons' House should proceed, and how he would order the House of Lords – and that he hath been endeavouring to have the King's nativity calculated; which was done, and the fellow now in the Tower about it – which itself hath heretofore, as he says, been held treason, and people died for it – but by the Statute of Treasons, in Queen Mary's times and since, it hath been left out. He tells me that this silly Lord hath provoked, by his ill-carriage, the Duke of York, my lord Chancellor, and all the great persons, and therefore most likely will die. He tells me too, many practices of treachery against this King; as betraying him in Scotland and giving Oliver an account of the King's private councils; which the King knows very well and yet hath pardoned him. Here I passed away a little time more, talking with him and Creed, whom I met there; and so away, Creed walking with me to Whitehall; and there I took water, and staying at Michells to drink, I

1. It was untrue.