

Military Memoirs of Capt. George Carleton eBook

Military Memoirs of Capt. George Carleton by Daniel Defoe

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Page 1

OF

Capt. *George Carleton*

*From the
Dutch War, 1672.
In which he Serv'd, to the*

*Conclusion of the Peace at
Utrecht, 1713.*

Illustrating

Some of the most Remarkable *transactions*, both by Sea and Land, during the Reigns of King *Charles* and King *James II.* hitherto unobserved by all the Writers of those times.

Together with

An exact Series of the War in *Spain*; and a particular Description of the several Places of the Author's Residence in many Cities, Towns, and Countries; their Customs, Manners, _&c_. Also Observations on the Genius of the *Spaniards* (among whom he continued some Years a Prisoner) their Monasteries and Nunneries (especially that fine one at *Montserat*) and on their publick Diversions; more particularly their famous *Bull-feasts*.

LONDON, Printed for E. *Symon*, over against the Royal Exchange, *Cornhill*,
MDCCXXVIII.

* * * * *

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

Spencer Lord Wilmington,

Knight of the Bath, and one of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

'Twas my fortune, my Lord, in my juvenile Years, *Musas cum Marte commutare*, and truly I have Reason to blush, when I consider the small Advantage I have reap'd from that Change. But lest it should be imputed to my Want of Merit, I have wrote these Memoirs, and leave the World to judge of my Deserts. They are not set forth by any fictitious Stories, nor imbelished with rhetorical Flourishes; plain Truth is certainly most

becoming the Character of an old Soldier. Yet let them be never so meritorious, if not protected by some noble Patron, some Persons may think them to be of no Value.

To you therefore, my Lord, I present them; to you, who have so eminently distinguished your self, and whose Wisdom has been so conspicuous to the late Representatives of *Great Britain*, that each revolving Age will speak in your Praise; and if you vouchsafe to be the *Mecoenas* of these Memoirs, your Name will give them sufficient Sanction.

An old Soldier I may truly call my self, and my Family allows me the Title of a Gentleman; yet I have seen many Favourites of Fortune, without being able to discern why they should be so happy, and my self so unfortunate; but let not that discourage your Lordship from receiving these my Memoirs into your Patronage; for the Unhappy cannot expect Favour but from those who are endued with generous Souls.

Give me Leave, my Lord, to congratulate this good Fortune, that neither Whig nor Tory (in this complaining Age) have found fault with your Conduct. Your Family has produced Heroes, in defence of injured Kings; and you, when 'twas necessary, have as nobly adher'd to the Cause of Liberty.

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My LORD,
Your Lordship's
Most obedient
And most devoted
Humble Servant,
G. CARLETON.

TO THE READER

The Author of these Memoirs began early to distinguish himself in martial Affairs, otherwise he could not have seen such Variety of Actions both by Sea and Land. After the last Dutch War he went into Flanders, where he not only serv'd under the Command of his Highness the Prince of Orange, whilst he was Generalissimo of the Dutch Forces, but likewise all the time he reign'd King of Great Britain. Most of the considerable Passages and Events, which happened during that time, are contained in the former Part of this Book.

In the Year 1705, the Regiment in which he serv'd as Captain was order'd to embark for the West Indies; and he, having no Inclination to go thither, chang'd with an half-pay Captain; and being recommended to the Earl of Peterborow by the late Lord Cutts, went with him upon that noble Expedition into Spain.

When the Forces under his Lordship's Command were landed near Barcelona, the Siege of that Place was thought by several impracticable, not only for want of experienc'd Engineers, but that the Besieged were as numerous as the Besiegers; yet the Courage of that brave Earl surmounted those Difficulties, and the Siege was resolv'd upon.

Our Author having obtain'd, by his long Service, some Knowledge of the practick Part of an Engineer, and seeing at that critical Time the great Want of such, readily acted as one, which gave him the greater Opportunity of being an Eye-Witness of his Lordship's Actions; and consequently made him capable of setting them forth in these his Memoirs.

It may not be perhaps improper to mention that the Author of these Memoirs was born at Ewelme in Oxfordshire, descended from an ancient and an honourable Family. The Lord Dudley Carleton, who died Secretary of State to King Charles I. was his Great Uncle; and in the same Reign his Father was Envoy at the Court of Madrid, whilst his Uncle, Sir Dudley Carleton, was Ambassador to the States of Holland, Men in those Days respected both for their Abilities and Loyalty.

MEMOIRS

OF AN

English Officer, &c.

In the year one Thousand six Hundred seventy two, War being proclaimed with *Holland*, it was looked upon among Nobility and Gentry, as a Blemish, not to attend the Duke of *York* aboard the Fleet, who was then declared Admiral. With many others, I, at that Time about twenty Years of Age, enter'd my self a Voluntier on board the *London*, commanded by Sir *Edward Sprage*, Vice-Admiral of the *Red*.

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The Fleet set Sail from the *Buoy of the Nore* about the beginning of *May*, in order to join the *French* Fleet, then at Anchor in *St. Hellen's Road*, under the Command of the *Count de Estree*. But in executing this Design we had a very narrow Escape: For *De Ruyter*, the Admiral of the *Dutch* Fleet, having Notice of our Intentions, waited to have intercepted us at the Mouth of the River, but by the Assistance of a great Fog we pass'd *Dover* before he was aware of it; and thus he miscarried, with the poor Advantage of taking only one small Tender.

A Day or two after the joining of the *English* and *French*, we sailed directly towards the *Dutch* Coast, where we soon got sight of their Fleet; a Sand called the *Galloper* lying between. The *Dutch* seem'd willing there to expect an Attack from us: But in regard the *Charles* Man of War had been lost on those Sands the War before; and that our Ships drawing more Water than those of the Enemy, an Engagement might be render'd very disadvantageous; it was resolv'd in a Council of War to avoid coming to a Battle for the present, and to sail direftly for *Solebay*, which was accordingly put in Execution.

We had not been in *Solebay* above four or five Days, when *De Ruyter*, hearing of it, made his Signal for sailing in order to surprize us; and he had certainly had his Aim, had there been any Breeze of Wind to favour him. But though they made use of all their Sails, there was so little Air stirring, that we could see their Fleet making towards us long before they came up; notwithstanding which, our Admirals found difficulty enough to form their Ships into a Line of Battle, so as to be ready to receive the Enemy.

It was about Four in the Morning of the 28th of *May*, being *Tuesday* in *Whitson Week*, when we first made the Discovery; and about Eight the same Morning the Blue Squadron, under the Command of the Earl of *Sandwich*, began to engage with Admiral *Van Ghent*, who commanded the *Amsterdam* Squadron; and about Nine the whole Fleets were under a general Engagement. The Fight lasted till Ten at Night, and with equal Fury on all Sides, the *French* excepted, who appeared stationed there rather as Spectators than Parties; and as unwilling to be too much upon the Offensive, for fear of offending themselves.

During the Fight the *English* Admiral had two Ships disabled under him; and was obliged about Four in the Afternoon to remove himself a third Time into the *London*, where he remain'd all the rest of the Fight, and till next Morning. Nevertheless, on his Entrance upon the *London*, which was the Ship I was in, and on our Hoisting the Standard, *De Ruyter* and his Squadron seem'd to double their Fire upon her, as if they resolv'd to blow her out of the Water. Notwithstanding all which, the Duke of *York* remain'd

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all the time upon Quarter Deck, and as the Bullets plentifully whizz'd around him, would often rub his Hands, and cry, *Sprage, Sprage, they follow us still*. I am very sensible later Times have not been over favourable in their Sentiments of that unfortunate Prince's Valour, yet I cannot omit the doing a Piece of Justice to his Memory, in relating a Matter of Fact, of which my own Eyes were Witnesses, and saying, That if Intrepidity, and Undauntedness, may be reckon'd any Parts of Courage, no Man in the Fleet better deserv'd the Title of Courageous, or behav'd himself with more Gallantry than he did.

The *English* lost the *Royal James*, commanded by the Earl of *Sandwich*, which about Twelve (after the strenuous Endeavours of her Sailors to disengage her from two *Dutch* Fire Ships plac'd on her, one athwart her Hawsers, the other on her Star-board Side) took Fire, blew up, and perish'd; and with her a great many brave Gentlemen, as well as Sailors; and amongst the rest the Earl himself, concerning whom I shall further add, that in my Passage from *Harwich* to the *Brill*, a Year or two after, the Master of the *Pacquet* Boat told me, That having observ'd a great Flock of Gulls hovering in one particular Part of the Sea, he order'd his Boat to make up to it; when discovering a Corpse, the Sailors would have return'd it to the Sea, as the Corpse of a *Dutch Man*; but keeping it in his Boat, it proved to be that of the Earl of *Sandwich*. There was found about him between twenty and thirty Guineas, some Silver, and his Gold Watch; restoring which to his Lady, she kept the Watch, but rewarded their Honesty with all the Gold and Silver.

This was the only Ship the *English* lost in this long Engagement. For although the *Katherine* was taken, and her Commander, Sir *John Chicheley*, made Prisoner, her Sailors soon after finding the Opportunity they had watch'd for, seiz'd all the *Dutch* Sailors, who had been put in upon them, and brought the Ship back to our own Fleet, together with all the *Dutch Men* Prisoners; for which, as they deserv'd, they were well rewarded. This is the same Ship which the Earl of *Mulgrave* (afterwards Duke of *Buckingham*) commanded the next Sea Fight, and has caus'd to be painted in his House in *St. James's Park*.

I must not omit one very remarkable Occurrence which happened in this Ship, There was a Gentleman aboard her, a Voluntier, of a very fine Estate, generally known by the Name of *Hodge Vaughan*. This Person receiv'd, in the beginning of the Fight, a considerable Wound, which the great Confusion, during the Battle, would not give them leave to inquire into; so he was carried out of the Way, and disposed of in the Hold. They had some Hogs aboard, which the Sailor, under whose Care they were, had neglected to feed; these Hogs, hungry as they were, found out, and fell upon the wounded Person, and between dead and alive eat him up to his very Scull, which, after the Fight was over, and the Ship retaken, as before, was all that could be found of him.

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Another Thing, less to be accounted for, happen'd to a Gentleman Voluntier who was aboard the same Ship with my self. He was of known personal Courage, in the vulgar Notion of it, his Sword never having fail'd him in many private Duels. But notwithstanding all his Land-mettle, it was observ'd of him at Sea, that when ever the Bullets whizz'd over his Head, or any way incommoded his Ears, he immediately quitted the Deck, and ran down into the Hold. At first he was gently reproach'd; but after many Repetitions he was laugh'd at, and began to be despis'd; sensible of which, as a Testimonial of his Valour, he made it his Request to be ty'd to the Main Mast. But had it been granted him, I cannot see any Title he could have pleaded from hence, to true Magnanimity; since to be ty'd from running away can import nothing less, than that he would have still continued these Signs of Cowardice, if he had not been prevented. There is a Bravery of Mind which I fancy few of those Gentlemen Duellists are possess'd of. True Courage cannot proceed from what Sir *Walter Raleigh* finely calls *the Art or Philosophy of Quarrel*. No! It must be the Issue of Principle, and can have no other Basis than a steady Tenet of Religion. This will appear more plain, if those Artists in Murder will give themselves leave coolly to consider, and answer me this Question, Why he that had ran so many Risques at his Sword's Point, should be so shamefully intimidated at the Whiz of a Cannon Ball?

The Names of those English Gentlemen who lost their Lives, as I remember, in this Engagement.

Commissioner Cox, Captain of the *Royal Prince*, under the Command of the Admiral; and Mr. *Travianian*, Gentleman to the Duke of York; Mr. *Digby*, Captain of the *Henry*, second Son to the Earl of *Bristol*; Sir *Fletchvile Hollis*, Captain of the *Cambridge*, who lost one of his Arms in the War before, and his Life in this; Captain *Saddleton*, of the *Dartmouth*; the Lord *Maidstone*, Son to the Earl of *Winchelsea*, a Voluntier on board the *Charles*, commanded by Sir *John Harman*, Vice-Admiral of the Red.

Sir *Philip Carteret*, Mr. *Herbert*, Mr. *Cotterel*, Mr. *Peyton*, Mr. *Gose*, with several other Gentlemen unknown to me, lost their Lives with the Earl of *Sandwich*, on board the *Royal James*; Mr. *Vaughan*, on board the *Katherine*, commanded by Sir *John Chicheley*.

In this Engagement, Sir *George Rook* was youngest Lieutenant to Sir *Edward Sprage*; Mr. *Russel*, afterwards Earl of *Orford*, was Captain of a small Fifth Rate, called the *Phnix*; Mr. *Herbert*, afterwards Earl of *Torrington*, was Captain of a small Fourth Rate, called the *Monck*; Sir *Harry Dutton Colt*, who was on board the *Victory*, commanded by the Earl of *Offery*, is the only Man now living that I can remember was in this Engagement.

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But to proceed, the *Dutch* had one Man of War sunk, though so near the Shore, that I saw some part of her Main Mast remain above Water, with their Admiral *Van Ghent*, who was slain in the close Engagement with the Earl of *Sandwich*. This Engagement lasted fourteen Hours, and was look'd upon the greatest that ever was fought between the *English* and the *Hollander*.

I cannot here omit one Thing, which to some may seem trifling; though I am apt to think our Naturalists may have a different Opinion of it, and find it afford their Fancies no undiverting Employment in more curious, and less perilous Reflections. We had on board the *London* where, as I have said, I was a Voluntier, a great Number of Pidgeons, of which our Commander was very fond. These, on the first firing of our Cannon, dispers'd, and flew away, and were seen no where near us during the Fight. The next Day it blew a brisk Gale, and drove our Fleet some Leagues to the Southward of the Place where they forsook our Ship, yet the Day after they all returned safe aboard; not in one Flock, but in small Parties of four or five at a Time. Some Persons at that Time aboard the Ship admiring at the Manner of their Return, and speaking of it with some Surprise, Sir *Edward Sprage* told them, That he brought those Pidgeons with him from the *Streights*; and that when, pursuant to his Order, he left the *Revenge* Man of War, to go aboard the *London*, all those Pidgeons, of their own accord, and without the Trouble or Care of carrying, left the *Revenge* likewise, and removed with the Sailors on board the *London*, where I saw them; All which many of the Sailors afterwards confirm'd to me. What Sort of Instinct this could proceed from, I leave to the Curious.

Soon after this Sea Engagement I left the Fleet. And the Parliament, the Winter following, manifesting their Resentments against two of the Plenipotentiaries, viz. *Buckingham* and *Arlington*, who had been sent over into *Holland*; and expressing, withal, their great Umbrage taken at the prodigious Progress of the *French* Arms in the *United Provinces*; and warmly remonstrating the inevitable Danger attending *England* in their Ruin. King *Charles* from all this, and for want of the expected Supplies, found himself under a Necessity of clapping up a speedy Peace with *Holland*.

This Peace leaving those youthful Spirits, that had by the late Naval War been rais'd into a generous Ferment, under a perfect Inactivity at Home; they found themselves, to avoid a Sort of Life that was their Aversion, oblig'd to look out for one more active, and more suitable to their vigorous Tempers Abroad.

I must acknowledge my self one of that Number; and therefore in the Year 1674,¹ resolv'd to go into *Flanders*, in order to serve as Voluntier in the Army commanded by his Highness the Prince of *Orange*. I took my Passage accordingly at *Dover* for *Calais*, and so went by way of *Dunkirk* for *Brussels*.

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Arriving at which Place, I was inform'd that the Army of the Confederates lay encamp'd not far from *Nivelle*; and under the daily Expectation of an Engagement with the Enemy. This News made me press forward to the Service; for which Purpose I carry'd along with me proper Letters of Recommendation to Sir *Walter Vane*, who was at that time a Major-General. Upon further Enquiry I understood, that a Party of Horse, which was to guard some Waggon's that were going to Count *Monterey's* Army, were to set out next Morning; so I got an *Irish* Priest to introduce me to the Commanding Officer, which he readily oblig'd me in; and they, as I wish'd them, arriv'd in the Camp next day.

I had scarce been there an Hour, when happen'd one of the most extraordinary Accidents in Life. I observ'd in the East a strange dusty colour'd Cloud, of a pretty large Extent, riding, not before the Wind (for it was a perfect Calm) with such a precipitate Motion, that it was got over our Heads almost as soon as seen. When the Skirts of that Cloud began to cover our Camp, there suddenly arose such a terrible Hurricaine, or Whirlwind, that all the Tents were carry'd aloft with great Violence into the Air; and Soldiers' Hats flew so high and thick, that my Fancy can resemble it to nothing better than those Flights of Rooks, which at Dusk of Evening, leaving the Fields, seek their roosting Places. Trees were torn up by the very Roots; and the Roofs of all the Barns, _&c._ belonging to the Prince's Quarters, were blown quite away. This lasted for about half an Hour, until the Cloud was wholly past over us, when as suddenly ensued the same pacifik Calm as before the Cloud's Approach. Its Course was seemingly directly West; and yet we were soon after inform'd, that the fine Dome of the great Church at *Utrecht* had greatly suffer'd by it the same Day. And, if I am not must mistaken, Sir *William Temple*, in his Memoirs, mentions somewhat of it, which he felt at *Lillo*, on his Return from the Prince of *Orange's* Camp, where he had been a Day or two before.

As soon after this, as I could get an Opportunity, I deliver'd, at his Quarters, my recommendatory Letters to Sir *Walter Vane*; who receiv'd me very kindly, telling me at the same time, that there were six or seven *English* Gentlemen, who had enter'd themselves Volunteers in the Prince's own Company of Guards: And added, that he would immediately recommend me to Count *Solmes*, their Colonel. He was not worse than his Word, and I was enter'd accordingly. Those six Gentlemen were as follows, — *Clavers*, who since was better known by the Title of Lord *Dundee*; Mr. *Collier*, now Lord *Portmore*; Mr. *Rooke*, since Major-General; Mr. *Hales*, who lately died, and was for a long time Governor of *Chelsea-Hospital*; Mr. *Venner*, Son of that *Venner* remarkable for his being one of the Fifth-Monarchy Men; and Mr. *Boyce*. The four first rose to be very eminent; but Fortune is not to all alike favourable.

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In about a Week's Time after, it was resolv'd in a Council of War, to march towards *Binch*, a small wall'd Town, about four Leagues from *Nivelle*; the better to cut off the Provisions from coming to the Prince of *Conde*'s Camp that Way.

Accordingly, on the first Day of *August*, being *Saturday*, we began our March; and the *English* Voluntiers had the Favour of a Baggage Waggon appointed them. Count *Souches*, the Imperial General, with the Troops of that Nation, led the Van; the main Body was compos'd of *Dutch*, under the Prince of *Orange*. as Generalissimo; and the *Spaniards*, under Prince *Vaudemont*, with some Detachments, made the Rear Guard.

As we were upon our March, I being among those Detachments which made up the Rear Guard, observ'd a great Party of the Enemy's Horse upon an Ascent, which, I then imagin'd, as it after prov'd, to be the Prince of *Conde* taking a View of our Forces under March. There were many Defiles, which our Army must necessarily pass; through which that Prince politickly enough permitted the *Imperial* and *Dutch* Forces to pass unmolested. But when Prince *Vaudemont*, with the *Spaniards*, and our Detachments, thought to have done the like, the Prince of *Conde* fell on our Rear Guard; and, after a long and sharp Dispute, entirely routed 'em; the Marquiss of *Assentar*, a *Spanish* Lieutenant-General, dying upon the spot.

Had the Prince of *Conde* contented himself with this Share of good Fortune, his Victory had been uncontested: But being pushed forward by a vehement Heat of Temper (which he was noted for) and flush'd with this extraordinary Success, he resolv'd to force the whole Confederate Army to a Battle. In order to which, he immediately led his Forces between our Second Line, and our Line of Baggage; by which means the latter were entirely cut off; and were subjected to the Will of the Enemy, who fell directly to plunder; in which they were not a little assisted by the routed *Spaniards* themselves, who did not disdain at that time to share with the Enemy in the plundering of their Friends and Allies.

The *English* Voluntiers had their Share of this ill Fortune with the rest; their Waggon appointed them being among those intercepted by the Enemy; and I, for my Part, lost every Thing but Life, which yet was saved almost as unaccountably as my Fellow-Soldiers had lost theirs. The Baggage, as I have said, being cut off, and at the Mercy of the Enemy, every one endeavour'd to escape through, or over the Hedges. And as in all Cases of like Confusion, one endeavours to save himself upon the Ruins of others: So here, he that found himself stopt by another in getting over the Cap of a Hedge, pull'd him back to make way for himself, and perhaps met with the same Fortune from a Third, to the Destruction of all. I was then in the Vigour of my Youth, and none of

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the least active, and perceiving how it had far'd with some before me, I clapt my left Leg upon the Shoulders of one who was thus contending with another, and with a Spring threw my self over both their Heads and the Hedge at the same time. By this Means I not only sav'd my Life (for they were all cut to Pieces that could not get over) but from an Eminence, which I soon after attain'd, I had an Opportunity of seeing, and making my Observations upon the remaining Part of that glorious Conflict.

It was from that advantageous Situation, that I presently discover'd that the Imperialists, who led the Van, had now join'd the main Body. And, I confess, it was with an almost inexpressible Pleasure, that I beheld, about three a-Clock, with what intrepid Fury they fell upon the Enemy. In short, both Armies were universally engag'd, and with great Obstinacy disputed the Victory till Eleven at Night. At which Time the *French*, being pretty well surfeited, made their Retreat. Nevertheless, to secure it by a Stratagem, they left their lighted Matches hanging in the Hedges, and waving with the Air, to conceal it from the Confederate Army.

About two Hours after, the Confederate Forces follow'd the Example of their Enemies, and drew off. And tho' neither Army had much Reason to boast; yet as the Prince of *Orange* remained last in the Field; and die *French* had lost what they before had gain'd, the Glory of the Day fell to the Prince of *Orange*; who, altho' but twenty-four Years of Age, had the Suffrage of Friend and Foe, of having play'd the Part of an old and experienc'd Officer.

There were left that Day on the Field of Battle, by a general Computation, not less than eighteen Thousand Men on both Sides, over and above those, who died of their Wounds: The Loss being pretty equal, only the *French* carried off most Prisoners. Prince *Waldeck* was shot through the Arm, which I was near enough to be an Eye-witness of; And my much lamented Friend, Sir *Walter Vane*, was carried off dead. A Wound in the Arm was all the Mark of Honour, that I as yet could boast of, though our Cannon in the Defiles had slain many near me.

The Prince of *Conde* (as we were next Day inform'd) lay all that Night under a Hedge, wrapp'd in his Cloke: And either from the Mortification of being disappointed in his Hopes of Victory; or from a Reflection of the Disservice, which is own natural over Heat of Temper had drawn upon him, was almost inconsolable many Days after. And thus ended the famous Battle of *Seneff*.

But though common Vogue has given it the Name of a Battle, in my weak Opinion, it might rather deserve that of a confus'd Skirmish; all Things having been forcibly carried on without Regularity, or even Design enough to allow it any higher Denomination: For, as I have said before, notwithstanding I was advantagiously stationed for Observation, I found it very often impossible to distinguish one Party from

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another. And this was more remarkably evident on the Part of the Prince of *Orange*, whose Valour and Vigour having led him into the Middle of the Enemy, and being then sensible of his Error, by a peculiar Presence of Mind, gave the Word of Command in *French*, which he spoke perfectly well. But the *French* Soldiers, who took him for one of their own Generals, making Answer, that their Powder was all spent, it afforded Matter of Instruction to him to persist in his Attack; at the same Time, that it gave him a Lesson of Caution, to withdraw himself, as soon as he could, to his own Troops.

However, the Day after the Prince of *Orange* thought proper to march to *Quarignan*, a Village within a League of *Mons*; where he remain'd some Days, till he could be supply'd from *Brussels* with those Necessaries which his Army stood in need of.

From thence we march'd to *Valenciennes*, where we again encamp'd, till we could receive Things proper for a Siege. Upon the Arrival whereof, the Prince gave Orders to decamp, and march'd his Army with a Design to besiege *Aeth*. But having Intelligence on our March, that the Mareschal *De Humiers* had reinforc'd that Garrison, we march'd directly to *Oudenard*, and immediately invested it.

This Siege was carried on with such Application and Success, that the Besiegers were in a few Days ready for a Storm; but the Prince of *Conde* prevented them, by coming up to its Relief. Upon which the Prince of *Orange*, pursuant to the Resolution of a Council of War the Night before, drew off his Forces in order to give him Battle; and to that purpose, after the laborious Work of filling up our Lines of Contravallation, that the Horse might pass more freely, we lay upon our Arms all Night. Next Morning we expected the Imperial General, Count *Souches*, to join us; but instead of that, he sent back some very frivolous Excuses, of the Inconveniency of the Ground for a Battle; and after that, instead of joining the Prince, marched off quite another way; the Prince of *Orange*, with the *Dutch* and *Spanish* Troops, marched directly for *Ghent*; exclaiming publicly against the Chicanery of *Souches*, and openly declaring, That he had been advertis'd of a Conference between a *French* Capuchin and that General, the Night before. Certain it is, that that General lay under the Displeasure of his Master, the Emperor, for that Piece of Management; and the Count *de Sporck* was immediately appointed General in his Place.

The Prince of *Orange* was hereupon leaving the Army in great Disgust, till prevail'd upon by the Count *de Monterey*, for the general Safety, to recede from that Resolution. However, seeing no likelihood of any Thing further to be done, while *Souches* was in Command, he resolv'd upon a Post of more Action, though more dangerous; wherefore ordering ten Thousand Men to march before, he himself soon after follow'd to the Siege of *Grave*.

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The *Grave*, a strong Place, and of the first Moment to the *Hollanders*, had been block'd up by the *Dutch* Forces all the Summer; the Prince of *Orange* therefore leaving the main Army under Prince *Waldeck* at *Ghent*, follow'd the Detachment he had made for the Siege of that important Place, resolving to purchase it at any Rate. On his Arrival before it, Things began to find new Motion; and as they were carried on with the utmost Application and Fury, the Besieged found themselves, in a little Time, oblig'd to change their haughty Summer Note for one more suitable to the Season.

The Prince, from his first coming, having kept those within hotly ply'd with Ball, both from Cannon and Mortars, Monsieur *Chamilly*, the Governor, after a few Days, being weary of such warm Work, desired to capitulate; upon which Hostages were exchanged, and Articles agreed on next Morning. Pursuant to which, the Garrison march'd out with Drums beating and Colours flying, two Days after, and were conducted to *Charleroy*.

By the taking this Place, which made the Prince of *Orange* the more earnest upon it, the *French* were wholly expell'd their last Year's astonishing Conquests in *Holland*. And yet there was another Consideration, that render'd the Surrender of it much more considerable. For the *French* being sensible of the great Strength of this Place, had there deposited all their Cannon and Ammunition, taken from their other Conquests in *Holland*, which they never were able to remove or carry off, with tolerable Prospect of Safety, after that Prince's Army first took the Field.

The Enemy being march'd out, the Prince enter'd the Town, and immediately order'd public Thanksgivings for its happy Reduction. Then having appointed a Governor, and left a sufficient Garrison, he put an End to that Campaign, and return'd to the *Hague*, where he had not been long before he fell ill of the Small Pox. The Consternation this threw the whole Country into, is not to be express'd; Any one that had seen it would have thought, that the *French* had made another Inundation greater than the former. But when the Danger was over, their Joy and Satisfaction, for his Recovery, was equally beyond Expression.

The Year 1675 yielded very little remarkable in our Army. *Limburgh* was besieged by the *French*, under the Command of the Duke of *Enguien*, which the Prince of *Orange* having Intelligence of, immediately decamp'd from his fine Camp at *Bethlem*, near *Louvain*, in order to raise the Siege. But as we were on a full March for that purpose, and had already reach'd *Ruremond*, Word was brought, that the Place had surrender'd the Day before. Upon which Advice, the Prince, after a short Halt, made his little Army (for it consisted not of more than thirty Thousand Men) march back to *Brabant*. Nothing of moment, after this, occur'd all that Campaign.

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In the Year 1676, the Prince of *Orange* having, in concert with the *Spaniards*, resolv'd upon the important Siege of *Maestrich* (the only Town in the *Dutch* Provinces, then remaining in the Hands of the *French*) it was accordingly invested about the middle of *June*, with an Army of twenty Thousand Men, under the Command of his Highness Prince *Waldeck*, with the grand Army covering the Siege. It was some Time before the heavy Cannon, which we expected up the *Maes*, from *Holland*, arrived; which gave Occasion to a Piece of Raillery of Monsieur *Calvo*, the Governor, which was as handsomely repartec'd. That Governor, by a Messenger, intimating his Sorrow to find, we had pawn'd our Cannon for Ammunition Bread. Answer was made, That in a few Days we hoped to give him a Taste of the Loaves, which he should find would be sent him into the Town in extraordinary plenty. I remember another Piece of Raillery, which pass'd some Days after between the *Rhingrave* and the same *Calvo*. The former sending Word, that he hoped within three Weeks to salute that Governor's Mistress within the Place. *Calvo* reply'd, He'd give him leave to kiss her all over, if he kiss'd her any where in three Months.

But our long expected Artillery being at last arriv'd, all this Jest and Merriment was soon converted into earnest. Our Trenches were immediately open'd towards the *Dauphin* Bastion, against which were planted many Cannon, in order to make a Breach; my self as a Probationer being twice put upon the forlorn Hope to facilitate that difficult Piece of Service. Nor was it long before such a Breach was effected, as was esteem'd practicable, and therefore very soon after it was ordered to be attack'd.

The Disposition for the Attack was thus ordered; two Serjeants with twenty Grenadiers, a Captain with fifty Men, my self one of the Number; then a Party carrying Wool Sacks, and after them two Captains with one Hundred Men more; the Soldiers in the Trenches to be ready to sustain them, as Occasion should require.

The Signal being given, we left our Trenches accordingly, having about one Hundred Yards to run, before we could reach the Breach, which we mounted with some Difficulty and Loss; all our Batteries firing at the same instant to keep our Action in countenance, and favour our Design. When we were in Possession of the Bastion, the Enemy fir'd most furiously upon us with their small Cannon through a thin brick Wall, by which, and their hand Grenadoes, we lost more Men than we did in the Attack it self.

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But well had it been had our ill Fortune stopp'd there; for as if Disaster must needs be the Concomitant of Success, we soon lost what we had thus gotten, by a small, but very odd Accident. Not being furnished with such Scoopes as our Enemies made use of, in tossing their hand Grenadoes some distance off, one of our own Soldiers aiming to throw one over the Wall into the Counterscarp among the Enemy, it so happen'd that he unfortunately miss'd his Aim, and the Grenade fell down again on our side the Wall, very near the Person who fir'd it. He starting back to save himself, and some others who saw it fall, doing the like, those who knew nothing of the Matter fell into a sudden Confusion, and imagining some greater danger than there really was, every body was struck with a panick Fear, and endeavour'd to be the first who should quit the Bastion, and secure himself by a real Shame from an imaginary Evil. Thus was a Bastion, that had been gloriously gain'd, inadvertently deserted; and that too, with the Loss of almost as many Men in the Retreat, as had been slain in the Onset, and the Enemy most triumphantly again took Possession of it.

Among the Slain on our Side in this Action, was an Ensign of Sir *John Fenwick's* Regiment; and as an Approbation of my Services his Commission was bestowed upon me.

A few Days after it was resolv'd again to storm that Bastion, as before; out of three *English*, and one *Scotch* Regiment, then in the Camp, a Detachment was selected for a fresh Attack. Those Regiments were under the Command of Sir *John Fenwick* (who was afterwards beheaded) Colonel *Ralph Widdrington*, and Colonel *Ashley*, of the *English*; and Sir *Alexander Collier*, Father of the present Lord *Portmore*, of the *Scotch*. Out of every of these four Regiments, as before, were detach'd a Captain, a Lieutenant, and an Ensign, with fifty Men: Captain *Anthony Bamwell*, of Sir *John Fenwick's* Regiment, who was now my Captain, commanding that Attack.

At break of Day the Attack was begun with great Resolution; and though vigorously maintain'd, was attended with the desir'd Success. The Bastion was again taken, and in it the commanding Officer, who in Service to himself, more than to us, told us, that the Center of the Bastion would soon be blown up being to his Knowledge undermin'd for that purpose. But this Secret prov'd of no other use, than to make us, by way of Precaution, to keep as much as we could upon the Rampart. In this Attack Captain *Barnwell* lost his Life; and it happened my new Commission was wetted (not, as too frequently is the Custom, with a Debauch) but with a Bullet through my Hand, and the Breach of my Collar Bone with the Stroke of a Halberd.

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After about half an hour's Possession of the Bastion, the Mine under it, of which the *French* Officer gave us warning, was sprung; the Enemy at the same Time making a furious Sally upon us. The Mine did a little, though the less, Execution, for being discovered; but the Sally no way answer'd their End, for we beat them back, and immediately fix'd our Lodgment; which we maintain'd during the Time of the Siege. But to our double Surprise, a few Days after they fir'd another Mine under, or aside, the former, in which they had plac'd a quantity of Grenadoes, which did much more Execution than the other: Notwithstanding all which, a Battery of Guns was presently erected upon that Bastion, which very considerably annoy'd the Enemy.

The Breach for a general Storm was now render'd almost practicable; yet before that could be advisably attempted, there was a strong Horn-work to be taken. Upon this Exploit the *Dutch* Troops only were to signalize themselves; and they answered the Confidence repos'd in them; for though they were twice repuls'd, at the third Onset they were more successful, and took Possession; which they likewise kept to the Raising of the Siege.

There was a Stratagem lay'd at this Time, which in its own Merit one would have thought should not have fail'd of a good Effect; but to shew the Vanity of the highest human Wisdom it miscarry'd. On the other side of the *Maes*, opposite to *Maestrich*, lies the strong Fortress of *Wyck*, to which it is join'd by a stone Bridge of six fair Arches. The design was, by a false Attack on that regular Fortification to draw the Strength of the Garrison to its Defence, which was but very natural to imagine would be the Consequence. Ready to attend that well concerted false Attack, a large flat bottom'd Boat, properly furnish'd with Barrels of Gun-Powder, and other Necessaries, was to fall down under one of the middle Arches, and when fix'd there, by firing the Powder to have blown up the Bridge, and by that means to have prevented the Return of the Garrison to oppose a real Attack at that instant of Time to be made upon the Town of *Maestrich* by the whole Army.

The false Attack on *Wyck* was accordingly made, which, as propos'd, drew the Main of the Garrison of *Maestrich* to its Defence, and the Boat so furnish'd fell down the River as projected, but unfortunately, before it could reach the Arch, from the Darkness of the Night, running upon a Shoal, it could not be got off; for which Reason the Men in the Boat were glad to make a hasty Escape for fear of being discovered; as the Boat was, next Morning; and the whole Design laid open.

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This Stratagem thus miscarrying, all Things were immediately got ready for a general Storm, at the main Breach in the Town; and the rather, because the Prince of *Orange* had receiv'd incontestable Intelligence, That Duke *Schomberg*, at the Head of the *French* Army, was in full march to relieve the Place. But before every Thing could be rightly got ready for the intended Storm (though some there were who pretended to say, that a Dispute rais'd by the *Spaniards* with the *Dutch*, about the Propriety of the Town, when taken, was the Cause of that Delay) we heard at some distance several Guns fir'd as Signals of Relief; upon which we precipitately, and, as most imagin'd, shamefully drew off from before the Place, and join'd the grand Army under Prince *Waldeck*. But it was Matter of yet greater Surprize to most on the Spot, that when the Armies were so joyn'd, we did not stay to offer the Enemy Battle. The well known Courage of the Prince, then Generalissimo, was so far from solving this Riddle, that it rather puzzled all who thought of it; however, the prevailing Opinion was, that it was occasion'd by some great Misunderstanding between the *Spaniards* and the *Dutch*. And Experience will evince, that this was not the only Disappointment of that Nature, occasion'd by imperfect Understandings.

Besides the Number of common Soldiers slain in this Attack, which was not inconsiderable, we lost here the brave *Rhingrave*, a Person much lamented on account of his many other excellent Qualifications, as well as that of a General. Colonel *Ralph Widdrington*, and Colonel *Doleman* (who had not enjoy'd *Widdrington's* Commission above a Fortnight). Captain *Douglas*, Captain *Barnwell*, and Captain *Lee*, were of the Slain among the *English*; who, indeed, had born the whole brunt of the Attack upon the *Dauphin's* Bastion.

I remember the Prince of *Orange*, during the Siege, receiv'd a Shot through his Arm; which giving an immediate Alarm to the Troops under his Command, he took his Hat off his Head with the wounded Arm, and smiling, wav'd it, to shew them there was no danger. Thus, after the most gallant Defence against the most courageous Onsets, ended the Siege of *Maestrich*; and with it all that was material that Campaign.

Early in the Spring, in the Year 1677, the *French* Army, under the Duke of *Orleans*, besieged at once, both *Cambray* and *Saint Omers*. This last the Prince of *Orange* seem'd very intent and resolute to relieve. In order to which, well knowing by sad Experience, it would be to little purpose to wait the majestick Motions of the *Spaniards*, that Prince got together what Forces he could, all in *Dutch* Pay, and marching forward with all speed, resolv'd, even at the Hazard of a Battle, to attempt the Raising the Siege. Upon his appearing the Duke of *Orleans*,

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to whose particular Conduct the Care of that Siege was committed, drew off from before the Place, leaving scarce enough of his Men to defend the Trenches. The Prince was under the Necessity of marching his Forces over a Morass; and the Duke, well knowing it, took care to attack him near *Mont Cassel*, before half his little Army were got over. The Dispute was very sharp, but the Prince being much out number'd, and his Troops not able, by the Straitness of the Passage, to engage all at once, was oblig'd at last to retreat, which he did in pretty good Order. I remember the *Dutch* Troops did not all alike do their Duty; and the Prince seeing one of the Officers on his fullest speed, call'd to him over and over to halt; which the Officer in too much haste to obey, the Prince gave him a Slash over the Face, saying, *By this Mark I shall know you another Time*. Soon after this Retreat of the Prince, Saint Omers was surrender'd.

Upon this Retreat the Prince marching back, lay for some time among the Boors, who from the good Discipline, which he took care to make his Troops observe, did not give us their customary boorish Reception. And yet as secure as we might think our selves, I met with a little Passage that confirm'd in me the Notions, which the generality as well as I, had imbib'd of the private Barbarity of those People, whenever an Opportunity falls in their Way. I was strolling at a Distance from my Quarters, all alone, when I found my self near one of their Houses; into which, the Doors being open, I ventur'd to enter. I saw no body when I came in, though the House was, for that Sort of People, well enough furnish'd, and in pretty decent Order. I call'd, but no body answering, I had the Curiosity to advance a little farther, when, at the Mouth of the Oven, which had not yet wholly lost its Heat, I spy'd the Corpse of a Man so bloated, swoln and parch'd, as left me little room to doubt, that the Oven had been the Scene of his Destiny. I confess the Sight struck me with Horror; and as much Courage and Security as I enter'd with, I withdrew in haste, and with quite different Sentiments, and could not fancy my self out of Danger till I had reach'd our Camp. A wise Man should not frame an Accusation on Conjectures; but, on Inquiry, I was soon made sensible, that such barbarous Usage is too common among those People; especially if they meet with a Straggler, of what Nation soever.

This made me not very sorry when we decamp'd, and we soon after receiv'd Orders to march and invest *Charleroy*; before which Place we stay'd somewhat above a Week, and then drew off. I remember very well, that I was not the only Person then in the Camp that was at a Loss to dive into the Reason of this Investiture and Decampment: But since I at that time, among the Politicians of the Army, never heard a good one, I shall not venture to offer my Sentiments at so great a Distance.

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We, after this march'd towards *Mons*; and, in our March, pass'd over the very Grounds on which the Battle of *Seneff* had been fought three Years before. It was with no little Pleasure, that I re-survey'd a Place, that had once been of so much Danger to me; and where my Memory and Fanny now repeated back all those Observations I had then made under some unavoidable Confusion. Young as I was, both in Years and Experience, from my own Reflections, and the Sentiments of others, after the Fight was over, methought I saw visibly before me the well order'd Disposition of the Prince of *Conde*; the inexpressible Difficulties which the Prince of *Orange* had to encounter with; while at the same Moment I could not omit to repay my Debt to the Memory of my first Patron, Sir *Walter Vane*, who there loosing his Life, left me a solitary Wanderer to the wide World of Fortune.

But these Thoughts soon gave place to new Objects, which every Hour presented themselves in our continu'd March to *Enghien*, a Place famous for the finest Gardens in all *Flanders*, near which we encamp'd, on the very same Ground which the *French* chose some Years after at the Battle of *Steenkirk*: of which I shall speak in its proper Place. Here the Prince of *Orange* left our Army, as we afterwards found, to pass into *England*; where he marry'd the Princess *Mary*, Daughter of the Duke of *York*. And after his Departure, that Campaign ended without any thing further material.

Now began the Year 1678, famous for the Peace, and no less remarkable for an Action previous to it, which has not fail'd to employ the Talents of Men, variously, as they stood affected. Our Army, under the Prince of *Orange*, lay encamp'd at *Soignies*, where it was whisper'd that the Peace was concluded. Notwithstanding which, two Days after, being *Sunday* the 17th Day of *August*, the Army was drawn out, as most others as well as my self apprehended, in order to *feux de Joye*; but in lieu of that, we found our March order'd towards *St. Dennis*, where the Duke of *Luxembourg* lay, as he imagin'd, safe in inaccessible Entrenchments.

About three of the Clock our Army arriv'd there, when we receiv'd Orders to make the Attack. It began with a most vigorous Spirit, that promis'd no less than the Success which ensu'd. The three *English* and three *Scotch* Regiments, under the Command of the ever renown'd Earl of *Ossory*, together with the Prince of *Orange*'s Guards, made their Attack at a Place call'd the *Chateau*; where the *French* took their Refuge among a Parcel of Hop-Poles; but their Resource was as weak as their Defence; and they were soon beaten out with a very great Slaughter.

It was here that a *French* Officer having his Pistol directed at the Breast of the Prince, Monsieur *D'Auverquerque* interpos'd, and shot the Officer dead upon the Spot.

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The Fight lasted from three in the Afternoon till Nine at Night; when growing dark, the Duke of *Luxembourg* forsook his Entrenchments, into which we march'd next Morning. And to see the sudden Change of Things! that very Spot of Ground, where nothing but Fire and Fury appear'd the Day before, the yest saw solac'd with the Proclamation of a Peace.

About an Hour before the Attack began, the Duke of *Monmouth* arriv'd in the Army, being kindly receiv'd by the Prince of *Orange*, bravely fighting by his Side, all that Day. The Woods and the Unevenness of the Ground, render'd the Cavalry almost useless; yet I saw a Standard, among some others, which was taken from the Enemy, being richly embroidered with Gold and Silver, bearing the Sun in the Zodiack, with these haughty Words, *Nihil obstat eunte*. On the News of this unexpected Victory, the States of *Holland* sent to congratulate the Prince; and to testify how much they valued his Preservation, they presented Monsieur *D'Auverquerque*, who had so bravely rescued him, with a Sword, whose Handle was of massy Gold set with Diamonds. I forgot to mention that this Gentleman receiv'd a Shot on his Head at the Battle of *Seneff*; and truly in all Actions, which were many, he nobly distinguished himself by his Bravery. He was Father of this present Earl of *Grantham*.

The Names of the English Officers which I knew to be killed in this Action.

Lieut. Col. Archer, Capt. Pemfield,
Capt. Charleton, Lieut. Charleton,
Capt. Richardson, Lieut. Barton,
Capt. Fisher, Ensign Colville.
With several others, whose Names I have forgot.

Lieut. Col. *Babington*, who began the Attack, by beating the *French* out of the Hop Garden, was taken Prisoner. Col. *Hales*, who was a long time Governor of *Chelsea College*, being then a Captain, received a Shot on his Leg, of which he went lame to his dying Day.

The War thus ended by the Peace of *Nimeugen*, The Regiment in which I serv'd, was appointed to be in Garrison at the *Grave*. We lay there near four Years, our Soldiers being mostly employ'd about the Fortifications. It was here, and by that Means, that I imbib'd the Rudiments of Fortification, and the practick Part of an Enginier, which in my more advanc'd Years was of no small Service to me.

Nevertheless, in the Year 1684, our Regiment receiv'd Orders to march to *Haren*, near *Brussels*, where, with other Forces, we encamp'd, till we heard that *Luxemburg*, invaded by the *French*, in a Time of the profoundest Peace, had surrender'd to them. Then we decamp'd, and march'd to *Mechlin*; where we lay in the Field till near *November*. Not that there was any War proclaim'd; but as not knowing, whether those who had committed such Acts of Hostility in time of Peace might not take it in their Heads to

proceed yet further. In *November* we march'd into that Town, where Count *Nivelle* was Governor: The Marquiss *de Grana*, at the same time, governing the *Netherlands* in the Jurisdiction of *Spain*.

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Nothing of any Moment happen'd after this, till the Death of King *Charles II.* The Summer after which, the three *English* and three *Scotch* Regiments receiv'd Orders to pass over into *England*, upon the Occasion of *Monmouth's* Rebellion; where, upon our Arrival, we receiv'd Orders to encamp on *Hounslow-Heath*. But that Rebellion being soon stifled, and King *James* having no farther Need of us, those Regiments were order'd to return again to *Holland*, into the proper Service of those who paid them.

Tho' I am no stiff Adherer to the Doctrine of Predestination, yet to the full Assurance of a Providence I never could fail to adhere. Thence came it, that my natural Desire to serve my own native Country prevail'd upon me to quit the Service of another, though its Neighbour and Allie. Events are not always to direct the Judgment; and therefore whether I did best in following those fondling Dictates of Nature, I shall neither question nor determine.

However, it was not long after my Arrival in *England* before I had a Commission given me by King *James*, to be a Lieutenant in a new rais'd Regiment under the Command of Colonel *Tufton*, Brother to the Earl of *Thanet*. Under this Commission I sojourn'd out two peaceable Campaigns on *Hounslow-Heath*; where I was an Eye-Witness of one mock Siege of *Buda*: After which our Regiment was order'd to *Berwick*, where I remained till the Revolution.

King *James* having abdicated the Throne, and the Prince of *Orange* accepting the Administration, all Commissions were order'd to be renew'd in his Name. The Officers of our Regiment, as well as others, severally took out theirs accordingly, a very few excepted, of which Number was our Colonel; who refusing a Compliance, his Commission was given to Sir *James Lesley*.

The Prince of *Orange* presently after was declar'd and proclaim'd King, and his Princess Queen, with a conjunctive Power. Upon which our Regiment was order'd into *Scotland*, where Affairs appear'd under a Face of Disquietude. We had our Quarters at *Leith*, till the Time the Castle of *Edinburgh*, then under the Command of the Duke of *Gordon*, had surrender'd. After which, pursuant to fresh Orders, we march'd to *Inverness*, a Place of no great Strength, and as little Beauty; though yet I think I may say, without the least Danger of an *Hyperbole*, that it is as pleasant as most Places in that Country. Here we lay two long Winters, perpetually harrass'd upon Parties, and hunting of somewhat wilder than their wildest Game, namely, the *Highlanders*, who were, if not as nimble footed, yet fully as hard to be found.

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But General *Mackay* having receiv'd Orders to build a Fort at *Inverlochy*, our Regiment, among others, was commanded to that Service. The two Regiments appointed on the same Duty, with some few Dragoons, were already on their March, which having join'd, we march'd together through *Louquebar*. This sure is the wildest Country in the *Highlands*, if not in the World. I did not see one House in all our March; and their Oeconomy, if I may call it such, is much the same with that of the *Arabs* or *Tartars*. Hutts, or Cabins of Trees and Trash, are their Places of Habitation; in which they dwell, till their half-horn'd Cattle have devour'd the Grass, and then remove, staying no where longer than that Convenience invites them.

In this March, or rather, if you please, most dismal Peregrination, we could be very rarely go two on a Breast; and oftner, like Geeze in a String, one after another. So that our very little Army had sometimes, or rather most commonly, an Extent of many Miles; our Enemy, the *Highlanders*, firing down upon us from their Summits all the Way. Nor was it possible for our Men, or very rarely at least, to return their Favours with any Prospect of Success; for as they pop'd upon us always on a sudden, they never stay'd long enough to allow any of our Soldiers a Mark; or even time enough to fire: And for our Men to march, or climb up those Mountains, which to them were natural Champion, would have been as dangerous as it seem'd to us impracticable. Nevertheless, under all these disheartning Disadvantages, we arriv'd at *Inverlochy*, and there perform'd the Task appointed, building a Fort on the same Spot where *Cromwell* had rais'd one before. And which was not a little remarkable, we had with us one *Hill*, a Colonel, who had been Governor in *Oliver's* Time, and who was now again appointed Governor by General *Mackay*. Thus the Work on which we were sent being effected, we march'd back again by the Way of *Gillycrancky*, where that memorable Battle under *Dundee* had been fought the Year before.

Some time after, Sir *Thomas Levingston*, afterwards Earl of *Tiviot*, having receiv'd Intelligence that the *Highlanders* intended to fall down into the lower Countries, in a considerable Body, got together a Party of about five Hundred (the Dragoons, call'd the *Scotch Greys*, inclusive) with which he resolv'd, if possible, to give them a Meeting. We left *Inverness* the last Day of *April*, and encamp'd near a little Town call'd *Forrest*, the Place where, as Tradition still confidently avers, the Witches met *Mackbeth*, and greeted him with their diabolical Auspices. But this Story is so naturally display'd in a Play of the immortal *Shakespear*, that I need not descend here to any farther Particulars.

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Here Sir *Thomas* receiv'd Intelligence, that the *Highlanders* design'd to encamp upon the *Spey*, near the Laird of *Grant's* Castle. Whereupon we began our March about Noon; and the next Day, about the Break thereof, we came to that River, where we soon discover'd the *Highlanders* by their Fires. Sir *Thomas* immediately, on Sight of it, issued his Orders for our fording the River, and falling upon them as soon after as possible. Both were accordingly perform'd, and with so good Order, Secrecy and Success, that *Cannon* and *Balfour*, their Commanders, were obliged to make their Escape naked.

They were about one Thousand in Number, of which were kill'd about three Hundred; we pursued them, till they got up *Crowdale-Hill*, where we lost them in a Fog. And, indeed so high is that Hill, that they, who perfectly knew it, assured me that it never is without a little dark Fog hanging over it. And to me, at that Instant of Time, they seem'd rather to be People receiv'd up into Clouds, than flying from an Enemy.

Near this there was an old Castle, call'd *Lethendy*, into which about Fifty of them made their Retreat, most of them Gentlemen, resolving there to defend themselves to the last. Sir *Thomas* sent a Messenger to them, with an Offer of Mercy, if they would surrender: But they refus'd the profer'd Quarter, and fir'd upon our Men, killing two of our Grenadiers, and wounding another. During my Quarters at the *Grave*, having learnt to throw a Grenado, I took three or four in a Bag, and crept down by the Side of a Ditch, or Dyke, to an old thatch'd House near the Castle, imagining, on my mounting the same, I might be near enough to throw them, so as to do execution. I found all Things answer my Expectation; and the Castle wanting a Cover, I threw in a Grenado, which put the Enemy immediately into Confusion. The Second had not so good Success, falling short, and the Third burst as soon as it was well out of my Hand, though without Damage to my self. But throwing the Fourth in at a Window, it so increas'd the Confusion, which the first had put them into, that they immediately call'd out to me, upon their Parole of Safety, to come to them.

Accordingly I went up to the Door, which they had barricaded, and made up with great Stones; when they told me they were ready to surrender upon Condition of obtaining Mercy. I return'd to Sir *Thomas*; and telling him what I had done, and the Consequence of it, and the Message they had desir'd me to deliver (a great many of the *Highland* Gentlemen, not of this Party, being with him) Sir *Thomas*, in a high Voice, and broad *Scotch*, best to be heard and understood, order'd me back to tell 'em, *He would cut them all to Pieces, for their Murder of two of his Grenadiers, after his Proffer of Quarter.*

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I was returning full of these melancholy Tidings, when Sir *Thomas*, advancing after me a little Distance from the rest of the Company; *Hark ye, Sir*, says he, *I believe there may be among 'em some of our old Acquaintance* (for we had serv'd together in the Service of the *States in Flanders*) *therefore tell them they shall have good Quarter*. I very willingly carry'd back a Message to much chang'd to my Mind; and upon delivering of it, without the least Hesitation, they threw down the Barricado, open'd the Door, and out came one *Brody*, who, as he then told me, had had a Piece of his Nose taken off by one of my Grenadoes. I carry'd him to Sir *Thomas*, who confirming my Message, they all came out, and surrendered themselves Prisoners. This happen'd on *May Day* in the Morning; for which Reason we return'd to *Inverness* with our Prisoners, and Boughs in our Hats; and the *Highlanders* never held up their Heads so high after this Defeat.

Upon this Success Sir *Thomas* wrote to Court, giving a full Account of the whole Action. In which being pleas'd to make mention of my Behaviour, with some Particularities, I had soon after a Commission order'd me for a Company in the Regiment under the Command of Brigadier *Tiffin*.

My Commission being made out, sign'd, and sent to me, I repair'd immediately to *Portsmouth*, where the Regiment lay in Garrison. A few Days after I had been there, Admiral *Russel* arriv'd with the Fleet, and anchor'd at St. *Hellen's*, where he remain'd about a Week. On the 18th of *May* the whole Fleet set Sail; and it being my Turn the same Day to mount the Main Guard, I was going the Rounds very early, when I heard great shooting at Sea. I went directly to acquaint the Governor, and told him my Sentiments, that the two contending Fleets were actually engag'd, which indeed prov'd true; for that very Night a Pinnacle, which came from our Fleet, brought News that Admiral *Russel* had engag'd the *French* Admiral *Turville*; and, after a long and sharp Dispute, was making after them to their own Coasts.

The next Day, towards Evening, several other Expresses arriv'd, one after another, all agreeing in the Defeat of the *French* Fleet, and in the Particulars of the burning their *Rising Sun*, together with many other of their Men of War, at *la Hogue*. All which Expresses were immediately forwarded to Court by Mr. *Gibson*, our Governor.

About two Months after this, our Regiment, among many others, was, according to Order, shipp'd off on a Secret Expedition, under the Command of the Duke of *Leinster*, no Man knowing to what Place we were going, or on what Design; no, not the Commander himself. However, when we were out at Sea, the General, according to Instructions, opening his Commission, we were soon put out of our Suspence, and inform'd, that our Orders were to attack *Dunkirk*. But what was so grand a Secret to those concern'd in the Expedition, having been intrusted to a Female Politician on Land, it was soon discover'd to the Enemy; for which Reason our Orders were countermanded, before we reach'd the Place of Action, and our Forces receiv'd Directions to land at *Ostend*.

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Soon after this happen'd that memorable Battle at *Steenkirk*, which as very few at that Time could dive into the Reason of, and mistaken Accounts of it have pass'd for authentick, I will mention somewhat more particularly: The Undertaking was bold; and, as many thought, bolder than was consistent with the Character of the wise Undertaker. Nevertheless, the *French* having taken *Namure*; and, as the Malecontents alledg'd, in the very Sight of a superior Army; and nothing having been done by Land of any moment, Things were blown into such a dangerous Fermentation, by a malicious and lying Spirit, that King *William* found himself under a Necessity of attempting something that might appease the Murmurs of the People. He knew very well, though spoke in the Senate, that it was not true, that his Forces at the Siege of *Namure* exceeded those of the Enemy; no Man could be more afflicted than he at the overflowing of the *Mehaigne*, from the continual Rains, which obstructed the Relief he had designed for that important Place; yet since his Maligners made an ill Use of these false Topicks, to insinuate that he had no Mind to put an End to the War, he was resolv'd to evince the contrary, by shewing them that he was not afraid to venture his Life for the better obtaining what was so much desired.

To that Purpose, receiving Intelligence that the Duke of *Luxemburg* lay strongly encamp'd at *Steenkirk*, near *Enghien* (tho' he was sensible he must pass through many Defiles to engage him; and that the many Thickets between the two Armies would frequently afford him new Difficulties) he resolv'd there to attack him. Our Troops at first were forc'd to hew out their Passage for the Horse; and there was no one difficulty that his Imagination had drawn that was lessen'd by Experience; and yet so prosperous were his Arms at the Beginning, that our Troops had made themselves Masters of several Pieces of the Enemy's Cannon. But the farther he advanc'd, the Ground growing straiter, so strait as not to admit his Army's being drawn up in Battalia, the Troops behind could not give timely Succour to those engag'd, and the Cannon we had taken was forcibly left behind in order to make a good Retreat. The *French* had lost all their Courage in the Onset; for though they had too fair an Opportunity, they did not think fit to pursue it; or, at least, did it very languidly. However, the Malecontents at Home, I remember, grew very well pleas'd after this; for so long as they had but a Battle for their Money, like true *Englishmen*, lost or won, they were contented.

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Several Causes, I remember, were assign'd for this Miscarriage, as they call'd it; Some there were who were willing to lay it upon the *Dutch*; and alledge a Saying of one of their Generals, who receiving Orders to relieve some *English* and *Scotch* that were over-power'd, was heard to say, *Dam 'em, since they love Fighting let 'em have their Bellies full*. But I should rather impute the Disappointment to the great Loss of so many of our bravest Officers at the very first Onset. General *Mackay*, Colonel *Lanier*, the Earl of *Angus*, with both his Field-Officers, Sir *Robert Douglas*, Colonel *Hodges*, and many others falling, it was enough to put a very considerable Army into Confusion. I remember one particular Action of Sir *Robert Douglas*, that I should think my self to blame should I omit: Seeing his Colours on the other Side the Hedge, in the Hands of the Enemy, he leap'd over, slew the Officer that had them, and then threw them over the Hedge to his Company; redeeming his Colours at the Expense of his Life. Thus the *Scotch* Commander improv'd upon the *Roman* General; for the brave *Posthumius* cast his Standard in the Middle of the Enemy for his Soldiers to retrieve, but *Douglas* retriev'd his from the Middle of the Enemy, without any Assistance, and cast it back to his Soldiers to retain, after he had so bravely rescued it out of the Hands of the Enemy.

From hence our Regiment receiv'd Orders to march to *Dixmuyd*, where we lay some time employ'd in fortifying that Place. While we were there, I had one Morning stedfastly fix'd my Eyes upon some Ducks, that were swimming in a large Water before me; when all on a sudden, in the Midst of a perfect Calm, I observ'd such a strange and strong Agitation in the Waters, that prodigiously surpriz'd me. I was at the same Moment seiz'd with such a Giddiness in my Head, that, for a Minute or two, I was scarce sensible, and had much a-do to keep on my Legs. I had never felt any thing of an Earthquake before, which, as I soon after understood from others, this was; and it left, indeed, very apparent Marks of its Force in a great Rent in the Body of the great Church, which remains to this Day.

Having brought the intended Fortifications into some tolerable Order, we receiv'd a Command out of hand to reimbarque for *England*. And, upon our Landing, Directions met us to march for *Ipswich*, where we had our Quarters all that Winter. From thence we were order'd up to *London*, to do Duty in the *Tower*. I had not been there long, before an Accident happen'd, as little to be accounted for, without a divine Providence, as some would make that Providence to be, that only can account for it.

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There was at that Time, as I was assur'd by my Lord *Lucas*, Constable of it, upwards of twenty Thousand Barrels of Gun-powder, in that they call the *White-Tower*, when all at once the middle Flooring did not only give way, or shrink, but fell flat down upon other Barrels of Powder, together with many of the same combustible Matter which had been placed upon it. It was a Providence strangely neglected at that Time, and hardly thought of since; But let any considerate Man consult the Consequences, if it had taken fire; perhaps to the Destruction of the whole City, or, at least, as far as the *Bridge* and Parts adjacent. Let his Thoughts proceed to examine, why, or how, in that precipitate Fall, not one Nail, nor one Piece of Iron, in that large Fabrick, should afford one little Spark to enflame that Mass of sulphurous Matter it was loaded with; and if he is at a loss to find a Providence, I fear his Friends will be more at a loss to find his Understanding. But the Battle of *Landen* happening while our Regiment was here on Duty, we were soon remov'd to our Satisfaction from that pacifick Station, to one more active in *Flanders*.

Notwithstanding that fatal Battle the Year preceding, namely, *A.D.* 1694, the Confederate Army under King *William* lay encamp'd at *Mont. St. Andre*, an open Place, and much expos'd; while the *French* were entrench'd up to their very Teeth, at *Vignamont*, a little Distance from us. This afforded Matter of great Reflection to the Politicians of those Times, who could hardly allow, that if the Confederate Army suffer'd so much, as it really did in the Battle of *Landen*, it could consist with right Conduct to tempt, or rather dare a new Engagement. But those sage Objectors had forgot the well-known Courage of that brave Prince, and were as little capable of fathoming his Designs. The Enemy, who to their Sorrow had by Experience been made better Judges, was resolv'd to traverse both; for which Purpose they kept close within their Entrenchments; so that after all his Efforts, King *William* finding he could no way draw them to a Battle, suddenly decamp'd, and march'd directly to *Pont Espiers*, by long Marches, with a Design to pass the *French* Lines at that Place.

But notwithstanding our Army march'd in a direct Line, to our great Surprise, we found the Enemy had first taken possession of it. They gave this the Name of the *Long March*, and very deservedly; for though our Army march'd upon the String, and the Enemy upon the Bow, sensible of the Importance of the Post, and the Necessity of securing it, by double horseing with their Foot, and by leaving their Weary and Weak in their Garrisons, and supplying their Places with fresh Men out of them, they gain'd their Point in disappointing us. Though certain it is, that March cost 'em as many Men and Horses as a Battle. However their Master, the *French* King, was so pleas'd with their indefatigable and auspicious Diligence, that he wrote, with his own Hand, a Letter of Thanks to the Officers, for the great Zeal and Care they had taken to prevent the Confederate Army from entring into *French Flanders*.

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King *William*, thus disappointed in that noble Design, gave immediate Orders for his whole Army to march through *Oudenard*, and then encamp'd at *Rofendale*; after some little Stay at that Camp we were remov'd to the *Camerlins*, between *Newport* and *Ostend*, once more to take our Winter Quarters there among the Boors.

We were now in the Year 1695 when the strong Fortress of *Namur*, taken by the *French* in 1692 and since made by them much stronger, was invested by the Earl of *Athlone*. After very many vigorous Attacks, with the Loss of many Men, the Town was taken, the Garrison retiring into the Castle. Into which soon after, notwithstanding all the Circumspection of the Besiegers, Mareschal *Boufflers* found means, with some Dragoons, to throw himself.

While King *William* was thus engag'd in that glorious and important Siege, Prince *Vaudemont* being posted at *Watergaem*, with about fifty Battallions, and as many Squadrons, the Mareschal *Villeroy* laid a Design to attack him with the whole *French* Army. The Prince imagin'd no less, therefore he prepar'd accordingly, giving us Orders to fortify our Camp, as well as the little time we had for it would permit. Those Orders were pursu'd; nevertheless, I must confess, it was beyond the Reach of my little Reason to account for our so long Stay in the Sight of an Army so much superior to ours. The Prince in the Whole could hardly muster thirty Thousand; and *Villeroy* was known to value himself upon having one Hundred Thousand effective Men. However, the Prince provisionally sent away all our Baggage that very Morning to *Ghent*, and still made shew as if he resolv'd to defend himself to the last Extremity in our little Entrenchments. The enemy on their Side began to surround us; and in their Motions for that Purpose, blew up little Bags of Gun-powder, to give the readier Notice how far they had accomplish'd it. Another Captain, with my self, being plac'd on the Right, with one Hundred Men (where I found Monsieur *Montal* endeavouring, if possible, to get behind us) I could easily observe, they had so far attain'd their Aim of encompassing us, as to the very Fashion of a Horse's Shoe. This made me fix my Eyes so intently upon the advancing Enemy, that I never minded what my Friends were doing behind me; though I afterwards found that they had been filing off so very artfully and privately, by that narrow Opening of the Horse-Shoe, that when the Enemy imagin'd us past a Possibility of Escape, our little Army at once, and of a sudden, was ready to disappear. There was a large Wood on the Right of our Army, through which lay the Road to *Ghent*, not broader than to admit of more than Four to march a breast. Down this the Prince had slid his Forces, except to that very small Party which the Captain and my self commanded, and which was designedly left to bring up the Rear. Nor did we stir till Captain *Collier*, then *Aid de Camp* to his Brother, now Earl of *Portmore*, came with the Word of Command for us to draw off.

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When *Villeroy* was told of our Retreat, he was much surpriz'd, as thinking it a Thing utterly impossible. However, at last, being sensible of the Truth of it, he gave Orders for our Rear to be attack'd; but we kept firing from Ditch to Ditch, and Hedge to Hedge, till Night came upon us; and so our little Army got clear of its gigantick Enemy with very inconsiderable Loss. However, the *French* fail'd not, in their customary Way, to express the Sense of their vexation, at this Disappointment, with Fire and Sword in the Neighbourhood round. Thus Prince *Vaudemont* acquir'd more Glory by that Retreat than an intire Victory could have given him; and it was not, I confess, the least Part of Satisfaction in Life, that my self had a Share of Honour under him to bring off the Rear at that his glorious Retreat at *Arfeel*.

However, in further Revenge of this political Chicane of the Prince of *Vaudemont*, and to oblige, if possible, King *William* to raise the Siege from before *Namur*, *Villeroy* enter'd into the Resolution of Bombarding *Brussels*. In order to which he encamp'd at *Anderleck*, and then made his Approaches as near as was convenient to the Town. There he caus'd to be planted thirty Mortars, and rais'd a Battery of ten Guns to shoot hot Bullets into the Place.

But before they fir'd from either, *Villeroy*, in complement to the Duke of *Bavaria*, sent a Messenger to know in what Part of the Town his Dutchess chose to reside, that they might, as much as possible, avoid incommoding her, by directing their Fire to other Parts. Answer was return'd that she was at her usual Place of Residence, the Palace; and accordingly their firing from Battery or Mortars little incommoded them that Way.

Five Days the Bombardment continu'd; and with such Fury, that the Centre of that noble City was quite lay'd in Rubbish. Most of the Time of Bombarding I was upon the Counterscarp, where I could best see and distinguish; and I have often counted in the Air, at one time, more than twenty Bombs; for they shot whole Vollies out of their Mortars all together. This, as it must needs be terrible, threw the Inhabitants into the utmost Confusion. Cartloads of Nuns, that for many Years before had never been out of the Cloister, were now hurry'd about from Place to Place, to find Retreats of some Security. In short, the Groves, and Parts remote, were all crowded; and the most spacious Streets had hardly a Spectator left to view their Ruins. Nothing was to be seen like that Dexterity of our People in extinguishing the Fires; for where the red-hot Bullets fell, and rais'd new Conflagrations, not Burghers only, but the vulgar Sort, stood staring, and with their Hands impocketed, beheld their Houses gradually consume; and without offering prudent or charitable Hand to stop the growing Flames.

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But after they had almost thus destroy'd that late fair City, *Villeroy*, finding he could not raise the Siege of *Namur*, by that vigorous Attack upon *Brussels*, decamp'd at last from before it, and put his Army on the March, to try if he could have better Success by exposing to Show his Pageant of one Hundred Thousand Men. Prince *Vaudemont* had timely Intelligence of the Duke's Resolution and Motion; and resolv'd, if possible to get there before him. Nor was the Attempt fruitless: He fortunately succeeded, though with much Fatigue, and no little Difficulty, after he had put a Trick upon the Spies of the Enemy, by pretending to encamp, and so soon as they were gone ordering a full March.

The Castle of *Namur* had been all this Time under the Fire of the Besieger's Cannon; and soon after our little Army under the Prince was arriv'd, a Breach, that was imagin'd practicable, being made in the *Terra Nova* (which, as the Name imports, was a new Work, rais'd by the *French*, and added to the Fortifications, since it fell into their Hands in 1692 and which very much increas'd the Strength of the Whole) a Breach, as I have said, being made in this *Terra Nova*, a Storm, in a Council of War, was resolv'd upon. Four entire Regiments, in conjunction with some Draughts made out of several others, were order'd for that Work, my self commanding that Part of 'em which had been drawn out of Colonel *Tiffins*. We were all to rendezvouze at the Abbey of *Salsines*, under the Command of the Lord *Cutts*; the Signal, when the Attack was to be made, being agreed to be the blowing up of a Bag of Gun-powder upon the Bridge of Boats that lay over the *Sambre*.

So soon as the Signal was made, we march'd up to the Breach with a decent Intrepidity, receiving all the Way we advanc'd the full Fire of the *Cohorn* Fort. But as soon as we came near enough to mount, we found it vastly steep and rugged. Notwithstanding all which, several did get up, and enter'd the Breach; but not being supported as they ought to have been, they were all made Prisoners. Which, together with a Wound my Lord *Cutts* receiv'd, after he had done all that was possible for us, necessitated us to retire with the Loss of many of our Men.

VILLEROY all this while lay in fight, with his Army of One Hundred Thousand Men, without making the least Offer to incommode the Besiegers; or even without doing any thing more than make his Appearance in favour of the Besieged, and reconnoitring our Encampment: And, at last, seeing, or imagining that he saw, the Attempt would be to little purpose, with all the good Manners in the World, in the Night, he withdrew that terrible Meteor, and reliev'd our poor Horses from feeding on Leaves, the only Inconvenience he had put us to.

This Retreat leaving the Garrison without all Hope of Relief, they in the Castle immediately capitulated. But after one of the Gates had been, according to Articles, delivered up and Count *Guiscard* was marching out at the Head of the Garrison, and *Bouflers* at the Head of the Dragoons; the latter was, by order of King *William*, arrested, in reprize of the Garrison of *Dixmuyd* (who, contrary to the *Cartel*, had been detain'd Prisoners) and remain'd under Arrest till they were set free.

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At the very Beginning of the Year 1696 was discover'd a Plot, fit only to have had its Origin from Hell or *Rome*. A Plot, which would have put *Hottentots* and Barbarians out of Countenance. This was call'd the *Assassination Plot*, from the Design of it, which was to have assassinated King *William* a little before the Time of his usual leaving *England* to head the Army of the Confederates in *Flanders*. And as nothing could give a nobler Idea of the great Character of that Prince than such a nefarious Combination against him; so, with all considerate Men, nothing could more depreciate the Cause of his inconsiderate Enemies. If I remember what I have read, the Sons of ancient *Rome*, though Heathens, behav'd themselves against an Enemy in a quite different Manner. Their Historians afford us more Instances than a few of their generous Intimations to Kings and Generals, under actual Hostilities, of barbarous Designs upon their Lives. I proceed to this of our own Countrymen.

Soon after the Discovery had been made, by Persons actually engag'd in that inhuman Design, the Regiment, in which I served, with some others then in *Flanders*, receiv'd Orders, with all Expedition, to embarque for *England*; though, on our Arrival at *Gravesend*, fresh Orders met us to remain on board the Transports, till we had surther Directions.

On my going to *London*, a few Days after, I was told, that two Regiments only were now design'd to come a-shore; and that the rest would be remanded to *Flanders*, the Danger apprehended being pretty well over. I was at *White Hall* when I receiv'd this Notice; where meeting my Lord *Cutts* (who had ever since the storming of the *Terra Nova* at *Namur* allow'd me a Share in his Favour) he express'd himself in the most obliging Manner; and at parting desir'd he might not fail of seeing me next Morning at his House; for he had somewhat of an extraordinary Nature to communicate to me.

At the time appointed, I waited on his Lorship, where I met Mr. *Steel* (now Sir *Richard*, and at that time his Secretary) who immediately introduc'd me. I found in company with him three Gentlemen; and after common Salutations, his Lordship deliver'd into my Hands, an Order from the King in Council to go along with Captain *Porter*, Mr. *de la Rue*, and Mr. *George Harris* (who prov'd to be those three with him) to search all the Transports at *Gravesend*, in order to prevent any of the Conspirators getting out of *England* that Way. After answering, that I was ready to pay Obedience, and receiving, in private, the further necessary Instructions, we took our Leave, and Oars soon after for *Gravesend*. 'Twas in our Passage down, that I understood that they had all been of the Conspiracy, but now reluctant, were become Witnesses.

When we came to *Gravesend*, I produc'd my Authority to the Commanding Officer, who very readily paid Obedience, and gave Assistance; But after our most diligent Search, finding nothing of what we look'd for, we return'd that very Night to *London*.

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Next Day a Proclamation was to come out for the apprehending three of four Troopers, who were sent over by King *James*, with a thousand Pounds Reward for each: Mr. *George Harris*, who was the fourth, being the only Evidence against the other three. No sooner were we return'd from *Gravesend*, but *Harris* had Intelligence brought him, that *Cassells*, one of the three, was at Mr. *Allens* in the *Savoy*, under the Name of *Green*. Upon which we went directly to the Place; and enquiring for Mr. *Green*, we were told he lodg'd there, and was in his Room.

I was oblig'd by my Order to go along with them, and assist 'em; and very well was it that I was so: For in consideration of the Reward in the Proclamation, which, as I have said, was to come out the next Day, *Harris* and the rest were for deferring his Seizure, till the coming out of that Proclamation; but making answer, that in case of his Escape that Night, I must be responsible to my Superiors; who, under the most favourable Aspect, would construe it a Neglect of Duty, they were forc'd to comply; and so he was taken up, and his Name that Night struck out of the Proclamation. It is very true, by this faithful Discharge of my Trust, I did save the Government one Thousand Pounds; but it is equally so, that I never had of my Governors one Farthing Consideration for what others term'd an over-officious Piece of Service; though in Justice it must be own'd a Piece of exact and disinterested Duty.

Some few Days after, attending by Direction at the Secretary's Office, with Mr. *Harris*, there came in a *Dutchman*, spluttering and making a great Noise, that he was sure he could discover one of the Conspirators; but the Mein and the Behaviour of the Man, would not give any Body Leave to give him any Credit or Regard. However, the Man persisting in his Assertions, I spoke to Mr. *Harris* to take him aside, and ask him what Sort of a Person he was; *Harris* did so; and the *Dutchman* describing him, says *Harris*, returning to me, I'll be hang'd if it be not *Blackburn*. Upon which we had him question'd somewhat more narrowly; when having no room to doubt, and understanding where he was, Colonel *Rivet* of the Guards was sent for, and order'd to go along with us to seize him. We went accordingly; and it proving to be *Blackburn*, the *Dutchman* had five Hundred Pounds, and the Colonel and others the Remainder. *Cassells* and *Blackburn*, if still alive, are in *Newgate*, confin'd by Act of Parliament, one only Witness, which was *Harris*, being producible against them.

When *Blackburn* was seiz'd, I found in the Chamber with him, one *Davison*, a Watch-maker, living in *Holbourn*. I carry'd him along with me to the Secretary of State; but nothing on his Examination appearing against him, he was immediately discharg'd. He offer'd afterwards to present me with a fine Watch of his own making, which I refus'd; and he long after own'd the Obligation.

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So soon as the Depth of this Plot was fathom'd, and the intended Evil provided against, as well as prevented, King *William* went over into *Flanders*, and our Regiment thereupon receiv'd Orders for their immediate Return. Nothing of any Moment occur'd till our Arrival at our old Quarters, the *Camerlins*, where we lay dispers'd amongst the Country Boors or Farmers, as heretofore. However, for our better Security in those Quarters, and to preserve us from the Excursions of the neighbouring Garrison of Furnes, we were oblig'd to keep an Out-guard at a little Place call'd *Shoerbeck*. This Guard was every forty-eight Hours chang'd, and remounted with a Captain, a Lieutenant, an Ensign, and threescore Men.

When it came to my Turn to relieve that Guard, and for that Purpose I was arriv'd at my Post, it appear'd to me with the Face of a Place of Debauch, rather than Business; there being too visible Tokens, that the hard Duty of both Officers and Soldiers had been that of hard Drinking, the foulest Error that a Soldier can commit, especially when on his Guard.

To confirm my Apprehensions, a little after I had taken Possession of my Guard, the Man of the House related to me such Passages, and so many of'em, that satisfy'd me, that if ten sober Men had made the Attack, they might have fairly knock'd all my Predecessors of the last Guard on the Head, without much Difficulty. However, his Account administer'd Matter of Caution to me, and put me upon taking a narrower View of our Situation. In consequence whereof, at Night I plac'd a Centinel a Quarter of a Mile in the Rear, and such other Centinels as I thought necessary and convenient in other Places; with Orders, that upon Sight of an Enemy the Centinel near should fire; and that upon hearing that, all the other Centinels, as well as he, should hasten in to strengthen our Main Guard.

What my Jealousy, on my Landlord's Relation, had suggested, happen'd accordingly: For about one in the Morning I was alarm'd with the Cry of one of my Centinels, *Turn out for God's sake*; which he repeated, with Vehemence, three or four times over. I took the Alarm, got up suddenly; and with no little Difficulty got my Men into their Ranks, when the Person who made the Outcry came running in, almost spent, and out of Breath. It was the Centinel, that I had luckily plac'd about a Quarter of a Mile off, who gave the Alarm, and his Musket flashing in the Pan, without going off, he endeavour'd to supply with his Voice the Defect of his Piece. I had just got my Men into their Ranks, in order to receive the Enemy, when by the Moonlight, I discover'd a Party advancing upon us. My out Centinel challeng'd 'em, and as I had precaution'd, they answer'd, *Hispanioli*; though I knew 'em to be *French*.

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However, on my Survey of our Situation by Day-light, having mark'd in my Mind a proper Place for drawing up my Men in Case of an Attack, which was too narrow to admit of more than two on a Breast; and which would secure between us and the Enemy a Ditch of Water: I resolv'd to put in practice what had entertain'd me so well in the Theory. To that Purpose I order'd my first Rank to keep their Post, stand still and face the Enemy, while the other two Ranks stooping should follow me to gain the intended Station; which done, the first Rank had Orders to file off and fall behind. All was perform'd in excellent Order; and I confess it was with no little Pleasure, that I beheld the Enemy, for the best Part of an Hour, in Consultation whether they should attack us or no. The result, nevertheless, of that Consultation ended in this; that, seeing us so well upon our Guard, it was most adviseable to draw off. They soon put their Resolution into practice, which I was very glad to see; on Examination a little before having found that my Predecessor, as in other Things, had fail'd of Conduct in leaving me a Garrison without Ammunition.

Next Morning I was very pleasingly surpriz'd with a handsome Present of Wine, and some other necessary Refreshments. At first I made a little Scruple and Hesitation whether or no to receive 'em; till the Bearer assur'd me, that they were sent me from the Officers of the next Garrison, who had made me a Visit the Night before, as a candid Acknowledgment of my Conduct and good Behaviour. I return'd their Compliment, that I hop'd I should never receive Men of Honour otherwise than like a Man of Honour; which mightily pleas'd them. Every of which Particulars the *Ghent Gazettier* the Week after publish'd.

We had little to do except Marching and Counter-marching all the Campaign after; till it was resolv'd in a Council of War, for the better preserving of *Brussels* from such Insults, as it had before sustain'd from the *French*, during the Siege of *Namur*, to fortify *Anderlech*; upon which our Regiment, as well as others, were commanded from our more pacifick Posts to attend that Work. Our whole Army was under Movement to cover that Resolution; and the Train fell to my Care and Command in the March. There accompany'd the Train a Fellow, seemingly ordinary, yet very officious and courteous, being ready to do any thing for any Person, from the Officer to the common Soldier. He travell'd along and mov'd with the Train, sometimes on Foot, and sometimes getting a Ride in some one or other of the Waggon; but ever full of his Chit-chat and Stories of Humour. By these insinuating Ways he had screw'd himself into the general good Opinion; but the Waggoners especially grew particularly fond of him. At the End of our March all our Powder-Waggon were plac'd breast a-breast, and so close, that one miscarrying would leave little doubt of the Fate of all the rest. This in the Camp we commonly

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call *the Park*; and here it was that our new Guest, like another *Phaeton*, though under Pretence of Weariness, not Ambition, got Leave of the very last Carter to the Train to take a Nap in his Waggon. One who had entertain'd a Jealousy of him, and had watch'd him, gave Information against him; upon which he was seiz'd and brought to me as Captain of the Guard. I caus'd him to be search'd; and upon search, finding Match, Touchwood, and other dangerous Materials upon him; I sent him and them away to the Provoe. Upon the Whole, a Council of War was call'd, at which, upon a strict Examination, he confess'd himself a hir'd Incendiary; and as such receiv'd his Sentence to be burnt in the Face of the Army. The Execution was a Day or two after: When on the very Spot, he further acknowledged, that on Sight or Noise of the Blow, it had been concerted, that the *French Army* should fall upon the Confederates under those lamentable Circumstances.

The Peace of *Riswick* soon after taking place, put an End to all Incendiarisms of either Sort. So that nothing of a Military Kind, which was now become my Province, happen'd of some Years after. Our Regiment was first order'd into *England*; and presently after into *Ireland*: But as these Memoirs are not design'd for the Low Amusement of a Tea-Table, but rather of the Cabinet, a Series of inglorious Inactivity can furnish but very little towards 'em.

Yet as little as I admir'd a Life of Inactivity, there are some Sorts of Activity, to which a wise Man might almost give Supineness the Preference: Such is that of barely encountring Elements, and wageing War with Nature; and such, in my Opinion, would have been the spending my Commission, and very probably my Life with it, in the *West Indies*. For though the Climate (as some would urge) may afford a Chance for a very speedy Advance in Honour, yet, upon revolving in my Mind, that those Rotations of the Wheel of Fortune are often so very quick, as well as uncertain, that I my self might as well be the First as the Last; the Whole of the Debate ended in somewhat like that Couplet of the excellent *Hudibras*:

Then he, that ran away and fled, Must lie in Honour's Truckle-bed.

However, my better Planets soon disannull'd those melancholy Ideas, which a Rumour of our being sent into the *West Indies* had crowded my Head and Heart with: For being call'd over into *England*, upon the very Affairs of the Regiment, I arriv'd there just after the Orders for their Transportation went over; by which Means the Choice of going was put out of my Power, and the Danger of Refusing, which was the Case of many, was very luckily avoided.

It being judg'd, therefore, impossible for me to return soon enough to gain my Passage, one in Power propos'd to me, that I should resign to an Officer then going over; and with some other contingent Advantages, to my great Satisfaction, I was put upon the Half-

pay List. This was more agreeable, for I knew, or at least imagin'd my self wise enough to foretel, from the over hot Debate of the House of Commons upon the Partition Treaty, that it could not be long before the present Peace would, at least, require patching.

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Under this Sort of uncertain Settlement I remain'd with the Patience of a *Jew*, though not with Judaical Absurdity, a faithful Adherer to my Expectation. Nor did the Consequence fail of answering, a War was apparent, and soon after proclaim'd. Thus waiting for an Opportunity, which I flatter'd my self would soon present, the little Diversions of *Dublin*, and the moderate Conversation of that People, were not of Temptation enough to make my Stay in *England* look like a Burden.

But though the War was proclaim'd, and Preparations accordingly made for it, the Expectations from all receiv'd a sudden Damp, by the as sudden Death of King *William*. That Prince, who had stared Death in the Face in many Sieges and Battles, met with his Fate in the Midst of his Diversions, who seiz'd his Prize in an Hour, to human Thought, the least adapted to it. He was a Hunting (his customary Diversion) when, by an unhappy Trip of his Horse, he fell to the Ground; and in the Fall displac'd his Collar-bone. The News of it immediately alarm'd the Court, and all around; and the sad Effects of it soon after gave all *Europe* the like Alarm. *France* only, who had not disdain'd to seek it sooner by ungenerous Means, receiv'd new Hope, from what gave others Motives for Despair. He flatter'd himself, that that long liv'd Obstacle to his Ambition thus remov'd, his Successor would never fall into those Measures, which he had wisely concerted for the Liberties of *Europe*; but he, as well as others of his Adherents, was gloriously deceiv'd; that God-like Queen, with a Heart entirely *English*, prosecuted her royal Predecessor's Counsels; and to remove all the very Faces of Jealousy, immediately on her Accession dispatch'd to every Court of the great Confederacy, Persons adequate to the Importance of the Message, to give Assurances thereof.

This gave new Spirit to a Cause, that at first seem'd to languish in its Founder, as it struck its great Opposers with a no less mortifying Terror; And well did the great Successes of her Arms answer the Prayers and Efforts of that royal Soul of the Confederacies; together with the Wishes of all, that, like her, had the Good, as well as the Honour of their Country at Heart, in which the Liberties of *Europe* were included. The first Campaign gave a noble Earnest of the Future. *Bon*, *Keyserwaert*, *Venlo*, and *Ruremond*, were sound Forerunners only of *Donawert*, *Hochstet*, and *Blenheim*. Such a March of *English* Forces to the Support of the tottering Empire, as it gloriously manifested the ancient Genius of a warlike People; so was it happily celebrated with a Success answerable to the Glory of the Undertaking, which concluded in Statues and princely Donatives to an *English* Subject, from the then only Emperor in *Europe*. A small Tribute, it's true, for ransom'd Nations and captiv'd Armies, which justly enough inverted the Exclamations of a *Roman* Emperor to the *French* Monarch, who deprecated his Legions lost pretty near the same Spot; but to a much superior Number, and on a much less glorious Occasion.

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But my good Fortune not allowing me to participate in those glorious Appendages of the *English Arms* in *Flanders*, nor on the *Rhine*, I was resolv'd to make a Push for it the first Opportunity, and waste my Minutes no longer on Court Attendances. And my Lord *Cutts* returning with his full Share of Laurels, for his never to be forgotten Services at *Venlo*, *Ruremond*, and *Hochstet*, found his active Genius now to be repos'd, under the less agreeable Burden of unhazardous Honour, where Quiet must provide a Tomb for one already past any Danger of Oblivion; deep Wounds and glorious Actions having anticipated all that could be said in Epitaphs or litteral Inscriptions. Soon after his Arrival from *Germany*, he was appointed General of all her Majesty's Forces in *Ireland*; upon which going to congratulate him, he was pleas'd to enquire of me several Things relating to that Country; and particularly in what Part of *Dublin* I would recommend his Residence; offering at the same time, if I would go over with him, all the Services that should fall in his Way.

But Inactivity was a Thing I had too long lamented; therefore, after I had, as decently as I could, declin'd the latter Part, I told his Lordship, that as to a Place of Residence, I was Master of a House in *Dublin*, large enough, and suitable to his great Quality, which should be at his Service, on any Terms he thought fit. Adding withal, that I had a Mind to see *Spain*, where my Lord *Peterborow* was now going; and that if his Lordship would favour me with a Recommendation, it would suit my present Inclinations much better than any further tedious Recess. His Lordship was so good to close with both my Overtures; and spoke so effectually in my Favour, that the Earl of *Peterborow*, then General of all the Forces order'd on that Expedition, bad me speedily prepare my self; and so when all Things were ready I embarqu'd with that noble Lord for *Spain*, to pursue his well concerted Undertaking; which, in the Event, will demonstrate to the World, that little Armies, under the Conduct of auspicious Generals, may sometimes produce prodigious Effects.

The *Jews*, in whatever Part of the World, are a People industrious in the increasing of *Mammon*; and being accustom'd to the universal Methods of Gain, are always esteem'd best qualify'd for any Undertaking, where that bears a Probability of being a Perquisite. Providing Bread, and other Requisites for an Army, was ever allow'd to carry along with it a Profit answerable; and *Spain* was not the first Country where that People had engag'd in such an Undertaking. Besides, on any likely Appearance of great Advantage, it is in the Nature as well as Practice of that Race, strenuously to assist one another; and that with the utmost Confidence and prodigious Alacrity. One of that Number, both competent and willing enough to carry on an Undertaking of that kind, fortunately came at that Juncture to solicit the Earl of *Peterborow* to be employ'd as Proveditor to the Army and Troops, which were, or should be sent into *Spain*.

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It will easily be admitted, that the Earl, under his present Exigencies, did not decline to listen. And a very considerable Sum being offer'd, by way of Advance, the Method common in like Cases was pursu'd, and the Sum propos'd accepted; by which Means the Earl of *Peterborow* found himself put into the happy Capacity of proceeding upon his first concerted Project. The Name of the *Jew*, who sign'd the Contract, was *Curtisos*; and he and his Friends, with great Punctuality, advanc'd the expected Sum of One Hundred Thousand Pounds Sterling, or very near it; which was immediately order'd into the Hands of the Pay-master of the Forces. For though the Earl took Money of the *Jews*, it was not for his own, but public Use. According to Agreement, Bills were drawn for the Value from *Lisbon*, upon the Lord *Godolphin* (then Lord Treasurer) all which were, on that Occasion, punctually comply'd with.

The Earl of *Peterborow* having thus fortunately found Means to supply himself with Money, and by that with some Horse, after he had obtain'd Leave of the Lord *Galoway* to make an Exchange of two Regiments of Foot, receiv'd the Arch-Duke, and all those who would follow him, aboard the Fleet; and, at his own Expense, transported him and his whole Retinue to *Barcelona*: For all which prodigious Charge, as I have been very lately inform'd, from very good Hands, that noble Earl never to this Day receiv'd any Consideration from the Government, or any Person whatsoever.

We sail'd from *Lisbon*, in order to join the Squadron under Sir *Cloudsley Shovel*: Meeting with which at the appointed Station off *Tangier*, the Men of War and Transports thus united, made the best of their Way for *Gibraltar*. There we stay'd no longer than to take aboard two Regiments out of that Garrison, in lieu of two out of our Fleet. Here we found the Prince of *Hesse*, who immediately took a Resolution to follow the Arch-Duke in this Expedition. He was a Person of great Gallantry; and having been Vice-Roy of *Catalonia*, was receiv'd on board the Fleet with the utmost Satisfaction, as being a Person capable of doing great Service in a Country where he was well known, and as well belov'd.

Speaking *Latin* then pretty fluently, it gave me frequent Opportunities of conversing with the two Father Confessors of the Duke of *Austria*; and upon that Account I found my self honour'd with some Share in the Favour of the Arch-Duke himself. I mention this, not to gratify any vain Humour, but as a corroborating Circumstance, that my Opportunities of Information, in Matters of Consequence, could not thereby be suppos'd to be lessen'd; but that I might more reasonably be imagin'd to arrive at Intelligence, that not very often, or at least not so soon, came to the Knowledge of others.

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From *Gibraltar* we sail'd to the Bay of *Altea*, not far distant from the City of *Valencia*, in the Road of which we continu'd for some Days. While we were there, as I was very credibly inform'd, the Earl of *Peterborow* met with some fresh Disappointment; but what it was, neither I nor any Body else, as far as I could perceive, could ever dive into: Neither did it appear by any outward Tokens, in that noble General, that it lay so much at his Heart, as those about him seem'd to assure me it did.

However, while we lay in *Altea* Bay, two Bomb-Vessels, and a small Squadron, were order'd against *Denia*, which had a small Castle; but rather fine than strong. And accordingly, upon our Offer to bring to bear with our Cannon, and preparing to fix our Bomb-Vessels, in order to bombard the Place, it surrender'd; and acknowledg'd the Arch-Duke as lawful King of *Spain*, and so proclaim'd him. From this time, therefore, speaking of that Prince, it shall be under that Title. General *Ramos* was left Commander here; a Person who afterwards acted a very extraordinary Part in the War carry'd on in the Kingdom of *Valencia*.

But notwithstanding no positive Resolutions had been taken for the Operations of the Campaign, before the Arch Duke's Departure from *Lisbon*, the Earl of *Peterborow*, ever solicitous of the Honour of his Country, had premeditated another Enterprize, which, had it been embrac'd, would in all Probability, have brought that War to a much more speedy Conclusion; and at the same time have obviated all those Difficulties, which were but too apparent in the Siege of *Barcelona*. He had justly and judiciously weigh'd, that there were no Forces in the Middle Parts of *Spain*, all their Troops being in the extream Parts of the Kingdom, either on the Frontiers of *Portugal*, or in the City of *Barcelona*; that with King *Philip*, and the royal Family at *Madrid*, there were only some few Horse, and those in a bad Condition, and which only serv'd for Guards: if therefore, as he rightly projected within himself, by the taking of *Valencia*, or any Sea-Port Town, that might have secur'd his Landing, he had march'd directly for *Madrid*; what could have oppos'd him? But I shall have occasion to dilate more upon this Head a few Pages hence; and therefore shall here only say, that though that Project of his might have brought about a speedy and wonderful Revolution, what he was by his Orders afterwards oblig'd to, against his Inclinations, to pursue, contributed much more to his great Reputation, as it put him under a frequent Necessity of overcoming Difficulties, which, to any other General, would have appear'd unsurmountable.

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VALENCIA is a City towards the Centre of *Spain*, to the Seaward, seated in a rich and most populous Country, just fifty Leagues from *Madrid*. It abounds in Horses and Mules; by reason of the great Fertility of its Lands, which they can, to great Advantage, water when, and as they please. This City and Kingdom was as much inclin'd to the Interest of King *Charles* as *Catalonia* it self; for even on our first Appearance, great Numbers of People came down to the Bay of *Altea*, with not only a bare Offer of their Services, but loaded with all Manner of Provisions, and loud Acclamations of *Viva Carlos tercero, Viva*. There were no regular Troops in any of the Places round about it, or in the City it self. The nearest were those few Horse in *Madrid*, one hundred and fifty Miles distant; nor any Foot nearer than *Barcelona*, or the Frontiers of *Portugal*.

On the contrary, *Barcelona* is one of the largest and most populous Cities in all *Spain*, fortify'd with Bastions; one Side thereof is secur'd by the Sea; and the other by a strong Fortification call'd *Monjouick*. The Place is of so large a Circumference, that thirty thousand Men would scarce suffice to form the Lines of Circumvallation. It once resisted for many Months an Army of that Force; and is almost at the greatest Distance from *England* of any Place belonging to that *Monarchy*.

This short Description of these two Places will appear highly necessary, if it be consider'd, that no Person without it would be able to judge of the Design which the Earl of *Peterborow* intended to pursue, when he first took the Arch-Duke aboard the Fleet. Nevertheless the Earl now found himself under a Necessity of quitting that noble Design, upon his Receipt of Orders from *England*, while he lay in the Bay of *Altea*, to proceed directly to *Catalonia*; to which the Arch-Duke, as well as many Sea and Land Officers, were most inclin'd; and the Prince of *Hesse* more than all the rest.

On receiving those Orders, the Earl of *Peterborow* seem'd to be of Opinion, that from an Attempt, which he thought under a Probability of Success, he was condemn'd to undertake what was next to an Impossibility of effecting; since nothing appear'd to him so injudicious as an Attempt upon *Barcelona*. A Place at such a Distance from receiving any Reinforcement or Relief; the only Place in which the *Spaniards* had a Garrison of regular Forces; and those in Number rather exceeding the Army he was to undertake the Siege with, was enough to cool the Ardour of a Person of less Penetration and Zeal than what the Earl had on all Occasions demonstrated. Whereas if the General, as he intended, had made an immediate March to *Madrid*, after he had secur'd *Valencia*, and the Towns adjacent, which were all ready to submit and declare for King *Charles*; or if otherwise

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inclin'd, had it not in their Power to make any considerable Resistance; to which, if it be added, that he could have had Mules and Horses immediately provided for him, in what Number he pleas'd, together with Carriages necessary for Artillery, Baggage, and Ammunition; in few Days he could have forc'd King *Philip* out of *Madrid*, where he had so little Force to oppose him. And as there was nothing in his Way to prevent or obstruct his marching thither, it is hard to conceive any other Part King *Philip* could have acted in such an Extremity, than to retire either towards *Portugal* or *Catalonia*. In either of which Cases he must have left all the middle Part of *Spain* open to the Pleasure of the Enemy; who in the mean time would have had it in their Power to prevent any Communication of those Bodies at such opposite Extrems of the Country, as were the Frontiers of *Portugal* and *Barcelona*, where only, as I said before, were any regular Troops.

And on the other Side, as the Forces of the Earl of *Peterborow* were more than sufficient for an Attempt where there was so little Danger of Opposition; so if their Army on the Frontiers of *Portugal* should have march'd back upon him into the Country; either the *Portugueze* Army could have enter'd into *Spain* without Opposition; or, at worst, supposing the General had been forc'd to retire, his Retreat would have been easy and safe into those Parts of *Valencia* and *Andahzia*, which he previously had secur'd. Besides, *Gibraltar*, the strongest Place in *Spain*, if not in the whole World, was already in our Possession, and a great Fleet at Hand ready to give Assistance in all Places near the Sea. From all which it is pretty apparent, that in a little time the War on our Side might have been supported without entering the *Mediterranean*; by which Means all Reinforcements would have been much nearer at Hand, and the Expences of transporting Troops and Ammunition very considerably diminish'd.

But none of these Arguments, though every one of them is founded on solid Reason, were of Force enough against the prevailing Opinion for an Attempt upon *Catalonia*. Mr. *Crow*, Agent for the Queen in those Parts, had sent into *England* most positive Assurances, that nothing would be wanting, if once our Fleet made an invasion amongst the *Catalans*: The Prince of *Hesse* likewise abounded in mighty Offers and prodigious Assurances; all which enforc'd our Army to that Part of *Spain*, and that gallant Prince to those Attempts in which he lost his Life. Very much against the Inclination of our General, who foresaw all those Difficulties, which were no less evident afterwards to every one; and the Sense of which occasion'd those Delays, and that Opposition to any Effort upon *Barcelona*, which ran thro' so many successive Councils of War.

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However, pursuant to his Instructions from *England*, the repeated Desires of the Arch-Duke, and the Importunities of the Prince of *Hesse*, our General gave Orders to sail from *Altea* towards the Bay of *Barcelona*, the chief City of *Catalonia*. Nevertheless, when we arriv'd there, he was very unwilling to land any of the Forces, till he saw some Probability of that Assistance and Succour so must boasted of, and so often promis'd. But as nothing appear'd but some small Numbers of Men, very indifferently arm'd, and without either Gentlemen or Officers at the Head of them; the Earl of *Peterborow* was of Opinion, this could not be deem'd sufficient Encouragement for him to engage in an Enterprize, which carry'd so poor a Face of Probability of Success along with it. In answer to this it was urg'd, that till a Descent was made, and the Affairs thoroughly engag'd in, it was not to be expected that any great Numbers would appear, or that Persons of Condition would discover themselves. Upon all which it was resolv'd the Troops should be landed.

Accordingly, our Forces were disembark'd, and immediately encamp'd; notwithstanding which the Number of Succours increas'd very slowly, and that after the first straggling Manner. Nor were those that did appear any way to be depended on; coming when they thought fit, and going away when they pleas'd, and not to be brought under any regular Discipline. It was then pretended, that until they saw the Artillery landed as well as Forces, they would not believe any Siege actually intended. This brought the General under a sort of Necessity of complying in that also. Though certainly so to do must be allow'd a little unreasonable, while the Majority in all Councils of War declar'd the Design to be impracticable; and the Earl of *Peterborow* had positive Orders to proceed according to such Majorities.

At last the Prince of *Hesse* was pleas'd to demand Pay for those Stragglers, as Officers and Soldiers, endeavouring to maintain, that it could not be expected that Men should venture their Lives for nothing. Thus we came to *Catalonia* upon Assurances of universal Assistance; but found, when we came there, that we were to have none unless we paid for it. And as we were sent thither without Money to pay for any thing, it had certainly been for us more tolerable to have been in a Country where we might have taken by Force what we could not obtain any other way.

However, to do the *Miquelets* all possible Justice, I must say, that notwithstanding the Number of 'em, which hover'd about the Place, never much exceeded fifteen Hundred Men; if sometimes more, oftner less; and though they never came under any Command, but planted themselves where and as they pleas'd; yet did they considerable Service in taking Possession of all the Country Houses and Convents, that lay between the Hills and the Plain of *Barcelona*; by means whereof they render'd it impossible for the Enemy to make any *Sorties* or Sallies at any Distance from the Town.

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And now began all those Difficulties to bear, which long before by the General had been apprehended. The Troops had continu'd under a State of Inactivity for the Space of three Weeks, all which was spent in perpetual Contrivances and Disputes amongst our selves, not with the Enemy. In six several Councils of War the Siege of *Barcelona*, under the Circumstances we then lay, was rejected as a Madness and Impossibility. And though the General and Brigadier *Stanhope* (afterward Earl *Stanhope*) consented to some Effort should be made to satisfy the Expectation of the World, than with any Hopes of Success. However, no Consent at all could be obtain'd from any Council of War; and the *Dutch* General in particular declar'd, that he would not obey even the Commands of the Earl of *Peterborow*, if he should order the Sacrifice of the Troops under him in so unjustifiable a Manner, without the Consent of a Council of War.

And yet all those Officers, who refus'd their Consent to the Siege of *Barcelona*, offer'd to march into the Country, and attempt any other Place, that was not provided with so strong and numerous a Garrison; taking it for granted, that no Town in *Catalonia*, *Barcelona* excepted, could make long Resistance; and in case the Troops in that Garrison should pursue them, they then might have an Opportunity of fighting them at less Disadvantage in the open Field, than behind the Walls of a Place of such Strength. And, indeed, should they have issu'd out on any such Design, a Defeat of those Troops would have put the Province of *Catalonia*, together with the Kingdoms of *Aragon* and *Valencia*, into the Hands of King *Charles* more effectually than the taking of *Barcelona* it self.

Let it be observ'd, *en passant*, that by those Offers of the Land Officers in a Council of War, it is easy to imagine what would have been the Success of our Troops, had they march'd directly from *Valencia* to *Madrid*. For if after two Months Alarm, it was thought reasonable, as well as practicable, to march into the open Country rather than attempt the Siege of *Barcelona*, where Forces equal, if not superior in Number, were ready to follow us at the Heels; what might not have been expected from an Invasion by our Troops when and where they could meet with little Opposition? But leaving the Consideration of what might have been, I shall now endeavour at least with great Exactness to set down some of the most remarkable Events from our taking to the Relief of *Barcelona*.

The repeated Refusals of the Councils of War for undertaking the Siege of so strong a Place, with a Garrison so numerous, and those Refusals grounded upon such solid Reasons, against a Design so rash, reduc'd the General to the utmost Perplexity. The Court of King *Charles* was immerg'd in complaint; all belonging to him lamenting the hard Fate of that Prince, to be brought into *Catalonia* only to

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return again, without the Offer of any one Effort in his Favour. On the other Hand, our own Officers and Soldiers were highly dissatisfy'd, that they were reproach'd, because not dispos'd to enter upon and engage themselves in Impossibilities. And, indeed, in the Manner that the Siege was propos'd and insisted upon by the Prince of *Hesse*, in every of the several Councils of War, after the Loss of many Men, thrown away to no other purpose, but to avoid the Shame (as the Expression ran) of coming like Fools and going away like Cowards, it could have ended in nothing but a Retreat at last.

It afforded but small Comfort to the Earl to have foreseen all these Difficulties, and to have it in his Power to say, that he would never have taken the Arch-Duke on Board, nor have propos'd to him the Hopes of a Recovery of the *Spanish* Monarchy from King *Philip*, if he could have imagin'd it probable, that he should not have been at liberty to pursue his own Design, according to his own Judgment. It must be allow'd very hard for him, who had undertaken so great a Work, and that without any Orders from the Government; and by so doing could have had no Justification but by Success; I say, it must be allow'd to be very hard (after the Undertaking had been approv'd in *England*) that he should find himself to be directed in this Manner by those at a Distance, upon ill grounded and confident Reports from Mr. *Crow*; and compell'd, as it were, though General, to follow the Sentiments of Strangers, who either had private Views of Ambition, or had no immediate Care or Concern for the Troops employ'd in this Expedition.

Such were the present unhappy Circumstances of the Earl of *Peterborow* in the Camp before *Barcelona*: Impossibilities propos'd; no Expedients to be accepted; a Court reproaching; Councils of War rejecting; and the *Dutch* General refusing the Assistance of the Troops under his Command; and what surmounted all, a Despair of bringing such Animosities and differing Opinions to any tolerable Agreement. Yet all these Difficulties, instead of discouraging the Earl, set every Faculty of his more afloat; and, at last, produc'd a lucky Thought, which was happily attended with Events extraordinary, and Scenes of Success much beyond his Expectation; such, as the General himself was heard to confess, it had been next to Folly to have look'd for; as certainly, *in prima facie*, it would hardly have born proposing, to take by Surprise a Place much stronger than *Barcelona* it self. True it is, that his only Hope of succeeding consisted in this: That no Person could suppose such an Enterprize could enter into the Imagination of Man; and without doubt the General's chief Dependence lay upon what he found true in the Sequel; that the Governor and Garrison of *Monjouick*, by reason of their own Security, would be very negligent, and very little upon their Guard.

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However, to make the Experiment, he took an Opportunity, unknown to any Person but an *Aid de Camp* that attended him, and went out to view the Fortifications: And there being no Horse in that strong Fortress; and the *Miquelets* being possess'd of all the Houses and Gardens in the Plain, it was not difficult to give himself that Satisfaction, taking his Way by the Foot of the Hill. The Observation he made of the Place it self, the Negligence and Supineness of the Garrison, together with his own uneasy Circumstances, soon brought the Earl to a Resolution of putting his first Conceptions in Execution, satisfy'd as he was, from the Situation of the Ground between *Monjouick* and the Town, that if the first was in our Possession, the Siege of the latter might be undertaken with some Prospect of Success.

From what has been said, some may be apt to conclude that the Siege afterward succeeding, when the Attack was made from the Side of *Monjouick*, it had not been impossible to have prevail'd, if the Effort had been made on the East Side of the Town, where our Forces were at first encamp'd, and where only we could have made our Approaches, if *Monjouick* had not been in our Power. But a few Words will convince any of common Experience of the utter Impossibility of Success upon the East Part of the Town, although many almost miraculous Accidents made us succeed when we brought our Batteries to bear upon that Part of *Barcelona* towards the West. The Ground to the East was a perfect Level for many Miles, which would have necessitated our making our Approaches in a regular Way; and consequently our Men must have been expos'd to the full Fire of their whole Artillery. Besides, the Town is on that Side much stronger than any other; there is an Out-work just under the Walls of the Town, flank'd by the Courtin and the Faces of two Bastions, which might have cost us half our Troops to possess, before we could have rais'd a Battery against the Walls. Or supposing, after all, a competent Breach had been made, what a wise Piece of Work must it have been to have attempted a Storm against double the Number of regular Troops within?

On the contrary, we were so favoured by the Situation, when we made the Attack from the Side of *Monjouick*, that the Breach was made and the Town taken without opening of Trenches, or without our being at all incommoded by any Sallies of the Enemy; as in truth they made not one during the whole Siege. Our great Battery, which consisted of upwards of fifty heavy Cannon, supply'd from the Ships, and manag'd by the Seamen, were plac'd upon a Spot of rising Ground, just large enough to contain our Guns, with two deep hollow Ways on each Side the Field, at each End whereof we had rais'd a little Redoubt, which serv'd to preserve our Men from the Shot of the Town. Those little Redoubts, in which we had some Field Pieces, flank'd the Battery, and render'd it intirely secure from any Surprize of the Enemy. There were several other smaller Batteries rais'd upon the Hills adjacent, in Places not to be approach'd, which, in a manner, render'd all the Artillery of the Enemy useless, by reason their Men could not play 'em, but with the utmost Danger; whereas ours were secure, very few being kill'd, and those mostly by random Shot.

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But to return to the General; forc'd, as he was, to take this extraordinary Resolution, he concluded, the readiest Way to surprize his Enemies was to elude his Friends. He therefore call'd a Council of War a-shore, of the Land Officers; and aboard, of the Admirals and Sea Officers: In both which it was resolv'd, that in case the Siege of *Barcelona* was judg'd impracticable, and that the Troops should be re-imbark'd by a Day appointed, an Effort should be made upon the Kingdom of *Naples*. Accordingly, the Day affix'd being come, the heavy Artillery landed for the Siege was return'd aboard the Ships, and every thing in appearance prepar'd for a Re-imbarkment. During which, the General was oblig'd to undergo all the Reproaches of a dissatisfy'd Court; and what was more uneasy to him, the Murmurings of the Sea Officers, who, not so competent Judges in what related to Sieges, were one and all inclin'd to a Design upon *Barcelona*; and the rather, because as the Season was so far spent, it was thought altogether improper to engage the Fleet in any new Undertaking. However, all Things were so well disguis'd by our seeming Preparations for a Retreat, that the very Night our Troops were in March towards the Attack of *Monjouick*, there were publick Entertainments and Rejoicings in the Town for the raising of the Siege.

The Prince of *Hesse* had taken large Liberties in complaining against all the Proceedings in the Camp before *Barcelona*; even to Insinuations, that though the Earl gave his Opinion for some Effort in public, yet us'd he not sufficient Authority over the other General Officers to incline them to comply; throwing out withal some Hints, that the General from the Beginning had declar'd himself in favour of other Operations, and against coming to *Catalonia*; the latter Part whereof was nothing but Fact. On the other Side, the Earl of *Peterborow* complain'd, that the boasted Assistance was no way made good; and that in failure thereof, his Troops were to be sacrificed to the Humours of a Stranger; one who had no Command; and whose Conduct might bear a Question whether equal to his Courage. These Reproaches of one another had bred so much ill Blood between those two great Men, that for above a Fortnight they had no Correspondence, nor ever exchang'd one Word.

The Earl, however, having made his proper Dispositions, and deliver'd out his Orders, began his March in the Evening with twelve Hundred Foot and two Hundred Horse, which of necessity were to pass by the Quarters of the Prince of *Hesse*. That Prince, on their Appearance, was told that the General was come to speak with him; and being brought into his Apartment, the Earl acquainted him, that he had at last resolv'd upon an Attempt against the Enemy; adding, that now, if he pleas'd, he might be a Judge of their Behaviour, and see whether his Officers and Soldiers had deserv'd that Character which he had so liberally given 'em. The Prince made answer, that he had always been ready to take his Share; but could hardly believe, that Troops marching that way could make any Attempt against the Enemy to satisfaction. However, without further Discourse he call'd for his Horse.

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By this we may see what Share Fortune has in the greatest Events. In all probability the Earl of *Peterborow* had never engag'd in such a dangerous Affair in cold Blood and unprovok'd; and if such an Enterprize had been resolv'd on in a regular Way, it is very likely he might have given the Command to some of the General Officers; since it is not usual, nor hardly allowable, for one, that commands in chief, to go in Person on such kind of Services. But here we see the General and Prince, notwithstanding their late indifferent Harmony, engag'd together in this most desperate Undertaking.

Brigadier *Stanhope* and Mr. *Methuen* (now Sir *Paul*) were the General's particular Friends, and those he most consulted, and most confided in; yet he never imparted this Resolution of his to either of them; for he was not willing to engage them in a Design so dangerous, and where there was so little Hope of Success; rather choosing to reserve them as Persons most capable of giving Advice and Assistance in the Confusion, great enough already, which yet must have been greater, if any Accident had happen'd to himself. And I have very good Reason to believe, that the Motive, which mainly engag'd the Earl of *Peterborow* in this Enterprize, was to satisfy the Prince of *Hesse* and the World, that his Diffidence proceeded from his Concern for the Troops committed to his Charge, and not for his own Person. On the other Hand, the great Characters of the two Gentlemen just mention'd are so well known, that it will easily gain Credit, that the only Way the General could take to prevent their being of the Party, was to conceal it from them, as he did from all Mankind, even from the Archduke himself. And certainly there never was a more universal Surprize than when the firing was heard next Morning from *Monjouick*.

But I now proceed to give an exact Account of this great Action; of which no Person, that I have heard of, ever yet took upon him to deliver to Posterity the glorious Particulars; and yet the Consequences and Events, by what follows, will appear so great, and so very extraordinary, that few, if any, had they had it in their Power, would have deny'd themselves the Pleasure or the World the Satisfaction of knowing it.

The Troops, which march'd all Night along the Foot of the Mountains, arriv'd two Hours before Day under the Hill of *Monjouick*, not a Quarter of a Mile from the outward Works: For this Reason it was taken for granted, whatever the Design was which the General had propos'd to himself, that it would be put in Execution before Day-light; but the Earl of *Peterborow* was now pleas'd to inform the Officers of the Reasons why he chose to stay till the Light appear'd. He was of opinion that any Success would be impossible, unless the Enemy came into the outward Ditch under the Bastions of the second Enclosure; but that if they had time allow'd them to come thither, there being no Palisadoes, our Men, by leaping in upon them, after receipt of their first Fire, might drive 'em into the upper Works; and following them close, with some Probability, might force them, under that Confusion, into the inward Fortifications.

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Such were the General's Reasons then and there given; after which, having promis'd ample Rewards to such as discharg'd their Duty well, a Lieutenant, with thirty Men, was order'd to advance towards the Bastion nearest the Town; and a Captain, with fifty Men, to support him. After the Enemy's Fire they were to leap into the Ditch, and their Orders were to follow 'em close, if they retir'd into the upper Works: Nevertheless, not to pursue 'em farther, if they made into the inner Fort; but to endeavour to cover themselves within the Gorge of the Bastion.

A Lieutenant and a Captain, with the Like Number of Men and the same Orders, were commanded to a Demi-Bastion at the Extremity of the Fort towards the West, which was above Musket-Shot from the inward Fortification. Towards this Place the Wall, which was cut into the Rock, was not fac'd for about twenty Yards; and here our own Men got up; where they found three Pieces of Cannon upon a Platform, without many Men to defend them.

Those appointed to the Bastion towards the Town were sustain'd by two hundred Men; with which the General and Prince went in Person. The like Number, under the Directions of Colonel *Southwell*, were to sustain the Attack towards the West; and about five hundred Men were left under the Command of a *Dutch* Colonel, whose Orders were to assist, where, in his own Judgment, he should think most proper; and these were drawn up between the two Parties appointed to begin the Assault. My Lot was on the Side where the Prince and Earl were in Person; and where we sustain'd the only Loss from the first Fire of the Enemy.

Our men, though quite expos'd, and though the Glacis was all escarp'd upon the live Rock, went on with an undaunted Courage; and immediately after the first Fire of the Enemy, all, that were not kill'd or wounded, leap'd in, *pel-mel*, amongst the Enemy; who, being thus boldly attack'd, and seeing others pouring in upon 'em, retir'd in great Confusion; and some one Way, some another, ran into the inward Works.

There was a large Port in the Flank of the principal Bastion, towards the North-East, and a cover'd Way, through which the General and the Prince of *Hesse* follow'd the flying Forces; and by that Means became possess'd of it. Luckily enough here lay a Number of great Stones in the Gorge of the Bastion, for the Use of the Fortification; with which we made a Sort of Breast-Work, before the Enemy recover'd of their Amaze, or made any considerable Fire upon us from their inward Fort, which commanded the upper Part of that Bastion.

We were afterwards inform'd, that the Commander of the Citadel, expecting but one Attack, had call'd off the Men from the most distant and western Part of the Fort, to that Side which was next the Town; upon which our Men got into a Demi-Bastion in the most extream Part of the Fortification. Here they got Possession of three Pieces of Cannon, with hardly any Opposition; and had Leisure to cast up a

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little Retrenchment, and to make use of the Guns they had taken to defend it. Under this Situation, the Enemy, when drove into the inward Fort, were expos'd to our Fire from those Places we were possess'd of, in case they offer'd to make any Sally, or other Attempt against us. Thus we every Moment became better and better prepar'd against any Effort of the Garrison. And as they could not pretend to assail us without evident Hazard; so nothing remain'd for us to do, till we could bring up our Artillery and Mortars. Now it was that the General sent for the thousand Men under Brigadier *Stanhope's* Command, which he had posted at a Convent, halfway between the Town and *Monjouick*.

There was almost a total Cessation of Fire, the Men on both Sides being under Cover. The General was in the upper Part of the Bastion; the Prince of *Hesse* below, behind a little Work at the Point of the Bastion, whence he could only see the Heads of the Enemy over the Parapet of the inward Fort. Soon after an Accident happen'd which cost that gallant Prince his Life.

The Enemy had Lines of Communication between *Barcelona* and *Monjouick*. The Governor of the former, upon hearing the firing from the latter, immediately sent four hundred Dragoons on Horseback, under Orders, that two Hundred dismounting should reinforce the Garrison, and the other two Hundred should return with their Horses back to the Town.

When those two Hundred Dragoons were accordingly got into the inward Fort, unseen by any of our Men, the *Spaniards*, waving their Hats over their Heads, repeated over and over, *Viva el Rey, Viva*. This the Prince of *Hesse* unfortunately took for a Signal of their Desire to surrender. Upon which, with too much Warmth and Precipitancy, calling to the Soldiers following, *They surrender, they surrender*, he advanc'd with near three Hundred Men (who follow'd him without any Orders from their General) along the Curtain which led to the Ditch of the inward Fort. The Enemy suffered them to come into the Ditch, and there surrounding 'em, took two Hundred of them Prisoners, at the same time making a Discharge upon the rest, who were running back the Way they came. This firing brought the Earl of *Peterborow* down from the upper Part of the Bastion, to see what was doing below. When he had just turn'd the Point of the Bastion, he saw the Prince of *Hesse* retiring, with the Men that had so rashly advanc'd. The Earl had exchang'd a very few Words with him, when, from a second Fire, that Prince receiv'd a Shot in the great Artery of the Thigh, of which he died immediately, falling down at the General's Feet, who instantly gave Orders to carry off the Body to the next Convent.

Almost the same Moment an Officer came to acquaint the Earl of *Peterborow*, that a great Body of Horse and Foot, at least three Thousand, were on their March from *Barcelona* towards the Fort. The Distance is near a Mile, all uneven Ground; so that the

Enemy was either discoverable, or not to be seen, just as they were marching on the Hills or in the Vallies. However, the General directly got on Horseback, to take a View of those Forces from the rising Ground without the Fort, having left all the Posts, which were already taken, well secur'd with the allotted Numbers of Officers and Soldiers.

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But the Event will demonstrate of what Consequence the Absence or Presence of one Man may prove on great Occasions; No sooner was the Earl out of the Fort, the Care of which he had left under the Command of the Lord *Charlemont* (a Person of known Merit and undoubted Courage, but somewhat too flexible in his Temper) when a panick Fear (tho' the Earl, as I have said, was only gone to take a View of the Enemy) seiz'd upon the Soldiery, which was a little too easily comply'd with by the Lord *Charlemont*, then commanding Officer. True it is; for I heard an Officer, ready enough to take such Advantages, urge to him, that none of all those Posts we were become Masters of, were tenable; that to offer at it would be no better than wilfully sacrificing human Lives to Caprice and Humour; and just like a Man's knocking his Head against Stone Walls, to try which was hardest. Having over-heard this Piece of Lip-Oratory, and finding by the Answer that it was too likely to prevail, and that all I was like to say would avail nothing. I slipt away as fast as I could, to acquaint the General with the Danger impending.

As I pass'd along, I took notice that the Panick was upon the Increase, the general Rumor affirming, that we should be all cut off by the Troops that were come out of *Barcelona*, if we did not immediately gain the Hills, or the Houses possess'd by the *Miquelets*. Officers and Soldiers, under this prevailing Terror, quitted their Posts; and in one united Body (the Lord *Charlemont* at the Head of them) march'd, or rather hurry'd out of the Fort; and were come halfway down the Hill before the Earl of *Peterborow* came up to them. Though on my acquainting him with the shameful and surprizing Accident he made no Stay, but answering, with a good deal of Vehemence, *Good God, is it possible?* hastened back as fast as he could.

I never thought my self happier than in this Piece of Service to my Country. I confess I could not but value it, as having been therein more than a little instrumental in the glorious Successes which succeeded; since immediately upon this Notice from me, the Earl gallop'd up the Hill, and lighting when he came to Lord *Charlemont*, he took his Half-pike out of his Hand; and turning to the Officers and Soldiers, told them, if they would not face about and follow him, they should have the Scandal and eternal Infamy upon them of having deserted their Posts, and abandon'd their General.

It was surprizing to see with what Alacrity and new Courage they fac'd about and follow'd the Earl of *Peterborow*. In a Moment they had forgot their Apprehensions; and, without doubt, had they met with any Opposition, they would have behav'd themselves with the greatest Bravery. But as these Motions were unperceiv'd by the Enemy, all the Posts were regain'd, and anew possess'd in less than half an Hour, without any Loss: Though, had our Forces march'd half Musket-shot farther, their Retreat would have been perceiv'd, and all the Success attendant on this glorious Attempt must have been intirely blasted.

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Another Incident which attended this happy Enterprize was this: The two hundred Men which fell into the Hands of the Enemy, by the unhappy Mistake of the Prince of *Hesse*, were carry'd directly into the Town. The Marquis of *Risburg*, a Lieutenant-General, who commanded the three thousand Men which were marching from the Town to the Relief of the Fort, examin'd the Prisoners, as they pass'd by; and they all agreeing that the General and the Prince of *Hesse* were in Person with the Troops that made the Attack on *Monjouick*, the Marquis gave immediate Orders to retire to the Town; taking it for granted, that the main Body of the Troops attended the Prince and General; and that some Design therefore was on foot to intercept his Return, in case he should venture too far. Thus the unfortunate Loss of our two hundred Men turn'd to our Advantage, in preventing the Advance of the Enemy, which must have put the Earl of *Peterborow* to inconceivable Difficulties.

The Body of one Thousand, under Brigadier *Stanhope*, being come up to *Monjouick*, and no Interruption given us by the Enemy, our Affairs were put into very good Order on this Side; while the Camp on the other Side was so fortify'd, that the Enemy, during the Siege, never made one Effort against it. In the mean time, the Communication between the two Camps was secure enough; although our Troops were obliged to a tedious March along the Foot of the Hills, whenever the General thought fit to relieve those on Duty on the Side of the Attack, from those Regiments encamp'd on the West Side of *Barcelona*.

The next Day, after the Earl of *Peterborow* had taken Care to secure the first Camp to the Eastward of the Town, he gave Orders to the Officers of the Fleet to land the Artillery and Ammunition behind the Fortress to the Westward. Immediately upon the Landing whereof, two Mortars were fix'd; from both which we ply'd the Fort of *Monjouick* furiously with our Bombs. But the third or fourth Day, one of our Shells fortunately lighting on their Magazine of Powder, blew it up; and with it the Governor, and many principal Officers who were at Dinner with him. The Blast, at the same Instant, threw down a Face of one of the smaller Bastions; which the vigilant *Miquelets*, ready enough to take all Advantages, no sooner saw (for they were under the Hill, very near the Place) but they readily enter'd, while the Enemy were under the utmost Confusion. If the Earl, no less watchful than they, had not at the same Moment thrown himself in with some regular Troops, and appeas'd the general Disorder, in all probability the Garrison had been put to the Sword. However, the General's Presence not only allay'd the Fury of the *Miquelets*; but kept his own Troops under strictest Discipline: So that in a happy Hour for the frightened Garrison, the General gave Officers and Soldiers Quarters, making them Prisoners of War.

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How critical was that Minute wherein the General met his retreating Commander? a very few Steps farther had excluded us our own Conquests, to the utter Loss of all those greater Glories which ensu'd. Nor would that have been the worst; for besides the Shame attending such an ill concerted Retreat from our Acquests on *Monjouick*, we must have felt the accumulative Disgrace of infamously retiring aboard the Ships that brought us; but Heaven reserv'd for our General amazing Scenes both of Glory and Mortification.

I cannot here omit one Singularity of Life, which will demonstrate Men's different Way of Thinking, if not somewhat worse; when many Years after, to one in Office, who seem'd a little too dead to my Complaints, and by that Means irritating my human Passions, injustice to my self, as well as Cause, I urged this Piece of Service, by which I not only preserv'd the Place, but the Honour of my Country, that *Minister petite*, to mortify my Expectations and baffle my Plea, with a Grimace as odd as his Logick, return'd, that, in his Opinion, the Service pretended was a Disservice to the Nation; since Perseverance had cost the Government more Money than all our Conquests were worth, could we have kept 'em. So irregular are the Conceptions of Man, when even great Actions thwart the Bent of an interested Will!

The Fort of *Monjouick* being thus surprizingly reduc'd, furnish'd a strange Vivacity to Mens Expectations, and as extravagantly flatter'd their Hopes; for as Success never fails to excite weaker Minds to pursue their good Fortune, though many times to their own Loss; so is it often too apt to push on more elevated Spirits to renew the Encounter for atchieving new Conquests, by hazarding too rashly all their former Glory. Accordingly, every Body now began to make his utmost Efforts; and look'd upon himself as a Drone, if he was not employ'd in doing something or other towards pushing forward the Siege of *Barcelona* it self, and raising proper Batteries for that Purpose. But, after all, it must in Justice be acknowledg'd, that notwithstanding this prodigious Success that attended this bold Enterprize, the Land Forces of themselves, without the Assistance of the Sailors, could never have reduc'd the Town. The Commanders and Officers of the Fleet had always evinc'd themselves Favourers of this Project upon *Barcelona*. A new Undertaking so late in the Year, as I have said before, was their utter Aversion, and what they hated to hear of. Elated therefore with a Beginning so auspicious, they gave a more willing Assistance than could have been ask'd, or judiciously expected. The Admirals forgot their Element, and acted as General Officers at Land: They came every Day from their Ships, with a Body of Men form'd into Companies, and regularly marshall'd and commanded by Captains and Lieutenants of their own. Captain *Littleton* in particular, one of the most advanced Captains in the whole Fleet, offer'd of himself to take care

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of the Landing and Conveyance of the Artillery to the Camp. And answerable to that his first Zeal was his Vigour all along, for finding it next to an Impossibility to draw the Cannon and Mortars up such vast Precipices by Horses, if the Country had afforded them, he caus'd Harnesses to be made for two hundred Men; and by that Means, after a prodigious Fatigue and Labour, brought the Cannon and Mortars necessary for the Siege up to the very Batteries.

In this Manner was the Siege begun; nor was it carry'd on with any less Application; the Approaches being made by an Army of Besiegers, that very little, if at all, exceeded the Number of the Besieg'd; not altogether in a regular Manner, our few Forces would not admit it; but yet with Regularity enough to secure our two little Camps, and preserve a Communication between both, not to be interrupted or incommoded by the Enemy. We had soon erected three several Batteries against the Place, all on the West Side of the Town, viz. one of nine Guns, another of Twelve, and the last of upwards of Thirty. From all which we ply'd the Town incessantly, and with all imaginable Fury; and very often in whole Vollies.

Nevertheless it was thought not only adviseable, but necessary, to erect another Battery, upon a lower Piece of Ground under a small Hill; which lying more within Reach, and opposite to those Places where the Walls were imagin'd weakest, would annoy the Town the more; and being design'd for six Guns only, might soon be perfected. A *French* Engeneer had the Direction; and indeed very quickly perfected it. But when it came to be consider'd which way to get the Cannon to it, most were of opinion that it would be absolutely impracticable, by reason of the vast Descent; tho' I believe they might have added a stronger Reason, and perhaps more intrinsick, that it was extremely expos'd to the Fire of the Enemy.

Having gain'd some little Reputation in the Attack of *Monjouick*, this Difficulty was at last to be put upon me; and as some, not my Enemies, suppos'd, more out of Envy than good Will. However, when I came to the Place, and had carefully taken a View of it, though I was sensible enough of the Difficulty, I made my main Objection as to the Time for accomplishing it; for it was then between Nine and Ten, and the Guns were to be mounted by Day-light. Neither could I at present see any other Way to answer their Expectations, than by casting the Cannon down the Precipice, at all Hazards, to the Place below, where that fourth Battery was erected.

This wanted not Objections to; and therefore to answer my Purpose, as to point of Time, sixty Men more were order'd me, as much as possible to facilitate the Work by Numbers; and accordingly I set about it. Just as I was setting all Hands to work, and had given Orders to my Men to begin some Paces back, to make the Descent more gradual, and thereby render the Task a little more feasible, Major *Collier*, who commanded

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the Train, came to me; and perceiving the Difficulties of the Undertaking, in a Fret told me, I was impos'd upon; and vow'd he would go and find out Brigadier *Petit*, and let him know the Impossibility, as well as the Unreasonableness of the Task I was put upon. He had scarce utter'd those Words, and turn'd himself round to perform his Promise, when an unlucky Shot with a Musket-Ball wounded him through the Shoulder; upon which he was carry'd off, and I saw him not till some considerable time after.

By the painful Diligence, and the additional Compliment of Men, however, I so well succeeded (such was my great good Fortune) that the Way was made, and the Guns, by the Help of Fascines, and other lesser Preparations below, safely let down and mounted; so that that fourth Battery began to play upon the Town before Break of Day; and with all the Success that was propos'd.

In short, the Breach in a very few Days after was found wholly practicable; and all Things were got ready for a general Storm. Which Don *Valasco* the Governor being sensible of, immediately beat a Parley; upon which it was, among other Articles, concluded, that the Town should be surrender'd in three Days; and the better to ensure it, the Bastion, which commanded the Port St. *Angelo*, was directly put into our Possession.

But before the Expiration of the limited three Days, a very unexpected Accident fell out, which hasten'd the Surrender. Don *Valasco*, during his Government, had behav'd himself very arbitrarily, and thereby procur'd, as the Consequence of it, a large Proportion of ill will, not only among the Townsmen, but among the *Miquelets*, who had, in their Zeal to King *Charles*, flock'd from all Parts of *Catalonia* to the Siege of their Capital; and who, on the Signing of the Articles of Surrender, had found various Ways, being well acquainted with the most private Avenues, to get by Night into the Town: So that early in the Morning they began to plunder all that they knew Enemies to King *Charles*, or thought Friends to the Prince his Competitor.

Their main Design was upon *Valasco* the Governor, whom, if they could have got into their Hands, it was not to be question'd, but as far as his Life and Limbs would have serv'd, they would have sufficiently satiated their Vengeance upon. He expected no less; and therefore concealed himself, till the Earl of *Peterborow* could give Orders for his more safe and private Conveyance by Sea to *Alicant*.

Nevertheless, in the Town all was in the utmost Confusion; which the Earl of *Peterborow*, at the very first hearing, hastened to appease; with his usual Alacrity he rid all alone to Port St. *Angelo*, where at that time my self happen'd to be; and demanding to be admitted, the Officer of the Guard, under Fear and Surprise, open'd the Wicket, through which the Earl enter'd, and I after him.

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Scarce had we gone a hundred Paces, when we saw a Lady of apparent Quality, and indisputable Beauty, in a strange, but most affecting Agony, flying from the apprehended Fury of the *Miquelets*; her lovely Hair was all flowing about her Shoulders, which, and the Consternation she was in, rather added to, than any thing diminish'd from the Charms of an Excess of Beauty. She, as is very natural to People in Distress, made up directly to the Earl, her Eyes satisfying her he was a Person likely to give her all the Protection she wanted. And as soon as ever she came near enough, in a Manner that declar'd her Quality before she spoke, she crav'd that Protection, telling him, the better to secure it, who it was that ask'd it. But the generous Earl presently convinc'd her, he wanted no Intreaties, having, before he knew her to be the Dutchess of *Popoli*, taken her by the Hand, in order to convey her through the Wicket which he enter'd at, to a Place of Safety without the Town.

I stay'd behind, while the Earl convey'd the distress'd Dutchess to her requested *Asylum*; and I believe it was much the longest Part of an Hour before he return'd. But as soon as ever he came back, he, and my self, at his Command, repair'd to the Place of most Confusion, which the extraordinary Noise full readily directed us to; and which happened to be on the Parade before the Palace. There it was that the *Miquelets* were making their utmost Efforts to get into their Hands the almost sole Occasion of the Tumult, and the Object of their raging Fury, the Person of Don *Valasco*, the late Governor.

It was here that the Earl preserv'd that Governor from the violent, but perhaps too just Resentments of the *Miquelets*; and, as I said before, convey'd him by Sea to *Alicant*. And, indeed, I could little doubt the Effect, or be any thing surpriz'd at the Easiness of the Task, when I saw, that wherever he appear'd the popular Fury was in a Moment allay'd, and that every Dictate of that General was assented to with the utmost Cheerfulness and Deference. *Valasco*, before his Embarkment, had given Orders, in Gratitude to his Preserver, for all the Gates to be deliver'd up, tho' short of the stipulated Term; and they were accordingly so delivered, and our Troops took Possession so soon as ever that Governor was aboard the Ship that was to convey him to *Alicant*.

During the Siege of *Barcelona*, Brigadier *Stanhope* order'd a Tent to be pitch'd as near the Trenches as possibly could be with Safety; where he not only entertain'd the chief Officers who were upon Duty, but likewise the *Catalonian* Gentlemen who brought *Miquelets* to our Assistance. I remember I saw an old Cavalier, having his only Son with him, who appear'd a fine young Gentleman, about twenty Years of Age, go into the Tent, in order to dine with the Brigadier. But whilst they were at Dinner, an unfortunate Shot came from the Bastion of St. *Antonio*, and intirely struck off the Head of the Son. The father immediately rose up, first looking down upon his headless Child, and then lifting up his Eyes to Heaven, whilst the Tears ran down his Cheeks, he cross'd himself, and only said, *Fiat voluntas tua*, and bore it with a wonderful Patience. 'Twas a sad Spectacle, and truly it affects me now whilst I am writing.

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The Earl of *Peterborow*, tho' for some time after the Revolution he had been employ'd in civil Affairs, return'd to the military Life with great Satisfaction, which was ever his Inclination. Brigadier *Stanhope*, who was justly afterwards created an Earl, did well deserve this Motto, *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*; for truly he behav'd, all the time he continu'd in *Spain*, as if he had been inspir'd with Conduct; for the Victory at *Almanar* was intirely owing to him; and likewise at the Battle of *Saragosa* he distinguish'd himself with great Bravery. That he had not Success at *Bruhega* was not his Fault; for no Man can resist Fate; for 'twas decreed by Heaven that *Philip* should remain King of *Spain*, and *Charles* to be Emperor of *Germany*. Yet each of these Monarchs have been ungrateful to the Instruments which the Almighty made use of to preserve them upon their Thrones; for one had not been King of *Spain* but for *France*; and the other had not been Emperor but for *England*.

Barcelona, the chief Place in *Catalonia*, being thus in our Hands, as soon as the Garrison, little inferior to our Army, had march'd out with Drums beating, Colours flying, &c. according to the Articles, *Charles* the Third made his publick Entry, and was proclaim'd King, and receiv'd with the general Acclamations, and all other Demonstrations of Joy suitable to that great Occasion.

Some Days after which, the Citizens, far from being satiated with their former Demonstrations of their Duty, sent a Petition to the King, by proper Deputies for that Purpose appointed, desiring Leave to give more ample Instances of their Affections in a public *Cavalcade*. The King granted their Request, and the Citizens, pursuant thereto, made their Preparations.

On the Day appointed, the King, plac'd in a Balcony belonging to the House of the Earl of *Peterborow*, appear'd ready to honour the Show. The Ceremonial, to speak nothing figuratively, was very fine and grand: Those of the first Rank made their Appearance in decent Order, and upon fine Horses; and others under Arms, and in Companies, march'd with native Gravity and Grandeur, all saluting his Majesty as they pass'd by, after the *Spanish* Manner, which that Prince return'd with the Movement of his Hand to his Mouth; for the Kings of *Spain* are not allow'd to salute, or return a Salute, by any Motion to, or of, the Hat.

After these follow'd several Pageants; the first of which was drawn by Mules, set off to the Height with stateliest Feathers, and adorn'd with little Bells. Upon the Top of this Pageant appear'd a Man dress'd all in Green; but in the Likeness of a Dragon. The Pageant making a Stop just over-against the Balcony where the King sate, the Dragonical Representative diverted him with great Variety of Dancings, the Earl of *Peterborow* all the time throwing out Dollars by Handfuls among the Populace, which they as constantly receiv'd with the loud Acclamation and repeated Cries of *Viva, Viva, Carlos Terceros, Viva la Casa d'Austria*.

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When that had play'd its Part, another Pageant, drawn as before, made a like full Stop before the same Balcony. On this was plac'd a very large Cage, or Aviary, the Cover of which, by Springs contriv'd for that Purpose, immediately flew open, and out of it a surprizing Flight of Birds of various Colours. These, all amaz'd at their sudden Liberty, which I took to be the Emblem intended, hover'd a considerable space of time over and about their Place of Freedom, chirping, singing, and otherwise testifying their mighty Joy for their so unexpected Enlargement.

There were many other Pageants; but having little in them very remarkable, I have forgot the Particulars. Nevertheless, every one of them was dismiss'd with the like Acclamations of *Viva, Viva*; the Whole concluding with Bonfires and Illuminations common on all such Occasions.

I cannot here omit one very remarkable Instance of the Catholick Zeal of that Prince, which I was soon after an Eye-witness of. I was at that time in the Fruit-Market, when the King passing by in his Coach, the Host (whether by Accident or Contrivance I cannot say) was brought, at that very Juncture, out of the great Church, in order, as I after understood, to a poor sick Woman's receiving the Sacrament. On Sight of the Host the King came out of his Coach, kneel'd down in the Street, which at that time prov'd to be very dirty, till the Host pass'd by; then rose up, and taking the lighted Flambeau from him who bore it, he follow'd the Priest up a streight nasty Alley, and there up a dark ordinary Pair of Stairs, where the poor sick Woman lay. There he stay'd till the whole Ceremony was over, when, returning to the Door of the Church, he very faithfully restor'd the lighted Flambeau to the Fellow he had taken it from, the People all the while crying out *Viva, Viva*; an Acclamation, we may imagine, intended to his Zeal, as well as his Person.

Another remarkable Accident, of a much more moral Nature, I must, injustice to the Temperance of that, in this truly inimitable People, recite. I was one Day walking in one of the most populous Streets of that City, where I found an uncommon Concourse of People, of all Sorts, got together; and imagining so great a Croud could not be assembled on a small Occasion, I prest in among the rest; and after a good deal of Struggling and Difficulty, reach'd into the Ring and Centre of that mix'd Multitude. But how did I blush? with what Confusion did I appear? when I found one of my own Countrymen, a drunken Granadier, the attractive Loadstone of all that high and low Mob, and the Butt of all their Merriment? It will be easily imagin'd to be a Thing not a little surprizing to one of our Country, to find that a drunken Man should be such a wonderful Sight; However, the witty Sarcasms that were then by high and low thrown upon that senseless Creature, and as I interpreted Matters, me in him, were so pungent, that if I did not curse my Curiosity, I thought it best to withdraw my self as fast as Legs could carry me away.

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BARCELONA being now under King *Charles*, the Towns of *Gironne*, *Tarragona*, *Tortosa*, and *Lerida*, immediately declar'd for him. To every one of which Engeneers being order'd, it was my Lot to be sent to *Tortosa*. This Town is situated on the Side of the River *Ebro*, over which there is a fair and famous Bridge of Boats. The Waters of this River are always of a dirty red Colour, somewhat fouler than our Moorish Waters; yet is it the only Water the Inhabitants drink, or covet to drink; and every House providing for its own Convenience Cisterns to preserve it in, by a few Hours standing it becomes as clear as the clearest Rock-water, but as soft as Milk. In short, for Softness, Brightness, and Pleasantness of Taste, the Natives prefer it to all the Waters in the World. And I must declare in favour of their Opinion, that none ever pleas'd me like it.

This Town was of the greater Moment to our Army, as opening a Passage into the Kingdom of *Valencia* on one Side, and the Kingdom of *Arragon* on the other: And being of it self tolerably defensible, in human Appearance might probably repay a little Care and Charge in its Repair and Improvement. Upon this Employ was I appointed, and thus was I busy'd, till the Arrival of the Earl of *Peterborow* with his little Army, in order to march to *Valencia*, the Capital of that Province. Here he left in Garrison Colonel *Hans Hamilton's* Regiment; the Place, nevertheless, was under the Command of a *Spanish* Governor, appointed by King *Charles*.

While the Earl stay'd a few Days at this Place, under Expectation of the promis'd Succours from *Barcelona*, he receiv'd a *Proprio* (or Express) from the King of *Spain*, full of Excuses, instead of Forces. And yet the very same Letter, in a paradoxical Manner, commanded him, at all Events, to attempt the Relief of *Santo Mattheo*, where Colonel *Jones* commanded, and which was then under Siege by the *Conde de los Torres* (as was the Report) with upwards of three thousand Men. The Earl of *Peterborow* could not muster above one thousand Foot, and about two hundred Horse; a small Force to make an Attempt of that Nature upon such a superior Power: Yet the Earl's Vivacity (as will be occasionally further observ'd in the Course of these Memoirs) never much regarded Numbers, so there was but room, by any Stratagem, to hope for Success. True it is, for his greater Encouragement and Consolation, the same Letter intimated, that a great Concourse of the Country People being up in Arms, to the Number of many Thousands, in Favour of King *Charles*, and wanting only Officers, the Enterprize would be easy and unattended with much Danger. But upon mature Enquiry, the Earl found that great Body of Men all *in nubibus*; and that the *Conde*, in the plain Truth of the Matter, was much stronger than the Letter at first represented.

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Santo Mattheo was a Place of known Importance; and that from its Situation, which cut off all Communication between *Catalonia* and *Valencia*; and, consequently, should it fall into the Hands of the Enemy, the Earl's Design upon the latter must inevitably have been postpon'd. It must be granted, the Commands for attempting the Relief of it were pressing and peremptory; nevertheless, the Earl was very conscious to himself, that as the promis'd Reinforcements were suspended, his Officers would not approve of the Attempt upon the Foot of such vast Inequalities; and their own declar'd Sentiments soon confirm'd the Dictates of the Earl's Reason. He therefore addresses himself to those Officers in a different Manner: He told 'em he only desir'd they would be passive, and leave it to him to work his own Way. Accordingly, the Earl found out and hired two *Spanish Spies*, for whose Fidelity (as his great Precaution always led him to do) he took sufficient Security; and dispatch'd 'em with a Letter to Colonel *Jones*, Governor of the Place, intimating his Readiness, as well as Ability, to relieve him; and, above all, exhorting him to have the *Miquelets* in the Town ready, on Sight of his Troops, to issue out, pursue, and plunder; since that would be all they would have to do, and all he would expect at their Hands. The Spies were dispatch'd accordingly; and, pursuant to Instructions, one betray'd and discover'd the other who had the Letter in charge to deliver to Colonel *Jones*. The Earl, to carry on the Feint, having in the mean time, by dividing his Troops, and marching secretly over the Mountains, drawn his Men together, so as to make their Appearance on the Height of a neighbouring Mountain, little more than Cannot-shot from the Enemy's Camp. The Tale of the Spies was fully confirm'd, and the *Conde* (though an able General) march'd off with some Precipitation with his Army; and by that Means the Earl's smaller Number of twelve Hundred had Liberty to march into the Town without Interruption. I must not let slip an Action of Colonel *Jones's* just before the Earl's Delivery of them: The *Conde*, for want of Artillery, had set his Miners to work; and the Colonel, finding they had made some dangerous Advances, turned the Course of a Rivulet, that ran through the Middle of the Town, in upon them, and made them quit a Work they thought was brought to Perfection.

SANTO Mattheo being reliev'd, as I have said, the Earl, though he had so far gain'd his Ends, left not the flying Enemy without a Feint of Pursuit; with such Caution, nevertheless, that in case they should happen to be better inform'd of his Weakness, he might have a Resource either back again to *Santo Mattheo*, or to *Vinaros* on the Sea-side; or some other Place, as occasion might require. But having just before receiv'd fresh Advice, that the Reinforcements he expected were anew countermanded; and that the Duke of *Anjou*

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had increas'd his Troops to twelve thousand Men; the Officers, not enough elated with the last Success to adventure upon new Experiments, resolv'd, in a Council of War, to advise the Earl, who had just before receiv'd a discretionary Commission in lieu of Troops, so to post the Forces under him, as not to be cut off from being able to assist the King in Person; or to march to the Defence of *Catalonia*, in case of Necessity.

Pursuant to this Resolution of the Council of War, the Earl of *Peterborow*, tho' still intent upon his Expedition into *Valencia* (which had been afresh commanded, even while his Supplies were countermanded) orders his Foot, in a truly bad Condition, by tedious Marches Day and Night over the Mountains, to *Vinaros*; and with his two hundred Horse, set out to prosecute his pretended Design of pursuing the flying Enemy; resolv'd, if possible, notwithstanding all seemingly desperate Circumstances, to perfect the Security of that Capital.

To that Purpose, the Earl, with his small Body of Patrolers, went on frightening the Enemy, till they came under the Walls of *Nules*, a Town fortify'd with the best Walls, regular Towers, and in the best Repair of any in that Kingdom. But even here, upon the Appearance of the Earl's Forlorn (if they might not properly at that time all have pass'd under that Character) under the same Panick they left that sensible Town, with only one Thousand of the Town's People, well arm'd, for the Defence of it. Yet was it scarce to be imagin'd, that the Earl, with his small Body of two hundred Horse, should be able to gain Admission; or, indeed, under such Circumstances, to attempt it. But bold as the Undertaking was, his good Genius went along with him; and so good a Genius was it, that it rarely left him without a good Effect. He had been told the Day before, that the Enemy, on leaving *Nules*, had got Possession of *Villa Real*, where they put all to the Sword. What would have furnish'd another with Terror, inspir'd his Lordship with a Thought as fortunate as it was successful. The Earl rides up to the very Gates of the Town, at the Head of his Party, and peremptorily demands the chief Magistrate, or a Priest, immediately to be sent out to him; and that under Penalty of being all put to the Sword, and us'd as the Enemy had us'd those at *Villa-Real* the Day or two before. The Troops, that had so lately left the Place, had left behind 'em more Terror than Men; which, together with the peremptory Demand of the Earl, soon produc'd some Priests to wait upon the General. By their Readiness to obey, the Earl very justly imagin'd Fear to be the Motive; wherefore, to improve their Terror, he only allow'd them six Minutes time to resolve upon a Surrender, telling them, that otherwise, so soon as his Artillery was come up, he would lay them under the utmost Extremities. The Priests return'd with this melancholy Message into the Place; and in a very short time after the Gates were thrown open. Upon the Earl's Entrance he found two hundred Horse, which were the Original of his Lordship's forming that Body of Horse, which afterwards prov'd the saving of *Valencia*.

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The News of the taking of *Nules* soon overtook the flying Enemy; and so increas'd the Apprehensions of their Danger, that they renew'd their March, the same Day; though what they had taken before would have satisfy'd them much better without it. On the other hand, the Earl was so well pleas'd with his Success, that leaving the Enemy to fly before their Fears, he made a short Turn towards *Castillon de la Plana*, a considerable, but open Town, where his Lordship furnish'd himself with four hundred Horses more; and all this under the Assurance that his Troops were driving the Enemy before them out of the Kingdom. Hence he sent Orders to Colonel *Pierce's* Regiment at *Vinaros* to meet him at *Oropesa*, a Place at no great Distance; where, when they came, they were very pleasingly surpriz'd at their being well mounted, and furnish'd with all Accoutrements necessary. After which, leaving 'em canton'd in wall'd Towns, where they could not be disturb'd without Artillery, that indefatigable General, leaving them full Orders, went on his way towards *Tortosa*.

At *Vinaros* the Earl met with Advice, that the *Spanish* Militia of the Kingdom of *Valencia* were assembled, and had already advanc'd a Day's March at least into that Country. Upon which, collecting, as fast as he could, the whole Corps together, the Earl resolv'd to penetrate into *Valencia* directly; notwithstanding this whole collected Body would amount to no more than six hundred Horse and two thousand Foot.

But there was a strong Pass over a River, just under the Walls of *Molviedro*, which must be first disputed and taken. This Brigadier *Mahoni*, by the Orders of the Duke of *Arcos*, who commanded the Troops of the Duke of *Anjou* in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, had taken care to secure. *Molviedro*, though not very strong, is a wall'd Town, very populous of it self; and had in it, besides a Garrison of eight hundred Men, most of *Mahoni's* Dragoons. It lies at the very Bottom of a high Hill; on the upper Part whereof they shew the Ruins of the once famous SAGUNTUM; famous sure to Eternity, if Letters shall last so long, for an inviolable Fidelity to a negligent Confederate, against an implacable Enemy. Here yet appear the visible *Vestigia* of awful Antiquity, in half standing Arches, and the yet unlevell'd Walls and Towers of that once celebrated City. I could not but look upon all these with the Eyes of Despight, in regard to their Enemy *Hannibal*; with those of Disdain, in respect to the uncommon and unaccountable Supineness of its Confederates, the *Romans*; but with those of Veneration, as to the Memory of a glorious People, who rather than stand reproach'd with a Breach of Faith, or the Brand of Cowardice, chose to sacrifice themselves, their Wives, Children, and all that was dear to them, in the Flames of their expiring City.

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In *Molviedro*, as I said before, *Mahoni* commanded, with eight hundred Men, besides Inhabitants; which, together with our having but little Artillery, induc'd the Officers under the Earl of *Peterborow* reasonably enough to imagine and declare, that there could be no visible Appearance of surmounting such Difficulties. The Earl, nevertheless, instead of indulging such Despondencies, gave them Hope, that what Strength serv'd not to accomplish, Art might possibly obtain. To that Purpose he proposed an Interview between himself and *Mahoni*; and accordingly sent an Officer with a Trumpet to intimate his Desire. The Motion was agreed to; and the Earl having previously station'd his Troops to advantage, and his little Artillery at a convenient Distance, with Orders they should appear on a slow March on the Side of a rising Hill, during the time of Conference, went to the Place appointed; only, as had been stipulated, attended with a small Party of Horse. When they were met, the Earl first offer'd all he could to engage *Mahoni* to the Interest of King *Charles*; proposing some Things extravagant enough (as *Mahoni* himself some time after told me) to stagger the Faith of a Catholick; but all to little Purpose: *Mahoni* was inflexible, which oblig'd the Earl to new Measures.

Whereupon the Earl frankly told him, that he could not however but esteem the Confidence he had put in him; and therefore, to make some Retaliation, he was ready to put it in his Power to avoid the Barbarities lately executed at *Villa-Real*.

"My Relation to you," continued the General, "inclines me to spare a Town under your Command. You see how near my Forces are; and can hardly doubt our soon being Masters of the Place: What I would therefore offer you, said the Earl, is a Capitulation, that my Inclination may be held in Countenance by my Honour. Barbarities, however justified by Example, are my utter Aversion, and against my Nature; and to testify so much, together with my good Will to your Person, was the main Intent of this Interview."

This Frankness so far prevail'd on *Mahoni*, that he agreed to return an Answer in half an Hour. Accordingly, an Answer was returned by a *Spanish* Officer, and a Capitulation agreed upon; the Earl at the same time endeavouring to bring over that Officer to King *Charles*, on much the same Topicks he us'd with *Mahoni*. But finding this equally fruitless, whether it was that he tacitly reproach'd the Officer with a Want of Consideration in neglecting to follow the Example of his Commander, or what else, he created in that Officer such a Jealousy of *Mahoni*, that was afterward very serviceable to him in his further Design.

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To forward which to a good Issue, the Earl immediately made choice of two Dragoons, who, upon promise of Promotion, undertook to go as Spies to the Duke of Arcos, whose Forces lay not far off, on the other Side a large Plain, which the Earl must unavoidably pass, and which would inevitably be attended with almost insuperable Dangers, if there attack'd by a Force so much superior. Those Spies, according to Instructions, were to discover to the Duke, that they over-heard the Conference between the Earl and *Mahoni*; and at the same time saw a considerable Number of Pistoles deliver'd into *Mahoni*'s Hands, large Promises passing at that Instant reciprocally: But above all, that the Earl had recommended to him the procuring the March of the Duke over the Plain between them. The Spies went and deliver'd all according to Concert; concluding, before the Duke, that they would ask no Reward, but undergo any Punishment, if *Mahoni* did not very soon send to the Duke a Request to march over the Plain, in order to put the concerted Plot in execution. It was not long after this pretended Discovery before *Mahoni* did send indeed an Officer to the Duke, desiring the March of his Forces over the Plain; but, in reality, to obstruct the Earl's Passage, which he knew very well must be that and no other way. However, the Duke being prepossess'd by the Spies, and what those *Spanish* Officers that at first escap'd had before infus'd, took Things in their Sense; and as soon as *Mahoni*, who was forc'd to make the best of his way over the Plain before the Earl of *Peterborow*, arriv'd at his Camp, he was put under Arrest and sent to *Madrid*. The Duke having thus imbib'd the Venom, and taken the Alarm, immediately decamp'd in Confusion, and took a different Rout than at first he intended; leaving that once formidable Plain open to the Earl, without an Enemy to obstruct him. In some little time after he arriv'd at *Madrid*, *Mahoni* made his Innocence appear, and was created a General; while the Duke of Arcos was recall'd from his Post of Honour.

The Day after we arriv'd at *Valencia*, the Gates of which fine City were set open to us with the highest Demonstrations of Joy. I call'd it a fine City; but sure it richly deserves a brighter Epithet, since it is a common Saying among the *Spaniards*, that the Pleasures of *Valencia* would make a Jew forget *Jerusalem*. It is most sweetly situated in a very beautiful Plain, and within half a League of the *Mediterranean* Sea. It never wants any of the Fragrances of Nature, and always has something to delight the most curious Eye. It is famous to a Proverb for fine Women; but as infamous, and only in that so, for the Race of Bravoës, the common Companions of the Ladies of Pleasure in this Country. These Wretches are so Case-hardened, they will commit a Murder for a Dollar, tho' they run their Country for it when they have done. Not that other Parts of this Nation are uninfested with this sort of Animals; but here their Numbers are so great, that if a Catalogue was to be taken of those in other Parts of that Country, perhaps nine in ten would be found by Birth to be of this Province.

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But to proceed, tho' the Citizens, and all Sorts of People, were redundant in their various Expressions of Joy, for an Entry so surprizing, and utterly lost to their Expedition, whatever it was to their Wishes, the Earl had a secret Concern for the Publick, which lay gnawing at his Heart, and which yet he was forced to conceal. He knew that he had not four thousand Soldiers in the Place, and not Powder or Ammunition for those; nor any Provisions lay'd in for any thing like a Siege. On the other Hand, the Enemy without were upwards of seven Thousand, with a Body of four Thousand more, not fifteen Leagues off, on their March to join them. Add to this, the Marechal de *Thesse* was no farther off than *Madrid*, a very few Days' March from *Valencia*; a short Way indeed for the Earl (who, as was said before, was wholly unprovided for a Siege, which was reported to be the sole End of the Mareschal's moving that Way.) But the Earl's never-failing Genius resolv'd again to attempt that by Art, which the Strength of his Forces utterly disallow'd him. And in the first Place, his Intelligence telling him that sixteen twenty-four Pounders, with Stores and Ammunition answerable for a Siege, were ship'd off for the Enemy's Service at *Alicant*, the Earl forthwith lays a Design, and with his usual Success intercepts 'em all, supplying that way his own Necessities at the Expence of the Enemy.

The four thousand Men ready to reinforce the Troops nearer *Valencia*, were the next Point to be undertaken; but *hic labor, hoc opus*; since the greater Body under the Conde de *las Torres* (who, with *Mahoni*, was now reinstated in his Post) lay between the Earl and those Troops intended to be dispers'd. And what inhaunc'd the Difficulty, the River *Xucar* must be passed in almost the Face of the Enemy. Great Disadvantages as these were, they did not discourage the Earl. He detach'd by Night four hundred Horse and eight hundred Foot, who march'd with such hasty Silence, that they surpriz'd that great Body, routed 'em, and brought into *Valencia* six hundred Prisoners very safely, notwithstanding they were oblig'd, under the same Night-Covert, to pass very near a Body of three Thousand of the Enemy's Horse. Such a prodigious Victory would hardly have gain'd Credit in that City, if the Prisoners brought in had not been living Witnesses of the Action as well as the Triumph. The Conde de *las Torres*, upon these two military Rebuffs, drew off to a more convenient Distance, and left the Earl a little more at ease in his new Quarters.

Here the Earl of *Peterborow* made his Residence for some time. He was extreamly well belov'd, his affable Behaviour exacted as much from all; and he preserv'd such a good Correspondence with the Priests and the Ladies, that he never fail'd of the most early and best Intelligence, a thing by no means to be slighted in the common Course of Life; but much more commendable and necessary in a General, with so small an Army, at open War, and in the Heart of his Enemy's Country.

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The Earl, by this Means, some small time after, receiving early Intelligence that King *Philip* was actually on his March to *Barcelona*, with an Army of upwards of twenty five thousand Men, under the Command of a Mareschal of *France*, began his March towards *Catalonia*, with all the Troops that he could gather together, leaving in *Valencia* a small Body of Foot, such as in that Exigence could best be spar'd. The whole Body thus collected made very little more than two thousand Foot and six hundred Horse; yet resolutely with these he sets out for *Barcelona*: In the Neighbourhood of which, as soon as he arriv'd, he took care to post himself and his diminutive Army in the Mountains which environ that City; where he not only secur'd 'em against the Enemy; but found himself in a Capacity of putting him under perpetual Alarms. Nor was the Mareschal, with his great Army, capable of returning the Earl's Compliment of Disturbance; since he himself, every six or eight Hours, put his Troops into such a varying Situation, that always when most arduously fought, he was farthest off from being found. In this Manner the General bitterly harrass'd the Troops of the Enemy; and by these Means struck a perpetual Terror into the Besiegers. Nor did he only this way annoy the Enemy; the Precautions he had us'd, and the Measures he had taken in other Places, with a View to prevent their Return to *Madrid*, though the Invidious endeavour'd to bury them in Oblivion, having equally contributed to the driving of the Mareschal of *France*, and his Catholick King, out of the *Spanish* Dominions.

But to go on with the Siege: The Breaches in the Walls of that City, during its Siege by the Earl, had been put into tolerable Repair; but those of *Monjouick*, on the contrary, had been as much neglected. However, the Garrison made shift to hold out a Battery of twenty-three Days, with no less than fifty Pieces of Cannon; when, after a Loss of the Enemy of upwards of three thousand Men (a Moiety of the Army employ'd against it when the Earl took it) they were forc'd to surrender at Discretion. And this cannot but merit our Observation, that a Place, which the *English* General took in little more than an Hour, and with inconsiderable Loss, afforded the Mareschal of *France* a Resistance of twenty-three Days.

Upon the taking of Fort *Monjouick*, the Mareschal *de Thess* gave immediate Orders for Batteries to be rais'd against the Town. Those Orders were put in Execution with all Expedition; and at the same time his Army fortify'd themselves with such Entrenchments, as would have ruin'd the Earl's former little Army to have rais'd, or his present much lesser Army to have attempted the forcing them. However, they sufficiently demonstrated their Apprehensions of that watchful General, who lay hovering over their Heads upon the Mountains. Their main Effort was to make a Breach between Port

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St. *Antonio* and that Breach which our Forces had made the Year before; to effect which they took care to ply them very diligently both from Cannon and Mortars; and in some few Days their Application was answer'd with a practicable Breach for a Storm. Which however was prudently deferr'd for some time, and that thro' fear of the Earl's falling on the Back of them whenever they should attempt it; which, consequently, they were sensible might put them into some dangerous Disorder.

And now it was that the Earl of *Peterborow* resolv'd to put in practice the Resolution he had some time before concerted within himself. About nine or ten Days before the Raising of the Siege, he had receiv'd an Express from Brigadier *Stanhope* (who was aboard Sir *John Leake's* Fleet appointed for the Relief of the Place, with the Reinforcements from *England*) acquainting the Earl, that he had us'd all possible Endeavours to prevail on the Admiral to make the best of his way to *Barcelona*. But that the Admiral, however, persisted in a positive Resolution not to attempt the *French* Fleet before that Place under the Count *de Thoulouse*, till the Ships were join'd him which were expected from *Ireland*, under the Command of Sir *George Bing*. True it was, the Fleet under Admiral *Leake* was of equal Strength with that under the *French* Admiral; but jealous of the Informations he had receiv'd, and too ready to conclude that People in Distress were apt to make Representations too much in their own Favour; he held himself, in point of Discretion, oblig'd not to hazard the Queen's Ships, when a Reinforcement of both cleaner and larger were under daily Expectation.

This unhappy Circumstance (notwithstanding all former glorious Deliverances) had almost brought the Earl to the Brink of Despair; and to increase it, the Earl every Day receiv'd such Commands from the King within the Place, as must have sacrificed his few Forces, without the least Probability of succeeding. Those all tended to his forcing his Way into the Town; when, in all human Appearance, not one Man of all that should make the Attempt could have done it, with any Hope or Prospect of surviving. The *French* were strongly encamp'd at the Foot of the Mountains, distant two Miles from *Barcelona*; towards the Bottom of those Hills, the Avenues into the Plain were possess'd and fortify'd by great Detachments from the Enemy's Army. From all which it will be evident, that no Attempt could be made without giving the Enemy time to draw together what Body of Foot they pleas'd. Or supposing it feasible, under all these difficult Circumstances, for some of them to have forc'd their Passage, the Remainder, that should have been so lucky to have escap'd their Foot, would have found themselves expos'd in open Field to a Pursuit of four thousand Horse and Dragoons; and that for two Miles together; when in case of their inclosing them, the bravest Troops in the World, under such a Situation, would have found it their best way to have surrender'd themselves Prisoners of War.

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Nevertheless, when Brigadier *Stanhope* sent that Express to the Earl, which I just now mention'd, he assur'd him in the same, that he would use his utmost Diligence, both by Sea and Land, to let him have timely Notice of the Conjunction of the Fleets, which was now all they had to depend upon. Adding withal, that if the Earl should at any time receive a Letter, or Paper, though directed to no Body, and with nothing in it, but a half Sheet of Paper cut in the Middle, he, the Earl, might certainly depend upon it, that the two Fleets were join'd, and making the best of their Way for *Barcelona*. It will easily be imagin'd the Express was to be well paid; and being made sensible that he ran little or no Hazard in carrying a Piece of blank Paper, he undertook it, and as fortunately arriv'd with it to the Earl, at a Moment when Chagrin and Despair might have hurry'd him to some Resolution that might have prov'd fatal. The Messenger himself, however, knew nothing of the Joining of the Fleets, or the Meaning of his Message.

As soon as the Earl of *Peterborow* receiv'd this welcome Message from Brigadier *Stanhope*, he march'd the very same Night, with his whole little Body of Forces, to a Town on the Sea-Shore, call'd *Sigeth*. No Person guess'd the Reason of his March, or knew any thing of what the Intent of it was. The Officers, as formerly, obey'd without Enquiry; for they were led to it by so many unaccountable Varieties of Success, that Affiance became a second Nature, both in Officer and Soldier.

The Town of *Sigeth* was about seven Leagues to the Westward of *Barcelona*; where, as soon as the Earl with his Forces arriv'd, he took care to secure all the small Fishing-Boats, *Feluccas*, and *Sattees*; nay, in a Word, every Machine in which he could transport any of his Men: So that in two Days' time he had got together a Number sufficient for the Conveyance of all his Foot.

But a Day or two before the Arrival of the *English* Fleet off *Sigeth*, The Officers of his Troops were under a strange Consternation at a Resolution their General had taken. Impatient of Delay, and fearful of the Fleets passing by without his Knowledge, the Earl summon'd them together a little before Night, at which time he discover'd to the whole Assembly, that he himself was oblig'd to endeavour to get aboard the *English* Fleet; and that, if possible, before the *French* Scouts should be able to make any Discovery of their Strength: That finding himself of no further Use on Shore, having already taken the necessary Precautions for their Transportation and Security, they had nothing to do but to pursue his Orders, and make the best of their Way to *Barcelona*, in the Vessels which he had provided for them: That they might do this in perfect Security when they saw the *English* Fleet pass by; or if they should pass by in the Night, an Engagement with the *French*, which would give them sufficient Notice what they had to do further.

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This Declaration, instead of satisfying, made the Officers ten times more curious: But when they saw their General going with a Resolution to lie out all Night at Sea, in an open Boat, attended with only one Officer; and understood that he intended to row out in his *Felucca* five or six Leagues distance from the Shore, it is hardly to be express'd what Amazement and Concern surpriz'd them all. Mr. *Crow*, the Queen's Minister, and others, express'd a particular Dislike and Uneasiness; but all to no purpose, the Earl had resolv'd upon it. Accordingly, at Night he put out to Sea in his open *Felucca*, all which he spent five Leagues from Shore, with no other Company than one Captain and his Rowers.

In the Morning, to the great Satisfaction of all, Officers and others, the Earl came again to Land; and immediately began to put his Men into the several Vessels which lay ready in Port for that Purpose. But at Night their Amaze was renew'd, when they found their General ready to put in execution his old Resolution, in the same Equipage, and with the same Attendance. Accordingly, he again *felucca'd* himself; and they saw him no more till they were landed on the Mole in *Barcelona*.

When the Earl of *Peterborow* first engag'd himself in the Expedition to *Spain*, he propos'd to the Queen and her Ministry, that Admiral *Shovel* might be join'd in Commission with him in the Command of the Fleet. But this Year, when the Fleet came through the Straites, under Vice-Admiral *Leake*, the Queen had sent a Commission to the Earl of *Peterborow* for the full Command, whenever he thought fit to come aboard in Person. This it was that made the General endeavour, at all Hazards, to get aboard the Fleet by Night; for he was apprehensive, and the Sequel prov'd his Apprehensions too well grounded, that Admiral *Leake* would make his Appearance with the whole Body of the Fleet, which made near twice the Number of the Ships of the Enemy; in which Case it was natural to suppose, that the Count *de Tholouse*, as soon as ever the *French* Scouts should give Notice of our Strength, would cut his Cables and put out to Sea, to avoid an Engagement. On the other hand, the Earl was very sensible, that if a Part of his Ships had kept a-stern, that the Superiority might have appear'd on the *French* Side, or rather if they had bore away in the Night towards the Coast of *Africa*, and fallen to the Eastward of *Barcelona* the next Day, a Battle had been inevitable, and a Victory equally certain; since the Enemy by this Means had been tempted into an Engagement, and their Retreat being cut off, and their whole Fleet surrounded with almost double their Number, there had hardly been left for any of them a Probability of Escaping.

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Therefore, when the Earl of *Peterborow* put to Sea again the second Evening, fearful of loosing such a glorious Opportunity, and impatient to be aboard to give the necessary Orders, he order'd his Rowers to obtain the same Station, in order to discover the *English* Fleet. And according to his Wishes he did fall in with it; but unfortunately the Night was so far advanc'd, that it was impossible for him then to put his Project into practice. Captain *Price*, a Gentleman of *Wales*, who commanded a Third Rate, was the Person he first came aboard of; but how amaz'd was he to find, in an open Boat at open Sea, the Person who had Commission to command the Fleet? So soon as he was enter'd the Ship, the Earl sent the Ship's Pinnace with Letters to Admiral *Leake*, to acquaint him with his Orders and Intentions; and to Brigadier *Stanhope* with a Notification of his safe Arrival; but the Darkness of the Night prov'd so great an Obstacle, that it was a long time before the Pinnace could reach the Admiral. When Day appear'd, it was astonishing to the whole Fleet to see the *Union* Flag waving at the Main-top-mast Head. No body could trust his own Eyes, or guess at the Meaning, till better certify'd by the Account of an Event so singular and extraordinary.

When we were about six Leagues Distance from *Barcelona*, the Port we aim'd at, one of the *French* Scouts gave the Alarm, who making the Signal to another, he communicated it to a Third, and so on, as we afterward sorrowfully found, and as the Earl had before apprehended: The *French* Admiral being thus made acquainted with the Force of our Fleet, hoisted sail, and made the best of his Way from us, either pursuant to Orders, or under the plausible Excuse of a Retreat.

This favourable Opportunity thus lost, there remain'd nothing to do but to land the Troops with all Expedition; which was executed accordingly: The Regiments, which the Earl of *Peterborow* embark'd the Night before, being the first that got into the Town. Let the Reader imagine how pleasing such a Sight must be to those in *Barcelona*, reduc'd as they were to the last Extremity. In this Condition, to see an Enemy's Fleet give way to another with Reinforcements from *England*, the Sea at the same Instant cover'd with little Vessels crouded with greater Succours; what was there wanting to compleat the glorious Scene, but what the General had projected, a Fight at Sea, under the very Walls of the invested City, and the Ships of the Enemy sinking, or tow'd in by the victorious *English*? But Night, and a few Hours, defeated the latter Part of that well intended Landskip.

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King *Philip*, and the Mareschal of *France*, had not fail'd to push on the Siege with all imaginable Vigour; but this Retreat of the Count *de Tholouse*, and the News of those Reinforcements, soon chang'd the Scene. Their Courage without was abated proportionably, as theirs within was elated. In these Circumstances, a Council of War being call'd, it was unanimously resolv'd to raise the Siege. Accordingly, next Morning, the first of *May*, 1706, while the Sun was under a total Eclipse, in a suitable Hurry and Confusion, they broke up, leaving behind them most of their Cannon and Mortars, together with vast Quantities of all sorts of Ammunition and Provisions, scarce stopping to look back till they had left all but the very Verge of the disputed Dominion behind them.

King *Charles* look'd with new Pleasure upon this lucky Effort of his old Deliverers. Captivity is a State no way desirable to Persons however brave, of the most private Station in Life; but for a King, within two Days of falling into the Hands of his Rival, to receive so seasonable and unexpected a Deliverance, must be supposed, as it really did, to open a Scene to universal Rejoicing among us, too high for any Words to express, or any Thoughts to imagine, to those that were not present and Partakers of it. He forthwith gave Orders for a Medal to be struck suitable to the Occasion; one of which, set round with Diamonds, he presented to Sir *John Leake*, the *English* Admiral. The next Orders were for re-casting all the damag'd brass Cannon which the Enemy had left; upon every one of which was, by order, a Sun eclips'd, with this Motto under it: *Magna parvis obscurantur*.

I have often wonder'd that I never heard any Body curious enough to enquire what could be the Motives to the King of *Spain*'s quitting his Dominions upon the raising of this Siege; very certain it is that he had a fine Army, under the Command of a Mareschal of *France*, not very considerably decreas'd, either by Action or Desertion: But all this would rather increase the Curiosity than abate it. In my Opinion then, though Men might have Curiosity enough, the Question was purposely evaded, under an Apprehension that an honest Answer must inevitably give a higher Idea of the General than their Inclinations led them to. At first View this may carry the Face of a Paradox; yet if the Reader will consider, that in every Age Virtue has had its Shaders or Maligners, he will himself easily solve it, at the same time that he finds himself compell'd to allow, that those, who found themselves unable to prevent his great Services, were willing, in a more subtil Manner, to endeavour at the annulling of them by Silence and Concealment.

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This will appear more than bare Supposition, if we compare the present Situation, as to Strength, of the two contending Powers: The *French*, at the Birth of the Siege, consisted of five thousand Horse and Dragoons, and twenty-five thousand Foot, effective Men. Now grant, that their kill'd and wounded, together with their Sick in the Hospitals, might amount to five Thousand; yet as their Body of Horse was entire, and in the best Condition, the Remaining will appear to be an Army of twenty-five Thousand at least. On the other Side, all the Forces in *Barcelona*, even with their Reinforcements, amounted to no more than seven thousand Foot and four hundred Horse. Why then, when they rais'd their Siege, did not they march back into the Heart of *Spain*, with their so much superior Army? or, at least, towards their Capital? The Answer can be this, and this only; Because the Earl of *Peterborow* had taken such provident Care to render all secure, that it was thereby render'd next to an Impossibility for them so to do. That General was satisfy'd, that the Capital of *Catalonia* must, in course, fall into the Hands of the Enemy, unless a superior Fleet remov'd the Count *de Tholouse*, and threw in timely Succours into the Town: And as that could not depend upon him, but others, he made it his chief Care and assiduous Employment to provide against those Strokes of Fortune to which he found himself again likely to be expos'd, as he often had been; and therefore had he Resource to that Vigilance and Precaution which had often retriev'd him, when to others his Circumstances seem'd to be most desperate.

The Generality of Mankind, and the *French* in particular, were of opinion that the taking *Barcelona* would prove a decisive Stroke, and put a Period to the War in *Spain*; and yet at that very Instant I was inclin'd to believe, that the General flatter'd himself it would be in his Power to give the Enemy sufficient Mortification, even though the Town should be oblig'd to submit to King *Philip*. The wise Measures taken induc'd me so to believe, and the Sequel approv'd it; for the Earl had so well expended his Caution, that the Enemy, on the Disappointment, found himself under a Necessity of quitting *Spain*; and the same would have put him under equal Difficulties had he carry'd the Place. The *French* could never have undertaken that Siege without depending on their Fleet, for their Artillery, Ammunition, and Provisions; since they must be inevitably forc'd to leave behind them the strong Towns of *Tortosa*, *Lerida*, and *Taragona*. The Earl, therefore, whose perpetual Difficulties seem'd rather to render him more sprightly and vigorous, took care himself to examine the whole Country between the *Ebro* and *Barcelona*; and, upon his doing so, was pleasingly, as well as sensibly satisfy'd, that it was practicable to render their Return into the Heart of *Spain* impossible, whether they did or did not succeed in the Siege they were so intent to undertake.

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There were but three Ways they could attempt it: The first of which was by the Sea-side, from *Taragona* towards *Tortosa*; the most barren, and consequently the most improper Country in the Universe to sustain an Army; and yet to the natural, the Earl had added such artificial Difficulties, as render'd it absolutely impossible for an Army to subsist or march that Way.

The middle Way lay through a better Country indeed, yet only practicable by the Care which had been taken to make the Road so. And even here there was a Necessity of marching along the Side of a Mountain, where by vast Labour and Industry, a high Way had been cut for two Miles at least out of the main Rock. The Earl therefore, by somewhat of the same Labour, soon made it impassable. He employ'd to that End many Thousands of the Country People, under a few of his own Officers and Troops, who cutting up twenty several Places, made so many Precipices, perpendicular almost as a Wall, which render'd it neither safe, or even to be attempted by any single Man in his Wits, much less by an Army. Besides, a very few Men, from the higher Cliffs of the Mountain, might have destroy'd an Army with the Arms of Nature only, by rolling down large Stones and Pieces of the Rock upon the Enemy passing below.

The last and uppermost Way, lay thro' the hilly Part of *Catalonia*, and led to *Lerida*, towards the Head of the *Ebro*, the strongest Place we had in all *Spain*, and which was as well furnish'd with a very good Garrison. Along this Road there lay many old Castles and little Towns in the Mountains, naturally strong; all which would not only have afforded Opposition, but at the same time had entertain'd an Enemy with variety of Difficulties; and especially as the Earl had given Orders and taken Care that all Cattle, and every Thing necessary to sustain an Army, should be convey'd into Places of Security, either in the Mountains or thereabouts. These three Ways thus precautiously secur'd, what had the Earl to apprehend but the Safety of the Arch-Duke; which yet was through no Default of his, if in any Danger from the Siege?

For I well remember, on Receipt of an Express from the Duke of Savoy (as he frequently sent such to enquire after the Proceedings in *Spain*) I was shew'd a Letter, wrote about this time by the Earl of *Peterborow* to that Prince, which rais'd my Spirits, though then at a very low Ebb. It was too remarkable to be forgot; and the Substance of it was, That his Highness might depend upon it, that he (the Earl) was in much better Circumstances than he was thought to be: That the *French* Officers, knowing nothing of the Situation of the Country, would find themselves extreamly disappointed, since in case the Siege was rais'd, their Army should be oblig'd to abandon *Spain*: Or in case the Town was taken, they should find themselves shut up in that Corner of *Catalonia*, and under

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an Impossibility of forcing their Way back, either through *Aragon* or *Valencia*: That by this Means all *Spain*, to the *Ebro*, would be open to the Lord *Galoway*, who might march to *Madrid*, or any where else, without Opposition. That he had no other Uneasiness or Concern upon him, but for the Person of the Arch-Duke, whom he had nevertheless earnestly solicited not to remain in the Town on the very first Appearance of the intended Siege.

BARCELONA being thus reliev'd, and King *Philip* forc'd out of *Spain*, by these cautious Steps taken by the Earl of *Peterborow*, before we bring him to *Valencia*, it will be necessary to intimate, that as it always was the Custom of that General to settle, by a Council of War, all the Measures to be taken, whenever he was oblig'd for the Service to leave the Arch-Duke; a Council of War was now accordingly held, where all the General Officers, and those in greatest Employments at Court assisted. Here every thing was in the most solemn Manner concerted and resolv'd upon; here Garrisons were settled for all the strong Places, and Governors appointed: But the main Article then agreed upon was, that King *Charles* should immediately begin his Journey to *Madrid*, and that by the Way of *Valencia*. The Reason assign'd for it was, because that Kingdom being in his Possession, no Difficulties could arise which might occasion Delay, if his Majesty took that Rout. It was likewise agreed in the same Council, that the Earl of *Peterborow* should embark all the Foot, not in Garrisons, for their more speedy, as well as more easy Conveyance to *Valencia*. The same Council of War agreed, that all the Horse in that Kingdom should be drawn together, the better to insure the Measures to be taken for the opening and facilitating his Majesty's Progress to *Madrid*.

Accordingly, after these Resolutions were taken, the Earl of *Peterborow* embarks his Forces and sails for *Valencia*, where he was doubly welcom'd by all Sorts of People upon Account of his safe Arrival, and the News he brought along with it. By the Joy they express'd, one would have imagin'd that the General had escap'd the same Danger with the King; and, in truth, had their King arriv'd with him in Person, the most loyal and zealous would have found themselves at a loss how to have express'd their Satisfaction in a more sensible Manner.

Soon after his Landing, with his customary Vivacity, he apply'd himself to put in execution the Resolutions taken in the Councils of War at *Barcelona*; and a little to improve upon them, he rais'd an intire Regiment of Dragoons, bought them Horses, provided them Cloaths, Arms, and Acoutrements; and in six Weeks time had them ready to take the Field; a thing though hardly to be parallell'd, is yet scarce worthy to be mentioned among so many nobler Actions of his; yet in regard to another General it

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may merit Notice, since while he had *Madrid* in Possession near four Months, he neither augmented his Troops, nor lay'd up any Magazines; neither sent he all that time any one Express to concert any Measures with the Earl of *Peterborow*, but lay under a perfect Inactivity, or which was worse, negotiating that unfortunate Project of carrying King *Charles* to *Madrid* by the roundabout and ill-concerted Way of *Aragon*; a Project not only contrary to the solemn Resolutions of the Council of War; but which in reality was the Root of all our succeeding Misfortunes; and that only for the wretched Vanity of appearing to have had some Share in bringing the King to his Capital; but how minute a Share it was will be manifest, if it be consider'd that another General had first made the Way easy, by driving the Enemy out of *Spain*; and that the French General only stay'd at *Madrid* till the Return of those Troops which were in a manner driven out of *Spain*.

And yet that Transaction, doughty as it was, took up four most precious Months, which most certainly might have been much better employ'd in rendering it impossible for the Enemy to re-enter *Spain*; nor had there been any Great Difficulty in so doing, but the contrary, if the General at *Madrid* had thought convenient to have join'd the Troops under the Earl of *Peterborow*, and then to have march'd directly towards *Pampelona*, or the Frontiers of *France*. To this the Earl of *Peterborow* solicited the King, and those about him; he advis'd, desir'd, and intreated him to lose no time, but to put in Execution those Measures resolv'd on at *Barcelona*. A Council of War in *Valencia* renew'd the same Application; but all to no Purpose, his Rout was order'd him, and that to meet his Majesty on the Frontiers of *Arragon*. There, indeed, the Earl did meet the King; and the *French* General an Army, which, by Virtue of a decrepid Intelligence, he never saw or heard of till he fled from it to his Camp at *Guadalira*. Inexpressible with the Confusion in this fatal Camp: The King from *Arragon*, The Earl of *Peterborow* from *Valencia* arriving in it the same Day, almost the same Hour that the Earl of *Galoway* enter'd under a hasty Retreat before the *French* Army.

But to return to Order, which a Zeal of Justice has made me somewhat anticipate; the Earl had not been long at *Valencia* before he gave Orders to Major-General *Windham* to march with all the Forces he had, which were not above two thousand Men, and lay Siege to *Requina*, a Town ten Leagues distant from *Valencia*, and in the Way to *Madrid*. The Town was not very strong, nor very large; but sure the odliest fortify'd that ever was. The Houses in a Circle connectively compos'd the Wall; and the People, who defended the Town, instead of firing from Hornworks, Counterscarps, and Bastions, fir'd out of the Windows of their Houses.

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Notwithstanding all which, General *Windham* found much greater Opposition than he at first imagin'd; and therefore finding he should want Ammunition, he sent to the Earl of *Peterborow* for a Supply; at the same time assigning, as a Reason for it, the unexpected Obstinacy of the Town. So soon as the Earl receiv'd the Letter he sent for me; and told me I must repair to *Requifia*, where they would want an Engineer; and that I must be ready next Morning, when he should order a Lieutenant, with thirty Soldiers and two Matrosses, to guard some Powder for that Service. Accordingly, the next Morning we set out, the Lieutenant, who was a *Dutchman*, and Commander of the Convoy, being of my Acquaintance.

We had reach'd Saint *Jago*, a small Village about midway between *Valencia* and *Requina*, when the Officer, just as he was got without the Town, resolving to take up his Quarters on the Spot, order'd the Mules to be unloaded. The Powder, which consisted of forty-five Barrels, was pil'd up in a Circle, and cover'd with Oil-cloth, to preserve it from the Weather; and though we had agreed to sup together at my Quarters within the Village, yet being weary and fatigu'd, he order'd his Field-Bed to be put up near the Powder, and so lay down to take a short Nap. I had scarce been at my Quarters an Hour, when a sudden Shock attack'd the House so violently, that it threw down Tiles, Windows, Chimneys and all. It presently came into my Head what was the Occasion; and as my Fears suggested so it prov'd: For running to the Door I saw a Cloud ascending from the Spot I left the Powder pitch'd upon. In haste making up to which, nothing was to be seen but the bare Circle upon which it had stood. The Bed was blown quite away, and the poor Lieutenant all to pieces, several of his Limbs being found separate, and at a vast Distance each from the other; and particularly an Arm, with a Ring on one of the Fingers. The Matrosses were, if possible, in a yet worse Condition, that is, as to Mangement and Laceration. All the Soldiers who were standing, and any thing near, were struck dead. Only such as lay sleeping on the Ground escap'd, and of those one assur'd me, that the Blast remov'd him several Foot from his Place of Repose. In short, enquiring into this deplorable Disaster, I had this Account: That a Pig running out of the Town, the Soldiers endeavour'd to intercept its Return; but driving it upon the Matrosses, one of them, who was jealous of its getting back into the Hands of the Soldiers, drew his Pistol to shoot it, which was the Source of this miserable Catastrophe. The Lieutenant carry'd along with him a Bag of Dollars to pay the Soldiers' Quarters, of which the People, and the Soldiers that were say'd, found many; but blown to an inconceivable Distance.

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With those few Soldiers that remain'd alive, I proceeded, according to my Order, to *Requina*; where, when I arriv'd, I gave General *Windham* an Account of the Disaster at *St. Jago*. As such it troubled him, and not a little on account of the Disappointment. However, to make the best of a bad Market, he gave Orders for the forming of a Mine under an old Castle, which was part of the Wall. As it was order'd, so it was begun, more *in Terrorem*, than with any Expectation of Success from it as a Mine. Nevertheless, I had scarce began to frame the Oven of the Mine, when those within the Town desir'd to capitulate. This being all we could aim at, under the Miscarriage of our Powder at *St. Jago* (none being yet arriv'd to supply that Defect) Articles were readily granted them; pursuant to which, that Part of the Garrison, which was compos'd of *Castilian* Gentry, had Liberty to go wherever they thought best, and the rest were made Prisoners of War. *Requina* being thus reduc'd to the Obedience of *Charles* III a new rais'd Regiment of *Spaniards* was left in Garrison, the Colonel of which was appointed Governor; and our Supply of Powder having at last got safe to us, General *Windham* march'd his little Army to *Cuenca*.

CUENCA is a considerable City and a Bishoprick; therefore to pretend to sit down before it with such a Company of Forragers, rather than an Army, must be plac'd among the hardy Influences of the Earl of *Peterborow's* auspicious Administration. On the out Part of *Cuenca* there stood an old Castle, from which, upon our Approach, they play'd upon us furiously: But as soon as we could bring two Pieces of our Cannon to bear, we answered their Fire with so good Success, that we soon oblig'd them to retire into the Town. We had rais'd a Battery of twelve Guns against the City, on their Rejection of the Summons sent them to come under the Obedience of King *Charles*; going to which from the old Castle last reduc'd, I receiv'd a Shot on the Toe of one of my Shoes, which carry'd that Part of the Shoe intirely away, without any further Damage.

When I came to that Battery we ply'd them warmly (as well as from three Mortars) for the Space of three Days, their Nights included; but observing, that in one particular House, they were remarkably busy; People thronging in and out below; and those above firing perpetually out of the Windows, I was resolv'd to have one Shot at that Window, and made those Officers about me take Notice of it. True it was, the Distance would hardly allow me to hope for Success; yet as the Experiment could only be attended with the Expence of a single Ball, I made it. So soon as the Smoak of my own Cannon would permit it, we could see Clouds of Dust issuing from out of the Window, which, together with the People's crouding out of Doors, convinc'd the Officers, whom I had desir'd to take Notice of it, that I had been no bad Marksman.

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Upon this, two Priests were sent out of the Place with Proposals; but they were so triflingly extravagant, that as soon as ever the General heard them, he order'd their Answer in a fresh Renewal of the Fire of both Cannon and Mortars. And it happen'd to be with so much Havock and Execution, that they were soon taught Reason; and sent back their Divines, with much more moderate Demands. After the General had a little modell'd these last, they were accepted; and according to the Articles of Capitulation, the City was that very Day surrender'd into our Possession. The Earl of *Duncannon's* Regiment took Guard of all the Gates; and King *Charles* was proclaim'd in due Form.

The Earl of *Peterborow*, during this Expedition, had left *Valencia*, and was arriv'd at my Lord *Galway's* Camp at *Guadalaxara*; who for the Confederates, and King *Charles* in particular, unfortunately was order'd from *Portugal*, to take the Command from a General, who had all along been almost miraculously successful, and by his own great Actions pay'd the Way for a safe Passage to that his Supplanter.

Yet even in this fatal Place the Earl of *Peterborow* made some Proposals, which, had they been embrac'd, might, in all Probability, have secur'd *Madrid* from falling into the Hands of the Enemy; But, in opposition thereto, the Lord *Galway*, and all his *Portugueze* Officers, were for forcing the next Day the Enemy to Battle. The almost only Person against it was the Earl of *Peterborow*; who then and there took the Liberty to evince the Impossibility of coming to an Engagement. This the next Morning too evidently made apparent, when upon the first Motion of our Troops towards the River, which they pretended to pass, and must pass, before they could engage, they were so warmly saluted from the Batteries of the Enemy, and their small Shot, that our Regiments were forc'd to retire in Confusion to their Camp. By which Rebuff all heroical Imaginations were at present laid aside, to consider how they might make their Retreat to *Valencia*.

The Retreat being at last resolv'd on, and a Multiplicity of Generals rendering our bad Circumstances much worse, the Earl of *Peterborow* met with a fortunate Reprieve, by Solicitations from the Queen, and Desires tantamount to Orders, that he would go with the Troops left in *Catalonia* to the Relief of the Duke of *Savoy*. It is hardly to be doubted that that General was glad to withdraw from those Scenes of Confusion, which were but too visible to Eyes even less discerning than his. However, he forebore to prepare himself to put her Majesty's Desires in execution, as they were not peremptory, till it had been resolv'd by the unanimous Consent of a Council of War, where the King, all the Generals and Ministers were present. That it was expedient for the Service that the Earl of *Peterborow*, during the Winter Season, should comply with her Majesty's

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Desires, and go for *Italy*; since he might return before the opening of the Campaign, if it should be necessary. And return indeed he did, before the Campaign open'd, and brought along with him one hundred thousand Pounds from *Genoa*, to the great Comfort and Support of our Troops, which had neither Money nor Credit. But on his Return, that noble Earl found the Lord *Galway* had been near as successful against him, as he had been unsuccessful against the Enemy. Thence was the Earl of *Peterborow* recall'd to make room for an unfortunate General, who the next Year suffer'd himself to be decoy'd into that fatal Battle of *Almanza*.

The Earl of *Peterborow*, on his leaving *Valencia*, had order'd his Baggage to follow him to the Camp at *Guadalaxara*; and it arriv'd in our little Camp, so far safe in its way to the greater at *Guadalaxara*. I think it consisted of seven loaded Waggon; and General *Windham* gave Orders for a small Guard to escorte it; under which they proceeded on their Journey: But about eight Leagues from *Cuenca*, at a pretty Town call'd *Huette*, a Party from the Duke of *Berwick's* Army, with Boughs in their Hats, the better to appear what they were not (for the Bough in the Hat is the Badge of the *English*, as white Paper is the Badge of the *French*) came into the Town, crying all the way, *Viva Carlos Tercero*, *Viva*. With these Acclamations in their Mouths, they advanc'd up to the very Waggon; when attacking the Guards, who had too much deluded themselves with Appearances, they routed 'em, and immediately plunder'd the Waggon of all that was valuable, and then march'd off.

The Noise of this soon reach'd the Ears of the Earl of *Peterborow* at *Guadalaxara*. When leaving my Lord *Galways* Camp, pursuant to the Resolutions of the Council of War, with a Party only of fourscore of *Killigrew's* Dragoons, he met General *Windham's* little Army within a League of *Huette*, the Place where his Baggage had been plunder'd. The Earl had strong Motives of Suspicion, that the Inhabitants had given Intelligence to the Enemy; and, as is very natural, giving way to the first Dictates of Resentment, he resolv'd to have lay'd the Town in Ashes: But when he came near it, the Clergy and Magistrates upon their Knees, disavowing the Charge, and asserting their Innocence, prevail'd on the good Nature of that generous Earl, without any great Difficulty, to spare the Town, at least not to burn it.

We march'd however into the Town, and that Night took up our Quarters there; and the Magistrates, under the Dread of our avenging our selves, on their part took Care that we were well supplied. But when they were made sensible of the Value of the Loss, which the Earl had sustain'd; and that on a moderate Computation it amounted to at least eight thousand Pistoles; they voluntarily presented themselves

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next Morning, and of their own accord offer'd to make his Lordship full Satisfaction, and that, in their own Phrase, *de Contado, in Ready Money*. The Earl was not displeas'd at their Offer; but generously made Answer, That he was just come from my Lord *Galway's* Camp at *Chincon*, where he found they were in a likelihood of wanting Bread; and as he imagin'd it might be easier to them to raise the Value in Corn, than in ready Money; if they would send to that Value in Corn to the Lord *Galway's* Camp, he would be satisfy'd. This they with Joy embrac'd, and immediately complied with.

I am apt to think the last Century (and I very much fear the Current will be as deficient) can hardly produce a parallel Instance of Generosity and true public Spiritedness; And the World will be of my Opinion, when I have corroborated this with another Passage some Years after. The Commissioners for Stating the Debts due to the Army, meeting daily for that Purpose at their House in *Darby Court* in *Channel Row*, I there mentioned to Mr. *Read*, Gentleman to his Lordship, this very just and honourable Claim upon the Government, as Monies advanced for the Use of the Army. Who told me in a little Time after, that he had mention'd it to his Lordship, but with no other Effect than to have it rejected with a generous Disdain.

While we stayed at *Huette* there was a little Incident in Life, which gave me great Diversion. The Earl, who had always maintain'd a good Correspondence with the fair Sex, hearing from one of the Priests of the Place, That on the Alarm of burning the Town, one of the finest Ladies in all *Spain* had taken Refuge in the Nunnery, was desirous to speak with her.

The Nunnery stood upon a small rising Hill within the Town; and to obtain the View, the Earl had presently in his Head this Stratagem; he sends for me, as Engineer, to have my Advice, how to raise a proper Fortification upon that Hill out of the Nunnery. I waited upon his Lordship to the Place, where declaring the Intent of our coming, and giving plausible Reasons for it, the Train took, and immediately the Lady Abbess, and the fair Lady, came out to make Intercession, That his Lordship would be pleas'd to lay aside that Design. The divine Oratory of one, and the beautiful Charms of the other, prevail'd; so his Lordship left the Fortification to be the Work of some future Generation.

From *Huette* the Earl of *Peterborow* march'd forwards for *Valencia*, with only those fourscore Dragoons, which came with him from *Chincon*, leaving General *Windham* pursuing his own Orders to join his Forces to the Army then under the Command of the Lord *Galway*. But stopping at *Campilio*, a little Town in our Way, his Lordship had Information of a most barbarous Fact committed that very Morning by the *Spaniards*, at a small *Villa*, about a League distant, upon some *English* Soldiers.

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A Captain of the *English* Guards (whose Name has slip'd my Memory, tho' I well knew the Man) marching in order to join the Battalion of the Guards, then under the Command of General *Windham*, with some of his Soldiers, that had been in the Hospital, took up his Quarters in that little *Villa*. But on his marching out of it, next Morning, a Shot in the Back laid that Officer dead upon the Spot: And as it had been before concerted, the *Spaniards* of the Place at the same Time fell upon the poor, weak Soldiers, killing several; not even sparing their Wives. This was but a Prelude to their Barbarity; their savage Cruelty was only whetted, not glutted. They took the surviving few; hurried and dragg'd them up a Hill, a little without the *Villa*. On the Top of this Hill there was a Hole, or Opening, somewhat like the Mouth of one of our Coal-Pits, down this they cast several, who, with hideous Shrieks and Cries, made more hideous by the Ecchoes of the Chasm, there lost their Lives.

This Relation was thus made to the Earl of *Peterborow*, at his Quarters at *Campilio*; who immediately gave Orders for to sound to Horse. At first we were all surpriz'd; but were soon satisfy'd, that it was to revenge, or rather, do Justice, on this barbarous Action.

As soon as we enter'd the *Villa* we found that most of the Inhabitants, but especially the most Guilty, had withdrawn themselves on our Approach. We found, however, many of the dead Soldiers Cloaths, which had been convey'd into the Church, and there hid. And a strong Accusation being laid against a Person belonging to the Church, and full Proof made, that he had been singularly Industrious in the Execution of that horrid Piece of Barbarity on the Hill, his Lordship commanded him to be hang'd up at the Knocker of the Door.

After this piece of military Justice, we were led up to the fatal Pit or Hole, down which many had been cast headlong. There we found one poor Soldier alive, who, upon his throwing in, had catch'd fast hold of some impending Bushes, and sav'd himself on a little Jutty within the Concavity. On hearing us talk *English* he cry'd out; and Ropes being let down, in a little Time he was drawn up; when he gave us an ample Detail of the whole Villany. Among other Particulars, I remember he told me of a very narrow Escape he had in that obscure Recess. A poor Woman, one of the Wives of the Soldiers, who were thrown down after him, struggled, and roared so much, that they could not, without all their Force, throw her cleaverly in the Middle; by which means falling near the Side, in her Fall she almost beat him from his Place of Security.

Upon the Conclusion of this tragical Relation of the Soldier thus saved, his Lordship gave immediate Orders for the Firing of the *Villa*, which was executed with due Severity: After which his Lordship march'd back to his Quarters at *Campilio*; from whence, two Days after, we arriv'd at *Valencia*, Where, the first Thing presented to that noble Lord, was all the Papers taken in the Plunder of his Baggage, which the Duke of *Berwick* had generously order'd to be return'd him, without waste or opening.

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It was too manifest, after the Earl's arrival at this City, that the Alteration in the Command of the *English* Forces, which before was only receiv'd as a Rumour, had deeper Grounds for Belief, than many of his Friends in that City could have wish'd. His Lordship had gain'd the Love of all by a Thousand engaging Condescensions; even his Gallantries being no way prejudicial, were not offensive; and though his Lordships did his utmost to conceal his Chagrin, the Sympathy of those around him made such Discoveries upon him, as would have disappointed a double Portion of his Caution. They had seen him un-elated under Successes, that were so near being unaccountable, that in a Country of less Superstition than *Spain*, they might almost have pass'd for miraculous; they knew full well, that nothing, but that Series of Successes had pav'd a Passage for the General that was to supersede him; those only having removed all the Difficulties of his March from *Portugal* to *Madrid*; they knew him the older General; and therefore not knowing, that in the Court he came from, Intrigue was too often the Soul of Merit, they could not but be amazed at a Change, which his Lordship was unwilling any body should perceive by himself.

It was upon this Account, that, as formerly, he treated the Ladies with Balls, and to pursue the Dons in their own Humour, order'd a *Tawridore* or *Bull-Feast*. In *Spain* no sort of public Diversions are esteemed equal with this. But the Bulls provided at *Valencia*, not being of the right Breed, nor ever initiated in the Mysteries, did not acquit themselves at all masterly; and consequently, did not give the Diversion, or Satisfaction expected. For which Reason I shall omit giving a Description of this Bull-Feast; and desire my Reader to suspend his Curiosity till I come to some, which, in the *Spanish* Sense, were much more entertaining; that is, attended with much greater Hazards and Danger.

But though I have said, the Gallantries of the General were mostly political at least very inoffensive; yet there happen'd about this Time, and in this Place, a piece of Gallantry, that gave the Earl a vast deal of Offence and Vexation; as a Matter, that in its Consequences might have been fatal to the Interest of King *Charles*, if not to the *English* Nation in general; and which I the rather relate, in that it may be of use to young Officers, and others; pointing out to them the Danger, not to say Folly, of inadvertent and precipitate Engagements, under unruly Passions.

I have said before, that *Valencia* is famous for fine Women. It indeed abounds in them; and among those, are great Numbers of Courtezans not inferior in Beauty to any. Nevertheless, two of our *English* Officers, not caring for the common Road, however safe, resolv'd to launch into the deeper Seas, though attended with much greater Danger. Amours, the common Failing of that fair City, was the Occasion

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of this Accident, and two Nuns the Objects. It is customary in that Country for young People in an Evening to resort to the Grates of the Nunneries, there to divert themselves, and the Nuns, with a little pleasant and inoffensive Chit-chat. For though I have heard some relate a World of nauseous Passages at such Conversations, I must declare, that I never saw, or heard any Thing unseemly; and therefore whenever I have heard any such from such Fabulists, I never so much wrong'd my Judgment as to afford them Credit.

Our two Officers were very assiduous at the Grates of a Nunnery in this Place; and having there pitch'd upon two Nuns, prosecuted their Amours with such Vigour, that, in a little time, they had made a very great Progress in their Affections, without in the least considering the Dangers that must attend themselves and the Fair; they had exchange'd Vows, and prevail'd upon the weaker Vessels to endeavour to get out to their Lovers. To effect which, soon after, a Plot was lay'd; the Means, the Hour, and every thing agreed upon.

It is the Custom of that Nunnery, as of many others, for the Nuns to take their weekly Courses in keeping the Keys of all the Doors. The two Love-sick Ladies giving Notice to their Lovers at the Grate, that one of their Turns was come, the Night and Hour was appointed, which the Officers punctually observing, carry'd off their Prey without either Difficulty or Interruption.

But next Morning, when the Nuns were missing, what an Uproar was there over all the City? The Ladies were both of Quality; and therefore the Tidings were first carry'd to their Relations. They receiv'd the News with Vows of utmost Vengeance; and, as is usual in that Country, put themselves in Arms for that Purpose. There needed no great canvassing for discovering who were the Aggressors: The Officers had been too frequent, and too publick, in their Addresses, to leave any room for question. Accordingly, they were complain'd of and sought for, but sensible at last of their past Temerity, they endeavour'd, and with a great deal of Difficulty perfected their Escape.

Less fortunate were the two fair Nuns; their Lovers, in their utmost Exigence, had forsaken them; and they, poor Creatures, knew not where to fly. Under this sad Dilemma they were taken; and, as in like Offences, condemn'd directly to the Punishment of *immuring*. And what greater Punishment is there on Earth than to be confin'd between four narrow Walls, only open at the Top; and thence to be half supported with Bread and Water, till the Offenders gradually starve to Death?

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The Earl of *Peterborow*, though highly exasperated at the Proceedings of his Officers, in compassion to the unhappy Fair, resolv'd to interpose by all the moderate Means possible. He knew very well, that no one Thing could so much prejudice the *Spaniard* against him, as the countenancing such an Action; wherefore he inveigh'd against the Officers, at the same time that he endeavour'd to mitigate in favour of the Ladies: But all was in vain; it was urg'd against those charitable Intercessions, that they had broke their Vows; and in that had broke in upon the Laws of the Nunnery and Religion; the Consequence of all which could be nothing less than the Punishment appointed to be inflicted. And which was the hardest of all, the nearest of their Relations most oppos'd all his generous Mediations; and those, who according to the common Course of Nature should have thank'd him for his Endeavours to be instrumental in rescuing them from the impending Danger, grew more and more enrag'd, because he oppos'd them in their Design of a cruel Revenge.

Notwithstanding all which the Earl persever'd; and after a deal of Labour, first got the Penalty suspended; and, soon after, by the Dint of a very considerable Sum of Money (a most powerful Argument, which prevails in every Country) sav'd the poor Nuns from immuring; and at last, though with great Reluctance, he got them receiv'd again into the Nunnery. As to the Warlike Lovers, one of them was the Year after slain at the Battle of *Almanza*; the other is yet living, being a Brigadier in the Army.

While the Earl of *Peterborow* was here with his little Army of great Hereticks, neither Priests nor People were so open in their superstitious Fopperies, as I at other times found them. For which Reason I will make bold, and by an Antichronism in this Place, a little anticipate some Observations that I made some time after the Earl left it. And as I have not often committed such a Transgression, I hope it may be the more excusable now, and no way blemish my Memoirs, that I break in upon the Series of my Journal.

VALENCIA is a handsome City, and a Bishoprick; and is considerable not only for the Pleasantness of its Situation and beautiful Ladies; but (which at some certain Times, and on some Occasions, to them is more valuable than both those put together) for being the Birth-place of Saint *Vincent*, the Patron of the Place; and next for its being the Place where *Santo Domingo*, the first Institutor of the *Dominican* Order had his Education. Here, in honour of the last, is a spacious and very splendid Convent of the *Dominicans*. Walking by which, I one Day observ'd over the Gate, a Figure of a man in stone; and near it a Dog with a lighted Torch in his Mouth. The Image I rightly enough took to intend that of the Saint; but inquiring of one of the Order, at the Gate, the Meaning of the Figures near it, he very courteously ask'd me to walk in, and then entertain'd me with the following Relation:

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When the Mother of *Santo Domingo*, said that Religious, was with Child of that future Saint, she had a Dream which very much afflicted her. She dreamt that she heard a Dog bark in her Belly; and inquiring (at what Oracle is not said) the Meaning of her Dream, she was told, *That that Child should bark out the Gospel* (excuse the Bareness of the Expression, it may run better in *Spanish*; tho', if I remember right, *Erasmus* gives it in *Latin* much the same Turn) *which should thence shine out like that lighted Torch*. And this is the Reason, that wherever you see the Image of that Saint, a Dog and a lighted Torch is in the Group.

He told me at the same time, that there had been more Popes and Cardinals of that Order than of any, if not all the other. To confirm which, he led me into a large Gallery, on each Side whereof he shew'd me the Pictures of all the Popes and Cardinals that had been of that Order; among which, I particularly took Notice of that of Cardinal *Howard*, great Uncle to the present Duke of *Norfolk*. But after many *Encomiums* of their Society, with which he interspers'd his Discourse, he added one that I least valu'd it for; That the sole Care and Conduct of the Inquisition was intrusted with them.

Finding me attentive, or not so contradictory as the *English* Humour generally is, he next brought me into a fair and large Cloister, round which I took several Turns with him; and, indeed, The Place was too delicious to tire, under a Conversation less pertinent or courteous than that he entertain'd me with. In the Middle of the Cloister was a small but pretty and sweet Grove of Orange and Lemon-trees; these bore Fruit ripe and green, and Flowers, all together on one Tree; and their Fruit was so very large and beautiful, and their Flowers so transcendently odoriferous, that all I had ever seen of the like Kind in *England* could comparatively pass only for Beauty in Epitome, or Nature imitated in Wax-work. Many Flocks also of pretty little Birds, with their chearful Notes, added not a little to my Delight. In short, in Life I never knew or found three of my Senses at once so exquisitely gratify'd.

Not far from this, Saint *Vincent*, the Patron, as I said before, of this City, has a Chapel dedicated to him. Once a Year they do him Honour in a sumptuous Procession. Then are their Streets all strow'd with Flowers, and their Houses set off with their richest Tapestries, every one strives to excel his Neighbour in distinguishing himself by the Honour he pays to that Saint; and he is the best Catholick, as well as the best Citizen, in the Eye of the *religious*, who most exerts himself on this Occasion.

The Procession begins with a Cavalcade of all the Friars of all the Convents in and about the City. These walk two and two with folded Arms, and Eyes cast down to the very Ground, and with the greatest outward Appearance of Humility imaginable; nor, though the Temptation from the fine Women that fill'd their Windows, or the rich Tapestries that adorn'd the Balconies might be allow'd sufficient to attract, could I observe that any one of them all ever mov'd them upwards.

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After the Friars is borne, upon the Shoulders of twenty Men at least, an Imagine of that Saint of solid Silver, large as the Life; It is plac'd in a great Chair of Silver likewise; the Staves that bear him up, and upon which they bear him, being of the same Metal. The whole is a most costly and curious Piece of Workmanship, such as my Eyes never before or since beheld.

The Magistrates follow the Image and its Supporters, dress'd in their richest Apparel, which is always on this Day, and on this Occasion, particularly sumptuous and distinguishing. Thus is the Image, in the greatest Splendor, borne and accompany'd round that fine City; and at last convey'd to the Place from whence it came: And so concludes that annual Ceremony.

The *Valencians*, as to the Exteriors of Religion, are the most devout of any in *Spain*, though in common Life you find them amorous, gallant, and gay, like other People; yet on solemn Occasions there shines out-right such a Spirit as proves them the very Bigots of Bigotry: As a Proof of which Assertion, I will now give some Account of such Observations, as I had time to make upon them, during two *Lent* Seasons, while I resided there.

The Week before the *Lent* commences, commonly known by the Name of *Carnaval Time*, the whole City appears a perfect *Bartholomew Fair*; the Streets are crouded, and the Houses empty; nor is it possible to pass along without some Gambol or Jack-pudding Trick offer'd to you; Ink, Water, and sometimes Ordure, are sure to be hurl'd at your Face or Cloaths; and if you appear concern'd or angry, they rejoyce at it, pleas'd the more, the more they displease; for all other Resentment is at that time out of Season, though at other times few in the World are fuller of Resentment or more captious.

The younger Gentry, or Dons, to express their Gallantry, carry about them Egg-shells, fill'd with Orange or other sweet Water, which they cast at Ladies in their Coaches, or such other of the fair Sex as they happen to meet in the Streets.

But after all, if you would think them extravagant to Day, as much transgressing the Rules of common Civility, and neither regarding Decency to one another, nor the Duty they owe to Almighty God; yet when *Ash-Wednesday* comes you will imagine them more unaccountable in their Conduct, being then as much too excessive in all outwards Indications of Humility and Repentance. Here you shall meet one, bare-footed, with a Cross on his Shoulder, a Burden rather fit for somewhat with four Feet, and which his poor Two are ready to sink under, yet the vain Wretch bears and sweats, and sweats and bears, in hope of finding Merit in an Ass's Labour.

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Others you shall see naked to their Wastes, whipping themselves with Scourges made for the Purpose, till the Blood follows every Stroke; and no Man need be at a Loss to follow them by the very Tracks of Gore they shed in this frenetic Perambulation. Some, who from the Thickness of their Hides, or other Impediments, have not Power by their Scourgings to fetch Blood of themselves, are follow'd by Surgeons with their Lancets, who at every Turn, make use of them, to evince the Extent of their Patience and Zeal by the Smart of their Folly. While others, mingling Amour with Devotion, take particular Care to present themselves all macerated before the Windows of their Mistresses; and even in that Condition, not satisfy'd with what they have barbarously done to themselves, they have their Operators at hand, to evince their Love by the Number of their Gashes and Wounds; imagining the more Blood they lose, the more Love they shew, and the more they shall gain. These are generally Devoto's of Quality; though the Tenet is universal, that he that is most bloody is most devout.

After these Street-Exercises, these ostentatious Castigations are over, these Self-sacrificers repair to the great Church, the bloodier the better; there they throw themselves, in a Condition too vile for the Eye of a Female, before the Image of the Virgin *Mary*; though I defy all their Race of Fathers, and their infallible holy Father into the Bargain, to produce any Authority to fit it for Belief, that she ever delighted in such sanguinary Holocausts.

During the whole Time of *Lent*, you will see in every Street some Priest or Frier, upon some Stall or Stool, preaching up Repentance to the People; and with violent Blows on his Breast crying aloud, *Mia Culpa, mia maxima Culpa*, till he extract reciprocal Returns from the Hands of his Auditors on their own Breasts.

When *Good Friday* is come they entertain it with the most profound Show of Reverence and Religion, both in their Streets and in their Churches. In the last, particularly, they have contriv'd about twelve a-Clock suddenly to darken them, so as to render them quite gloomy. This they do to intimate the Eclipse of the Sun, which at that time happen'd. And to signify the Rending of the Vail of the Temple, you are struck with a strange artificial Noise at the very same Instant.

But when *Easter Day* appears, you find it in all Respects with them a Day of Rejoicing; for though Abstinence from Flesh with them, who at no time eat much, is not so great a Mortification as with those of the same Persuasion in other Countries, who eat much more, yet there is a visible Satisfaction darts out at their Eyes, which demonstrates their inward Pleasure in being set free from the Confinement of Mind to the Dissatisfaction of the Body. Every Person you now meet greets you with a *Resurrexit Jesus*; a good Imitation of the primitive Christians, were it the real Effect of Devotion. And all Sorts of the best Musick (which here indeed is the best in all *Spain*) proclaim an auspicious Valediction to the departed Season of superficial Sorrow and stupid Superstition. But enough of this: I proceed to weightier Matters.

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While we lay at *Valencia*, under the Vigilance and Care of the indefatigable Earl, News was brought that *Alicant* was besieg'd by General *Gorge* by Land, while a Squadron of Men of War batter'd it from the Sea; from both which the Besiegers play'd their Parts so well, and so warmly ply'd them with their Cannon, that an indifferent practicable Breach was made in a little time.

Mahoni commanded in the Place, being again receiv'd into Favour; and clear'd as he was of those political Insinuations before intimated, he now seem'd resolv'd to confirm his Innocence by a resolute Defence. However, perceiving that all Preparations tended towards a Storm, and knowing full well the Weakness of the Town, he withdrew his Garrison into the Castle, leaving the Town to the Defence of its own Inhabitants.

Just as that was doing, the Sailors, not much skill'd in Sieges, nor at all times capable of the coolest Consideration, with a Resolution natural to them, storm'd the Walls to the Side of the Sea; where not meeting with much Opposition (for the People of the Town apprehended the least Danger there) they soon got into the Place; and, as soon as got in, began to Plunder. This oblig'd the People, for the better Security of themselves, to open their Gates, and seek a Refuge under one Enemy, in opposition to the Rage of another.

General *Gorge*, as soon as he enter'd the Town, with a good deal of seeming Lenity, put a stop to the Ravages of the Sailors; and ordered Proclamation to be made throughout the Place, that all the Inhabitants should immediately bring in their best Effects into the great Church for their better Security. This was by the mistaken Populace, as readily comply'd with; and neither Friend nor Foe at all disputing the Command, or questioning the Integrity of the Intention; the Church was presently crouded with Riches of all sorts and sizes. Yet after some time remaining there, they were all taken out, and disposed of by those, that had as little Property in 'em, as the Sailors, they were pretended to be preserv'd from.

The Earl of *Peterborow* upon the very first News of the Siege had left *Valencia*, and taken Shipping for *Alicant*; where he arrived soon after the Surrender of the Town, and that Outcry of the Goods of the Townsmen. Upon his Arrival, *Mahoni*, who was block'd up in the Castle, and had experienced his indefatigable Diligence, being in want of Provisions, and without much hope of Relief, desired to capitulate. The Earl granted him honourable Conditions, upon which he delivered up the Castle, and *Gorge* was made Governor.

Upon his Lordship's taking Ship at *Valencia*, I had an Opportunity of marching with those Dragoons, which escorted him from *Castile*, who had received Orders to march into *Murcia*. We quarter'd the first Night at *Alcira*, a Town that the River *Segra* almost surrounds, which renders it capable of being made a Place of vast Strength, though now of small Importance.

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The next Night we lay at *Xativa*, a Place famous for its steadiness to King *Charles*. General *Basset*, a *Spaniard*, being Governor; it was besieg'd by the Forces of King *Philip*; but after a noble Resistance, the Enemy were beat off, and the Siege raised; for which Effort, it is supposed, that on the Retirement of King *Charles* out of this Country, it was depriv'd of its old Name *Xativa*, and is now called *San Felippo*; though to this day the People thereabouts much dissallow by their Practice, that novel Denomination.

We march'd next Morning by *Monteza*; which gives Name to the famous Title of Knights of *Monteza*. It was at the Time that Colonel *O Guaza*, an *Irish-man*, was Governor, besieg'd by the People of the Country, in favour of King *Charles*; but very ineffectually, so it never chang'd its Sovereign. That Night we quarter'd at *Fonte dalas Figuras*, within one League of *Almanza*; where that fatal and unfortunate Battle, which I shall give an Account of in its Place, was fought the Year after, under the Lord *Galway*.

On our fourth days March we were oblig'd to pass *Villena*, where the Enemy had a Garrison. A Party of *Mahoni's* Dragoons made a part of that Garrison, and they were commanded by Major *O. Rairk* an *Irish* Officer, who always carried the Reputation of a good Soldier, and a brave Gentleman.

I had all along made it my Observation, that Captain *Matthews*, who commanded those Dragoons, that I march'd with, was a Person of much more Courage than Conduct; and he us'd as little Precaution here, though just marching under the Eye of the Enemy, as he had done at other Times. As I was become intimately acquainted with him, I rode up to him, and told him the Danger, which, in my Opinion, attended our present March. I pointed out to him just before *Villena* a jutting Hill, under which we must unavoidably pass; at the turning whereof, I was apprehensive the Enemy might be, and either by Ambuscade or otherwise, surprize us; I therefore intreated we might either wait the coming of our Rear Guard; or at least march with a little more leisure and caution. But he taking little notice of all I said, kept on his round March; seeing which, I press'd forward my Mule, which was a very good one, and rid as fast as her Legs could carry her, till I had got on the top of the Hill. When I came there, I found both my Expectation, and my Apprehensions answered: For I could very plainly discern three Squadrons of the Enemy ready drawn up, and waiting for Us at the very winding of the Hill.

Hereupon I hastened back to the Captain with the like Speed, and told him the Discovery I had made; who nevertheless kept on his March, and it was with a good deal of Difficulty, that I at last prevail'd on him to halt, till our Rear Guard of twenty Men had got up to us. But those joining us, and a new Troop of *Spanish* Dragoons, who had march'd towards us that Morning, appearing in Sight; our Captain, as if he was afraid of their rivalling him in his Glory, at the very turn of the Hill, rode in a full Gallop, with Sword in Hand, up to the Enemy. They stood their Ground, till we were advanc'd within two hundred Yards of them, and then in Confusion endeavoured to retire into the Town.

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They were obliged to pass over a small Bridge, too small to admit of such a Company in so much haste; their crouding upon which obstructed their Retreat, and left all that could not get over, to the Mercy of our Swords, which spar'd none. However narrow as the Bridge was, Captain *Matthews* was resolved to venture over after the Enemy; on doing which, the Enemy made a halt, till the People of the Town, and the very Priests came out to their Relief with fire Arms. On so large an Appearance, Captain *Matthews* thought it not adviseable to make any further Advances; so driving a very great flock of Sheep from under the Walls, he continued his March towards *Elda*. In this Action we lost Captain *Topham*, and three Dragoons.

I remember we were not marched very far from the Place, where this Rencontre happen'd; when an *Irish* Dragoon overtook the Captain, with a civil Message from Major *O Rairk*, desiring that he would not entertain a mean Opinion of him for the Defence that was made; since could he have got the *Spaniards* to have stood their Ground, he should have given him good Reason for a better. The Captain return'd a complimental Answer, and so march'd on. This Major *O Rairk*, or *O Roork*, was the next Year killed at *Alkay*, being much lamented, for he was esteemed both for his Courage and Conduct, one of the best of the *Irish* Officers in the *Spanish* Service. I was likewise informed that he was descended from one of the ancient Kings of *Ireland*; the Mother of the honourable Colonel *Paget*, one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to his present Majesty, was nearly related to this Gallant Gentleman.

One remarkable Thing I saw in that Action, which affected and surprised me; A *Scotch* Dragoon, of but a moderate Size, with his large basket-hilted Sword, struck off a *Spaniard's* Head at one stroke, with the same ease, in appearance, as a Man would do that of a Poppy.

When we came to *Elda* (a Town much in the Interest of King *Charles*, and famous for its fine Situation, and the largest Grapes in *Spain*) the Inhabitants received us in a manner as handsome as it was peculiar; all standing at their Doors with lighted Torches; which considering the Time we enter'd was far from an unwelcome or disagreeable Sight.

The next Day several requested to be the Messengers of the Action at *Villena* to the Earl of *Peterborow* at *Alicant*; but the Captain return'd this Answer to all, that in consideration of the Share that I might justly claim in that Day's Transactions, he could not think of letting any other Person be the Bearer. So giving me his Letters to the Earl, I the next Day deliver'd them to him at *Alicant*. At the Delivery, Colonel *Killigrew* (whose Dragoons they were) being present, he expressed a deal of Satisfaction at the Account, and his Lordship was pleased at the same time to appoint me sole Engineer of the Castle of *Alicant*.

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Soon after which, that successful General embark'd for *Genoa*, according to the Resolutions of the Council of War at *Guadalaxara*, on a particular Commission from the Queen of *England*, another from *Charles* King of *Spain*, and charged at the same time with a Request of the Marquiss *das Minas*, General of the *Portugueze* Forces, to negotiate Bills for one hundred thousand Pounds for the use of his Troops. In all which, tho' he was (as ever) successful; yet may it be said without a figure, that his Departure, in a good measure, determin'd the Success of the confederate Forces in that Kingdom. True it is, the General return'd again with the fortunate, Fruits of those Negotiations; but never to act in his old auspicious Sphere: And therefore, as I am now to take leave of this fortunate General, let me do it with Justice, in an Appeal to the World, of the not to be parallel'd Usage (in these latter Ages, at least) that he met with for all his Services; such a vast variety of Enterprizes, all successful, and which had set all *Europe* in amaze; Services that had given occasion to such solemn and public Thanksgivings in our Churches, and which had received such very remarkable Approbations, both of Sovereign and Parliament; and which had been represented in so lively a Manner, in a Letter wrote by the King of *Spain*, under his own Hand, to the Queen of *England*, and communicated to both Houses in the Terms following:

Madam, my Sister,

I should not have been so long e'er I did my self the Honour to repeat the Assurances of my sincere Respects to you, had I not waited for the good Occasion which I now acquaint you with, that the City of *Barcelona* is surrendered to me by Capitulation. I doubt not but you will receive this great News with intire Satisfaction, as well, because this happy Success is the Effect of your Arms, always glorious, as from the pure Motives of that Bounty and maternal Affection you have for me, and for every Thing which may contribute to the Advancement of my Interest.

I must do this Justice to all the Officers and common Soldiers, and particularly to my Lord *Peterborow*, that he has shown in this whole Expedition, a Constancy, Bravery, and Conduct, worthy of the Choice that your Majesty has made of him, and that he could no ways give me better Satisfaction than he has, by the great Zeal and Application, which he has equally testified for my Interest, and for the Service of my Person. I owe the same Justice to Brigadier *Stanhope*, for his great Zeal, Vigilance, and very wise Conduct, which he has given Proofs of upon all Occasions: As also to all your Officers of the Fleet, particularly to your worthy Admiral *Shovel*, assuring your Majesty, that he has assisted me in this Expedition, with an inconceivable Readiness and Application, and that no Admiral will be ever better able to render me greater Satisfaction, than he has done. During

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the Siege of *Barcelona*, some of your Majesty's Ships, with the Assistance of the Troops of the Country, have reduc'd the Town of *Tarragona*, and the officers are made Prisoners of War. The Town of *Girone* has been taken at the same time by Surprise, by the Troops of the Country. The Town of *Lerida* has submitted, as also that of *Tortosa* upon the *Ebro*; so that we have taken all the Places of *Catalonia*, except *Roses*. Some Places in *Aragon* near *Sarrogosa* have declared for me, and the Garrison of the Castle of *Denia* in *Valencia* have maintained their Post, and repulsed the Enemy; 400 of the Enemies Cavalry have enter'd into our Service, and a great number of their Infantry have deserted.

This, Madam, is the State that your Arms, and the Inclination of the People have put my Affairs in. It is unnecessary to tell you what stops the Course of these Conquests, it is not the Season of the Year, nor the Enemy; these are no Obstacles to your Troops, who desire nothing more than to act under the Conduct that your Majesty has appointed them. The taking of *Barcelona*, with so small a Number of Troops, is very remarkable; and what has been done in this Siege is almost without Example; that with seven or eight thousand Men of your Troops, and two hundred Miquelets, we should surround and invest a Place, that thirty thousand *French* could not block up.

After a March of thirteen Hours, the Troops climb'd up the Rocks and Precipices, to attack a Fortification stronger than the Place, which the Earl of *Peterborow* has sent you a Plan of; two Generals, with the Grenadiers, attack'd it Sword in Hand. In which Action the Prince of *Hesse* died gloriously, after so many brave Actions: I hope his Brother and his Family will always have your Majesty's Protection. With eight hundred Men they forc'd the cover'd Way, and all the Intrenchments and Works, one after another, till they came to the last Work which surrounded it, against five hundred Men of regular Troops which defended the Place, and a Reinforcement they had receiv'd; and three Days afterwards we became Masters of the Place. We afterwards attack'd the Town on the Side of the Castle. We landed again our Cannon, and the other Artillery, with inconceivable Trouble, and form'd two Camps, distant from each other three Leagues, against a Garrison almost as numerous as our Army, whose Cavalry was double the Strength of ours. The first Camp was so well intrench'd, that 'twas defended by two thousand Men and the Dragoons; whilst we attack'd the Town with the rest of our Troops. The Breach being made, we prepar'd to make a general Assault with all the Army. These are Circumstances, Madam, which distinguish this Action, perhaps, from all others.

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Here has happen'd an unforeseen Accident. The Cruelty of the pretended Viceroy, and the Report spread abroad, that he would take away the Prisoners, contrary to the Capitulation, provok'd the Burghers, and some of the Country People, to take up Arms against the Garrison, whilst they were busy in packing up their Baggage, which was to be sent away the next Day; so that every thing tended to Slaughter: But your Majesty's Troops, entering into Town with the Earl of *Peterborow*, instead of seeking Pillage, a Practice common upon such Occasions, appeas'd the Tumult, and have say'd the Town, and even the Lives of their Enemies, with a Discipline and Generosity without Example.

What remains is, that I return you my most hearty Thanks for sending so great a Fleet, and such good and valiant Troops to my Assistance. After so happy a Beginning, I have thought it proper, according to the Sentiments of your Generals and Admirals, to support, by my Presence, the Conquests that we have made; and to shew my Subjects, so affectionate to my Person, that I cannot abandon them. I receive such succours from your Majesty, and from your generous Nation, that I am loaded with your Bounties; and am not a little concern'd to think that the Support of my Interest should cause so great an Expence. But, Madam, I sacrifice my Person, and my Subjects in Catalonia expose also their Lives and Fortunes, upon the Assurances they have of your Majesty's generous Protection. Your Majesty and your Council knows better than we do, what is necessary for our Conservation. We shall then expect your Majesty's Succours, with an entire Confidence in your Bounty and Wisdom. A further Force is necessary: We give no small Diversion to *France*, and without doubt they will make their utmost Efforts against me as soon as possible; but I am satisfy'd, that the same Efforts will be made by my Allies to defend me. Your Goodness, Madam, inclines you, and your Power enables you, to support those that the Tyranny of France would oppress. All that I can insinuate to your Wisdom, and that of your Allies, is, that the Forces employ'd in this Country will not be unprofitable to the public Good, but will be under an Obligation and Necessity to act with the utmost Vigour against the Enemy. I am,

With an inviolable Affection,
Respect, and most
Sincere Acknowledgment,
Madam, my Sister,
Your most affectionate
Brother,
CHARLES.

And yet, after all, was this noble General not only recall'd, the Command of the Fleet taken from him, and that of the Army given to my Lord *Galway*, without Assignment of Cause; but all Manner of Falsities were industriously spread abroad, not only to diminish, if they could, his Reputation, but to bring him under Accusations of a malevolent Nature. I can hardly imagine it necessary here to take Notice, that afterward he disprov'd all those idle Calumnies and ill-invented Rumours; or to mention what Compliments he receiv'd,

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in the most solemn Manner, from his Country, upon a full Examination and thorough canvassing of his Actions in the House of Lords. But this is too notorious to be omitted, That all Officers coming from *Spain* were purposely intercepted in their Way to *London*, and craftily examin'd upon all the idle Stories which had pass'd tending to lessen his Character: And when any Officers had asserted the Falsity of those Inventions (as they all did, except a military Sweetner or two) and that there was no Possibility of laying any thing amiss to the Charge of that General—they were told, that they ought to be careful however, not to speak advantageously of that Lord's Conduct, unless they were willing to fall Martyrs in his Cause—A Thing scarce to be credited even in a popish Country. But *Scipio* was accus'd—tho' (as my Author finely observes) by Wretches only known to Posterity by that stupid Accusation.

As a mournful Valediction, before I enter upon any new Scene, the Reader will pardon this melancholy Expostulation. How mortifying must it be to an *Englishman*, after he has found himself solac'd with a Relation of so many surprising Successes of her Majesty's Arms, under the Earl of *Peterborow*; Successes that have lay'd before our Eyes Provinces and Kingdoms reduc'd, and Towns and Fortresses taken and reliev'd; where we have seen a continu'd Series of happy Events, the Fruits of Conduct and Vigilance; and Caution and Foresight preventing Dangers that were held, at first View, certain and unsurmountable: to change this glorious Landskip, I say, for Scenes every way different, even while our Troops were as numerous as the Enemy, and better provided, yet always baffled and beaten, and flying before the Enemy till fatally ruin'd in the Battle of *Almanza*: How mortifying must this be to any Lover of his Country! But I proceed to my Memoirs.

ALICANT is a Town of the greatest Trade of any in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, having a strong Castle, being situated on a high Hill, which commands both Town and Harbour. In this Place I resided a whole Year; but it was soon after my first Arrival, that Major *Collier* (who was shot in the Back at *Barcelona*, as I have related in the Siege of that Place) hearing of me, sought me out at my Quarters; and, after a particular Enquiry into the Success of that difficult Task that he left me upon, and my answering all his Questions to satisfaction (all which he receiv'd with evident Pleasure) he threw down a Purse of Pistoles upon the Table; which I refusing, he told me, in a most handsome Manner, his Friendship was not to be preserved but by my accepting it.

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After I had made some very necessary Repairs, I pursu'd the Orders I had receiv'd from the Earl of *Peterborow*, to go upon the erecting a new Battery between the Castle and the Town. This was a Task attended with Difficulties, neither few in Number, nor small in Consequence; for it was to be rais'd upon a great Declivity, which must render the Work both laborious and precarious. However, I had the good Fortune to effect it much sooner than was expected; and it was call'd *Gorge's* Battery, from the Name of the Governor then commanding; who, out of an uncommon Profusion of Generosity, wetted that Piece of Gossiping with a distinguishing Bowl of Punch. Brigadier *Bougard*, when he saw this Work some time after, was pleas'd to honour it with a singular Admiration and Approbation, for its Compleatness, notwithstanding its Difficulties.

This Work, and the Siege of *Cartagena*, then in our Possession, by the Duke of *Berwick*, brought the Lord *Galway* down to this place. *Cartagena* is of so little Distance from *Alicant*, that we could easily hear the Cannon playing against, and from it, in our Castle, where I then was. And I remember my Lord *Galway*, on the fourth Day of the Siege, sending to know if I could make any useful Observations, as to the Success of it; I return'd, that I was of Opinion the Town was surrender'd, from the sudden Cessation of the Cannon, which, by our News next Day from the Place, prov'd to be fact. *Cartagena* is a small Sea-Port Town in *Murcia*; but has so good an Harbour, that when the famous Admiral *Doria* was ask'd, which were the three best Havens in the *Mediterranean*, he readily return'd, *June*, *July*, and *Cartagena*.

Upon the Surrender of this Place, a Detachment of Foot was sent by the Governor, with some Dragoons, to *Elsha*; but it being a Place of very little Strength they were soon made Prisoners of War.

The Siege of *Cartagena* being over, the Lord *Galway* return'd to his Camp; and the Lord *Duncannon* dying in *Alicant*, the first Guns that were fir'd from *Gorge's* Battery, were the Minute-Guns for his Funeral. His Regiment had been given to the Lord *Montandre*, who lost it before he had Possession, by an Action as odd as it was scandalous.

That Regiment had received Orders to march to the Lord *Galway's* Camp, under the Command of their Lieutenant-Colonel *Bateman*, a Person before reputedly a good Officer, tho' his Conduct here gave People, not invidious, too much Reason to call it in Question. On his March, he was so very careless and negligent (though he knew himself in a Country surrounded with Enemies, and that he was to march through a Wood, where they every Day made their Appearance in great Numbers) that his Soldiers march'd with their Muskets slung at their Backs, and went one after another (as necessity had forc'd us to do in *Scotland*) himself at the Head of 'em, in his Chaise, riding a considerable way before.

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It happened there was a Captain, with threescore Dragoons, detach'd from the Duke of *Berwick's* Army, with a Design to intercept some Cash, that was order'd to be sent to Lord *Galway's* Army from *Alicant*. This Detachment, missing of that intended Prize, was returning very disconsolately, *Re infecta*; when their Captain, observing that careless and disorderly March of the *English*, resolv'd, boldly enough, to attack them in the Wood. To that Purpose he secreted his little Party behind a great Barn; and so soon as they were half passed by, he falls upon 'em in the Center with his Dragoons, cutting and slashing at such a violent Rate, that he soon dispersed the whole Regiment, leaving many dead and wounded upon the Spot. The three Colours were taken; and the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel taken out of his Chaise, and carried away Prisoner with many others; only one Officer who was an Ensign, and so bold as to do his Duty, was kill'd.

The Lieutenant who commanded the Granadiers, received the Alarm time enough to draw his Men into a House in their way; where he bravely defended himself for a long Time; but being killed, the rest immediately surrender'd. The Account of this Action I had from the Commander of the Enemy's Party himself, some Time after, while I was a Prisoner. And Captain *Mahoni*, who was present when the News was brought, that a few *Spanish* Dragoons had defeated an *English* Regiment, which was this under *Bateman*, protested to me, that the Duke of *Berwick* turn'd pale at the Relation; and when they offer'd to bring the Colours before him, he would not so much as see them. A little before the Duke went to Supper, *Bateman* himself was brought to him, but the Duke turn'd away from him without any further Notice than coldly saying, that *he thought he was very strangely taken*. The Wags of the Army made a thorough jest of him, and said his military Conduct was of a piece with his Oeconomy, having two Days before this March, sent his young handsome Wife into *England*, under the Guardship of the young Chaplain of the Regiment.

April 15. In the Year 1707, being *Easter Monday*, we had in the Morning a flying Report in *Alicant*, that there had been the Day before a Battle at *Almanza*, between the Army under the Command of the Duke of *Berwick*, and that of the *English*, under Lord *Galway*, in which the latter had suffer'd an entire Defeat. We at first gave no great Credit to it: But, alas, we were too soon woefully convinced of the Truth of it, by Numbers that came flying to us from the conquering Enemy. Then indeed we were satisfied of Truths, too difficult before to be credited. But as I was not present in that calamitous Battle, I shall relate it, as I received it from an Officer then in the Duke's Army.

To bring the Lord *Galway* to a Battle, in a Place most commodious for his purpose, the Duke made use of this Stratagem: He ordered two *Irishmen*, both Officers, to make their way over to the Enemy as Deserters; putting this Story in their Mouths, that the Duke of *Orleans* was in a full March to join the Duke of *Berwick* with twelve thousand Men; that this would be done in two Days, and that then they would find out the Lord *Galway*, and force him to Fight, where-ever they found him.

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Lord *Galway*, who at this Time lay before *Villena*, receiving this Intelligence from those well instructed Deserters, immediately rais'd the Siege; with a Resolution, by a hasty March, to force the Enemy to Battle, before the Duke of *Orleans* should be able to join the Duke of *Berwick*. To effect this, after a hard March of three long *Spanish* Leagues in the heat of the Day; he appears a little after Noon in the face of the Enemy with his fatigu'd Forces. Glad and rejoyc'd at the Sight, for he found his Plot had taken; *Berwick*, the better to receive him, draws up his Army in a half Moon, placing at a pretty good Advance three Regiments to make up the Centre, with express Order, nevertheless, to retreat at the very first Charge. All which was punctually observ'd, and had its desired Effect; For the three Regiments, at the first Attack gave way, and seemingly fled towards their Camp; the *English*, after their customary Manner, pursuing them with Shouts and Hollowings. As soon as the Duke of *Berwick* perceiv'd his Trap had taken, he order'd his right and left Wings to close; by which Means, he at once cut off from the rest of their Army all those who had so eagerly pursu'd the imaginary Runaways. In short, the Rout was total, and the most fatal Blow that ever the *English* receiv'd during the whole War with *Spain*. Nor, as it is thought, with a great probability of Reason, had those Troops that made their Retreat to the Top of the Hills, under Major General *Shrimpton*, met with any better Fate than those on the Plain, had the *Spaniards* had any other General in the Command than the Duke of *Berwick*; whose native Sympathy gave a check to the Ardour of a victorious Enemy. And this was the sense of the *Spaniards* themselves after the Battle. Verifying herein that noble Maxim, *That Victory to generous Minds is only an Inducement to Moderation*.

The Day after this fatal Battle (which gave occasion to a *Spanish* piece of Wit, *that the English General had routed the French*) the Duke of *Orleans* did arrive indeed in the Camp, but with an Army of only fourteen Attendants.

The fatal Effects of this Battle were soon made visible, and to none more than those in *Alicant*. The Enemy grew every Day more and more troublesome; visiting us in Parties more boldly than before: and often hovering about us so very near, that with our Cannon we could hardly teach 'em to keep a proper Distance. Gorge the Governor of *Alicant* being recall'd into *England*, Major General *Richards* was by King *Charles* appointed Governor in his Place. He was a Roman Catholick, and very much belov'd by the Natives on that Account; tho' to give him his due, he behaved himself extremely well in all other Respects. It was in his Time, that a Design was laid of surprising *Guardamere*, a small Sea-port Town, in *Murcia*: But the military Bishop (for he was in a literal Sense excellent *tam Marte, quam Mercurio*, among his many others Exploits), by a timely Expedition, prevented that.

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Governor *Richards*, my Post being always in the Castle, had sent to desire me to give notice whenever I saw any Parties of the Enemy moving. Pursuant to this Order, discovering one Morning a considerable body of Horse towards *Elsha*, I went down into the Town, and told the Governor what I had seen; and without any delay he gave his Orders, that a Captain with threescore Men should attend me to an old House about a Mile distance. As soon as we had got into it, I set about barricading all the open Places, and Avenues, and put my Men in a Posture ready to receive an Enemy, as soon as he should appear; upon which the Captain, as a feint, ordered a few of his men to shew themselves on a rising Ground just before the House. But we had like to have caught a Tartar: For tho' the Enemy took the Train I had laid, and on sight of our small Body on the Hill, sent a Party from their greater Body to intercept them, before they could reach the Town; yet the Sequel prov'd, we had mistaken their Number and it soon appeared to be much greater than we at first imagin'd. However our Out-scouts, as I may call 'em, got safe into the House; and on the Appearance of the Party, we let fly a full Volly, which laid dead on the Spot three Men and one Horse. Hereupon the whole Body made up to the House, but stood a-loof upon the Hill without reach of our Shot. We soon saw our Danger from the number of the Enemy: And well for us it was, that the watchful Governor had taken notice of it, as well as we in the House. For observing us surrounded with the Enemy, and by a Power so much superior, he marched himself with a good part of the Garrison to our Relief. The Enemy stood a little time as if they would receive 'em; but upon second thoughts they retir'd; and to our no little Joy left us at Liberty to come out of the House and join the Garrison.

Scarce a Day pass'd but we had some visits of the like kind attended sometimes with Rencounters of this Nature; in so much that there was hardly any stirring out in Safety for small Parties, tho' never so little away. There was within a little Mile of the Town, an old Vineyard, environed with a loose stone Wall: An Officer and I made an Agreement to ride thither for an Airing. We did so, and after a little riding, it came into my Head to put a Fright upon the Officer. And very lucky for us both was that unlucky Thought of mine; pretending to see a Party of the Enemy make up to us, I gave him the Alarm, set Spurs to my Horse, and rid as fast as Legs could carry me. The Officer no way bated of his Speed; and we had scarce got out of the Vineyard but my Jest prov'd Earnest, twelve of the Enemy's Horse pursuing us to the very Gates of the Town. Nor could I ever after prevail upon my Fellow-Traveller to believe that he ow'd his Escape to Merriment more than Speed.

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Soon after my Charge, as to the Fortifications, was pretty well over, I obtain'd Leave of the Governor to be absent for a Fortnight, upon some Affairs of my own at *Valencia*. On my Return from whence, at a Town call'd *Venissa*, I met two Officers of an *English* Regiment, going to the Place from whence I last came. They told me, after common Congratulations, that they had left Major *Boyd*, at a little Place call'd *Capel*, hiring another Mule, that he rode on thither having tir'd and fail'd him; desiring withal, that if I met him, I would let him know that they would stay for him at that Place. I had another Gentleman in my Company, and we had travell'd on not above a League further, whence, at a little Distance, we were both surpriz'd with a Sight that seem'd to have set all Art at defiance, and was too odd for any thing in Nature. It appear'd all in red, and to move; but so very slowly, that if we had not made more way to that than it did to us, we should have made it a Day's Journey before we met it. My Companion could as little tell what to make of it as I; and, indeed, the nearer it came the more monstrous it seem'd, having nothing of the Tokens of Man, either Walking, Riding, or in any Posture whatever. At last, coming up with this strange Figure of a Creature (for now we found it was certainly such) what, or rather who, should it prove to be, but Major *Boyd*? He was a Person of himself far from one of the least Proportion, and mounted on a poor little Ass, with all his warlike Accoutrements upon it, you will allow must make a Figure almost as odd as one of the old *Centaurs*. The Morocco Saddle that cover'd the Ass was of Burden enough for the Beast without its Master; and the additional Holsters and Pistols made it much more weighty. Nevertheless, a Curb Bridle of the largest Size cover'd his little Head, and a long red Cloak, hanging down to the Ground, cover'd Jackboots, Ass, Master and all. In short, my Companion and I, after we could specifically declare it to be a Man, agreed we never saw a Figure so comical in all our Lives. When we had merrily greeted our Major (for a *Cynick* could not have forborn Laughter) He excus'd all as well as he could, by saying he could get no other Beast. After which, delivering our Message, and condoling with him for his present Mounting, and wishing him better at his next Quarters, he settled into his old Pace, and we into ours, and parted.

We lay that Night at *Altea*, famous for its Bay for Ships to water at. It stands on a high Hill; and is adorn'd, not defended, with an old Fort.

Thence we came to *Alicant*, where having now been a whole Year, and having effected what was held necessary, I once more prevail'd upon the Governor to permit me to take another Journey. The Lord *Galway* lay at *Tarraga*, while *Lerida* lay under the Siege of the Duke of *Orleans*; and having some Grounds of Expectation given me, while he was at *Alicant*, I resolv'd at least to demonstrate I was still living. The Governor favour'd me with Letters, not at all to my Disadvantage; so taking Ship for *Barcelona*, just at our putting into the Harbour, we met with the *English* Fleet, on its Return from the Expedition to *Toulon* under Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*.

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I stay'd but very few Days at *Barcelona*, and then proceeded on my intended Journey to *Tarraga*; arriving at which Place I deliver'd my Packet to the Lord *Galway*, who receiv'd me with very great Civility; and to double it, acquainted me at the same time, that the Governor of *Alicant* had wrote very much in my Favour: But though it was a known Part of that noble Lord's Character, that the first Impression was generally strongest, I had Reason soon after to close with another Saying, equally true, *That general Rules always admit of some Exception*. While I was here we had News of the taking of the Town of *Lerida*; the Prince of *Hesse* (Brother to that brave Prince who lost his Life before *Monjouick*) retiring into the Castle with the Garrison, which he bravely defended a long time after.

When I was thus attending my Lord *Galway* at *Tarraga*, he receiv'd Intelligence that the Enemy had a Design to lay Siege to *Denia*; whereupon he gave me Orders to repair there as Engineer. After I had receiv'd my Orders, and taken Leave of his Lordship, I set out, resolving, since it was left to my Choice, to go by way of *Barcelona*, and there take Shipping for the Place of my Station; by which I propos'd to save more time than would allow me a full Opportunity of visiting *Montserat*, a Place I had heard much Talk of, which had fill'd me with a longing Desire to see it. To say Truth, I had been told such extravagant Things of the Place, that I could hardly impute more than one half of it to any thing but *Spanish* Rhodomontado's, the Vice of extravagant Exaggeration being too natural to that Nation.

MONTSERAT is a rising lofty Hill, in the very Middle of a spacious Plain, in the Principality of *Catalonia*, about seven Leagues distant from *Barcelona* to the Westward, somewhat inclining to the North. At the very first Sight, its Oddness of Figure promises something extraordinary; and given at that Distance the Prospect makes somewhat of a grand Appearance: Hundreds of aspiring Pyramids presenting themselves all at once to the Eye, look, if I may be allowed so to speak, like a little petrify'd Forrest; or, rather, like the awful Ruins of some capacious Structure, the Labour of venerable Antiquity. The nearer you approach the more it affects; but till you are very near you can hardly form in your Mind any thing like what you find it when you come close to it. Till just upon it you would imagine it a perfect Hill of Steeples; but so intermingled with Trees of Magnitude, as well as Beauty, that your Admiration can never be tir'd, or your Curiosity surfeited. Such I found it on my Approach; yet much less than what I found it, was so soon as I enter'd upon the very Premises.

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Now that stupendous Cluster of Pyramids affected me in a Manner different to all before; and I found it so finely group'd with verdant Groves, and here and there interspers'd with aspiring, but solitary Trees, that it no way lessened my Admiration, while it increased my Delight. Those Trees, which I call solitary, as standing single, in opposition to the numerous Groves, which are close and thick (as I observ'd when I ascended to take a View of the several Cells) rise generally out of the very Clefts of the main Rock, with nothing, to Appearance, but a Soil or bed of Stone for their Nurture. But though some few Naturalists may assert, that the Nitre in the Stone may afford a due Proportion of Nourishment to Trees and Vegetables; these, in my Opinion, were all too beautiful, their Bark, Leaf, and Flowers, carry'd too fair a Face of Health, to allow them even to be the Foster-children of Rock and Stone only.

Upon this Hill, or if you please, Grove of Rocks, are thirteen Hermits Cells, the last of which lies near the very Summit. You gradually advance to every one, from Bottom to Top, by a winding Ascent; which to do would otherwise be Impossible, by reason of the Steepness; but though there is a winding Ascent to every Cell, as I have said, I would yet set at defiance the most observant, if a Stranger, to find it feasible to visit them in order, if not precaution'd to follow the poor *Borigo*, or old Ass, that with Paniers hanging on each Side of him, mounts regularly, and daily, up to every particular Cell. The Manner is as follows:

In the Paniers there are thirteen Partitions; one for every Cell. At the Hour appointed, the Servant having plac'd the Paniers on his Back, the Ass, of himself, goes to the Door of the Convent at the very Foot of the Hill, where every Partition is supply'd with their several Allowances of Victuals and Wine. Which, as soon as he has receiv'd, without any further Attendance, or any Guide, he mounts and takes the Cells gradually, in their due Course, till he reaches the very uppermost. Where having discharg'd his Duty, he descends the same Way, lighter by the Load he carry'd up. This the poor stupid Drudge fails not to do, Day and Night, at the stated Hours.

Two Gentlemen, who had join'd me on the Road, alike led by Curiosity, seem'd alike delighted, that the End of it was so well answer'd. I could easily discover in their Countenances a Satisfaction, which, if it did not give a Sanction to my own, much confirm'd it, while they seem'd to allow with me that these reverend Solitaries were truly happy Men; I then thought them such; and a thousand times since, reflecting within my self, have wish'd, bating their Errors, and lesser Superstitions, my self as happily station'd: For what can there be wanting to a happy Life, where all things necessary are provided without Care? Where the Days, without Anxiety or Troubles, may be gratefully passed away, with an innocent Variety of diverting and pleasing Objects, and where their Sleep and Slumbers are never interrupted with any thing more offensive, than murmuring Springs, natural Cascades, or the various Songs of the pretty feather'd Quiristers.

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But their Courtesy to Strangers is no less engaging than their Solitude. A recluse Life, for the Fruits of it, generally speaking, produces Moroseness; Pharisaical Pride too often sours the Temper; and a mistaken Opinion of their own Merit too naturally leads such Men into a Contempt of others; But on the contrary, these good Men (for I must call them as I thought them) seem'd to me the very Emblems of Innocence; so ready to oblige others, that at the same Instant they seem'd laying Obligations upon themselves. This is self-evident, in that Affability and Complaisance they use in shewing the Rarities of their several Cells; where, for fear you should slip any thing worthy Observation, they endeavour to instil in you as quick a Propensity of asking, as you find in them a prompt Alacrity in answering such Questions of Curiosity as their own have inspir'd.

In particular, I remember one of those reverend old Men, when we were taking Leave at the Door of his Cell, to which out of his great Civility he accompany'd us, finding by the Air of our Faces, as well as our Expressions, that we thought ourselves pleasingly entertain'd; to divert us afresh, advanc'd a few Paces from the Door, when giving a Whistle with his Mouth, a surprising Flock of pretty little Birds, variegated, and of different Colours, immediately flock'd around him. Here you should see some alighting upon his Shoulders, some on his awful Beard; others took Refuge on his snow-like Head, and many feeding, and more endeavouring to feed out of his Mouth; each appearing emulous and under an innocent Contention, how best to express their Love and Respect to their no less pleased Master.

Nor did the other Cells labour under any Deficiency of Variety: Every one boasting in some particular, that might distinguish it in something equally agreeable and entertaining. Nevertheless, crystal Springs spouting from the solid Rocks were, from the highest to the lowest, common to them all; and, in most of them, they had little brass Cocks, out of which, when turn'd, issu'd the most cool and crystalline Flows of excellent pure Water. And yet what more affected me, and which I found near more Cells than one, was the natural Cascades of the same transparent Element; these falling from one Rock to another, in that warm, or rather hot Climate, gave not more delightful Astonishment to the Eye, than they afforded grateful Refreshment to the whole Man. The Streams falling from these, soften, from a rougher tumultuous Noise, into such affecting Murmurs, by Distance, the Intervention of Groves, or neighbouring Rocks, that it were impossible to see or hear them and not be chann'd.

Neither are those Groves grateful only in a beautiful Verdure; Nature renders them otherwise delightful, in loading them with Clusters of Berries of a perfect scarlet Colour, which, by a beautiful Intermixture, strike the Eye with additional Delight. In short, it might nonplus a Person of the nicest Taste, to distinguish or determine, whether the Neatness of their Cells within, or the beauteous Varieties without, most exhaust his Admiration. Nor is the Whole, in my Opinion, a little advantag'd by the frequent View of some of those pyramidical Pillars, which seem, as weary of their own Weight, to recline and seek Support from others in the Neighbourhood.

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When I mention'd the outside Beauties of their Cells, I must be thought to have forgot to particularize the glorious Prospects presented to your Eye from every one of them; but especially from that nearest the Summit. A Prospect, by reason of the Purity of the Air, so extensive, and so very entertaining that to dilate upon it properly to one that never saw it, would baffle Credit; and naturally to depaint it, would confound Invention. I therefore shall only say, that on the *Mediterranean* Side, after an agreeable Interval of some fair Leagues, it will set at defiance the strongest Opticks; and although *Barcelona* bounds it on the Land, the Eyes are feasted with the Delights of such an intervening Champion (where beauteous Nature does not only smile, but riot) that the Sense must be very temperate, or very weak, that can be soon or easily satisfy'd.

Having thus taken a View of all their refreshing Springs, their grateful Groves, and solitary Shades under single Trees, whose Clusters prov'd that even Rocks were grown fruitful; and having ran over all the Variety of Pleasures in their several pretty Cells, decently set off with Gardens round the, equally fragrant and beautiful, we were brought down again to the Convent, which, though on a small Ascent, lies very near the Foot of this terrestrial Paradise, there to take a Survey of their sumptuous Hall, much more sumptuous Chapel, and its adjoining Repository; and feast our Eyes with Wonders of a different Nature; and yet as entertaining as any, or all, we had seen before.

Immediately on our Descent, a Priest presented himself at the Door of the Convent, ready to shew us the hidden Rarities. And though, as I understood, hardly a Day passes without the Resort of some Strangers to gratify their Curiosity with the Wonders of the Place; yet is there, on every such Occasion, a superior Concourse of Natives ready to see over again, out of meer Bigotry and Superstition, what they have seen, perhaps, a hundred times before. I could not avoid taking notice, however, that the Priest treated those constant Visitants with much less Ceremony, or more Freedom, if you please, than any of the Strangers of what Nation soever; or, indeed, he seem'd to take as much Pains to disoblige those, as he did Pleasure in obliging us.

The Hall was neat, large and stately; but being plain and unadorn'd with more than decent Decorations, suitable to such a Society, I hasten to the other.

When we enter'd the Chapel, our Eyes were immediately attracted by the Image of our Lady of *Montserat* (as they call it) which stands over the Altar-Piece. It is about the natural Stature; but as black and shining as Ebony it self. Most would imagine it made of that Material; though her Retinue and Adorers will allow nothing of the Matter. On the contrary, Tradition, which with them is, on some Occasions, more than tantamount to Religion, has assur'd them, and they relate it as undoubted Matter of Fact, that

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her present Colour, if I may so call it, proceeded from her Concealment, in the Time of the *Moors*, between those two Rocks on which the Chapel is founded; and that her long lying in that dismal Place chang'd her once lovely White into its present opposite. Would not a Heretick here be apt to say, That it was greaty pity that an Image which still boasts the Power of acting so many Miracles, could no better conserve her own Complexion? At least it must be allow'd, even by a good Catholick, to carry along with it Matter of Reproach to the fair Ladies, Natives of the Country, for their unnatural and excessive Affection of adulterating, if not defacing, their beautiful Faces, with the ruining Dauberries of *Carmine*?

As the Custom of the Place is (which is likewise allow'd to be a distinguishing Piece of Civility to Strangers) when we approach the black Lady (who, I should have told you, bears a Child in her Arms; but whether maternally Black, or of the *Mulatto* Kind, I protest I did not mind) the Priest, in great Civility, offers you her Arm to salute; at which Juncture, I, like a true blue Protestant, mistaking my Word of Command, fell foul on the fair Lady's Face. The Displeasure in his Countenance (for he took more Notice of the Rudeness than the good Lady her self) soon convinc'd me of my Error; However, as a greater Token of his Civility, having admitted no *Spaniards* along with my Companions and me, is pass'd off the better; and his after Civilities manifested, that he was willing to reform my Ignorance by his Complaisance.

To demonstrate which, upon my telling him that I had a Set of Beads, which I must entreat him to consecrate for me, he readily, nay eagerly comply'd; and having hung them on her Arm for the Space of about half, or somewhat short of a whole Minute, he return'd me the holy Baubles with a great deal of Address and most evident Satisfaction. The Reader will be apt to admire at this curious Piece of Superstition of mine, till I have told him, that even rigid Protestants have, in this Country, thought it but prudent to do the like; and likewise having so done, to carry them about their Persons, or in their Pockets: For Experience has convinc'd us of the Necessity of this most Catholick Precaution; since those who have here, travelling or otherwise, come to their Ends, whether by Accident, Sickness, or the Course of Nature, not having these sanctifying Seals found upon them, have ever been refus'd Christian Burial, under a superstitious Imagination, that the Corps of a Heretick will infect every thing near it.

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Two instances of this kind fell within my Knowledge; one before I came to *Montserat*, the other after. The first was of one *Slunt*, who had been *Bombardier* at *Monjouick*; but being kill'd while we lay at *Campilio*, a Priest, whom I advis'd with upon the Matter, told me, that if he should be buried where any Corn grew, his Body would not only be taken up again, but ill treated, in revenge of the Destruction of so much Corn, which the People would on no account be persuaded to touch; for which Reason we took care to have him lay'd in a very deep Grave, on a very barren Spot of Ground. The other was of one Captain *Bush*, who was a Prisoner with me on the Surrender of *Denia*; who being sent, as I was afterwards, to Saint *Clemente la Mancha*, there dy'd; and, as I was inform'd, tho' he was privately, and by Night, bury'd in a Corn-Field, he was taken out of his Grave by those superstitious People, as soon as ever they could discover the Place where his Body was deposited. But I return to the Convent at *Montserat*.

Out of the Chapel, behind the High-Altar, we descended into a spacious Room, the Repository of the great Offerings made to the Lady. Here, though I thought in the Chapel it self I had seen the Riches of the Universe, I found a prodigious Quantity of more costly Presents, the superstitious Tribute of most of the Roman-Catholick Princes in *Europe*. Among a Multitude of others, they show'd me a Sword set with Diamonds, the Offering of *Charles* the Third, then King of *Spain*, but now Emperor of *Germany*. Though I must confess, being a Heretick, I could much easier find a Reason for a fair Lady's presenting such a Sword to a King of *Spain*, than for a King of *Spain*'s presenting such a Sword to a fair Lady: And by the Motto upon it, *Pulchra tamen nigra*, it was plain such was his Opinion. That Prince was so delighted with the Pleasure's of this sweet Place, that he, as well as I, stay'd as long as ever he could; though neither of us so long as either could have wish'd.

But there was another Offering from a King of *Portugal*, equally glorious and costly; but much better adapted; and therefore in its Propriety easier to be accounted for. That was a Glory for the Head of her Ladiship, every Ray of which was set with Diamonds, large at the Bottom, and gradually lessening to the very Extremity of every Ray. Each Ray might be about half a Yard Long; and I imagin'd in the Whole there might be about one Hundred of them. In short, if ever her Ladiship did the Offerer the Honour to put it on, I will though a Heretick, venture to aver, she did not at that present time look like a humane Creature.

To enumerate the rest, if my Memory would suffice, would exceed Belief. As the upper Part was a plain Miracle of Nature, the lower was a compleat Treasury of miraculous Art.

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If you ascend from the lowest Cell to the very Summit, the last of all the thirteen, you will perceive a continual Contention between Pleasure and Devotion; and at last, perhaps, find your self at a Loss to decide which deserves the Preheminence: For you are not here to take Cells in the vulgar Acceptation, as the little Dormitories of solitary Monks: No! Neatness, Use, and Contrivance appear in every one of them; and though in an almost perfect Equality, yet in such Perfection, that you will find it difficult to discover in any one of them any thing wanting to the Pleasure of Life.

If you descend to the Convent near the Foot of that venerable Hill; you may see more, much more of the Riches of the World; but less, far less Appearance of a celestial Treasure. Perhaps, it might be only the Sentiment of a Heretick; but that Awe and Devotion, which I found in my Attendant from Cell to Cell grew languid, and lost in meer empty Bigotry and foggy Superstition, when I came below. In short, there was not a great Difference in their Heights, than in the Sentiments they inspir'd me with.

Before I leave this Emblem of the beatific Vision, I must correct some thing like a Mistake, as to the poor *Borigo*. I said at the Beginning that his Labour was daily; but the *Sunday* is to him a Day of rest, as it is to the Hermits, his Masters, a Day of Refection. For to save the poor faithful Brute the hard Drudgery of that Day, the thirteen Hermits, if Health permit, descend to their *Canobium*, as they call it; that is, to the Hall of the Convent; where they dine in common with the Monks of the Order, who are *Benedictines*.

After seven Days Variety of such innocent Delight (the Space allow'd for the Entertainment of Strangers), I took my Leave of this pacifick Hermitage, to pursue the more boisterous Duties of my Calling. The Life of a Soldier is in every Respect the full *Antithesis* to that of a Hermit; and I know not, whether it might not be a Sense of that, which inspir'd me with very great Reluctancy at parting. I confess, while on the Spot, I over and over bandy'd in my Mind the Reasons which might prevail upon *Charles* the Fifth to relinquish his Crown; and the Arguments on his Side never fail'd of Energy, I could persuade my self that this, or some like happy Retreat, was the Reward of abdicated Empire.

Full of these Contemplations (for they lasted there) I arriv'd at *Barcelona*; where I found a Vessel ready to sail, on which I embarked for *Denia*, in pursuance of my Orders. Sailing to the Mouth of the *Mediterranean*, no Place along the *Christian* Shore affords a Prospect equally delightful with the Castle of *Denia*. It was never designed for a Place of great Strength, being built, and first design'd, as a Seat of Pleasure to the Great Duke of *Lerma*. In that Family it many Years remain'd; tho', within less than a Century, that with two other Dukedoms, have devolv'd upon the Family of the Duke *de Medina Celi*, the richest Subject at this time in all *Spain*.

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DENIA was the first Town, that in our Way to *Barcelona*, declar'd for King *Charles*; and was then by his Order made a Garrison. The Town is but small, and surrounded with a thin Wall; so thin, that I have known a Cannon-Ball pierce through it at once.

When I arriv'd at *Denia*, I found a *Spaniard* Governor of the Town, whose Name has slipt my Memory; tho' his Behaviour merited everlasting Annals. Major *Percival*, an *Englishman*, commanded in the Castle, and on my coming there, I understood, it had been agreed between 'em, that in case of a Siege, which they apprehended, the Town should be defended wholly by *Spaniards*, and the Castle by the *English*.

I had scarce been there three Weeks before those Expectations were answered. The Place was invested by Count *D'Alfelt*, and Major General *Mahoni*; two Days after which, they open'd Trenches on the East Side of the Town. I was necessitated upon their so doing, to order the Demolishment of some Houses on that Side, that I might erect a Battery to point upon their Trenches, the better to annoy them. I did so; and it did the intended Service; for with that, and two others, which I rais'd upon the Castle (from all which we fir'd incessantly, and with great Success) the Besiegers were sufficiently incommoded.

The Governor of the Town (a *Spaniard* as I said before, and with a *Spanish* Garrison) behav'd very gallantly; insomuch, that what was said of the Prince of *Hesse*, when he so bravely defended *Gibraltar* against the joint Forces of *France* and *Spain*, might be said of him, that he was Governor, Engineer, Gunner, and Bombardier all in one; For no Man could exceed him, either in Conduct or Courage; nor were the *Spaniards* under him less valiant or vigilant; for in case the Place was taken, expecting but indifferent Quarter, they fought with Bravery, and defended the Place to Admiration.

The Enemy had answer'd our Fire with all the Ardour imaginable; and having made a Breach, that, as we thought was practicable, a Storm was expected every Hour. Preparing against which to the great Joy of all the Inhabitants, and the Surprize of the whole Garrison, and without our being able to assign the least Cause, the Enemy suddenly raised the Siege, and withdrew from a Place, which those within imagined in great Danger.

The Siege thus abdicated (if I may use a modern Phrase) I was resolved to improve my Time, and make the best Provision I could against any future Attack. To that purpose I made several new Fortifications, together with proper Casemets for our Powder, all which render'd the Place much stronger, tho' Time too soon show'd me that Strength it self must yield to Fortune.

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Surveying those works, and my Workmen, I was one Day standing on the great Battery, when casting my Eye toward the *Barbary* Coast, I observ'd an odd sort of greenish Cloud making to the *Spanish* Shoar. Not like other Clouds with Rapidity or Swifttness, but with a Motion so slow, that Sight itself was a long time before it would allow it such. At last, it came just over my Head, and interposing between the Sun and me, so thickened the Air, that I had lost the very Sight of Day. At this moment it had reach'd the Land; and tho' very near me in my Imagination, it began to dissolve, and lose of its first Tenebrity, when all on a sudden there fell such a vast multitude of Locusts, as exceeded the thickest storm of Hail or Snow that I ever saw. All around me was immediately cover'd with those crawling Creatures; and they yet continu'd to fall so thick, that with the swing of my Cane I knock'd down thousands. It is scarce imaginable the Havock I made in a very little space of time; much less conceivable is the horrid Desolation which attended the Visitation of those *Animalcula*. There was not in a Day or two's time, the least Leaf to be seen upon a Tree, nor any green Thing in a Garden. Nature seem'd buried in her own Ruins; and the vegetable World to be Supporters only to her Monument. I never saw the hardest Winter, in those Parts, attended with any equal Desolation. When, glutton like, they had devoured all that should have sustained them, and the more valuable Part of God's Creation (whether weary with gorging, or over thirsty with devouring, I leave to Philosophers) they made to Ponds, Brooks, and standing Pools, there revenging their own Rape upon Nature, upon their own vile Carkasses. In every of these you might see them lie in Heaps like little Hills; drown'd indeed, but attended with Stenches so noisome, that it gave the distracted Neighbourhood too great Reason to apprehend yet more fatal Consequences. A Pestilential Infection is the Dread of every Place, but especially of all Parts upon the *Mediterranean*. The Priests therefore repair'd to a little Chapel, built in the open Fields, to be made use of on such like Occasions, there to deprecate the miserable Cause of this dreadful Visitation. In a Week's time, or there abouts, the Stench was over, and every Thing but verdant Nature in its pristin Order.

Some few Months after this, and about eight Months from the former Siege, Count *D'Alfelt* caus'd *Denia* to be again invested; and being then sensible of all the Mistakes he had before committed, he now went about his Business with more Regularity and Discretion. The first Thing he set upon, and it was the wisest Thing he could do, was to cut off our Communication with the Sea. This he did, and thereby obtained what he much desired. Next, he caus'd his Batteries to be erected on the West side of the Town, from which he ply'd it so furiously, that in five Days' time a practicable Breach was made; upon which they stormed and took it. The Governor, who had so bravely defended it in the former Seige, fortunately for him had been remov'd; and *Francis Valero*, now in his Place, was made Prisoner of War with all his Garrison.

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After the taking the Town, they erected Batteries against the Castle, which they kept ply'd with incessant Fire, both from Cannon and Mortars. But what most of all plagu'd us, and did us most Mischief, was the vast showers of Stones sent among the Garrison from their Mortars. These, terrible in Bulk and Size, did more Execution than all the rest put together. The Garrison could not avoid being somewhat disheartened at this uncommon way of Rencontre; yet, to a Man, dedar'd against hearkening to any Proposals of Surrender, the Governor excepted; who having selected more Treasure than he could properly, or justly call his own, was the only Person that seem'd forward for such a Motion. He had more than once thrown out Expressions of such a Nature, but without any effect. Nevertheless, having at last secretly obtained a peculiar Capitulation for himself, Bag, and Baggage; the Garrison was sacrific'd to his private Interest, and basely given up Prisoners of War. By these Means indeed he saved his Money, but lost his Reputation; and soon after, Life it self. And sure every Body will allow the latter loss to be least, who will take Pains to consider, that it screened him from the consequential Scrutinies of a Council of War, which must have issued as the just Reward of his Demerits.

The Garrison being thus unaccountably delivered up and made Prisoners, were dispersed different ways: Some into *Castile*, others as far as *Oviedo*, in the Kingdom of *Leon*. For my own part, having received a Contusion in my Breast; I was under a necessity of being left behind with the Enemy, till I should be in a Condition to be remov'd, and when that time came, I found my self agreeably ordered to *Valencia*.

As Prisoner of War I must now bid adieu to the active Part of the military Life; and hereafter concern my self with Descriptions of Countries, Towns, Palaces, and Men, instead of Battles. However, if I take in my way Actions of War, founded on the best Authorities, I hope my Interspersing such will be no disadvantage to my now more pacifick MEMOIRS.

So soon as I arriv'd at *Valencia*, I wrote to our Pay-master Mr. *Mead*, at *Barcelona*, letting him know, that I was become a Prisoner, wounded, and in want of Money. Nor could even all those Circumstances prevail on me to think it long before he returned a favourable Answer, in an Order to Monsieur *Zoulicafre*, a Banker, to pay me on Sight fifty Pistoles. But in the same Letter he gave me to understand, that those fifty Pistoles were a Present to me from General (afterward Earl) *Stanhope*; and so indeed I found it, when I return'd into *England*, my Account not being charged with any part of it: But this was not the only Test I received of that generous Earl's Generosity. And where's the Wonder, as the World is compell'd to own, that Heroick Actions and Largeness of Soul ever did discover and amply distinguish the genuine Branches of that illustrious Family.

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This Recruit to me however was the more generous for being seasonable. Benefits are always doubled in their being easily conferr'd and well tim'd; and with such an Allowance as I constantly had by the order of King *Philip*, as Prisoner of War, viz. eighteen Ounces of Mutton *per diem* for my self, and nine for my Man, with Bread and Wine in proportion, and especially in such a Situation; all this I say was sufficient to invite a Man to be easy, and almost forget his want of Liberty, and much more so to me if it be consider'd, that, that want of Liberty consisted only in being debarr'd from leaving the pleasantest City in all *Spain*.

Here I met with the *French* Engineer, who made the Mine under the Rock of the Castle at *Alicant*. That fatal Mine, which blew up General *Richards*, Colonel *Syburg*, Colonel *Thornicroft*, and at least twenty more Officers. And yet by the Account, that Engineer gave me, their Fate was their own choosing: The General, who commanded at that Siege being more industrious to save them, than they were to be say'd: He endeavour'd it many ways: He sent them word of the Mine, and their readiness to spring it; he over and over sent them Offers of Leave to come, and take a view of it, and inspect it: Notwithstanding all which, tho' Colonel *Thornicroft*, and Captain *Page*, a *French* Engineer, in the Service of King *Charles*, pursued the Invitation, and were permitted to view it, yet would they not believe; but reported on their Return, that it was a sham Mine, a feint only to intimidate 'em to a Surrender, all the Bags being fill'd with Sand instead of Gun-powder.

The very Day on which the Besiegers design'd to spring the Mine, they gave Notice of it; and the People of the Neighbourhood ran up in Crowds to an opposite Hill in order to see it: Nevertheless, altho' those in the Castle saw all this, they still remain'd so infatuated, as to imagine it all done only to affright 'em. At length the fatal Mine was sprung, and all who were upon that Battery lost their Lives; and among them those I first mentioned. The very Recital hereof made me think within my self, *who can resist his Fate?*

That Engineer added further, that it was with an incredible Difficulty, that he prepar'd that Mine; that there were in the Concavity thirteen hundred Barrels of Powder; notwithstanding which, it made no great Noise without, whatever it might do inwardly; that only taking away what might be not improperly term'd an Excrescence in the Rock, the Heave on the Blast had render'd the Castle rather stronger on that Side than it was before, a Crevice or Crack which had often occasioned Apprehensions being thereby wholly clos'd and firm.

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Some further Particulars I soon after had from Colonel *Syburg's* Gentleman; who seeing me at the Play-house, challenged me, tho' at that Time unknown to me. He told me, that the Night preceeding the unfortunate Catastrophe of his Master, he was waiting on him in the Casemet, where he observed, sometime before the rest of the Company took notice of it, that General *Richards* appeared very pensive and thoughtful, that the whole Night long he was pester'd with, and could not get rid of a great Flie, which was perpetually buzzing about his Ears and Head, to the vexation and disturbance of the rest of the Company, as well as the General himself; that in the Morning, when they went upon the Battery, under which the Mine was, the General made many offers of going off; but Colonel *Syburg*, who was got a little merry, and the rest out of a Bravado, would stay, and would not let the General stir; that at last it was propos'd by Colonel *Syburg* to have the other two Bottles to the Queen's Health, after which he promised they would all go off together.

Upon this my Relator, *Syburg's* Gentleman, said, he was sent to fetch the stipulated two Bottles; returning with which, Captain *Daniel Weaver*, within thirty or forty Yards of the Battery, ran by him, vowing, he was resolv'd to drink the Queen's Health with them; but his Feet were scarce on the Battery, when the Mine was sprung, which took him away with the rest of the Company; while Major *Harding* now a Justice in *Westminster* coming that very Moment off Duty, exchang'd Fates.

If Predestination, in the Eyes of many, is an unaccountable Doctrine, what better Account can the wisest give of this Fatality? Or to what else shall we impute the Issue of this whole Transaction? That Men shall be solicited to their Safety; suffered to survey the Danger they were threatened with; among many other Tokens of its approaching Certainty, see such a Concourse of People crowding to be Spectators of their impending Catastrophe; and after all this, so infatuated to stay on the fatal Spot the fetching up of the other two Bottles; whatever it may to such as never think, to such as plead an use of Reason, it must administer Matter worthy of the sedatest Consideration.

Being now pretty well recover'd of my Wounds, I was by Order of the Governor of *Valencia*, removed to *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*, a Town somewhat more Inland, and consequently esteem'd more secure than a Semi-Seaport. Here I remain'd under a sort of Pilgrimage upwards of three Years. To me as a Stranger divested of Acquaintance or Friend (for at that instant I was sole Prisoner there) at first it appear'd such, tho' in a very small compass of Time, I luckily found it made quite otherwise by an agreeable Conversation.

SAINTE Clemente de la Mancha, is rendered famous by the renown'd *Don Michael Cerviantes*, who in his facetious but satirical Romance, has fix'd it the Seat and Birth Place of his Hero *Don Quixot*.

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The Gentlemen of this Place are the least Priest-ridden or Sons of Bigotry, of any that I met with in all *Spain*; of which in my Conversation with them I had daily Instances. Among many others, an Expression that fell from *Don Felix Pacheco*, a Gentleman of the best Figure thereabout, and of a very plentiful Fortune, shall now suffice. I was become very intimate with him; and we us'd often to converse together with a Freedom too dangerous to be common in a Country so enslav'd by the Inquisition. Asking me one Day in a sort of a jocose manner, who, in my Opinion, had done the greatest Miracles that ever were heard of? I answer'd, Jesus Christ.

"It is very true," says he, "Jesus Christ did great Miracles, and a great one it was to feed five Thousand People with two or three small Fishes, and a like number of Loaves: But *Saint Francis*, the Founder of the *Franciscan* Order, has found out a way to feed daily one hundred Thousand Lubbarbs with nothing at all"; meaning the *Franciscans*, the Followers of *Saint Francis*, who have no visible Revenues; yet in their way of Living come up to, if they do not exceed any other Order.

Another Day talking of the Place, it naturally led us into a Discourse of the Knight of *la Mancha*, *Don Quixot*. At which time he told me, that in his Opinion, that Work was a perfect Paradox, being the best and the worst Romance, that ever was wrote.

"For," says he, "tho' it must infallibly please every Man, that has any taste of Wit; yet has it had such a fatal Effect upon the Spirits of my Countrymen, that every Man of Wit must ever resent; for," continu'd he, "before the Appearance in the World of that Labour of *Cerviantes*, it was next to an Impossibility for a Man to walk the Streets with any Delight, or without Danger. There were seen so many Cavaliero's prancing and curvetting before the Windows of their Mistresses, that a Stranger would have imagin'd the whole Nation to have been nothing less than a Race of Knight Errants. But after the World became a little acquainted with that notable History; the Man that was seen in that once celebrated Drapery, was pointed at as a *Don Quixot*, and found himself the Jest of High and Low. And I verily believe," added he, "that to this, and this only we owe that dampness and poverty of Spirit, which has run thro' all our Councils for a Century past, so little agreeable to those nobler Actions of our famous Ancestors."

After many of these lesser sorts of Confidences, *Don Felix* recommended me to a Lodging next Door to his own. It was at a Widow's, who had one only Daughter, her House just opposite to a *Francisan* Nunnery. Here I remain'd somewhat upwards of two Years; all which time, lying in my Bed, I could hear the Nuns early in the Morning at their *Matins*, and late in the Evening at their *Vespers*, with Delight enough to my self, and without the least Indecency in the World in my Thoughts of them. Their own Divine Employ too much employ'd every Faculty of mine to entertain any Thing inconsistent or offensive.

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This my Neighbourhood to the Nunnery gave me an opportunity of seeing two Nuns invested; and in this I must do a Justice to the whole Country, to acknowledge, that a Stranger who is curious (I would impute it rather to their hopes of Conversion, than to their Vanity) shall be admitted to much greater Freedoms in their religious Pageantries, than any Native.

One of these Nuns was of the first Quality, which render'd the Ceremony more remarkably fine. The manner of investing them was thus: In the Morning her Relations and Friends all met at her Father's House; whence, she being attir'd in her most sumptuous Apparel, and a Coronet plac'd on her Head, they attended her, in Cavalcade, to the Nunnery, the Streets and Windows being crowded, and fill'd with Spectators of all sorts.

So soon as she enter'd the Chapel belonging to the Nunnery, she kneel'd down, and with an appearance of much Devotion, saluted the Ground; then rising up, she advanced a Step or two farther, when on her Knees she repeated the Salutes: This done she approached to the Altar, where she remained till Mass was over: After which, a Sermon was preach'd by one of the Priests in Praise, or rather in an exalted Preference of a single Life. The Sermon being over, the Nun elect fell down on her Knees before the Altar; and after some short mental Oraisons, rising again, she withdrew into an inner Room, where stripping off all her rich Attire, she put on her Nun's Weeds: In which making her Appearance, she, again kneeling, offer'd up some private Devotions; which being over, she was led to the Door of the Nunnery, where the Lady and the rest of the Nuns stood ready to receive her with open Arms. Thus enter'd, the Nuns conducted her into the Quire, where after they had entertained her with Singing, and playing upon the Organ, the Ceremony concluded, and every one departed to their proper Habitations.

The very same Day of the Year ensuing the Relations and Friends of the fair Novitiate meet again in the Chapel of the Nunnery, where the Lady Abbess brings her out, and delivers her to them. Then again is there a Sermon preach'd on the same Subject as at first; which being over, she is brought up to the Altar, in a decent, but plain Dress, the fine Apparel, which she put off on her Initiation, being deposited on one side of the Altar, and her Nun's Weeds on the other. Here the Priest in Latin cries, *Utrum horum mavis, accipe*: to which she answers, as her Inclination, or as her Instruction directs her. If she, after this her Year of Probation, show any Dislike, she is at Liberty to come again into the World: But if aw'd by Fear (as too often is the Case) or won by Expectation, or present real Inclination, she makes choice of the Nun's Weeds, she is immediately invested, and must never expect to appear again in the World out of the Walls of the Nunnery. The young Lady I thus saw invested was very beautiful, and sang the best of any in the Nunnery.

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There are in the Town three Nunneries, and a Convent to every one of them; *viz.* one of *Jesuits*, one of *Carmelites*, and the other of *Franciscans*. Let me not be so far mistaken to have this taken by way of Reflection. No! Whatever some of our Rakes of the Town may assert, I freely declare, that I never saw in any of the Nunneries (of which I have seen many both in *Spain* and other Parts of the World) any thing like indecent Behaviour, that might give occasion for Satyr or Disesteem. It is true, there may be Accidents, that may lead to a Misinterpretation, of which I remember a very untoward Instance in *Alicant*.

When the *English* Forces first laid Siege to that Town, the Priests, who were apprehensive of it, having been long since made sensible of the profound Regard to Chastity and Modesty of us Hereticks, by the ignominious Behaviour of certain Officers at *Rota* and *Porta St. Maria*, the Priests, I say, had taken care to send away privately all the Nuns to *Majorca*. But that the Heretick Invaders might have no Jealousy of it, the fair *Curtezans* of the Town were admitted to supply their Room. The Officers, both of Land and Sea, as was by the Friars pre-imagin'd, on taking the Town and Castle, immediately repair'd to the Grates of the Nunnery, toss'd over their Handkercheifs, Nosegays, and other pretty Things; all which were, doubtless, very graciously received by those imaginary Recluses. Thence came it to pass, that in the space of a Month or less, you could hardly fall into Comany of any one of our younger Officers, of either sort, but the Discourse, if it might deserve the Name, was concerning these beautiful Nuns; and you wou'd have imagin'd the Price of these Ladies as well known as that of Flesh in their common Markets. Others, as well as my self, have often endeavour'd to disabuse those Glorioso's, but all to little purpose, till more sensible Tokens convinced them, that the Nuns, of whose Favours they so much boasted, could hardly be perfect Virgins, tho' in a Cloyster. And I am apt to think, those who would palm upon the World like vicious Relations of Nuns and Nunneries, do it on much like Grounds. Not that there are wanting Instances of Nunneries disfranchis'd, and even demolish'd, upon very flagrant Accounts; but I confine myself to *Spain*.

In this Town of *la Mancha* the *Corrigidore* always has his Presidency, having sixteen others under his Jurisdiction, of which *Almanza* is one. They are changed every three Years, and their Offices are the Purchase of an excessive Price; which occasions the poor People's being extravagantly fleeced, nothing being to be sold but at the Rates they impose; and every Thing that is sold paying the *Corrigidore* an Acknowledgment in specie, or an Equivalent to his liking.

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While I was here, News came of the Battle of *Almanar* and *Saragosa*; and giving the Victory to that Side, which they espous'd (that of King *Philip*) they made very great Rejoycings. But soon, alas, for them, was all that Joy converted into Sorrow: The next Courier evincing, that the Forces of King *Charles* had been victorious in both Engagements. This did not turn to my present Disadvantage: For Convents and Nunneries, as well as some of those Dons, whom afore I had not stood so well with, strove now how most to oblige me; not doubting, but if the victorious Army should march that way, it might be in my Power to double the most signal of their Services in my Friendship.

Soon after an Accident fell out, which had like to have been of an unhappy Consequence to me. I was standing in Company, upon the Parade, when a most surprizing flock of Eagles flew over our Heads, where they hover'd for a considerable time. The Novelty struck them all with Admiration, as well as my self. But I, less accustomed to like Spectacles, innocent saying, that in my Opinion, it could not bode any good to King *Philip*, because the Eagle compos'd the Arms of *Austria*; some busie Body, in hearing, went and inform'd the *Corrigidore* of it. Those most magisterial Wretches embrace all Occasions of squeezing Money; and more especially from Strangers. However finding his Expectations disappointed in me, and that I too well knew the length of his Foot, to let my Money run freely; he sent me next Day to *Alercon*; but the Governor of that Place having had before Intelligence, that the *English Army* was advancing that way, refus'd to receive me, so I return'd as I went; only the Gentlemen of the Place, as they had condol'd the first, congratulated the last; for that *Corrigidore* stood but very indifferently in their Affections. However, it was a warning to me ever after, how I made use of *English Freedom* in a *Spanish Territory*.

As I had attain'd the Acquaintance of most of the Clergy, and Religious of the Place; so particularly I had my aim in obtaining that of the Provincial of the *Carmelites*. His Convent, tho' small, was exceeding neat; but what to me was much more agreeable, There were very large Gardens belonging to it, which often furnished me with Sallading and Fruit, and much oftner with Walks of Refreshment, the most satisfactory Amusement in this warm Climate. This Acquaintance with the Provincial was by a little Incident soon advanced into a Friendship; which was thus: I was one Day walking, as I us'd to do, in the long Gallery of the Convent, when observing the Images of the Virgin *Mary*, of which there was one at each end; I took notice that one had an Inscription under it, which was this, *Ecce, Virgo peperit filium*: but the other had no Inscription at all; upon which, I took out my Pencil, and wrote underneath, this Line:

Sponsa Dei, patrisque parens, & filia filii.

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The Friars, who at a little distance had observed me, as soon as I was gone, came up and read what I had writ; reporting which to the Provincial, he order'd them to be writ over in Letters of Gold, and plac'd just as I had put 'em; saying, doubtless, such a fine Line you'd proceed from nothing less than Inspiration. This secur'd me ever after his and their Esteem; the least advantage of which, was a full Liberty of their Garden for all manner of Fruit, Sallading, or whatever I pleased: And as I said before, the Gardens were too fine not to render such a Freedom acceptable.

They often want Rain in this Country: To supply the Defect of which, I observed in this Garden, as well as others, an Invention not unuseful. There is a Well in the Middle of the Garden, and over that a Wheel with many Pitchers, or Buckets, one under another, which Wheel being turned round by an Ass, the Pitchers scoop up the Water on one Side, and throw it out on the other into a Trough, that by little Channels conveys it, as the Gardiner directs, into every part of the Garden. By this Means their Flowers and their Sallading are continually refresh'd, and preserved from the otherwise over-parching Beams of the Sun.

The Inquisition, in almost every Town in *Spain* (and more especially, if of any great Account) has its Spies, or Informers, for treacherous Intelligence. These make it their Business to ensnare the simple and unguarded; and are more to be avoided by the Stranger, than the Rattle Snake. Nature have appointed no such happy Tokens in the former to foreshew the Danger. I had Reason to believe, that one of those Vermin once made his Attack upon me in this place: And as they are very rarely, if ever known to the Natives themselves, I being a Stranger, may be allowed to make a guess by Circumstances.

I was walking by my self, when a Person, wholly unknown to me, giving me the civil Salute of the Day, endeavour'd to draw me into Conversation. After Questions had passed on general Heads, the fellow ensnaringly asked me, how it came to pass, that I show'd so little Respect to the Image of the crucify'd Jesus, as I pass'd by it in such a Street, naming it? I made Answer, that I had, or ought to have him always in my Heart crucified. To that he made no Reply: But proceeding in his Interrogatories, question'd me next, whether I believ'd a Purgatory? I evaded the Question, as I took it to be ensnaring; and only told him, that I should be willing to hear him offer any Thing that might convince me of the Truth, or Probability of it. Truth? He reply'd in a Heat: There never yet was Man so Holy as to enter Heaven without first passing through Purgatory. In my Opinion, said I, there will be no Difficulty in convincing a reasonable Man to the contrary. What mean you by that, cry'd the Spy? I mean, said I, that I can name one, and a great Sinner too, who went into Bliss without any Visit to Purgatory. Name him, if you can, reply'd my Querist. What think you of the Thief upon the Cross, said I? to whom our dying Saviour said, *Hodie eris mecum in Paradiso*. At which being silenced tho' not convicted, he turned from me in a violent Rage, and left me to my self.

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What increas'd my first Suspicion of him was, that a very short time after, my Friend the Provincial sent to speak with me; and repeating all Passages between the holy Spy and me, assur'd me that he had been forc'd to argue in my Favour, and tell him that I had said nothing but well: *For* says he, *all ought to have the Holy Jesus crucified in their Hearts.*

"Nevertheless," continu'd he, "it is a commendable and good Thing to have him represented in the high Ways: For, suppose," said he, "a Man was going upon some base or profligate Design, the very Sight of a crucified Saviour may happen to subvert his Resolution, and deter him from committing Theft, Murder, or any other of the deadly Sins." And thus ended that Conference.

I remember upon some other occasional Conversation after, the Provincial told me, that in the *Carmelite* Nunnery next to his Convent, and under his Care, there was a Nun, that was Daughter to *Don Juan* of *Austria*; if so, her Age must render her venerable, as her Quality.

Taking notice one Day, that all the People of the Place fetch'd their Water from a Well without the Town, altho' they had many seemingly as good within; I spoke to *Don Felix* of it, who gave me, under the Seal of Secrecy, this Reason for it:

"When the Seat of the War," said he, "lay in these Parts, the *French* Train of Artillery was commonly quarter'd in this Place; the Officers and Soldiers of which were so very rampant and rude, in attempting to debauch our Women, that there is not a Well within the Town, which has not some *French* Mens Bones at the bottom of it; therefore the Natives, who are sensible of it, choose rather to go farther a field."

By this Well there runs a little Rivulet, which gives head to that famous River call'd the *Guadiana*; which running for some Leagues under Ground, affords a pretence for the Natives to boast of a Bridge on which they feed many Thousands of Sheep. When it rises again, it is a fine large River, and after a Currency of many Leagues, empties it self into the *Atlantick* Ocean.

As to military Affairs, *Almanar* and *Saragosa* were Victories so compleat, that no Body made the least doubt of their settling the Crown of *Spain* upon the Head of *Charles* the Third, without a Rival. This was not barely the Opinion of his Friends, but his very Enemies resign'd all Hope or Expectation in favour of King *Philip*. The *Castilians*, his most faithful Friends, entertain'd no other Imagination; for after they had advis'd, and prevail'd that the Queen with the Prince of *Asturias* should be sent to *Victoria*; under the same Despondency, and a full Dispiritedness, they gave him so little Encouragement to stay in *Madrid*, that he immediately quitted the Place, with a Resolution to retire into his Grandfather's Dominions, the Place of his Nativity.

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In his way to which, even on the last Day's Journey, it was his great good Fortune to meet the Duke of *Vendome*, with some few Troops, which his Grandfather *Lewis XIV.* of *France* had order'd to his Succour, under that Duke's Command. The Duke was grievously affected at such an unexpected Catastrophe; nevertheless, he left nothing unsaid or undone, that might induce that Prince to turn back; and at length prevailing, after a little Rest, and a great deal of Patience, by the Coming in of his scatter'd Troops, and some few he could raise, together with those the Duke brought with him, he once more saw himself at the Head of twenty thousand Men.

While Things were in this Manner, under Motion in King *Philip's* Favour, *Charles* the third, with his victorious Army, advances forward, and enters into *Madrid*, of which he made General *Stanhope* Governor. And even here the *Castilians* gave full Proof of their Fidelity to their Prince; even at the Time when, in their Opinion, his Affairs were past all Hopes of Retrieve, they themselves having, by their Advice, contributed to his Retreat. Instead of prudential Acclamations therefore, such as might have answered the Expectations of a victorious Prince, now entering into their Capital, their Streets were all in a profound Silence, their Balconies unadorn'd with costly Carpets, as was customary on like Occasions; and scarce an Inhabitant to be seen in either Shop or Window.

This doubtless was no little Mortification to a conquering Prince; however his Generals were wife enough to keep him from shewing any other Tokens of Resentment, than marching through the City with Unconcern, and taking up his Quarters at *Villa-verda*, about a League from it.

Nevertheless King *Charles* visited, in his March, the Chapel of the Lady *de Atocha*, where finding several *English* Colours and Standards, taken in the Battle of *Almanza*, there hung up; he ordered 'em to be taken down, and restor'd 'em to the *English* General.

It was the current Opinion then, and almost universal Consent has since confirm'd it, that the falsest Step in that whole War was this Advancement of King *Charles* to *Madrid*. After those two remarkable Victories at *Almanar* and *Saragosa*, had he directed his March to *Pampeluna*, and obtain'd Possession of that Place, or some other near it, he had not only stopt all Succours from coming out of *France*, but he would, in a great Measure, have prevented the gathering together of any of the routed and dispers'd Forces of King *Philip*: And it was the general Notion of the *Spaniards*, I convers'd with while at *Madrid*, that had King *Philip* once again set his Foot upon *French* Land, *Spain* would never have been brought to have re-acknowledged him.

King *Charles* with his Army having stay'd some Time about *Madrid*, and seeing his Expectations of the *Castilians* joining him not at all answered, at last resolved to decamp, and return to *Saragosa*: Accordingly with a very few Troops that Prince advanced thither; while the main Body, under the Command of the Generals *Stanhope*

and *Staremborg*, passing under the very Walls of *Madrid*, held on their March towards *Aragon*.

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After about three Days' March, General *Stanhope* took up his Quarters at *Breuhiga*, a small Town half wall'd; General *Staremborg* marching three Leagues farther, to *Cisuentes*. This choice of Situation of the two several Armies not a little puzzled the Politicians of those Times, who could very indifferently account for the *English* General's lying expos'd in an open Town, with his few *English* Forces, of which General *Harvey's* Regiment of fine Horse might be deem'd the Main; and General *Staremborg* encamping three Leagues farther off the Enemy. But to see the Vicissitudes of Fortune, to which the Actions of the bravest, by an untoward Sort of Fatality, are often forced to contribute! None, who had been Eye-witnesses of the Bravery of either of those Generals at the Battles of *Almanar* and *Saragosa*, could find Room to call in question either their Conduct or their Courage; and yet in this March, and this Encampment will appear a visible ill Consequence to the Affairs of the Interest they fought for.

The Duke of *Vendome* having increas'd the Forces which he brought from *France*, to upwards of twenty thousand Men, marches by *Madrid* directly for *Breuhiga*, where his Intelligence inform'd him General *Stanhope* lay, and that so secretly as well as swiftly, that that General knew nothing of it, nor could be persuaded to believe it, till the very Moment their Bullets from the Enemy's Cannon convinc'd him of the Truth. *Breuhiga*, I have said, was wall'd only on one Side, and yet on that very side the Enemy made their Attack. But what could a Handful do against a Force so much superior, though they had not been in want of both Powder and Ball; and in want of these were forc'd to make use of Stones against all Sorts of Ammunition, which the Enemy ply'd them with? The Consequence answered the Deficiency; they were all made Prisoners of War, and *Harvey's* Regiment of Horse among the rest; which, to augment their Calamity, was immediately remounted by the Enemy, and march'd along with their Army to attack General *Staremborg*.

That General had heard somewhat of the March of *Vendome*; and waited with some Impatience to have the Confirmation of it from General *Stanhope*, who lay between, and whom he lay under an Expectation of being joined with: However he thought it not improper to make some little Advance towards him; and accordingly breaking up from his Camp at *Cisuentes*, he came back to *Villa viciosa*, a little Town between *Cisuentes* and *Breuhiga*; there he found *Vendome* ready to attack him, before he could well be prepared for him, but no *English* to join him, as he had expected; nevertheless, the Battle was hot, and obstinately fought; although *Staremborg* had visibly the Advantage, having beat the Enemy at least a League from their Cannon; at which Time hearing

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of the Misfortune of *Breuhiga*, and finding himself thereby frustrated of those expected Succours to support him, he made a handsome Retreat to *Barcelona*, which in common Calculation is about one hundred Leagues, without any Disturbance of an Enemy that seem'd glad to be rid of him. Nevertheless his Baggage having fallen into the Hands of the Enemy, at the Beginning of the Fight, King *Philip* and the Duke of *Vendome* generously returned it unopen'd, and untouched, in acknowledgement of his brave Behaviour.

I had like to have omitted one material Passage, which I was very credibly informed of; That General *Carpenter* offered to have gone, and have join'd General *Staremborg* with the Horse, which was refus'd him. This was certainly an Oversight of the highest Nature; since his going would have strengthen'd *Staremborg* almost to the Assurance of an intire Victory; whereas his Stay was of no manner of Service, but quite the contrary: For, as I said before, the Enemy, by re-mounting the *English* Horse (which perhaps were the compleatest of any Regiment in the World) turn'd, if I may be allowed the Expression, the Strength of our Artillery upon our Allies.

Upon this Retreat of *Staremborg*, and the Surprize at *Breuhiga*, there were great Rejoicings at *Madrid*, and everywhere else, where King *Philip*'s Interest prevailed. And indeed it might be said, from that Day the Interest of King *Charles* look'd with a very lowering Aspect. I was still a Prisoner at *la Mancha*, when this News arriv'd; and very sensibly affected at that strange Turn of Fortune. I was in bed, when the Express pass'd through the Town, in order to convey it farther; and in the Middle of the Night I heard a certain *Spanish* Don, with whom, a little before, I had had some little Variance, thundering at my Door, endeavouring to burst it open, with, as I had Reason to suppose, no very favourable Design upon me. But my Landlady, who hitherto had always been kind and careful, calling Don *Felix*, and some others of my Friends together, sav'd me from the Fury of his Designs, whatever they were.

Among other Expressions of the general Joy upon this Occasion, there was a Bull-Feast at *la Mancha*; which being much beyond what I saw at *Valencia*, I shall here give a Description of. These Bull-Feasts are not so common now in *Spain* as formerly, King *Philip* not taking much Delight in them. Nevertheless, as soon as it was publish'd here, that there was to be one, no other Discourse was heard; and in the Talk of the Bulls, and the great Preparations for the Feast, Men seem'd to have lost, or to have lay'd aside, all Thoughts of the very Occasion. A Week's time was allow'd for the Building of Stalls for the Beasts, and Scaffolds for the Spectators; and other necessary Preparations for the setting off their Joy with the most suitable Splendour.

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On the Day appointed for the bringing the Bulls into Town, the *Cavalieroes* mounted their Horses, and, with Spears in their Hands, rode out of Town about a League, or somewhat more to meet them: If any of the Bulls break from the Drove, and make an Excursion (as they frequently do) the *Cavaliero* that can make him return again to his Station among his Companions, is held in Honour, suitable to the Dexterity and Address he performs it with. On their Entrance into the Town, all the Windows are fill'd with Spectators; a Pope passing in grand Procession could not have more; for what can be more than all? And he or she who should neglect so rare a Show, would give Occasion to have his or her Legitimacy call'd in Question.

When they come to the *Plaza*, where the Stalls and Scaffolds are built, and upon which the Feats of Chivalry are to be performed, it is often with a great deal of Difficulty that the Brutes are got in; for there are twelve Stalls, one for every Bull, and as their Number grows less by the enstalling of some, the Remainder often prove more untractable and unruly: In these Stalls they are kept very dark, to render them fiercer for the Day of Battle.

On the first of the Days appointed (for a Bull-Feast commonly lasts three) all the Gentry of the Place, or near adjacent, resort to the *Plaza* in their most gaudy Apparel, every one vieing in making the most glorious Appearance. Those in the lower Ranks provide themselves with Spears, or a great many small Darts in their Hands, which they fail not to cast or dart, whenever the Bull by his Nearness gives them an Opportunity. So that the poor Creature may be said to fight, not only with the Tauriro (or Bullhunter, a Person always hired for that Purpose) but with the whole Multitude in the lower Class at least.

All being seated, the uppermost Door is open'd first; and as soon as ever the Bull perceives the Light, out he comes, snuffing up the Air, and staring about him, as if in admiration of his attendants; and with his Tail cock'd up, he spurns the Ground with his Forefeet, as if he intended a Challenge to his yet unappearing Antagonist. Then at a Door appointed for that purpose, enters the Tauriro all in white, holding a Cloak in one Hand, and a sharp two edged Sword in the other. The Bull no sooner sets Eyes upon him, but wildly staring, he moves gently towards him; then gradually mends his pace, till he is come within about the space of twenty Yards of the Tauriro; when, with a sort of Spring, he makes at him with all his might. The Tauriro knowing by frequent Experience, that it behoves him to be watchful, slips aside just when the Bull is at him; when casting his Cloak over his Horns, at the same Moment he gives him a slash or two, always aiming at the Neck, where there is one particular Place, which if he hit, he knows he shall easily bring him to the Ground. I my Self observ'd the truth of this Experiment made upon one of the Bulls, who receiv'd no more than one Cut, which happening upon the fatal Spot, so stun'd him, that he remain'd perfectly stupid, the Blood flowing out from the Wound, till after a violent Trembling he dropt down stone dead.

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But this rarely happens, and the poor Creature oftner receives many Wounds, and numberless Darts, before he dies. Yet whenever he feels a fresh Wound either from Dart, Spear, or Sword, his Rage receives addition from the Wound, and he pursues his Tauriro with an Increase of Fury and Violence. And as often as he makes at his Adversary, the Tauriro takes care with the utmost of his Agility to avoid him, and reward his kind Intention with a new Wound.

Some of their Bulls will play their Parts much better than others: But the best must die. For when they have behav'd themselves with all the commendable Fury possible; if the Tauriro is spent, and fail of doing Execution upon him, they set Dogs upon him: Hough him and stick him all over with Darts, till with very loss of Blood he puts an end to their present Cruelty.

When dead, a Man brings in two Mules dress'd out with Bells and Feathers, and fastening a Rope about his Horns, draws off the Bull with the Shouts and Acclamations of the Spectators; as if the Infidels had been drove from before *Ceuta*.

I had almost forgot another very common piece of barbarous Pleasure at these Diversions. The Tauriro will sometimes stick one of their Bull Spears fast in the Ground, aslant, but levell'd as near as he can at his Chest; then presenting himself to the Bull, just before the point of the Spear, on his taking his run at the Tauriro, which, as they assur'd me, he always does with his Eyes closed, the Tauriro slips on one side, and the poor Creature runs with a violence often to stick himself, and sometimes to break the Spear in his Chest, running away with part of it till he drop.

This *Tauriro* was accounted one of the best in *Spain*; and indeed I saw him mount the back of one of the Bulls, and ride on him, slashing and cutting, till he had quite wearied him; at which time dismounting, he kill'd him with much Ease, and to the acclamatory Satisfaction of the whole Concourse: For variety of Cruelty, as well as Dexterity, administers to their Delight.

The *Tauriroes* are very well paid; and in Truth so they ought to be; for they often lose their Lives in the Diversion, as this did the Year after in the way of his Calling. Yet is it a Service of very great Profit when they perform dextrously: For when ever they do any Thing remarkable, deserving the Notice of the Spectators, they never fail of a generous Gratification, Money being thrown down to 'em in plenty.

This Feast (as they generally do) lasted three Days; the last of which was, in my Opinion, much before either of the other. On this, a young Gentleman, whose Name was *Don Pedro Ortega*, a Person of great Quality, perform'd the Exercise on Horseback. The Seats, if not more crowded, were filled with People of better Fashion, who came from Places at a distance to grace the noble *Tauriro*.

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He was finely mounted, and made a very graceful Figure; but as when the Foot *Tauriro* engages, the Bull first enters, so in the Contest the *Cavaliero* always makes his Appearance on the *Plaza* before the Bull. His Steed was a manag'd Horse; mounted on which he made his Entry, attended by four Footmen in rich Liveries; who, as soon as their Master had rid round, and paid his Devoirs to all the Spectators, withdrew from the Dangers they left him expos'd to. The *Cavaliero* having thus made his Bows, and received the repeated Vivas of that vast Concourse, march'd with a very stately Air to the very middle of the *Plaza*, there standing ready to receive his Enemy at coming out.

The Door being open'd, the Bull appeared; and as I thought with a fiercer and more threatening Aspect that any of the former. He star'd around him for a considerable time, snuffing up the Air, and spurning the Ground, without in the least taking notice of his Antagonist. But at last fixing his Eyes upon him, he made a full run at the *Cavaliero*, which he most dexterously avoided, and at the same moment of time, passing by, he cast a Dart that stuck in his Shoulders. At this the Shouts and Vivas were repeated; and I observed a Handkerchief wav'd twice or thrice, which, as I afterwards understood, was a Signal from the Lady of his Affections, that she had beheld him with Satisfaction. I took notice that the *Cavaliero* endeavour'd all he could to keep aside the Bull, for the Advantage of the Stroke, when putting his Horse on a full Career, he threw another Dart, which fix'd in his Side, and so enrag'd the Beast, that he seem'd to renew his Attacks with greater Fury. The *Cavaliero* had behav'd himself to Admiration, and escap'd many Dangers; with the often repeated Acclamations of *Viva, Viva*; when at last the enraged Creature getting his Horns between the Horse's hinder Legs, Man and Horse came both together to the Ground.

I expected at that Moment nothing less than Death could be the Issue; when to the general Surprize, as well as mine, the very civil Brute, Author of all the Mischief, only withdrew to the other Side of the *Plaza*, where he stood still, staring about him as if he knew nothing of the Matter.

The *Cavaliero* was carry'd off not much hurt, but his delicate Beast suffer'd much more. However I could not but think afterward, that the good natur'd Bull came short of fair Play. If I may be pardon'd the Expression, he had us'd his Adversary with more Humanity than he met with; at least, since, after he had the *Cavaliero* under, he generously forsook him; I think he might have pleaded, or others for him, for better Treatment than he after met with.

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For as the *Cavaliero* was disabled and carry'd off, the Foot *Tauriro* enter'd in white Accoutrements, as before; but he flatter'd himself with an easier Conquest than he found: there is always on these Occasions, when he apprehends any imminent Danger, a Place of Retreat ready for the Foot *Tauriro*; and well for him there was so; this Bull oblig'd him over and over to make Use of it. Nor was he able at last to dispatch him, without a general Assistance; for I believe I speak within Compass, when I say, he had more than an hundred Darts stuck in him. And so barbarously was he mangled, and flash'd besides, that, in my Mind, I could not but think King *Philip* in the Right, when he said, *That it was a Custom deserv'd little Encouragement.*

Soon after this *Tauridore*, or Bull-Feast was over, I had a Mind to take a pleasant Walk to a little Town, call'd *Minai*, about three Leagues off; but I was scarce got out of *la Mancha*, when an Acquaintance meeting me, ask'd where I was going? I told him to *Minai*; when taking me by the Hand, *Friend Gorgio*, says he in *Spanish*, *Come back with me; you shall not go a Stride further; there are Picarons that Way; you shall not go.* Inquiring, as we went back, into his Meaning, he told me, that the Day before, a Man, who had received a Sum of Money in Pistoles at *la Mancha*, was, on the road, set upon by some, who had got notice of it, and murdered him; that not finding the Money expected about him (for he had cautiously enough left it in a Friend's Hands at *la Mancha*) they concluded he had swallowed it; and therefore they ript up his Belly, and open'd every Gut; but all to as little Purpose. This diverted my Walk for that time.

But some little Time after, the same Person inviting me over to the same Place, to see his Melon-Grounds, which in that Country are wonderful fine and pleasant; I accepted his Invitation, and under the Advantage of his Company, went thither. On the Road I took notice of a Cross newly erected, and a Multitude of small stones around the Foot of it: Asking the Meaning whereof, my Friend told me, that it was rais'd for a Person there murder'd (as is the Custom throughout *Spain*) and that every good Catholick passing by, held it his Duty to cast a Stone upon the Place, in Detestation of the Murder. I had often before taken Notice of many such Crosses: but never till then knew the Meaning of their Erection, or the Reason of the Heaps of Stones around them.

There is no Place in all *Spain* more famous for good Wine than *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*; nor is it any where sold cheaper: For as it is only an inland Town, near no navigable River, and the People temperate to a Proverb, great Plenty, and a small Vend must consequently make it cheap. The Wine here is so famous, that, when I came to *Madrid*, I saw wrote over the Doors of host Houses that sold Wine, *Vino Sainte Clemente*. As to the Temperance of the People, I must say, that notwithstanding those two excellent Qualities of good and cheap, I never saw, all the three Years I was Prisoner there, any one Person overcome with Drinking.

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It is true, there may be a Reason, and a political one, assign'd for that Abstemiousness of theirs, which is this, That if any Man, upon any Occasion, should be brought in as an Evidence against you, if you can prove that he was ever drunk, it will invalidate his whole Evidence. I could not but think this a grand Improvement upon the *Spartans*. They made their Slaves purposely drunk, to shew their Youth the Folly of the Vice by the sottish Behaviour of their Servants under it: But they never reach'd to that noble height of laying a Penalty upon the Aggressor, or of discouraging a voluntary Impotence of Reason by a disreputable Impotence of Interest. The *Spaniard* therefore, in my Opinion, in this exceeds the *Spartan*, as much as a natural Beauty exceeds one procured by Art; for tho' Shame may somewhat influence some few, Terrour is of force to deter all. A Man, we have seen it, may shake Hands with Shame; but *Interest*, says another Proverb, *will never lye*. A wise Institution therefore doubtless is this of the *Spaniard*; but such as I fear will never take Place in *Germany, Holland, France, or Great Britain*.

But though I commend their Temperance, I would not be thought by any Means to approve of their Bigotry. If there may be such a Thing as Intemperance in Religion, I much fear their Ebriety in that will be found to be over-measure. Under the notion of Devotion, I have seen Men among 'em, and of Sense too, guilty of the grossest Intemperancies. It is too common to be a rarity to see their Dons of the prime Quality as well as those of the lower Ranks, upon meeting a Priest in the open Streets, condescend to take up the lower part of his Vestment, and salute it with Eyes erected as if they look'd upon it as the Seal of Salvation.

When the *Ave-Bell* is heard, the Hearer must down on his Knees upon the very Spot; nor is he allowed the small Indulgence of deferring a little, till he can recover a clean Place; Dirtiness excuses not, nor will dirty Actions by any means exempt. This is so notorious, that even at the Play-house, in the middle of a Scene, on the first sound of the Bell, the Actors drop their Discourse, the Auditors supersede the indulging of their unsanctified Ears, and all on their Hearts, quite a different way, to what they just before had been employ'd in. In short, tho' they pretend in all this to an extraordinary Measure of Zeal and real Devotion; no Man, that lives among them any time, can be a Proselyte to them without immolating his Senses and his Reason: Yet I must confess, while I have seen them thus deludeing themselves with *Ave Marias*, I you'd not refrain throwing up my Eyes to the only proper Object of Adoration, in commiseration of such Delusions.

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The Hours of the *Ave Bell*, are eight and twelve in the Morning, and six in the Evening. They pretend at the first to fall down in beg that God would be pleas'd to prosper them in all things they go about that Day. At twelve they return Thanks for their Preservation to that time; and at six for that of the whole Day. After which, one would think that they imagine themselves at perfect Liberty; and their open Gallantries perfectly countenance the Imagination: for tho' Adultery is look'd upon as a grievous Crime, and punish'd accordingly; yet Fornication is softened with the title of a Venial Sin, and they seem to practise it under that Persuasion.

I found here, what *Erasmus* ridicules with so much Wit and Delicacy, the custom of burying in a *Franciscan's* Habit, in mighty request. If they can for that purpose procure an old one at the price of a new one; the Purchaser will look upon himself a provident Chap, that has secur'd to his deceased Friend or Relation, no less than Heaven by that wise Bargain.

The Evening being almost the only time of Enjoyment of Company, or Conversation, every body in *Spain* then greedily seeks it; and the Streets are at that time crowded like our finest Gardens or most private Walks. On one of those Occasions, I met a Don of my Acquaintance walking out with his Sisters; and as I thought it became an *English* Cavalier, I saluted him: But to my Surprize he never return'd the Civility. When I met him the Day after, instead of an Apology, as I had flattered my self, I received a Reprimand, tho' a very civil one; telling me it was the Custom in *Spain*, nor well taken of any one, that took Notice of any who were walking in the Company of Ladies at Night.

But a Night or two after, I found by Experience, that if the Men were by Custom prohibited taking Notice, Women were not. I was standing at the Door, in the cool of the Evening, when a Woman seemingly genteel, passing by, call'd me by my Name, telling me she wanted to speak with me: She had her *Mantilio* on; so that had I had Day-light, I could have only seen one Eye of her. However I walk'd with her a good while, without being able to discover any thing of her Business, nor pass'd there between us any thing more than a Conversation upon indifferent Matters. Nevertheless, at parting she told me she should pass by again the next Evening; and if I would be at the Door, she would give me the same Advantage of a Conversation, That seem'd not to displease me. Accordingly the next Night she came, and as before we walk'd together in the privatest parts of the Town: For tho' I knew her not, her Discourse was always entertaining and full of Wit, and her Enquiries not often improper. We had continu'd this Intercourse many Nights together, when my Landlady's Daughter having taken Notice of it, stopt me one Evening, and would not allow me to stand at the usual Post of Intelligence, saying, with a good deal of heat, *Don Gorgio, take*

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my Advice; go no more along with that Woman: You may soon be brought home deprived of your Life if you do. I cannot say, whether she knew her; but this I must say, she was very agreeable in Wit as well as Person. However my Landlady and her Daughter took that Opportunity of giving me so many Instances of the fatal Issues of such innocent Conversations, (for I could not call it an Intrigue) that apprehensive enough of the Danger, on laying Circumstances together, I took their Advice, and never went into her Company after.

Sainte Clemente de la Mancha, where I so long remain'd a Prisoner of War, lies in the Road from *Madrid* to *Valencia*; and the Duke of *Vendome* being ordered to the latter, great Preparations were made for his Entertainment, as he pass'd through. He stay'd here only one Night, where he was very handsomely treated by the *Corrigidore*. He was a tall fair Person, and very fat, and at the time I saw him wore a long black Patch over his left Eye; but on what Occasion I could not learn. The afterwards famous *Alberoni* (since made a Cardinal) was in his Attendance; as indeed the Duke was very rarely without him. I remember that very Day three Weeks, they return'd through the same Place; the Duke in his Herse, and *Alberoni* in a Coach, paying his last Duties. That Duke was a prodigious Lover of Fish, of which having eat over heartily at *Veneros*, in the Province of *Valencia*, he took a Surfeit, and died in three Days' time. His Corps was carrying to the *Escorial*, there to be buried in the *Pantheon* among their Kings.

The *Castilians* have a Privilege by Licence from the Pope, which, if it could have been converted into a Prohibition, might have sav'd that Duke's Life: In regard their Country is wholly inland, and the River *Tagus* famous for its Poverty, or rather Barrenness; their Holy Father indulges the Natives with the Liberty, in lieu of that dangerous Eatable, of eating all Lent time the Inwards of Cattle. When I first heard this related, I imagin'd, that the Garbidge had been intended, but I was soon after this rectify'd, *by Inwards* (for so expressly says the Licence it self) *is meant the Heart, the Liver, and the Feet.*

They have here as well as in most other Parts of *Spain*, *Valencia* excepted, the most wretched Musick in the Universe. Their *Guitars*, if not their *Sole*, are their darling Instruments, and what they most delight in: Tho' in my Opinion our *English* Sailors are not much amiss in giving them the Title of *Strum Strums*. They are little better than our *Jews-harps*, tho' hardly half so Musical. Yet are they perpetually at Nights disturbing their Women with the Noise of them, under the notion and name of Serenadoes. From the Barber to the Grandee the Infection spreads, and very often with the same Attendant, Danger: Night Quarrels and Rencounters being the frequent

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Result. The true born *Spaniards* reckon it a part of their Glory, to be jealous of their Mistresses, which is too often the Forerunner of Murders; at best attended with many other very dangerous Inconveniences. And yet bad as their Musick is, their Dancing is the reverse. I have seen a Country Girl manage her Castanets with the graceful Air of a Dutchess, and that not to common Musick; but to Peoples beating or drumming a Tune with their Hands on a Table. I have seen half a Dozen couple at a time dance to the like in excellent order.

I just now distinguish'd, by an Exception, the Music of *Valencia*, where alone I experienced the use of the Violin; which tho' I cannot, in respect to other Countries, call good; yet in respect to the other parts of *Spain*, I must acknowledge it much the best. In my Account of that City, I omitted to speak of it; therefore now to supply that Defect, I will speak of the best I heard, which was on this unfortunate Occasion: Several Natives of that Country having received Sentence of Death for their Adherence to King *Charles*, were accordingly ordered to the Place of Execution. It is the Custom there, on all such Occasions, for all the Musick of the City to meet near the Gallows, and play the most affecting and melancholy Aires, to the very approach of the Condemn'd; and really the Musick was so moving, it heightened the Scene of Sorrow, and brought Compassion into the Eyes of even Enemies.

As to the Condemn'd, they came stript of their own Cloaths, and cover'd with black Frocks, in which they were led along the Streets to the Place of Execution, the Friars praying all the way. When they came through any Street, where any public Images were fix'd, they stay'd before 'em some reasonable time in Prayer with the Friars. When they are arriv'd at the fatal Place, those Fathers leave 'em not, but continue praying and giving them ghostly Encouragement, standing upon the rounds of the Ladder till they are turn'd off. The Hangman always wears a silver Badge of a Ladder to distinguish his Profession: But his manner of executing his Office had somewhat in it too singular to allow of Silence. When he had ty'd fast the Hands of the Criminal, he rested his Knee upon them, and with one Hand on the Criminal's Nostrils, to stop his Breath the sooner, threw himself off the Ladder along with the dying Party. This he does to expedite his Fate; tho' considering the Force, I wonder it does not tear Head and Body asunder; which yet I never heard that it did.

But to return to *la Mancha*; I had been there now upwards of two Years, much diverted with the good Humour and Kindness of the Gentlemen, and daily pleased with the Conversation of the Nuns of the Nunnery opposite to my Lodgings; when walking one Day alone upon the *Plaza*, I found my self accosted by a *Clerico*. At the first Attack, he told me his Country: But added, that he now came from *Madrid* with

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a *Potent*, that was his Word, from *Pedro de Dios*, Dean of the Inquisition, to endeavour the Conversion of any of the *English* Prisoners; that being an *Irish-man*, as a sort of a Brother, he had conceived a Love for the *English*, and therefore more eagerly embraced the Opportunity which the Holy Inquisition had put into his Hands for the bringing over to Mother Church as many Hereticks as he could; that having heard a very good Character of me, he should think himself very happy, if he could be instrumental in my Salvation;

“It is very true, continu’d he, I have lately had the good Fortune to convert many; and besides the Candour of my own Disposition, I must tell you, that I have a peculiar knack at Conversion, which very few, if any, ever could resist. I am going upon the same work into *Murcia*; but your good Character is fix’d me in my Resolution of preferring your Salvation to that of others.”

To this very long, and no less surprising Address, I only return’d, that it being an Affair of moment, it would require some Consideration; and that by the time he return’d from *Murcia*, I might be able to return him a proper Answer. But not at all satisfy’d with this Reply;

“Sir,” says he, “God Almighty is all-sufficient: This moment is too precious to be lost; he can turn the Heart in the twinkling of an Eye, as well as in twenty Years. Hear me then; mind what I say to you: I will convince you immediately. You Hereticks do not believe in Transubstantiation, and yet did not our Saviour say in so many Words, *Hoc est corpus meum*? And if you don’t believe him, don’t you give him the Lye? Besides, does not one of the Fathers say, *Deus, qui est omnis Veritas, non potest dicere falsum*?”

He went on at the same ridiculous rate; which soon convinced me, he was a thorough Rattle. However, as a *Clerico*, and consequently in this Country, a Man dangerous to disoblige, I invited him home to Dinner; where when I had brought him, I found I had no way done an unacceptable thing; for my Landlady and her Daughter, seeing him to be a Clergyman, receiv’d him with a vast deal of Respect and Pleasure.

Dinner being over, he began to entertain me with a Detail of the many wonderful Conversions he had made upon obstinate Hereticks; that he had convinced the most Stubborn, and had such a *Nostrum*, that he would undertake to convert any one. Here he began his old round, intermixing his Harangue with such scraps and raw sentences of fustian *Latin*, that I grew weary of his Conversation; so pretending some Business of consequence, I took leave, and left him and my Landlady together.

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I did not return till pretty late in the Evening, with Intent to give him Time enough to think his own Visit tedious; but to my great Surprise, I found my *Irish* Missionary still on the Spot, ready to dare me to the Encounter, and resolv'd, like a true Son of the Church militant, to keep last on the Field of Battle. As soon as I had seated my self, he began again to tell me, how good a Character my Landlady had given me, which had prodigiously increased his Ardour of saving my Soul; that he could not answer it to his own Character, as well as mine, to be negligent; and therefore he had enter'd into a Resolution to stay my Coming, though it had been later. To all which, I return'd him Abundance of Thanks for his good Will, but pleading Indisposition and want of Rest, after a good deal of civil Impertinence, I once more got rid of him; at least, I took my Leave, and went to Bed, leaving him again Master of the Field; for I understood next Morning, that he stay'd some Time after I was gone, with my good Landlady.

Next Morning the Nuns of the Nunnery opposite, having taken Notice of the *Clerico's* Ingress, long Visit, and late Egress, sent to know whether he was my Countryman; with many other Questions, which I was not then let into the Secret of. To all which I return'd, that he was no Countryman of mine, but an *Irish-man*, and so perfectly a Stranger to me, that I knew no more of him than what I had from his own Mouth, that he was going into *Murcia*. What the Meaning of this Enquiry was, I could never learn; but I could not doubt, but it proceeded from their great Care of their *Vicino*, as they call'd me; a Mark of their Esteem, and of which I was not a little proud.

As was my usual Custom, I had been taking my Morning Walk, and had not been long come home in order to Dinner, when in again drops my *Irish Clerico*; I was confounded, and vexed, and he could not avoid taking Notice of it; nevertheless, without the least Alteration of Countenance, he took his Seat; and on my saying, in a cold and indifferent Tone, that I imagin'd he had been got to *Murcia* before this; he reply'd, with a natural Fleece, that truly he was going to *Murcia*, but his Conscience pricked him, and he did find that he could not go away with any Satisfaction, or Peace of Mind, without making me a perfect Convert; that he had plainly discovered in me a good Disposition, and had, for that very Reason, put himself to the Charge of Man and Mule, to the Bishop of *Cuenca* for a Licence, under his Hand, for my Conversion: For in *Spain*, all private Missionaries are obliged to ask Leave of the next Bishop, before they dare enter upon any Enterprize of this Nature.

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I was more confounded at this last Assurance of the Man than at all before; and it put me directly upon reflecting, whether any, and what Inconveniences might ensue, from a Rencontre that I, at first, conceiv'd ridiculous, but might now reasonably begin to have more dangerous Apprehensions of. I knew, by the Articles of War, all Persons are exempted from any Power of the Inquisition; but whether carrying on a Part in such a Farce, might not admit, or at least be liable to some dangerous Construction, was not imprudently now to be considered. Though I was not fearful, yet I resolv'd to be cautious. Wherefore not making any Answer to his Declaration about the Bishop, he took Notice of it; and to raise a Confidence, he found expiring, began to tell me, that his Name was *Murtough Brennan*, that he was born near *Kilkenny*, of a very considerable Family. This last part indeed, when I came to *Madrid*, I found pretty well confirm'd in a considerable Manner. However, taking Notice that he had alter'd his Tone of leaving the Town, and that instead of it, he was advancing somewhat like an Invitation of himself to Dinner the next Day, I resolv'd to show my self shy of him; and thereupon abruptly, and without taking any Leave, I left the Room, and my Landlady and him together.

Three or four Days had passed, every one of which, he never fail'd my Lodgings; not at Dinner Time only, but Night and Morning too; from all which I began to suspect, that instead of my Conversion, he had fix'd upon a Re-conversion of my Landlady. She was not young, yet, for a black Woman, handsom enough; and her Daughter very pretty: I entered into a Resolution to make my Observations, and watch them all at a Distance; nevertheless carefully concealing my Jealousy. However, I must confess, I was not a little pleas'd, that any Thing could divert my own Persecution. He was now no longer my Guest, but my Landlady's, with whom I found him so much taken up, that a little Care might frustrate all his former impertinent Importunities on the old Topick.

But all my Suspicions were very soon after turn'd into Certainties, in this Manner: I had been abroad, and returning somewhat weary, I went to my Chamber, to take, what in that Country they call, a *Cesto*, upon my Bed: I got in unseen, or without seeing any Body, but had scarce laid my self down, before my young Landlady, as I jestingly us'd to call the Daughter, rushing into my Room, threw her self down on the Floor, bitterly exclaiming. I started off my Bed, and immediately running to the Door, who should I meet there but my *Irish Clerico*, without his Habit, and in his Shirt? I could not doubt, by the *Dishabille* of the *Clerico*, but the young Creature had Reason enough for her Passion, which render'd me quite unable to master mine; wherefore as he stood with his Back next the Door, I thrust him in that ghostly Plight into the open Street.

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I might, with leisure enough, have repented that precipitate Piece of Indiscretion; if it had not been for his bad Character, and the favourable Opinion the Town had conceived of me; for he inordinately exclaim'd against me, calling me Heretick, and telling the People, who were soon gathered round him, that coming to my Lodgings on the charitable work of Conversion, I had thus abus'd him, stript him of his Habit, and then turn'd him out of Doors. The Nuns, on their hearing the Outcries he made, came running to their Grates, to enquire into the Matter, and when they understood it, as he was pleas'd to relate it; though they condemn'd my Zeal, they pity'd my Condition. Very well was it for me, that I stood more than a little well in the good Opinion of the Town; among the Gentry, by my frequent Conversation, and the inferior Sort by my charitable Distributions; for nothing can be more dangerous, or a nearer Way to violent Fate, than to insult one of the Clergy in *Spain*, and especially, for such an one as they entitle a Heretick.

My old Landlady (I speak in respect to her Daughter) however formerly my seeming Friend, came in a violent Passion, and wrenching the Door out of my Hands, opened it, and pull'd her *Clerico* in; and so soon as she had done this, she took his Part, and railed so bitterly at me, that I had no Reason longer to doubt her thorough Conversion, under the full Power of his Mission. However the young one stood her Ground, and by all her Expressions, gave her many Inquirers Reason enough to believe, all was not Matter of Faith that the *Clerico* had advanced. Nevertheless, holding it adviseable to change my Lodgings, and a Friend confirming my Resolutions, I removed that Night.

The *Clerico* having put on his upper Garments, was run away to the *Corrigidor*, in a violent Fury, resolving to be early, as well knowing, that he who tells his Story first, has the Prospect of telling it to double Advantage. When he came there, he told that Officer a thousand idle Stories, and in the worst Manner; repeating how I had abus'd him, and not him only, but my poor Landlady, for taking his Part. The *Corrigidor* was glad to hear it all, and with an officious Ear fish'd for a great deal more; expecting, according to Usage, at last to squeeze a Sum of Money out of me. However he told the *Clerico*, that, as I was a Prisoner of War, he had no direct Power over me; but if he would immediately write to the President *Ronquillo*, at *Madrid*, he would not fail to give his immediate Orders, according to which he would as readily act against me.

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The *Clerico* resolv'd to pursue his old Maxim and cry out first; and so taking the *Corrigidor's* Advice, he wrote away to *Madrid* directly. In the mean Time the People in the Town, both high and low, some out of Curiosity, some out of Friendship, pursu'd their Enquiries into the Reality of the Facts. The old Landlady they could make little of to my Advantage; but whenever the young one came to the Question, she always left them with these Words in her Mouth, *El Diabolo en forma del Clerico*, which rendring Things more than a little cloudy on the *Clerico's* Side, he was advis'd and press'd by his few Friends, as fast as he could to get out of Town; Nuns, Clergy, and every Body taking Part against him, excepting his new Convert, my old Landlady.

The Day after, as I was sitting with a Friend at my new Quarters, *Maria* (for that was the Name of my Landlady's Daughter) came running in with these Words in her Mouth, *El Clerico, el Clerico, passa la Calle*. We hasten'd to the Window, out of which we beheld the *Clerico*, *Murtough Brennan*, pitifully mounted on the Back of a very poor Ass (for they would neither let, nor lend him a Mule through all the Town) his Legs almost rested on the Ground, for he was lusty, as his Ass was little; and a Fellow with a large Cudgel march'd a-foot, driving his Ass along. Never did *Sancha Pancha*, on his Embassy to *Dulcinea*, make such a despicable, out of the way Figure, as our *Clerico* did at this Time. And what increas'd our Mirth was, their telling me, that our *Clerico*, like that Squire (tho' upon his own Priest-Errantry) was actually on his March to *Toboso*, a Place five Leagues off, famous for the Nativity of *Dulcinea*, The Object of the Passion of that celebrated Hero *Don Quixot*. So I will leave our *Clerico* on his Journey to *Murcia*, to relate the unhappy Sequel of this ridiculous Affair.

I have before said, that, by the Advice of the *Corrigidor*, our *Clerico* had wrote to *Don Ronquillo* at *Madrid*. About a Fortnight after his Departure from *la Mancha*, I was sitting alone in my new Lodgings, when two *Alguizils* (Officers under the *Corrigidor*, and in the Nature of our Bailiffs) came into my Room, but very civilly, to tell me, that they had Orders to carry me away to Prison; but at the same Moment they advis'd me, not to be afraid; for they had observed, that the whole Town was concern'd at what the *Corrigidor* and *Clerico* had done; adding, that it was their Opinion, that I should find so general a Friendship, that I need not be apprehensive of any Danger. With these plausible Speeches, though I afterwards experienced the Truth of them, I resign'd my self, and went with them to a much closer Confinement.

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I had not been there above a Day or two, before many Gentlemen of the Place sent to me, to assure me, they were heartily afflicted at my Confinement, and resolv'd to write in my Favour to *Madrid*; but as it was not safe, nor the Custom in *Spain*, to visit those in my present Circumstances, they hoped I would not take it amiss, since they were bent to act all in their Power towards my Deliverance; concluding however with their Advice, that I would not give one *Real of Plata* to the *Corrigger*, whom they hated, but confide in their assiduous Interposal, Don *Pedro de Ortega* in particular, the Person that perform'd the Part of the *Tauriro* on Horseback, sometime before, sent me Word, he would not fail to write to a Relation of his, of the first Account in *Madrid*, and so represent the Affair, that I should not long be debarr'd my old Acquaintance.

It may administer, perhaps, Matter of Wonder, that *Spaniards*, Gentlemen of the stanchest Punctilio, should make a Scruple and execute themselves from visiting Persons under Confinement, when, according to all Christian Acceptation, such a Circumstance would render such a Visit, not charitable only but generous. But though Men of vulgar Spirits might, from the Narrowness of their Views, form such insipid Excuses, those of these Gentlemen, I very well knew, proceeded from much more excusable Topicks. I was committed under the Accusation of having abus'd a sacred Person, one of the Clergy; and though, as a Prisoner of War, I might deem my self exempt from the Power of the Inquisition; yet how far one of that Country, visiting a Person, so accused, might be esteemed culpable, was a consideration in that dangerous Climate, far from deserving to be slighted. To me therefore, who well knew the Customs of the Country, and the Temper of its Countrymen, their Excuses were not only allowable, but acceptable also; for, without calling in Question their Charity, I verily believ'd I might falsely confide in their Honour.

Accordingly, after I had been a close Prisoner one Month to a Day, I found the Benefit of these Gentlemen's Promises and Solicitations. Pursuant to which, an Order was brought for my immediate Discharge; notwithstanding, the new Convert, my old Landlady, did all she could to make her appearing against me effectual, to the Height of her Prejudice and Malice, even while the Daughter, as sensible of my Innocence, and acting with a much better Conscience, endeavoured as much to justify me, against both the Threats and Persuasions of the *Corrigger*, and his few Accomplices, though her own Mother made one.

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After Receipt of this Order for my Enlargement, I was mightily press'd by Don *Felix*, and others of my Friends, to go to *Madrid*, and enter my Complaint against the *Corrigidor* and the *Clerico*, as a Thing highly essential to my own future Security. Without asking Leave therefore of the *Corrigidor*, or in the least acquainting him with it, I set out from *la Mancha*, and, as I afterwards understood, to the terrible Alarm of that griping Officer; who was under the greatest Consternation, when he heard I was gone; for as he knew very well, that he had done more than he could justify, he was very apprehensive of any Complaint; well knowing, that as he was hated as much as I was beloved, he might assure himself of the Want of that Assistance from the Gentlemen, which I had experienced.

So soon as I arrived at *Madrid*, I made it my Business to enquire out, and wait upon Father *Fahy*, Chief of the *Irish College*. He received me very courteously; but when I acquainted him with the Treatment I had met with from *Brennan*, and had given him an Account of his other scandalous Behaviour, I found he was no Stranger to the Man, or his Character; for he soon confirm'd to me the Honour *Brennan* first boasted of, his considerable Family, by saying, that scarce an Assize passed in his own Country, without two or three of that Name receiving at the Gallows the just Reward of their Demerits. In short, not only Father *Fahy*, but all the Clergy of that Nation at *Madrid*, readily subscribed to this Character of him, *That he was a Scandal to their Country*.

After this, I had nothing more to do, but to get that Father to go with me to *Pedro de Dios*, who was the Head of the *Dominican* Cloyster, and Dean of the Inquisition. He readily granted my Request, and when we came there, in a Manner unexpected, represented to the Dean, that having some good Dispositions towards Mother-Church, I had been diverted from them, he feared, by the evil Practices of one *Murtough Brennan*, a Countryman of his, tho' a Scandal to his Country; that under a Pretence of seeking my Conversion, he had lay'd himself open in a most beastly Manner, such as would have set a Catholick into a vile Opinion of their Religion, and much more one that was yet a Heretick. The Dean had hardly Patience to hear Particulars; but as soon as my Friend had ended his Narration, he immediately gave his Orders, prohibiting *Murtough's* saying any more Masses, either in *Madrid*, or any other Place in *Spain*. This indeed was taking away the poor Wretches sole Subsistence, and putting him just upon an Equality with his Demerits.

I took the same Opportunity to make my Complaints of the *Corrigidor*; but his Term expiring very soon, and a Process being likely to be chargeable, I was advised to let it drop. So having effected what I came for, I returned to my old Station at *la Mancha*.

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When I came back, I found a new *Corrigidor*, as I had been told there would, by the Dean of the Inquisition, who, at the same Time, advised me to wait on him. I did so, soon after my Arrival, and then experienced the Advice to be well intended; the Dean having wrote a Letter to him, to order him to treat me with all Manner of Civility. He show'd me the very Letter, and it was in such particular and obliging Terms, that I could not but perceive he had taken a Resolution, if possible, to eradicate all the evil impressions, that *Murtough's* Behaviour might have given too great Occasion for. This serv'd to confirm me in an Observation that I had long before made, That a Protestant, who will prudently keep his Sentiments in his own Breast, may command any Thing in *Spain*; where their stiff Bigotry leads 'em naturally into that other Mistake, That not to oppose, is to assent. Besides, it is generally among them, almost a work of Supererogation to be even instrumental in the Conversion of one they call a Heretick. To bring any such back to what they call Mother Church, nothing shall be spar'd, nothing thought too much: And if you have Insincerity enough to give them Hopes, you shall not only live in Ease, but in Pleasure and Plenty.

I had entertain'd some thoughts on my Journey back, of taking up my old Quarters at the Widow's; but found her so intirely converted by her *Clerico*, that there wou'd be no room to expect Peace: For which Reason, with the help of my fair *Vicinos*, and *Don Felix*, I took another, where I had not been long, before I received an unhappy Account of *Murtough's* Conduct in *Murcia*. It seems he had kept his Resolution in going thither; where meeting with some of his own Countrymen, though he found 'em stanch good Catholics, he so far inveigled himself into 'em, that he brought them all into a foul chance for their Lives. There were three of 'em, all Soldiers, in a *Spanish* Regiment, but in a fit of ambitious, though frantick, Zeal: *Murtough* had wheedled them to go along with him to *Pedro de Dios*, Dean of the Inquisition, to declare and acknowledge before him, that they were converted and brought over to Mother Church, and by him only. The poor Ignorants, thus intic'd, had left their Regiment, of which the Colonel, having notice, sent after them, and they were overtaken on the Road, their *Missionair* with them. But notwithstanding all his Oratory, nay, even the Discovery of the whole Farce, one of them was hang'd for an Example to the other two.

It was not long after my Return before News arriv'd of the Peace; which though they receiv'd with Joy, they could hardly entertain with Belief. Upon which, the new *Corrigidor*, with whom I held a better Correspondence than I had done with the old one, desired me to produce my Letters from *England*, that it was true. Never did People give greater Demonstrations of Joy, than they upon this Occasion. It was the common cry in the Streets, *Paz con Angleterra, con todo Mundo Guerra*; And my Confirmation did them as much Pleasure as it did Service to me; for is possible, they treated me with more Civility than before.

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But the Peace soon after being proclaimed, I received Orders to repair to *Madrid*, where the rest of the Prisoners taken at *Denia* had been carried; when I, by reason of my Wounds, and want of Health, had been left behind. Others I understood lay ready, and some were on their March to *Bayone* in *France*; where Ships were ordered for their Transportation into *England*. So after a Residence of three Years and three Months; having taken leave of all my Acquaintance, I left a Place, that was almost become natural to me, the delicious *Sainte Clemente de la Mancha*.

Nothing of Moment, or worth observing, met I with, till I came near *Ocanna*; and there occurred a Sight ridiculous enough. The Knight of the Town, I last came from, the ever renown'd *Don Quixot*, never made such a Figure as a *Spaniard*, I there met on the Road. He was mounted on a Mule of the largest size, and yet no way unsizeable to his Person: He had two Pistols in his Holsters, and one on each side stuck in his Belt; a sort of large Blunderbuss in one of his Hands, and the fellow to it slung over his Shoulders hung at his Back. All these were accompany'd with a right *Spanish Spado*, and an Attendant *Stiletto*, in their customary Position. The Muletier that was my guide, calling out to him in *Spanish*, told him he was very well arm'd; to which, with a great deal of Gravity, the Don returned Answer, *by Saint Jago a Man cannot be too well arm'd in such dangerous Times*.

I took up my Quarters that Night at *Ocanna*, a large, neat, and well built Town. Houses of good Reception, and Entertainment, are very scarce all over *Spain*; but that, where I then lay, might have pass'd for good in any other Country. Yet it gave me a Notion quite different to what I found: for I imagined it to proceed from my near Approach to the Capital. But instead of that, contrary to all other Countries, the nearer I came to *Madrid*, the Houses of Entertainment grew worse and worse; not in their Rates do I mean (for that with Reason enough might have been expected) but even in their Provision, and Places and way of Reception, I could not however forbear smiling at the Reason given by my Muletier, that it proceeded from a piece of Court Policy, in Order to oblige all Travellers to hasten to *Madrid*.

Two small Leagues from *Ocanna* we arrived at *Aranjuez*, a Seat of Pleasure, which the Kings of *Spain* commonly select for their place of Residence during the Months of *April* and *May*. It is distant from *Madrid* about seven Leagues; and the Country round is the pleasantest in all *Spain*, *Valencia* excepted. The House it self makes but a very indifferent Appearance; I have seen many a better in *England*, with an Owner to it of no more than five hundred Pounds *per Annum*; yet the Gardens are large and fine; or as the *Spaniards* say, the finest in all *Spain*, which with them is all the World. They tell you at the same Time, that those of *Versailles*, in their most beautiful Parts, took their Model from these. I never saw those at *Versailles*: But in my Opinion, the Walks at *Aranjuez*, tho' noble in their length, lose much of their Beauty by their Narrowness.

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The Water-works here are a great Curiosity; to which the River *Tagus* running along close by, does mightily contribute. That River is let into the Gardens by a vast number of little Canals, which with their pleasing *Maeanders* divert the Eye with inexpressible Delight. These pretty Wanderers by Pipes properly plac'd in them, afford Varieties scarce to be believ'd or imagin'd; and which would be grateful in any Climate; but much more, where the Air, as it does here, wants in the Summer Months perpetual cooling.

To see a spreading Tree, as growing in its natural Soil, distinguish'd from its pineing Neighbourhood by a gentle refreshing Shower, which appears softly distilling from every Branch and Leaf thereof, while Nature all around is smiling, without one liquid sign of Sorrow, to me appear'd surprizingly pleasing. And the more when I observ'd that its Neighbours receiv'd not any the least Benefit of that plentiful Effusion; And yet a very few Trees distant, you should find a dozen together under the same healthful *Sudor*. Where art imitates Nature well, Philosophers hold it a Perfection: Then what must she exact of us, where we find her transcendent in the Perfections of Nature?

The watry Arch is nothing less surprizing; where Art contending with Nature, acts against the Laws of Nature, and yet is beautiful. To see a Liquid Stream vaulting it self from the space of threescore Yards into a perfect Semi-Orb, will be granted by the Curious to be rare and strange: But sure to walk beneath that Arch, and see the Waters flowing over your Head, without your receiving the minutest Drop, is stranger, if not strange enough to stagger all Belief.

The Story of *Actaeon*, pictur'd in Water Colours, if I may so express my self, tho' pretty, seem'd to me, but trifling to the other. Those seem'd to be like Nature miraculously displayed; this only Fable in Grotesque. The Figures indeed were not only fine, but extraordinary; yet their various Shapes were not at all so entertaining to the Mind, however refreshing they might be found to the Body.

I took notice before of the straitness of their Walks: But tho' to me it might seem a Diminution of their Beauty: I am apt to believe to the *Spaniard*, for and by whom they were laid out, it may seem otherwise. They, of both Sexes, give themselves so intolerably up to Amouring, that on that Account the Closeness of the Walks may be look'd upon as an Advantage rather than a Defect. The grand Avenue to the House is much more stately, and compos'd as they are, of Rows of Trees, somewhat larger than our largest Limes, whose Leaves are all of a perfect Pea bloom Colour, together with their Grandeur, they strike the Eye with a pleasing Beauty. At the Entrance of the Grand Court we see the Statue of *Philip* the Second; to intimate to the Spectators, I suppose, that he was the Founder.

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Among other Parks about *Aranjuez* there is one intirely preserved for Dromedaries; an useful Creature for Fatigue, Burden, and Dispatch; but the nearest of kin to Deformity of any I ever saw. There are several other enclosures for several sorts of strange and wild Beasts, which are sometimes baited in a very large Pond, that was shown me about half a League from hence. This is no ordinary Diversion: but when the Court is disposed that way, the Beast, or Beasts, whether Bear, Lyon, or Tyger, are convey'd into a House prepar'd for that purpose; whence he can no other way issue than by a Door over the Water, through, or over, which forcing or flinging himself, he gradually finds himself descend into the very depth of the Pond by a wooden Declivity. The Dogs stand ready on the Banks, and so soon as ever they spye their Enemy, rush all at once into the Water, and engage him. A Diversion less to be complain'd of than their *Tauridores*; because attended with less Cruelty to the Beast, as well as Danger to the Spectators.

When we arrived at *Madrid*, a Town much spoken of by Natives, as well as Strangers, tho' I had seen it before, I could hardly restrain my self from being surprized to find it only environ'd with Mud Walls. It may very easily be imagin'd, they were never intended for Defence, and yet it was a long time before I could find any other use, or rather any use at all in 'em. And yet I was at last convinc'd of my Error by a sensible Increase of Expencc. Without the Gates, to half a League without the Town, you have Wine for two Pence the Quart; but within the Place, you drink it little cheaper than you may in *London*. The Mud Walls therefore well enough answer their Intent of forcing People to reside there, under pretence of Security; but in reality to be tax'd, for other Things are taxable, as well as Wine, tho' not in like Proportion.

All Embassadors have a Claim or Privilege, of bringing in what Wine they please Tax-free; and the King, to wave it, will at any Time purchase that Exemption of Duty at the price of five hundred Pistoles *per Annum*. The Convents and Nunneries are allowed a like Licence of free Importation; and it is one of the first Advantages they can boast of; for, under that Licence having a liberty of setting up a Tavern near them, they make a prodigious Advantage of it. The Wine drank and sold in this Place, is for the most part a sort of white Wine.

But if the Mud Walls gave me at first but a faint Idea of the Place; I was pleasingly disappointed, as soon as I enter'd the Gates. The Town then show'd itself well built, and of Brick, and the Streets wide, long, and spacious. Those of *Atocha*, and *Alcala*, are as fine as any I ever saw; yet is it situated but very indifferently: For tho' they have what they call a River, to which they give the very fair Name of *la Mansuera*, and over which they have built a curious, long, and large Stone Bridge; yet is the Course of it, in Summer

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time especially, mostly dry. This gave occasion to that piece of Railery of a Foreign Ambassador, *That the King would have don wisely to have bought a River, before he built the Bridge*. Nevertheless, that little Stream of a River which they boast of, they improve as much as possible; since down the Sides, as far as you can see, there are Coops, or little Places hooped in, for People to wash their Linen (for they very rarely wash in their own Houses) nor is it really an displeasing Sight, to view the regular Rows of them at that cleanly Operation.

The King has here two Palaces; one within the Town, the other near adjoining. That in the Town is built of Stone, the other which is called *Bueno Retiro*, is all of Brick. From the Town to this last, in Summer time, there is a large covering of Canvas, propt up with tall Poles; under which People walk to avoid the scorching heats of the Sun.

As I was passing by the Chapel of the *Carmelites*, I saw several blind Men, some led, some groping the Way with their Sticks, going into the Chapel. I had the curiosity to know the Reason; I no sooner enter'd the Door, but was surprized to see such a number of those unfortunate People, all kneeling before the Altar, some kissing the Ground, others holding up their Heads, crying out *Misericordia*. I was informed 'twas Saint *Lucy's* Day, the Patroness of the Blind; therefore all who were able, came upon that Day to pay their Devotion: So I left them, and directed my Course towards the King's Palace.

When I came to the outward Court, I met with a *Spanish* Gentleman of my Acquaintance, and we went into the *Piazza's*; whilst we were talking there, I saw several Gentlemen passing by having Badges on their Breasts; some white, some red, and others green: My Friend informed me that there were five Orders of Knighthood in *Spain*. That of the Golden Fleece was only given to great Princes, but the other four to private Gentlemen, viz. That of *Saint Jago*, *Alacantara*, *Saint Salvador de Montreal*, and *Monteza*.

He likewise told me, that there were above ninety Places of *Grandeess*, but never filled up; who have the Privilege of being cover'd in the Presence of the King, and are distinguished into three Ranks. The first is of those who cover themselves before they speak to the King. The second are those who put on their Hats after they have begun to speak. The third are those who only put on their Hats, having spoke to him. The Ladies of the *Grandeess* have also great Respect show'd them. The Queen rises up when they enter the Chamber, and offers them Cushions.

No married Man except the King lies in the Palace, for all the Women who live there are Widows, or Maids of Honour to the Queen. I saw the Prince of *Asturia's* Dinner carried through the Court up to him, being guarded by four Gentlemen of the Guards, one before, another behind, and one on each Side, with their Carbines shoulder'd; the



Queen's came next, and the King's the last, guarded as before, for they always dine separately. I observed that the Gentlemen of the Guards, though not on Duty, yet they are obliged to wear their Carbine Belts.

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SAINT Isodore, who from a poor labouring Man, by his Sanctity of Life arrived to the Title of *Saint*, is the Patron of *Madrid*, and has a Church dedicated to him, which is richly adorned within. The Sovereign Court of the Inquisition is held at *Madrid*, the President whereof is called the Inquisitor General. They judge without allowing any Appeal for four Sorts of Crimes, viz. Heresy, Polygamy, Sodomy and Witchcraft, and when any are convicted, 'tis called the Act of Faith.

Most People believe that the King's greatest Revenue consists in the Gold and Silver brought from the West Indies (which is a mistake) for most Part of that Wealth belongs to Merchants and others, that pay the Workmen at the Golden Mines of *Potosi*, and the Silver Mines at *Mexico*; yet the King, as I have been informed, receives about a Million and a half of Gold.

The *Spaniards* have a Saying, that the finest Garden of Fruit in *Spain* is in the middle of *Madrid*, which is the *Plaza* or Market Place, and truly the Stalls there are set forth with such variety of delicious fruit, that I must confess I never saw any Place comparable to it; and which adds to my Admiration, there are no Gardens or Orchards of Fruit within some Leagues.

They seldom eat Hares in *Spain* but whilst the Grapes are growing, and then they are so exceeding fat, they are knocked down with Sticks. Their Rabbits are not so good as ours in *England*; they have great plenty of Partridges, which are larger and finer feather'd than ours. They have but little Beef in *Spain*, because there is no Grass, but they have plenty of Mutton, and exceeding good, because their Sheep feed only upon wild Potherbs; their Pork is delicious, their Hogs feeding only upon Chestnuts and Acorns.

MADRID and *Valladolid*, though Great, yet are only accounted Villages: In the latter *Philip* the Second, by the persuasion of *Parsons* an *English* Jesuit, erected an *English* Seminary; and *Philip* the Fourth built a most noble Palace, with extraordinary fine Gardens. They say that *Christopher Columbus*, who first discover'd the West Indies, dyed there, tho' I have heard he lies buried, and has a Monument at *Sevil*.

The Palace in the Town stands upon eleven Arches, under every one of which there are Shops, which degrade it to a meer Exchange. Nevertheless, the Stairs by which you ascend up to the Guard Room (which is very spacious too) are stately, large, and curious. So soon as you have pass'd the Guard Room, you enter into a long and noble Gallery, the right Hand whereof leads to the King's Apartment, the left to the Queen's. Entering into the King's Apartment you soon arrive at a large Room, where he keeps his *Levee*; on one side whereof (for it takes up the whole Side) is painted the fatal Battle of *Almanza*. I confess the View somewhat affected me, tho' so long after; and brought to Mind many old Passages. However, the Reflection concluded thus in favour of the *Spaniard*, that we ought to excuse their Vanity in so exposing under a *French* General,

a Victory, which was the only material one the *Spaniards* could ever boast of over an *English Army*.

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In this State Room, when the King first appears, every Person present, receives him with a profound Homage: After which turning from the Company to a large Velvet Chair, by which stands the Father Confessor, he kneels down, and remains some Time at his Devotion; which being over, he rising crosses himself, and his Father Confessor having with the motion of his Hand intimated his Benediction, he then gives Audience to all that attend for that purpose. He receives every Body with a seeming Complaisance; and with an Air more resembling the French than the *Spanish* Ceremony. Petitions to the King, as with us, are delivered into the Hands of the Secretary of State: Yet in one Particular they are, in my Opinion, worthy the Imitation of other Courts; the Petitioner is directly told, what Day he must come for an Answer to the Office; at which Time he is sure, without any further fruitless Attendance, not to fail of it. The Audience being over, the King returns through the Gallery to his own Apartment.

I cannot here omit an accidental Conversation, that pass'd between General *Mahoni* and my self in this Place. After some talk of the Bravery of the *English* Nation, he made mention of General *Stanhope*, with a very peculiar *Emphasis*.

“But,” says he, “I never was so put to the Nonplus in all my Days, as that General once put me in. I was on the road from *Paris to Madrid*, and having notice, that that General was going just the Reverse, and that in all likelihood we should meet the next day: Before my setting out in the Morning, I took care to order my gayest Regimental Apparel, resolving to make the best Appearance I could to receive so great a Man. I had not travell'd above four Hours before I saw two Gentlemen, who appearing to be *English*, it induc'd me to imagine they were Forerunners, and some of his Retinue. But how abash'd and confounded was I? when putting the Question to one of 'em, he made answer, *Sir, I am the Person*. Never did Moderation put Vanity more out of Countenance: Tho' to say Truth, I cou'd not but think his Dress as much too plain for General *Stanhope*, as I at that juncture thought my own too gay for *Mahoni*. But,” added he, “that great Man had too many inward great Endowments to stand in need of any outside Decoration.”

Of all Diversions the King takes most delight in that of Shooting, which he performs with great Exactness and Dexterity. I have seen him divert himself at Swallow shooting (by all, I think allow'd to be the most difficult) and exceeding all I ever saw. The last time I had the Honour to see him, was on his Return from that Exercise. He had been abroad with the Duke of *Medina Sidonia*, and alighted out of his Coach at a back Door of the Palace, with three or four Birds in his Hand, which according to his usual Custom, he carried up to the Queen with his own Hands.

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There are two Play-houses in *Madrid*, at both which they act every Day; but their Actors, and their Music, are almost too indifferent to be mentioned. The Theatre at the *Bueno Retiro* is much the best; but as much inferior to ours at *London*, as those at *Madrid* are to that. I was at one Play, when both King and Queen were present. There was a splendid Audience, and a great Concourse of Ladies; but the latter, as is the Custom there, having Lattices before them, the Appearance lost most of its Lustre. One very remarkable Thing happen'd, while I was there; the *Ave-Bell* rung in the Middle of an Act, when down on their Knees fell every Body, even the Players on the Stage, in the Middle of their Harangue. They remained for some Time at their Devotion; then up they rose, and returned to the Business they were before engag'd in, beginning where they left off.

The Ladies of Quality make their Visits in grand State and Decorum. The Lady Visitant is carry'd in a Chair by four Men; the two first, in all Weathers, always bare. Two others walk as a Guard, one on each Side; another carrying a large Lanthorn for fear of being benighted; then follows a Coach drawn by six Mules, with her Women, and after that another with her Gentlemen; several Servants walking after, more or less, according to the Quality of the Person. They never suffer their Servants to over load a Coach, as is frequently seen with us, neither do Coachmen or Chairmen go or drive as if they carried Midwives in lieu of Ladies. On the contrary, they affect a Motion so slow and so stately, that you would rather imagine the Ladies were every one of them near their Time, and very apprehensive of a Miscarriage.

I remember not to have seen here any Horses in any Coach, but in the King's, or an Ambassador's; which can only proceed from Custom; for certainly finer Horses are not to be found in the World.

At the Time of my being here, Cardinal *Giudici* was at *Madrid*; he was a tall, proper, comely Man, and one that made the best Appearance. *Alberoni* was there at the same Time, who, upon the Death of the Duke of *Vendome*, had the good Fortune to find the Princess *Ursini* his Patroness. An Instance of whose Ingratitude will plead Pardon for this little Digression. That Princess first brought *Alberoni* into Favour at Court. They were both of *Italy*, and that might be one Reason of that Lady's espousing his Interest: tho' some there are, that assign it to the Recommendation of the Duke of *Vendome*; with whom *Alberoni* had the Honour to be very intimate, as the other was always distinguish'd by that Princess. Be which it will, certain it is, she was *Alberoni's* first, and sole Patroness; which gave many People afterwards a very smart Occasion of reflecting upon him, both as to his Integrity and Gratitude. For, when *Alberoni*, upon the Death of King *Philip's*

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first Queen, had recommended this present Lady, who was his Countrywoman, (she of *Parma*, and he of *Placentia*, both in the same Dukedom) and had forwarded her Match with the King, with all possible Assiduity; and when that Princess, pursuant to the Orders she had received from the King, passed over into *Italy* to accompany the Queen Elect into her own Dominions; *Alberoni*, forgetful of the Hand that first advanced him, sent a Letter to the present Queen, just before her Landing, that if she resolved to be Queen of *Spain*, she must banish the Princess *Ursini*, her Companion, and never let her come to Court. Accordingly that Lady, to evince the Extent of her Power, and the Strength of her Resolution, dipatch'd that Princess away, on her very Landing, and before she had seen the King, under a Detachment of her own Guards, into *France*; and all this without either allowing her an Opportunity of justifying her self, or assigning the least Reason for so uncommon an Action. But the same *Alberoni* (though afterwards created Cardinal, and for some Time King *Philip's* Prime Minion) soon saw that Ingratitude of his rewarded in his own Disgrace, at the very same Court.

I remember, when at *la Mancha*, Don *Felix Pachero*, in a Conversation there, maintain'd, that three Women, at that Time, rul'd the World, viz. Queen Anne, Madam *Mantenon*, and this Princess *Ursini*.

Father *Fahy's* Civilities, when last at *Madrid*, exacting of me some suitable Acknowledgment, I went to pay him a Visit; as to render him due Thanks for the past, so to give him a further Account of his Countryman *Brennan*; but I soon found he did not much incline to hear any Thing more of *Murtough*, not expecting to hear any Good of him; for which Reason, as soon as I well could, I changed the Conversation to another Topick. In which some Word dropping of the Count *de Monterey*, I told him, that I heard he had taken Orders, and officiated at Mass: He made answer, it was all very true. And upon my intimating, that I had the Honour to serve under him in *Flanders*, on my first entring into Service, and when he commanded the *Spanish Forces* at the famous Battle of *Seneff*; and adding, that I could not but be surprized, that he, who was then one of the brightest *Cavalieroes* of the Age, should now be in Orders; and that I should look upon it as a mighty Favour barely to have, if it might be, a View of him; he very obligingly told me, that he was very well acquainted with him, and that if I would come the next Day, he would not fail to accompany me to the Count's House.

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Punctually at the Time appointed, I waited on Father *Fahy*, who, as he promised, carry'd me to the Count's House: He was stepping into his Coach just as we got there; but seeing Father *Fahy*, he advanced towards us. The Father deliver'd my Desire in as handsom a Manner as could be, and concluding with the Reason of it, from my having been in that Service under him; he seem'd very well pleas'd, but added, that there were not many beside my self living, who had been in that Service with him. After some other Conversation, he call'd his Gentleman to him, and gave him particular Orders to give us a *Frescari*, or in *English*, an Entertainment; so taking leave, he went into his Coach, and we to our *Frescari*.

Coming from which, Father *Fahi* made me observe, in the open Street, a Stone, on which was a visible great Stain of somewhat reddish and like Blood.

"This," said he, "was occasion'd by the Death of a Countryman of mine, who had the Misfortune to overset a Child, coming out of that House (pointing to one opposite to us) the Child frightened, though not hurt, as is natural, made a terrible Outcry; upon which its Father coming out in a violent Rage (notwithstanding my Countryman beg'd Pardon, and pleaded Sorrow as being only an Accident) stabb'd him to the Heart, and down he fell upon that Stone, which to this Day retains the Mark of innocent Blood, so rashly shed".

He went on, and told me, the *Spaniard* immediately took Sanctuary in the Church, whence some Time after he made his Escape. But Escapes of that Nature are so common in *Spain*, that they are not worth wondering at. For even though it were for wilful and premeditated Murder, if the Murderer have taken Sanctuary, it was never known, that he was delivered up to Justice, though demanded; but in some Disguise he makes his Escape, or some Way is secured against all the Clamours of Power or Equity. I have observed, that some of the greatest Quality stop their Coaches over a stinking nasty Puddle, which they often find in the Streets, and holding their Heads over the Door, snuff up the nasty Scent which ascends, believing that 'tis extream healthful; when I was forced to hold my Nose, passing by. 'Tis not convenient to walk out early in the Morning, they having no necessary Houses, throw out their Nastiness in the Middle of the Street.

After I had taken Leave of Father *Fahy*, and return'd my Thanks for all Civilities, I went to pay a Visit to Mr. *Salter*, who was Secretary to General *Stanhope*, when the *English* Forces were made Prisoners of War at *Breuhiga*; going up Stairs, I found the Door of his Lodgings a-jar; and knocking, a Person came to the Door, who appeared under some Surprize at Sight of me. I did not know him, but inquiring if Mr. *Salter* was within; He answered, as I fancy'd, with some Hesitation, that he was but was busy in an inner Room. However,

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though unask'd, I went in, resolving, since I had found him at home, to wait his Leisure. In a little Time Mr. *Salter* enter'd the Room; and after customary Ceremonies, asking my Patience a little longer, he desired I would sit down and bear Ensign *Fanshaw* Company (for so he call'd him) adding at going out, he had a little Business that required Dispatch; which being over, he would return, and join Company.

The Ensign, as he call'd him, appear'd to me under a *Dishabillee*; and the first Question he ask'd me, was, if I would drink a Glass of *English Beer*? Misled by his Appearance, though I assented, it was with a Design to treat; which he would be no Means permit; but calling to a Servant, ordered some in. We sat drinking that Liquor, which to me was a greater Rarity than all the Wine in *Spain*; when in dropt an old Acquaintance of mine, Mr. *Le Noy*, Secretary to Colonel *Nevil*. He sat down with us, and before the Glass could go twice round, told Ensign *Fanshaw*, That his Colonel gave his humble Service to him, and ordered him to let him know, that he had but threescore Pistoles by him, which he had sent, and which were at his Service, as what he pleas'd more should be, as soon as it came to his Hands.

At this I began to look upon my Ensign as another guess Person than I had taken him for; and *Le Noy* imagining, by our setting cheek by jowl together, that I must be in the Secret, soon after gave him the Title of Captain. This soon convinc'd me, that there was more in the Matter than I was yet Master of; for laying Things together, I could not but argue within my self, that as it seem'd at first, a most incredible Thing, that a Person of his Appearance should have so large Credit, with such a Complement at the End of it, without some Disguise, and as from an Ensign he was risen to be a Captain, in the taking of one Bottle of *English Beer*; a little Patience would let me into a Farce, in which, at present, I had not the Honour to bear any Part but that of a Mute.

At last *Le Noy* took his leave, and as soon as he had left us, and the other Bottle was brought in, Ensign *Fanshaw* began to open his Heart, and tell me, who he was. "I am necessitated," said he, "to be under this Disguise, to conceal my self, especially in this Place.

"For you must know," continued he, "that when our Forces were Lords of this Town, as we were for a little while, I fell under an Intrigue with another Man's Wife; Her Husband was a Person of considerable Account; nevertheless the Wife show'd me all the Favours that a Soldier, under a long and hard Campaigne, could be imagined to ask. In short, her Relations got acquainted with our Amour, and knowing that I was among the Prisoners taken at *Breuhiga*, are now upon the Scout and Enquiry, to make a Discovery that may be of fatal Consequence. This is the Reason of my Disguise; this the unfortunate Occasion of my taking upon me a Name that does not belong to me."

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He spoke all this with such an Openness of Heart, that in return of so much Confidence, I confess'd to him, that I had heard of the Affair, for that it had made no little Noise all over the Country; that it highly behoved him to take great Care of himself, since as the Relations on both Sides were considerable, he must consequently be in great Danger; That in Cases of that Nature, no People in the World carry Things to greater Extremities, than the *Spaniards*. He return'd me Thanks for my good Advice, which I understood, in a few Days after, he, with the Assistance of his Friends, had taken Care to put in Practice; for he was convey'd away secretly, and afterwards had the Honour to be made a Peer of *Ireland*.

My Passport being at last sign'd by the Count *de las Torres*, I prepared for a Journey, I had long and ardently wish'd for, and set out from *Madrid*, in the Beginning of *September*, 1712, in Order to return to my native Country.

Accordingly I set forward upon my Journey, but having heard, both before and since my being in *Spain*, very famous Things spoken of the *Escorial*; though it was a League out of my Road, I resolved to make it a Visit. And I must confess, when I came there, I was so far from condemning my Curiosity, that I chose to congratulate my good Fortune, that had, at half a Day's Expence, feasted my Eyes with Extraordinaries, which would have justify'd a Twelve-months' Journey on purpose.

The Structure is intirely magnificent, beyond any Thing I ever saw, or any Thing my Imagination could frame. It is composed of eleven several Quadrangles, with noble Cloisters round every one of them. The Front to the West is adorn'd with three stately Gates; every one of a different Model, yet every one the Model of nicest Architecture. The Middlemost of the three leads into a fine Chapel of the *Hieronomites*, as they call them; in which are entertain'd one hundred and fifty Monks. At every of the four Corners of this august Fabrick, there is a Turret of excellent Workmanship, which yields to the Whole an extraordinary Air of Grandure. The King's Palace is on the North, nearest that Mountain, whence the Stone it is built of was hew'n; and all the South Part is set off with many Galleries, both beautiful and sumptuous.

This prodigious Pile, which, as I have said, exceeds all that I ever saw; and which would ask, of it self, a Volume to particularize, was built by *Philip* the Second. He lay'd the first Stone, yet liv'd to see it finished; and lies buried in the *Pantheon*, a Part of it, set apart for the Burial-place of succeeding Princes, as well as himself. It was dedicated to Saint *Laurence*, in the very Foundation; and therefore built in the Shape of a Gridiron, the Instrument of that Martyr's Execution; and in Memory of a great Victory obtained on that Saint's Day. The Stone of which it is built, contrary to the common Course, grows whiter by Age; and the Quarry, whence it was dug, lies near enough, if it had Sense or Ambition, to grow enamour'd of its own wonderful Production. Some there are, who stick not to assign this Convenience, as the main Cause of its Situation; and for my Part, I must agree, that I have seen many other Parts of *Spain*, where that glorious Building would have shone with yet far greater Splendour.

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There was no Town of any Consequence presented it self in my Way to *Burgos*. Here I took up my Quarters that Night; where I met with an *Irish* Priest, whose Name was *White*. As is natural on such Rencounters, having answered his Enquiry, whither I was going; he very kindly told me, he should be very glad of my Company as far as *Victoria*, which lay in my Road; and I with equal Frankness embrac'd the Offer.

Next Morning, when we had mounted our Mules, and were got a little Distance from *Burgos*; he began to relate to me a great many impious Pranks of an *English* Officer, who had been a Prisoner there a little before I came; concluding all, with some Vehemence, that he had given greater Occasion of Scandal and Infamy to his native Country, than would easily be wiped off, or in a little Time. The Truth of it is, many Particularly, which he related to me, were too monstrously vile to admit of any Repetition here; and highly meriting that unfortunate End, which that Officer met with some time after. Nevertheless the just Reflection made by that Father, plainly manifested to me the Folly of those Gentlemen, who, by such Inadvertencies, to say no worse, cause the Honour of the Land of their Nativity to be called in question. For tho', no doubt, it is a very false Conclusion, from a singular, to conceive a general Character; yet in a strange Country, nothing is more common, A Man therefore, of common Sense, would carefully avoid all Occasions of Censure, if not in respect to himself, yet out of a human Regard to such of his Countrymen as may have the Fortune to come after him; and, it's more than probable, may desire to hear a better and juster Character of their Country, and Countrymen, than he perhaps might incline to leave behind him.

As we travelled along, Father *White* told me, that near the Place of our Quartering that Night, there was a Convent of the *Carthusian* Order, which would be well worth my seeing. I was doubly glad to hear it, as it was an Order most a Stranger to me; and as I had often heard from many others, most unaccountable Relations of the Severity of their Way of Life, and the very odd Original of their Institution.

The next Morning therefore, being *Sunday*, we took a Walk to the Convent. It was situated at the Foot of a great Hill, having a pretty little River running before it. The Hill was naturally cover'd with Evergreens of various Sorts; but the very Summit of the Rock was so impending, that one would at first Sight be led to apprehend the Destruction of the Convent, from the Fall of it. Notwithstanding all which, they have very curious and well ordered Gardens; which led me to observe, that, what ever Men may pretend, Pleasure was not incompatible with the most austere Life. And indeed, if I may guess of others by this, no Order in that Church can boast of finer Convents. Their Chapel was completely neat, the Altar of it set out with the utmost Magnificence, both as to fine Paintings, and other rich Adornments. The Building was answerable to the rest; and, in short, nothing seem'd omitted, that might render it beautiful or pleasant.

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When we had taken a full Survey of all; we, not without some Regret, return'd to our very indifferent Inn; Where the better to pass away the Time, Father *White* gave me an ample Detail of the Original of that Order. I had before-hand heard somewhat of it; nevertheless, I did not care to interrupt him, because I had a Mind to hear how his Account would agree with what I had already heard.

"*Bruno*," said the Father, "the Author or Founder of this Order, was not originally of this, but of another. He had a holy Brother of the same Order, that was his Cell-mate, or Chamber-fellow, who was reputed by all that ever saw or knew him, for a Person of exalted Piety, and of a most exact holy Life. This man, *Bruno* had intimately known for many years; and agreed in his Character, that general Consent did him no more than Justice, having never observed any Thing in any of his Actions, that, in his Opinion, could be offensive to God or Man. He was perpetually at his Devotions; and distinguishably remarkable, for never permitting any Thing but pious Ejaculations to proceed out of his Mouth. In short, he was reputed a Saint upon Earth." "This Man at last dies, and, according to Custom, is removed into the Chapel of the Convent, and there plac'd with a Cross fix'd in his Hands: Soon after which, saying the proper Masses for his Soul, in the Middle of their Devotion, the dead Man lifts up his Head, and with an audible Voice, cry'd out, *Vocatus sum*. The pious Brethren, as any one will easily imagine, were most prodigiously surprised at such an Accident, and therefore they earnestly redoubled their Prayers; when lifting up his Head a second Time, the dead Man cried aloud, *Judicatus sum*. Knowing his former Piety, the pious Fraternity could not then entertain the least doubt of his Felicity; when, to their great Consternation and Confusion, he lifted up his Head a third Time, crying out in a terrible Tone, *Damnatus sum*; upon which they incontinently removed the Corps out of the Chapel, and threw it upon the Dunghill." "Good *Bruno*, pondering upon these Passages, could not fail of drawing this Conclusion; That if a Person to all Appearance so holy and devout, should miss of Salvation, it behov'd a wise Man to contrive some Way more certain to make his Calling and Election sure. To that Purpose he instituted this strict and severe Order, with an Injunction to them sacred as any Part, that every Professor should always wear Hair Cloth next his Skin, never eat any Flesh; nor speak to one another, only as passing by, to say, *Memento mori*."

This Account I found to agree pretty well with what I had before heard; but at the same Time, I found the Redouble of it made but just the same Impression, it had at first made upon my Heart. However having made it my Observation, that a Spirit the least contradictory, best carries a Man through *Spain*; I kept Father *White* Company, and in Humour, 'till we arrived at *Victoria*. Where he added one Thing, by Way of Appendix, in Relation to the *Carthusians*, That every Person of the Society, is oblig'd every Day to go into their Place of Burial, and take up as much Earth, as he can hold at a Grasp with one Hand, in order to prepare his Grave.

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Next Day we set out for *Victoria*. It is a sweet, delicious, and pleasant Town. It received that Name in Memory of a considerable Victory there obtained over the *Moors*. Leaving this Place, I parted with Father *White*; he going where his Affairs led him; and I to make the best of my Way to *Bilboa*.

Entring into *Biscay*, soon after I left *Victoria*, I was at a Loss almost to imagine, what Country I was got into. By my long Stay in *Spain*, I thought my self a tolerable Master of the Tongue; yet here I found my self at the utmost Loss to understand Landlord, Landlady, or any of the Family. I was told by my Muletier, that they pretend their Language, as they call it, has continued uncorrupted from the very Confusion of *Babel*; though if I might freely give my Opinion in the Matter, I should rather take it to be the very Corruption of all that Confusion. Another *Rhodomontado* they have, (for in this they are perfect *Spaniards*) that neither *Romans*, *Carthaginians*, *Vandals*, *Goths*, or *Moors*, ever totally subdued them. And yet any Man that has ever seen their Country, might cut this Knot without a Hatchet, by saying truly, that neither *Roman*, *Carthaginian*, nor any victorious People, thought it worth while to make a Conquest of a Country, so mountainous and so barren.

However, *Bilboa* must be allowed, tho' not very large, to be a pretty, clean and neat Town. Here, as in *Amsterdam*, they allow neither Cart, nor Coach, to enter; but every Thing of Merchandize is drawn, and carried upon Sledges: And yet it is a Place of no small Account, as to Trade; and especially for Iron and Wooll. Here I hop'd to have met with an opportunity of Embarking for *England*; but to my Sorrow I found my self disappointed, and under that Disappointment, obliged to make the best of my Way to *Bayonne*.

Setting out for which Place, the first Town of Note that I came to, was *Saint Sebastian*. A very clean Town, and neatly pay'd; which is no little Rarity in *Spain*. It has a very good Wall about it, and a pretty Citadel. At this Place I met with two *English* Officers, who were under the same state with my self; one of them being a Prisoner of War with me at *Denia*. They were going to *Bayonne* to embark for *England* as well as my self; so we agreed to set out together for *Port Passage*. The Road from St. *Sebastian* is all over a well pav'd Stone Causeway; almost at the end whereof, there accosted us a great number of young Lasses. They were all prettily dress'd, their long Hair flowing in a decent manner over their Shoulders, and here and there decorated with Ribbons of various Colours, which wantonly play'd on their Backs with the Wind. The Sight surpriz'd my Fellow Travellers no less than me; and the more, as they advanced directly up to us, and seiz'd our Hands. But a little time undeceiv'd

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us, and we found what they came for; and that their Contest, tho' not so robust as our Oars on the *Thames*, was much of the same Nature; each contending who should have us for their Fare. For 'tis here a Custom of Time out of mind, that none but young Women should have the management and profit of that Ferry. And tho' the Ferry is over an Arm of the Sea, very broad, and sometimes very rough, those fair Ferriers manage themselves with that Dexterity, that the Passage is very little dangerous, and in calm Weather, very pleasant. In short, we made choice of those that best pleased us; who in a grateful Return, led us down to their Boat under a sort of Music, which they, walking along, made with their Oars, and which we all thought far from being disagreeable. Thus were we transported over to *Port Passage*; not undeservedly accounted the best Harbour in all the Bay of *Biscay*.

We stay'd not long here after Landing, resolving, if possible, to reach *Fonterabia* before Night; but all the Expedition we could use, little avail'd; for before we could reach thither the Gates were shut, and good Nature and Humanity were so lock'd up with them, that all the Rhetorick we were Masters of could not prevail upon the Governor to order their being opened; for which Reason we were obliged to take up our Quarters at the Ferry House.

When we got up the next Morning, we found the Waters so broad, as well as rough, that we began to enquire after another Passage; and were answer'd, that at the Isle of *Conference*, but a short League upwards, the Passage was much shorter, and exposed to less Danger. Such good Reasons soon determin'd us: So, setting out we got there in a very little Time; and very soon after were landed in *France*. Here we found a House of very good Entertainment, a Thing we had long wanted, and much lamented the want of.

We were hardly well seated in the House before we were made sensible, that it was the Custom, which had made it the business of our Host, to entertain all his Guests at first coming in, with a prolix Account of that remarkable Interview between the two Kings of *France* and *Spain*. I speak safely now, as being got on *French* Ground: For the *Spaniard* in his own Country would have made me to know, that putting *Spain* after *France* had there been look'd upon as a meer Solecism in Speech. However, having refresh'd our selves, to show our deference to our Host's Relation, we agreed to pay our Respects to that famous little Isle he mention'd; which indeed, was the whole burden of the Design of our crafty Landlord's Relation.

When we came there, we found it a little oval Island, over-run with Weeds, and surrounded with Reeds and Rushes.

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“Here,” said our Landlord (for he went with us) “upon this little Spot, were at that juncture seen the two greatest Monarchs in the Universe. A noble Pavilion was erected in the very middle of it, and in the middle of that was placed a very large oval Table; at which was the Conference, from which the Place receiv’d its Title. There were two Bridges rais’d; one on the *Spanish* side, the Passage to which was a little upon a Descent by reason of the Hills adjacent; and the other upon the *French* side, which as you see, was all upon a Level. The Musick playing, and Trumpets sounding, the two Kings, upon a Signal agreed upon, set forward at the same time; the *Spanish* Monarch handing the *Infanta* his Daughter to the Place of Interview. As soon as they were enter’d the Pavilion, on each Side, all the Artillery fired, and both Annies after that made their several Vollies. Then the King of *Spain* advancing on his side the Table with the *Infanta*, the King of *France* advanced at the same Moment on the other; till meeting, he received the *Infanta* at the Hands of her Father, as his Queen; upon which, both the Artillery and small Arms fir’d as before. After this, was a most splendid and sumptuous Entertainment; which being over, both Kings retir’d into their several Dominions; the King of *France* conducting his new Queen to *Saint Jean de Luz*, where the Marriage was consummated; and the King of *Spain* returning to *Port Passage*.”

After a Relation so very inconsistent with the present State of the Place; we took Horse (for Mule-mounting was now out of Fashion) and rode to *Saint Jean de Luz*, where we found as great a difference in our Eating and Drinking, as we had before done in our Riding. Here they might be properly call’d Houses of Entertainment; tho’ generally speaking, till we came to this Place, we met with very mean Fare, and were poorly accommodated in the Houses where we lodged.

A Person that travels this way, would be esteem’d a Man of a narrow Curiosity, who should not desire to see the Chamber where *Louis le grand* took his first Night’s Lodging with his Queen. Accordingly, when it was put into my Head, out of an Ambition to evince my self a Person of Taste, I asked the Question, and the Favour was granted me, with a great deal of *French* Civility. Not that I found any Thing here, more than in the Isle of *Conference*, but what Tradition only had rendered remarkable.

Saint Jean de Luz is esteem’d one of the greatest Village Towns in all *France*. It was in the great Church of this Place, that *Lewis XIV* according to Marriage Articles, took before the high Altar the Oath of Renunciation to the Crown of *Spain*, by which all the Issue of that Marriage were debarred Inheritance, if Oaths had been obligatory with Princes. The Natives here are reckon’d expert Seamen; especially in Whale fishing. Here is a fine Bridge of Wood; in the middle of which is a Descent, by Steps, into a pretty little Island; where is a Chapel, and a Palace belonging to the Bishop of *Bayonne*. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* often walks to divert herself; and on this Bridge, and in the Walks on the Island, I had the Honour to see that Princess more than once.

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This *Villa* not being above four Leagues from *Bayonne*, we got there by Dinner time, where at an Ordinary of twenty *Sous*, we eat and drank in Plenty, and with a *gusto*, much better than in any part of *Spain*; where for eating much worse, we paid very much more.

BAYONNE is a Town strong by Nature; yet the Fortifications have been very much neglected, since the building of the Citadel, on the other Side the River; which not only commands the Town, but the Harbour too. It is a noble Fabrick; fair and strong, and rais'd on the side of a Hill, wanting nothing that Art could furnish, to render it impregnable. The Marshal *Boufflers* had the Care of it in its erection; and there is a fine Walk near it, from which he us'd to survey the Workmen, which still carries his Name. There are two noble Bridges here, tho' both of Wood, one over that River which runs on one side the Town; the other over that, which divides it in the middle, the Tide runs thro' both with vast Rapidity; notwithstanding which, Ships of Burden come up, and paying for it, are often fasten'd to the Bridge, while loading or unloading. While I was here, there came in four or five *English* Ships laden with Corn, the first, as they told me, that had come in to unlade there, since the beginning of the War.

On that Side of the River where the new Citadel is built, at a very little distance lies *Pont d'Esprit*, a Place mostly inhabited by *Jews*, who drive a great Trade there, and are esteemed very rich, tho' as in all other Countries mostly very rogueish. Here the Queen Dowager of *Spain* has kept her Court ever since the Jealousy of the present King reclus'd her from *Madrid*. As Aunt to his Competitor *Charles* (now Emperor) he apprehended her Intrigueing; for which Reason giving her an Option of Retreat, that Princess made choice of this City, much to the Advantage of the Place, and in all Appearance much to her own Satisfaction. She is a Lady not of the lesser Size; and lives here in suitable Splendour, and not without the Respect due to a Person of her high Quality: Every time she goes to take the Air, the Cannon of the Citadel saluting her, as she passes over the Bridge; and to say Truth, the Country round is extremely pleasant, and abounds in plenty of all Provisions; especially in wild Fowl. *Bayonne* Hams are, to a Proverb, celebrated all over *France*.

We waited here near five Months before the expected Transports arrived from *England*, without any other Amusements, than such as are common to People under Suspence. Short Tours will not admit of great Varieties; and much Acquaintance could not be any way suitable to People, that had long been in a strange Country, and earnestly desired to return to our own. Yet one Accident befell me here, that was nearer costing me my Life, than all I had before encounter'd, either in Battle or Siege.

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Going to my Lodgings one Evening, I unfortunately met with an Officer, who would needs have me along with him, aboard one of the *English* Ships, to drink a Bottle of *English* Beer. He had been often invited, he said; and I am afraid our Countryman, continued he, will hold himself slighted, if I delay it longer. *English* Beer was a great rarity, and the Vessel lay not at any great distance from my Lodgings; so without any further Persuasion I consented. When we came upon the Bridge, to which the Ship we were to go aboard was fastened, we found, as was customary, as well as necessary, a Plank laid over from the Ship, and a Rope to hold by, for safe Passage. The Night was very dark; and I had cautiously enough taken care to provide a Man with a Lanthorn to prevent Casualties. The Man with the Light went first, and out of his abundant Complaisance, my Friend, the Officer, would have me follow the Light: But I was no sooner stepped upon the Plank after my Guide, but Rope and Plank gave way, and Guide and I tumbled both together into the Water.

The Tide was then running in pretty strong: However, my Feet in the Fall touching Ground, gave me an opportunity to recover my self a little; at which Time I catch'd fast hold of a Buoy, which was plac'd over an Anchor on one of the Ships there riding: I held fast, till the Tide rising stronger and stronger threw me off my Feet; which gave an Opportunity to the poor Fellow, our Lanthorn-bearer, to lay hold of one of my Legs, by which he held as fast as I by the Buoy. We had lain thus lovingly at Hull together, struggling with the increasing Tide, which, well for us, did not break my hold (for if it had, the Ships which lay breast a breast had certainly sucked us under) when several on the Bridge, who saw us fall, brought others with Ropes and Lights to our Assistance; and especially my Brother Officer, who had been Accessary as well as Spectator of our Calamity; tho' at last a very small Portion of our Deliverance fell to his share.

As soon as I could feel a Rope, I quitted my hold of the Buoy; but my poor Drag at my Heels would not on any account quit his hold of my Leg. And as it was next to an Impossibility, in that Posture to draw us up the Bridge to save both, if either of us, we must still have perished, had not the Alarm brought off a Boat or two to our Succour, who took us in.

I was carry'd as fast as possible, to a neighbouring House hard by, where they took immediate care to make a good Fire; and where I had not been long before our intended Host, the Master of the Ship, came in very much concern'd, and blaming us for not hailing the Vessel, before we made an Attempt to enter. For, says he, the very Night before, my Vessel was robb'd; and that Plank and Rope were a Trap design'd for the Thieves, if they came again; not imagining that Men in an honest way would have come on board without asking Questions. Like the wise Men of this World, I hereupon began to form Resolutions against a Thing, which was never again likely to happen; and to draw inferences of Instruction from an Accident, that had not so much as a Moral for its Foundation.

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One Day after this, partly out of Business, and partly out of Curiosity, I went to see the Mint here, and having taken notice to one of the Officers, that there was a difference in the Impress of their Crown Pieces, one having at the bottom the Impress of a Cow, and the other none:

“Sir,” reply’d that Officer, “you are much in the right in your Observation. Those that have the Cow, were not coin’d here, but at *Paw*, the chief City of *Navarr*; where they enjoy the Privilege of a Mint, as well as we. And Tradition tells,” says he, “that the Reason of that Addition to the Impress was this: A certain King of *Navarr* (when it was a Kingdom distinct from that of *France*) looking out of a Window of the Palace, spy’d a Cow, with her Calf standing aside her, attack’d by a Lyon, which had got loose out of his Menagery. The Lyon strove to get the young Calf into his Paw; the Cow bravely defended her Charge; and so well, that the Lyon at last, tir’d and weary, withdrew, and left her Mistress of the Field of Battle; and her young one. Ever since which, concluded that Officer, by Order of that King, the Cow is plac’d at the bottom of the Impress of all the Money there coined.”

Whether or no my Relator guess’d at the Moral, or whether it was Fact, I dare not determine; But to me it seem’d apparent, that it was no otherways intended, than as an emblematical Fable to cover, and preserve the Memory of the Deliverance of *Henry* the Fourth, then the young King of *Navarr*, at that eternally ignominious Slaughter, the Massacre of *Paris*. Many Historians, their own as well as others, agree, that the House of *Guise* had levell’d the Malice of their Design at that great Prince. They knew him to be the lawful Heir; but as they knew him bred, what they call’d a *Hugonot*, Barbarity and Injustice was easily conceal’d under the Cloak of Religion, and the Good of Mother Church, under the veil of Ambition, was held sufficient to postpone the Laws of God and Man. Some of those Historians have deliver’d it as Matter of Fact, that the Conspirators, in searching after that young King, press’d into the very Apartments of the Queen his Mother; who having, at the Toll of the Bell, and Cries of the Murder’d, taken the Alarm, on hearing ’em coming, plac’d her self in her Chair, and cover’d the young King her Son with her Farthingale, till they were gone. By which means she found an opportunity to convey him to a Place of more Safety; and so preserv’d him from those bloody Murderers, and in them from the Paw of the Lyon. This was only a private Reflection of my own at that Time; but I think carries so great a Face of Probability, that I can see no present Reason to reject it. And to have sought after better Information from the Officer of the Mint, had been to sacrifice my Discretion to my Curiosity.

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While I stay'd at *Bayonne*, the Princess *Ursini* came thither, attended by some of the King of *Spain's* Guards. She had been to drink the Waters of some famous Spaw in the Neighbourhood, the Name of which has now slipt my Memory. She was most splendidly entertain'd by the Queen Dowager of *Spain*; and the Mareschal de *Montrevel* no less signaliz'd himself in his Reception of that great Lady, who was at that Instant the greatest Favourite in the *Spanish* Court; tho' as I have before related, she was some Time after basely undermined by a Creature of her own advancing.

BAYONNE is esteem'd the third *Emporium* of Trade in all *France*. It was once, and remain'd long so, in the Possession of the *English*; of which had History been silent, the Cathedral Church had afforded evident Demonstration; being in every respect of the *English* Model, and quite different to any of their own way of Building in *France*.

PAMPELONA is the Capital City of the *Spanish Navarr*, supposed to have been built by *Pompey*. 'Tis situated in a pleasant Valley, surrounded by lofty Hills. This Town, whether famous or infamous, was the Cause of the first Institution of the Order of the Jesuits. For at the Siege of this Place *Ignatius Loyola* being only a private Soldier, receiv'd a shot on his Thigh, which made him incapable of following that Profession any longer; upon which he set his Brains to work, being a subtle Man, and invented the Order of the Jesuits, which has been so troublesome to the World ever since.

At *Saint Stephen* near *Lerida*, an Action happened between the *English* and *Spaniards*, in which Major General *Cunningham* bravely fighting at the Head of his Men, lost his Life, being extreamly much lamented. He was a Gentleman of a great Estate, yet left it, to serve his Country; *Dulce est pro Patria Mori*.

About two Leagues from *Victoria*, there is a very pleasant Hermitage plac'd upon a small rising Ground, a murmuring Rivulet running at the bottom, and a pretty neat Chapel standing near it, in which I saw *Saint Christopher* in a Gigantick Shape, having a *Christo* on his Shoulders. The Hermit was there at his Devotion, I ask'd him (tho' I knew it before) the reason why he was represented in so large a Shape: The Hermit answered with great Civility, and told me, he had his Name from *Christo Ferendo*, for when our Saviour was young, he had an inclination to pass a River, so *Saint Christopher* took him on his Shoulders in order to carry him over, and as the Water grew deeper and deeper, so he grew higher and higher.

At last we received News, that the *Gloucester* Man of War, with two Transports, was arrived at *Port Passage*, in order for the Transporting of all the remaining Prisoners of War into *England*. Accordingly they march'd next Day, and there embark'd. But I having before agreed with a Master of a Vessel, which was loaded with Wine for *Amsterdam*, to set me ashore at *Dover*, stay'd behind, waiting for that Ship, as did that for a fair Wind.

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In three or four Days' Time, a fine and fair Gale presented; of which the Master taking due Advantage, we sail'd over the Bar into the Bay of *Biscay*. This is with Sailors, to a Proverb, reckon'd the roughest of Seas; and yet on our Entrance into it, nothing appear'd like it. 'Twas smooth as Glass; a Lady's Face might pass for young, and in its Bloom, that discover'd no more Wrinkles; Yet scarce had we sail'd three Leagues, before a prodigious Fish presented it self to our View. As near as we could guess, it might be twenty Yards in Length; and it lay sporting it self on the surface of the Sea, a great Part appearing out of the Water. The Sailors, one and all, as soon as they saw it, declar'd it the certain Forerunner of a Storm. However, our Ship kept on its Course, before a fine Gale, till we had near passed over half the Bay; when, all on a sudden, there was such a hideous Alteration, as makes Nature recoil on the very Reflection. Those Seas that seem'd before to smile upon us, with the Aspect of a Friend, now in a Moment chang'd their flattering Countenance into that of an open Enemy; and Frowns, the certain Indexes of Wrath, presented us with apparent Danger, of which little on this Side Death could be the Sequel. The angry Waves cast themselves up into Mountains, and scourg'd the Ship on every Side from Poop to Prow: Such Shocks from the contending Wind and Surges! Such Falls from Precipices of Water, to dismal Caverns of the same uncertain Element! Although the latter seem'd to receive us in Order to skreen us from the Riot of the former, Imagination could offer no other Advantage than that of a Winding-Sheet, presented and prepared for our approaching Fate. But why mention I Imagination? In me 'twas wholly dormant. And yet those Sons of stormy Weather, the Sailors, had theirs about them in full Stretch; for seeing the Wind and Seas so very boisterous, they lash'd the Rudder of the Ship, resolv'd to let her drive, and steer herself; since it was past their Skill to steer her. This was our Way of sojourning most Part of that tedious Night; driven where the Winds and Waves thought fit to drive us, with all our Sails quite lower'd and flat upon the Deck. If *Ovid*, in the little *Archipelagian* Sea, could whine out his *jam jam jacturus*, &c. in this more dismal Scene, and much more dangerous Sea (the Pitch-like Darkness of the Night adding to all our sad Variety of Woes) what Words in Verse or Prose could serve to paint our Passions, or our Expectations? Alas! our only Expectation was in the Return of Morning; It came at last; yet even slowly as it came, when come, we thought it come too soon, a new Scene of sudden Death being all the Advantage of its first Appearance. Our Ship was driving full Speed, towards the *Breakers* on the *Cabritton* Shore, between *Burdeaux* and *Bayonne*; which filled us with Ideas more terrible than all before, since those were past, and these seemingly as certain. Beside, to add to

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our Distress, the Tide was driving in, and consequently must drive us fast to visible Destruction. A State so evident, that one of our Sailors, whom great Experience had render'd more sensible of our present Danger, was preparing to save one, by lashing himself to the main Mast, against the expected Minute of Desolation. He was about that melancholy Work, in utter Despair of any better Fortune, when, as loud as ever he could bawl, he cry'd out, *a Point, a Point of Wind*. To me, who had had too much of it, it appear'd like the Sound of the last Trump; but to the more intelligent Crew, it had a different Sound. With Vigour and Alacrity they started from their Prayers, or their Despair, and with all imaginable Speed, unlash'd the Rudder, and hoisted all their Sails. Never sure in Nature did one Minute produce a greater Scene of Contraries. The more skilful Sailors took Courage at this happy Presage of Deliverance. And according to their Expectation did it happen; that heavenly Point of Wind deliver'd us from the Jaws of those *Breakers*, ready open to devour us; and carrying us out to the much more wellcome wide Sea, furnished every one in the Ship with Thoughts, as distant as we thought our Danger.

We endeavoured to make *Port Passage*; but our Ship became unruly, and would not answer her Helm; for which Reason we were glad to go before the Wind, and make for the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*. This we attain'd without any great Difficulty, and to the Satisfaction of all, Sailors as well as Passengers, we there cast Anchor, after the most terrible Storm (as all the oldest Sailors agreed) and as much Danger as ever People escap'd.

Here I took notice, that the Sailors buoy'd up their Cables with Hogsheads; enquiring into the Reason of which, they told me, that the Rocks at the Bottom of the Harbour were by Experience found to be so very sharp, that they would otherwise cut their Cables asunder. Our Ship was obliged to be drawn up into the Dock to be refitted; during which, I lay in the Town, where nothing of Moment, or worth reciting, happen'd.

I beg Pardon for my Errors; the very Movements of Princes must always be considerable, and consequently worth Recital. While the Ship lay in the Dock, I was one Evening walking upon the Bridge, with the little Island near it, (which I have before spoke of) and had a little *Spanish* Dog along with me, when at the further End I spy'd a Lady, and three or four Gentlemen in Company; I kept on my Pace of Leisure, and so did they; but when I came nearer, I found they as much out number'd me in the Dog, as they did in the human Kind. And I soon experienced to my Sorrow, that their Dogs, by their Fierceness and Ill-humour, were Dogs of Quality; having, without Warning, or the least Declaration of War, fallen upon my little Dog, according to pristine Custom, without any honourable Regard to Size, Interest or Number. However the good Lady, who, by the Privilege

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of her Sex, must be allow'd the most competent Judge of Inequalities, out of an Excess of Condescension and Goodness, came running to the Relief of oppressed poor *Tony*; and, in courtly Language, rated her own oppressive Dogs for their great Incivility to Strangers. The Dogs, in the Middle of their insulting Wrath, obey'd the Lady with a vast deal of profound Submission; which I could not much wonder at, when I understood, that it was a Queen Dowager of *Spain*, who had chid them.

Our Ship being now repaired, and made fit to go out again to Sea, we left the Harbour of *Saint Jean de Luz*, and with a much better Passage, as the last Tempest was still dancing in my Imagination, in ten Days' Sail we reach'd *Dover*. Here I landed on the last Day of *March*, 1713 having not, till then, seen or touch'd *English* Shoar from the Beginning of *May*, 1705.

I took Coach directly for *London*, where, when I arriv'd, I thought my self transported into a Country more foreign, than any I had either fought or pilgrimag'd in. Not foreign, do I mean, in respect to others, so much as to it self. I left it, seemingly, under a perfect Unanimity: The fatal Distinctions of *Whig* and *Tory* were then esteemed merely nominal; and of no more ill Consequence or Danger, than a Bee robb'd of its Sting. The national Concern went on with Vigour, and the prodigious Success of the Queen's Arms, left every Soul without the least Pretence to a Murmur. But now on my Return, I found them on their old Establishment, perfect Contraries, and as unlikely to be brought to meet as direct Angles. Some arraigning, some extolling of a Peace; in which Time has shown both were wrong, and consequently neither could be right in their Notions of it, however an over prejudic'd Way of thinking might draw them into one or the other. But *Whig* and *Tory* are, in my Mind, the compleatest Paradox in Nature, and yet like other Paradoxes, old as I am, I live in Hope to see, before I die, those seeming Contraries perfectly reconcil'd, and reduc'd into one happy Certainty, the Publick Good.

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Whilst I stay'd at *Madrid*, I made several Visits to my old Acquaintance General *Mahoni*. I remember that he told me, when the Earl of *Peterborow* and he held a Conference at *Morvidro*, his Lordship used many Arguments to induce him to leave the *Spanish* Service. *Mahoni* made several Excuses, especially that none of his Religion was suffer'd to serve in the *English* Army. My Lord reply'd, That he would undertake to get him excepted by an Act of Parliament. I have often heard him speak with great Respect of his Lordship, and was strangely surprized, that after so many glorious Successes he should be sent away.

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He was likewise pleased to inform me, that at the Battle of *Saragoza*, 'twas his Fortune to make some of our Horse to give way, and he pursued them for a considerable time; but at his Return, he saw the *Spanish* Army in great Confusion: But it gave him the Opportunity of attacking our Battery of Guns; which he performed with great Slaughter, both of Gunners and Matrosses: He at the same time inquired, who 'twas that commanded there in chief. I informed him 'twas Col. *Bourguard*, one that understood the Oeconomy of the Train exceeding well. As for that, he knew nothing of; but that he would vouch, he behaved himself with extraordinary Courage, and defended the Battery to the utmost extremity, receiving several Wounds, and deserved the Post in which he acted. A Gentleman who was a Prisoner at *Gualaxara*, informed me, that he saw King *Philip* riding through that Town, being only attended with one of his Guards.

Saragoza, or *Caesar Augusta*, lies upon the River *Ebro*, being the Capital of *Arragon*; 'tis a very ancient City, and contains fourteen great Churches, and twelve Convents. The Church of the Lady of the *Pillar* is frequented by Pilgrims, almost from all Countries; 'twas anciently a Roman Colony.

* * * * *

Tibi laus, tibi honor, tibi sit gloria, O gloriosa Trinitas, quia tu dedisti mihi hanc opportunitatem, omnes has res gestas recordandi. Nomen tuum sit benedictum, per saecula saeculorum. Amen.

FINIS