

# DEFOE DANIEL

MILITARY MEMOIRS OF  
CAPT. GEORGE  
CARLETON

**Daniel Defoe**  
**Military Memoirs of**  
**Capt. George Carleton**

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Military Memoirs of Capt. George Carleton:*

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**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.

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*.

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 Estrée*. 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 directly 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 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 Couragious, 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.

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.

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,<sup>1</sup> 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*.

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 *Montery'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 Voluntiers 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.

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 *Condé'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 *Condé* 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 *Condé* 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 *Condé* 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 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 *Condé* (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 station'd for Observation, I found it very often impossible to distinguish one Party from 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 *Condé* 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 publickly 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*.

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.

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.

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.

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 Surprize, 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.

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 couragious 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*, 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.

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 Fancy 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 *Condé*; 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 *Château*; 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.

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 obstabit 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 avanc'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*.

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.

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 Champions, 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 *Gillycranky*, where that memorable Battle under *Dundee* had been fought the Year before.

Some time after, Sir *Thomas Livingston*, 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.

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.*

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 Pinnace, 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*.

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.

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.

There was at that Time, as I was assur'd by my Lord *Lucas*, Constable of it, upwards of twenty Thousand Barrels of Gunpowder, 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. André*, 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 Surprize, 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 entering into *French Flanders*.

King *William*, thus disappointed in that noble Design, gave immediate Orders for his whole Army to march through *Oudenard*, and then ecamp'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.

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 fireing 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.

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 reprice 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.

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*.

Next Day a Proclamation was to come out for the apprehending three or 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. *Cassels* 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.

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*.

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 Waggons; 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-Waggons 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 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 Amuzement 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 encountering 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.

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.

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 literal 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*.

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 below'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.

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.

*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 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.

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