

Suppose the worst, a Rival's Spight has said,
 Here's Spouse enough, tho' she had ne'er an Head.
 A just Proportion every where behold,
 And Gold, the Cream o'th' Jest, remember Gold;
 Gold! Gold! those subtle Charms must needs prevail;
 Gold! Gold! enough, had she nor Head, nor Tail.
 Sure this must even the flintiest Heart subdue;
 Those Chains, those Pearls, those Lockets, all for you!
 What if no Cubbs bless the ill-natur'd Joys?
 Look, she's already stock'd with yellow Boys;
 And she
 May live like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd *,
 While you
 Lie with her Coin, and get her Bags with Child.

FROLICK XIV.

The Bishop and Beggar. By Mr. Anonymous.

A Covetous Miser, who'd think it? 'Twas odd;
 Was made a Right Reverend Father in God:
 For, tho' no bad Man has the Gift of the Spirit,
 Yet he may the Mitre and Profits inherit.
 But to tell you my Story—— A Man with one Leg,
 On New-years-day came to his Lordship to beg:
 "I hope your good Lordship five Guineas will spare;
 Which no sooner was spoke but the Prelate did stare;
 And cries, "Why, old Man, 'tis true you may lack it,
 "But I think, if I give it, I shall be distracted:
 At this my poor Gaffer was forc'd to come down,
 So he fell to five Shillings, which you know is a Crown:
 But that was deny'd; "Ah, Sir, 'tis a hard thing,
 Cries the Beggar—— "Then give me but one Copper-Farth-
 "No, no, cries my Lord, why, how now, Sauce-Bar-
 "Here, take him, and set him to prate in the Stocks:
 "Then, Sir, says the Fellow, I, with your Permission,
 "Will only beg leave to add this one Petition;
 "Which is, that your Blessing you'd please to bestow,
 "For then I am happy wherever I go.
 So the Bishop, to shew him his utmost Affection
 And Pity; "Cries, Kneel Friend, and take Benedic-

* [She—may live, like *Etheldreda*, undefil'd,
Vid. Fuller's Church-History, p. 91. This *Etheldreda*,
 you think it, was married to a Prince, and a King, and
 her own Desire, liv'd still as pure a Virgin as her
 Mother was when she was born.

No, no, says the Man, plucking up a good Courage,
You may, if you please, keep your Breath for your Por-
and as for your Blessing, Sir, you may e'en save it;] [ridge;
Had it been worth a Farthing, you would not have gave it.

M O R A L.

Perhaps, if we look in the World, we may find
A Bishop still of the same Kidney and Kind;
The Moralist gave me this prudent Injunction,
The Fault of one Man not to lessen the Function.

F R O L I C K XV.

Innocent Fraud: Or, the Lyar in Mode and Figure. By Mr.
Dunton.

FOR Naked Truth let others write,
And fairly prove that *Black's* not *White*;
Quarrel and scold, then scratch and bite,
Till they're with Cuffing weary:
Give me a *Lye*, trick'd neat and gay,
As fine as any *Hedge* in *May*;
Most think so too, altho' they'll say,
Perhaps, the clean contrary.
The *Courtier* first is counted rude,
If he's with *Lying* unendu'd;
Nay, when he's in his *Altitude*,
He gives it *Oaths* for clenching:
The *Brisk* and *Young* sowre *Truth* despise,
And kick her back to th' old and wise;
Wenching's the *Gallant's* Life, a *Lye's*
The very *Life* of *Wenching*.
Room for the *Man* of *Parchment* next,
Whose *Comments* so confound the *Text*,
And *Truth's* *High-road* so much perplext,
One scarce can e'er get at it;
With his own *Practice* not content,
He'll either quote, or he'll invent,
He'll find or make a *President*,
And gravely lye by *Statute*.
Next the poor *Scholar* loaden comes
With *Packs* of *Sentences* and *Sums*,
Scratches his *Head*, and bites his *Thumbs*,
For *Truth* is all his *Vigour*;
Like *Lynceus* self, O who but he *

[Like *Lynceus* self, O who but he]
Mr. *Lynceus* was, you must know, a mighty quick-sighted
— He could see thro' *Walls*, *Houses*, and *Ships* at *Sea*, at the
Distance, and — But that's enough already to believe at
The

The Effences of Things can see;
 When he deceives but orderly,
 And lies in Mood and Figure.
 Who but the Poet ought t'appear
 I'th' End? Who should bring up the Rear,
 But he who without Wit or Fear
 Lays on his Lyes by Clusters?
 Never of sneaking *Truth* afraid,
 He'll her with open Arms invade,
 And dreadful Armies in his Aid
 Of his own *Hero's* Musters.
 Well, since on all Sides 'tis confest,
 A quiet Life must needs be best;
 Who'd think it hard to purchase Rest
 By such a small complying?
 Let him that will speak Truth for me;
 Truth the worst Incivility!
 I'd rather in the Fashion be,
 Since all the World's for Lying.

FROLICK XIV.

A Widow wou'd marry. By Mr. Anonymous.

A Bonny brisk Widow who Riches possess,
 Yet thought that of all Things a Husband was best;
 To her Crony she told her, " Her Heart was enclin'd;
 And employ'd her to seek for a Man to her Mind.
 " But don't you imagine, cries she, I require
 " A Man for the sake of a Carnal Desire.
 " My End's to be eas'd from all Troubles and Care,
 " By getting a Spouse to look after Affairs.
 Her Neighbour obeys her, performs her Request,
 And tells her withal, she had done for the best.
 " I've a Person, cries she, in whom you'll delight,
 " For he'll never disturb you with Tricks o'th' Night.
 " Nay, between you and I, Dame, he can't if he will;
 " His Ability that Way is not very good.
 " Be gone, cries the Widow, you Block-headly Fool,
 " For, whatever I told you, I hate such a Tool:
 " Shou'd we ever fall out, and I be in a Passion,
 " He has no Way to lay it upon an Occasion.

M O R A L.

*Some Ladies by this may perhaps be offended,
 And think an Affront to the Sex was intended;*

Our Author protests, without mincing the Matter,
It's foolish for any to struggle with Nature.
People that marry, whatever's their Station,
Doubtless design, for Encrease of the Nation,
To promote the good Work which is call'd Propagation.
Why else by the Law are old Batchelors fin'd,
For doing no Good to their Species or Kind?
When stricken in Years, they ought never to marry,
Tho' their Wives do not, they'll surely miscarry.

FROLICK XVII.

A Satyr upon Reason. — By Mr. ANONYMUS.

I.

REASON, thou vain Impertinence,
Deluding Hypocrite, be gon,
And go and plague your Men of Sense,
But let my Love and me alone.

II.

A small Concerns of Life we'll own
Thy so much boasted Sovereignty,
But sacred Love, just like Religion,
Scorns and throws off thy Tyranny.

III.

Unnatur'd, churlish, ill-bred Thing,
Who me amidst my Rapturous Joys,
Not with thy Checks of Conscience sting,
Whose Bitter all my Sweet destroys.

IV.

In vain some dreaming thinking Fool,
Wou'd make thee o'er our Senses reign,
And all our noble Passions rule,
And constitute this Creature Man.

V.

In vain some Dotard may pretend,
Thou art our Torch to Happiness,
To Happiness, which poor Mankind
As little know, as Paradise.

VI.

At best, thou'rt but a glimmering Light,
Which serves not to direct our Way,
But like the Moon confounds our Sight,
And only shews it is not Day.

VII.

The Fool's the Happiest of Mankind,
Whom Tyrant, thou dost ne'er controul,
No Care disturbs his thoughtless Mind,
Like Night there's Rest, and Darkness in his Soul.

VIII.

Nay, even Brutes are far more blest
Than wretched humane Kind,
For they those Joys may freely taste
From which by Reason we're confin'd.

FROLICK XVIII.

The Amorous Union. — By Mr. F—w.

I.

Let dull *Philosophers* the Ign'rant tell,
That Souls are *indivisible* ;
We find their Rules do not prove always true,
'Tis but one Soul informs us two ;
So by one Loadstone touch'd, as we by Love,
Two distant Needles to the same Point move.

II.

Go now, and ask thy jealous Kindred, why
They thee to love thy self deny.
For 'tis just so, our Love's a *Phoenix* grown,
And we are eminently one ;
Such Miracles our Sympathy can do,
That I no longer am my self, but you.

III.

Then let's not talk, *But Kindred disagree* ;
Prithee what's that to thee and me ?
Our Love's the Worm, they've try'd so oft to kill,
By separating us, yet still
Mistaken Fools! We mock your subtile Art,
This, tho' divided, lives in every Part.

In my next *Voyage to Parnassus* I shall load my BOA
with such Variety of FROLICKS, as shall make AGEN
for the few transported in this ; but I was the shorter
this Eighth Project, it being only design'd as a *Piece of*
cent Recreation to divert the Reader, that he might not be
melancholly when he falls to reading my Ninth Project ;
'tis — A SATYR upon King William.

PROJECT I.*

SATYR upon King William; being the secret History of his Life and Reign, extracted from the private Minutes that were taken by Colonel Babington, and other Persons of Quality. The Fourth Edition, corrected.

THE

PREFACE.

NOT long since, I writ a Panegyrick on George Lord Jefferies, (one of the worst of Men) for hanging so many in the West; I'm here attempting a SATYR on King William, that has accounted (by some) one of the Best.

I shall find it a hard Matter to beat an ill Opinion of K. William the Souls of those who tell us, That he was born a Hero; That his Mind was vast and comprehensive, His Imagination fruitful and lively, His Memory large and tenacious, His Thoughts wise and His Words few, but comprehensive, His Actions many and That he was always the same, whether in good or bad Fortunes; That he was the Rightfulest King that ever sate upon the Throne, as being set up by the same Hands which made the first and will make the last; That he was the Choice both of God and People, and the very Darling of Heaven; That he had a superior Merit, before he wore it; That he maintain'd the Peace of England, without persecuting the Dissenters; That he was religious without Superstition, Just without Rigour, Merciful without Partiality, Cautious without Fear, Valiant without Rashness, without Pride, Conscientious in all Relations, Master of the Passions of his People, and Master of Himself; and in a Word, he carry'd on the Noble Designs of Heaven, in raising up Opinions of Virtue, in securing the Protestant Religion, and in procuring Peace and Happiness to the World: And (say these Sticklers for King William) He was thus Meritorious without Thanks.

In the Character the Williamites give of their Dutch Hero, I will atone for the many Failings I shall find in him) I shall do it, That he dy'd as he liv'd, serious and compos'd, by acquiescing in the Divine Will, and concern'd for nothing but that he cou'd serve his People no longer. And I

will farther add, (for I will give his Virtues their due Praise, where I satyrize I may be thought impartial) " K. William's
 " with him more real Glory to the English Throne, than it was
 " he shou'd receive from it: That he was, (as the new Marble
 " erected to his Memory tells us) the Wonder and the Darling
 " Europe, before ever he wore a Crown; and I can't deny but
 " henceforward be an additional Glory to any one that sits on
 " the English Throne, that so Great a King once had his Share.
 Her Majesty being of this Opinion, declares in her first Speech to
 Privy Council; My Lords, I am extremely sensible of the gene-
 ral Misfortune of these Kingdoms, in the unspeakable Loss
 the King—— 'Twas this made both Houses of Parliament
 often to thank His Majesty for delivering them from Popery and
 Slavery, and to vindicate his Honour, with respect to those seditious
 Papers which were falsely said to be found in his Closet after
 Death—— And for this Reason the Duke of Queensberry
 pleas'd to declare, that While Religion and Liberty are in
 Value, K. William's Memory must be in perpetual Honour.
 And 'tis said the City of London intend to erect his Statue in Marble
 perpetuate (as they call 'em) his Matchless Virtues to the End of
 Time.

Thus far I agree with the Williamites (but no further) in
 Character they give of their King.

Now, if K. William be thus accomplish'd, perhaps his Friends
 (that don't know him so well as I) will be ready to say, We shall
 any (even the rankest Jacobite) to blacken this Glorious Prince,
 shew us one Spot in his whole Life.

To this I answer: Tho' a Satyr on K. William will be too
 Matter to slip down any Man's Reason who had not before been
 Jacobite-Protestant) enlarg'd his Swallow with plain Corruptions;
 ons; yet I can't help it, (tho' his Friends shou'd heap up his Faults
 the Sky) if this Hogan Mogan be the Subject of this Invention,
 for my Talent lies in finding of Faults, and what care I if His
 Majesty be admir'd by all the World but my self?

I own K. William deserves the Glorious Character his Friends
 give him, (I confess this, that the Errors I shall find in his
 more disgrace him) but tho' I own his Merit, yet still I will
 and shall therefore turn all the Venom of my Ink and Soul, to
 his Life and Reign.

I know this Satyr upon K. William will be a great Surprise to
 Friends, especially to those who almost adore him; but A Cat
 look on a King; and I an't afraid to tell the World K. William
 was no Angel.

When Reflections were once made before Q. Mary, of the Cruelty
 ness of some Historians who had left heavy Imputations on the
 memory of some Princes, she answer'd, " That if those Princes
 " truly such as the Historians represented them, they had
 " deserv'd that Treatment; and others who read their Story
 " look for the same; for Truth wou'd be told at last.

own Lies are sooner believ'd than Truth; for Truth seeketh
 us, as suspecting her Judge, tho' never as fearing her Cause:
 ever, 'tis my Love to Truth, and the Opportunities I had to
 her the Secrets of His late Majesty, that made me write the
 ing Sheets; in which, (tho' I snarle at his Innocence where I
 nothing else to satyrize) I am equally impartial to his Vices and
 es; having no other End in this Publication, but to undeceive
 World. 'Tis true, some Men have found out a way to Canonize
 for Saints, whom the Justice of the Nation hath condemn'd for
 ers; and there be others, that meerly to gratifie their Ill-nature,
 up all the Scandals of Mens Lives, give a malicious Turn to
 thing, and Libel every body, without respecting the Sacred
 ty of Princes: And they are full as base, who invited over
 of Orange, and to his Face call'd him their great Do-
 er, but have since his Death forgot every Word on't. Nor have
 Apollo's Tribe strung their Harps, or sung Lachrymæ on the
 of their great Patron, save the Noble M——gue, the
 Stennet, and the Immortal Dennis.

Let none be surpriz'd that I publish a Satyr on K. William;
 wou'd ask the late Dean of St. P—— what is publishing no
 a-Sermon on K. William's Death, (as he did on Q. Mary's)
 Temporizing Satyr against him?

What is our Livery-mens crowding and hunching so much at
 ons, but a Satyr on his restoring their Rights?

What is Sa——el's talking so high for the Church, but a Satyr
 Moderation?

What is T——'s writing no Elegy on K. William, but
 grateful Satyr on his Royal Master? Or in other Words, a
 g a Health to Sorrel: Yes, sure enough, such Men as these

Rejoice at the Disasters of his Crown,
 And drink the Horse's Health that threw him down.

Here's witty C—— (a Man that writes for Bread)

Whilst Royal William liv'd he Praises paid;

But now neglects the Hero since he's dead.

Not one poor Stanza yet his Urn dares grace:

A grateful Tribute for his Laureat's Place.

That the Frolick has gone round, and every Man (either by
 ing the Memory of his Benefactor, or by acting counter to that
 tion he prais'd in him) has made a Satyr against him; as if
 have us believe: all the Blessings of his Life are turn'd into
 since his Death.

Others (tho' not so ungrateful as these) are peremptory in their
 ons, and impose on the World their Conjectures for real Truth:
 siness therefore in this Satyr is to find out Truth, and to speak
 ether it be for, or against the Person I wou'd now satyrize.

William III. is now as dead as William I. and as he is gone, and
 ally extinct wish him, I can be under no Temptation to flatter
 him;

him; and, considering the Assistance I had from Col. Babington's Minutes, my bare relating Matter of Fact will be Satyr enough. For they are much mistaken, who think the Care of Princes sufficiently rewarded with the Wealth and Beauty of their Crowns. It is that, together with the Errors they are led into (by their Favourites) which torments and makes 'em unhappy.

But perhaps you'll say, That as Kings must see and hear by the Eyes and Ears of other People, this makes it their Misfortunes, more than their Crimes, that they do amiss.

To this I answer; Their little kind of short-lived Felicity is envelop'd with Error and Hazards; Treason and Mistakes are close Attendants of Majesty; and as Princes are often carried by those about 'em, so they have great Falls and Delinquencies. Precipice is from steep Rocks and Mountains; they fall from Heaven to Earth; and, when they are dead, even Pages of their Stairs dare satyrize Crown'd Heads.

Thrones are very uncertain, they are tottering and when the Royal Diadem twinkles, and is not so solid and durable, a fix'd and sharp Eye may look through it, and see its Spot and misshes in the very Noon of its Glory. The Purblind People (who can't see into the Secrets of Princes) are much amused and dazzled with the little Glitterings of Honour; they lift up their Heads and are elevated; they adore and worship the King, who knows nothing what Turmoils and Difficulties, what Fears and Troubles perplex him. Crowns are not so massy and ponderous, they are weighty and burdensome.

Our Gracious Queen being sensible of this, was pleas'd to give Her first Speech, That she was extreamly sensible of the Weight and Burthen the unspeakable Loss of the Crown brought, in particular upon Her self; which she pleas'd to say, Nothing cou'd encourage Her to undertake, but the great Concern She had for the Preservation of our Religion and the Laws and Liberties of Her Country.

The Dim-sighted Vulgar do not see the Thorns and Thistles attend Crowns, for those little Beams of Glory which surround them. The Purple of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but sometimes it is lined with Nettles and Brambles, with Scorpions and Daggers; and as the Splendor of a Crown is subject to a thousand Hazards, so the Person of a King is subject to a thousand Misfortunes.

But here K. William's Friends will be ready to say, That Respect that is due to a Crown'd Head, oblige us not to aggravate the Misfortunes or Errors, of his late Majesty, but rather cast a Veil over all his Failings.

To this I answer ——— I profess my self a Disciple of the Great Man, who being ask'd by Heliogabalus how he cou'd complain? Because, said he, I dare die: I can but die if I speak the Truth, and I must die if I flatter. And therefore

The P R E F A C E.

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is great Respect due to a Head that has wore a Crown, yet as Quality of the Person aggravates the Crime; so, should the Kings we see in a King escape Reflection, the malicious World say, (and justly too) that Justice is not fairly hood-wink'd, makes a Shift to get a Glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares more than an other; That all this Noise about a Reformation, is about little Sinners, while the Man of Quality may still take Liberty he himself pleases.

As this Impartial Regard to the Errors of Men, that makes attempt to blacken K. William's Memory, and I hope to prove as bad as the Devil cou'd make him: indeed his Friends say he never tempt him to a base Thing; yet I prove, in the following Satyr, that all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) digress from the ways of their Lives, (even Life it self is nothing else but a Digression) and for this Reason, were I a Williamite, I wou'd not cast the Failings of his late Majesty into the great heap of humane

But however Charitable I am to others, I have such an Opinion of William III. that I heartily wish and pray, (and I hope one that hates him as much as myself) That our Great Queen, and all those who succeed Her, may so far out-vince Him in all Virtue and Success, that his very Memory may shrink into as little a compass as some desire it, and may the Lustre of Her Name so far out-shine the Glory of King William, that the memory of his greatest Actions may be forgotten.

It is true, K. William deliver'd us all from Popery and Slavery, as the first King on the English Throne that promoted a Reformation of Manners: But tho' King William signally Retriev'd the ancient Honour and Glory of the English Nation, yet as his Successor made way for a Queen whose Heart is entirely English, and in a most particular manner a Nursing Mother to the Church of England, we may (with a good Conscience) rejoice in it, and wish he had died sooner.

Ever satyrical this may look upon K. William, (and upon several Clergy-men that condol'd his Death in Funeral Sermons) yet there's reason enough for this unnatural Joy, if we consider the humbling the French Tyrant (who contemptuously said, but a WOMAN had declar'd War against him) seems to have reserv'd only for Queen ANNE.

As K. William laid the Plan of this glorious Conquest, and we follow his brave Example, our Army will soon put Lewis into a Sweat.

As William III. that first set the Wheels of our Design on a going, or our Bodies had been now broiling in Smith-fields, and our Quarters adorning the City Gates; yet I wou'd leave it to our Quarters in this Undertaking, did not the Archbishop assure us, we had no Prospect but of sinking under Popery and

Arbitrary Government, yet then he rais'd up our late King and Queen, of glorious Memory, to rescue us from our Dangers, and to secure us in the Possession of all that was dear and valuable— And tho' (continues this great Prince) it hath pleas'd God to deprive us of these two great Blessings, in taking to himself first our incomparable Queen, and now lately our King; yet such is his Goodness, that he hath preserv'd to us another Branch of the same Royal Line (a Sister of our never-to-be-forgotten Queen) to repair our Losses.

So that we may warrantably rejoice in K. William's Death, it sets the Crown on the Head of a Queen that was provided and reserv'd to perfect that Reformation which he but began.

But his Friends tell us, Had he Reign'd longer, perhaps he had pleas'd every Body, and made the Nation eternally Happy.

To this I answer: This is but a thin Fig-leaf to cover K. William's Failings; for I might reply to this, If Nero had not died in the beginning of his Reign, or before his Quinquagesimal was run out, he had been rank'd among the best Emperors, and look'd upon to be little inferior to Titus himself.

But (say his Friends) supposing King William guilty of some Defects, yet, where the Good preponderates, we should not run, as peccant Humours, to the Tumour to enlarge.

To this I answer: Some Mens Prejudices, Passions, Ignorance, Malice, or Bigotry, have taught them often to invent, but catch at Failings in K. William, where they really know none; but 'tis no Argument, because some Men (who perhaps never saw him speak) have misrepresented his late Majesty, that Col. Bickerton shou'd be ignorant of him, who was near his Person for many Years, and ('tis clear by the following Satyr) was privy to his secret Actions, which being Notorious, I have made K. William as black as his worst Enemies can (in Reason) desire.

I own, those that can't find in their Hearts to forget the late Revolution, and thought K. William (as he call'd himself) the Common Father to all his People, will read with Indignation that K. William was hardly cold in his Death-bed when he endeavour'd to blast his Name; but the Case is alter'd, for being a High-flyer, I am now above the Wrath of Disbanded Senters, the very Devil himself (who Tuck---n says put in a Vacancy) can't frustrate my End in publishing this Satyr (as the World goes) what do I care to oblige the Whigs enough for me, that the turning K. William's Virtues into a Satyr will please his Enemies, I mean those fiery Sons of the Church who now sling about their Bombs and Granadoes against the Whigs, as if they were storming a Conventicle.

I hope this Satyr on K. William will be no less acceptable (such as reverence true History; for I do not only endeavour to

in every Virtue which his Friends say he possess'd; but I also
 see the very Secrets of his Life and Reign; especially those of
 Closet, bed-Chamber, and Cabinet-Council—— I shall also
 set out all his private Speeches and Sayings, from his Birth to his
 Death.

So that this Satyr sets K. William in a new Light, finds such
 visible Faults in his Conduct as no Man ever saw but my self; and
 writes the secret History of his Life and Reign.

It is true, upon a strict Observation of the Life and Actions of
 K. William, I cou'd never find he swore on Oath, that he ever
 embr'd, or (like his Predecessors) ever accusom'd himself to any
 such Expression: And he was a Prince of that strict Temperance,
 that he never drank to Excess.

As for that unnatural Vice which some said he was addicted to, to
 get certain Knowledge, he was as free from it, as Lot when he left
 Sodom. If any affirm he was guilty of that more natural Sin, of
 seducing a Woman, let him read his last Speech to the Parliament,
 which he says, I hope what Time can be spar'd will be em-
 ploy'd about those other desirable Things which I have so
 often recommended from the Throne; I mean, the forming
 of good Bills for employing the Poor, for encouraging Trade,
 and the farther suppressing Debauchery. And in his Speech he
 said to the Parliament, December 3. 1697. he tells 'em, He
 will place the Glory of his Reign in defending their Religion,
 Laws, and Liberties: And then adds, I shall make it my En-
 deavour effectually to suppress Prophaneness and Immorality,
 and to encourage Piety and Virtue.

Who that reads this excellent Speech, and still believes K. William
 innocent, we may conclude him endu'd with just such a convenient
 portion of Sense as wou'd go to the making a Jacobite.

By these Discoveries it appears that William III. (as if he were
 made of Flesh and Blood) did not make one sensual, or false Step,
 in his whole Reign; and that his Life was one continued Study for
 the Good of his People.

As if K. William was thus refin'd in his Morals, yet still he de-
 serves the following Satyr, for Humanum est errare, and therefore
 he cou'd not be faultless—— 'Tis true, the worst thing I
 say of him is, That he was a Man; for had he been a Woman,
 every Sex wou'd have oblig'd me to ha' thought him an Angel:
 but he was a Man, and that alone includes so many and such great
 Affections, that having made a narrow Search into his Conversa-
 tion I shall make him as black as a Man (quatenus, a Man) can be.
 For K. William's Virtues were as bright and universal as the
 Sun; but if Hypparchion (for which he was struck blind) cou'd find
 a Blot in the Sun it self, I may hope to find as many Blots in K.
 William's Blankness. I own, Plutarch (that Father of Morality)
 says of him that can moderate his Affections to be half virtuous;
 but that he has sovereign Command over his Passions, to be a perfect
 Man.

Man. But as these Days go, we take such to be good Men (as Cicero) as have only Appearance of Virtue in them. Sure the Perfection was too absolute for K. William: 'Twas the Saying of a late Author, That inferior Virtues were good enough for Men. Most think, if (with Balaam) they desire to die, the Death of a Righteous, it is enough they think, (like very Men as they are) matter for the Interim of their Lives.

But the Admirers of K. William will be ready to say, That he might transgress as he was a Man, yet consider him as King and he cou'd not err.

To this I answer—— I am very sensible that none can expect to make their Court to our Gracious Queen, by aspersing the Memory of our late Sovereign: For it must be acknowledg'd, that as Q. ANN was eminently instrumental in the late Revolution: so her Government stands upon the same Basis with that of K. William. Notwithstanding the bringing the illustrious House of Hannover into the Succession, any new Project in the Year 1700, since not only his late Majesty (with Consent of our present Queen) but most of the Lords, and many of the Commons, stickled for it Eleven Years before. But Princes are Demi-Gods, yet if we rake in their Actions, we shall find them Men: No Man is so Great or Holy but may err. I own, for a King to have his Honour darkned, is more than for an habitual Sinner to die upon the Gallows; yet it is not so notorious: For a black Spot is quickly discern'd in a beautiful Face, and the Sun is more gaz'd at in one Hour when Eclips'd, than in Seven Years when she shines brightly. So that as Greatness of Goodness sets off the Lustre of Virtue, so it makes Vice more apparent. And this is so evident by the following Satyr, that K. William's Friends will be forc'd to acknowledge it, if they read it thro'—— Yet I must so far satyrize my own Satyr, as freely to own, that K. William any thing else but a Man, I shou'd think him. However, the best of Men (for so the Williamites call him) are Men at the best; and therefore by dissecting K. William's Body (that I may shew where the Defects of Humanity reside) I shall do good Service to the English Nation, since the best way to avoid them is to know it.

This is the Subject of the ensuing Satyr, (which partly to amuse both Friends and Enemies) but is written with just Respect to Truth, that I have inserted nothing in it but what is able to prove.

Were this Satyr writ by a Friend of his late Majesty, I should suspect his Partiality wou'd blind him as to his chief Failings: but I have discover'd what Col. Rahington was privy to; and have made use of it the secret Memoirs of some noted Favourites to the late King, who had the Honour frequently to have his Ear.

But tho' the Design of the following Satyr is to expose the Errors and Failings of his late Majesty, yet I am willing to confess

never Curtains of Night-work I draw over his Throne, whatever I cast into his Courts, there will come a Time, when the Name of William will be as the pouring out of a sweet Ointment, and bruising of evaporating Spices. Then will our Annals be perfum'd with his Memory, when all the Honour we can do him will be bury'd in his Relicks, and make much of his Ashes. Then the Children of those who will not now give him a good Word, shall think worthy of Incense.

But if the Williamites shou'd be so ungrateful, as not to erect a Monument in Remembrance of him, (who rescu'd their Religion and Liberties from the Fears of Ruin and Destruction) all that I can say is that I shall then consent, that even this Satyr upon him may be a Rising Monument of his Fame: But I am willing to be thought an Enemy, and will vindicate this Satyr, 'till such Time the Williamites prove ungrateful; for why may not the Author of these Satyrs (like the rest of the World) adore the Rising Sun?

I shall only add—— When I first enter'd upon this Satyr, the Subject pleas'd me, yet not knowing but some might condemn it as soon as born, and perhaps such that were no Enemies to the Design of the Author; the Fear of this made me reflect on my Passage very like this, of a Book written in the last Age, to prove that Women had no Souls; wherein were amass'd up Scriptures, Authorities, and Reasons, to prove the Assertion, and all the Arguments to the contrary answer'd. This was the Face of the Book, but the real Design was to expose the Arguments of the Socinians against the Divinity of our Saviour, by making use of all their Topicks in proof of this ridiculous Assertion, and solving all those brought against it in the same manner they were accusom'd to do, as plainly shou'd to those who look'd close enough into it. However, some honest Man there was who happen'd upon the Book, (as perhaps some Williamites may do upon this Satyr) and not seeing thro' it, shou'd a mighty Indignation against the Person who endeavour'd to propagate such an Antiquated Heresie, and sets himself in good stead to write an Answer to it, to prevent the Mischief it might do in the World: Wherein he did very gravely refute all the Authorities and Reasons that Waz had laid together.

But I think this Satyr on K. William will meet with the same Fate. But that none may be scar'd with a Title-page, and now and then the Word Satyr in fearful great Characters and a Black Letter, shou'd here lead the World by the Nose into the Design thereof; and in this Preface let the Reader (if he is not a stark Fool) into the Nature of this so unintelligible a Work.

A
SATYR
UPON

King *WILLIAM, &c.*

IS on several Accounts dangerous to give a true Character of a living Prince*, for it must necessarily be either good or bad; if good, it will carry with it the Appearance of fulsome Flattery, and be ungrateful to the commended Sovereign: For by how much the more they deserve, much the less do they (generally) desire to be applauded: if the Character be bad, who will dare to speak it out, when Princes are arm'd with Power to do us so much Good, hurt, according as they are either pleas'd or displeas'd? by how much the worse they are, so much the less can bear to be told of it. But when they are remov'd out of the World, and Death has brought 'em upon a common Level with the rest of Mankind, every one will then take a better Freedom of Speech, and venture to say what was true, what they did believe before, tho' it was not fit to be said sooner.

As this emboldens me to attempt the writing a *Satyr* upon *William*; in which (for Method sake) I shall first treat of the Imperfections of his Body: And next, display those of his Mind.

And here, that I may do equal Justice both to his Virtues and Vices,

I shall first relate what *K. William's* Friends say of his Qualities.

See Mr. Robbinson's *Sermon on the Death and Funeral of the King.*

I shall next shew, how far I agree with his Friends, in what they say in his Praise.

And, that my Satyr may be as keen as possible,

I shall conclude each Head, with exposing all the Faults and find in every one of his Virtues.

For tho' his Friends tell us, *All the Virtues met and combin'd in his Royal Person, to reform the Age, and to vanquish the Empire of Sin and Darknes*; yet upon a narrow Search into his Life and Reign, I shall find such Failings to expose in him, as will convince his Admirers, that *William III.* was no more an Hero than his Predecessors.

This is the Method I shall pursue in the following Satyr in which (that I may paint *K. William* as Black as possible) I shall dip my Pen in Vinegar: Yet no Malice or Meanness shall make me forget, that I ought to speak only Truth.

To write the Secret History of *K. William*, is to expose some Men of the first Quality: But I fear nothing on that account of the Discoveries I make; for, as he is Dead, his Words can't make me guilty of Treason; or were *K. William* alive, if I asserted nothing but Truth, Truth would protect me. 'Tis true, as my Satyr will be all True it will bite the deeper: However, *Col. Babington* having kept a Journal of the Secrets of *K. William*, I resolve (now he is dead) to publish it.

I know those who tell us, *K. William had a brave and generous Soul; That his whole Life was a constant Course of doing Good*; I think a Satyr upon him a very ungrateful Task; but the Opportunities the Colonel had to discover more than other Men have put me upon writing this *Secret History*; in which no Blemish in the Soul or Body of *K. William*, shall escape my Pen.

Reader, you may now suppose me sitting in close Confinement against *K. William*, and ransacking every Inch of his Life and Reign. And, as my Design is not to palliate, but to expose his Vices; not an under Officer of his Court (either here or in *Holland*) but I'll strictly examine; that so where the least Defect appears, I may fairly expose it.

I shall also perswade the very Attendants of his Majesty into an unreserv'd Confession and Disclosure of the Customs of his House, (nay, and those of his very Chamber) nor shall the Freedom of his Table (for even when he is dead, I'll conceal nothing) be allow'd him upon any account probably even there but a Syllable might escape him, which may be artfully interpreted into Levity, or wrench'd into a Connivance at it: So that nothing shall escape my Satyr which will bear the least Shadow, or Reflection of Dishonour to the Person, Dignity, or Memory of *K. William*.

er I've narrowly search'd into his Life and Reign, no-
 can be squeez'd out that can (tho' but colourably)
 e him, I'll fall to indict even his Piety and Valour,
 r, if I can find nothing to satyrize here, I shall call for
 to penetrate into the very Recesses of his Soul; for it
 be there may sculk some wicked Thought (or I will guess
) which, if possible, I will tear from his Heart, and
 n my Satyr with it: But if even that be white and in-
 too, I will satyrize his dying Legacy *, (which every
 nite keeps in a Frame) and wil endeavour to prove,
 his snowy Innocence (had he hearkned to Bigots) wou'd
 taken a crimson Dye, and have been (at least) seemingly
 nal. So that my *Secret History* of K. William, will be a
 al Satyr upon his whole Life.

d here (that I may proceed in the Method I first pro-
) I shall first satyrize the Imperfections of his Body.

to his Body, 'tis no secret to tell the World, 'twill
 Satyr from Head to Foot. I confess, 'twas said of
 oyal Consort, "If Personal Accomplishments cou'd mea-
 a Crown, she might with Justice have challeng'd the
 yal Diadem, even in an Island to which all other Coun-
 s yield the Prize of Beauty; and, if sublime Virtue
 erves the supreme Command, (she was so far above Sa-
 she seem'd destin'd for the Empire of the World.

se were the Personal Accomplishments of Q. Mary; but
 Perfections can we find in the Body of her Royal Hus-
 —His very Birth (as if he was Born fighting) seem-
 natural; for he was so unruly whilst he lay in the wind-
 chambers of Nature, that the Princess Royal (his Mo-
 made him an Orphan of the eighth Month. As Satyr-
 is this looks, I have sufficient Evidence for it, in a Let-
 Mr. Abraham Comley †, where are these Words; "We
 receiv'd News the Princess Royal is in her eighth
 nth; if it please God to give her a Son, it will be some
 solation in this great Misfortune, the Death of the
 ce of Orange, who died last Week of the Small Pox;
 his Letter being written in the 18th of October, New
 was four Days alter her being brought to Bed, tho'
 Comley cou'd not at that time be suppos'd to know it,
 he Distance of Place; for every Body knows, that K.
 was Born on the 14th of November, 1650; that is
 th Day New Stile.

at he was oppos'd (if I may say so) even in the Womb,
 Sufferings he met with there, thro' the Grievs and

is last Spee ch' to the Parliament.
 be found in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 152.

Sorrows of a Mother made a Widow by the sudden Death of her Husband. The Impression his Father's Death made on his Mother was such, as rendered her incapable to take any due Care of him; so that he was cast upon the immediate Protection of Heaven in his very Infancy; for as few minded his many laid Snares for him, even in the Cradle. 'Tis true, he rose gradually by Opposition, and encreas'd in Favour with the People as he grew in Stature and Years; yet his Life was an Eye-sore to some great Men, (whose Names I think fit to conceal) that they thought it their interest to suppress his and speciously gave out, that it was the Interest of the publick so to do.

But tho' when he came into the World in the eighth Year few expected he cou'd live, and those that did, opposed his yet (as if he had made Bullets of Flesh and Blood) he went his way through the *Conduit of Nature*, and was (as they say) Born a Soldier.

Then none can doubt of the *Cruelty* he shew'd to his Mother, in coming so hastily into the World; but his Body was sufficiently punish'd for this unnatural Speed to be Charg'd on his Enemies; for 'twas often afflicted with one Distemper or other, nay, his very Friends have acknowledg'd in my hearing, "That K. William was but a sickly Man at the best; that his Cough and Asthma had consum'd him almost to a Skeleton; and therefore (say they) had he not had a Head wholly turn'd for great Matters, he'd ne'er have ventur'd himself in so many Campaigns.

'Tis true, (as his Friends tell us) "He descended from a Race of Hero's, who rose remarkably to the highest pitch of Honour and Goodness; yet they all acknowledge William's untimely Birth, that his Body was crazy, and of a slender make, and that he was of a sickly Constitution from his Youth; his very Heart it self (upon Dissection by Mr. Ward and others) was of the smaller Size, and his Body in general was much ematiated.

'Tis true, he was capable of enduring Fatigues in War and Hardships by Sea; but this was no great matter, because he made Difficulties easie to him, by frequent and constant Trials.

As his Heart (however magnanimous it was in Size) was a meer Punctilio for Size, so his Head (as much as his Friends extol it for *Wisdom* and *Piety*) was a sort of Squallor to his other Members. His Nose was of a Roman make; 'twere no abuse if I call'd it a Promontory: 'Tis true, his Forehead resembled that of *Julius Caesar*, and his Heart was Great; as if he had been mark'd out by Providence to be the first in *Contrivance* and *Courage*, and the second in *Success*.

to do him Justice, (for I not the Person but the Praises
 there was something extraordinary in his Eyes, Majesty
 Mildness (tho' seldom seated together) did equally shine
 in these wonderful Luminaries; they were all Flame,
 'twas a Lambent, not a scorching one.

How many things were there seen in him that rendred
 Perfections displeasing? For tho' his Eyes sparkled with
 Majesty and Mildness at the same time, yet (as if he wou'd
 thro' you) they were so piercing none cou'd bear to be-
 'em; and for this Reason he never forgot any Face he
 once fix'd his Eyes upon: So that by reason of his piercing
 Eyes (tho' there was a great deal of Mildness in 'em) one
 one's self, when one spoke to him, under a reverential
 Fear and Dread, as if by an unaccountable way he had been
 oblig'd to remember his Distance, and keep a just Decorum
 accordingly.

As much as he pierc'd and aw'd others, yet he was not
 observant of himself, in relation to little and minute
 things: Which great Neglect of himself his Friends excuse,
 saying, That he was a Thoughtful Person, of a vast Intellect, and
 minute Things were below him, and foreign to the Situation of
 his Mind, and Elevation of his Genius. But however exalted his
 Mind was (which I shall examine anon) 'tis certain, his Head
 was but a rough Figure at best, being of a large and oblong
 Shape; and for his Hand, (and had I Time, I wou'd satyrize
 upon other Members) tho' 'twas as soft and white as ever
 seen, yet was there a Taperness in all his Fingers, and
 which rendred his Body the more imperfect) there was but
 a little Symmetry in his whole Contexture.

What you see Reader, whatever fine things K. William's
 Friends say of his Mind, (which I shall next treat of) they
 are no great matter to boast of, with respect to his Body.
 In satyriz'd the Body of K. William, I shall next (that
 I may pursue the Method propos'd) discover the Imperfections
 of his Mind.

It wou'd be endless here to satyrize all K. William's Fail-
 ings, as he was a Man; but, that my *Secret History* may be
 more particular,

I will first discover and satyrize, what his Friends call his
 great Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders*, and in the
 Revolution.

That they call his Humility and great Condescension, in
 accepting of three Crowns.

That they call his gentle Reign, and Mildness of Temper,
 in the highest Provocations.

That they call his Fidelity to his People, and Ruling ac-
 cording to Law.

I shall also discover and satyrize, what his Friends call *Conjugal Love*, and Grief for the Death of his Queen.

What they call his Moderation and Tenderneſs to Proteſtants and Diſſenters.

What they call his ſurprizing Wiſdom, with which he contriv'd and carry'd on all his great Deſigns.

What they call his indefatigable Induſtry and Application, with which he alſo did attend 'em.

I ſhall next ſatyrize what his Friends call his *Generoſity, Juſtice, Complaiſance, Friendſhip, Sincerity, Magnificence, Liberality, and fine Speeches.*

I ſhall alſo diſcover many Secrets reſpecting his ſerious (as his Friends call it) undiſſembled Piety, neither ſo perfect a Perfection that was magnified in him, miſs of being ſo perfect to what it was.

And as I ſhall expoſe all the Secrets of his Life and Reſolution, ſo I ſhall be as ſatyrical upon (what the *Williamites* call it) his Pious and Triumphant Death.

Theſe are the Imperfections of his Mind I am now to diſcover and ſatyrize.

And the firſt I promis'd to take notice of, was (as his Friends call it) his matchleſs Conduſt and Valour, in *His Expedition into the Netherlands*, and the late Revolution: And here, that I may do Juſtice,

I am firſt to relate what *K. William's* Friends ſay of that daunted Courage, with which he look'd every Difficulty in every Enemy in the Face.

I am next to ſhew, how far I agree with his Friends in what they ſay of his Valour.

And (that my *Satyr* may be as keen as poſſible) I am to conclude this Head with expoſing all the Flaws I find in his ſeveral Atchievements.

Firſt, As to his *Conduſt and Valour* ——— (His Friends ſay)
 “ Never any Man beat the Paths of Honour and Dignity
 “ more Danger and Hazard than *William III.* or enjoy'd
 “ Seat of Authority with leſs Eaſe and Pomp.

He that conſiders with what Vigour and Dexterity he handled his Sword, will eaſily believe he was not only bred up in the Camp; that the Field was his Nurſery; that he was Rock'd in no other Cradle than in an Army Waggon; and that the Noiſe and Roarings of Guns were his Dalliance and Lullabies.

You might ſee him fight like a Champion, with Light in his Eyes; he drew his Sword as if he meant to cut off Heads at a Blow; he wou'd open a Paſſage for God's Army thro' all Hazards, and clear the Coaſt amidſt a Company of Devils.

did (say the *Williamites*) perform all that Historians ascribe in their own *Cæsars* and Princes: Who is so great a General that hath not heard of his Name, and the loud Noise of his Victories? He hath blown down the Walls of the *Spirifers*, and cursed (say his Friends) be that *Hiel* that re-joiceth in their Destruction. He hath put the *Perizites* to flight, and *Amorites* slain before him; neither is his Conduct and Valour reported to *Holland*, *Flanders*, or the Revolution in *England*, &c. almost Serene and Irradiant Abroad: The Christian Interest in all Regions and Countries had a good Share in his Victories: In what Court was he not termed *Illustrious*? And in what Palace and Territories was he not known and dreaded by the Name of *Invincible*? In a Word, he was compos'd all his Virtues, (he had all the Conduct that has ever been remarkable in all Ages before him) and his Valour had a kind of Impatience in compleating his Glories.

To prove this, (continue his Friends) do but examine the Motives that made him a Soldier, and you'll find, He had no Effeminate Pleasures, but reckon'd the Field of Battle as delightful as the Court, when Duty and his Peoples Call'd him Abroad to suffer Toils and Fatigues. And for this Reason, when Colonel *Babington* was privately ask'd what he thought of K. *William's* Valour, the Colonel answer'd, *William* is a great Soldier: And I really think (upon a diligent Search into his Conduct for many Campaigns) one that truly fears God. And therefore the *Williamites* tell us, that *Lewis Le-grand* contented himself to send his Armies under the Command of the other General, and thought it most adviseable to keep himself out of Harm's-way, he scorn'd to follow this Modern Mode of Cowardice, tho' set off under the specious Title of *Prudence*; but shew'd his Concern for his Soldiers, by placing himself as far as any of them; over whom he signally manifested his Vigilance and Care, at the same Time that he inspirited them by his Example.

How assiduous was he in Reviews? How narrowly did he observe them, as to Arms, Cloathing, and Horses? How they were paid and provided for? How did he sympathize with 'em when Funds became deficient? Of his Mortgaging so much of his own Estate, (which has been kept as a Secret to this Hour) is an unanswerable Argument. How often (said Col. *Babington*) have I seen him on his knees, almost the whole Day, considering the State of his Army, enquiring of the Motion of the Enemy, viewing the Ground for this and the other Design; and in a true, (says the Colonel) he was often thwarted in his Measures; whereas, had he always had the sole and supream Command of all other Troops as he had of the *English*, we
 B b
 "may

“ may well conclude he had sooner forc’d the *French* to
 “ sonable Terms. But however lasting the Wars were,
 certain (say the *Williamites*) his Conduct and Courage was
 Remarkable and Heroick: To the same Hearts he was
 formidable and belov’d. To his Soldiers he was courteous
 familiar; yet his Military Discipline was so sharp and
 that the Sentence of a *Court-Martial* seem’d not more ter-
 to them than one Frown of their General: They durst
 meet with the Thunder of an Enemy, than encounter
 Displeasure; and the certain Justice of his Passion. And
 (as Colonel *Babington* said, who was many Years in his Service)
 He knew well how to encourage with a Smile, how to
 with his Countenance: He cou’d make them valiant with
 Looks; and no Man cou’d teach them better how to use
 their Swords.

He was still careful, after Victory, to heal and bind up
 Wounds; and in all the Time of his Conduct, (which is
 the Heart of a Soldier) he wou’d be sure to reward Merit
 Courage wherever he found it. He was besides, a great
 of his Men, even of those that were slain and left behind
 the Field; to whom (as Col. *Babington* tells us) he visit-
 press’d himself, even after their Deaths, in being ever
 of their Widows and Orphans: When the Fathers were
 he had Tears and Succour for their Children and Families
 of which (’tis in vain to deny it) my *Secret Memoirs* give
 ral Instances.

In whatsoever we examine and scan the Conduct of
William; wheresoever we trace him, we find Prudence direct
 Piety commanding, Courage undertaking, Valour performing
 and all the Graces together turn’d *Amazons*, and fighting
 his Conduct. Neither (say the *Williamites*) can any
 doubt K. *William*’s Bravery, that will privately trace
 matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland*, *Flanders*, &c.
 the late Revolution, &c.

To begin with *Holland*, when *De Wit* was sent to the
 of *Orange* with a Message from the States, when some were
 depressing his Highness, which was long before he was
 Stadtholder, the young Prince, with a Courage becoming
 Family, made Answer, “ That He, his Father, Grandfather
 “ and Great Grandfather, having so long liv’d in this
 “ he was very unwilling to leave it; and the Pensionary
 “ go and tell the States, wou’d not, till forc’d or
 The Prince returning this brave Answer, the States took
 it their best Prudence to let the Matter die, and to
 farther Notice of it.

His matchless Valour is also seen in the following Instance
 When a certain Duke (whose Name I forbear to mention)

Arguments with the Prince of *Orange*, for accepting of Sovereignty of his Country under the Protection of *England* and *France*, he telleth him at last, "He wonder'd what he cou'd propose to himself in such a desperate Case; and according to the Humour he persisted in, he must unavoidably see the final Ruine of it: But the Prince replied, that what his Grace said concerning their dangerous Conjunction, was indeed true; but yet that he had one way still left not to see it compleated; which was, to lie in the last Stake: By which he meant the fighting it to the last.

The *Williamites* tell us, that after the Battle at *Senef**, there was a Letter intercepted from the Prince of *Conde* to the *French*, wherein he gave him an Account; That upon a general Review of his Army, he found himself but in a sorry Condition, having lost the Flower of his Infantry, and the best part of his Horse; and therefore did not think himself strong enough to hazard a second Engagement. And as this Generous Prince was very ingenuous in the Acknowledgment of his Loss; he was no less just to his great Adversary the Prince of *Orange*, giving him the Character, "That he had acted like an old Captain in all, but only venturing himself too much like a young Man.

Not more full yet was that of General *Zouches* Letter to the *States*; wherein, amongst others, he us'd these Expressions: "I have endeavour'd to discharge my Duty in attending His Highness the Prince of *Orange*, during the bloody and famous Battle between the Confederate Arms and that of the Most Christian King; the Issue of which has prov'd so much to the Glory of the Prince of *Orange*, who (tho' he is young) shew'd upon that Occasion, the Prudence of an Aged Captain, the Courage of a *Cæsar*, and the undaunted Bravery of a *Marius*: All which, my Lords, I speak without Flattery, which is contrary to my Nature—— And the *Williamites* add, That his Allies, his Friends, and his very Enemies, agreed in giving him equal Glory upon this Adventure.

But he had none greater than what he gain'd at the Siege of *Mastricht*†. Which Siege was carry'd on with such Bravery, that the Prince, exposing himself upon all Occasions, receiv'd a Pistol-shot in his Arm; at which, perceiving those about him were daunted, he immediately pull'd off his Hat with the Hand that was hurt, and wav'd it about his Head, to shew the King and was but in the Flesh: At which they all reviv'd, and his Highness went on in the vigorous Prosecution of the Siege. At this Siege of *Mastricht*, he behav'd himself with such Courage and Bravery, that *Heer Dyke Velis*, in his Letter to the *States General*, is pleas'd to say, "High and Mighty Lords,

* In August, 1674. † In July, 1676.

“ it was to have been wish'd that God wou'd have bless'd our
 “ Arms at the Siege of *Maestricht*; for his Highness, the Prince
 “ of *Orange*, shew'd extraordinary Diligence, Vigilance, and
 “ Courage, upon this Occasion: He encourag'd our Troop
 “ with the greatest Care and Application imaginable during
 “ the whole Siege, and often put his own Person in eminent
 “ Danger.

They also tell us, That at the Battle of *Montcassel**, the
 Prince fought with great Bravery and Resolution; That he
 led up every Batallion and Squadron in Person; That he rally'd
 his broken Troops several times, and renew'd the Charge;
 but at last, (as some have confes'd that were near his Person,
 was quite born down by the plain Flight of his Men, when
 he was forc'd to resist like Enemies: He fell in among them
 with Sword in Hand, and cutting the first cross the Face, cry'd
 out aloud, *Raskal, I'll set a Mark on thee; at least, that I may
 hang thee afterwards.* But 'twas not his Conduct nor Bravery
 cou'd give Courage to Men that had already lost it; and so
 the Prince was forc'd to yield to the Torrent of these Run-
 ways, that carry'd him back to the rest of his Troops, which
 yet made a stand; with whom, and what he cou'd gather of
 those that had been routed, he made (say his Friends) a Retreat
 that came little short of a Glorious Victory—— And it's
 is confirm'd by a private Letter sent by the Duke of *Montcaul*,
 to an *English* Gentleman then at the *Hague*; where are these
 Words: “ What may I not say, where I can say nothing
 “ too much? Nothing so Brave which is not due to the Con-
 “ duct and Valour of the Prince of *Orange* at the Battle of
 “ *Montcassel*: He held up and maintain'd the Cause and Spirit
 “ of his Army; when all was near lost, but the Courage of
 “ this vigorous Commander, he won back, and regain'd all
 “ by a Victory.

About this Time, the States order'd a Medal to be stamp'd
 in Honour of his Highness; the Words were, *God preserve
 His Royal Highness the Prince of Orange: He is the Honour and
 Protector of his Country.*

And in the Year 1675, the *French* King himself sent him this
 Complement: “ Sir, I assure you that your Conduct and
 “ Valour for some Years, has not lessen'd the Affection which
 “ I always had for your Person and Family—— To which
 the Prince return'd this Answer, by the same Hand: “ I ac-
 “ knowledge the Honour Your Majesty did me; and do assure
 “ Your Majesty, that the Misfortunes of the Times has not lessen'd
 “ the Respect and Veneration which is due to Your Person.

The *Williamites* give us more Instances of his Conduct and
 Valour in *Holland*, and *Flanders*.

* In April, 1677.

They tell us, at the Battle of *St. Dennis*, (where was nothing but Fire and Smoke to be seen) the Prince of *Orange*, accompany'd with the Duke of *Monmouth*, (and animated with Hopes of good Success) cry'd *To me, to me*, to encourage Regiments that were to second the foremost.

At the Battle at *Flerus* he shew'd himself a Hero, and a great Commander.

At the Sieges of *Mons, Ipres, Namur, and Charleroy, &c.* he acquitted himself with the like Bravery.

He twice attempted the Relief of *Utrecht* (when besieg'd by the *French*) and after the loss of Colonel *Zulestine*, (whom he dearly lov'd) he maintain'd a desperate Fight for several Hours.

He took *Beaumont* in the Sight of the Duke of *Luxemburg*: which Time a strange Providence happen'd to His Majesty as he was standing under a Tree to view the Enemy's Camp; for the Enemies perceiving abundance of Attendance, they fir'd their Cannon at the Place, believing the King was there: His Majesty was but just mov'd from the Place, when a Cannon-bullet shot the Tree against which he stood.

And at the Battle of *Landen*, K. *William* shew'd himself (as he had always done) a Brave and Gallant Man: And (say his Friends) it was only the wonderful Providence of God that preserv'd one who expos'd himself so much as he did; and narrowly escap'd Three Musket-shots; one thro' the Petcock, which made him deaf for a while; another thro' the Sleeve of his Coat, which did no harm; and the third carry'd off the End of his Scarf, and left a small Contusion on his Side. But

(the *Williamites*) His Majesty this Day gain'd so far the Respect and Admiration of his Enemies, that it was a common saying amongst them, *That they wanted but such a King to make themselves Masters of Christendom.* And the Brave Prince of *Conti*, in a Letter of his intercepted to his Princess, was pleas'd to express himself thus: "That he saw the King every where present, where there was any Action, exposing his person to the greatest Dangers; and that it was pity so much Valour cou'd not have the peaceable Possession of the Crown he wore.

But his Bravery and Courage appear'd chiefly in this, That no Success lifted him up; so no Loss or Disappointment sunk his Spirits, or cast him down; the same Sedateness and Composure being ever discernible in him. When therefore he was oblig'd to retire with a considerable Loss at *Landen*, he said to a certain Prince who was blaming this and the other Party for not doing their Duty. "Forbear, this is the Will of God, and what we call the Fortune of War; nor is it any thing extraordinary for a greater Army to conquer a smaller one: nor am I easily beat. It was ever the Fortune of my Great Grandfather, to grow by Losses and Disappointments: And

“ so it has been with my self ; and you shall find this verify
 “ quickly ; for you will soon see me at the Head of a better
 “ Army than before. Which was remarkably fulfilled not long
 after.

By which we see, true Gallantry hath a Never-dying & Immortal Lustre, it may be Clouded for a Time, (as was in the late Disappointment at *Cadix*) but it is to Advantage breaks out with greater Splendor than before.

But K. *William's* Bravery and Conduct never shew'd it better at a more seasonable Time, or more dazled the Beholders, than it did at the famous Congress of the Confederate Princes where His Majesty courageously told 'em, “ That in the Circumstances they were in, it was not Time to deliberate, but to act ; That the Enemy was Master of all the chief Forts that were the Barrier of the Common Liberty; and that he wou'd quickly possess himself of all the rest, if the Spirit of Division, Slowness, and private Interest continu'd among 'em ; That it was nothing but Soldiers, strong Arms, and prompt and sincere Union between all the Forces of the Alliance that must do the Work; and that these must be brought to oppose the Enemy, without Delay, if they wou'd put a stop to his Conquests. Then drawing to a Closure, He protested, as to himself, he wou'd never spare his Credit, Fortune nor Person, to concur with them in so just and necessary a Design : And that he wou'd come in the Spring at the Head of his Troops, to make good his Royal Word: Which he did with a Witness ; for (as if he had been but a *Royal Post*) he cross'd the Seas every Year, to Head the Confederates, and to beat the *French*.

Thus have I made a faithful Discovery of what K. *William's* Friends call his matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland* & *Flanders*, (both before and since he was Crown'd) I shall not reveal what farther *Secrets* they give us, (and to which *Cadix* & *Babington* was made privy) in relation to his *Military Achievements* in the late Revolution : And I shall be the freer to magnify his Warlike Actions, that when I come to satyryze his Conduct I may be thought impartial.

So that in the Prosecution of this *Secret History*, I am not to discover what his Friends say of his Expedition for *England*.

They tell us, when we were on the Brink of Ruine, the Prince of *Orange* being invited over by several Noblemen, (who privately cross'd the Seas to carry the several Disparities &c.) came to defend us from *Popery* and *Slavery*: This was the End he had in his Eye. When he took leave of the several Noblemen, he told 'em, (and I have it from one that was then present) “ That it was needless for him to recapitulate the Reasons which induc'd him to leave his Native Country; That he hop'd and pray'd that God wou'd endue him with Wisdom
 “ Force

fore-sight, and Courage, and not withdraw his Arm from him
 Time of Need: That he call'd God to witness, between him-
 self and his own Conscience, that he did not undertake such an
 arduous Affair for his own Glory, but that his only Aim was
 the Honour of God, the Welfare of their Country, and the
 Christian Religion; and that therefore he hop'd God wou'd
 bestow his Blessing upon it. And here he seem'd to have
 made an End; but yet (being a most tender Husband) he re-
 commended one thing more to 'em; "That as he did not
 know how God might dispose of him, since he had put on his
 sword, and did not know when he shou'd put it off: That if
 he shou'd lose his Life in the Expedition, they wou'd
 take the Princess (his Wife) under their Protection, who
 was as well affected to that Country, and the Religion
 planted there, as he was: That she cou'd no where find
 such a secure Place, as under the Wings of the States: And
 then (as the private Minutes assure me) he desir'd they wou'd
 always mind him in their publick and private Prayers, of
 which he shou'd have the same Regard to them: With which
 words the Tears ran down his Face; and I'm told the Pen-
 sionary return'd him an Answer suitable to the Occasion.

After the Prince had taken this private Farewel o' the States
 of Holland, he embark'd in the Dutch Fleet, consisting of 52
 Ships of War, and 14352 Land Forces. He was accompany'd
 by several English and Scotch Lords; as the Earl of
 Pembury, Marquis of Winchester, E. of Macclesfield, Viscount
 Portland, E. of Argyle, Lord Wiltshire. Lord Pawlet, Lord Coot,
 Lord Elan, and the Lord Dunblaine, together with Dr. Burnet,
 Ferguson, Wildman, and some others. And the Williamites say,
 Marshal Schomberg, and two or three Hundred French Officers,
 who left their Country upon the score of their Religion, had
 likewise a Share in this Protestant Expedition.

Admiral Herbert leading the Van of the Fleet, and Vice-
 Admiral Everson bringing up the Rear, the Prince of Orange
 plac'd himself in the main Body, carrying a Flag with English
 Colours, and their Highness's Arms, with this Motto, *The
 Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of England*; and underneath
 the Motto of the House of Nassau; *I will maintain it.*

Being now at Sea, there arose a terrible Storm; but the
 valiant Orange was not in the least dismay'd, when most Mens
 hearts were as Stones, dead with Fear, his Countenance was
 serv'd not to alter, as other Mens did; but, like a true Paul,
 a Servant of Jesus Christ, he encourag'd all in the Ship where
 he was, making them chearful, when their Spirits were dejected,
 saying to some in the Ship these Words, (as I receiv'd Informa-
 tion from one in the same Vessel) *For my part, I am not in the
 least doubtful, but that we shall do very well; I know God is a
 merciful God, and tries the very Heart and Reins, and sees the very*

End and Bottom of my Thoughts: He knows my Integrity in the Undertaking; that 'tis not to get myself a Name, or for my sake, but for the Promotion of his Glory, and his Church's Good; and therefore he will not give his Enemies any Cause to rejoice in the Destruction of the pure in Heart. And I'm told by a Noble Lord (then on Board the Ship call'd the Golden Sun) that a certain Minister in the Fleet pulling a Bible out of his Pocket, he open'd, and held it so in his Right Hand, making many Discourses with it unto the People, whose Eyes were fix'd on him, and duly observ'd him; thereby signifying to the People the flourishing of the Holy Bible, (by God's Blessing upon the Prince of Orange's Endeavours) and calling out as loud as he was able, said unto them on the Top of the Rocks; For the Protestant Religion, and maintaining of the Gospel in the Truth and Purity thereof, are we all, by the Goodness and Providence of God, come hither, after so many Storms and Tempests. Moreover, (said he) it is the Prince of Orange that's come, a zealous Defender of that Faith which is truly Ancient, Catholick, and Apostolical, who the supream Governour of this very great and formidable Kingdom. Whereupon all the People shouted for Joy, and Huzzas now eccho in the Air, many amongst them throwing up their Hats, and all making Signs with their Hands. So after the Minister had given them some Salutations, and they had return'd him the same again, he came down from off the upper Deck unto the vulgar one, among his Acquaintance.

On the 4th of November, being Sunday, and the Birthday of the Prince, most People were of Opinion, that he was Landed either in the Isle of Wight, or Portsmouth; but his Highness dedicated that Day to the Use to which it is consecrated by the Church; that is, to the Service of God Almighty: And now a Protestant Wind mov'd every Tongue, and was part of our secret Letany.

On the 5th of November, they Landed at Torbay, where the People (being already prepossess'd with the good Intentions of the Prince) flock'd to the Shore, not to oppose the Prince's Landing, but to welcome their Great Deliverer with loud Acclamations, and to furnish him with all Necessaries.

The Prince of Orange, after his Landing, took up his Quarters at Sir William Courtney's House, within a Mile of Exeter Abbot; where (whatever the Jacobites have said to the contrary) he was very kindly entertain'd; but the Prince finding the Ground hereabout unfit for a Camp, he rid with his Army to Exeter, whither Dr. Burnet was sent before to prepare Quarters for his Highness.

As soon as he came to Exeter, (where he enter'd in a Glorious and Triumphat Manner) the first thing he did, was, to pay his grateful Acknowledgments to the Almighty, and cause *Te Deum* to be sung in the Cathedral, for his safe Arrival.

er the Collects were ended, Dr. Burnet began to read His Highness's Declaration; which being ended, he said, *God save Prince of Orange*; to which, most of the Congregation answer'd, *Amen*.

During the Prince's Stay at *Exeter*, News was brought him, a private Hand, that his Friends were up in the *North*; as Lord *Delamere*, Earl of *Devonshire*, Earl of *Stamford*, Earl *Danby*, Sir *Scroop How*, Sir *William Russel*, with divers others. His Express came to the Prince nine Days after his Arrival; the first that join'd him were Sir *Robert Peyton* (who rais'd a Regiment in the space of one Day) and the Gentlemen of *Wiltshire* and *Derbyshire*; to whom (as one that was near his Person assures me) his Highness made the following Speech.

"Gentlemen, tho' we know not all your Persons, yet we have a Catalogue of your Names, and remember the Character of your Worth and Interest in your Country. You see we are come according to your Invitation, and our Promise. Our Duty to God obliges us to protect the Protestant Religion; and our Love to Mankind, your Liberties and Properties.

"We expected you: that dwelt near the Place of our Landing, would have join'd us sooner; not that it is now too late, or that we want your Military Assistance so much as your Countenance and Presence, to justify our declar'd Pretensions, in order to accomplish our good and gracious Design. Tho' we have brought both a good Fleet, and a good Army, to render these Kingdoms happy, by rescuing all Protestants from Popery, Slavery, and Arbitrary Power; by restoring them to their Rights and Properties establish'd by Law, and by promoting of Peace and Trade, which is the Soul of Government, and the very Life-Blood of a Nation; yet we rely more on the Goodness of God, and the Justice of our Cause, than on any Humane Force and Power whatever: Yet since God is pleas'd we shall make use of Humane Means, and not expect Miracles for our Preservation and Happiness; let us not neglect making use of this gracious Opportunity, but with Prudence and Courage put in Execution our so honourable Purposes.

"Therefore, Gentlemen, Friends, and Fellow Protestants, we bid you and all your Followers most heartily welcome to our Court and Camp. Let the whole World now judge, if our Pretensions are not just, generous, sincere, and above Price, since we might have even a Bridge of Gold to return back: But it is our Principle and Resolution, rather to die in a good Cause, than to live in a bad one; well knowing that Virtue and true Honour is its own Reward, and the Happiness of Mankind our great and only Design.

We

We have had many false and imperfect Accounts of this Excellent Speech; but I can assure the Reader, that which is here inserted, is exact to a Word, as the Prince spoke it.

The *Williamites* tell us, this Valiant Speech of the Prince of Orange so gain'd the Hearts of the West-Country-Men, that they Huzza'd him where'er he come; and when he came to London, (which he did with very little Difficulty) there was a Noble Medal struck upon his Memorable Entry into London, having these Words; *William III. by the Grace of God, Prince of Orange, the Restorer of Religion and Liberty.*

Most of the Nobility Congratulated his Highness's safe Arrival at St. James's; and on the 20th, the Aldermen and Common-Council of the City of London, attended his Highness upon the same Account; and the Lord-Mayor being disabled by Sickness, Sir George Treby Kt. Recorder of the Honourable City of London, made an Oration to his Highness, to the Effect.

May it please your Highness,

- “ THE Lord-Mayor being disabled by Sickness, your Highness is attended by the Aldermen and Common-Council of the Capital City of this Kingdom, deputed to Congratulate your Highness, upon this great and glorious Occasion, in which labouring for Words, we cannot but come short in Expression.
- “ Reviewing our late Danger, we remember our Church and State over-run by Popery and Arbitrary Power, and brought to the Point of Destruction, by the Conduits of Men, that were our true Invaders, that break the Sacred Fences of our Laws, and (which was worse) the very Constitution of our Legislators.
- “ So that there was no Remedy left, but the last.
- “ The only Person, under Heaven, that cou'd apply the Remedy, was Your Highness.
- “ You are of a Nation, whose Alliances at all Times, have been agreeable and prosperous to us.
- “ You are of a Family most Illustrious, that have been benefactors to Mankind. To have the Title of *Swiss Prince, Stadtholder*, and to have worn the *Imperial Crown* are amongst their lesser Dignities. They have long enjoyed a Dignity singular and transcendent, viz. To be Champions of Almighty God, sent forth to several Ages, to rescue his Cause against the greatest Oppressions.
- “ To this Divine Commission, our Nobles, our Gentry, and among them our brave *English* Soldiers, render'd themselves, and their Arms upon your appearing.

Great SIR,

“When we look back to the last Month, and contemplate the Swiftnels and Fulness of our present Deliverance, astonish'd, we think it miraculous.

“Your Highness, lead by the Hand of Heaven, and call'd by the Voice of the People, has preserv'd our dearest Interests.

“The Protestant Religion, which is Primitive Christianity, restor'd.

“Our Laws, which are our ancient Title to our Lives, Liberties, and Estates, and without which, this World were a Wilderness.

“But what Retribution can we make to your Highness?

“Our Thoughts are full charg'd with Gratitude.

“Your Highness has a lasting Monument in the Hearts, in the Prayers, in the Praises of all good Men amongst us; and late Posterity will celebrate your ever-glorious Name, till Time shall be no more.

The chief Design of this *Satyr*, is to discover such Secrets have hitherto lain conceal'd; and therefore I had not inted this grateful Speech, (made to the Prince at his first coming) but only to refresh the Memory of those, who in their transports of Joy for a Gracious Queen, have forgot what storm and miserable Condition the Prince of *Orange* ventur'd his Life to deliver us from; and likewise to convince my Reader, am as just to K. *William's* Virtues, as I shall be to his Failings, when I come to 'em. But to return to the *Secret History* of his Conduct and Valour.

The Prince succeeding in his Noble Enterprize, the late *James* abdicated the Throne, went down the River to *Bekester*, and from thence took Shipping for *Brest*, whither the Queen and supposed Prince of *Wales* was gone before, and himself soon after. Upon which, the Prince of *Orange* dispatch'd his Circular Letters for the Meeting of the CONVENTION; who after some Debates, whether the Vacant Throne ought to be fill'd up by a Regent or a King, they made a Tender of the Crown to their Highnesses; to which the Prince of *Orange* return'd this following Answer.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

THIS is certainly the greatest Trust you have in us that can be given, which is the thing that makes us value it the more: And we thankfully accept what you have offer'd: And as I had no other Intention in coming hither, than to preserve your Religion, Laws, and Liberties; so you
“ may

“ may be sure that I shall endeavour to support them, and
 “ shall be willing to concur in any thing that shall be for the
 “ Good of the Kingdom, and to do all that is in my Power to
 “ advance the Welfare and Glory of the Nation.

And the same Day their Majesties were solemnly Proclaim'd King and Queen of *England, Scotland, France and Ireland*, by the Names of *William and Mary*. And thus (as the *Witness* tell us) by the *Conduct and Valour* of *K. William*, was accomplish'd the greatest *Revolution* that ever befel the *English Nation*; and it so pleas'd the *Savoy Ambassador*, that a Month after (at a *Private Audience*) he thus complimented the new King.

Great S I R,

HIS Royal Highness my Master, does by me Congratulate your Sacred Majesty's glorious Accession to the Crown: It is due to your Birth, and deserv'd by your Virtue, and is merit'd by your Valour, &c.

This is the Account *K. William's* Friends give of his *Conduct and Valour*, with respect to the late *Revolution in England*; and as *Col. Babington* was privy to most of it, it must be own'd to be Matter of Fact.

I shall next add, what Discoveries they make as to his *Military Achievements in Ireland*, and as they have been conceal'd for several Years, they render 'em a secret History of that Expedition—And now fresh Laurels attend him again in *Ireland*.

In this new Expedition *K. William* went to subdue the Rebels then under the Command of the late *K. James*.

K. William being Landed at *Carrickfergus* (attended by his Royal Highness *Prince George of Denmark*, and the *D. of Ormond*) his Majesty vigorously pursued the War, and (observing the small Progress his Army made in his Absence) disapproved of the cautious Councils of some of his Generals, by saying, *He did not come there to let Grass grow under his Feet*.

Upon a critical Review he found his Army to consist of 3600 Men, and marching his Army to *Dundalk*, was so pleas'd with the Prospect of the Country as he rid along, that he said to those about him, *it was highly worth fighting for*.

His steady Belief of a *Divine Providence*, did enable him in *Ireland*, (as it had done in other Places) with Life and Courage, to expose himself to the most threatening Danger. His Attempts of this kind, and the unmov'd fearless Spirit that appear'd in his Fight at the *Boyne*, was misinterpreted by some of his Officers, as if they had proceeded from a

his Notion of *Fatality*, tho' few knew his Sentiments in
 Matter: Yet I can assure my Reader, he has with great
 Freedom (in Private) declar'd himself to this purpose, viz.
 When a Battle was approaching, or other hazardous Enter-
 prize, that his Method had been seriously to consider what was
 his present Duty; and that when, upon due deliberation, he
 had seen Reason to determine that God wou'd have him ex-
 pose himself, he wou'd add, He then knew not what Fear
 meant; for that he knew under whose Protection he went,
 as (say the *Williamites*) this Belief of a Divine Provi-
 dence, that made his Majesty at the *Boyne* to march in the
 front of his Forces, resolving in Person to fight the Enemy.

Major-General *Scravenmore* seem'd to despise K. *James's*
 Army, saying, "They were but a Handful of Men; but the
 Duke and Prince *George* wisely answer'd, "That they might
 have a great many Men in the Town, &c. however (ad-
 dress'd the King) we shall soon be better acquainted with their
 Numbers. The King (like a valiant General) marching
 nearer the Enemy, the *Irish* fired at him, and with the first
 shot kill'd a Man and two Horses within an hundred Paces of
 his Majesty. This Bullet was presently succeeded by another,
 which flanted upon the King's Right Shoulder, took out a piece
 of his Coat, and tore the Skin and Flesh, and afterwards broke
 the Head of a Gentleman's Pistol.

'Tis more easie to conceive than express, what a sudden Con-
 fusion this Accident struck into all that were about the
 King! but his Majesty's Belief of a Divine Providence, made
 it not difficult to imagine how calm and undisturb'd his Majesty
 remain'd — The King himself took notice of this unexpect-
 ed Accident, but kept on his pace, saying, *There was no necessity*
that any Bullet should come nearer.

However the Enemy reported K. *William* was kill'd, and the
 News spread as far as *Paris*, where the giddy Multitude ex-
 press'd their saucy Joy by Bonfires: But his Majesty having got
 his slight Wound dress'd, mounted again on Horseback, and
 address'd himself to the whole Army, to dissipate their just
 Fears.

That nothing cou'd discourage his Majesty; for that Even-
 ing K. *William* gave Orders that every Soldier shou'd be pro-
 vided with a good stock of Amunition, and all to be ready to
 march at Break of Day, with every Man a green Bow or Sprig
 in his Hat, to distinguish him from the Enemy, who wore
 Hats of white Paper in their Hats — The Word that
 was given was *Westminster*. His Majesty rid in Person about
 twelve at Night with Torches quite thro' the Army, and
 retir'd to his Tent, with eager Expectation (to see his own
 Army) of the glorious approaching Day. And never was a
 more memorable Battle fought in this Western Part of the
 World

World; for, as two Kings in Person contended for the Imperial Crown of *England*, so the Fate of their respective Affairs (and consequently of all *Europe*) seem'd to depend: on the Success of their Arms: Both Armies were animated by the Presence of their Sovereign, and both fought for their Religion.

The expected Day being come, K. *William* Attack'd K. *Jacob* upon the Banks of the River *Boyne*, gave him a total Rout, and struck him into such a Pannick Fear, that he run, like a frightened Hare, first to *Dublin*, thence to *Waterford*, where he took Shipping for *France*, leaving an easie Conquest of the whole Kingdom to K. *William*; which was afterwards compleatly done by the Earl of *Athlone*.

Upon the Report of this Victory, Colonel *Fitz-Gerald* (who was then in *Dublin*) was pleas'd to say, "His Majesty is Born to Teach and Instruct Kings in their Wars, and is (continu'd the Colonel) so blessed with all the Gifts and Accomplishments of a great General, that God and Nature seem in this last Age of the World (when valiant Fights are scarce) to have sent him to *Ireland* for a Novelty, and a special Token of Endearment.

K. *William*, during the Battle at the *Boyne*, might be seen to be every where, since he directed all by his Conduct, and gain'd a glorious Victory. So that K. *William's* Valour (as his Friends tells us) had a great Share in the Honour of that Day.

His Majesty, accompany'd with the Prince of *Denmark*, pass'd the River with the Left Wing of the Horse, and that with great Difficulty; for his Horse was Bog'd on the other side, and himself forc'd to alight 'till one of his Attendance had disengag'd his Steed; but as soon as the Men were put in order, his Majesty drew his Sword and march'd at the Head of the Troop towards the Enemy: But the *Irish* resuming Courage, and King at their Head: Thereupon the King rid to the Troop, and ask'd them, *What they wou'd do for him? Answered by this Invitation, they boldly came forward, and at the Head of the Troop the King receiv'd the Enemies Fire. Lieutenant Milton being routed Horse and Foot, and himself taken Prisoner when he was brought to the King his Majesty ask'd him, whether the Irish wou'd fight any more? — Yes, Sir, (reply'd Milton) upon my Honour, I believe they will. When he proceed'd that Word Honour, the King look'd wistly upon him, and turn'd about, repeating once or twice, your Honour! Let me know, that what he assur'd upon his Honour, was not to be depended upon, since he had forfeited that before, in siding with Tyrconnel; and this was all the Rebuke the King gave him for his Breach of Trust.*

this Fight at the Boyne (the Duke of Scomberg (one of the Generals France ever had) was shot thro' the Neck, and Walker, so famous for the Defence of Londonderry, receiv'd wound in the Belly.

the whole Action his Majesty did all that the greatest of Generals cou'd do upon this Occasion: "He chose the Field, dispos'd the Attacks, drew up his Army, Charg'd the Enemies several times, Supported his Forces when they began to sink, and demea'd himself throughout with that Conduct, Gallantry, Resolution and Presence of Mind, (and such a Poise for the enclining Victory to his own side) that the Irish themselves confess'd, "That if the English King'd Kings with them, they wou'd fight the Battle over again.

After the Victory of the Boyne was over, K. William rid in a triumphant Manner to Dublin, where one of the Magistrates, in the Name of the City, gave him the following Welcome.

Great SIR,

I had need of good Eyes to contemplate your Glory, but more especially your Victory at the Boyne. It hath all in it, that for the past hath been Resplendent and Dazling: We may see in you all the Great and Valiant Princes we read of: You resemble all in your Conduct and Valour; their best Features are all united and mingled in you; you represent them most lively, as if when they were framing You, they had all sate for their Pictures.

This eloquent Speech (which was ne'er publish'd before) ended, K. William went to St. Patrick's Church, to return Thanks to Almighty God for his late Conquest.

It is certain, he own'd God in all his Victories; for in his Speech to the Parliament, (1694.) he tells the Commons, He will endeavour to do his part to carry on the War; but adds, It is the Blessing of God we must all expect such Success as may answer our Desires. — And he was so very mindful of the good Success of his Arms in the Reduction of Ireland, that he appointed the 5th of November, 1691, to be kept for a solemn Day of Thanksgiving for the same.

I shall only add what an ancient Lawyer told K. William, at the beginning of the Revolution, "That he had out-liv'd all the Lawyers in England, and had he not come over, he had out-liv'd the Law itself. And therefore, say those Men who give us this secret History of his Conduct and Valour in Ireland, had not K. William ventur'd his Life and Fortunes for the Protestant Interest, and the Liberties of Europe, wou'd he had been long before now little more than a Name.

And

And as *K. William* openly defy'd Death, and durst meet
 the Mouth of a Cannon, so he was as little afraid of
 and unthought of Dangers; for they tell us, when his Palace
 at *Kensington* took Fire*, he immediately said, *Where is
 Sword?* as supposing there was some Treachery in it—
 that (say these *Williamites*) there was something of a firm
 Firmness and Steadiness of Soul that was peculiar to him,
 which no Battles, no Dangers cou'd shake. But where is
William now? Can he march in Battle Array, or in War
 Triumphs thunder about his Tomb? After all his Conduct
 Valour, when you have said all, *he was but a Man*; Death
 his pale Horse has trampled upon him, and kick'd out
 Breath.

*Death came at last, and with a little Pin,
 Bor'd thro' his Castle Walls, and farewell King.*

Death kills not Princes upon his bended Knee, nor
 his Dart use any more Ceremony to *K. William*, than
 does to the poorest Beggar: And Death having drawn the
 Curtain over him, this mighty Pageant is at an end. But
K. William (that in all things else was invincible) cou'd not
 quer Death, yet the *Williamites* say, the Fame of his
 and Valour shall never die; and for that Reason, (on the
November, being the Birth-Day of this great General) there
 in several Churches were rung, and in the Evening the
 were Illuminated, and Bonfires made, "In remembrance
 " the *Post-man* calls it) of the wonderful Deliverance of
 " Nations from Popery and Slavery, accomplish'd, under
 " by his Conduct and Valour. And I'm apt to think the
Williamites so doat on his Person, that no one Gallery of
 Persons will be hereafter erected, in whose Assembly of
 ments his Effigies will not be accounted the Master-piece.

These are the secret Discoveries *K. William's* Friends
 of what they call his matchless Conduct and Valour in
Flanders, and the late Revolution; and (to do his Majesty
 stice) I find by the *Secret Journal*, they have as much to
 ver, with respect to his Humility, Mildness, Fidelity, and
 Virtues.

But no more of these at present; for I am next (accord-
 to the Method propos'd) to shew how far I agree with
 Friends in what they say of his Valour; and I'll be as
 here, as I shall be (when I come to that part of my
 exposing all the Flaws I find in his Martial Achievements
 Well then!

* Nov. 10, 1691.

In spight of my SATYR.

So far agree with his Friends as to own, *William III.* Born with an Heroick Courage — *A Courage which nothing equal but his Conduct!*

And here, if I cou'd shew *K. William* at the Head of his Army lock'd and shut up by his invincible Legions, how he provok'd his Soldiers to Fierceness, with what Bravery and Choler (I saw him fight (while their Hearts take Fire from the shining of his Eyes) ! if I cou'd paint him thus in his *Conduct and Valour*, I shou'd give the true Character of this great General. However, I do him Justice enough to acknowledge, that *William III.* was admir'd by all *Europe*. when they saw at the Age of 25 Years, General of the Armies of the United Provinces.

That his Courage kept him six Hours in the Heat of the Fire, in the first Battle he ever saw, and that made him one of the few that retreated from the Camp of *Landen*; an Action that a *Satyr* must allow to be Brave and Valiant, and may serve to convince the World, that 'tis possible to lose the Victory and retain all the Honour of the Day.

That his Soul was lifted up to the height of all Duty and Valour, that he made no Campaigns in *Holland, Flanders*, and the *Revolution*, but with Honour to himself and his Kingdoms. And he did not fall in the Field, fighting for the Liberties of *Europe*; in the Defence of which he had so often cross'd the Sea, and expos'd his Life to a thousand Dangers; yet (if I'll do him Justice) I must own he dy'd with all the Cares of Government about him, and such a Love to his Subjects, as was constant to leave them safe and prosperous, and (being fix'd in his Heart) was the last thing that dy'd in him.

That his Conduct and Valour was not merely a sudden Flame of Blood, but a steady Resolution of Soul, undaunted, lasting, invincible; a Courage which was not a Transport of Fury, (I shall own anon there was Choler in it) but which fought at *Namure, the Boyne, &c.* with the same Presence of Mind in the Field, as it debated at the Council-Board.

I further acknowledge, that as forward and resolute as he was to fight, that his Courage delighted not in *Blood and Slaughter*; that 'twas far from being an Effect of Cruelty or Indiscretion; but a constant, uniform Constitution of Soul, and supported by Reason and Thought; That he never made War for Pride, Glory, or Ambition of large Empire, but for the Liberty and Rescue of wronged and oppressed Nations.

That he saw himself at the Head of seventy Thousand of his Subjects, (a greater Army than any of our Kings ever had) and when he saw himself yet stronger in the general Affections

fections of the People, he never made use of these Advantages to the Purposes of Arbitrary Power, (no Imprisoning Dissenters, or Pulpit-Railery, was heard of in his whole Reign) neither cou'd the poorest Subject (whether Churchman or Dissenter) complain, that this King ever did them the least wrong, in Person, Estate, or Liberty.

I also declare, (for I must agree to what Col. Babington says with his own Eyes) That his Success was as remarkable as his Conduct and Valour, and carry'd in it a kind of Wonder and Prodigy; those Stars which fought against *Siferz*, were all engaged on his side. We may remember, when the very Name of *Crax* was a kind of Charm to the Enemy, whom he every where successively vanquish'd, it might be well thought by some, when they had fought their best, they had done no more than was together to be beaten. How many Armies did he run over and defeat? To tell how many Towns and Cities he has storm'd and Victories won, wou'd be near as difficult as it wou'd be to another to do 'em — With what Speed was he wont to reduce Garrisons? As if the Enemies had taken the Field, to come into their Fortresses, for no other purpose than to give him Livery and Seizin.

In spight of my SATYR.

I must declare, his Success was full of Strangeness and Miracles; it gave Safety and Peace beyond our Councils and Thoughts, in the very Nick and last Breath of our Hopes, at the Extremity and very Brink, (as his Friends express it) when our Lives were in danger by corrupt Judges, our Laws dispersed with by a Popish King, our Charters surrendered by *Jacobites*, *Dissenters* Consciences in danger from *Doctors-Commons*, and all ready (being mov'd to it by the odious Names of *Whigs* and *Tory*) to tear and rend, to throw off Gospel and Law. 'Tis then that the Prince of *Orange* gave us all the pleasing Sweetness of his Victories, that he began to deal the timely Fruits of his Fortune and Success; wherein (tho' his Conduct and Courage what I shall satyrize) he not only vanquish'd our Fears, and prevention of that Sword and Danger which hung over our Heads, but reviv'd our Hopes, which were at that Instant in a very damp and dying Condition.

In a Word, I agree with his Friends, That the late Revolution (for that's the Deliverance I'm speaking of) did not seem much of a Miracle; for, in Truth, our Hopes were spent, so near fainting and gasping, that they seem'd to be little less than recall'd and rais'd from the Dead: This he deliver'd us in such a critical Minute, it was a kind of forcing us to Life when we were given over, and after Tolling

ell— But I'll stop here; for to do him Justice on this Head, would require a Genius as vast and comprehensive as his own.

And as I agree with *K. William's* Friends, in owning the Success of his Arms, so that I may set our Deliverance in a yet better Light, I'll imagine our Native Country a Ship batter'd and much torn in a Fight, and in her sailing off, caught by a Tempest; her wilful Pilot being lost in the Storm, the confus'd Mariners lay all Hands on the Compass, to the great Jeopardy of the Vessel; which being now ready to sink, they were content to give her and themselves up to the Government of one single Person, whom they think most skilful to save. This new Pilot brings them safe to a good Harbour, but hath little Thanks for his Pains; some taunt and revile him that he had not steer in another Course to a better Haven, others tell him plainly he ought not to be Pilot, he hath no right to the Place. And truly such is the Ingratitude of many in these Nations to his late Majesty, by whom they have been sav'd from a Wreck; from whose Hands they possess their Lives, Liberties, and Estates. and yet can no ways be oblig'd; as if it were his Fault that some Goods have been lost in the Storm, and that some tumultuous unruly Persons have been cast overboard in the Conflict, for the Security of us all; as if they had rather die and perish, than confess and have him their Preserver.

But whatever his Enemies say of his *Conduct* in the late Revolution, I so far agree with his Friends as to own, To save a torn and sinking Vessel in a Tempest, and in the Low'rings of a Storm; to set disjointed States, and heal ulcerated Kingdoms, in the midst of Tumults and Confusion; to compose and quiet a Distracted and Disorderly People; to repair Breaches and Ruins, are great and powerful Works, and cannot be compleated or undertaken without the Wisdom and Assistance of the God of Order and Victory.

These astonishing Things were effected by the *Conduct* and *Valour* of the Prince of *Orange*. But (to do Justice to his great *Valour*) 'twas a Courage which ascrib'd the Glory of all Successes to God, and which gratefully own'd his Goodness in every Preservation, insomuch as when a Ball shot from a Mortar fell on the Place where he had sat but a Moment before, *Oh my God!* said he, with Eyes lifted up to Heaven) *Thou hast saved my life, and I will serve thee all my Days.*

And as I can't deny but his *Conduct* and *Valour* did Wonders in *Holland, Flinders*, and the late Revolution; so I also acknowledge, That his way of Fighting was different from most Generals.

I own he made use of Bombs and Granado's, but his great Artillery was Prayer, his Ammunition, Devotion, and his best Armour,

Armour, a pious Life: You might see Angels heading his Weapons, and his Guns were sent him from Heaven; but 'twas his Prayers flew more than all his Muskets and Pistols. These were his Rams and Cannon, his Magazines, his great Castles and Elephants. Prayer is that strange Engine whereby a Saint, *Archimedes* like, can save or sink a Ship in his Closet.

K. *William* being sensible of this, did often retire from the World in Secret and Closet Devotion, when some have imagin'd he was otherwise employ'd; and as sometimes he allow'd a close and serious Person to join with him as a friend, in order to assist him this way, so his Marks upon pious Books which he perused, by folding down of the Leaves, were plain Indications how he had at other times been taken up in his retired Hours.

Nay, I must further acknowledge, That both in Camp and Court he constantly kept up a Course of secret Duties. It was known after he had been tired out with the great and necessary Affairs of his Army, he cou'd not with any Satisfaction go to Rest, 'till he had retired for secret Conferences with God.

And besides his more stated Courses, it does appear (from many excellent Forms of Prayer drawn up with his own Hand) that he did also, upon all the more special Occasions that did occur, seriously look up to God, and commit himself and his Army into his Hands. So that upon the whole, that Character did most exactly agree to him, which *David* takes to himself, *Pf. 109. 4. I will give myself to Prayer.*

In all Battles (for I must own what *Col. Babington* saw with his own Eyes) before he came to the Field, he had won the Day on his Knees: His Devotions in all Combats gave Assurance of Conquests; he was no sooner in his Closet, but his Enemies were half kill'd. Prayer is that *White Gun-powder* which goes off without Noise, which wounds and slays Men in secret, and overcomes and confounds Armies. With this new Instrument of War K. *William* compleated all his Victories, and not a single Coat in his whole Army, if he put on the same Armour, but cou'd put a Thousand to flight.

His Heart, if you cou'd see it, is ever and anon lifting it self in Ejaculations and Prayers, only his Courage doth now and then hinder his Zeal; at the very same Moment he pierces Heaven, and the Bowels of his Enemies; and tho' they be not the same Weapon, yet his Heart and Hand are both fighting together, and are Associates in the Victory.

In a Word, this praying Commander honour'd the Name of God with a profound Veneration, especially towards the End of his Life; for if at any time that glorious Name had been made mention of occasionally by any, he was ever oblig'd to

we a peculiar Emotion of Soul, discover'd in a serious Look up-
wards to Heaven, as if he still follow'd it with a mental Prayer:
and indeed (besides the great Regards he had to more Pub-
lic Prayer) those that observ'd him in his Closet and Bed-
chamber can testify this, that he did nothing of Consequence
without imploring the Divine Blessing; an Instance of this
(not to mention his Monthly Fasts) was seen in his obliging an
 eminent *French* Minister to enter his Coach, and pray be-
fore the Action, while he devoutly kneel'd 'all the time
throughout.

Thus *William III.* by lifting up his Hand like *Moses*, and
Heart like *David*, kill'd more than *Sampson* with his Jaw-
bone. By which 'tis evident, he did not Fight but Pray him-
self into a Throne.

So that I have fairly prov'd, his *Graces*, as well as his
Strength, were all serviceable in the defence of the Protestant
Interest; That his Piety conquer'd as well as his *Valour*;
and that when he fought on his *Knees* there was no stand-
ing before him.

I must farther acknowledge, that *K. William* was not only
valorous as Conqueror in the Field, but that he cou'd break
and subdue Passions, and command himself like a Prince; he
often said, 'Tis the greatest of *Dominions* to rule one's *Self* and
Passions: And for that Reason he was Valiant within, and
maintain'd the good Fight with a stout Courage and Spirit.
He not only Conquer'd Abroad, but shew'd a Christian Gal-
lantry at Home, and was vigorous in the Mastery of his Do-
mestick and Closet Enemies. In a Word, he made all bend
and do Homage to Faith and a good Conscience; and, as an
English Peer has often said,

Nothing but his Passions were his Slaves.

Alexander found his Domestick Enemies harder to conquer
in a whole World; for after all his Victories, he was sub-
dued by a Creature in Petticoats: But *William III.* cou'd con-
quer even himself and Passions, by being frequent and serious
Self-Conversers.

Till praise no Virtue in *K. William* that I can conceal, but
myself own, to conquer Himself he made narrow and diligent
searches into the State and Workings of his own Soul, and con-
stantly kept up the Practice of *Self-Examination*, a most in-
valuable and essential Instance and Part of Godliness, but what,
may be fear'd, is now almost lost from amongst us. An emi-
nent Person who had opportunity to look into some Papers
written by *K. William*, he found such Questions as these in 'em,
*Have my Actions since the last Sacrament fallen in with what I
proposed to my self, as the great and governing End of my Life?*

And again, *Am I chargeable with no Sins or Failures but what consist with Sincerity of Heart?* with many others of a like nature. Which plainly shew'd, that in the midst of all his Battles Abroad, he was still conquering his Enemies in his own Breast.

I cou'd also add many other Instances, of the great Satisfaction and Pleasure he took in his *Self-Conquests*, and reading the *Holy Scriptures*; but tho' they are part of this *Secret History*, yet I shall wave 'em here, as 'tis more proper to insert 'em when I come to discover and satyrize what his Friends call his *Undissembled Piety*.

To sum up all in a few Words, I have agreed with King *William's* Friends,

That he was endow'd with that Conduct and Valour which has rendred the great Ones of the Earth famous.

That he possess'd Courage and Piety in an equal and the highest Degree.

That such was the *Intrepidity* of his Temper in Battle, that he might be said to be fearless.

That his Virtues were solid, and all of a-piece.

I also agree with the *Williamites*, That it cou'd not well be discern'd to which, in respect to his Knowledge in Civil and Military Affairs, the Prize was to be given.

The Truth is, (tho' I have agreed to what his Friends say of his Conduct and Valour) we shall always come short of it here, only Heaven can reward him for what he hath done upon Earth.

And thus (as I promis'd at first) I have shewn how far I agree with his Friends in what they say of his Conduct and Valour.

But (say the *Williamites*) if you own K. *William* thus Valiant and Brave, and a Conqueror both Abroad and at Home, how is it possible you shou'd satyrize his Conduct and Valour, or find one Flaw in his Martial Atchievements? For as he says (continue his Friends) "We think his Memory as fresh as sent shou'd be as pleasing to these Nations, as his Conduct and Valour was in Time past."

To this I Answer—— K. *William* having all his Life been in a continual Exercise of Arms, this oblig'd me to give him Conduct and Valour the Preference to his other Virtues; and for that Reason, 'tis the first Virtue I shall satyrize in his Person. And I don't fear (as impossible as the *Williamites* think it) to find Flaws enough in his Martial Atchievements, to justify the Title of this Book.

But supposing K. *William* as Brave and Daring as his Friends
 we declar'd, and as I have agreed to, yet after all, it can't
 be said he was more than a Man, and I'm sure, as Man, he
 shou'd not be faultless: And therefore (to pursue my intended
 method) I am next to satyrize his Conduct and Valour.

I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Consort, "That her Cou-
 rage was steady and solid; her Soul free from all the Weak-
 nesses of her own Sex, and endow'd with the Courage and
 Strength that seem'd peculiar to ours. When K. *William*
 was fighting in *Flanders*, she alone was sensible of his Ab-
 sence; which she fully supply'd to these Three Kingdoms,
 by her wise Conduct and Administration: Yet an Eagerness
 of Command was so far below her, that there never was so
 great a Capacity for Government, join'd with so little
 Appetite to it; or an Authority so unwillingly assum'd, so
 courageously manag'd, and so chearfully laid down.

This was the Conduct and Valour of Q. *Mary*. Whence see
 the Advantage of being a Woman! for these very Perfections,
 being found in her Husband, have lost their Lustre, and are
 that I am going to satyrize.

I own with *Machiavel*, "There is nothing gains a Prince such
 a Reputation, as his great Exploits, and rare Trials of himself in
 War: And that *William III.* (if we en't mistaken) was the
 greatest Soldier that ever liv'd. But supposing this, yet his
 Conduct and Valour is a fit Subject for *Satyr*. For tho' he
 came to deliver us from *Popery* and *Slavery*, (for as Religion is
 the most justifiable Cause, so 'tis made the most specious Pre-
 text) yet I dare assert, They that level at Crowns, never heed
 to what Bodies they shoot; with a bold and most puissant
 Courage they strike in, and adventure thro' all Hazards and
 Elements, to make way to a Throne; and if they once be
 appointed, if the Scepter be once grasp'd, they have done no-
 thing that is base; all their Failings and Mischiefs are Baptiz'd
 to Gallantry; they are at all Hands flatter'd and sooth'd.
 If we were K. *William's* Conduct as good as 'twas Brave and
 Daring, yet I can't see how he cou'd Glory in it: For 'tis an
 idle Matter to contract a Familiarity with Danger, when a
 whole Army bears a Share in it, and when the eager Pursuit of
 Honour and Glory makes us overlook the Horror of approach-
 ing Death: But when she appears with the ghastly Pomp of
 Scaffold and an Axe, as great a General as K. *William*
 wou'd behold her like other Men, and wou'd be terrify'd at
 the Sight: Even the Valiant *Monmouth*, (that ventur'd his Life
 in several Battles) when his Army was beaten, we find him the
 next Week cover'd with a tatter'd Cloak, and trembling, either
 with Cold or Fear: And tho' with the brave *Orange*, he had
 fac'd

fac'd the Roaring of Cannon, and look'd grim Death an Hundred Times in the Face; yet he was no sooner taken, but thinking himself in the Hands of the Executioner, his former Spirit sunk into Pusillanimity, which made him meanly endeavour to ward off the impending Blow, by sending a submissive Letter to K. James, assuring him, he had deeply repented of what he had done against him; and that he did from the Bottom of his Heart, abhor all those that engag'd him in it. But when he came into the King's Presence, His Majesty told him, *He was sorry for his Misfortune; but his Crime was of too great Consequence to be left unpunish'd.* And if the Valiant Monmouth dy'd with such Dread of Death, how can we boast of K. William's Courage, that never had the Infalible Test, an Axe, or starving.

I own K. William never fear'd Death in the Field; and was so undaunted when it approach'd him in his Palace, that he dy'd with the greatest Resignation, full of Charity, Courage, and Peace (and this might proceed from the inward Testimony of a good Conscience). But (as 'tis a natural thing in all Men to leave their Lives with Sorrow, and to take their Death with Fear) no Man cou'd warrant K. William Courageous to the last Breath, had he (as Monmouth did) gone in solemn Procession to his own Funeral.

Or, granting K. William as Brave as the Protestants make him, *That he was the Soul of War, and fought like one that had never heard of the Name of Death;* yet still I shall own it no Virtue in him, but only say, If he was thus Courageous, he was unnatural to his own Flesh and Blood, (which sure is Dispraisable enough) neither can any thing excuse his Neglect of his Royal Life; when he cou'd not but know, the Happiness or Misery of his Subjects depended upon it: For when Princes are killed, and the Crown falls from our Head; when the common Parents and Benefactors of Mankind, are cut off and mingled with the common Dust, how solemn, how mournful, and how universal are our Sorrows? As solemn as the Judgment it threaten'd, and as universal as the Loss.

Then, had K. William been afraid of Death, and only taken Towns (like the King of France) in a Chimney-Corner; or he wou'd have been fighting the Enemy, if he had not been gone in the Front of the Battle, but commanded his Army (like the Duke of Anjou) from the Top of a Tower, we wou'd have thank'd him for it, as it had preserv'd his Army. Seeing every Campaign expos'd him to a Thousand Dangers, I can't think his Conduct and Courage deserves such high Eulogiums, as some Fanaticks (both Church-men and Dissenters) give it: For (as Glorious as K. William's Valour appears) I shall endeavour to prove that some particular Failings (such I call Valour in K. William) by their Propinquity to

ighbourhood to Virtues, do so resemble them, that they hardly be distinguish'd from them; and so deceive many a man, who takes a specious Vice for a wholesome Virtue. So Revenge is often taken for Courage, spiritual Pride for Humility, Impotence for Chastity, Security for Peace of Conscience, presumption for Faith, Deadness of Heart for Contentment, and tenderness to others, (which a *Turk* may have) for reality.

'Tis true, an Action with a good Intention, and bad Means and Circumstances, has less of Evil, than when both are bad; and a less Degree of Vice is a comparative Virtue; but a man may do Valiant Actions that en't truly Brave; for all Circumstances must concur to make an Action properly virtuous or good, one only suffices to make it evil. Then (as much as *K. William's* Friends boast of his Courage) who is so wise as to know in Reality, he was either valiant or good? For, *Nox* like, we think to go to Heaven alone by our selves: as a General, in all his Battles, may aim at nothing but in-glory, or the Satisfaction of some Passion: And indeed, all Men (from the Prince to the Beggar) have their private Ends and their double Meanings, and that in those very Graces that look so glorious and bright. And this is seen in the *Di-*vine as well as the Soldier: For, is not the End of his Vocation preaching, to acquaint Men with the Will of God; by praying to turn the Wrath of God from the People, and to obtain a Blessing upon his Labours; and by Practice, to confirm them in the true Faith by Works, as he hath won by Words to believe and embrace it? But doth he tend this Errand? Alas! nothing less; for as soon as he has taken a Degree, and comes out of the University, if he be cross'd in his first Preferment, then he grows refractory to the State and present Government of the Church Establish'd; neither makes he Conscience to mislead others, so he may be the Head of a Faction, and be thought somebody: But if in his first Years he meets a Check, but gets Preferment, his Study then is to grow with the Times; and then he cannot distinguish the Warts, Moles, and Corruptions of the Church, from Perfections and Graces: His Study is not to discharge one Cure well, but to secure and charge himself with many; to heap Steeple upon Steeple, as if he meant to climb up to Heaven that way: And for all, to retire himself to a Prebendary out of the way, where (like a Bird in a Cage) he may be fed fat, and get some more and higher Preferment, but never sing more.

And we are as much mistaken in the Virtues of the Lawyers, Physicians and Tradesmen. And if Men are thus mistaken in one another; no Wonder if we find Failings in *K. William*; his Conduct and Valour, and several Natural Virtues, for the Resemblance betwixt 'em, are often mistaken for Theological

logical Virtues; and deceive many, both in judging of others, and in judging themselves too; whilst, either they consider not the Difference, or distinguish not betwixt Nature and Grace.

And therefore, (that I may farther lessen K. William's Valour) I'll next consider, what 'twas that prick'd him forward to undertake with Vigour, magnanimous and great Actions. What 'twas? Why 'twas CHOLER; a Passion that is a Dishonour to any Man (provided the Violences of his Actions are not proportionable to his Provocations). 'Tis this which creates the Courage of the Valiant, and the Vehemency of Orators, 'twas this had a Share, as well in the Victories of *Hannibal* as in the Fame of K. William; but unless we deny 'em to be Man, we cannot presume to say, That a Vice so inhumane and pernicious, is natural to him.

Therefore, saith St. *Augustine*, "The most quick sighted Philosophers, and whose Opinions approach nearest to Truth believe that Choler is absolutely evil; because, say they, the slightest Emotions of it are malicious and irregular, and that forces us to sin against Reason, at the very Time when we do that which Reason commands us. We ought to have the same Opinion of all the Humane Passions, adds the bold Doctor; they resemble that Self-love that gives 'em Birth they are vehement, disorderly, and vicious like that whereas the Fears and Joys, the Sorrows, and other Passions of Christians that derive themselves from Charities, are peaceable, mild, prudent, and moderate.

I know the *Williamites* excuse this Choler, by saying, "The Choler is as it were a Guardianess that Nature has provided for Men to watch over the Preservation of all his common and particular Rights, and inspires him both with a Determination and Strength to defend them: For, say they, this Passion enables him to repel Injuries which he receives from his Enemies, and arms him to succour his Friends, his Kindred, and his Country; it assists Parents and Tutors in the Education of Youth, and Magistrates in the Punishment of Crimes. That without her, Man wou'd abandon his most Important Duties, and prove unprofitable both to himself and others. These are their most considerable Reasons:

But, to this I answer—— I deny that Choler is assisting to Man in the discharge of his principal Duties; in regard Experience tells us, that the Passions usually are the Principles of virtuous Actions, which Man performs of himself; and that this is the only Foundation upon which the whole Machine moves: Only we say, that it was for want of observing the Nature of Choler, that those Philosophers affirm'd it useful for the Service of Reason, in private Revenges, in the Punishment

of Crimes, in the chastizing of Servants and Children, in magnanimous Actions: For that which Anger has common with the other Passions, is to prevent the Dictates of Reason, and darken the Understanding; but the particular Qualities of it are to be most impetuous and violent, and not to contain it self. Which is evident in private Revenges; were a Man, to do himself an imaginary Right, most monstrously violates the Rules of Justice; while nothing will serve to wash off a petty Contempt, but the Blood of him that by the Bonds of Nature so nearly related to him; sometimes losing his own Life, to recover that which was never his. Which is the Reason that God has reserv'd Vengeance to himself; and that the Laws commit the Reparation of Injuries only to the Impartial, that never receiv'd them.

But perhaps the *Williamites* will say, "That the Choler (or Fury, for they are much the same) he shew'd in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and the late Revolution, &c. cou'd not blacken his Conduct and Valour in those Places, as the Violence and Courage he shew'd in every Town he fought or besieg'd, was only to revenge the Wrongs he receiv'd from the *French King* in the Principality of *Orange*; and from the late *K. James*, by his inventing a sham Prince to disinherit his Wife of the Crown.

To this I answer, that true Conduct and Valour not only renders a Man incapable of doing Injuries, but disposes him to resist with the Wrongs which others do him. *A valiant Person* (to *Aristotle*) never believes he receives an Injury; and consequently that he is no ways oblig'd to revenge.

The *Peripateticks* complain'd against the *Stoicks*, alledging their Censure to be unjust, that they uphold Anger; since they defend that Passion which follows the Dictates of Reason, which is never kindl'd but when it ought, and as much as it ought to be; and which, in the Reparation of Injuries, never violates the Laws of Equity.

So that, except the *Williamites* think their King infallible in the Art of War, and that he never transgress'd any Rule of it, (which is more than *Hannibal* himself cou'd boast of) they can't be angry that I blacken his Valour with all the Choler I can find or suppose in it.

But perhaps his Friends will say, "The Choler I discover in *K. William*, is no such Passion as is bred in the Irascible Appetite, blind, violent, and frantick, and which, for the lightest Offences, flies out into Rage and Fury; but that *K. William's* Choler was at the same Time inform'd, softer'd, and regulated by Reason; and requir'd nothing from the *French King*, or *James II.* but a Revenge suitable to the Wrong receiv'd.

I answer, That if the Motive that excites us to endanger another, aims only at particular Profit, which is the End that Men propose in punishing, or the publick Advantage, which is that of Ministers of Justice, it is both just and reasonable. But if it tend to the Hurt of the Person, that is, if it be the Desire of Revenge, and to reap our Satisfaction from the Pain or Vexation which the Party suffers, it is a Motive harsh and unkind; and such (were his Conduct and Valour as matchless as his Friends pretend) I shall ever satyrize.

But I know the *Williamites* will say, "That Choler has the chief Share in all Warlike Atchievements; and therefore to satyrize this in his late Majesty, is to be ignorant of the Nature of true Valour.

To this I answer, That if a Commander has need of being animated with his Passion, to foresee the Designs of his Enemies, to range his Army in Battalia, to give out his Orders, to manage the Combat, and be himself in the Heat of the Conflict, we may thence conclude, that he cannot be valiant, unless he be transported; and that he must be mad, or be himself, to manage any dangerous Enterprize. But for that, I cannot but admire the General of an Army, who is always Master of himself in Fight, even when Danger surprizes him: For we find, that the Valour not only of Commanders, but of private Soldiers, is most to be rely'd on, and most equally prov'd, where it is least boiling and precipitate. "Therefore (says *Plutarch*) the *Lacedemonians*, before they join'd Battle, order'd the Flutes and Cornets to play certain soft and melting Airs, on purpose to temper the Heat and Fury of the Soldiers.

Lastly, if we do but reflect upon those barbarous Peoples who have no other Courage than I know not what kind of natural Rage, that they never fight in cold Blood, but as they are smitten with the Image of the Injury, which they either have, or believe they have receiv'd, they fling themselves into the thickest of the Enemy, without any Order or Government; but then it happens, that notwithstanding the Strains of their Bodies, their Ability to endure the Rigours of Seasons, and the Hardships of War; and notwithstanding the Fury of their Onsets, they are frequently vanquish'd by Peoples more tender, and soften'd by Luxury and Pleasure. So *Plutarch* tells us, and every one knows after what manner they handled the *Cimbrians*, hideous for Bulk and Stature, and terrible for their Aspects, who had already pass'd the Alps with an Intention to sack *Rome*, and ransack all *Italy*, yet vanquish'd by *Marins* in several great and bloody Battles.

So that if the natural Fury of savage People be insufficient to make Men truly valiant; how shall we believe

er, no less blind, no less wild and impetuous, thou'd be
Soul of Valour?

at, may the *Williamites* ask, "Whence then comes it to
is, that the Poets call Courage a noble and generous In-
gnation, and that all the World takes Anger for
valour?"

to this I answer—— It proceeds from hence, that Cho-
has certain Qualities that resemble Valour. First, It is
and thence they believe it active: It is obstinate, and
passes for Stoutness: 'Tis terrible, and that renders it for-
ble: And then it is boldly daring, which makes People
take it to be courageous. *The Vulgar (says Seneca) take those
are fill'd with Choler, for Persons brave and courageous.*

at now, supposing K. *William* had nothing of Choler in
but what was necessary in a great General, and that his
dast and Valour was as matchless as his Friends describe
yet still I assert, That Vehemence of Choler that made him
requeror, was not the Strength of his Soul, but rather a
passive Proof of its Weakness; for this same Passion
ing in the Soul like a Tempest, rears it up, and drives it
to and fro: So that altho' to outward Appearance
o. I may seem to act with Vigour and Strength, it is really a
nt Force that tumbles and tosses her like an anger'd Sea:
ch is more manifestly discover'd from hence, that Choler
e easily gets the Mastery of Women than Men; of the sick
le, than healthy; of Age, than Youth; of Men that live
enty, and softned by Delights, than of the unfortunate,
ca'd by Persecutions and Adversities.

aving satyriz'd K. *William's* Conduct and Valour abroad, I
next satyrize his Christian Gallantry at home, (I mean
Victory he got over himself and Passions) *He was valiant
as well as without*; yet I find upon some Occasions he was
der'd even in the Geography of his own Breast: For,
(as I formerly hinted) he cou'd check and subdue Passions,
ommand himself like a Prince; yet when this Religious King
sacred, an Union amongst all Protestants wou'd ne'er be
ed in his Reign; it e'en griev'd us to see what Confusi-
rmented him, what various Designs agitated his Brain
Month after, to reconcile those uncharitable Differences
e was wont to call 'em) that were between his Protestant
ts. He cou'd not bear *there shou'd be any other Distinction
of among us, but of those who are for the Protestant Religion
e present Establishment, and of those who mean a Popish Prince
French Government*—— These were his last Words
the Throne. And I find his Royal Consort and He were
equally match'd in their Moderation and Piety: For,
"She

" She had a sublime Idea of the Christian Religion in general
 " and a particular Affection to the Church of England: but
 " an Affection that was neither blind, nor partial; she had
 " true Regard to Piety wherever she saw it, in what Form or
 " Party soever: Her Education and Judgment ty'd her to the
 " National Communion, but her Charity was extended to all
 " She long'd to see all Protestants, both at home and abroad
 " in a close and brotherly Conjunction; and few things ever
 " griev'd her more, than that the Prospect of so desir'd an Union
 " on vanish'd out of Sight.

However, K. William and Q. Mary too did all they could
 promote it; and to that End, all the Bishops they made were
 Men of great Moderation and Piety. So that now we may
 cease to admire that K. William told the Commissioners that
 tender'd him the Coronation Oath of Scotland, that he was
in that Sense only, that he might be under no Obligation to become
Persecutor. He was so averse to Persecution, that he said
 a little before his Death, *That he wou'd do his Utmost for*
promoting a firm Union among all Protestants. And tho' it be
 courageous to espouse the Cause of his Ghost in this particu-
 lar, yet (as I am to do Justice to his Virtues, as well as to
 tyrize his Failings) I dare assert, he will be better believ'd
 after, than now he is, by some Persons, who have upon the
 the double Prejudice of their own Weakness, and other Men's
 Subtilties, whereby they become stubborn and wilful in the
 Maintenance of an imaginary Interest, which they super-
 ously limit to particular Persons and Things.

It must be confess'd, the Grumbletonians of K. William's Re-
 were those who fretted and foam'd upon the Bit, because they
 were not allow'd to tyrannize over their Neighbours, as
 other Reigns. And there's as little Fear of Persecution
 seeing our Gracious Queen, from the Education of that ex-
 lent Prince that lay in her Bosom, (who to his Immortal Glory
 has declar'd his Abhorrence of Persecution) as well as from
 every thing else, shews how necessary Liberty of Conscience
 And seeing our Gracious Queen has promis'd to protect
 Church of England in all its Rights, and to maintain the
of Toleration to those that dissent from it, what is it we
 not compass and arrive at, were all Her Subjects riveted
 one and the same Interest? 'Tis true, there be those of
 Church that will tell ye, *The Papists are better than the Pro-*
terians: Ask 'em how so? Because (say they) the Presbyter-
are worse than the Papists. Hence such a Bustle, such a Cla-
 such a Hurry; hence such canvassing at Elections, such
 ing out, *St. George for the Church,* as if all lay at Stake, when
 thing is in Danger. But K. William wou'd often say, *Christ's*
was not limited to any Nation or Party; and thought every
 Man might go to Heaven with any Wind, and with any