

A
SATYR
UPON
King WILLIAM;
BEING THE
Secret History
OF HIS
LIFE and REIGN.

Written by a Gentleman that was
near his Person for many Years.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1703.

THE
P R E F A C E.

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

I shall find it a hard matter to beat an ill Opinion of K. William into the Souls of those who tell us, That he was Born a Hero; That his Mind was vast and comprehensive, His Imagination fruitful and sprightly, His Memory large and tenacious, His Thoughts wise and secret, His Words few, but comprehensive, His Actions many and brave; That he was always the same, whether in good or bad Fortune; That he was the Rightfulest King that ever Sat upon the Throne, as being set up by the same Hands which

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made the first King, and will make the last; That he was the Choice both of God and the People, and the very Darling of Heaven; That he had a Title to the Crown (as was said of his Royal Consort) even in Nature and superior Merit, before he wore it; That he Maintain'd the Church of England, without Persecuting the Dissenters; That he was Religious without Superstition, Just without Rigour, Merciful without Partiality, Cautious without Fear, Valiant without Rashness, Great without Pride, Conscientious in all Relations, Master of the Affections of his People, and Master of Himself; and in a word, That he carry'd on the Noble Designs of Heaven, in raising up Oppressed Vertue, in securing the Protestant Religion, and in procuring Rest and Happiness to the World: And (say these Sticklers for K. William) He was thus Meritorious without Thanks.

This is the Character the Williamites give of their Dutch Hero, and (if 'twill atone for the many Failings I shall find in him) I will add to it, That he Dy'd as he Liv'd, serious and compos'd, intirely acquiescing in the Divine Will and concern'd for nothing, but that he

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could Serve his People no longer. And I will farther add, (for I will give his Vertues their due Praise, that where I Satyrize I may be thought Impartial) K. William brought with him more real Glory to the English Throne, than it was possible he shou'd receive from it; That he was, (as the New Mausoleum Erecting to his Memory tell us) the Wonder and the Darling of Europe before ever he wore a Crown; and I can't deny but it will henceforward be an additional Glory to any one that shall Sit upon the English Throne, that so Great a King once had his Seat there. Her Majesty being of this Opinion, declares in her first Speech to the Privy Council; My Lords, I am extremely sensible of the general Misfortune of these Kingdoms, in the Unspeakable Loss of the King. --- 'Twas this made both Houses of Parliament so often to Thank His Majesty for Delivering them from Popery and Slavery, and to vindicate his Honour with respect to those Scandalous Papers which were falsely said to be found in his Closet after his Death. — And for this reason the Duke of Queensberry was pleas'd to declare, that While Religion and Liber-

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ty are in any Value, K. William's Memory must be in Perpetual Honour —
And 'tis said the City of London intend to Erect his Statue in Marble, to Perpetuate (as they call 'em) his Matchless Vertues to the End of Time.

Thus far I agree with the Williamites (but no farther) in the 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 challenge any (even the rankest Jacobite) to Blacken this Glorious Prince, or to shew us one Spot in his whole Life.

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

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I own K. VVilliam deserves the Glorious Character his Friends give him, (I confess this, that the Errors I shall find in him may the more Disgrace him) But tho' I own his Merit, yet (still) I wish it less; and shall therefore turn all the venom of my Ink and Soul, to Blacken his Life and Reign.

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

When Reflections were once made before Queen Mary of the sharpness of some Historians who had left heavy Imputations on the Memory of some Princes, she answer'd, 'That if those Princes were truly such as the Historians represented them, they had well deserv'd that Treatment; and others who tread their Steps might look for the same; for Truth wou'd be told at last.

I own Lies are sooner believ'd than Truth; for Truth seeketh Corners, as suspecting her Judge, tho' never as fearing her Cause: However, 'tis my love to Truth, and the Opportunities I had to discover

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discover the Secrets of his late Majesty, that made me Write the following Sheets; in which, (tho' I snarle at his Innocence where I find nothing else to Satyrize), I am equally Impartial to his Vices and Vertues; having no other End in this Publication, but to undeceive the World. 'Tis true, some Men have found out a way to Canonize those for Saints, whom the Justice of the Nation hath Condemn'd for Traytors; and there be others, that meerly to gratifie their Ill-nature, Rake up all the Scandals of Mens Lives, give a Malicious Turn to every Thing, and Libel every Body, without respecting the Sacred Majesty of Princes: And they are full as base, who Invited over the Pr. of Orange, and to his Face call'd him Their Great Deliverer, but have since his Death forgot every Word on't. Nor have any of Appollo's Tribe Strung their Harps, or Sung Lachrymæ on the Grave of their Great Patron, save the Noble M---gue, the Ingenious Stennet, and the Immortal Dennis.

Then let none be surpriz'd that I Publish a Satyr on K. VVilliam; for I won't ask the Dean of St. P. — what is Publishing no Funeral Sermon on K. VVilliam?

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lections for real Truth: My Business therefore in this Satyr is to find out Truth, and to speak it, whether it be for, or against the Person I wou'd now Satyrize.

William the Third is now as Dead as William I. and as he is gone, (and his Family extinct with him) I can be under no temptation to Flatter him; and considering how near I was to his Person, my bare relating Matter of Fact, will be Satyr enough against him: I say, will be Satyr enough. For they are much mistaken, who think the Care of Princes is sufficiently Rewarded with the Wealth and Beauty of their Crowns: It is that, together with the Errors they are led into (by designing 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-liv'd Felicity, is all envelop'd with Error, and Hazards; Treason and Mistakes are the close Attendants of Majesty; and as Princes are (often) corrupted by those about 'em; so they have great
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Falls and Descents ; their Precipice is from steep Rocks and Mountains ; They fall from Heaven to Earth ; and when they are Dead, even Pages of the Back-Stairs dare Satyrize Crown'd Heads.

Thrones are very uncertain ; they are tottering and unsteady ; the Royal Diadem twinkles, and is not so solid, and dazzling, but a fix'd and sharp Eye may look through it, and see its Spots and Blemishes in the very Noon of its Glory. The Purblind People (which can't see into the Secrets of Princes) are much amused and stricken with the little glitterings of Honour ; they lift up their Hands and Eyes, and are Elevated ; they Adore and Worship the King, but they know nothing what Turmoils and Difficulties, what Fears and Jealousies perplex him. Crowns are not so Massy and Ponderous, as they are Weighty and Burdensome.

Our Gracious Queen being sensible of this, was pleas'd to say in her first Speech ; That she was extreamly sensible of the great Weight and Burthen the Un-speakable Loss of the King brought, in particular, upon Herself ; which she is pleas'd to say, Nothing cou'd encourage her to undertake, but the great

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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 the Thorns and Thistles that attend Crowns, for those little Beams of Glory which surround them. The Purple of Princes is well colour'd and splendid, but oftentimes it is lined with Nettles and Brambles, with Stiletto's 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 Errors.

But here K. V. William's Friends will be ready to say, That the 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 myself a Disciple of that Great Man, who being ask'd by Heliogabalus, how he durst be so Plain? Because, said he, I dare Die. I can but Die if I speak the Truth, and I must Die if I Flatter. And therefore tho' there is great Respect due to a Head that has wore a Crown; yet as the Quality of the Person aggravates the Crime so, should the Failings we see in a King
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escape Reflection, the malicious World will say, (and that justly too) that Justice is not fairly hood-wink'd, but makes a shift to get a glance of the Parties concern'd, and spares one more than another; That all this Noise about a Reformation, is only 'bout Little Sinners, while the Man of Quality may still take what Liberty he himself pleases.

'Tis this (Impartial) Regard to the Errors of Men that makes me attempt to Blacken K. William's Memory; and I hope to prove him as Bad as the Devil cou'd make him. Indeed his Friends say he cou'd never tempt him to a base Thing; yet I prove in the following Satyr, that all Men (from the Prince, to the Beggar) Digress in all the Ways of their Lives; (even Life itself is nothing else but Digression) and for this reason, were I a Williamite, I wou'd cast all the Failings of his late Majesty into the great heap of Humane Error. But however Charitable I am to others, I have such an Aversion to William the Third, that I heartily wish and pray, (with one that hates him as much as my self) That our Gracious Queen, and all those who Succeed Her, may so far out-shine Him
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in all Vertue and Success, that his very Memory may shrink into as little a compass as some desire it should: 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.

'Tis true, K. William Deliver'd us all from Popery and Slavery, and was 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 Death 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.

However Satyrical this may look upon K. William, (and upon those Few 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, It was but a WOMAN had Declar'd War against him) seems to be an Honour reserv'd Only for Queen ANNE.

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I own K. William laid the Plan of his Glorious Conquest, and that if we follow his Brave Example, our Army will soon put Lewis Le-Grand into a Sweat.

It was William the Third that first set the Wheels (of our Deliverance) a-rolling, or our Bodies had been now Broiling in Smithfield, and our Quarters alarming the City Gates; yet I won'd lessen his Fame in this Undertaking, did not the Archbishop assure us, When we had no prospect but of sinking under Poverty and Arbitrary Government; yet when 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 Prelate) 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 Stock (a Sister of our never-to-be-forgotten Queen) to repair our Losses.

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So that we may Warrantably rejoice in K. William's Death, as it sets the Crown on the Head of a Queen that was (Providentially) reserv'd to Perfect that Reformation which he but begun.

But his Friends tell us, Had he Reign'd longer, perhaps he had pleas'd every Body, and made the Nation extream 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 himself had Died in the beginning of his Reign, or before his Quinquennium was run out, he had been rank'd among the best Emperors, and been look'd upon to be little inferior to Titus himself.

But (say his Friends) supposing King William Guilty of real Defects; yet where the Good preponderates, we shou'd not run, as peccant Humours, to the Tumour to inflame it.

To this I Answer: Some Mens Prejudices, Passions, Ignorance, Malice, or Bigotry, have taught them often to invent, believe, or catch at Failings in K. William, where they really knew none: But 'tis no Argument, because some Men (who perhaps never heard him Speak) have
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Misrepresented his late Majesty, that I should 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) A common Father to all his People, will Read with Indignation that K. William was hardly cold in his Death-bed, when Malice endeavour'd to Blast his Name, but the case is alter'd; for by being a High-Flyer, I am now above the Wrath of Disbanded Dissenters, the very Devil himself (who Tuch——n says puts up for a Vacancy) can't frustrate my End in Publishing this Satyr: For, (as the World goes) what do I care to Oblige the Whigs; 'tis enough for me that the turning K. William's Vertues into a Satyr will please his Enemies, (I mean) those very Sons of the Church, who now sling out their Bombs and Granado's against the Fanaticks, as if they were Storming a conventicle.

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I hope this Satyr on K. William will be no less acceptable to such as Reverence True History; for I do not only endeavour to find a Flaw in every Vertue which (his Friends say) he possess'd; but I also expose the very Secrets of his Life and Reign; especially those of his Closet, Bed Chamber, and Cabinet-Council.--I shall also insert 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 (Invisible) Faults in his Conduct as no Man ever saw but my self; and is a Secret History of his Life and Reign.

'Tis true, upon a strict Observation of the Life and Actions of K. William, cou'd never find he Swore an Oath, that he ever Dissembl'd, or (like his Predecessors) ever accusom'd himself to any vain Expression: And he was a Prince of the strict Temperance, that he never Drank Excess.

As for that Unnatural Vice which some said he was addicted to, (to my 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 Loving a Woman, let him Read

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last Speech to the Parliament, wherein he says, I hope what Time can be spared will be employ'd about those other desiræable Things which I have so often Recommended from the Throne; I mean, the forming some good Bills for Employing the Poor, for Encouraging Trade, and the farther Suppressing Debauchery. And in his Speech he made to the Parliament (Dec. 3. 1697.) he tells 'em, He shall place the Glory of his Reign in Defending their Religion, Laws, and Liberties: And (then adds) I shall make it my Endeavour Effectually to Suppress Prophaneness and Immorality, and to Encourage Piety and Vertue:

He that Reads this Excellent Speech, and still believes K. William Unchaste, we may conclude him endu'd with just such a convenient Portion of Sence as wou'd go to the making a Jacobite.

By these Discoveries it appears that William the Third, (as if he were not 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.

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But tho' K. William was thus Refin'd in his Morals, yet still he deserves the following Satyr for Humanum est Errare, and therefore as Man he cou'd not be Faultless.—'Tis true, the worst thing I can say of him is, That he was a Man; for had he been a Woman, the very 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 Imperfections, that having made a narrow search into his Conversation, I shall make him as Black as a Man (quatenus, a Man) can be.

I own K. William's Vertues were as Bright and Universal as the Sun; but Hypparchion (for which he was struck Blind) cou'd find Motes in the Sun itself. I may hope to find as many Blots in K. William's Manhood. I own, Plutarch (that Father of Morality) esteems him that can moderate his Affections to be most Vertuous; and he that has sovereign Command over his Passions, to be a Perfect Man. But as these Days go, we call such to be Good Men (with Cicero) who have only appearance of Vertue in them. I am, Perfection was too absolute for K. William. 'Twas the saying of a late

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late Author, That Inferior Vertues were good enough for Iron-Ages. Most think, (with Balaam) they desire to die the death of the Righteous, it is enough they think, (like very Men as they are) no matter for the Interim of their Lives.

But the Admirers of K. William will be ready to say, Tho' 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 hope to make their Court to our Gracious Queen, by aspersing the Memory of our late Sovereign: For it must be acknowledg'd, that as Queen ANNE was eminently Instrumental in the late Revolution; so Her Government stands upon the same Basis with that of King William. Neither is the bringing the Illustrious House of Hanover to 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 tho' Princes are Demi-Gods, yet if we rake in their Ashes, we shall find them Men: No Man is so Great or Holy but may Err. I own, for a King

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to have his Honour darkned, is ten times worse than for an habitual Sinner to die upon the Gallows; yet it must be own'd, that a Man (by being a King) makes his Failings the more 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 Eclipsed, than in seven Years when she Shines brightly. So that as Greatness with Goodness sets off the Lustre of Vertue, so it makes Vice more apparent: And this is so evident by the following Satyr, that King William's Friends will be forc'd to acknowledge it, if they Read it through. -- Yet I must so far Satyrize my own Satyr, as freely to own, were K. William any thing else but a Man, I shou'd think him Perfect. However, the Best of Men (for so the Williamites call him) are but Men at the best; and therefore by defecting K. William's Breast, (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 Error, is to know it.

This is the Subject of the ensuing Satyr (which perhaps will amuse both Friends and Enemies) but is Written with such a
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Nice respect to Truth, that I have inserted nothing in it, but what I am able to prove.

Were this Satyr Writ by a Friend of his late Majesty, I shou'd suspect his Partiality wou'd blind him to his chief Failings; but I have discover'd what I was Privy too; and have added to 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 Secrets and Failings of his late Majesty, yet I am willing to own, that whatever Curtains of Night-work I draw over his Throne, whatever Dirt I cast into his Courts, there will come a Time, when the Name of K. William will be as the pouring out of a sweet Ointment, and the bruising of evaporating Spices. Then will our Annals be perfum'd with his Memory, when all the Honour we can do him will be to glory 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 him worthy of Incence.

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But if the Williamites shou'd be so Ungrateful, as not to Erect a Pyramid in Remembrance of him, (who Rescu'd their Religion and Liberties from the Faws of Ruine and Destruction) all that I can say, is, That I shall then consent, that even this Satyr upon him may be a lasting Monument of his Fame. But I am willing to be thought his Enemy (and will vindicate this Satyr) till such time the Williamites prove ungrateful; for why may not the Author of these Papers (like the rest of the World) adore the Rising Sun.

I shall Only add — When I first enter'd upon this Satyr (tho' the Subject pleas'd me) yet not knowing but some might condemn it to Die as soon as Born, and perhaps such that were no Enemies to the real Design of the Author; the fear of this made me reflect on a pretty passage very like this, of a Book Written in the last Age, to prove 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

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against the Divinity of our Saviour, by making use of all their Topicks in the proof of this Ridiculous Assertion, and solving all those brought against it in the same manner they were accustom'd to do, as plainly appear'd to those who look'd close enough into it. However, some good honest Man there was who happen'd upon the Book, (as perhaps some Williamites may do upon this Satyr) and not seeing through it, conceiv'd a mighty Indignation against the Person who endeavour'd to propagate such an Antiquated Heresie, and sets himself in good earnest to write an Answer to it, to prevent the Mischief it might do in the World: Wherein he did very gravely Refel all the Authorities, and Reasons that Wag had laid together.

I scarce 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, I have here led the World by the Nose into the Design thereof; and by this Preface let the Reader (if he is not a stark Fool) into the Sence of this so unintelligible a Work.

A
S A T Y R

U P O N

King *WILLIAM*, &c.

TIS 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 is ungrateful to the Commended Sovereign: For, by how much the more they deserve, so much the less do they (generally) desire to be Applauded: And if the Character be Bad, who will dare to speak it out, while Princes are arm'd with Power to do us so much Good, or Hurt, according as they are either pleas'd

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

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or displeas'd? And by how much the worse they are, so much the less can they bear to be told 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 greater freedom of Speech, and venture to say what was True, and what they did believe before, tho' it was not fit to be spoken sooner.

'Tis this emboldens me to attempt the Writing a Satyr upon K. *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 Vertues and Vices,

I shall first relate what King *William's* Friends say of his Vertues.

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 Flaws I find in every one of his Vertues.

For tho' his Friends tell us, *All the Vertues met and combin'd in his Royal Person, to Reform the Age, and to vanquish the Forces*

ers of Sin and Darkness; 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* the Third was no more an Angel 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 Ill-nature 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 the account of the Discoveries I make; for, as he is Dead, my Words can't make me Guilty of Treason; or were *K. William* Alive, if I asserted nothing but Truth, Truth (alone) wou'd protect me. 'Tis true, as my Satyr will be all Truth, it will bite the deeper. However, 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, will think a Satyr upon him a very Ungrateful Task: But the Opportunities I 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 Notice.

Reader,

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Reader, you may now suppose me Sitting in close Consult against *K. William*, and Ranfacking 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 Family into an unreserv'd Confession and Disclosure of the daily Customs of his House; (nay, and those of his very Bed-Chamber) nor shall the freedom of his Table (for now he is Dead, I'll conceal nothing) be allow'd him unpurg'd, if probably even there but a Syllable might escape him which may be artificially interpreted into Levity, or wench'd but into a Connivance at it: So that nothing shall escape my Satyre which will bear the least shadow of reflection of Dishonour to the Person, Dignity, or Memory of *K. William*. Or, if after I've narrowly search'd into his Life and Reign, nothing can be squeez'd out that can (tho' but colourably) charge him, I'll fall to indite even his Piety and Valour, &c. Or, if I can find nothing to Satyrize here, I shall call for Eyes to penetrate into the very Recesses of his Soul: For it may be there may sculk some wicked Thought (or I will guess it such) which if possible I will

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will tear from his Heart, and sharpen my Satyr with it: But if even that be White and Innocent too, I will Satyrize his Dying Legacy †, (which every *Williamite* keeps in a Frame) and will endeavour to prove that his Snowy Innocence (had he hearkned to Bigots) wou'd ha' taken a Crimson dye, and have been (at least) seemingly Criminal. So that my *Secret History of K. William*, will be a general SATYR upon his whole Life.

And here (that I may proceed in the Method I first propos'd) I shall first Satyrize the Imperfections of his Body.

As to his Body, ('tis no *Secret* to tell the World) 'twill bear a S. A. T. Y. R. from Head to Foot. I confess, 'twas said of his Royal Consort, 'If Personal Accomplishments cou'd Merit a Crown, she might with Justice have challeng'd the Royal Diadem, even in an Island to which all other Countries yield the Prize of Beauty. And if Sublime Vertue deserves the Supreme Command (she was so far above SATYR) she seem'd Destin'd for the Empire of the World.

These were the Personal Accomplishments of Q. *Mary*: But what Perfections can we find in the Body of her Royal Hus-

† His last Speech to the Parliament

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band? — His very Birth (as if he was Born Fighting) seem'd Unnatural; for he was so unruly whilst he lay in the winding Chambers of Nature, that the Princess Royal (his Mother) made him an Orphan of the 8th Month. As Satyrical as this looks, I have sufficient Evidence for it, in a Letter of Mr *Abraham Cowley* *, where are these Words: *We have Receiv'd News the Princess Royal is in her 8th Month; if it please God to give her a Son, it will be some Consolation in this great Misfortune the Death of the Prince of Orange, who Died last Week of the Small-Pox.* Now, this Letter being Written in the 18th of *October New Stile*, was four days after her being Brought to Bed. Tho' Mr. *Cowley* cou'd not at that Time be suppos'd to know it through the distance of Place; for every body knows that *K. William* was Born on 14th Day of *November 1650*; that is, the 14th Day *New Stile*.

So that he was Oppos'd (if I may say so) even in the Womb, by the Sufferings he met with there, through the Grievs and 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 render'd her incapable to take any due Care of him. So that he was cast upon the Immediate Pro

* To be found in *Miscellanea Aulica*, p. 152.

A Satyr upon King William. 7

ection of Heaven in his very Infancy; for
s few minded him, so many laid Snares
of him even in the Cradle. 'Tis true, he
ose gradually by Opposition, and increas'd
n Favour with the People, as he grew in
Stature and Years; yet his Life was such
n Eye fore to some Great Men, (whose
Names I think fit to conceal) that
hey thought it their Interest to Suppress
him; and speciously gave out, that it was
he Interest of the Republick so to do.

But tho' when he came into the World
n the 8th Month, few expected he cou'd
live, (and those that did, Opposed him)
et (as if he had made Bullets of Flesh and
Blood) he STORM'D his way through
he *Conduit of Nature*, and was (as 'twere)
Born a Soldier:

Then none can doubt of the *Cruelty* he
hew'd to his Mother; in coming so hastily
into the World: But his Body was suffici-
ently Pun'd for this Unnatural Speed to
e Charging his Enemies: For 'twas of-
en Afflicted with one Distemper or other;
ay; his very Friends have acknowledg'd
n 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 ha' ventur'd himself
in so many Campaigns.

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'Tis true, (as his Friends tell us) 'H
' Descended from a Race of Heroes, wh
' rose Remarkably to the highest pitch o
' Honour and Goodness; yet they all a
knowledge *K. William's* Untimely Birth
that his Body was Crazy, and of a Slende
Make, and that he was of a Sickly Consti
tution from his Youth, his very Heart i
self, upon Dissection by *Mr. Bernard* an
others) was of the Smaller Size, and his
Body in general, was much Ematiated.

'Tis true, he was capable of enduring F
tignes in War, and Hardships by Sea; b
this was no great matter, because he mad
Difficulties easie to him, by frequent an
(almost) constant Tryals.

As his Heart (however Magnanimous
was in Battle) was a meer Punctilio fo
Size, so his Head (as much as his Friend
extol it for *Wisdom* and *Piety*) was a fo
of **Satyr** on his other Members. His
Nose was of a Roman make, and 'twere n
abuse if I call'd it a Promontory. 'Tis tru
his Forehead resembl'd that of *Julius Cæsar*
and his Hook-Nose (for that's the be
word I can give it) that of *Constantine t*
Great; as if he had been mark'd out b
Providence to be like the first in *Cont*
vance and *Courage*, and the second in *Ze*
and *Suecess*.

And to do him Justice, (for I not the Pe
son, but the Praise's hate) there was som
thing Extraordinary in his Eyes; Majest
an

and Mildness (tho' seldom seated together) and equally shine forth in these wonderful luminaries; they were all Flame; and was a Lambent, not a Scorching one.

But how many things were there seen in him that render'd these Perfections displeasing? For, tho' his Eyes sparkled with Majesty and Mildness at the same time, yet as if he wou'd Look through you) they were so Piercing, none cou'd bear to behold them: And for this reason, he never forgot by Face he had once fix'd his Eyes upon. So that by reason of his piercing Looks, tho' there was a great deal of Mildness in them) one found 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.

But, as much as he Pierc'd and Aw'd others, yet he was not a jot observant of himself, in relation to Little and Minute things. Which great Neglect of Himself, his Friends excuse, by saying, *That he was a thoughtful Person, of a vast Intellect, and that minute Things were below him, and foreign to the Situation of his Soul and Elevation of his Genius.* But however exalted his Mind was; which I shall examine anon) 'tis certain his Head made but a Rough Figure; at best, being of a large and oblong Form. And for his Hand, (and had I Time I wou'd Survey his other Members) tho' 'twas as

10 *A Satyr upon King William.*

Soft and White as ever was seen, yet was there a taperness in all his Fingers; and (which render'd his Body the more Imperfect) there was but little Symetry in his whole Contexture.

So that (you see Reader) whatever Finings *K. William's* Friends say of his Mind (which I shall next treat of) they have no great matter to boast of with respect to his Body.

Having *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* Failings, as he was a *Man*. But that my *Secret History* may be Impartial,

I shall first discover (and *Satyrize*) what his Friends call his Matchless *Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland*, *Flanders*, and in the late Revolution.

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

What they call his gentle Reign, and mildness of temper, under the highest Provocation.

What they call his Fidelity to his People and Ruling according to Law.

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

What they call his Moderation and Tenderness to Protestant Dissenters.

A Satyr upon King William. II

What they call his Surprizing Wisdom, with which he did contrive, and carry 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 and (as his Friends call it) undissembl'd Piety; neither shall any Perfection that was magnify'd in him, miss of being *Lessen'd* to what it was.

And as I shall expose all the *Secrets* of his Life and Reign; so I shall be as *Satyri- cal* upon (what the *Williamites* call) 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 Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders,* and the late Revolution: And here, that I may do him Justice,

I am first to relate what King *William's* Friends say of that Undaunted Courage with which he look'd every Difficulty and 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

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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 Martial Atchievements.

First, as to his *Conduct* and *Valour* ———
(His Friends tell us) ‘ Never any Man beat
‘ the Paths of Honour and Dignity with
‘ more Danger and Hazard than *William*
‘ the Third, or enjoy’d the Seat of Autho-
‘ rity with less Ease and Pomp.

He that considers with what Vigour and Dexterity he us’d to handle his Sword, will easily believe, he was (not only Born, but) Bred up in the Camp ; that the Field was his Nursery ; that he was Rock’d in no other Cradle, than in an Ammunition Waggon ; and that the Noise and Roarings of Guns were all his Dalliance and Lullabies.

You might see him Fight like a Champion with Lightning in his Eyes : He drew his Sword as if he meant to cut off six Heads at a Blow : He wou’d open a Passage for God’s People through all Hazards, and clear the Coast amidst a Company of Devils.

He did (say the *Williamites*) perform all that Historians applaud in their own *Cæsars* and Princes : Who is so great a Stranger, that hath not heard of his Name, and the loud Noise of his Victories ? He hath blown down the Walls of the Spiritual
Ferico,

Ferico, and Cursed (say his Friends) be that *Hiel* that restores them. He hath put the *Perizzites* to flight, and the *Amorites* have fallen before him: Neither is his Conduct and Valour restrain'd to *Holland*, *Flanders*, or the Revolution in *England*, &c. but is most 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 of Spirits, (he had all the Conduct that has ever been Remarkable in all Ages before him) and his Valour had a kind of Impatience in completing his Glories.

To prove this, (continue his Friends) do but examine the Secret Motives that made him a Soldier, and you'll find, He courted no Effeminate Pleasures, but reckon'd the Field of Action as Delightful as the Court, when Duty, and his Peoples Danger call'd him Abroad to suffer Toil 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, '*K. William* is a Great Soldier. And I really think (upon a strict search into his Conduct for many Campaigns) one who truly Fears God. And therefore the *Williamites* tell us, while

Lewis

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Lewis Le-Grand contented himself to send his Armies under this or the other General, and thought it most adviseable to keep himself out of Harm's-way, he scorn'd to follow this Modern Example of Cowardice, tho' set off under the *specious Title of Policy and Prudence*; but shew'd his Concern for his Soldiers, by exposing Himself as far as any of them; over whom he signally manifested his Vigilance and Care, at the same time he animated them by his Example.

How assiduous was he in Reviews? How narrowly did he observe them, as to Arms, Cloathing, and Horses? How they Behav'd, and how they were Paid and Provided for? How did he Sympathize with 'em when Funds became deficient? Of which, 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 Coll. *Babington*) 'have I seen him on Horse-back, '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 word, taking all the necessary Precautions as Matters stood. 'Tis 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 may well 'conclude

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conclude he had sooner forc'd the French to Reasonable Terms. But however lasting the Wars was, 'tis certain (say the *Williamites*) his Conduct and Courage was most Remarkable and Heroick: To the same Hearts he was both Formidable and Belov'd. To his Soldiers he was Courteous and Familiar; yet his Military Discipline was so sharp and severe, that the *Sentence of a Court-Martial* seem'd not more terrible to them than one Frown of their General: They durst sooner meet with the Thunder of an Enemy, than Encounter his Displeasure, and the certain Justice of his Passion, And yet (as Colonel *Babington* said, who was many Years in his Service) He knew well how to Encourage with a Smile, how to Animate with his Countenance: He cou'd make them Valiant with his Looks, and no Man cou'd teach them better how to handle their Swords.

He was still careful after Victory, to Heal and bind up their Wounds, and in all the time of his Conduct, (which gains the Heart of a Soldier) he wou'd be sure to Reward Merit and Courage wherever he found it. He was besides, a great Lover of his Men, even of those that were Slain and left behind in the Field; to whom (as Colonel *Babington* tells us) he well express'd himself, even after their Deaths, in being ever careful of their Widows and Orphans: When the Fathers were lost, he had Tears

and Succour for their Children and Families ; of which (tis in vain to deny it) my *Secret Memoirs* give several hundred Instances.

In whatsoever we examine and scan the Conduct of *K. William* ; wheresoever we trace him, we find Prudence directing, Piety commanding, Courage undertaking, Valour performing, and all the Graces together turned *Amazons*, and Fighting under his Conduct. Neither (say the *Williamites*) can any Man doubt *K. William's* Bravery, that will (Privately) trace his Matchless Conduct and Valour, in *Holland, Flanders*, and in the late Revolution, &c.

To begin with *Holland*, when *De-Wit* was sent to the Prince of *Orange* with a Message from the States, when some were for depressing his Highness, which was long before he was chosen *Stadtholder*, the Young Prince, with a Courage becoming his Family, made Answer, ' That He, ' his Father, Grandfather, and Great Grand- ' father, having so long Liv'd in that House, ' he was very unwilling to leave it ; and the ' Pensionary might go and tell the States, ' wou'd not, till forc'd out of it. The Prince returning this brave Answer, the States thought it their best Prudence to let the matter dye, and take no farther notice of it.

His Matchless Valour is also seen in the following Instance: When a certain Duke (whose Name I forbear to mention) used many Arguments with the Prince of *Orange*, for the accepting of the 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 him-
'self in such a desperate Case; since, ac-
'cording to the Humour he persisted in, he
'must unavoidably see the final ruin of it:
'But the Prince replied, That what his
'Grace said concerning their dangerous con-
'dition, was indeed true, but yet that he
'had one way still left not to see it com-
'pleted; which was, to lie in the last
'Dyke: 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* King, wherein he gave him an Account, That upon a general Review of his Army, he found himself but in a sorry Condition, as 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 Inge-
nuous in the acknowledgment of his Loss; he was no less Just to his Great Adversary

* In August, 1674.

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the Prince of *Orange*, by giving him the Character, ' That he had acted like an Old Captain in all, but only Venturing Himself too much like a Young Man.

But 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 *Cesar*, 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 * *Maestricht*. Which Siege was carry'd on with such Bravery, that the Prince, exposing himself upon all Occasions, receiv'd a Musket-shot in his Arm; at which, perceiving those about him were daunted, he immediately pull'd off his Hatt with the Arm that was hurt,

* In July, 1676.

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and wav'd it about his Head, to shew the Wound 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 *Dyké Velts*, in his Letter to the *States General*, is pleas'd to say, 'High and Mighty Lords, It was to have been wish'd that God wou'd have Bless'd our Arms at the Siege of *Mastricht*; for His Highness, the Prince of *Orange*, shew'd Extraordinary Diligence, Vigilance, and Courage, upon this Occasion: He Encourag'd our Troops 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 Battallion and Squadron in Person; That he Rally'd his broken Troops several times, and renew'd the Charge; That at last (as some have confess'd that he was near his Person) was quite born down by the plain Flight of his Men, whom he was forc'd to resist like Enemies: He was in among them with Sword in Hand, cutting the first cross the Face, cry'd aloud, *Raskal; I'll set a Mark on thee,*

* In April, 1677.

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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-a-way
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 he
Friends) a Retreat that came little short
a Glorious Victory ——— And this is con-

firm'd by a private Letter sent by the Duke
of Monmouth, (to an English Gentleman
then at the Hague) where are these Words
What may I not say, where I can say
thing too much? Nothing so Brave which
is not due to the Conduct and Valour
the Prince of Orange at the Battle
Montcassel: He held up and maintain'd
the Cause and Spirit of his Army; when
all was near Lost, but the Courage of
vigorous Commander, he Won back,
regain'd all by a Victory.

About this time, the States order'd
a Medal to be Stamped in Honour of
His Royal 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
himself sent him this Complement:
I assure you that your Conduct and
our for some Years, has not lessened
Affe

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Affection which I always had for your Person and Family ——— To which, the Prince return'd this Answer, by the same hand: 'I acknowledge 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*.

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 animat'd with the hopes of good Success) cry'd 'to me, to me, to encourage the 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 a Desperate Fight for several Hours.

He took *Beaumont* in the fight of the Duke of *Luxemburg*. And at which time strange Providence hapned to His Majesty he was standing under a Tree to view the Enemies Camp; for the Enemies perceiving

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ceiving 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 the 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 through the Peruke, which made him deaf for a while; another through the Sleeve of his Coat, which did no harm; and the third carry'd off the Knot of his Scarfe and left a small Contusion on his Side. But (say 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 them 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 as 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 forc'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: But I am not 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'd 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 and Immortal Lustre, it may be Clouded for a Time, (as was seen in the late Disappointment at *Cadiz*) but it is to Advantage, it breaks out with greater Splendor than before.

But *K. William's* Bravery and Conduct never shew'd itself at a more seasonable Time (or more Dazled the Beholders) than it did at the Famous Congress of the Confederate Princes; where His Majesty Cou-

rageously told 'em, ' That in the Circum-
 ' cumstances they were in, it was not time
 ' to Deliberate, but to Act; That the Ene-
 ' my was Master of all the Chief Fortresses
 ' that were the Barrier of the Common Li-
 ' berty; and that he wou'd quickly possess
 ' himself of all the rest, if the Spirit of
 ' Division, Slowness, and Private Interest
 ' continu'd amongst 'em; That it was no-
 ' thing but Soldiers, strong Arms, and a
 ' Prompt and Sincere Union between all
 ' the Forces of the Allies, 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
 ' his Credit, Forces, nor Person, to Concur
 ' with them in so Just and Necessary a De-
 ' sign: 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 had been
 but *a Royal Post-Man*) 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 Match-
 less *Conduct* and *Valour*, in *Holland* and
Flanders, (both before and since he was
 Crown'd) I shall next reveal what farther
Secrets they give us, (and to which my
 self have been made Privy) in relation to
 his

his *Military Achievements* in the late Revolution: And I shall be the freer to Magnifie his Warlike Actions, that when I come to *Satyrize* his Courage, I may be thought Impartial.

So that in the prosecution of this *Secret History*, I am next 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, &c. (who privately cross'd the Seas to carry the severat Dispatches, &c.) came to Defend us from *Popery* and *Slavery*: This being the End he had in his Eye. When he took leave of the *States*, 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, Foresight, and Courage, and not withdraw his Arm from him in time of Need: That he call'd God to Witness, between himself and his own Conscience, that he did not undertake such an arduous Affair but for his Glory, but that his only aim was the Honour of God, the Welfare of their Country, and the Christian Religion; and that therefore he hoped 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 recommended one thing more to them, '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 should put it off: That if he should lose his Life in the Expedition, they would 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 could no where find such a secure Place, as under the Wings of the States: And then (as my private Minutes assure me) he desired they would always mind him in their publick and private Prayers, of which he should have the same regard to them; with which words, the Tears ran down his Face; and (I'm told) the Pensionary return'd him an Answer suitable to the Occasion.

After the Prince had taken this Private Farewel of the States of Holland, he Embark'd in the Dutch Fleet (consisting of 50 Men of War, and 14352 Land Forces). He was accompany'd over by several English and Scotch Lords, as the Earl of Shrewsbury, Marquis of Winchester, E. of Macclesfield, Viscount Mordaunt, E. of Argile, Lord Wiltshire, Lord Pawlet, Lord Coct, Lord Elan, and the Lord Dunblaine, together with Dr. Burnet, Ferguson, Waidman, and some others. And (the Williamites say) Marshal Schomberg, and 2 or 300 French Officers