

Discipline and Generosity without Example.

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

With an inviolable Affection,

Respect, and most

Sincere Acknowledgment,

*From the Camp at
Senia, before Bar-
celona, the 22^d of
October, 1705.*

Madam, my Sister,

Your most affectionate

Brother;

CHARLES.

AND yet, after all, was this noble General not only recall'd, the Command of the Fleet taken from him, and that of the Army given to my Lord *Galway*, without Assignment of Cause; but all Manner of Falsities were industriously spread abroad, not only to diminish, if they could, his Re-
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putation, but to bring him under Accusations of a malevolent Nature. I can hardly imagine it necessary here to take Notice, that afterward he disprov'd all those idle Calumnies and ill-invented Rumours; or to mention what Compliments he receiv'd, in the most solemn Manner, from his Country, upon a full Examination and thorough canvassing of his Actions in the House of Lords. But this is too notorious to be omitted, That all Officers coming from *Spain* were purposely intercepted in their Way to *London*, and craftily examin'd upon all the idle Stories which had pass'd tending to lessen his Character: And when any Officers had asserted the Falsity of those Inventions (as they all did, except a military Sweetner or two) and that there was no Possibility of laying any thing amiss to the Charge of that General—they were told, that they ought to be careful however, not to speak advantageously of that Lord's Conduct, unless they were willing to fall Martyrs in his Cause — A Thing scarce to be credited even in a popish Country. But *Scipio* was accus'd — tho' (as my Author finely observes) by Wretches only known to Posterity by that stupid Accusation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

said his military Conduct was of a piece with his Oeconomy, having two Days before this March, sent his young handsome Wife into *England*, under the Guardianship of the young Chaplain of the Regiment.

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

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

LORD *Galway*, who at this Time lay ^{Battle of} before *Villena*, receiving this Intelligence ^{Almanza.} from those well instructed Deserters, immediately rais'd the Siege; with a Resolution, by a hasty March, to force the Enemy to Battle, before the Duke of *Orleans* should be able to join the Duke of *Berwick*. To effect this, after a hard March of three long *Spanish* Leagues in the heat of the Day; he appears a little after Noon in the face of the Enemy with his fatiegued Forces. Glad and rejoic'd at the Sight, for he found his Plot had taken; *Berwick*, the better to receive him, draws up his Army in a half Moon, placing at a pretty good Advance three Regiments to make up the Centre, with express Order, nevertheless, to retreat at the very first Charge. All which was punctually observ'd, and had its desired Effect: For the three Regiments, at the first Attack gave way, and seemingly fled towards their Camp; the *English*, after their customary Manner, pursuing them with Shouts and Hollowings. As soon as the Duke of *Berwick* perceiv'd his Trap had taken, he order'd his right and left Wings to close; by which Means, he at once cut off from the rest of their Army all those who had so eagerly pursu'd the imaginary Run-ways. In short, the Rout was total, and

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the most fatal Blow that ever the *English* receiv'd during the whole War with *Spain*. Nor, as it is thought, with a great probability of Reason, had those Troops that made their Retreat to the Top of the Hills, under Major General *Shrimpton*, met with any better Fate than those on the Plain, had the *Spaniards* had any other General in the Command than the Duke of *Berwick*; whose native Sympathy gave a check to the Ardour of a victorious Enemy. And this was the sense of the *Spaniards* themselves after the Battle. Verifying herein that noble Maxim, *That Victory to generous Minds is only an Inducement to Moderation*.

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

THE fatal Effects of this Battle were soon made visible, and to none more than those in *Alicant*. The Enemy grew every Day more and more troublesome; visiting us in Parties more boldly than before; and often hovering about us so very near, that with our Cannon we could hardly teach *em* to keep a proper Distance. Gorge the Governor of *Alicant* being recall'd into *England*, Major General *Richards* was by King *Charles* appointed Governor in his Place.

He was a Roman Catholick, and very much belov'd by the Natives on that Account; tho' to give him his due, he behaved himself extremely well in all other Respects. It was in his Time, that a Design was laid of surprizing *Guardamere*, a small Sea-port Town in *Murcia*: But the military Bishop (for he was in a literal Sense excellent *tam Marte, quam Mercurio*, among his many others Exploits, by a timely Expedition, prevented that.

GOVERNOR *Richards*, my Post being always in the Castle, had sent to desire me to give notice whenever I saw any Parties of the Enemy moving. Pursuant to this Order, discovering one Morning a considerable body of Horse towards *Elsha*, I went down into the Town, and told the Governor what I had seen; and without any delay he gave his Orders, that a Captain with threescore Men should attend me to an old House about a Mile distance. As soon as we had got into it, I set about barricading all the open Places, and Avenues, and put my Men in a Posture ready to receive an Enemy, as soon as he should appear; upon which the Captain, as a feint, ordered a few of his Men to shew themselves on a rising Ground just before the House. But we had like to have caught a Tartar: For tho' the Enemy took the Train I had laid, and on sight of our small Body on the Hill,

sent a Party from their greater Body to intercept them, before they could reach the Town; yet the Sequel prov'd, we had mistaken their Number, and it soon appeared to be much greater than we at first imagin'd. However our Out-scouts, as I may call 'em, got safe into the House; and on the Appearance of the Party, we let fly a full Volly, which laid dead on the Spot three Men and one Horse. Hereupon the whole Body made up to the House, but stood a-loof upon the Hill without reach of our Shot. We soon saw our Danger from the number of the Enemy: And well for us it was, that the watchful Governor had taken notice of it, as well as we in the House. For observing us surrounded with the Enemy, and by a Power so much superior, he marched himself with a good part of the Garrison to our Relief. The Enemy stood a little time as if they would receive 'em; but upon second thoughts they retir'd; and to our no little Joy left us at Liberty to come out of the House and join the Garrison.

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

SOON after my Charge, as to the Fortifications, was pretty well over, I obtain'd Leave of the Governor to be absent for a Fortnight, upon some Affairs of my own at *Valencia*. On my Return from whence, at a Town call'd *Venissa*, I met two Officers of an *English* Regiment, going to the Place from whence I last came. They told me, after common Congratulations, that they had left Major *Poyd*, at a little Place call'd *Cappl*, hiring another Mule, that he rode on thither having tir'd and fail'd him; desiring withal, that if I met him, I would let him know that they would stay for him at that Place. I had another Gentleman in my Company, and we had travell'd on not

above a League further, whence, at a little Distance, we were both surpriz'd with a Sight that seem'd to have set all Art at defiance, and was too odd for any thing in Nature. It appear'd all in red, and to move; but so very slowly, that if we had not made more way to that than it did to us, we should have made it a Day's Journey before we met it. My Companion could as little tell what to make of it as I; and, indeed, the nearer it came the more monstrous it seem'd, having nothing of the Tokens of Man, either Walking, Riding, or in any Posture whatever. At last, coming up with this strange Figure of a Creature (for now we found it was certainly such) what, or rather who, should it prove to be, but Major *Boyd*? He was a Person of himself far from one of the least Proportion, and mounted on a poor little Afs, with all his warlike Accoutrements upon it, you will allow must make a Figure almost as odd as one of the old *Centaurs*. The Morocco Saddle that cover'd the Afs was of Burden enough for the Beast without its Master; and the additional Holsters and Pistols made it much more weighty. Nevertheless, a Curb Bridle of the largest Size cover'd his little Head, and a long red Cloak, hanging down to the Ground, cover'd Jack-boots, Afs, Master and all. In short, my Companion and I, after we could specifically

cally declare it to be a Man, agreed we never saw a Figure so comical in all our Lives. When we had merrily greeted our Major (for a *Cynick* could not have forbore Laughter,) He excus'd all as well as he could, by saying he could get no other Beast. After which, delivering our Message, and condoling with him for his present Mounting, and wishing him better at his next Quarters, he settled into his old Pace, and we into ours, and parted.

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

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

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

WHEN I was thus attending my Lord *Galway* at *Tarraga*, he receiv'd Intelligence that the Enemy had a Design to lay Siege to *Denia*; whereupon he gave me Orders to repair there as Engineer. After I had receiv'd my Orders, and taken Leave of his Lordship, I set out, resolving, since it was left to my Choice, to go by way of *Barcelona*, and there take Shipping for the Place of my Station; by which I propos'd to save more time than would allow me a full Opportunity of visiting *Montserrat*,
a Place

a Place I had heard much Talk of, which had fill'd me with a longing Desire to see it. To say Truth, I had been told such extravagant Things of the Place, that I could hardly impute more than one half of it to any thing but *Spanish* Rhodomontado's, the Vice of extravagant Exaggeration being too natural to that Nation.

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

proach ; yet much less than what I found it, was so soon as I enter'd upon the very Premises.

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

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

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

Two Gentlemen, who had join'd me on the Road, alike led by Curiosity, seem'd alike delighted, that the End of it was so well answer'd. I could easily discover in their Countenances a Satisfaction, which, if it did not give a Sanction to my own, much

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confirm'd it, while they seem'd to allow with me that these reverend Solitaries were truly happy Men: I then thought them such; and a thousand times since, reflecting within my self, have wish'd, bating their Errors, and lesser Superstitions, my self as happily station'd: For what can there be wanting to a happy Life, where all things necessary are provided without Care? Where the Days, without Anxiety or Troubles, may be gratefully pass'd away, with an innocent Variety of diverting and pleasing Objects, and where their Sleeps and Slumbers are never interrupted with any thing more offensive, than murmuring Springs, natural Cascades, or the various Songs of the pretty feather'd Quiristers.

BUT their Courtesy to Strangers is no less engaging than their Solitude. A recluse Life, for the Fruits of it, generally speaking, produces Moroseness; Pharisaical Pride too often sours the Temper; and a mistaken Opinion of their own Merit too naturally leads such Men into a Contempt of others: But on the contrary, these good Men (for I must call them as I thought them) seem'd to me the very Emblems of Innocence; so ready to oblige others, that at the same instant they seem'd laying Obligations upon themselves. This is self-evident, in that Affability and Complaisance they use in shewing the Rarities of their several Cells; where,

where, for fear you should slip any thing worthy Observation, they endeavour to instil in you as quick a Propensity of asking, as you find in them a prompt Alacrity in answering such Questions of Curiosity as their own have inspir'd.

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

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

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

Weight, to recline and seek Support from others in the Neighbourhood.

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

HAVING thus taken a View of all their refreshing Springs, their grateful Groves, and solitary Shades under single Trees, whose Clusters prov'd that even Rocks were grown fruitful; and having ran over all the Variety of Pleasures in their several pretty Cells, decently set off with Gardens round them, equally fragrant and beautiful, we were brought down again to the Con-

vent, which, though on a small Ascent, lies very near the Foot of this terrestrial Paradise, there to take a Survey of their sumptuous Hall, much more sumptuous Chapel, and its adjoining Repository; and feast our Eyes with Wonders of a different Nature; and yet as entertaining as any, or all, we had seen before.

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

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

WHEN we enter'd the Chapel, our Eyes were immediately attracted by the
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Image of our Lady of *Montserat* (as they call it) which stands over the Altar-Piece. It is about the natural Stature; but as black and shining as Ebony it self. Most would imagine it made of that Material; though her Retinue and Adorers will allow nothing of the Matter. On the contrary, Tradition, which with them is, on some Occasions, more than tantamount to Religion, has assur'd them, and they relate it as undoubted Matter of Fact, that her present Colour, if I may so call it, proceeded from her Concealment, in the Time of the *Moors*, between those two Rocks on which the Chapel is founded; and that her long lying in that dismal Place chang'd her once lovely White into its present opposite. Would not a Heretick here be apt to say, That it was great pity that an Image which still boasts the Power of acting so many Miracles, could no better conserve her own Complexion? At least it must be allow'd, even by a good Catholick, to carry along with it Matter of Reproach to the fair Ladies, Natives of the Country, for their unnatural and excessive Affection of adulterating, if not defacing, their beautiful Faces, with the ruining Dauberries of *Carmine*?

As the Custom of the Place is (which is likewise allow'd to be a distinguishing Piece of Civility to Strangers) when we approach the black Lady (who, I should have told

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you,

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

To demonstrate which, upon my telling him that, I had a Set of Beads, which I must entreat him to consecrate for me, he readily, nay, eagerly comply'd; and having hung them on her Arm for the Space of about half, or somewhat short of a whole Minute, he return'd me the holy Baubles with a great deal of Address and most evident Satisfaction. The Reader will be apt to admire at this curious Piece of Superstition of mine, till I have told him, that even rigid Protestants have, in this Country, thought it but prudent to do the like; and likewise having so done, to carry them about their Persons, or in their Pockets: For Experience has convinc'd us of the Necessity

of this most Catholick Precaution; since those who have here, travelling or otherwise, come to their Ends, whether by Accident, Sickness, or the Course of Nature, not having these sanctifying Seals found upon them, have ever been refus'd Christian Burial, under a superstitious Imagination, that the Corps of a Heretick will infect every thing near it.

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

posited. But I return to the Convent at *Montferat*.

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

BUT there was another Offering from a King of *Portugal*, equally glorious and costly; but much better adapted; and therefore in its Propriety easier to be accounted for. That was a Glory for the Head of her Ladiship, every Ray of which
was

was set with Diamonds, large at the Bottom, and gradually lessening to the very Extremity of every Ray. Each Ray might be about half a Yard long ; and I imagin'd in the Whole there might be about one Hundred of them. In short, if ever her Ladiship did the Offerer the Honour to put it on, I will, though a Heretick, venture to aver, she did not at that present time look like a humane Creature.

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

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

IF you descend to the Convent near the Foot of that venerable Hill ; you may see more, much more of the Riches of the

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

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

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

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

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

WHEN I arriv'd at *Denia*, I found a *Spaniard* Governor of the Town, whose Name has slip't my Memory; tho' his Behaviour merited everlasting Annals. Major *Percival*, an *Englishman*, commanded in the Castle, and on my coming there, I understood, it had been agreed between 'em, that in case of a Siege, which they apprehended, the Town should be defended wholly by *Spaniards*, and the Castle by the *English*.

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

THE Governor of the Town (a *Spaniard* as I said before, and with a *Spanish* Garrison) behav'd very gallantly; insomuch, that what was said of the Prince of *Hesse*, when he so bravely defended *Gibraltar* against the joint Forces of *France* and *Spain*,

Spain, might be said of him, that he was Governor, Engineer, Gunner, and Bombardier all in one: For no Man could exceed him, either in Conduct or Courage; nor were the *Spaniards* under him less valiant or vigilant: For in case the Place was taken, expecting but indifferent Quarter, they fought with Bravery, and defended the Place to Admiration.

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

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

SURVEYING those Works, and my Workmen, I was one Day standing on the great
I Battery,

Battery, when casting my Eye toward the *Barbary* Coast, I observ'd an odd sort of greenish Cloud making to the *Spanish* Shoar. Not like other Clouds with Rapidity or Swiftneſs; but with a Motion ſo ſlow, that Sight itſelf was a long time before it would allow it ſuch. At laſt, it came juſt over my Head, and interpoſing between the Sun and me, ſo thickned the Air, that I had loſt the very Sight of Day. At this moment it had reach'd the Land; and tho' very near me in my Imagination, it began to diſſolve, and loſe of its firſt Tenebrity, when all on a ſudden there fell ſuch a vaſt multitude of Locuſts, as exceed-
ed the thickeſt ſtorm of Hail or Snow that I ever ſaw. ~~A~~round me was immediately cover'd with thoſe crawling Creatures; and they yet continu'd to fall ſo thick, that with the ſwing of my Cane I knock'd down thouſands. It is ſcarce imaginable the Havock I made in a very little ſpace of time; much leſs conceivable is the horrid Deſolation which attended the Viſitation of thoſe *Animalcula*. There was not in a Day or two's time, the leaſt Leaf to be ſeen upon a Tree, nor any green Thing in a Garden. Nature ſeem'd buried in her own Ruins; and the vegetable World to be Supporters only to her Monument. I never ſaw the hardeſt Winter, in thoſe Parts, attended with any equal Deſolation. When, glut-
ton

non like, they had devour'd all that should
 have sustained them, and the more valuable
 Part of God's Creation (whether weary
 with gorging, or over thirsty with devour-
 ing, I leave to Philosophers) they made to
 Ponds, Brooks, and standing Pools, there
 revenging their own Rape upon Nature, up-
 on their own vile Carcasses. In every of
 these you might see them lie in Heaps like
 little Hills; drown'd indeed, but attended
 with Stenches so noisome, that it gave the
 distracted Neighbourhood too great Reason
 to apprehend yet more fatal Consequences.
 A Pestilential Infection is the Dread of every
 Place, but especially of all Parts upon the *Me-
 diterranean*. The Priests therefore repair'd
 to a little Chapel, built in the open Fields;
 to be made use of on such like Occasions,
 there to deprecate the miserable Cause of
 this dreadful Visitation. In a Week's time,
 or thereabouts, the Stench was over, and
 every Thing but verdant Nature in its
 pristine Order.

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

AFTER the taking the Town, they erected Batteries against the Castle, which they kept ply'd with incessant Fire, both from Cannon and Mortars. But what most of all plagu'd us, and did us most Mischief, was the vast showers of Stones sent among the Garrison from their Mortars. These, terrible in Bulk and Size, did more Execution than all the rest put together. The Garrison could not avoid being somewhat disheartened at this uncommon way of Encounter; yet, to a Man, declar'd against hearkening to any Proposals of Surrender, the Governor excepted; who having selected more Treasure than he could properly, or justly call his own, was the only Person that seem'd forward for such a Motion. He had more than once thrown out Expressions of such a Nature, but without any Effect. Nevertheless, having at last secretly obtained a peculiar Capitulation for himself, Bag,
and

and Baggage; the Garrison was sacrific'd to his private Interest, and basely given up Prisoners of War. By these Means indeed he saved his Money, but lost his Reputation; and soon after, Life it self. And sure every Body will allow the latter loss to be least, who will take Pains to consider, that it screen'd him from the consequential Scrutinies of a Council of War, which must have issued as the just Reward of his Demerits.

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

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

So soon as I arriv'd at *Valencia*, I wrote to our Pay-master Mr. *Mead*, at *Barcelona*,
letting

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

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

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

† THE very Day on which the Besiegers design'd to spring the Mine, they gave Notice of it; and the People of the Neighbourhood ran up in Crowds to an opposite Hill in order to see it: Nevertheless, altho' those

those in the Castle saw all this, they still remain'd so infatuated, as to imagine it All done only to affright 'em. At length the fatal Mine was sprung, and all who were upon that Battery lost their Lives ; and among them those I first mentioned. The very Recital hereof made me think within my self, *who can resist his Fate ?*

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

SOME further Particulars I soon after had from Colonel *Syburg's* Gentleman ; who seeing me at the Play-house, challenged me, tho' at that Time unknown to me. He told me, that the Night preceeding the unfortunate Catastrophe of his Master, he was waiting on him in the Casemet, where he observed, sometime before the rest of the Company took notice of it, that General *Richards* appeared
very

very pensive and thoughtful, that the whole Night long he was pester'd with, and could not get rid of a great Flie, which was perpetually buzzing about his Ears and Head, to the vexation and disturbance of the rest of the Company, as well as the General himself; that in the Morning, when they went upon the Battery, under which the Mine was, the General made many offers of going off; but Colonel *Syburg*, who was got a little merry, and the rest out of a Bravado, would stay, and would not let the General stir; that at last it was propos'd by Colonel *Syburg* to have the other two Bottles to the Queen's Health, after which he promised they would all go off together.

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

IF Predestination, in the Eyes of many, is an unaccountable Doctrine, what better

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Account

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

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

SAINTE Clemente de la Mancha, is rendered famous by the renown'd *Don Michael Cervantes*, who in his facetious but satyrical Romance, has fix'd it the
Seat

Seat and Birth Place of his Hero *Don Quixot*.

THE Gentlemen of this Place are the least Priest-ridden or Sons of Bigotry, of any that I met with in all *Spain*; of which in my Conversation with them I had daily Instances. Among many others, an Expression that fell from *Don Felix Pacheco*, a Gentleman of the best Figure thereabout, and of a very plentiful Fortune, shall now suffice. I was become very intimate with him; and we us'd often to converse together with a Freedom too dangerous to be common in a Country so enslav'd by the Inquisition. Asking me one Day in a sort of a jocosè manner, who, in my Opinion, had done the greatest Miracles that ever were heard of? I answer'd, Jesus Christ. "It is very true," says he, Jesus Christ did great Miracles, and a great one it was to feed five Thousand People with two or three small Fishes, and a like number of Loaves: But *Saint Francis*, the Founder of the *Franciscan* Order, has found out a way to feed daily one hundred Thousand Lubbers with nothing at all; meaning the *Franciscans*, the Followers of *Saint Francis*, who have no visible Revenues; yet in their way of Living come up to, if they do not exceed any other Order.

ANOTHER Day talking of the Place, it naturally led us into a Discourse of the

Knight of *la Mancha*, *Don Quixot*." At which time he told me, that in his Opinion, that Work was a perfect Paradox, being the best and the worst Romance, that ever was wrote. " For, says he, tho' it must " infallibly please every Man, that has any " taste of Wit ; yet has it had such a fatal " Effect upon the Spirits of my Country- " men, that every Man of Wit must ever " resent ; for, continu'd he, before the Ap- " pearance in the World of that Labour of " *Cervantes*, it was next to an Impossibi- " lity for a Man to walk the Streets with " any Delight, or without Danger. There " were seen so many Cavaliero's prancing " and curvetting before the Windows of " their Mistresses, that a Stranger would " have imagin'd the whole Nation to " have been nothing less than a Race of " Knight Errants. But after the World " became a little acquainted with that no- " table History ; the Man that was seen " in that once celebrated Drapery, was " pointed at as a *Don Quixot*, and found " himself the Jest of High and Low. And " I verily believe, added he, that to this, " and this only we owe that dampness and " poverty of Spirit, which has run thro' all " our Councils for a Century past, so little " agreeable to those nobler Actions of our " famous Ancestors.

AFTER

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

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

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

The manner of Investing Nuns.

the Nunnery, the Streets and Windows being crowded, and fill'd with Spectators of all sorts.

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

THE very same Day of the Year ensuing, the Relations and Friends of the fair Novitiate

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

THERE are in the Town three Nunneries, and a Convent to every one of them; viz. one of *Jesuits*, one of *Carmelites*, and the other of *Franciscans*. Let me not be so far mistaken to have this taken by way of Reflection. No! Whatever some of our Rakes of the Town may assert, I freely declare, that I never saw in any of the Nunneries (of which I have seen many both in

Spain and other Parts of the World) 'any thing like indecent Behaviour, that might give occasion for Satyr or Disesteem. ~~It~~ is true, there may be Accidents, that may lead to a Misinterpretation ; of which I remember a very untoward Instance in *Allicant*. .

WHEN the *English* Forces first laid Siege to that Town, the Priests, who were apprehensive of it, having been long since made sensible of the profound Regard to Chastity and Modesty of us Hereticks, by the ignominious Behaviour of certain Officers at *Rota* and *Porta St. Maria*, the Priests, I say, had taken care to send away privately all the Nuns to *Majorca*. But that the Heretick Invaders might have no Jealousy of it, the fair *Curtezans* of the Town were admitted to supply their Room. The Officers, both of Land and Sea, as was by the Friars pre-imagin'd, on taking the Town and Castle, immediately repair'd to the Grates of the Nunnery, tofs'd over their Handkerchiefs, Nofegays, and other pretty Things; all which were, doubtless, very graciously received by those imaginary Recluses. Thence came it to pass, that in the space of a Month or less, you could hardly fall into Company of any one of our younger Officers, of either sort, but the Discourse, if it might deserve the Name, was concerning these beautiful Nuns; and you wou'd have imagin'd

gin'd the Price of these Ladies as well known as that of Flesh in their common Markets. Others, as well as my self, have often endeavour'd to disabuse those Glorioso's, but all to little purpose, till more sensible Tokens convinced them, that the Nuns, of whose Favours they so much boasted, could hardly be perfect Virgins, tho' in a Cloyster. And I am apt to think, those who would palm upon the World like vicious Relations of Nuns and Nunneries, do it on much like Grounds. Not that there are wanting Instances of Nunneries disfranchis'd, and even demolish'd, upon very flagrant Accounts ; but I confine my self to *Spain*.

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

WHILE I was here, News came of the Battle of *Almanar* and *Saragosa* ; and giving the Victory to that Side, which they espous'd (that of King *Philip*) they made very great Rejoycings. But soon, alas, for them, was all that Joy converted into Sor-

row : The next Courier evincing, that the Forces of King *Charles* had been victorious in both Engagements. This did not turn to my present Disadvantage : For Convents and Nunneries, as well as some of those Dons, whom afore I had not stood so well with, strove now how most to oblige me ; not doubting, but if the victorious Army should march that way, it might be in my Power to double the most signal of their Services in my Friendship.

SOON after an Accident fell out, which had like to have been of an unhappy Consequence to me. I was standing in Company, upon the Parade, when a most surprising flock of Eagles flew over our Heads, where they hover'd for a considerable time. The Novelty struck them all with Admiration, as well as my self. But I, less accustomed to like Spectacles, innocently saying, that in my Opinion, it could not bode any good to King *Philip*, because the Eagle compos'd the Arms of *Austria* ; some busie Body, in hearing, went and inform'd the *Corrigidore* of it. Those most magisterial Wretches embrace all Occasions of squeezing Money ; and more especially from Strangers. However finding his Expectations disappointed in me, and that I too well knew the length of his Foot, to let my Money run freely ; he sent me next Day to *Alerpon* ; but the Governor of that Place

Place^o having had before Intelligence, that the *English* Army was advancing that way, refus'd to receive me, so I return'd as I went; only the Gentlemen of the Place, as they had condol'd the first, congratulated the last; for that *Corrigidore* stood but very indifferently in their Affections. However, it was a warning to me ever after, how I made use of *English* Freedom in a *Spanish* Territory.

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

at all; upon which, I took out my Pencil, and wrote underneath, this Line :

Sponsa Dei, patrisque parens, & filia filii.

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

THEY often want Rain in this Country: To supply the Defect of which, I observed in this Garden, as well as others, an Invention not unuseful. There is a Well in the middle of the Garden, and over that a Wheel with many Pitchers, or Buckets, one under another, which Wheel being turn'd round by an Ass, the Pitchers scoop up the Water on one Side, and throw it out on the other into a Trough, that by little Channels conveys it, as the Gardiner directs, into every part of the Garden. By this Means their Flowers and their Sallad-
ing

ing are continually refresh'd, and preserved from the otherwise over-parching Beams of the Sun.

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

I was walking by my self, when a Person, wholly unknown to me, giving me the civil Salute of the Day, endeavour'd to draw me into Conversation. After Questions had pass'd on general Heads, the Fellow ensnaringly asked me, how it came to pass, that I show'd so little Respect to the Image of the crucify'd Jesus, as I pass'd by it in such a Street, naming it? I made Answer, that I had, or ought to have him always in my Heart crucified. To that he made no Reply: But proceeding in his Interrogatories, question'd me next, whether I believ'd a Purgatory? I evaded the Question, as I took

took it to be ensnaring; and only told him, that I should be willing to hear him offer any Thing that might convince me of the Truth, or Probability of it. Truth? He reply'd in a Heat: There never yet was Man so Holy as to enter Heaven without first passing through Purgatory. In my Opinion, said I, there will be no Difficulty in convincing a reasonable Man to the contrary. What mean you by that, cry'd the Spy? I mean, said I, that I can name one, and a great Sinner too, who went into Bliss without any Visit to Purgatory. Name him, if you can, reply'd my Querist. What think you of the Thief upon the Cross, said I? to whom our dying Saviour said, *Hodie eris mecum in Paradiso*. At which being silenced tho' not convicted, he turned from me in a violent Rage, and left me to myself.

WHAT increas'd my first Suspicion of him was, that a very short time after, my Friend the Provincial sent to speak with me; and repeating all Passages between the holy Spy and me, assur'd me that he had been forc'd to argue in my Favour, and tell him that I had said nothing but well: *For*, says he, *all ought to have the Holy Jesus crucified in their Hearts*. " Nevertheless, " continu'd he, it is a commendable and " good Thing to have him represented in " the high Ways: For, suppose, said he, " a Man