The Publisher of this Second Edition,
to the READER.

The following historical memoirs are written with so much spirit and good sense, that there is no doubt of their pleasing all such as can form any just pretentions to either. However,as upon reading of a book, 'tis a question, that naturally occurs, "*who is the author*?" And as it is too much the custom in these days, to form our sentiments of a performance not from its intrinsic merit, but from the sentiments we form of the writer, the present Republication of these memoirs will renew an enquiry which has been oft made, "*who wrote them*?" Some have imagined the whole to be a romance; if it be, 'tis a romance the like to truth that I ever read. It has all the features of truth, 'tis clothed with her simplicity, and adorned with her charms.

Without hazard I may venture to say, were all romance writers to follow this author's example, their works would yield entertainment to philosophers, as well as serve for the amusement of beaux-esprits. But I am fully persuaded our author whoever he was, had been early concerned in the actions he relates. 'Tis certain no man could have given a description of his retreat from *Marston Moor* to *Rochdale* and from thence over the Moors to the North, in so apt and proper terms, and in so exact a manner, unless he had really travelled over the very ground he describes. I could point out many other instances in the course of the memoirs, which evidence that the author must have been well acquainted with the towns, battles, sieges, *etc*, and a party in the actions he relates. But as 'tis needless to do this, all that remains is, to trace our author to his Name.

He says he was second son to a *Shropshire* gentleman, who was made a Peer in the Reign of King CHARLES, the 1st. whose Seat lay eight Miles from *Shrewsbury*. This account suits noone so well as *Andrew Newport* Esq; second son to *Richard Newport*, of High Ercall, Esq; which *Richard* was created Lord *Newport*, October 14th, 1642. This *Andrew Newport*, Esq; whom we suppose our author to be, was after the Restoration made a Commissioner of the Customs, probably in reward of his zeal and good services for the royal Cause

The several Illustrations these memoirs furnish to the history of those times they refer to, the variety of adventures they contain, and the elegant account herein given of the Wars in GERMANY, and ENGLAND, will abundantly recommend them to the curious.

THE PREFACE.
TO THE FIRST EDITION

As an evidence that 'tis very probable these memorials were written many years ago, the persons now concerned in the publication, assure the reader that they have had them in their possession finished, as they now appear, above twenty years: that they were so long ago found by great accident, among other valuable papers, in the closet of an eminent public minister, of no less figure than one of King William's secretaries of state.

As it is not proper to trace them any farther, so neither is there need to trace them at all, to give reputation to the story related, seeing that the actions here mentioned have sufficient sanction from all the history of times to which they relate, with this addition, that the admirable manner of relating them, and the wonderful variety of incidents, with which they are beautified in the course of a private gentleman's story, add such delight in the reading, and give such a lustre as well to the accounts themselves, as to the person who was the actor; that no story, we believe, extant in the world, ever came abroad with such advantage.

It must naturally give some concern in the reading, that the name of a person of so much gallantry and honour, and so many ways valuable to the world should be lost to the readers: we assure them no small labour has been thrown away upon the enquiry, and all we have been able to arrive to of discovery in this affair is, that a *memorandum* was found with this manuscript, in these words, but not signed by any name, only the two letters of a name, which gives us no light into the matter, which memoir was as follows.

> *Memorandum*,
> I found this manuscript among my father's writings, and I understand that he got them as plunder, at, or after, the Fight at *Worcester*, where he served as Major of ——'s Regiment of Horse on the Side of the Parliament.
>
> I. K.

As this has been of no use but to terminate the enquiry after the person; so, however, it seems most naturally to give an authority to the original of the work, (viz.) That it was born of a soldier, and indeed it is thro' every part, related with so soldierly a style, and in the very language of the field, that it seems impossible anything, but the very person who was present in every action here related, could be the relator of them. The Accounts of battles, the sieges, and the severel actions of which this work is so full, are all recorded in the histories of those times; such as the great battle of *Leipzig*, the sacking of *Magdeburg*, the siege of *Nuremberg*, the passing the River *Lech* in *Bavaria*, such also as the battles of *Keynton*, or *Edgehill*; the battles of *Newberry*, *Marston Moor*, and *Naseby*, and the like: they are all, we say, recorded in other histories, and written by those who lived in those Times, and perhaps had good authority for what they wrote.

But do those relations give any of the beautiful ideas of things formed in this account? Have they one half of the circumstances and incidents of the Actions themselves, that this man's eyes were witness to, and which his memory has thus preserved? He that has read the best accounts of those battles, will be surprised to see the particulars of the story so preserved, so nicely, and so agreeably described; and will confess what we alledge, that the story is inimitably told; and even the great Actions of the glorious King *GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS*, receive a lustre from this man's relations, which the world was never made sensible of before and which the present age has much wanted of late, in Order to give their Affcftions a Turn in Favour of bis late glorious Successor.

In the story of our own country's unnatural wars, he carries on the same spirit. How effectually does he record the virtues and glorious actions of King Charles the first, at the same time that he frequently enters upon the mistakes of his Majesty's conduct, and of his friends, which gave his enemies all those fatal advantages against him, which ended in the overthrow of his armies, the loss of his crown and life, and the ruin of the constitution?

In all his accounts be does justice to his enemies, and honours the merit of those whose cause he fought against; and many accounts recorded in his story, are not to be found even in the best histories of those times.

What applause does he give to the gallantry of Sir *Thomas Fairfax*, to his modesty, to his conduct, under which he himself was subdued, and to the justice he did the King's troops when they laid down their Arms?

His description of the Scots troops in the beginning of the war, and the behaviour of the party under the Earl of *Holland*, who went over against them, are admirable; and his censure of their conduct, who pushed the King upon the quarrel, and then would not let him fight, is no more than what many of the King's friends, (tho' less knowing as soldiers) have often complained of.

In a word, this work is a confutation of many errors in all the writers upon the subject of our wars in *England*, and even in that extraordinary history written by the Earl of *Clarendon*; but the editors were so just, that when near twenty years ago, a person who had written a whole Volume in folio, by way of answer to, and confutation of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, would have borrowed the clauses in this account, which clash with that history, and confront it: we say the editors were so just as to refuse them.

There can be nothing objected against the general credit of this work, seeing its truth is established upon universal history; and almost all the facts, especially those of moment, are confirmed for their general part by all the writers of those times. If they are here embellished with particulars, which are nowhere else to be found, that is the beauty we boast of, and that it is that must recommend this work to all the men of sense and judgment that read it.

The only objection we find possible to make against this work is, that it is not carried on farther; or, as we may say finished, with the finishing the war of the time; and this we complain of also: but then we complain of it, as a misfortune to the world, not as a fault in the author; for how do we know but that this author might carry it on, and have another part finished which might not fall into the same hands, or may still remain with some of his family, and which they cannot indeed publish, to make it seem anything perfect, for want of the other parts which we have, and which we have now made public? Nor is it very improbable, but that if any such farther part is in being, the publishing of these two parts may occasion the proprietors of the third to let the world see it; and that by such a discovery, the name of the person may also come to be known, which would, no doubt, be a great satisfaction to the reader as well as us.

This, however, must be said, that if the same author should have written another part of this work, and carried it on to the end of those times yet as the residue of those melancholy days, to the restoration; were filled with the intrigues of government, the political management of illegal power, and the dissensions and fashions of a people, who were then even in themselves but a FACTION, and that there was very little action in the field; it is more than probable that the author, who was a man of arms, had little share in those things, and might not care to trouble himself with looking at them.

But besides all this, it might happen that he might go abroad again, at that time, as most of the gentlemen of quality, and who had an abhorrence for the power that then governed here, did. Nor are we certain that he might live to the end of that time, so we can give no account whether he had any share in the subsequent actions of that time.

'Tis enough that we have the authorities above to recommend this part to us that is now published; the relation, we are persuaded, will recommend itself, and nothing more can be needful, because nothing more can invite than the Story itself, which when the reader enters into, he will find it very hard to get out of, till he has gone through it.

MEMOIRS OF A CAVALIER

PART 1

It may suffice the reader, without being very inquisitive after my name, that I was born in the County of SALOP in the Year 1608; under the government of what star I was never Astrologer enough to examine; but the consequences of my life may allow me to suppose some extraordinary influence affected my birth. If there be anything in dreams also, my mother, who was mighty observant that way, took minutes, which I have since seen in the first leaf of her prayer book, of several strange dreams she had while she was with child of her second son, which was myself. Once she noted that she dreamed she was carried away by a regiment of horse, and delivered in the fields of a son, that as soon as it was born had two wings come out of his back, and in half an hour's time flew away from her. And the very evening before I was born, she dreamed she was brought to bed of a son, and that all the while she was in labour a man stood under her window beating on a kettle drum, which very much discomposed her.

My father was a gentleman of a very plentiful fortune, having an estate of above 5000 pounds *per annum*, of a family nearly allied to several of the principal nobility, and lived about six miles from the town of *High Ercall*: And my mother being at —— on some particular occasion, was surprised there at a friend's house, and brought me very safe into the world.

I was my father's second son, and therefore was not altogether so much slighted as younger sons of good families generally are. But, my father saw something in my genius also which particularly pleased him, and so made him take extraordinary care of my education.

I was taught therefore, by the best masters that could be had, everything that was needful to accomplish a young gentleman for the world; and at seventeen years old my tutor told my father an academic education was very proper for a person of quality, and he thought me veryfit for it. So, my father entered me of —— College in *Oxford*, where I continued three years.

A collegiate life did not suit me at all, though I loved books well enough. It was never designed that I should be either a lawyer, physician, or divine, and I wrote to my Father, that I thought I had stayed there long enough for a gentleman, and with his leave I desired to give him a visit.

During my stay at *Oxford*, though I passed through the proper exercises of the house, yet my chief reading was upon history and geography, as that which pleased my mind best, and supplied me with ideas most suitable to my genius. By one I understood what great actions had been done in the world; and by the other I understood where they had been done.

My father readily complied with my desire of coming home; for besides that he thought, as I did, that three years time at the university was enough, he also most passionately loved me, and began to think of my settling near him.

At my arrival I found my self extraordinarily caressed by my father, and he seemed to take a particular delight in my conversation. My mother, who lived in perfect union with him, both in desires and affection, received me very passionately. Apartments were provided for me by myself, and horses and servants allowed me in particular.

My father never went hunting, an exercise he was exceeding fond of, but he would have me with him; and it pleased him when he found me like the sport. I lived thus, in all the pleasures 'twas possible for me to enjoy, for about, a year more. When going out one morning with my father to hunt a stag, and having had a very hard chase, and gotten a great way off from home, we had leisure enough to ride gently back. And, as we returned, my father took occasion to enter into a serious discourse with me concerning the manner of my settling in the world.

He told me, with a great deal of passion, that he loved me above all the rest of his children, and that therefore he intended to do very well for me; and that my eldest brother being already married and settled, he had designed the fame for me, and proposed a very advantageous match for me with a young lady of very extraordinary fortune and merit, and offered to make a settlement of £2,000 *per annum* on me, which he said he would purchase for me without diminishing his paternal estate.

There was too much tenderness in this discourse not to affect me exceedingly. I told him, I would perfectly resign myself unto his disposal. But, as my father had, together with his love for me, a very nice judgment in his discourse, he fixed his eyes very attentively on me; and though my answer was without the least reserve, yet he thought he saw some uneasiness in me at the proposal, and from thence concluded that my compliance was rather an act of discretion than inclination; and that, however, I seemed so absolutely given up to what he had proposed, yet my answer was really an effect of my obedience rather than my choice.

So he returned very quick upon me, "Look you son, though I give you my own thoughts in the matter, yet I would have you be very plain with me. For if your own choice does not agree with mine, I will be your adviser, but will never impose upon you, and therefore let me know your mind freely."

"I don't reckon myself capable, Sir," said I, with a great deal of respect, "to make so good a choice for myself as you can for me, and though my opinion differed from yours, its being your opinion would reform mine, and my judgment would as readily comply as my duty."

"I gather at least from thence," said my Father, "that your designs lay another way before, however they may comply with mine. And, therefore I would know what it was you would have asked of me if I had not offered this to you; and you must not deny me your obedience in this, if you expect I sbould believe your readiness in the other."

"Sir," said I, "'twas impossible I sbould lay out for myself just what you have proposed; but if my inclinations were never so contrary, though at your command you shall know them; yet I declare them to be wholly subjected to your order. I confess my thoughts did not tend towards marriage or a settlement, for though I had no reason to question your care of me, yet I thought a gentleman ought always to see something of the World before he confined himself to any part of it. And if I had been to ask your consent to anything, it should have been to give me leave to travel for a short time, in order to qualify myself to appear at home like a son to so good a father."

"In what capacity would you travel?" replied my father. "You must go abroad either as a private gentleman, as a scholar, or as a soldier."

"If it were in the latter capacity, Sir," said I, returning pretty quick, "I hope I should not misbehave myself, but I am not so determined as not to be ruled by your judgment."

"Truly," replied my father, "I see no war abroad at this time worthwhile for a man to appear in, whether we talk of the cause or the encouragement, and indeed, son, I am afraid you need not go far for adventures of that nature, for times seem to look as if this part of Europe would find us work enough." — My father spoke then relating to the quarrel likely to happen between the king of England and the Spaniard*, for I believe he had no notions of a civil war in his head.

In short, my father, perceiving my inclinations very forward to go abroad, gave me leave to travel, upon condition I would promise to return in two years at farthest, or sooner, if he sent for me.

While I was at Oxford, I happened into the society of a young gentleman, of a good family, but of a low fortune, being a younger brother, and who had indeed instilled into me the first desires of going abroad, and who I knew passionately longed to travel, but had not sufficient allowance to defray his expences as a gentleman. We had contracted a very close friendship, and our humours being very agreeable to one another, we daily enjoyed the conversation of letters. He was of a generous free temper, without the least affectation or deceit, a handsome proper person, a strong body, very good mien, and brave to the last degree. His name was Fielding, and we called him Captain, though it be a very unusual title in a college; but fate had some hand in the title, for he had certainly the lines of a soldier drawn in his countenance. I imparted to him the

* Upon the breach of the match between the King of England, and the Infanta of Spain; and particularly upon the old quarrel of the King of Bohemia and the Palatine.

resolutions I had taken, and how I had my father's consent to go abroad and would know his mind, whether he would go with me. He sent me word, he would go with all his heart.

My father, when he saw him, for I sent for him immediately to come to me, mightily approved my choice; so we got our equipage ready, and came away for London.

'Twas on the 22nd of April 1630, when we embarked at Dover, landed in a few hours at Calais, and immediately took post for Paris. I shall not trouble the reader with a journal of my travels, nor with the description of places which every geographer can do better than I, but these memoirs being only a relation of what happened either to ourselves, or in our own knowledge, I shall confine myself to that part of it.

We had indeed some diverting passages in our journey to Paris; as first, the horse, my comrade was on, fell so very lame with a slip that he could not go, and hardly stand. And the fellow that rode with us express, pretended to ride away to a town five miles off to get a fresh horse, and so left us on the road with one horse between two of us. We followed as well as we could, but being strangers, missed the way, and wandered a great way out of the road. Whether the man performed in reasonable time, or not, we could not be sure, but if it had not been for an old priest, we had never found him. We met this man, by a very good accident, near a little village whereof he was curate. We spoke Latin enough just to make him understand us, and he did not speak it much better himself; but he carried us into the village to his house, gave us wine and bread, and entertained us with wonderful courtesy. After this he sent into the village, hired a peasant, and a horse for my Captain, and sent him to guide us on the road. At parting he made a great many compliments to us in French which we could just understand, but the sum was, to excuse him for a question he had a mind to ask us. After leave to ask what he pleased, it was, if we wanted any money for our journey, and he pulled out two pistols which he offered either to give or lend us.

I mention this exceeding courtesy of the curate, because, though civility is very much in use in France, and especially to strangers, 'tis yet a very unusual thing to have them part with their money.

We let the priest know, first, that we did not want money, and next that we were very sensible of the obligation he had put upon us, and I told him in particular, if I lived to see him again, I would acknowledge it.

This accident of our horse, was, as we afterwards found, of some use to us. We had left our two servants behind us at Calais to bring our baggage after us, by reason of some dispute between the captain of the packet and the custom house officer, which could not be adjusted; and we were wishing to be at Paris. The fellows followed as fast as they could, and as near as we could learn, in the time we lost our way, they were robbed, and our portmanteaus opened. They

took what they pleased, but as there was no money there, but linen and necessaries, the loss was not great.

Our guide carried us to Amiens where we found the express and our two servants who, the express meeting on the road with a spare horse, had brought back with him thither.

We took this for a good omen of our successful journey, having escaped a danger which might have been greater to us than it was to our servants. For the highwaymen in France do not always give a traveller the civility of bidding him stand and deliver his money, but frequently fire upon him first, and then take his money.

We stayed one day at Amiens, to adjust this little disorder, and walked about the town, and into the great church, but saw nothing very remarkable there. But going across a broad street near the great church, we saw a crowd of people gazing at a mountebank doctor, who made a long harangue to them with a thousand antic postures, and gave out bills this way, and boxes of physics that way, and had a great trade, when of a sudden the people raised a cry, “Larron! Larron!”* on the other side the street, and all the auditors ran away from Mr. Doctor, to see what the matter was. Among the rest, we went to see, and the case was plain and short enough. Two English gentlemen, and a Scotchman, travellers as we were, were standing gazing at this prating Doctor when one of them caught a fellow picking his pocket. The fellow had got some of his money, for he dropped two or three pieces just by him, and had got hold of his watch, but being surprised, let it slip again. But, the reason for telling this story, is for the management of it. This thief had his seconds so ready, that as soon as the Englishman had seized him, they fell in pretending to be mightlyy zealous for the stranger, ttook the fellow by the throat, and made a great bustle. The gentleman not doubting that the man was secured, let go his own hold of him, and left him to them. The hubbub was great, and ’twas these fellows who cried “Larron! Larron!”, but with a dexterity peculiar to themselves, had let the right fellow go, and pretended to be all upon another one of their own gang. At last they brought the man to the gentleman, to ask him what the fellow had done. When he saw the person they had seized on, he presently told them that was not the man. Then, they seemed to be in more consternation than before, and spread themselves all over the street, crying “Larron! Larron”, pretending to search for the fellow. Aand so one one way, and another, they were all gone. The noise went over, the gentlemen stood looking one at another, and the bawling doctor began to have the crowd about him again.

This was the first French trick I had the opportunity of seeing, but I was told they have great many more as dextrous as this.

We soon got acquaintance with these gentlemen, who were going to Paris as well as we. So the next day we made up our company with them, and were a pretty troop of five gentlemen and four servants.

* In English “Thief! Thief”.

As we had really no design to stay long at Paris, as indeed, excepting the city itself, there was not much to be seen there. Cardinal Richlieu, who was not only a supreme minister in the Church, but Prime Minister in the state, was now made also General of the King's Forces, with a title never known before in France nor since, *viz.* Lieutenant General, "*au place du Roi*" in the King's stead, or as some have since translated it, representing the person of the King.

Under this character, he pretended to execute all the royal powers in the army without appeal to the King, or without waiting for orders. And, having departed from Paris the winter before, had now actually begun the War against the Duke of Savoy in the process of which, he restored the Duke of Mantua, and having taken Pignerol from the Duke, put it into such a state of defence, that the Duke could never force it out of his hands, and reduced the Duke, rather by management and conduct than by force, to make peace without it, so as annexing it to the Crown of France. It has been ever since a thorn in his foot, that has always made the Peace of Savoy lame and precarious, and France has since made Pignerol one of the strongest fortresses in the world.

As the Cardinal, with all the military part of the Court, was in the field, so the King, to be near him, was gone with the Queen amid all the Court, just before I reached Paris, to reside at Lyons. All things considered, there was nothing to do at Paris. The Court looked like a citizen's house when the family was all gone to the country, and I thought the whole city looked very melancholy, compared to all the fine things I had heard of it.

The Queen Mother and her party were chagrin at the Cardinal, who, though he owed his grandeur to her immediate favour, was now grown too great to be any longer at the command of her majesty, or indeed in her interest. Therefore the Queen was under dissatisfaction, and her party looked very much down.

The protestants were everywhere disconsolate: for the losses they had received at Rochelle, Nîmes, and Montpelier, had reduced them to an absolute dependance on the King's will, without all possible hopes of ever recovering themselves, or being so much as in a condition to take arms for their religion. And therefore, the wisest of them plainly foresaw their own entire reduction, as it since came to pass. I remember very well, that a protestant gentleman told me once, as we were passing from Orleans to Lyons, that the English had ruined them. "And therefore," says he, "I think the next occasion the King takes to use us ill, as I know 'twill not be long, before he does, we must all fly over to England, where you are bound to maintain us for having helped to turn us out of our own country." I asked him what he meant by saying the English had done it. He returned short upon me "I do not mean," says he, by not relieving Rochelle but by helping to ruin Rochelle when you and the Dutch lent ships to beat our Fleet, which all the ships in France could not have done without you."

I was too young in the world to be very sensible of this before, and therefore was something startled at the charge, but when I came to discourse with this gentleman, I soon saw the truth of what he said was undeniable. I have since reflected on it with regret, that the naval power of the protestants, which was

then superior to the royals would certainly have been the recovery of all their fortunes, had it not been unhappily broken by their brethren of England and Holland, the former lending seven men of war and the latter twenty, for the destruction of the Rochellers' fleet. And, by these very ships the Rochellers' fleet were actuaIly beaten and destroyed, and they never afterward recovered their force at sea, and by consequence sunk under the siege, which the English afterwards in vain attempted to prevent.

These things made the protestants look very dull, and expected the ruin of all their party, which would have certainly happened had the Cardinal lived a few years longer.

We stayed in Paris about three weeks, as well to see the Court, and what rarities the place afforded, until an occasion which had like to have put a short period to our ramble.

Walking one morning before the gate of the Louvre, with a design to see the *Swiss* drawn up, which they always did, an exercised just before they relieved the guards, a page came up to me, and speaking English to me, "Sir," says he "the Captain must needs have your immediate assistance." I, that had not the knowledge of any person in Paris but my own companion, whom I called Captain, had no room to question, that it was he that sent for me, and crying out hastily to him, "Where?" I followed the fellow as fast as 'twas possible. He led me through several passages which I knew not, and at last through a tennis court, and into a large room, where three men, like gentlemen, were engaged very briskly, two against one. The room was very dark, so that I could not easily know them asunder, but being fully posessed with an opinion before of my Captain's danger, I ran into the room with my sword in my hand. I had not particularly engaged any of them, nor so much as made a pass at any, when I received a very dangerous thrust in my thigh, rather occasioned by my too hasty running in, than a real design of the person. But, enraged at the hurt without examining who it was hurt me, I threw myself upon him, and ran my sword quite through his body.

The novelty of the adventure, and the unexpected fall of the man by a stranger come in nobody knew how, had becalmed the other two, that they really stood gazing at me. By this time, I had discovered that my Captain was not there, and that 'twas some strange accident brought me there. I could speak but little French, and supposed they could speak no English, so I stepped to the door to see for the page that had brought me, but seeing nobody there, and the passage clear, I made off as fast as I could, without speaking a word. Nor did the other two Gentlemen offer to stop me.

But I was in a strange confusion. When coming into those entries and passages which the page led me through, I could by no means find my way out. At last seeing a door open that looked through a house into the street, I went in, and out at the other door, but then I was at as great a loss to know where I was, and which was the way to my lodging. The wound in my thigh bled apace, and I could feel the blood in my breeches. In this interval came by a chair, I

called, and went into it, and bid them, as well as I could, go to the Louvre, for though I knew not the name of the street where I lodged, I knew I could find the way to it when I was at the Bastille. The chair men went on their own way, and being stopped by a company of the guards as they went, set me down till the Soldiers were marched by. When looking out I found I was just at my own lodging, and the Captain was standing at the door looking for me. I beckoned him to me, and whispering told him I was very much hurt, but bid him pay the chair men, and ask no questions but come to me.

I made the best of my way upstairs, but had lost so much blood, that I had hardly spirits enough to keep me from swooning, till he came in. He was equally concerned with me to see me in such a bloody condition, and presently called up our landlord, and he as quickly called in his neighbours, that I had a room full of people about me in a quarter of an hour. But this had like to have been of worse consequence to me than the other; for by this time there was great enquiring after the person who killed a man at the tennis court. My landlord was then sensible of his mistake, and came to me, told me the danger I was in, and very honestly offered to convey me to a friend's of his, where I should be very secure. I thanked him, and suffered myself to be carried at midnight whither he pleased. He visited me very often, till I was well enough to walk about, which was not in less than ten Days, and then we thought fit to be gone, so we took post for Orleans. But, when I came upon the road I found myself in a new error, for my wound opened again with riding, and I was in a worse condition than before, being forced to take up at a little village on the road, called ——, about —— miles from Orleans, where there was no surgeon to be had, but a sorry country barber, who nevertheless dressed me as well as he could, and in about a week more I was able to walk to Orleans at three times.

Here I stayed till I was quite well, and then took coach for Lyons, and so through Savoy into Italy.

I spent near two years time after this bad beginning in travelling through Italy, and to the several Courts of Rome, Naples, Venice and Vienna.

When I came to Lyons the King had gone from there to Grenoble to meet the Cardinal, but the Queens were both at Lyons.

The French affairs seemed at this time to have but an indifferent aspect. There was no life in anything, but where the Cardinal was. He pushed on everything with extraordinary conduct, and generally with Success. He had taken Susa and Pignerol fiom the Duke of Savoy, and was preparing to push the Duke even out of all his dominions.

But in the meantime, everywhere else things looked ill. The troops were ill paid, the magazines empty, the people mutinous, and a general disorder seized the minds of the Court and the Cardinal, who was the soul of everything, desired this interview in Grenoble, in order to put things into some better method.

This political minister always ordered matters so, that if there was success in anything the glory was his, but if things miscarried it was all laid upon the King. This conduct was so much the more nice, as it is the direct contrary to the custom in like cases where kings assume the glory of all the success in an action, and when a thing miscarries make themselves easy by sacrificing their ministers and favourites to the complaints and resentments of the people. But this accurate refined statesman got over this point.

While we were at Lyons, and as I remember, the third day after our coming thither, we had like to have been involved in a State broil, without knowing where we were. It was on a Sunday in the evening. The people of Lyons, who had been sorely oppressed in taxes, and the war in Italy pinching their trade, began to be very tumultuous. We found, the day before, the mob got together in great crowds, and talked oddly. The King was everywhere reviled, and spoken disrespectfully of, and the magistrates of the city either winked at or durst not attempt to meddle, lest they should provoke the people.

But on Sunday night, about midnight, We were awakened by a prodigious noise in the street. I jumped out of bed, and running to the window, I saw the street as full of mob as it could hold. Some armed with muskets and halbards, marched in very good order, others in disorderly crowds; all shooting and crying out “du Paix le Roi” and the like. One that led a great party of this rabble carried a loaf of bread upon the top of a pike, and other lesser loaves, signifying the smallness of their bread, occasioned by dearness.

By morning this crowd was gathered to a great height. They ran roving over the whole city, shut up all the shops, and forced all the people to join with them. From thence, they went up to the castle and, renewing the clamour, a strange consternation seized all the princes.

They broke open the doors of the officers, collectors of the new taxes, and plundered their houses and, had not the persons themselves fled in time, they had been very ill treated.

The Queen Mother, as she was very much displeased to see such consequences of the government, in whose management she had no share, so I suppose she had the less concern upon her. However, she came into the court of the castle and showed herself to the people, gave money amongs them, and spoke gently to them, and by a way peculiar to herself, and which obliged all she talked with, she pacified the mob gradually, sent them home with promises of redress and the like; and so appeased this tumult in two days, by her prudence, which the guards in the castle had small mind to meddle with, and if they had, would, in all probability, have made the better side the worse.

There had been several seditions of the like nature in sundry other parts of France, and the very army began to murmer, though not to mutiny, for want of provisions.