

A

SUMMARY OF OCCURRENCES

RELATING TO THE

MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION

OF OUR LATE SOBEREIGN LORD

KING CHARLES II.

After the Defeat of his Army at Worcester,
in the year 1651.

Faithfully taken from the express personal testimony of those two
worthy Roman Catholics, Thomas Whitgrave, of Moseley, in
the County of Stafford, Esq.; and Mr. John Hudleston,
Priest of the Holy Order of St. Bennet, the
eminent instruments under God of
the same Preservation.

Permissu Superiorum.

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Relating to the miraculous Preservation of our late Sovereign Lord King Charles II., after the defeat of his Army at Worcester, in the year 1651. Faithfully taken from the express personal testimony of those two worthy Roman Catholics, Thomas Whitgrave, of Moseley, in the county of Stafford, Esquire, and Mr. John Hulleston, Priest of the Holy Order of St. Bennet, the eminent instruments under God of the same Preservation.

To the end that future ages may be rightly informed, and duly sensible of the mercies and blessings of the Almighty, bestowed upon our late Sovereign Lord, of happy memory, King Charles II., and in him upon the whole nation, by the signal preservation of his sacred life and person from the hands of the rebels, after the defeat of his army at Worcester, we shall here, to the glory of God, the protector of princes, briefly set forth, with all plainness and sincerity, such particular passages and circumstances as occurred immediately before or during the time of the refuge and safety he found, in his greatest danger and exigence, at Mr. Whitgrave's house at Moseley.

Please therefore to know, that his Majesty's army being,

on Wednesday, the Third of September, 1651, wholly defeated at Worcester, his friends dispersed, and his enemies in full pursuit of their victory, the King, conducted by Colonel Charles Gyfford, and accompanied with the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, Mr. Peter Street, and others, retired, on Thursday morning, to a house called White Ladies, then appertaining to Mrs. Cotton, widow, and now the inheritance of her son-in-law, Basil Fitzherbert, Esquire, in Staffordshire. There his Majesty changed his habit, cut his hair, and transformed himself into the dress of a country peasant. Thus disguised, he dismissed all his retinue, and committed his person to the fidelity of the Pendrells, poor Catholics, and labouring men, at or about White Ladies. With one of these Pendrells named Richard, the King spent the rest of the day in a neighbouring wood, and at night, attended only by the same Richard, set forward on his journey towards Madeley, in Shropshire, with intention to pass over the river Severn into Wales, for the recruit of his army; but arriving near to the river-side, he was informed by Mr. Wolfe, a Catholic at Madeley, that all the fords and passages were so strongly guarded and obstructed, there was no possibility of effecting his design; so that in this extremity he was forced, after having absconded all Friday in a certain barn of the said Mr. Wolfe, to come back the next night and regain his former asylum at another house of Mr. Fitzherbert, called Boscobel, tenanted by William Pendrell, brother to Richard, and adjoining to White Ladies. During this interval, those persons of quality, whom the King had dismissed from White Ladies, endeavoured, each one the best he could, to provide for his own safety. Amongst others, the Lord

Wilmot, conjecturing the open ways least obnoxious to suspicion, departed the same Thursday, in the forenoon, from White Ladies, and took along with him John, another brother of the Pendrells, as a guide into the common road between York and London; but he soon perceived himself disappointed of his expectations herein, for the whole country was alarmed; the enemy everywhere in pursuit; the avenues on all sides blocked up; and searches redoubled, by a promised reward of one thousand pounds to any one who would discover the King. Wherefore, my lord, justly despairing of success that way, took refuge in the house of one Mr. Huntbatch, of Brinford, near Moseley, about four miles from White Ladies, and sheltered his horses in a ruined barn of a poor cottager, not far from thence. But this place, affording him little or no hopes of rest or safety, he sent his guide, John, to Wolverhampton, in quest of some more secure receptacle. Here also, John, miscarrying, and frustrated wholly of all relief, in his return to my lord, by the singular conduct of divine providence, met with Mr. Hudleston at a place called Northcote. John knew both the person, religion, and character of Mr. Hudleston; and, therefore, with an assured confidence, related unto him how, the day before, the King's army had been utterly routed at Worcester; how, that very morning, the King himself, with other great persons, had come in private to White Ladies; how the King had been there disguised, had dismissed his followers, and was retired, he knew not whither, with his brother Richard; how he had endeavoured to help a brave person towards his escape into York and London road, but not being able to compass it, nor get any harbour for him, either at Hampton or elsewhere, he had left him at Mr. Huntbatch's, at Brin-

ford, near Moseley, where he would be most certainly discovered, unless Mr. Hudleston could prevail with his landlord, Mr. Whitgrave, to receive and conceal him in his house. Hereupon, Mr. Hudleston carried John to his chamber, imparted the affair to Mr. Whitgrave, who, touched with a sense of compassion and generosity, willingly undertook the case, however dangerous to himself, of the distressed lord's concealment and protection. Accordingly, Mr. Whitgrave, without further delay, waited upon my lord at Brimford, comforted and encouraged him by his promised assistance, and in fine, ordered matters so, that at ten o'clock in the night, my lord was safely brought to the retirement at Moseley; the only difficulty remaining was, how to dispose of my lord's two horses, a thing not to be disregarded, both because they would be necessary for my lord's farther progress, as also for that, either standing as they did, exposed in an open barn, and obvious to the common street, their being detected would occasion a disclosing of the whole secret. To remedy this, Mr. Whitgrave sent a trusty person to Colonel Lane, at Bentley, about three miles from Moseley, acquainted him with my lord's arrival, and desired him, for some little time, to secure my lord's horses. The Colonel, who had formerly served under my lord in the wars, not only readily complied herein, but the same night gave my lord a private visit, and kindly invited him to his house as the more secure place, adding, that his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, had procured a pass from the Governor of Stafford for herself and a servant to go to Bristow, by virtue of which pass, he might, as his sister's servant, get clear out of the country. My lord thanked him for his

civility, but said he was well satisfied with his present quarters, yet, withal, entreated the Colonel that he would keep the opportunity of his sister's pass, and retain his horses till he heard from him again. Thus they took leave of each other, and the Colonel returned home.

The next day, being Friday, his lordship sent John Pendrell to learn what was become of the King, and what had passed at White Ladies. John, returning the same night, brought word that the King went the night before, with his brother Richard, towards Severn, designing to pass over into Wales. Upon this information, my lord resolved to accept of the proffered benefit of Mrs. Lane's pass, and accordingly, next morning, being Saturday, he desired Mr. Whitgrave to send to Colonel Lane's for his horses. He dismissed John, in the afternoon, home to White Ladies; and the horses arriving at a certain place and time appointed, about midnight he took leave of Mr. Whitgrave, with all due expressions of gratitude and kindness, and so departed to Bentley.

Saturday.—And now my lord being gone, Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston entertained themselves with thoughts and solitudes concerning the King. They had heard nothing of him all that day. The last intelligence brought by John from White Ladies on Friday was, that the King was gone, the night before, with Richard towards Severn, for Wales, but what success he had, or what was become of him since, they knew not. Wherefore, anxious between hopes and fears for his Majesty's safety, they resolved to go the next day, being Sunday, to White Ladies for further satisfaction. Whilst they were thus determined, and walking together very early on the back-side of the orchard on Sunday morning, they were surprised to see John Pen-

drell unexpectedly coming towards them, who, approaching them with a frightful countenance and much impetuosity, asked where is my lord? They told him that his lordship was gone. Then, says the poor man in great consternation, "We are all undone; for the King, finding the passages over Severn all guarded with soldiers, and no possibility of getting into Wales, is come back to Boscobel, and we know not what to do with him, or how to dispose of him. He hath been, for the most part since his return, concealed in a tree, called the Royal Oak, with Colonel Carlotes, in Boscobel Wood; but searches are everywhere made, and the King is much dejected, having no hopes or prospect of redress: wherefore, understanding from me that I had left my Lord Willmot here, he hath sent me to him with orders that he should take some speedy course for his removal and security with him." Upon this sad relation of John's, Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, deeply moved at the King's danger and calamity, having first offered to God their Sunday duty for his Majesty's safety, accompanied John to my lord at Bentley, where, being admitted to his lordship, it was resolved, upon mature deliberation, that my lord should come back about eleven at night to Moseley, in order to the waiting upon the King there, [and] that John should return to Boscobel, and from thence conduct his Majesty to a certain appointed station near Mr. Whitgrave's house, where Mr. Hudleston was to attend and receive him.

And what was thus designed was accordingly executed. My lord came, and was conducted by Mr. Whitgrave to his chamber; and some few hours after, the King, attended by John, and two or three more of the Pendrell brothers, arrived on a Mill-horse, near Mr. Hudleston's station,

where Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston both waited for him. Upon his arrival, he was immediately conducted to my lord, who, with much impatience, expected him in his chamber. The King being thus, by God's blessing, safely introduced into the house, after some private discourse, had between him and my lord, his lordship, addressing himself to Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, said, "Gentlemen, the person, whom you see here under this disguise, is both your master and mine, and the master to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance:" upon which, they both kneeling down, his Majesty admitted them to the honour of kissing his hand; then bidding them arise, told them that he had received from my lord so good a character of their loyalty and readiness to serve and assist him and his friends in those dangers, that he never would be unmindful of them or theirs. Immediately afterwards he asked, "Where is the private place which my lord speaks of?" They then shewed him the place of his retreat for avoiding surprisals, which having seen, entered into, and much approved of, he returned to his chamber. He then sat himself down on his bed-side, and Mr. Whitgrave presented him with a little biscake-bread and a glass of sack, which he took. While he thus sat, his nose bled. At this accident, Mr. Hudleston seemed concerned, but his Majesty said that it was usual with him; then, taking out of his pocket an old coarse clout, which the Pendrells had given him instead of a handkerchief, he received the blood into it. Mr. Hudleston then presented him with a fair handkerchief, and kept the bloody clout to himself. After this, the King went to the fireside, sat down in a chair, and gave Mr. Hudleston leave to pull off his stockings and shoes, stuffed within with white paper,

but yet so uneasy, wet, and full of gravel, that they had extremely inflamed and galled his feet.

Here it may not be unpleasant to some, if we briefly describe part of the rustic habits under which the King was disguised. He had on his head a long white steeple-crowned hat without any other lining than grease, both sides of the brim so doubled with handling, that they looked like two spouts; a leather doublet full of holes, and half black with grease above the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodrevé's coat, threadbare, and patched in most places; with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the flaps hanging down loose to the middle of his legs; hose and shoes of different patches; the hose were grey, stirrups* much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel riding-stockings of his own, with the tops cut off. His shoes had been cobbled with leather patches both on the soles and the seams, and the upper-leathers so cut and slashed, to adapt them to his feet, that they could no longer defend him either from water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair by the ears, his face coloured brown with walnut-tree leaves, and a rough, crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, he became scarcely discernible who he was, even to those that had been before acquainted with his person, and conversant with him.

Mr. Hudleston, having cleansed and dried his feet with warm cloths, put on new linen and worsted stockings, and accommodated him with slippers and other things necessary for his ease. His Majesty became thereby much re-

* Apparently used for what have more recently been denominated "Galligaskins."—Ed.

freshed and cheerful, saying, he was now fit for a new march, adding also, if it should ever please God to bless him with ten or twelve thousand loyal and resolute men, he doubted not to drive these traitors out of his kingdom. After an hour or two's discourse with my Lord Wilmot, in deliberation of what seemed most expedient in the present conjuncture, it being now about five in the morning, his Majesty desired to repose on his bed, and the Pendrells, all but John, were dismissed home.

Munday.—Upon the King's first change of apparel at White Ladies, they had put him on a coarse patched harden* shirt, which, by its roughness, extremely incommoded him, and hindered his rest. This Mr. Hudleston observing, prevailed with him to accept of a new holland shirt of his own, and reserved for a memorial the coarse one to himself.

For the better security of his Majesty's retreat, Mr. Whitgrave sent forth all his servants betimes in the morning, each to their several employments abroad, except the cook-maid, a Catholic, who dressed their diet; and it was farther pretended that Mr. Hudleston had a cavalier friend or relation newly escaped from Worcester, who lay privately in his chamber, unwilling to be seen; so that this grand secret was imparted to none in the house but Mr. Whitgrave, Mr. Hudleston, and Mr. Whitgrave's mother, whom my Lord Wilmot presented to the King, and whom his Majesty graciously saluted and confided in.

At that time, Mr. Hudleston had with him, at Moseley, under his tuition, young Sir John Preston and two other youths, Mr. Thomas Palin, and Mr. Francis Reynolds,

* Harden is a provincial term in the north, signifying coarse canvas.—Ed.

nephews to Mr. Whitgrave. These he placed at several windows in the garrets, from whence they had a prospect of all the passages from all parts of the house, with strict charge given them to bring timely notice of any, whether soldiers or others, that came near the house; and herein the boys were as exact and vigilant as any sentinel could be, on his guard.

It is now Monday in the forenoon, and John is ordered to go to Bentley, with directions to Colonel Lane to send my lord's horses at night to Moseley, to convey his lordship back to Bentley. His Majesty eat constantly in Mr. Hudleston's chamber; Mr. Whitgrave himself handing up all the dishes from below-stairs to Mr. Hudleston's chamber-door, and Mr. Hudleston placing them on the table. When all things were brought up, old Mrs. Whitgrave was called in, and commanded to sit down and carve, whilst Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston waited behind the King.

This day his Majesty spent, partly in reposing and refreshing himself from the fatigues of his former journeys and hardships, and partly in recapitulating the late transactions, and taking a view of the present posture of affairs. He recounted his proceedings in Scotland, and described the methods of his march from thence to Worcester. He inquired how the gentlemen of the county were affected towards him, and sent Mr. Whitgrave to Wolverhampton to get intelligence of affairs. Sometimes he entertained himself at a window opening to the common street, from whence he had the deplorable sight of divers of his own regiment, the sad remains of Worcester fight. Some of these had in their hands pease in the straw, gathered from

the field-sides as they came along: others were eating cabbage-stalks and leaves which were thrown out of gardens into the highways, not daring so much as to beg for food: others, again, wounded and maimed, sought for relief at the door, whose sores, Mrs. Whitgrave, with great tenderness and charity, dressed.

At night, my Lord Wilmot's horses arrived, as was appointed, from Bentley, whither his lordship accordingly returned, with further directions that Colonel Lane should, the next night following, himself bring the horses back to Moseley, in order to the conveyance of his Majesty to Bentley, the King intending to take the benefit, proffered to my Lord Wilmot, of Mrs. Jane Lane's fore-mentioned pass, to quit the country.

The next day, viz. *Tuesday*, the King conversed, for the most part, with Mr. Hudleston; Mr. Whitgrave and his mother being employed in the discharge of their several duties towards his Majesty's accommodation and safeguard below-stairs. He was pleased to inquire how Roman Catholics lived under the present usurped government. Mr. Hudleston told him that they were persecuted on account both of their religion and loyalty; yet his Majesty should see that they did not neglect the duties of their church; and hereupon, he carried him up-stairs, and shewed him the chapel, little, but neat and decent. The King, looking respectfully upon the altar, and regarding the crucifix and candlesticks upon it, said, he had an altar, crucifix, and silver candlesticks of his own, till my Lord of Holland brake them, which, added the King, "he hath now paid for." His Majesty spent, likewise, some time in perusing Mr. Hudleston's books, amongst which, attentively reading a short manuscript written by Mr.

Richard Hudleston, a Benedictine Monk, entitled, "A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church," he expressed his sentiments of it in these positive words:—"I have not seen any thing more plain and clear upon this subject. The arguments here drawn from succession are so conclusive, I do not conceive how they can be denied." He also took a view of Mr. Turbervill's catechism, and said, "it was a pretty book, and he would take it along with him."

This afternoon, a party of the rebels unexpectedly came to search Moseley for Mr. Whitgrave; their approach was timely discovered, and a servant came running up-stairs towards the chamber where the King lay, and cried out, "Soldiers! Soldiers are coming!" Upon this alarm, the King was immediately conveyed by Mr. Whitgrave into the private place or receptacle before mentioned, which always stood open and ready, in case of contingencies, for his Majesty's retreat: and Mr. Whitgrave, to prevent farther searching, and thereby to secure the King from hazard and discovery, generously went down, and exposed himself to the sight and fury of the soldiers, who violently seized upon him, and would have hurried him to prison as a person engaged for the King in Worcester fight, but he assured them he had been a long time sick and infirm at home, and called in the neighbours to attest the same: wherefore, after much dispute, they at length let him go, and departed. When they had quitted the town, and not before, Mr. Whitgrave returned, and, with Mr. Hudleston, helped the King out of his confinement, and attended him in his chamber. Mr. Hudleston knew that the King was acquainted with his character and function, and consequently, also, with his being obnoxious to the sanguinary laws; and therefore

said, "Your Majesty is, in some sort, in the same condition with me now, liable to dangers and perils; but I hope God, that brought you hither, will preserve you here, and that you will be as safe in this place as in any castle of your dominions."

The King, addressing himself both to Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, replied, "If it please God I come to my crown, both you and all of your persuasion shall have as much liberty as any of my subjects."

It is now Tuesday night, and the hour of his Majesty's departure from Moseley approaches. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Whitgrave informed his Majesty that Colonel Lane attended at the place appointed, with the horses, to conduct him to Bentley. His Majesty then, with all the feelings of kindness and gratitude for their fidelity and indefatigable care, day and night, in his service, bid adieu to Mr. Whitgrave, his mother, and Mr. Hudleston: they, kneeling down, begged his Majesty's pardon for any mistakes they might have committed through ignorance or inadvertency in discharge of their duty. And thus, accompanied by Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, the King went down to the corner of the orchard where the Colonel waited with the horses. Mr. Hudleston, reflecting on the coldness of the season and thinness of his Majesty's disguise, humbly implored he would vouchsafe to accept of his cloak, for a protection from the severity of the weather. The King put it on; then, again, they all making their obeisance, and with tears imploring the Divine Goodness for his Majesty's safeguard, the King mounted and came that night to Bentley, from whence, by the means of the above-mentioned pass of Mrs. Lane, he escaped, under the notion of her servant, out of the

country and nation, remaining beyond the seas till the time of his no less wonderful restoration.

This is the sum of the signal preservation of the sacred life and person of our late Sovereign Lord, King Charles II., at Moseley; wherein the Almighty hand of God is clearly manifest, not only in the preservation itself, but also in effecting the same by means so weak and disproportion-able to the end. To Him be honour and glory for ever. Amen.

THOMAS WHITGRAVE.
JOHN HUDDLESTON.