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LILLIBURLERO

(Chapter XVI, Life of Goodwin Wharton -- 1653-1704)

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Free to conduct a diving expedition to the Isle of Jersey, Goodwin concluded his preparations with all possible dispatch. Even while the delicate negotiations with the King had been stalled, he had taken several of the necessary steps. Trusting in the Lord and William Penn, he had acquired a ship, selected his diving crew, appointed Sir Thomas Travell his second-in-command, and secured enough money for the voyage. Only two problems remained to be solved before he would be ready to sail down the Thames upon what Mary, the angels, and the Lord promised would be a prosperous journey.

One of the problems was Osmond Cooke, whom Goodwin had never trusted since his earlier defection. That the man could be valuable there was no doubt. Besides his mechanical skills, he possessed a first-hand knowledge of Jersey, and he could instruct the divers in the use of the diving suit he had constructed. It was equally certain that he could cause a great deal of trouble if he was dissatisfied with his role or inclined to sabotage the operation. In early July, as the time for sailing drew near, Goodwin became convinced from the difficulties Cooke raised over the terms of their agreement that the man was more dangerous than useful. After an argument in which he spoke to Cooke "pretty roughly," he was happy to accept Cooke's resignation

from the company; he felt as if he had been delivered from an enemy and a spy.

Goodwin's second problem was technical--what a more specialized and industrialized age would have called a problem in research and development. Like his contemporaries, Goodwin knew that the crucial weakness in deep-sea diving operations lay in the crude methods available for delivering air to submerged divers. The combination of hand-operated bellows, semi-rigid air hoses (usually metal "pipes"), and clumsy headgear made breathing difficult and maneuver dangerous. What was necessary, Goodwin saw, was a means of freeing the diver from reliance on surface paraphernalia. Though the term SCUBA had not been invented, the need for self-contained underwater breathing apparatus was evident. Goodwin was not the first to experiment with such equipment. During the preceding summer a man named Henry Ayscogh had received a patent on an invention which (the patent description alleged) enabled its users "to walk and remain under water for the space of one, two, or three hours, without any covering over their head or body, the water coming both round and next their naked skin." And on May 25, 1688, Colonel Thomas Colepeper had applied, unsuccessfully, for a patent on a device which would allow divers to do without "the help of pipes for air."

As Goodwin studied the problem, he saw that the solution lay in the fact that water is full of air. If he could find a fabric impervious to water but permeable by air, he could build

a filter, or strainer, that would permit a diver to draw air from the surrounding water. After discussing this possibility with Mary, he asked her to consult the angels and get their help. The angels agreed, Mary reported, that such a device was indeed possible; and on June 7 they delivered a paper "model" of a workable "engine." Sometime later, about July 1, they gave Mary some of the crucial material from which the filter was to be constructed. Goodwin saw at once that the fabric was not rare nor difficult to obtain--though no one except the angels had ever thought of using it for an air filter; he also saw that it was too thick to be worn next to the face--that it would need to be mounted in "face or headpieces." Since face masks were troublesome to construct, he asked the angels, through Mary, to complete the work themselves. This they promised to do, and they promised further that the completed filter and "frame for the face" would be delivered before his ship sailed.

And the angels promised something even better. They would produce a thinner fabric--a material unknown to mortals--that could be used "close by the mouth." From this they would construct a mouthpiece more efficient and less complicated than the first filtering system--a mouthpiece that would not require face masks or headpieces. Naturally, an invention of such rare subtlety could not be produced at once, and Goodwin could not expect to receive it before he went to sea. It would be ready, however, before he arrived at the diving site, and it would be delivered to him on shipboard.

Having solved his technical problems and rid himself of the treacherous Osmond Cooke, Goodwin was ready to go by July 11. On that date, accompanied by Mary, who had agreed to touch and bless the ship before seeing him off, he went down to the London wharves and climbed aboard. Although a strong "contrary" wind, blowing from the east, made immediate sailing impossible, the fact that he was aboard ship, prepared to set off after all the vicissitudes of May and June, was a triumph in itself. Besides overcoming the opposition of the King, he had defied the pessimism of Lord Wharton, who as late as June 24 (shortly before Penn's success) had predicted failure and tried to persuade Goodwin to sell his ship.

In spite of Mary's blessings upon the ship, the voyage began badly. For three days the vessel remained windbound in port, and it was not until July 17, after the Captain had "tided" his way down the Thames, that the expedition reached Deal. Even worse than the wind, from Goodwin's point of view, was the silence of the Lord, who had promised to speak audibly by July 14, and the failure of the angels to deliver the face-piece as scheduled. For a few hours, as the vessel turned southwest to run before the wind, Goodwin's spirit lifted, but the wind soon turned into "two or three perfect hurricanes," which tore the main sail and rigging, almost broke the main mast, and threatened to overturn the ship. When the storm with its "dreadful lightnings and thunders" finally subsided to a mere gale, the wind shifted from east to west and blew "so flat"

in the ship's "teeth" that the Captain was forced to turn back into the Downs for shelter.

Unable to discover why the Lord was contending with him rather than aiding him or why the angels failed to deliver their invention, Goodwin decided to help himself. While the windbound ship remained anchored at Deal, he completed three face-pieces of his own--constructed according to the model he had received from the angels--and mounted in them the fabric he had been given. Then, on the morning of July 21, he tried out his new "engines" in water. To his "great amazement," the filtering system did not work at all; water passed easily through the fabric along with the air.

The unexpected failure--which he concealed from Sir Thomas--changed Goodwin's strategy abruptly. It was clear that he needed to return to London for explanations and instructions, and it was equally clear that by traveling overland to London, and later to Portsmouth, he could meet the vessel at the Isle of Wight without causing any substantial delay in the voyage to Jersey. On the afternoon of July 21, then, having ordered the Captain to beat his way to the Isle of Wight whenever the wind shifted, Goodwin set off for London with Sir Thomas Travell, who had been desperately seasick and was happy for the reprieve.

In London, where he arrived early on July 23, he soon learned from Mary the cause of his troubles at sea. Osmond Cooke's wife, "a furious devil" and something of a witch, had not only conjured up a storm but had wrought a curse upon the treasure

site in Jersey. Until the spell was lifted, it would not be safe to proceed. About the failure of the air filter, Mary was less helpful. The angels themselves, she reported, had not yet discovered the flaw in their invention. With the help of his inward voice, Goodwin diagnosed the difficulty himself and produced an explanation which the angels later confirmed. The fabric, he concluded, had been made porous by being overstretched. In the future it would be necessary to exercise greater care in handling the material and mounting it in its "frames."

Using her influence with the angels, Mary set about solving Goodwin's problems. Within a day she was able to announce that she had countered "the Jersey spell" and that the expedition could proceed as planned. Within two days, she had procured from the angels a fresh supply of the filter fabric and a promise that the mouthpiece would be delivered presently. She also got permission, as the Lord announced in an audible revelation, to join the expedition herself within three weeks. After she was delivered of her children, the Lord said, she could come to Jersey, supervise the recovery of the treasure, and locate other treasure sites for future exploitation. Finally, Mary helped Goodwin fend off bailiffs. Some of his creditors, alarmed at the news that he was going to sea, where he would be beyond their reach, attempted to have him arrested for debt. It was largely through Mary's vigilance, and the information supplied by a friendly bailiff, that he escaped capture. Mary's good work prompted the Lord to describe her, in an oral revelation, as

Goodwin's "diligent wife" and inspired Gabriel to ask whether any of Goodwin's whores could have performed such services.

When Goodwin left for Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight on July 30, his optimism had been fully restored. The Lord had promised to make the voyage "prosperous," to come to him at sea, and to bring the magic mouthpiece in person. He had effectively guaranteed Mary's safe delivery and had promised once more that she would join the expedition at Jersey. The guarantee of Mary's health precluded what might have been a serious worry. Although Mary herself had acknowledged very few of her pregnancies, and although Goodwin, after the debacle of June, could no longer trust entirely to the count once supplied by his inner voice, it seemed clear that her delivery would involve multiple births and a proportionate amount of danger. Now, with the Lord's promise, the danger had become academic, and Goodwin did not feel called upon to settle with Mary in advance the number of children she expected to deliver.

London, when Goodwin left it, was relatively quiet. As if exhausted by the passions of June, the town, except for active conspirators, confined itself to gossip about the alleged Prince of Wales and to watching the maneuvers of the King, who carried on through July as if he had learned nothing from his errors. He dismissed Sir Richard Holloway and Sir John Powell from the King's Bench for their opposition to the Crown in the trial of the seven bishops; he convoked his Ecclesiastical Commission, which announced that it would conduct an investigation of those who failed to read the royal Declaration; he staged a fireworks

display, above the Thames near Whitehall, in honor of his new son; and he continued to recall town charters and remodel corporations in preparation for the coming elections.

Across the sea in Holland, meanwhile, William of Orange had begun his preparations for a descent upon England. Besides setting up an intelligence network and coordinating plans for an insurrection in England, William's task involved several delicate and crucial steps. In the face of French power, which was threatening, in any case, to overrun the Rhineland and which might move against the Netherlands, William was obliged to put together a coalition capable of holding off the French while he himself, with a Dutch army, was invading England. He also had to convince the States General, the representatives of all seven Dutch provinces, that they should risk a Dutch army and the safety of the Republic itself upon the success of an English revolution. Finally, of course, he was obliged to assemble and equip the invasion army, provide it with transports and a covering fleet strong enough to hold off the English navy, and incorporate into it as many English and Scots soldiers as possible. And he was obliged to make all these moves without alarming James or giving away his ultimate intentions. During July, while Goodwin was coping with adverse winds (which seemed to be rehearsing for their part in the Revolution) and puzzling over the failures of his equipment, William was moving forward on all his projects; and he was masking his preparations so carefully that although rumors sometimes floated across the North Sea--mostly rumors

about Englishmen, like Admiral Arthur Herbert, who had been seen at William's court--James and his ministers remained comfortably deceived. They were hardly better informed than Goodwin, who was about to sail for Jersey, where he would be almost completely out of touch with the events that were shaping the Revolution.

Goodwin and Sir Thomas caught up with their ship at the Isle of Wight, set sail on August 5, and arrived in Jersey on August 7, after an easy and "prosperous" crossing. Their reception at St. Héliier (or St. Hilary, as Englishmen called it) was also prosperous. "Having acquaintance" in Jersey, they were soon introduced to all the notables on the island, who "used" them with much civility and issued them many invitations. As he basked in the unaccustomed warmth of favorable attention, Goodwin could see that he was "very much beloved and respected in that country"--a perception that after the Revolution led him to hope that he might be appointed Governor of Jersey.

At the diving site, however, prospects were less cheering. The place where the treasure lay was surrounded by "dreadful rocks," and it would be foolish and "mighty dangerous," Goodwin saw, to begin salvage operations before the lowest possible tide--before the next full moon, on August 29. Meantime there was still the matter of the face masks and the magic mouthpiece. The angels had delivered more material for air filters but they had not provided frames; they had left Goodwin to use his own face-pieces and to install the filters himself. But when Goodwin tested

his new devices, he could not make them work; though he tried "all manner of ways," water continued to pass through the filters as if they were sieves. As for the often-promised mouthpiece, it simply failed to arrive. God neither spoke to Goodwin nor delivered the mouthpiece, though Goodwin "wished and prayed" with increasing fervor as the days went by. And when tests showed that the diving suit designed by Cooke was too small to fit any of the divers, it became more and more apparent to Goodwin that he would be forced to conduct his operations with conventional equipment--with what he had had "from the beginning."

While Goodwin waited in St. Héliier for the full moon, he clung to the hope that Mary would join him. With her help, which the Lord had promised, he could no doubt find the reasons for his difficulties and take appropriate measures. But Mary too failed to appear. The only ship that arrived from England during the crucial waiting period did not bring Mary; it brought instead Goodwin's old enemy Osmond Cooke and a great deal of trouble. Cooke, "having deceived some gentlemen and merchants with his great brags," had organized a diving expedition of his own. On August 13, he arrived in St. Héliier, along with his family and some of his backers, and he brought with him the written permission of Lord Jermyne, Governor of Jersey, to salvage the wreck that Goodwin had staked out for himself. He now "pretended to ruin and frustrate" Goodwin "in all things."

Luckily, Goodwin's legal position was unassailable. His permission to proceed came from the King rather than a mere governor

and he had besides Cooke's earlier promise, under oath, not to desert him or help anyone else without his permission. He brought suit at once in the local court, and the "justice of the thing" was so apparent that before August 29 the court ratified his rights, allowing him to carry on with his plans. The court further ordered that Cooke should ask pardon on his knees for his offences against God, the court itself, Goodwin, and the people he had deceived. It ordered him to return to Goodwin's service, if Goodwin would accept him; and it would have ordered him to stand in the pillory if Goodwin had not shown himself merciful and forgiven him. In spite of the complicated interruption, then, Goodwin was ready to go by the time of the full moon.

The morning of August 29 brought "foul weather," and for a time it appeared that after all Goodwin's struggles the attempt would be postponed; but when Goodwin consulted his now faint and inconsistent inward voice, he received the distinct impression that the weather would clear and he ordered the Captain to get the ship underway. The voyage towards the treasure site confirmed the Lord's internal message; the weather indeed became "fairer" and Goodwin had the satisfaction of knowing that he had not been abandoned, even though God refused to speak with him audibly or deliver the magic mouthpiece. The condition of the treasure site itself was equally encouraging. With the tide at a remarkably low ebb and the seas quiet, the place resembled a "pond"--surrounded by rocks, to be sure, but easily accessible. And closer inspection revealed that all Goodwin's worries about

breathing apparatus had been needless; the water was so shallow that "there was no occasion for diving."

As the divers searched the area, however, what should have been a providential success turned into puzzling failure. Though the treasure to be salvaged was the result of a simple shipwreck, and thus immune to the whims of spirits or lowlanders, Goodwin and his crew could find no trace of it. After an hour of hunting and probing, they discovered "not the least thing whatever." Without help from Mary or her advisors, Goodwin could not tell whether the wreck had been silted up or washed back out to sea, but in either case it was now undiscoverable. For the present, at least, all the time and money spent upon trying to salvage it had been wasted.

On September 2, back at St. Hélier, Goodwin finally received a letter from Mary and an explanation for two of his frustrations. She had not joined him, she said, because he had not sent for her; and he had not received the magic mouthpiece because the angels had mistakenly delivered it to her, in London. This information, though intellectually satisfying, came too late to do him any good. Sending for Mary now, after the site had proved barren, would waste precious time, which could be much better spent in exploring some alternate site. One such site was suggested by a gentleman named Trafford, who had come to Jersey with Cooke but had quickly left him upon perceiving his treachery. A ship called the Pembroke, Trafford said, had been sunk near Portland; it was probably accessible and it was reputed to contain valuable cargo. Goodwin might recover his

losses at Jersey by proceeding to Portland.

Goodwin, of course, could not undertake an expedition without consulting Mary, and he wrote her from Jersey explaining the new prospects. He would sail for Southampton, he said, and he would expect her to make ready to join him there. After settling his affairs in St.Hélier and waiting several days for a favorable wind, Goodwin had a "fair passage" to Southampton, where he arrived on September 14. There he found another letter from Mary, this one explaining his failure at the treasure site. In his probing, she said, he had been within a foot of a great treasure, which was indeed there, as he had been promised, but was now "overgrown with rocks and sand"--detritus easily removed by a little blasting powder. As for the Pembroke, Mary wrote, it too contained great treasure, and the prospects for immediate success at Portland were so far favorable.

At this encouragement, Goodwin sent Sir Thomas Travell to London to get Mary, while he himself remained at Southampton to prepare for the attempt on the Pembroke--a task made difficult by the fears of his sailors, who alleged that the season was too far advanced and the ship too unsound for further exploration, and who threatened mutiny before he was able to pacify them. When he was not busy with his ship, he improved his time by meeting the notables in the area--including James Fitz James, Duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of James II and Barbara Churchill, and the recently appointed Governor of Portsmouth. Berwick, then a young man of eighteen, treated Goodwin "civilly."

During the interval between Sir Thomas's departure from

Southampton, about September 15, and his return, on the evening of September 22, King James and his ministers woke up to the deadly danger that threatened them from Holland. The army that William was assembling, they finally learned for a fact, was not to be launched against France, as they had supposed, but against England. They realized too that they must face their danger without foreign allies. A few days earlier, Louis XIV had committed his armies to an attack upon the upper and middle Rhineland, where they could pose no immediate threat to the Dutch Republic. William with his patiently collected forces and his powerful navy was now free to invade England. As James and his advisors faced this grim prospect, they saw that their fate hinged upon the loyalty of their armed forces and of the English people in general, and they had much reason to fear that their troops were disaffected and that the nation had been alienated beyond recall. With a haste bordering upon panic they set about augmenting the army and navy, bringing in regiments from Ireland, strengthening their garrisons, and tightening the security around such vital naval bases as Portsmouth, while they strove, on the political front, to "sweeten up the nation" by reversing the policies that had brought them into peril.

Before the government released any public announcement of the threat from Holland, Sir Thomas Travell arrived in Southampton with news of a different sort. Mary had not been ready to accompany him, he said, but she had promised to meet Goodwin

in Portsmouth on September 25. Meantime, she had sent along the magic mouthpiece, carefully "sealed up," and she had told Sir Thomas that it was made of material as thin as cambric. With her help, she had said, and the use of the mouthpiece, which was not to be unsealed until shortly before it was used, Goodwin would be able to get £20,000 from the Pembroke.

Mary arrived in Portsmouth on schedule, bringing with her some private information that she had not entrusted to Sir Thomas. She had been delivered, she said, of "two fine daughters" shortly after Goodwin left London for Jersey. She had written him to this effect while he was in Jersey, she added, but her letter had obviously been lost. Goodwin was puzzled, of course, to find that Mary had produced only two children instead of the forty promised by his internal revelations, but for the time being he did not ask her to explain the 38-child discrepancy. (He would later learn that during the days of her jealousy and grief she had suffered several multiple miscarriages.) For the present it was enough to know that the twin girls were named Susan and Sarah, that the delivery had required less than an hour, and that Mary, though somewhat weakened, was well enough to begin a new series of pregnancies.

On the subject of the business at hand Mary was less definite. Now that she was actually in Portsmouth she could not be sure that the attempt on the Pembroke was feasible after all. The angels, whom she consulted on September 26, were pessimistic; they advised her that the water was too deep and cold at this

season to permit successful operations. They told her, however, that there was another treasure site in the same area where the water was shallower and the problems of salvage easier. Here it might be possible for the partners to work effectively. Naturally Goodwin could not leave Portsmouth until the Lord himself had confirmed the opinions of the angels, and he was obliged to wait three more days--until the morning of September 29--before he received a final and definitive oral revelation, which told him that he could not succeed anywhere for the present and that he must suspend all diving activities until the following spring. He would be happy, the Lord said, "in one half year and a month."

While Goodwin was waiting for revelations, he was being watched by the officers of the Portsmouth garrison. Fearing an invasion from Holland and knowing Goodwin's reputation as a virulent whig, they suspected, not unnaturally, that he had come to spy upon the Portsmouth defences. Goodwin first became aware of the trouble he was causing on the evening of September 28, when he spoke with Colonel Henry Slingsby, the commandant ("major") of the garrison and the lieutenant-governor of the town. Slingsby, a Protestant, told Goodwin that he had been ordered by the Duke of Berwick, who had left for London that day, to find out what Goodwin was doing in Portsmouth and to warn him that his presence was suspicious. Goodwin was insulted. Innocence itself, he concluded that Berwick had been turned against him by the "spite" of some of the officers, most of whom were papists; in particular he suspected the malevolence of

Captain Samuel Bridges, whom he later described as "the first informer in the matter." When he explained his diving business to Colonel Slingsby, Slingsby professed himself satisfied, and after the two men had shared a bottle of wine, Goodwin considered the matter closed. But the next morning Slingsby went hunting, and while Goodwin was walking on the Saluting Platform, an emplacement overlooking the harbor entrance, he was accosted by Colonel Robert Ramsey, the officer in charge during Slingsby's absence. Ramsey ordered Goodwin, "in an imperious tone," to get off the platform and out of the garrison, and he sent a message after Goodwin telling him that if he was not out of town in fifteen minutes he would be laid by the heels. Without waiting for a favorable wind that would have taken him to Southampton, where he wanted to go, Goodwin set sail for the Isle of Wight.

As matters turned out, Colonel Ramsey had done Goodwin a favor by ordering him out of Portsmouth. A warrant for Goodwin's arrest, issued on September 28, was already on its way from London to Portsmouth; and it arrived, as Goodwin learned later, only two hours after he had gone. Unaware that he was a fugitive, Goodwin was able to sail next day from the Isle of Wight to Southampton and to remain there unmolested until he had completed the task of repairing and laying up his ship and paying off his men. He even had time, before Mary left for London on October 3, to view with her "an old forsaken gate of the town," where a great treasure had been hidden, and then forgotten, during an invasion in the distant past--a treasure which the attendant spirits

promised to deliver after the next new year's day. It was not until October 5, the day Sir Thomas Travell set out for his estates in Milborne Port, that Goodwin received the shocking news, in a letter from a friend in Portsmouth, that he was being pursued by a royal warrant.

Knowing that he might be picked up any minute and unwilling to be dragged to London as a prisoner, he left Southampton before one o'clock the next morning and by riding a series of post horses managed to reach home safely on the evening of the same day--a 78-mile journey which "by God's special assistance" he made "without tiring." On the following morning, Sunday, October 7, he hurried to Whitehall, where he intended to vindicate himself before King James in person, but when he arrived he found that James had already gone into the Catholic chapel, and before the King came out again, someone brought word of Goodwin's presence to the Earl of Sunderland, who immediately dispatched William Bridgeman, a clerk of the King's Council, to put Goodwin under arrest. Bridgeman was polite enough. He agreed that Goodwin had come voluntarily to surrender himself and he promised to convey this fact to the King, but he insisted nevertheless upon placing Goodwin in the custody of a royal officer. And after waiting all day, Goodwin learned that he would not be brought before the King, as he had hoped, or released on his own recognizance. When Bridgeman returned in the evening, after "the rising of the Cabinet Council," he informed Goodwin that neither the King nor Sunderland was yet ready to act upon his

case and that he must remain in the custody of the King's messenger.

With the nation threatening to fall down about their ears and a hundred urgent problems demanding attention, the King and his ministers were in no hurry to deal with Goodwin. They would have been content to hold him in custody indefinitely and to keep at least one suspect off the streets while they tried to arrange for the defence of the realm. But Goodwin received help from an unexpected source. His brother Henry, whom he had scarcely seen for months, came to him the morning after his arrest and proffered his services. At one of their last meetings, in late May, Goodwin had called Henry to account for speaking ill of him behind his back and he had not been convinced when Henry denied the charge of slander and professed "the greatest kindness" for him. Now, however, as Henry volunteered to see the King, it was obvious that he was behaving "honestly," out of a "sincere affection." Goodwin accepted the offer with gratitude.

As a captain in the King's army and as an aristocrat welcome at Court, Henry had no difficulty in getting an audience. Only an hour or two after he left Goodwin, he was presenting the case to the King. Goodwin, he argued, was eager to appear and vindicate himself, and it was manifestly unfair that he should be detained without a hearing. James, however, was in no mood to grant favors. Answering "something angrily," he said in effect that there would be plenty of time to release Goodwin after the

charges had been investigated. Rebuffed by the King, Henry then went to Sunderland and repeated his argument, adding that Goodwin was willing to give bail and to appear "at any time." Sunderland was forced to concede that Goodwin was only asking for justice, and though he did not fulfill his promise to return an answer the following day, he did announce two days later that Goodwin would be released upon posting a bond of £1,000. On the morning of October 11, then, after four days in custody and after considerable difficulty in raising the bail money (having been "basely refused" by several of his friends), Goodwin found himself free once more--though obliged to stand on his good behavior and to appear at the King's Bench on October 23, the first day of the term.

Naturally Goodwin's arrest did not go unnoticed. The government had been incompetent and unlucky in its attempts to run down conspirators, and the news that it had captured what seemed to be a genuine agent for the rebels caused excited comment. Luttrell, for example, reported that Goodwin had not only been accused of "viewing the fortifications at Portsmouth" but had actually been "sent to the Tower." Goodwin's release on bail, which suggested that perhaps he was not a spy after all, came as something of an anticlimax. Even friends of the government were inclined to regard the incident as a precautionary arrest made on the basis of a dubious complaint--a view that was substantiated when Goodwin came before the judges of the King's Bench. At his first appearance, on October 23, he found that

the Attorney General, Sir Thomas Powis, had prepared no charges against him; and although the Court continued the case for six additional days to give the Crown further time for investigation, it freed Goodwin and discharged him from bail on October 29, when it learned that the Attorney General still had "nothing to say."

Apparently the King's ministers felt no embarrassment at having arrested Goodwin on false charges. They would have been embarrassed, however, if they had realized what they were soon to find out, that they had arrested the wrong Wharton. Henry, who had spoken so boldly in Goodwin's defense, had been involved for many months in the conspiracy against James--particularly in the plot to subvert the King's army. Following the lead of his brother Tom, the moving spirit of the so-called Rose Tavern group, he had consulted with such fellow officers as Charles Godfrey and Thomas Talmash on the strategy of rebellion; now, on the eve of the invasion, he was prepared for action. Less than a month after Goodwin's acquittal, he would desert the King's army at a time most damaging to its morale and join the Prince of Orange. Tom, on a higher level, was concerting measures with the Earl of Danby (a leader of the conspiracy in the North), helping with the army plot, and waiting for the invasion fleet. He would soon have the honor, along with his friend Richard, Viscount Colchester, of being one of the first two aristocrats to reach the Prince's army after its landing at Torbay.

Meantime Tom had already made a contribution to the Revolution

more important than his part in the conspiracy. Early in the previous year at the time James appointed the Catholic Earl of Tyrconnel to the post of Lord Deputy of Ireland, Tom had written a ballad satirizing Tyrconnel and the Irish. Called Lilliburlero, it combined an odd, doggerel, unforgettable refrain with a set of slashing, insolent verses; and during the first resentment over Tyrconnel's appointment it enjoyed an immediate success. The song might have died the natural death of other popular topical ballads, but the continual crises leading up to the Revolution kept it at least sporadically alive. In October 1688, as England waited for William's armada to put to sea and as James reinforced his army with Irish troops, Lilliburlero took on new relevance; besides expressing the nation's contempt for Irishmen and Catholics, it furnished a memorable phrase, "Protestant wind," which seemed to describe the very wind that William was waiting for. And in November, after William had actually landed, the song swept through the country in a manner unprecedented in English history. Gilbert Burnet, who had come to England with the Prince, was amazed at the phenomenon: "The whole army," he wrote, "and at last all people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never so slight a thing had so great an effect." Tom himself, probably surprised and certainly pleased at his witty propaganda coup, was later able to boast that he had sung King James out of three kingdoms.

In late October, of course, the Wharton triumphs in

plotting and propaganda lay in the future; and Tom and Henry, like good conspirators, kept their activities secret from their brother Goodwin--a precaution made easier by the fact that for months they had barely spoken to him on any subject. Thus, on October 29, when the criminal complaint against him was dismissed, Goodwin was as ignorant of their machinations as the King's ministers. On one subject, however, he was very well informed; he knew the reason for the harrassment he had suffered at the hands of the government: James and his agents had acted out of "foolish spite." In this view he had the support of Mary and the angels, who revealed, a day or two after Goodwin's arrest, that the King was trying to "vex" Goodwin and pressure him into supporting the royal policies. For this crime and for his more general crime of failing to keep his promises to Goodwin, the King was being adequately punished. Terrified by the threat of invasion and doubtful of the loyalty of his own army, he had been compelled to abolish his Ecclesiastical Commission, cancel the writs for his intended parliament, restore the officers of Magdalen College, remove his newly appointed sheriffs, justices, and lord lieutenants, and restore the original charters of towns and corporations. Within ten days, as Goodwin observed, he had nullified the arbitrary encroachments of the preceding ten years. It was obvious to Goodwin that the King remained frightened in spite of his belated concessions and that the papists in general "looked like dead men."

While God, according to his promise of July 1, was punishing

King James, Goodwin took it upon himself to punish Samuel Bridges, whom he suspected of bringing the original complaint against him. On October 29, the day of his release by the King's Bench, he happened to see Bridges at the playhouse but lost his opportunity to confront him. "Loathe to disturb the house too much," he remained in his seat in the pit until the play was over, and by the time he got outside he found that Bridges, who had been seated in a box, had disappeared. On November 1, however, he again saw Bridges at the theater, and this time he acted immediately. Calling Bridges outside, he asked whether Bridges had said "any ill thing" about him to the Duke of Berwick at Portsmouth. Bridges said that he had not noticed Goodwin at Portsmouth, that he had not mentioned his name, that he was sorry for his trouble, that he had never done him any injury, and that he would be glad, on the contrary, to do him "any service" he could. Goodwin was not entirely satisfied with the explanation he was almost sure that Bridges had seen him at Portsmouth and had only pretended not to notice him. But since he was now without instructions from his inner voice and since the story sounded plausible enough, he could not justifiably challenge Bridges to a duel. He accepted the explanation, therefore, and let Bridges go unscathed, knowing as he did so that he had firmly established his own honor and cleared himself from any imputation of cowardice.

With Bridges' denial of complicity in his arrest, Goodwin was able to forget about false charges and turn his full

attention to the more important problems that had occupied him ever since he had met Mary at Portsmouth. The first of these involved a renewed attempt to see and hear the angels. Since his inward voice had ceased speaking to him, except on very rare occasions, and since he obviously needed more guidance than could be furnished by sporadic oral revelations, he thought once more of the angels. He had never understood precisely why powerful angels like Gabriel and Michael could not appear to him, as they had often promised, and he asked Mary to find out where the trouble lay. The angels sent word, through Mary, that the question now was simply one of fidelity. If he would remain faithful to Mary's bed, he could share with her the privilege of seeing angels. Gabriel, in fact, would appear to him every week beginning on the first Sunday in October.

But on the first Sunday, October 7, Goodwin was under arrest and in no fit mental condition, as Mary later explained, to receive angels. The second Sunday, October 14, Gabriel suffered a lapse of memory and forgot to appear, though Goodwin, then out on bail, waited at church to see him. And on October 21, for reasons which he refused to explain and which Mary could not guess, he again failed to show himself to Goodwin at church, and Goodwin was forced to conclude that the secret causes which prevented him from seeing angels were still operating. Thus, at a time of great urgency, when he needed advice on a crucial problem--how to comport himself during the invasion of England--he could get his instructions from the angels only indirectly,

through reports that Mary brought home from time to time.

The angels' first revelations on the subject of the Revolution, given several weeks before the actual invasion, turned out to be mistaken. Mary was informed "several times" that William of Orange, with his army and fleet, would not reach England until the following spring. It was not until William's troops were loaded in their transports, waiting for a Protestant wind, and until the reports from Holland could no longer be mistaken that the angels corrected their original error--occasioned, they told Mary, by the fact that William had changed his mind at the last minute. By October 15, they were sure that the invasion would occur, but they were not yet sure what role Goodwin was to play. On that date they suggested tentatively that he should go and proffer his services to King James.

From one point of view the angels' suggestion made excellent sense. For more than a year Goodwin's oral and internal revelations had promised him that James would raise him to power, and it now appeared that events might force the King to action. That James desperately needed help was clear enough. Only the fact that a strong west wind, blowing steadily since early October, kept the Dutch fleet and transports nailed to their harbors had prevented William from landing his forces in England. Meantime, his propaganda circulated everywhere, rehearsing the King's political sins, questioning the birth of the "pretended" prince, promising a free parliament, and urging soldiers and

sailors to desert the royal colors. The King, on the other hand, was having little luck in wooing his alienated subjects, who looked upon his concessions as extorted and who could not be persuaded that his eleventh-hour change of heart was genuine.

But if the King obviously needed help, it was not clear, on October 15, that he was ready to accept help from Goodwin, who was out on bail at the time. To all outward appearances James was continuing his foolish spite, and the angels advised Goodwin, through Mary, to proceed slowly. It would look mean, they said, if he offered his services to James before he was acquitted on the charge of spying, since the act could be interpreted as a sign of fear. Through the crucial last days of October, therefore, Goodwin was obliged to remain inactive on the political front while he waited for his acquittal and for a direct order from the angels. Meanwhile he maintained his cool and aloof attitude towards the King. On October 20, when he happened to meet James in the Strand, he did not bow from his coach until the King had "pulled off his hat" to him. And he did nothing to prevent James from making another of his tactical errors. He only sneered when James, going "on the weakest design imaginable," brought together a crowd of witnesses to swear before a group of nobles, bishops, and aldermen that there was no fraud involved in the birth of the young prince. The "circumstances lay so ill together," Goodwin observed, "that it made the thing worse."

If the angels and the Lord failed in their apparent duty

to keep Goodwin abreast of the maneuvers of William's fleet--if they left him to learn from public gossip, after the event, that the armada had tried to sail on October 19 but had been blown back into Dutch ports and that it was finally free to sail on November 1--they did not fail to keep him occupied with other projects. They sent him to Wooburn to see Lord Wharton, who received him coldly and refused to give him any money; and they sent him to Hounslow to assure the spirits at the four trees that he had not forgotten them though they were yet unable to help him. More dramatically, they advised him that his son Hesekiah needed a new nurse and they promised that very shortly he would be able to see the little boy--a promise which the Lord confirmed in an oral revelation.

On the morning of Sunday, November 4, Goodwin--and the whole town of London--learned that the Prince of Orange with his fleet and army was finally in motion. Messengers had been arriving all night from the Channel coast, reporting that on the previous day the Prince's ships had filled the Straits of Dover heading westward; and there were excited rumors, which turned out to be false, that the landing had already begun. Goodwin, who at first credited the false rumors, was pleased with the news. In an oral revelation which he had received that very morning, he had been told that his "time" was "now coming on," and it seemed logical to suppose that the movements of the Prince had some connection with his own coming prosperity--and with the Lord's promise, given at Portsmouth, that within

seven months he would be completely happy.

While Goodwin was pondering his role in the new state of affairs, the invasion armada was sailing past Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight towards Torbay in Devonshire, where the Prince's army landed unopposed on November 5. Informed the next evening, "from certain hands," of the successful landing, Goodwin could not get a clear set of instructions on how to proceed. The Lord would only tell him in an oral revelation, that the "troubled times" would "prove well" for him. Goodwin was left to infer from past revelations and the logic of events that the invasion would compel the King, now "in a thousand troubles and fears," to send for him--or at least to receive him graciously if he came to offer his services.

This view seemed to be confirmed two days later when the Lord told Goodwin that he would probably be obliged to see the King's face and warned him not to be "too haughty." But the Lord himself could not read James's troubled and vacillating mind or predict his ultimate intentions, and as the days slid by, full of rumors and alarms, the Lord told Goodwin, as the angels had done before, that he must wait for further orders. "I'd have thee proffer thyself to the King," the Lord said on November 11, "but yet I dare not say when [this] should be." For the time being, Mary explained later in the day after a conference with the angels, the King was filled with false confidence and hence in no mood to accept Goodwin's services. It was necessary, therefore, for Goodwin to "stand neuter" until the situation changed.

The continual delays and the command to stand neuter caused Goodwin no little anxiety. In offering to serve the King, he had never intended to support the King's policies, much less fight for him. Although the Lord had never told him precisely what he was to do for James, he had visualized himself, somewhat vaguely to be sure, as a divinely guided minister who could negotiate a peace between the contending parties, further reduce James's unreasonable powers, and convert James to Protestantism, according to the Lord's earlier promises. In one way or another he was to save the nation, besides gaining eminence for himself. But if the King refused to employ him--if he was obliged to remain neutral--he would not only lose all chance of influencing events but he would look like a coward and traitor into the bargain. His "principles and inclinations," as well as "all human prudence," told him that he should join the Prince of Orange--that he should follow the bold men, like his brother Tom, who had already left town for the Prince's headquarters at Exeter. And daily experience made him suspect that people were already sneering behind his back; "the standing thus long by," he complained, "brings a blast upon my courage." Obligated to choose between mere human prudence and divine revelation, he naturally chose the latter; "the Lord commands me," he wrote, "and I believe." But while he was waiting for the Lord's promises to be fulfilled, he suffered.

On November 12, his anxieties were allayed somewhat by an oral revelation which commanded him to appear at Whitehall. He

was not to speak to the King unless the King spoke first, but he was allowed to give James a fair chance of recognizing him. On the same day, he found out one of the reasons for the King's recurring moods of false confidence. Ever since he had learned of the invasion plot, James had employed six priests to work diabolic spells against William. For weeks they had succeeded in conjuring up adverse winds that kept William in Holland, and he had only escaped because they had neglected their exorcisms one day. Now they were continuing their conjurations and feeding James's "stubborn inveterate spirit" with hopes of success. Forewarned about the King's state of mind, Goodwin did not allow his own hopes to rise too high when he appeared at Whitehall that evening. As James came from a meeting with his Council, Goodwin was able to get so close to him and to look "so earnestly in his face" that James could not avoid seeing him, but the King turned his eyes away quickly and continued to hurry along through the crowd. On the whole, Goodwin considered the encounter satisfactory. James could hardly be blamed for not speaking in the midst of so much rush and bustle, especially since he might have interpreted Goodwin's earnest look as a frown. The important fact, Goodwin saw, was that he had established his presence and availability; the King and his courtiers knew that he was still in town. This fact, as he learned next day, "was very much taken notice of" in public gossip and "taken very kindly" by the Court.

On November 13, Goodwin's political worries were interrupted

by a dramatic change in his personal affairs. For the first time in almost five years of fatherhood, he was allowed to see-- and hold--one of his sons. This happy event had been preceded by two weeks of discussion with Mary and several revelations. Mary explained that the child's nurse had proved incompetent, and that the child had been allowed to fall and "bruise itself much," and that a new nurse must be found. She also explained that the boy, Heseekiah, had been living under the name Knowles in order to conceal its true identity as Goodwin's son. Mary had made arrangements for a new nurse by November 12, but since the woman lived across the Thames and since the weather was unusually cold, Goodwin was advised to wait another day before having his young son transported over the water. It was on the morning of November 13, then, that he went with Mary, in obedience to an oral revelation, to remove young Heseekiah from the care of the unsatisfactory nurse. The meeting proved to be an instant success. "And as soon as the child saw me," Goodwin wrote later, "he flew to me, and with all the fondness imaginable would never be out of my arms till I was obliged to get away that he might be carried home." It was clear that the little boy, then twenty months old according to Mary's calculations, had a natural affinity for the father whom he had never seen before. His behavior, as Goodwin noted proudly, was "strangely kind."

While Goodwin was settling his personal affairs, King James was enjoying one of his last days of false confidence. From the King's point of view, the news that arrived in London from the

West before November 14 was on the whole encouraging. Although the Prince of Orange had indeed landed an army of some 14,000 men, according to the King's intelligence sources, and although he had occupied Exeter and the surrounding area without opposition, there had been no rush to his standard. A dispatch from Exeter, sent on November 11 by one of the King's agents, reported that "not one person of quality" had joined the invaders; and a second dispatch, sent the following morning, said that although some of the "rabble" were enlisting, "none of the gentry of the county go near the Prince of Orange." William, James knew, could not conquer England with an army of 14,000 men without a great deal of help from English rebels--especially rebels of quality and influence. The royal army, now being brought together at Salisbury, was about twice the size of its rival. As long as it remained loyal and enjoyed the support of a friendly populace, it could probably hold off the Prince. And since the early reports showed no defections from the royal army and no important reinforcements for the enemy, James could still hope to crush the rebellion.

To Goodwin, of course, James's confidence, whether induced by conjuring priests, bad advisors, or optimistic reports, threatened further delay. Realizing perfectly well that bad news for the King meant good news for him, he listened anxiously to the rumors that flew about London and waited for word that the Prince's friends were arriving at Exeter. Several men, he knew, had left London, and people "of all conditions," he had

heard, were flocking towards the Prince; but until they actually appeared in the Prince's camp, the news continued to be unsettling. On November 11, Goodwin "heard abroad" that the Prince was "betrayed"--a report that seemed to be confirmed by an oral revelation, which clearly stated that the Prince's friends were "not so true to him as they should be."

As it turned out, Goodwin need not have worried about the fidelity of William's friends, who were not in the least disaffected. They were slow in reaching his camp because he had landed in the West rather than in the North, where he had been expected. Like the royal army, which was forced to shift its concentrations from the Northeast to Salisbury, the Prince's friends were compelled to change their plans and set out on a long journey to the West--a situation which caused the curious lull that followed the Prince's arrival in England. The first significant indication of the true state of affairs occurred on November 12, when Tom Wharton, Lord Colchester, Charles Godfrey, and a large party of their friends rode into Exeter, bearing the encouraging news that more help was on the way. Thereafter all the news King James received from the West would be grim.

As far as the angels could tell, King James remained unaffected, or at least unhumbled, by the news that began arriving from the West. On November 14, Goodwin was ordered not to proffer himself to the King; and the next morning, he was merely instructed, by revelation, to "go once more into the King's

sight." Hastening to obey his instructions, Goodwin set off early for St. James's Park, where he hoped to see the King and save himself another nerve-racking appearance at Whitehall. Providentially, he saw James, with very few attendants, walking toward him along Pall Mall. Goodwin stayed resolutely within the street and met the King "full"--at such close range that James could have no excuse for not recognizing him. It was immediately clear, however, that James had no stomach for the encounter--that he was not yet ready to speak; "showing shame and want of resolution," he turned his eyes away from Goodwin and passed by without saying a word.

Only two or three hours after James had turned away from Goodwin, he received a dispatch from Salisbury that might well have staggered his resolution. Lieutenant Colonel Thomas Langston and Lord Cornbury, son of the Earl of Clarendon, had engaged in a daring plot to deliver three regiments of royal cavalry into the hands of the Prince of Orange. Setting out towards the Prince's lines as if intending to raid the outposts, Cornbury and Langston led the regiments close to their real destination--a rendezvous with the Prince's forces--before some of their inferior officers, suspecting treachery, refused to go farther. In the end the conspirators managed to deliver fewer than half of their troops--most of the St. Alban's regiment, commanded by Langston, and a few of Cornbury's dragoons--but the moral effect of their exploit was immense. It proved that there was conspiracy, probably far reaching, among the King's officers, and that even

men like Cornbury, a nephew of the King and a hereditary loyalist, were prepared to desert the royal cause. When the news reached Whitehall, about noon on November 15, the King was so distressed, as Goodwin heard (correctly), that "he could not eat at dinner." The first shock of the defection, in the words of his biographer, "seemed to pull up all his hopes and expectations by the roots."

By the next morning, James had recovered his nerve. As later dispatches came in reporting that most of his cavalry had returned to camp, the initial blow was softened and he could once again hope that his troops would remain loyal. Meantime, Goodwin, who had not been summoned to Court and who was still smarting from his rebuff on Pall Mall, received a vital revelation. He was not to see the "King's face" again, the Lord said, unless the King sent for him. It was now up to James, the Lord implied, to make all overtures, and if he failed to do so, he would get the punishment he deserved. His men were to be turned against him for Goodwin's sake, and eventually (as the angels told Mary) he would be deposed.

The new orders meant that Goodwin was no longer obliged to haunt the Court or throw himself in the King's way, and they eventually meant that he would never again see James at point-blank range. More immediately, however, they meant that he would not try to see the King before James left, on November 17, to take personal command of his army at Salisbury. Cut off from the King for an indefinite period, Goodwin considered the possibility of meeting Queen Mary Beatrice, who was expected to leave town

very soon. He had not seen her since the evening of June 9, the night before the Pretender's birth, and he had not sent her a message, by way of Phocas, since July 2, shortly before he had sailed for Jersey. At that time, standing outside St. James's Palace, he had confessed that he still retained "a tenderness" for her although she had treated him badly, and she, with much weeping, had returned the message that she would rather lose the child than fail to compass their love affair. Now, about three o'clock on the afternoon of November 17, an hour after the King had left town, Goodwin presented himself at Kathrine Fraser's lodgings at Whitehall.

He hoped, of course, that Kathrine would serve as a messenger to the Queen, as she had sometimes done in the past, and he had good reason to believe that she was at home; but he found himself unable to get past her servant, who "denied" her in the usual court manner. He was obliged, therefore, to rely upon Phocas, whom he had not employed for several months and who remained invisible as always. Summoning Phocas now, he sent him to Mary Beatrice with a complaint against Kathrine Fraser and a message of sympathy for the Queen herself. That the Queen needed sympathy Goodwin could understand very well. Earlier in the day her child had been sent to Portsmouth for safe keeping; her husband had gone to face the uncertainties of treachery and battle; she herself had been left in an unquiet and perhaps mutinous town; and the news since the defection of Cornbury had been ominous. Goodwin was not surprised, then, when Mary Beatrice answered,

through Phocas and his own internal voice, that "she was almost mad" with worry and that she wanted him "to pity her." It was not difficult, Goodwin found, to pity the Queen in spite of her broken promises, and it was easy to see--though he never received a revelation on the subject--that she could do nothing for him as long as she remained distracted. Tacitly accepting this impossibility, he did not try to communicate with her again, though the rumor about her leaving town proved to be wrong--she remained, in fact, until December 9. And he never again gave orders to Phocas, who disappeared entirely from his calculations and plans.

While the King remained out of town, there was nothing for Goodwin to do except to watch the fulfillment of the Lord's words--to mark the disintegration of the King's army and the growing support for the Prince of Orange. As early as November 15, Goodwin had heard that the Prince's army had absorbed all the men it could handle (a total of 40,000, according to the exaggerated report); and a few days later he heard, mistakenly, that the Prince had actually dismissed a whole regiment of his followers. These reports, though false in detail, were based upon a substantial fact. The Prince and his second-in-command Marshal Schomberg, who preferred quality to quantity, had been selective in their choice of recruits and had contented themselves with raising three regiments. By the time they left Exeter, on November 19, the ranks of the new units were full. Goodwin also heard, correctly as it turned out, that the

gentlemen from the western counties, having overcome their early diffidence, were coming into the rebel camp. After the defection of Cornbury, the magnates of the West, led by Sir Edward Seymour, a long time leader of the Tory party, rallied around William, helping to give his cause additional political weight and respectability. Within a few days Plymouth and Bristol had surrendered peaceably, leaving William in complete possession of Southwestern England and free to continue his deliberate march toward London.

From the North, meanwhile, news began arriving in London of insurrections raised on behalf of the Prince by his prominent adherents. Two days after the King left for Salisbury came word from Manchester that Lord Delamere had appeared there with a number of armed followers and that he had issued a declaration in favor of William. And by November 23, dispatches reported that the Earl of Devonshire, with help from Stamford, Manchester, Grey, Rutland, Chesterfield, and Cholmondeley, had assembled a body of three or four thousand men and had seized Nottingham. This report was followed shortly by the astonishing news that Danby, Lumley, and Fairfax had captured York from Sir John Reresby, the King's commander. To Goodwin, waiting in London, it seemed as if "the nobility in all parts of England" had risen in arms and "entered into confederacies"--and as if he were left virtually alone, standing on the sidelines.

But the crucial drama was being played out in Salisbury, where James was trying to decide whether to advance against

William or to fall back to defensive positions around London--a decision which depended, in turn, upon the morale of his troops and the fidelity of his officers. James arrived in Salisbury on the afternoon of November 19, and at first was favorably impressed by the welcome accorded him by the townspeople and faithful officers like Berwick, Feversham, and Sir John Fenwick. As the days went by, however, rumors of treachery began to undermine his confidence, as did a chronic nosebleed, which his physicians seemed unable to stop. After much wavering and indecision, he convoked a council on the evening of Friday, November 23, and heard his senior officers, particularly Lord Churchill and the Earl of Feversham, debate the merits of advancing or retreating. In the end, he gave his verdict for Feversham, and caution, issuing orders for a general retreat to begin the next morning. But the next morning ushered in chaos. It was found that Lord Churchill (the best soldier in the kingdom) and the Duke of Grafton (a son of Charles II) had left during the night for the Prince's camp, taking with them a number of their confederates. As the demoralized army, with its demoralized King, hurried toward Andover, the first stage in its retreat, the confusion, suspicion, and dismay bordered upon panic. And there was another blow to come. Before dawn the next morning, while the King was sleeping, his son-in-law Prince George of Denmark and one of his most honored subjects the young Duke of Ormond set out from Andover to join William,

followed by a number of friends, including Goodwin's brother Henry.

Garbled accounts of the King's disasters began reaching Goodwin on Sunday, November 25. During the day he heard the false report that four or five thousand of the King's troops had deserted in a body, forcing the retreat, and that the royal navy had been shattered in a storm, after suffering numerous defections. In the evening, he received substantially accurate accounts of the defections among the King's trusted subordinates-- to which rumor added the fanciful detail that Churchill, Grafton, Prince George, and Ormond had "left the King in his sight" and marched off at the head of their troops, "with drum beating and colors flying." As the stories poured in, Goodwin could see the hand of God in the King's misfortunes. Even the King's nose-bleed, he perceived, had been inflicted to punish James for his stubborn refusal to do his duty. That the King had earned his punishment Goodwin knew very well, but he found himself almost shocked into pity by the magnitude of the disasters. As he was recording the events of the day in his journal, the words "poor King" leaped into his mind and he would have written them down if he had not been checked by a clear command from his inward voice, which said, "Pity him not; let him suffer till he yields."

Warned by his voice, in one of its now-rare communications, Goodwin saved his sympathy, which might otherwise have been called forth by an event that happened the same night. Not long after he had made his journal entry for November 25 and gone

to bed, Princess Anne, the King's daughter, and her confidante Sarah Churchill, wife of Lord Churchill, stole out of Whitehall and with the help of Bishop Compton and the Earl of Dorset fled to Nottingham, where they put themselves under the protection of the rebel lords. When King James arrived at Whitehall the next afternoon (November 26), he found that in addition to all his other losses, he had been deserted by his own child--a defection which, as Goodwin correctly noted, "seemed to strike him as much as anything."

During the King's absence, the Lord told Goodwin that the times would "make well" for him and that he must be "contented," and for a few days after James returned, demoralized and apparently humble, the Lord's prediction and advice seemed very good indeed. Now, if ever, the King had compelling reasons for sending for help, and Goodwin's earlier fits of depression over his own passive role seemed unwarranted. The angels, indeed, told Mary that the King and Queen would turn Protestant--something that Goodwin had known for more than a year. But during the last few days of November, James did not send for Goodwin; he called instead for a meeting of bishops and peers, including Lord Wharton, who advised him to call a free parliament, and he appointed Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin as his commissioners to treat with the Prince of Orange. Such unaccountable behavior, worrisome in itself, was the more unsettling because Goodwin found himself cut off from his usual sources of information. His oral revelations had suddenly ceased; Mary had been forbidden,

she said, to pass on any messages from the angels; and he was himself still forbidden to go see the King in person. Although James, according to report, wept daily and looked "like one mad and half dead," he seemed to be relapsing into his old pattern of stubborn spite.

On the evening of December 3, the angels broke their long silence with a frosty message, which they allowed Mary to relay to Goodwin. James, they said, could not yet be brought to reason; he would rather "lose all" than send for Goodwin. If the King did not yield, they added by way of consolation, "the Lord would bring him down like a rascal as he was." The next day they reaffirmed their gloomy report. Although Goodwin was the only man who could keep James from being deposed, they said, they "feared" James would not summon him. They would keep trying, of course, to bend the King's stubborn spirit, but for the present they could only promise that if James had not sent for Goodwin by Monday, December 10, "he should be cast down within three months from being a king forever." Meantime, Goodwin must continue to wait.

Since he had been warned against complaining, Goodwin tried to bear the delays with patience, reminding himself that he was following God's orders. Each day, however, the task became more difficult. Steadily the Prince's army, gathering strength as it went, was moving eastward towards the King's lines along the Thames; daily came reports of more defections from the royal cause;

and it seemed to Goodwin as if "all the world," except himself, was "in action." He now knew for a fact that the world had "slighting thoughts" about his courage. On December 6, his continued presence in town brought open sneers; "I...have had it twitted but this day in my teeth," he noted in his journal. Under such pressures his endurance finally collapsed. On December 8, after he brooded over the angels' latest report, that King James would rather hang himself than send for him, he complained openly to Mary. It was unreasonable, he said in effect, that he should be compelled to stay in town to be sneered at if God and the angels could not bend the King. Would they not allow him to follow his natural inclinations and join the Prince of Orange, who was now at Hungerford?

The reply to Goodwin's complaints came the next morning, not from Mary or the angels, but from the Lord in an oral revelation. The King, the Lord said, had been worked "like wax" but he refused to yield and was now beyond redemption; therefore Goodwin would be left to his own pleasure. The next day, December 10, in two revelations, the Lord not only confirmed his willingness for Goodwin to leave town but urged him to make all possible haste. He promised, furthermore, to go along with Goodwin and keep him "from all misery."

The Lord's advice to make haste was well urged. Goodwin could only achieve merit in the eyes of the Prince and his followers by leaving London while James and his army remained a threat. And as Goodwin was preparing to brave cavalry patrols

and thread his way through the King's army, the King's affairs were on the verge of total disintegration. Some of James's most notorious henchmen, like Petrie, Sunderland, Peterborough, and Jeffreys, were either in flight or preparing to flee. Already the news was beginning to leak out that on the previous night (the night of December 9-10) Queen Mary Beatrice, along with the young prince (who had been brought back from Portsmouth), had secretly left Whitehall and under the conduct of Count Lauzun had taken ship for France. And some suspected that the King himself, though he denied any intention of leaving, was getting ready to follow his wife and son.

During the night of December 10-11, only a few hours after he had been commanded to make haste, Goodwin completed his arrangements. After writing a note to Lord Wharton, whom he forgave for all past injuries, and making love to Mary, who conceived for the second time in the new series, he "took horse" with Sir Thomas Travell and another gentleman and set out for the Prince's lines. Fortunately, he had already practiced the art of moving between London and Berkshire without detection. A year previously, he had ridden along the byways "between the [main] roads" to avoid a band of assassins; now he used the same tactics to avoid the King's troops. In spite of his caution, there were a few moments of danger when it appeared that he and his friends might be trapped in a lane by a party of horse, but with the Lord's help he contrived to lead his friends safely away. In the end, he reached a town beyond the royal outposts--a town

from which (he was told) the King's soldiers had retreated only ten hours before he arrived. There he and his companions stayed through the night of December 11-12.

Meanwhile, about three o'clock in the morning of December 11--about the time Goodwin and his friends were heading west out of London--King James stole out of Whitehall and in the company of Sir Edward Hales headed east toward the Isle of Sheppey, where a boat was waiting to take him, as he supposed, to France. The King's flight, which was not discovered until broad daylight, instantly transformed the whole political scene, threw London into a turmoil of celebrations and riots, and sent messengers scurrying in all directions. At the Guildhall an assemblage of bishops and lords (including Lord Wharton), hastily convoked to prevent anarchy, drew up a declaration offering their unanimous support to the Prince of Orange and dispatched four of their members to carry it to him. They would attempt to keep order, they said in effect, until he arrived with his troops. At Uxbridge, the King's Commander-in-Chief Feversham and some of his senior officers drew up letters to the Prince informing him of the King's flight, assuring him that the troops under their command would offer no resistance, and asking him to protect the Irish contingents in the royal army. Soon their messengers too were on the road towards Abingdon, where the Prince was spending the night.

Apparently the messengers who galloped westward during the evening of December 11 bypassed the town where Goodwin and his

companions were staying. At any rate, it was not until he had pushed on to Henley the next morning that he heard the news. Since he was now far from home and from all revelations, he could make no final judgment on the unexpected turn of events, which the angels had failed to predict; but one thing seemed clear enough. The flight of the King had made his own exploits anticlimactic. After all his trouble and anxiety he had arrived in Henley, the Prince's outpost, only to find that his courage had been useless--that if he had waited in town five or six hours longer he could have driven to Henley in a coach. It was not likely, he knew, that the Prince would be impressed by a volunteer who arrived after the war was over.

The next day, December 13, the Prince himself came to Henley, with a huge concourse of his followers, and Goodwin met him for the first time. For an introduction Goodwin was indebted to his brother Tom, who had been with William for a month and who seemed to have forgotten any differences he might have had with his younger brother. To Goodwin, however, the meeting turned out to be a disappointment. Though the introduction was friendly and although he "saluted" William politely, he could not help seeing that he had already missed his chance to ingratiate himself; "I could readily perceive" (he wrote later) "that [with] the news of the King's being gone, and my coming so late, I was looked upon as indifferently as many that now flocked into him apace."

William had another reason for failing to give Goodwin the

recognition he deserved. With the flight of James, two days earlier, William had become King of England in everything but name, and he was deluged with public business. Already charged with the responsibility of restoring order, he was dispatching regiments to London, demobilizing his irregular forces, consulting about parliamentary elections, changing the disposition of his fleet, and trying to keep the King's army from dissolving into unusable fragments. In addition, as leader of a European coalition, now at war with France, and as Stadholder of the Dutch Republic, he was sending messages and orders to his confederates. In the rush of business, he could hardly be expected to distinguish Goodwin from the crowd of English strangers bidding for his attention.

Hurt at being ignored, Goodwin did not try to sort out and record his impressions of William, but there were a few things he could not help observing, and all of them made him uneasy. Short, dark, thin, hawk-nosed, and sharp-eyed, William looked like the veteran statesman that he was--an impression reinforced by his cool, business-like demeanor, his air of quiet competence, and his short, dry manner of speech that discouraged small talk. It was disconcertingly clear that this no-nonsense Dutchman, who had commanded and evaluated men since adolescence, would be difficult to please and even more difficult to impress; and it was easy to infer, what Goodwin later learned by experience, that for all his Calvinistic piety William was virtually impervious to spiritual communication.

On the following morning, December 14, before the Prince and his party set out for Windsor came strange news from Faversham. King James, as unlucky at escaping as he had been at ruling, had been pulled off his boat by some Kentish fishermen. Mistaking the disguised King for a political malefactor of some kind, perhaps a Jesuit, they had set about searching him, "thumping him," and taking his money before they could be persuaded that he was the King indeed. Then they refused to let him continue to escape but held him prisoner while they sent to London for instructions. Without waiting to concert matters with William, the lords of the emergency council dispatched a party to rescue James and bring him back to Whitehall. To William, the reappearance of King James was a grave complication; his once-clear path to the throne had suddenly become full of brambles. He was obliged to devise a strategy to make sure that James escaped successfully. To Goodwin, the news brought one last flicker of hope that James, who was still the legal King of England, might call for his help. While William was sending orders, too late as it turned out, that James was to be held at Rochester, Goodwin was sending for Mary to meet him at Hounslow.

Mary and Goodwin met at Hounslow on Saturday, December 15, while the Prince and his entourage stayed at Windsor. Mary was full of news about the riots that had followed the first flight of the King. She had feared that their house on Vere Street, which was "next" to the house of a "great papist" and

not far from Wild House (the residence of the Spanish Ambassador), might be sacked and torn down by the mobs in their anti-Catholic enthusiasm. Leaving the angels to protect their own gifts (which they promised to guard), she had removed the other treasures, including Goodwin's precious journal, until the looting and burning were over and it was clear that the lodgings would remain unscathed. About King James Mary could promise nothing. She had been told that if he did not "yield" (that is, send for Goodwin) within a few days he would die, but she had received no assurances that he had any intention of doing so. There was nothing for Goodwin to do, therefore, but to remain with the Prince's forces until the Lord's purposes became clearer.

Goodwin returned to London on the afternoon of December 18--a memorable day in English history. In the morning, citizens of Westminster had wakened to find that Dutch soldiers had replaced the Coldstream Guards around Whitehall and to hear the excited rumor that King James, who had returned on the evening of December 16, was being sent back to Rochester. About eleven, the King and a few of his servants came out of Whitehall, boarded the royal barge, and set off down the Thames in procession with several boatloads of Dutch guards. Shortly afterwards, the main body of William's army, headed by its English contingents, came marching into town from the west; and at two o'clock, William himself, in a coach with Marshal Schomberg, drew up at St. James's Palace. From everywhere, Londoners had come out to see and welcome their deliverers; the Park and the streets of West-

minster were thronged with people wearing or waving orange ribbons. While all the churchbells in London rang, commoners strained to get a look at the Prince and aristocrats crowded their way into the Palace.

On that afternoon of ribbons, bells, and Lilliburlero, there was one young aristocrat who did not try to elbow his way into St. James's and who remained as cool and meditative as the Prince of Orange. Goodwin, who was returning, undistinguished, in the civilian crowd that followed the Prince, had a great deal to think about. Although he did not yet know that King James would be permitted (if not helped) to escape from Rochester, he could sense easily enough that James had moved out of his life forever. Like Mary Beatrice, who had fled without leaving him any message, the King had vanished beyond contact and beyond any useful consideration. As for the new order, it was hard to be optimistic, even though the Lord had promised prosperity by late April. From the point of view of mere reason, Goodwin found it difficult to see how a latecomer like himself could vault over the horde of claimants for William's favor, including his brothers Tom and Henry, and make himself indispensable to the new regime. If prosperity was to come through politics, as the Lord had seemed to say, the way seemed long and tortuous. The conversion of William would require a miracle indeed--a miracle that had never quite happened during the reign of James II.