

## Web 3.7

### Account of attack by a highwayman, 1730

I nath. Carrington, one of His Majesty's messengers, being on Friday the 19th of June 1730, about 10 of ye Clock at night, dispatched with Letters from both the Secretarys of State and Mr. Reiche, at Windsor to London, was, betwixt the Hours of 10 & 11 the said night, attacked, in a place above a mile beyond – Longford leading to Hounslow Heath, by a little siz'd Man, who had on a light Drab Coloured Horseman's Coat, the Cape Buttoned about his face and his Hat Flapped before, his Horse of a dark Bay Coulour, with a Switch Tail, who immediately presented a Pistol to my Breast, and bid me to Stand and deliver my money. Whereupon I – answered him, I was the King's Messenger and had nothing but Letters of the King's, and then shewed him my Escutcheon; to – which he replyed, Damn the King's Letters I don't want them or your Escutcheon or anything else that belongs to the King, but only your Money, and immediately put his hand into my Pocket (the Pistol being still at my Breast) and took thereout betwixt betwixt 13 & 14 Shillings being all I had about me, after which he said I must go along with him, and then he took my Horse by the Head, with his Pistol in his hand, and led him up a Lane that was just by, and there under a Hedge he dismounted his Horse and Searched my Pockets, Books etc.<sup>a</sup>, and took out of my pocket some Packets, which he swore had money in them, but after having handled them, and considered some time with himself, and upon my assuring him they were Letters belonging to the King, he returned me the Packets unopened; and after having kept me about 20 minutes, mounted his Horse, asked me if I knew him (but commanded me at the same time not to look in his Face) and what was my name, and then rode off, without taking either my Dispatches, Escutcheon or anything else except my money. And I was informed by the man at the Turnpike on Hounslow Heath, that a Coach was just gone by that was robbed at the same place I was, and by the same man, according to their Description. The Highway man at going off shook me by the Hand, and said, that provided I would not tell that I had been Stopp'd & robbed, when- ever I came that way again, if I should meet him, I need only tell him my name, and he would not stop me any more.

Nathan Carrington