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John Lubbock
LIVES

Feb 1868

OF

EMINENT
BRITISH STATESMEN.

VOL. VI.

By John Lubbock, Esq., F.R.S.

13732

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A DESIRE having been expressed that the series of the "Statesmen of the Commonwealth" should be completed by a Life of CROMWELL, the present work was undertaken.

A second volume will include the PROTECTORATE, with sketches of the various republican officers who co-operated with its chief. A persuasion that no life of the PROTECTOR could be fairly or completely given without that addition, has induced the writer, while devoting the present volume to those personal characteristics which are embraced by the entire life of CROMWELL, to close its detail of events on the eve of the usurpation.

It was also his wish to associate with the policy of the PROTECTORATE some idea of the men and the times of which it proved the hot-bed, in a life of the first Shaftesbury—that true apostle of the *Restoration*—which will be comprised in the volume referred to.

It is needless to add that subsequent eras of

English statesmanship are not likely to obtain any thing even approaching to the space which the neglected men of the Commonwealth have seemed worthily to claim, for the record of their merits or their services.

58. Lincoln's Inn Fields,
Oct. 1838



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ANALYTICAL AND CHRONOLOGICAL,
TO THE SIXTH VOLUME OF
LIVES OF
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LIVES

OF

EMINENT BRITISH STATESMEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

1599—1658.

OLIVER CROMWELL was born at Huntingdon, in the large gothic house to which his father's brewery was attached*, on the 25th of April, 1599.† The name

* A friend of Cromwell's last biographer, Dr. Russel, thus describes the building and its present state:—"That it was not," as stated by Mr. Noble, "out of the ruins of St. John's hospital that Mr. Robert Cromwell's mansion was erected, is manifest from the fact, that the said institution is still existing and flourishing; and from its funds is supported the grammar school of the town in which Oliver himself was educated. As Cromwell's ancestor, sir Richard, obtained a rich dowry of the old abbey possessions from Henry VIII., it has been supposed that the house and lands of the Augustine friars came into the family in this way. But it is stated in the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*, that they were granted to Thomas Andern on the suppression of the monasteries; and I ascertained, from an inspection of the ancient wills, registered in the office of the archdeacon of Huntingdon, that the house was occupied as a brewery by a Mr. Philip Clamp, before it came into the possession of Robert Cromwell, the protector's father. The latter must, therefore, have obtained the property by purchase; and as his fortune was but small, we find that he continued to carry on the brewery formerly established on the premises. The house was built of stone with gothic windows and projecting attics, and must have been one of the most considerable in the borough. It had extensive back premises in which the brewery was carried on, and a fine garden. In the year 1840, the estate was purchased by James Rust, Esq., whose extensive improvements have entirely obliterated every trace of the Cromwell mansion. Previous to this date, the chamber in which Oliver was born, and the room under it, remained as they were at the time when that event took place; and an outbuilding, noticed by Noble, in which Cromwell was said to have held forth to the puritans, was pointed out to strangers."

† I can subjoin the entry of the parish register:—"Oliverus filius

he bore had not infrequently been heard of in English history, but it was destined to become immortal in his person by the deeds with which he connected it—whether for good or evil, these pages, undertaken in no spirit of unjust detraction or of blind admiration, may possibly help to determine.

Milton, in his "*Defensio Secunda*," thus alludes to the family of Cromwell:—"Est Oliverius Cromwellus genere nobili atque illustri ortus: nomen republica olim sub regibus benè administrata clarum, religione simul orthodoxa vel restituta tum primum apud nos vel stabilita clarius." * The noble and illustrious race here pointed at was that of Thomas Cromwell, earl of Essex; a man of humble birth †, but who had risen to be Henry VIII.'s prime minister, and vicar-general of England; and whose sister had married into the family of Oliver's ancestors. The latter were Welsh, and bore the name of Williams‡, until sir Richard Williams—the issue of this marriage between the sister of Essex and Mr. Morgan Williams, "of Llanishen in the county of Glamorgan,"—having risen into favour and knighthood at

Roberti Cromwell, gent., et Elizabethæ uxoris ejus, natus 25^o die Aprilis, et baptizatus 29^o ejusdem mensis, 1559. E registro ecclesiæ paroch. sti Johannis, infra oppidum Huntingdon.

* Milton's *Prose Works*, by Birch, folio edition, vol. ii. p. 344. "Oliver Cromwell was sprung from a noble and illustrious family: the name was formerly famous in the state when well governed by kings; more famous, at the same time, for orthodox religion, then either first restored or established amongst us."

† The reader need not be told that this was the famous Thomas Cromwell of the Reformation—the son of Walter Cromwell, a blacksmith of Putney—who rose to power on the wreck of Wolsey's fortunes, and fell suddenly down by disengaging Wolsey's fate. Doubtless he was not free from error, but his memory claims a larger share of our respect than is generally due to such men.

‡ The pedigree of this family, from whom Oliver Cromwell directly sprung, commences, according to the industrious and satisfactory researches of Mr. Noble, with Glothyan, lord of Powis, who, about the middle of the eleventh century, married Morveth, the daughter and heiress of Edwyn ap Tydwell, lord of Cardigan. William ap Yevan, the representative of the family in the fifteenth century, was first in the service of Gaspar duke of Bedford, Henry VIII.'s uncle, and afterwards in that of Henry himself. Morgan Williams, or rather Morgan ap Williams (he gave up the latter name in obedience to Henry VIII.'s policy of mingling together, as much as possible, the English and Welsh names and families), who married Essex's sister, was William ap Yevan's son.

Henry VIII.'s court, by his own gallant prowess and the influence of his uncle, and having obtained, among other extensive grants of nunneries and monasteries at that time dissolved, the nunnery of Hinchinbrook and the abbey of Ramsey, in the county of Huntingdon, fixed his seat at the former place, and assumed thenceforward the name of Cromwell, in honour of the chief architect of his princely fortunes.

Thus from the chivalrous son of a Glamorganshire squire the worldly power and splendour of the family of the Cromwells took its rise, as from the farmer son of a brewer of Huntingdon it afterwards dated its immortality. This Richard Cromwell was one of the few favourites and servants of Henry VIII. whom he did not send to the scaffold; and when, in the old Chronicles of Stow*, we catch the dawn of his loyal for-

* Stow thus describes the tournament: the incident at its close is given in Fuller's Church History. Here are Stow's words:—"On May-day was a great triumph of jousting at Westminster, which jousts had been proclaimed in France, Flanders, Scotland, and Spain, for all comers that would, against the challengers of England, which were sir John Dudley, sir T. Seymour, sir T. Poyninge, sir George Carew, knights; Anthony Kingston, and Richard Cromwell, esquires: which said challengers came into the listes that day, richly appareled, and their horses trapped all in white, gentlemen riding afore them, appareled all with velvet and white sarsnet, and all their servants in white doublets, and hosen cut all in the Burgonion fashion; and there came to joust against them the said day, of defendants forty-six, the earl of Surrey being the foremost; lord William Howard, lord Clinton, and lord Cromwell, son and heir to T. Cromwell, earle of Essex, and chamberlaine of England, with other, which were all richly appareled: and that day sir John Dudley was overthrown, in the field by mischance of his horse, by one Andrew Breme; nevertheless, he brake divers spears valiantly after that; and after the said jousts done, the said challengers rode to Durham-place, where they kept open household, and feasted the king and queen, with their ladies, and all the court. The 2nd of May, Anthony Kingstone, and Richard Cromwell, were made knights of the same place. The 3d of May, the said challengers did tourney on horseback, with swords; there came against them twenty-nine defendants: sir John Dudley and the earl of Surrey running first, which, the first course, lost their gauntlets, and that day sir Richard Cromwell overthrew M. Palmer in the felde off his horse, to the great honour of the challengers. The 5th of May, the said challengers fought on foot, at the barriers, and against them came thirty defendants, which fought valiantly, but sir Richard Cromwell overthrew that day, at the barriers, M. Culpepper in the field; and the sixt of May the said challengers brake up their household. In the which time of their house-keeping, they had not only feasted the king, queen, ladies, and the whole court, as was aforesaid, but on the Tuesday in the rogation weeke, they feasted all the knights and burgesses of the common house in the parliament; and on the morrow after, they had the mayor of London, the aldermen, and all their wives to dinner: and on the Friday they brake it up as is aforesaid." Sir Rich. and the five challengers had then each of them, as a reward of their valour,

tunes, it is as though it gleamed reproachfully down upon the terrible act which laid the foundation of the mightier fortunes of his great-grandson Oliver. On May-day, 1540, a brilliant tournament at Westminster opens its lists before us, in which Richard Cromwell and others had proclaimed themselves to France, Flanders, and Scotland, the defenders of the honour and rights of their English king. Henry VIII. looks on, and when sir Richard Cromwell has struck down challenger after challenger with undaunted arm, forth from his deep broad chest rolls out the royal laugh of Henry — “Formerly thou wast my Dick, but hereafter thou shalt be my diamond.” Then from the finger of majesty drops a diamond ring, which sir Richard picks up and again presents to Henry, who laughingly places it on his finger, and bids him ever after bear such an one in the fore gamb of the demy-lion in his crest: — and such a ring did Oliver Cromwell wear there* when he left his farm at Ely to bear more formidable arms at the challenge of a king!

The sudden and violent fall of Essex had no disastrous effect on his kinsman's fortunes, which shone brightly to the last. Enriched to an almost unprecedented extent by the plunder of the religious houses, he left to his son, Henry Cromwell, the inheritance of a most noble fortune.† Nor was this Henry less fortu-

100 marks annually, with a house to live in, to them and to their heirs for ever, granted out of the monastery of the friars of St. Francis, in Stamford, which was dissolved October 8, 1538, and his majesty was the better enabled to do this, as sir Will. Weston, the last prior, who had an annuity out of the monastery, died two days after the justs. Fortunate king, and fortunate knights, to have a prior die so opportunely! But to break a heart is not a bad recipe for death at any time.

* See Noble's Protectoral House, vol. i. p. 11., and Fuller's Church History.

† In his will (which is dated as early as June 1545), it appears, he styled himself by the *alias* Williams — a custom observed by all the Cromwells, up to and even past the time of Oliver. An extract of this will, in which sir Richard describes himself as of “the privy chamber of the king,” is given by Mr. Noble. — “He directs that his body shall be buried in the place where he should die; and devises his estates in the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Lincoln, and Bedford, to his eldest son Henry, with the sum of 500*l.* to purchase him necessary furniture, when he shall come of age: his estates in Glamorganshire he devises to his son Francis (his only other son), and bequeaths 300*l.* to each of his nieces, Joan and Ann, daughters

nate than his father. Elizabeth esteemed him highly, knighted him in 1563, and in the following year honoured him by a visit at his family seat of Hinchinbrook, on her return from the university of Cambridge. His memory still lived in the neighbourhood of his estates some century since, for he had associated it with generous actions in the hearts of the poor of the district, and, to the poor, long memories for benefits belong. They called him in his lifetime the Golden Knight, for he never entered any of the towns or villages around him without bestowing some money on the needy and distressed; and that honourable title survived him.* He lived to a good old age, and left behind him six sons and five daughters; of whom the second daughter, Elizabeth, gave birth to the patriot Hampden; and of whom the second son, Robert, the meanest in fortune, was destined to exert an influence on the destinies of the world unapproached by the most illustrious of his ancestors, or the most powerful of their patron-princes, for he was the father of Oliver Cromwell.

Mr. Robert Cromwell, but for this memorable circumstance, would have lived and died unknown in Hun-

of his brother, Walter Cromwell; and directs, that if Tho. Wingfield, then in ward to him, should chuse to marry either of them, he shall have his wardship remitted to him, otherwise that the same should be sold; he also leaves three of his best great horses to the king, and one other great horse to lord Cromwell, after the king has chosen: legacies are also left to sir John Williams, kn.; and sir Edw. North, kn., chancellor of the court of augmentation; and to several other persons who seem to have been servants, Gab. Donne, clerk; Andr. Judge, Will. Coke, Phil. Lenthall, and Rich. Servington, were appointed executors. This will was proved Nov. 28, 1546. — Sir Richard," Mr. Noble adds, "must have left a prodigious fortune to his family, by what he possessed by descent, grants and purchases of church lands, and from the sums he must have acquired by filling very lucrative employments, with the liberal donations of his sovereign king Henry VIII. This is evident from his possessions in Huntingdonshire, the annual amount of which, at an easy rent, were worth at least 3000*l.*, per ann.: these estates only, in Fuller's time, were, he says, valued by some at 20,000*l.*, and by others at 30,000*l.* annually, and upwards; and from what these estates now let for, in and near Ramsey and Huntingdon (which are only a part of them), I should presume that sir Richard's estates in that county only would now bring in as large a revenue as any peer at this time enjoys; and yet it is evident that he had considerable property in several other counties."

* See Noble's *Memoirs of the Cromwell Family*, vol. i. p. 22.

tingdon, since his tastes were humble as his fortunes.* He was sent, indeed, to one of Elizabeth's parliaments by the electors of that borough, but he appears to have experienced only enough of that sort of public life to conceive disgust to it, since all the duties he afterwards discharged were confined to his native town, in which he served as one of the bailiffs†, sat as justice of the peace, and, when his family had outgrown his income, betook himself to the occupation of a brewer. He had married in early life Elizabeth, the daughter of William Steward of the city of Ely, an undoubted descendant of the royal family of the Stuarts.‡ This lady had already been the wife of "Will. Lynne, gent., son and heir apparent of John Lynne of Bassingborne, esq.," §

* These fortunes are thus described by Noble:—"Rob. Cromwell, esq., second son of sir Henry Cromwell, knt., had by the will of his father, an estate in and near the town of Huntingdon; consisting chiefly, if not wholly, of possessions belonging formerly to the monastery of St. Mary for Augustine friars, amounting, with the great tythes of Hartford, to about 300*l.* per ann."

† His name as bailiff is to be found at this day, in the nave of a church in Huntingdon. Dr. Russel's friend, before referred to, says:—"In the nave of St. Mary's Church, Huntingdon, the following notice is to be seen on one of the pillars:—

* Cromwell.
Turpin.
Bailiffs.
1600.*

The church was not built till 1620, and Robert Cromwell, the protector's father, who must be the person here meant, died in 1617. The inscription was probably made by some curious person, after the name of Cromwell had "gathered all its fame," and drawn public attention and enquiry to the ancestors of the protector." That he took great interest in the concerns of his native county, and was consulted respecting its improvements by its leading proprietors, is however indisputable, from a passage in sir William Dugdale's History of the Fens, where his signature is found attached to a certificate addressed to the privy council, in 1615, stating that the draining of the fens in Northampton, Lincoln, Huntingdon, and Cambridge (a work which his son afterwards resolutely opposed), was practicable, and might be accomplished "without peril to any haven or county." In recommending this great improvement, he was joined by sixteen of the principal persons in the four counties most immediately interested, and among them by his brother sir Oliver.

‡ See Appendix A.

§ The following inscription rests on a tombstone in the Cathedral of Ely:—"Hic inhumatus jacet optima: spei adolescens Gulielmus Lynne, generosus, filius & hæres apparens Johannis Lynne de Bassingborne in Co. Cantab. Arm. qui quidem Gulielmus immaturâ morte peremptus in ipsius Ætate flore 27 ætatis Annorum, 27 die Julij A.D. 1599, non sine summo omnium dolore, ex hac Vita placide migravit; unquam relinquens filiam Catherinam scilicet, quam etiam 17 die Marti sequenti præpropere mors eadem Naturæ lege natam sustulit, moestique jam cum Patre æterno fruitur gaudio — Posuit amoris ergo moestissima Illius Conjux Elizabetha filia Gulielmi Steward de Ely Armigeri."

when, in the second year of her widowhood, with a jointure of only 60*l.* a year *, she married Mr. Robert Cromwell.

Thus allied to a self-ennobled family on the one hand, and on the other to royalty itself, Mr. Robert Cromwell and his wife were nevertheless brewers of Huntingdon. It is strange, indeed, that this should ever have been disputed, since not the remotest shade of doubt, and as little of discredit, can possibly be thrown upon the fact. The records of the purchase of the brewery, and of its management, are in existence still; and from the unimpeachable testimony of many witnesses, that of Roger Coke † may be selected, whose father, being asked whether he knew the protector, answered, "Yes, and his father, too, when he kept his brewhouse in Huntingdon." A contemporary writer tells us something more:—"Both Mr. Cromwell and his wife were persons of great worth, and *no way inclined to disaffection, either in their civil or religious principles*, but remarkable for living upon a small fortune with decency, and maintaining a large family by their frugal circumspection." ‡ In subjoining the statement of sir William Dugdale, we may, perhaps, discover the ridiculous pretence with which the scrupulous asserters of Mr. Robert Cromwell's "pure gentility" satisfy their tender consciences, and lay the burthen of the brewery on his wife. "Robert Cromwell," says Dugdale §, "though he was, by the countenance of his elder brother, Sir Oliver, made a justice of the peace in Huntingdonshire, had but a slender estate; much of his support being a brewhouse in Huntingdon, chiefly managed by his wife." The royalist chronicler, Heath ||, is still more explicit on the latter

* The smallness of this jointure (for the family fortune that remained to the Stewards rested solely with her brother, sir Thomas, of whom mention will be made hereafter) was a favourite subject of lampoon with the cavaliers, up to the period of his death. "It is hoped," I find in one of their scurrilous papers, "that now our enormous taxes will be eased, as the protector's highness, by the death of his mother, is freed from her dowry, which amounted to the prodigious sum of 60*l.* annually."

† See Detection, vol. ii. p. 57.

‡ Nobis, vol. i. p. 84.

§ See Short View of the Recent Troubles, p. 459.

|| In his Flagellum, p. 15.

point. "The brewhouse," he says, "was kept in his father's time, and managed by his mother and his father's servants, without any concernment of his father therein, the accounts being always given to the mistress; who, after her husband's death, did continue in the same employment and calling of a brewer, and thought it no disparagement to sustain the estate and port of a younger brother, as Mr. Robert Cromwell was, by those lawful means; however, not so reputable as other gains and trades are accounted." True—not so reputable as Mr. Heath would have accounted the trade and gain of a servile follower of courts, of a mean flatterer of kings, of a base tool of incapable favourites or ministers. Had Mr. Cromwell been all this, and lent out his wife in furtherance of the calling, loud should have been the praises of the apostles of the Restoration!

Scarcely less contemptible do they seem to us, however, who foolishly imagine they exalt the claims of Robert Cromwell's son in making out his father an idle "gentleman," and his mother a laborious drudge. That the wife assisted the husband in his pursuits is yet indisputable as it was natural, for the fashion of fine ladyism in a tradesman's wife had not then "come up" in the world; while of her own more homely fashion, she proved the superior advantage, when her husband's death had left her the sole protectress of a young and numerous family. An interesting person, indeed, was this mother of Oliver Cromwell—a woman with the glorious faculty of self-help when other assistance failed her. Ready for the demands of fortune in its extremest adverse time—of spirit and energy equal to her mildness and patience—who, with the labour of her own hands, gave dowries to five daughters sufficient to marry them into families as honourable, but more wealthy than their own—whose single pride was honesty, and whose passion love—who preserved in the gorgeous palace at Whitehall the simple tastes that distinguished her in the old brewery at Huntingdon—whose only care, amidst all her splendours, was for the safety of her

beloved son in his dangerous eminence — finally, whose closing wish, when that anxious care had outworn her strength, accorded with her whole modest and tender history, for it implored a simple burial in some country church-yard, rather than those ill-suited trappings of state and ceremony wherewith she feared, and with reason feared, that his highness, the lord protector of England, would have her carried to some royal tomb! There is a portrait of her at Hinchinbrook, which, if that were possible, would increase the interest she inspires, and the respect she claims. The mouth, so small and sweet, yet full and firm as the mouth of a hero — the large melancholy eyes — the light pretty hair — the expression of quiet affectionateness suffused over the face, which is so modestly enveloped in a white satin hood — the simple beauty of the velvet cardinal she wears, and the richness of the small jewel that clasps it — seem to present before the gazer her living and breathing character.

On the 25th April, in the year 1599, this excellent woman gave birth to Oliver Cromwell. He was her second son, and the only one of three who lived to manhood; one of her daughters had also died in youth, and the names of the survivors were Elizabeth, Catherine, Margaret, Anna, Jane, and Robina, who, with Oliver, formed the family of Mr. Robert Cromwell.*

* "Out of the profits of her trade," says a writer in the *Biographica Britannica*, "and her own small jointure of sixty pounds a year, she provided fortunes for her daughters, sufficient to marry them into good families. The eldest was the wife of Mr. John Desborough, afterwards one of the protector's major-generals; another married, first, Roger Whetstone, esq., and afterwards colonel John Jones, who was executed for being one of the king's judges; the third espoused colonel Valentine Walton, who died in exile; the fourth, Mrs. Robina Cromwell, married, first, Dr. Peter French, and afterwards, Dr. John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, a famous preacher, and a celebrated mathematician. It may not be amiss to add, that an aunt of Cromwell's married Francis Barrington, esq.; another aunt, John Hampden, esq., of Buckinghamshire, by whom she was mother to the famous John Hampden; a third aunt was the wife of Mr. Whaley, and the mother of colonel Whaley, in whose custody the king was, while he remained at Hampton Court. He had two other aunts, but of their marriages we have no account." There are some errors and some omissions in this account. The wife of Desborough was Jane, the fifth daughter (the eldest, Elizabeth, dying unmarried); Catherine, the second, married Jones; Margaret, the third, married Walton; Anna, the fourth, who is omitted by the writer, married John Sewster of Wistow, in Huntingdonshire, esq.; and the sixth and youngest, Robina, married as stated.

Four days after his birth, Oliver Cromwell was baptized in the parish church of St. John's, in his native place;—his uncle, sir Oliver, after whom he was named*, standing for him at the font.

Of his extreme youth, marvellous stories were recollected in his days of power:—not for this, however, to be rejected, since, what has once been believed, should, in all future time, be matter of just concern. When Milton undertook a history of England, he began it with a large collection of traditional fables, because he well knew, that to whatever has been truly believed, however false or fabulous, belong some of the most sacred privileges of truth itself, and that the imagination can never be strongly influenced, without a corresponding and enduring action upon the opinions and the character. The fables of biography may show us, at all events, in what various ways the celebrity of their object has wrought upon his countrymen.

From the instant of his birth, according to the traditions of Huntingdon, the peculiar destiny which had marked the infant for its own saved him from all meaner chances.† A nonjuror, who afterwards purchased and inhabited his father's house, used to assert this destiny to have been nothing less than the devil; and, in proof of the connection, would show, behind the door of the room that Oliver was born in, a curious figure of that personage wrought in the hangings. On the same authority rests the version of one of Oliver's escapes, wonderful as

* See Appendix (D.), Sir Oliver Cromwell.

† In the very curious little volume which I have already had occasion to quote, *Heath's Flagellum*, it is made matter of reproach against nature, that no portentous omen had ushered the lad into the world. "Fate," he says, "when it had decreed and ordained the unhappy birth of this famoso, by her most secret and hidden malice, brought him into the world without any terrible remark of his portentous life, neither comets, nor earthquakes, nor such like violences of nature, ushering or accompanying him, to the declaring and pointing out that the scourge of the English empire and nation was now born. Thus also she did, by indiscernible methods, train him up to the possession of the throne, and so secretly and cunningly, after all his bloody and most nefarious actions, shift him out of it, and with a blast of her spent fury turned him into his wished for grave." The latter sentence is somewhat obscure, unless "the blast of her spent fury" is taken to indicate the storm, which actually, on the day of his death, unroofed the houses in London, and tore up trees in the parks.

Gulliver's at Brobdignag. "His grandfather, sir Henry Cromwell," so goes the story, "having sent for him to Hinchinbrook, when an infant in arms, a monkey took him from the cradle, and ran with him upon the lead that covered the roofing of the house: alarmed at the danger Oliver was in, the family brought beds to catch him upon, fearing the creature's dropping him; but the sagacious animal brought the 'fortune of England' down in safety: so narrow an escape had he, who was doomed to be the conqueror and sovereign magistrate of three mighty nations, from the paws of a monkey."* The tradition which saves the daring and reckless young lad from drowning by the providential interference of the curate of Cunnington†, is, perhaps, better worthy of belief; though it might be difficult to say so much of the loyalist addition to the story tagged on after the Restoration—that this same worthy curate, at a future period, when kindly called upon by Oliver, in a march at the head of his troops through Huntingdon, and asked if he recollected the service he had done, answered, "Yes, I do; but I wish I had put you in, rather than see you here in arms against your king."

The child's temper, it seems admitted on all hands, was wayward and violent‡, and is said to have broken out on one occasion, when he was yet only five years old, with an ominous forecast of times and deeds to come. The anecdote is told by Noble. "They have a tradition at Huntingdon, says that industrious collector, "that when king Charles I., then duke of York, in his journey from Scotland to London, in 1604, called, in his way, at Hinchinbrook, the seat of sir Oliver Cromwell, that knight, to divert the young prince, sent for his nephew Oliver, that he, with his own sons, might play with his royal highness: but they had not been long together, before Charles and Oliver disagreed; and

* The Rev. Dr. Lort's MSS., quoted in Noble, vol. i. p. 92.

† Then a Mr. Johnson.

‡ "From his infancy," says Henth, "to his childhood, he was of a cross and peevish disposition, which, being humoured by the fondness of his mother, made that rough and intractable temper more robust and outrageous in his juvenile years, and adult and masterless at man's estate."

as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, it was no wonder that the royal visitant was worsted; and Oliver, even at this age, so little regarded dignity, that he made the royal blood flow in copious streams from the prince's nose. This was looked upon as a bad presage for that king when the civil wars commenced. I give this only as the report of the place: thus far is certain, that Hinchinbrook, as being near Huntingdon, was generally one of the resting-places, when any of the royal family were going to or returning from the north of England, or into or from Scotland." An anecdote, which somehow bears upon it the stamp and greatness of reality! If these boys ever met, (and when king James's frequent visits to Hinchinbrook are borne in mind* it is difficult to suppose they did not,) what occurrence so likely as a quarrel, and what result so plain as that the anecdote tells us? The nervous, feeble, tottering infancy† of the shambling king's son, unequally matched against the sturdy little limbs and daring young soul of the man-child of the Huntingdon brewer — yet foolish obstinacy urging the weakness of the one, and a reckless ambition of superiority overcoming the kindness and generosity of the other. The curtain of the future was surely for an instant upraised here!

Nor here alone. More signal and direct manifestations were avouched, if still stronger and more widely believed traditions are received. Nor will they be rejected hastily by such as care to penetrate beneath the surface of the character which had lain, as it were, wrapped up even in the very cradle of this child. The supernatural, as it seems to the vulgar, is not always what it seems. The natural, when denied for a time its proper vent, will force itself into the light in many various shapes, which assume a

* See Appendix (D.), Sir Oliver Cromwell.

† It is unnecessary to inform the reader that in the infancy of Charles I. he was unable to stand firmly, owing to the weakness and distortion of the legs which he had inherited from his father, and that in his most vigorous manhood the infirmity was never entirely corrected. Even in the fine equestrian portrait by Vandyke, now at Hampton Court, a curvature at the knee is distinctly visible.

fearful aspect from their intensity alone. The tame and common medium of dull and feeble minds is not what the world has distributed among all her sons. Thoughts, as their sufferer has himself described them, "like masterless hell-hounds," roared and bellowed round the cradle of Bunyan;—round that of Vane the forms of angels of light seemed to vision the everlasting reign of peace which his virtuous labours would have realised;—and now, round the bed of the youthful Cromwell, played an awful yet delicious dream of personal aggrandisement and power.

He had laid himself down one *day*, it is said, too fatigued with his youthful sports to hope for sleep, when suddenly the curtains of his bed were slowly withdrawn by a gigantic figure which bore the aspect of a woman, and which, gazing at him silently for a while, told him that he should, before his death, be the greatest man in England. He remembered when he told the story—and the recollection marked the current of his thoughts—that the figure had not made mention of the word *king*. The tradition of Huntingdon adds, that although the "folly and wickedness" of such a notion was strongly pointed out to him, the lad persisted in the assertion of its truth—for which, "at the particular desire of his father," he was soundly flogged by his schoolmaster. The flogging only impressed the fact more deeply on the young day-dreamer, and betaking himself immediately to his uncle Steward*, for the purpose of unburthening himself once more respecting it, he was told by that worthy kinsman of royalty that it was "traitorous to entertain such thoughts."†

This incident in Cromwell's youth was not forgotten in his obscurity to be remembered only in his eminence;

* Sir Thomas Steward. — See Appendix (A.).

† Mention of this matter is thus made in the *Flagellum*. All the other accounts give the story as in the text. "Twas at this time of his adolescence, that he dreamed, or a familiar rather instigated him and put it into his head, that he should be king of England; for it cannot be conceived, that now there should be any such near resemblance of truth in dreams and divinations (besides, the confidence with which he repeated it, and the difficulty to make him forget the arrogant conceit and opinionated pride he had of himself, seem to evince it was some impulse of a spirit), since they had ceased long ago. However the vision came, most certain it

for Clarendon distinctly tells us, that "it was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation." In the height of his glory, we have also good authority for saying, Cromwell himself mentioned it often; and when the farce of deliberation took place on the offer of the crown to the protector, it is remarked by lord Clarendon, that "they who were very near to him said, that, in this perplexity, he revolved his former dream or apparition, that had first informed and promised him the high fortune to which he was already arrived, and which was generally spoken of, even from the beginning of the troubles, and when he was not in a posture that promised such exaltation; and that he then observed, that it had only declared that he should be the greatest man in England, and that he should be near to be king, which seemed to imply, that he should be only near, and never actually attain, the crown."

Another incident, not, perhaps, unconnected with the foregoing, and as singular if less awful, connected the childhood of Cromwell with the mighty future that awaited it. I shall detail it in the words of the royalist Heath*, because of the many accounts that exist of this happily undisputed anecdote, they appear to be the most characteristic. "Now," observes that writer, "to confirm a royal humour the more in his ambitious and vain glorious brain, it happened (as it was then generally the custome in all great Free Schools) that a play called "The Five Senses" was to be acted by the schollars of this school†, and Oliver Cromwell, *as a confident youth,*

is, that his father was exceedingly troubled at it; and having angrily rebuked him for the vanity, idleness, and impudence thereof, and seeing him yet persist in the same presumption, caused Dr. Beard to whip him for it; which was done to no more purpose than the rest of his chastisements, his scholar growing insolent and incorrigible from those results and awasions within him, to which all other dictates and instructions were useless, and as a dead letter."

* The author of the *Flagellum* which I have already quoted — the first biographer of Cromwell after the Restoration. He was, I believe, the son of Charles L's cutler, an exiled loyalist, and was, moreover, a needy scribe, who wrote pamphlets of all sorts to order, and corrected manuscripts for a maintenance.

† Huntingdon Free School, where Oliver then was.

was named to act the part of Tactus, the sense of feeling; in the personation of which, as he came out of the tiring-room upon the stage, his head encircled with a chaplet of lawrel, he stumbled at a crown, purposely laid there, which stooping down he took up, and crowned himself therewithal, adding, beyond his cue, some majestic mighty words; and with this passage the event of his life held good analogy and proportion, when he changed the lawrel of his victories (in the late unnatural war) to all the power, authority, and splendour, that can be imagined within the compass of a crown."

The extemporisation of the "mighty majestic words" is an addition of the zealous narrator: the reader will observe, when the scene is before him, that the exact speeches of Tactus are mighty and majestic enough to effect the strange coincidences of the story without other aid. The comedy is well known to the lovers of old English dramatic literature, by the name of *Lingua*, as a highly ingenious and pleasant work, with more than the usual share of that strong good sense which distinguishes its otherwise fantastic author, Anthony Brewer.* It is in the nature of an allegory,

* It contains, among other striking things, that fine enumeration of the characteristics of different languages—"The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical, &c."—given in Charles Lamb's *Specimens*, and also the following masterly discrimination of Tragedy and Comedy in all their ornaments and uses, which the reader will not object to my quoting:—

"These two, my lord, Comedies and Tragedies,
My fellows both, both twins, but so alike
As birth to death, wedding to funeral,
For this that rears himself in buskins quaint
Is pleasant at the first, proud in the midst,
Stately in all, and bitter death at end:
That in the pumps doth frown at first acquaintance,
Trouble in the midst, but at the end concludes,
Closing up all with a sweet catastrophe.
This grave and sad, diseas'd with brinish tears:
That light and quick with wrinkled laughter painted.
This deals with nobles, kings, and emperors,
Full of great hopes, great fears, great enterprises:
This other trades with men of mean condition,
His projects small, small hopes, and dangers little.
This gorgentus, broder'd with rich sentences:
That fair and puffed round with merriments.
Both vice detect and virtue beautify,
By being death's mirror, and life's looking-glass."

The comedy was first acted, we learn from the preface to its first impression, at Cambridge, and next at this Huntingdon Free School.

celebrating the contention of the five senses for the crown of superiority, and discussing the pretensions of *Lingua*, or the tongue, to be admitted as a sixth sense; ending, as far as the latter is concerned, with the allotment of "the *sense* of speaking" to *women* only.

Now let the reader imagine little master Oliver Cromwell entering, "his head encircled with a chaplet of lawrel," and gazing up so high above him as to be utterly unconscious of the plotter at his side, and, till he stumbles on it, of the crown at his feet.

"TACTUS. The blushing childhood of the chearful morn
Is almost grown a youth and overclimbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills, about which time
Gustus most earnestly importuned me
To meet him hereabouts; what cause I know not.

MENDACIO. You shall do shortly, to your cost, I hope.

TACT. Sure, by the sun, it should be nine o'clock!

MEN. *What a star-gazer! will you ne'er look down?*

TACT. Clear is the sun, and blue the firmament:
Methinks the heavens do smile —

[TACTUS sneezeth.

MEN.

At thy mishap,

To look so high, and stumble in a trap!

[TACTUS stumbleth at the robe and crown.

TACT. *High thoughts have slippery feet, I had well nigh fallen.*

MEN. Well doth he fall that riseth with a fall.

TACT. What 's this?

MEN. O! are you taken? 'tis in vain to strive.

TACT. How now!

MEN. You 'll be so entangled straight —

TACT. A crown!

MEN. — that it will be hard —

TACT. And a robe!

MEN. — to loose yourself!

TACT. A crown and robe!

MEN. It had been fitter for you to have found a fool's
coat and a bauble, — hey! hey!

TACT. Jupiter ! Jupiter ! how came this here ?

MEN. O ! Sir, Jupiter is making thunder, he hears you not ; here's one knows better.

TACT. 'Tis wond'rous rich : ha ! but sure it is not so : ho !

Do I not sleep, and dream of this good luck, ha ?

No, I am awake, and feel it now.

Whose should it be ? [He takes it up.]

MEN. Set up a *si quis* for it.

TACT. Mercury ! all's mine own ; here's none to cry half's mine.

MEN. When I am gone. [Exit.]

TACTUS, alone, soliloquizeth.

TACT. Tactus, thy sneezing somewhat did portend.

Was ever man so fortunate as I ?

To break his shins at such a stumbling-block !

Roses and bays pack hence : this crown and robe

My brows and body circles and invests !

How gallantly it fits me ! sure the slave

Measured my head that wrought this coronet.

They lye that say complexions cannot change ;

My blood's ennobled, and *I am transform'd*

Unto the sacred temper of a king.

Methinks I hear my noble parasites

Stiling me Cæsar or great Alexander,

Licking my feet, and wond'ring where I got

This precious ointment. *How my pace is mended !*

How princely do I speak ! how sharp I threaten !

Peasants, I'll curb your headstrong impudence,

And make you tremble when the Lion roars.

Ye earth-bred worms ! O for a looking-glass !

Poets will write whole volumes of this change :

Where's my attendants ? Come hither, sirrahs, quickly,

Or by the wings of *Hermes* "——

It is not difficult to picture to the imagination the

strut of democratic contempt with which the reckless young actor delivered some of these lines : —

“ How my pace is mended
How princely do I speak ! How sharp I threaten ! ”

The whole scene is curious, and was, no doubt, remembered with emotion in after years, when state had indeed seemed to ennoble blood — when epithets of Cæsar or Alexander were as nothing in the mouths of parasites — when the clownish soldier had been mended into the comely prince — and the voice that sounded sharp and untunable through the house of commons in 1640, sent forth accents at Whitehall, some very few years later, of the sweetest grace and majesty.

Such scanty records as may be now collected of young Cromwell's school-days realize what it does not tax the imagination to receive as a not unfair impression of them. He was active and resolute — capable of tremendous study, but by no means always inclined to it — with a vast quantity of youthful energy, which exploded in vast varieties of youthful mischief — and, finally, not at all improved by an unlimited system of flogging adopted by his schoolmaster. How easily, in such cases, are the lessons of tyranny taught ; and, when they have failed to subdue, how long and bitterly remembered ! Dr. Beard, then at the head of the Huntingdon Free-school, had made himself notorious for his severity*, even in that age of barbarous discipline ; and in young Cromwell he seems to have found a favourite object for its exercise.

A biographer, already quoted, describes these school-days with characteristic force ; and, remembering the writer's prejudice, we have little difficulty in separating false from true. “ From A B C discipline,” he says, “ and the *slighted governance of a mistress*, his father removed him to the tuition of Dr. Beard, school-master of the free-school of that town, where his book

* The frontispiece to a well-known book of the time, “ *The Theatre of God's Judgments*,” is said to be a portrait of this pain-inflicting pedagogue. It represents him with a rod in his hand, two scholars standing behind, and *As in Præsentis* issuing from his mouth.

began to persecute him, and learning to commence his great and irreconcilable enemy ; for his master, honestly and severely observing that, and others his faults (which like weeds sprung out of his rank and uncultivable nature), did, by correction, hope to better his manners ; and with a diligent hand, and careful eye, to hinder the thick growth of those vices which were so predominant and visible in him. Yet, though herein *he trespassed upon that respect and lenity due and usual to children of his birth and quality*, he prevailed nothing against his obstinate and perverse inclination. The learning and civility he had, *coming upon him like fits of enthusiasme, now a hard student for a week or two, and then a truant or otioso for twice as many months*, — of no settled constancy.

“ Amongst the rest of those ill qualities,” continues this impartial biographer, “ which fructuated in him at this age, *he was very notorious for robbing of orchards*; a puerile crime, and an ordinary trespass, but grown so scandalous and injurious by the frequent spoyles and damages of trees, breaking of hedges and inclosures, *committed by this apple-dragon*, that many solemn complaints were made, both to his father and master, for redress thereof, *which missed not their satisfaction and expiation out of his hide*; on which so much pains were lost that that very offence ripened in him afterwards to the throwing down of all boundaries of law or conscience. From this he passed unto another more manly theft, *the robbing of dove-houses, stealing the young pigeons, and eating and merchandizing of them*, and that so publicly, that he became dreadfully suspect to all the adjacent country.”

Nor are his offences of youth limited by charges of this kind. Other gross imputations against his good taste and refinement — such as the boy-days of Louis XIV. were not altogether free from — received general acceptation before his eminence, and were not altogether contradicted by his occasional practices after it. The diligent Mr. Noble thus supplies one of those stories from

various writers.—“ Sir Oliver was a worthy knight, loved hospitality, and always kept up old customs. Accordingly, at Christmas, his doors were thrown open to all, who were not only feasted, but entertained with music, dancing, and the usual sports of the age and place. Amongst the relations and friends of sir Oliver came his nephew and godson, by invitation, to partake of the festivity of one of those seasons: but he so far forgot himself that, to humour a depraved taste, he besmeared his clothes and gloves with the most nauseous filth, and accosts the Master of Misrule in the frequent turnings of a frisking dance, as well as every other person that came in his way, so that the company could scarce bear the room. The Master of Misrule, discovering that our young Oliver was the offender, seized, and ordered him to undergo a severe ducking in a pond adjoining to the house; sir Oliver, his uncle, permitting the sentence to be carried into full execution, as a punishment for his dirty behaviour. Perhaps I ought to apologize for relating so filthy a tale; but, as this was the occasion of Oliver's losing his uncle's good opinion, I thought its particular relation could not be dispensed with.”* There is possibly great exaggeration in the story, but, in after years, the protector's turn for pleasantry was

* The learned Dr. Bates, who attended the protector in his last illness, has given his authority to this incident (*Elenchi Mot. pars. prima.*) And Heath, in his “*Flagellum*,” relates it thus:—“By these low actions he had so alienated the affections of his uncle and godfather Sir Oliver Cromwell, that he could not endure the sight of him, having, in his own presence in the great hall of his house, where he magnificently treated king James at his assumption to the crown of England, in a Christmas time (which was always highly observed by him by feasting and keeping open house), played this unhandsome and unseemly trick or frolic, with the relation of which the reader will be pleased to indulge me, because I have seen it recounted by a worthy and learned hand. It was sir Oliver's custom in that festival, to entertain in his house a Master of Misrule, or the Revels, to make mirth for the guests, and to direct the dances and the music, and generally all manner of sports and gambols; this fellow Cromwell, having besmeared his own clothes and hands with surreverence, accosts in the midst of a frolicking dance, and so grimed him and others upon every turn, that such a stink was raised, that the spectators could hardly endure the room; whereupon the said Master of Misrule, perceiving the matter, caused him to be laid hold on, and by his command to be thrown into a pond adjoining to the house, and there to be sou'd over head and ears, and rinsed of that filth and pollution sticking to him; which was accordingly executed, sir Oliver suffering his nephew to undergo the punishment of his unmannerly folly.”



now and then oddly developed, as we shall have occasion to show; and what, in those youthful days, might have equally deserved a ducking in a horse-pond on a cold Christmas night, was received as the greatest favour and condescension by ladies of birth and breeding.

From the grammar-school of Huntingdon, on the 23d of April, 1616, when Cromwell was within two days of completing his seventeenth year, he was entered a fellow-commoner of Sydney Sussex college, Cambridge*; and seems to have carried all his school propensities, in the most lively and flourishing state, along with him to the university. "In his youth," says sir William Dugdale, "he was for some time bred up in Cambridge, where he made no proficiency in any kind of learning; but then and afterwards sorting himself with drinking companions, and the under sort of people (being of a rough and blustering disposition), he had the name of a ROYSTER amongst most that knew him." This is borne out by Heath, who accompanies it with other details. "The relation of a father," he observes, "and one so *sterne and strict* an examiner of him (he being in his nature of a *difficult disposition and great spirit, and one that would have due distances observed towards him from all persons*, which begat him reverence from the country-people) kept him in some awe and subjection, till his translation to Cambridge; where he was placed in Sydney college, more to satisfy his father's curiosity and desire, than out of any hopes of compleating him in his studies, which never reached any good knowledge of the Latine tongue. During his short residence here, where he was more famous for his exercises in the fields than in the schools, (in which he never had the

* The following is an extract from the register of Sydney Sussex:—"A festo Anunciacionis, 1616. — Oliverius Cromwell Huntingdoniensis admissus ad conventum Sociorum Aprilis vicesimo tertio; Tutore Mrs. Ricardo Howlett." Between this entry however and the next, it is amusing to observe that there is crowded in, in a smaller hand or letter, the underwritten character. "Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo rege Carolo 1^o nefaria cæde sublato, ipsum usurpavit thronum, et tria regna, per 5 ferme annorum spatium, sub protectoris nomine indomita tyrannide vexavit."

honour of, because no worth and merit to, a degree,) being one of the chief match-makers and players at football, cudgells, or any other boisterous sport or game,—his father, Mr. Robert Cromwell, died, leaving him to the scope of his own inordinate and irregular will, swayed by the bent of very violent and strong passions." It is significant of much to discover, in these notices of Cromwell's boyish irregularities, that his father was as strict and stern to the lad as his mother was affectionate and indulging.*

There is no reason to question the irregularities themselves. They are such as thousands committed even in those times, and tens of thousands have committed since, whom obscurity in after-life has dismissed, with all their vices and all their virtues, to a happy oblivion. It is worth while to observe, however, that the supposition of Cromwell's having left the university only as wise, in point of learning, as he went there, is by no means so credible.

Cromwell's learning in after years, which there is no reason to doubt he acquired at this time, was of a fair average character. His sincere respect for men of greater learning, and his anxious desire to elevate and promote the claims of literature at all times, has never been questioned save by the meanest and least scrupulous of his detractors. A good knowledge of Latin it is quite certain he possessed, though bishop Burnet tells us of it with a sneer. "He had no foreign language, but the little *Latin* that stuck to him from his education, which he spoke very vitiously and scantily." The most learned of the ambassadors he received during the protectorate do not, on the other hand, seem to have discovered these defects in his Latin. Beveringe writes to Jongstall at the Hague†, that "last Saturday I had a discourse with his excellency Cromwell above two hours,

* Heath begins his narrative with a statement that "from his infancy to his childhood he was of a cross and peevish disposition, which being humoured by the fondness of his mother, made that rough and intractable temper more robust and outrageous in his juvenile years."

† 10th of August, 1653.

without any body being present with us. His excellency spoke his own language so distinctly that I could answer him. *He (Cromwell) answered again in Latin.*" In various incidents of a similar sort, related in the records of the commonwealth, it is difficult to discover any grounds of truth for Burnet's reproach; and it is worth adding, that the royalist friend of Waller, who prefixed a life of the poet to the first edition of his works, takes occasion to tell his readers that "Cromwell loved, or affected to love, men of wit: — Mr. Waller frequently waited on him, being his kinsman; and, as he often declared to me, observed him to be very well read in the Greek and Roman story."* Other opportunities may occur for adverting to this subject; but there exists, in one of the ambassadorial addresses to Cromwell, a passage of eloquence bearing upon it, and now known to have proceeded from Milton's hand, which seems to me to decide the question completely, and to say all that need be said concerning it in the finest possible manner.

Don Juan Roderiguez de Saa Meneses, Conde de Penaguaia, addressed to Cromwell in Latin an idea of a perfect hero — Milton having discharged himself of a portion of his ever lofty admiration of Cromwell by composing it at the request of that illustrious foreigner.

* It is certain, too, that he had made it his care in life to become master of a noble library. An authority exists for saying this — than which no better could be urged — in the life of the famous and most learned Dr. Manton. "When Cromwell took on him the protectorship, in the year 1653, the very morning the ceremony was to be performed, a messenger came to Dr. Manton to acquaint him that he must immediately come to Whitehall: the doctor asked him the occasion; he told him he should know that when he came there. The protector himself, without any previous notice, told him what he was to do, *i. e.* to pray upon that occasion. The doctor laboured all he could to be excused, and told him it was a work of that nature which required some time to consider and prepare for it. The protector replied, that he knew he was not at a loss to perform the service he expected from him; and opening his study-door, he put him in with his hand, and bid him consider there, which was not above half an hour. The doctor employed that time in looking over his books, which he said was a noble collection." Manton, as Dr. Harris emphatically says, *was a judge*. Let us add here, that in his days of power, Cromwell showed an invariable regard and respect for the *Alma Mater* of his boyhood. We find an order of his, dated July 1, 1652, directed to all officers and soldiers under his command, forbidding them to quarter any officer or soldier in any of the colleges, halls, or other houses belonging to Cambridge university, or to offer any injury or violence to any of the students, or members of it; and this at their peril.

Having named various imaginary qualities, he proceeded thus : — “ To these I added a study of letters, by which nature should be cultivated, the mind polished and subdued, and reason sharpened. Yet this, in a person instructed for the commonwealth, and trained up for political affairs, *I wished might be moderate*. For, as the art of governing a commonwealth, for the most part, is active and practical, it should rather consist of counsel and prudence, than of speculative and theoretical knowledge and wisdom. It is necessary therefore for him who is brought up to the art of ruling and commanding *to be tinged indeed with a study of letters*, which may reasonably inform him, and banish ignorance and unskilfulness from his mind ; yet not to be so deeply tutored, as to comprehend them absolutely and exactly in every point. For, I know not by what means, this thorough knowledge of the sciences, at the same time that it sharpens the intellect, dulls the soul, and interrupts its close attention to the administration of public affairs : perhaps because it wastes the spirits necessary for action, and, by gradually consuming them, causes the mind, in proportion as it is deprived of them, to grow languid. These applications of the wit and mind are tender things ; they do not fancy the sun and the crowd, but delight in shade and retirement ; noise and business disturb them ; they shrink up at the horror of arms, and are even affrighted at the bawling of the forum. Like noble and delicate maidens, they must rather be kept safe at home, than brought forth into engagements and perils. Wherefore the most celebrated generals of antiquity have so addicted themselves to the instructions of their preceptors, *as rather to adorn, than to profess, those studies* ; they have applied themselves just so much to them as might serve to nourish, not to overwhelm, their minds. It was this course that the hero Achilles held under Chiron and Phœnix ; Alexander, under Aristotle ; Epaminondas, under Lysias ; Scipio, under Panætius. And tho’ Pericles among the Greeks, and Julius Cæsar among the Romans, may

have passed for scholars, yet certainly their praise (whereof both obtained a very great share) is comprised chiefly in their eloquence, which consists more in force and nature, than in art and precept. For this reason it is delivered down to us, that the one thundered when he spoke, and that the other pronounced every thing with the same spirit he fought with. You, O most excellent Cromwell! have applied your mind to the study of letters in this manner, copying exactly what I had observed in these and other famous captains of antiquity. *You have gathered up the literary dust at Cambridge, without deepening the tracts of learning.* You have garnished your understanding with those arts which become a liberal nature; you have rubbed off the rust of your mind; you have sharpened the edge of your wit; you have gained such a character, *as not to be reckoned an ill scholar;* and fitted yourself, by the rudiments of the sciences, to manage the highest offices of the commonwealth. You have given us, in fact, such a specimen of your capacity, that you may make it appear, if you were disposed to go on in the pursuit of learning, how very able you are to equal the greatest masters; just as Julius Cæsar did, whose steps you so nearly tread in, according to the testimony of Cicero himself, that prince in every kind of learning. And in conducting the commonwealth, you have chose to imitate that Cæsar rather than Cicero, by preferring the harsh, incessant, and laborious employment of a general, to the delicate and sedentary office of a senator. *It did not become that hand to wax soft in literary ease, which was to be inured to the use of arms, and hardened with asperity; that right hand to be wrapt up in down among the nocturnal birds of Athens, by which thunderbolts were soon after to be hurled among the eagles which emulate the sun."*

In June, 1617, Robert Cromwell died, and it is probable, since his widow found herself obliged to continue the brewery after his decease, that a consideration of family circumstances, (for the disagreement with

sir Oliver appears to have still continued,) withdrew her son from the university immediately afterwards. It is certain that, before half his college term had expired, he returned to Huntingdon, and was passed from thence to London; where, in accordance with the almost universal practice with young men of any family in that age, he was entered as a member of Lincoln's Inn.* But, if the general tradition is trustworthy, he now utterly rejected every habit of study; carried his practices of school and college to the very highest pitch of dissolute recklessness; and, after some little time, returned to Huntingdon a finished London rake, with a strong tendency in his rakishness to the coarse and the low. Heath's account of this cannot possibly be omitted.

"It was not long after his father's death ere Oliver, weary of the muses, and that strict course of life (though he gave latitude enough to it in his wild salleys and flyings out) abandoned the university, and returned home, saluted with the name of young Mr. Cromwell, now in the room and place of his father; which how he became, his uncontrouled debaucheries did publickly declare. For drinking, wenching, and the like outrages of licentious youth, none so infamed as this *young Tarquin*, who would not be contraried in his lust, in the very strain and to the excess of that regal ravisher. . . . These pranks made his mother advise with herselfe and his friends what she should do with him, to remove the scandal which had been cast upon the family by his means; and therefore it was concluded to send him to one of the inns of court, under pretence of his studying the laws; where, among the mass of people in London, and frequency of vices of all sorts, his might pass in the throng, without that par-

* His name does not appear now in the books of that society, but his having entered of it was a fact notorious to his contemporaries, and no doubt, therefore, the name was erased in the new and base born loyalties of the restoration. Anthony Wood tells us distinctly, "his father dying whilst he was at Cambridge, he was taken home and sent to Lincoln's Inn to study the common law; but making nothing of it, he was sent for home by his mother, became a detaucher, and a bolsterous and rude fellow." This is corroborated, too, by almost every contemporaneous record.

ticular near reflection upon his relations, and at worst the infamy should stick only on himself. . . . Lincoln's Inn was the place pitched upon, and thither Mr. Cromwell in a suitable garb to his fortunes was sent, where but for a little while he continued ; for the nature of the place, and the studies there, were so far regretful beyond all his tedious apprenticeship to the more facile academick sciences, that he had a kind of antipathy to his company and converse there, and so spent his time in an inward spight, which for that space superseded the enormous extravagancy of former vitiousness,—his vices having a certain kind of intermission, succession, or transmigration, like a compleat revolution of wickedness into one another, so that few of his feats were practised here. And it is some kind of good luck for that honourable society, that he hath left so small and so innocent a memorial of his membership therein. . . . His next traverse was back again into the country to his mother, and there he fell to his old trade, and frequented his old haunts, consumed his money in tipling, and then run on score per force. In his drink he used to be so quarrelsome as few (unless as mad as himself) durst keep him company. His chief weapons in which he delighted, and at which he fought several times with tinkers, pedlars, and the like (who most an end go armed therewith) was a quarter-staff ; *in which he was so skilful, that seldom did any overmatch him.* A boysterous discipline and rudiment of his martial skill and valour, which with so much fierceness he manifested afterwards in the ensuing war ! . . . These and the like strange, wild, and dishonest actions, made him every where a shame or a terrour, insomuch that *the ale wifes of Huntingdon and other places, when they saw him a coming, would use to cry out to one another, ' Here comes young Cromwell, shut up your dores : ' for he made it no punctilio to invite his roysters to a barrel of drink, and give it them at the charge of his host, and in satisfaction thereof either beat him, or break his windows, if he offered any shew, or gave any look or*

sign of refusal or discontent. . . . His lustful wantonnesses were no less predominant than the other unruly appetites of his mind ; it being now his rude custom to seize upon all women he met in his way on the road, and perforce ravish a kiss, or some lewder satisfaction from them ; and if any resistance were made by their company, then to vindicate and allay this violence and heat of his blood, with the letting out of theirs, whose defence of their friend's honour and chastity innocently engaged them. And the same riots was he guilty of against any who would not give him the way ; so that he was a rebel in manners, long before he was a Belial in policy. . . . I am loath to be too large in such particulars, which may render me suspect of belying him, out of prejudice or revenge ; but I have heard it confirmed so often from knowing persons, and the stories made use of by his party who did thereby magnify his conversion making him thus dear and precious unto God, that I was obliged to mention them."

These coarse details are given here in the persuasion, that they may represent, making allowance for the natural exaggeration of the writer, the wild course and current of Cromwell's irregular youth — a youth how common in that age, how common in every age, but how seldom followed by those wonderful fortunes which have burnt into these records of *this* life things that are held of no account in the lesser fortunes of meaner men, yet are in truth less pardonable in them than here, where they must be taken to express some portion of that amazing energy of temperament which is afterwards destined to force out for itself a nobler outlet on a grander theatre of action. Nor will the reflecting reader hold, that even such experiences, so wild and so unworthy, were altogether without their use in the after-chances of a career like Cromwell's, wherein power was to be achieved by practising upon the weakness, no less than by guiding the strength, of all classes of the humanity around him. It is said of him by a professed panegyrist, who sought to explain, and not unsuccessfully, the sort of

life he led at this time in London, that "he came to Lincoln's Inn, where he associated himself with those of the best rank and quality, and the most ingenious persons; for though he were of a nature not adverse to study and contemplation, yet he seemed rather addicted to conversation, and the reading of men and their several tempers, than to a continual poring upon authors." * Men of a large soul have no need of all those studies that are necessary to the education of other men. Nature offers herself to be studied by them, without the spectacles of books to read her by. They have only to look inward, as Dryden finely says, and they will observe her, in all her strength and all her weakness, *there*.

There is only one incident in these early and irregular practises which, if true, leaves a serious stain on that portion of the life of Cromwell. Sir William Dugdale originated it in his "Short View of the Late Troubles†," where we find this remark:—"By his exorbitances, at last he so wasted his patrimony, that, having attempted his uncle Steward‡ for a supply of his wants, and finding that, on a smooth way of application to him he could not prevail, he endeavoured by colour of law to lay hold of his estate, representing him as a person

* "Portraiture of his Royal Highness Oliver," by Carrington, p. 8, a book on the whole not so deficient in trustworthiness as others of the time—Mr. Daubeny's for instance—or M. Gregorio Leti's. The last, published in French, at Amsterdam, fifty years after Cromwell's death, obtained considerable circulation in England. A copy is in my possession, and a short specimen of it may possibly amuse the reader. For instance, M. Gregorio Leti makes Cromwell a prodigy of learning at the university, exceedingly admired by the bishops, a great favourite with king James. He then sends him over to France upon his travels, gives us a particular account of his gallantries, introduces him to an audience of the French king, and an intimacy with cardinal Richelieu. Upon his return he assures us, that Cromwell was highly in the good graces of Dr. Williams, bishop of Lincoln, to whom he says he was nearly related; and, what is still more extraordinary than all this, Mr. Leti lets us into the secret, that the bishop had an amour with Cromwell's wife; and in the same ingenious style, and with equally scrupulous attention to truth, he perseveres through the whole work, assuring us, that he wrote it during his stay in England, and that he took care to be perfectly well informed as to every thing which he relates. It is bare justice to Mr. Leti, however, to add, that he names the earl of Anglesea, the earl of Aylesbury, and several other persons of distinction, as the authors of the various matters he acquaints us with; and it is just possible that they were the somewhat stupid but successful jokes of those distinguished persons.

† P. 459.

‡ See Appendix (A.)

not able to govern it. But therein he failed." The diligent researches of Mr. Noble, it must be admitted, seem to confirm this serious charge, while they are more explicit in detailing the grounds of it. From them it would seem that, soon after his return to Huntingdon from London, he "endeavoured to reinstate his fortune by annexing the estate of his maternal uncle, sir Thomas Steward, to his own, even in the lifetime of sir Thomas. It was not unlikely that he had asked of that gentleman a liberal supply, and 'finding that by a smooth way of application to him he could not prevail, he endeavoured to lay hold of his estate, representing him as a person not able to govern it;' which he did by petitioning his majesty to grant him a commission of lunacy; but the king dismissed the petition as ill-founded." With a strong reluctance to entertain this story, I am nevertheless bound to subjoin what strikes me to be further evidence in support of it — evidence which some may even take to be incontrovertible. Hacket, in his life of archbishop Williams (*Scrinia Reserata*), gives it as an eminent proof of that wily bishop's penetration that, at the very outset of Cromwell's career, he thoroughly detected his character. In a council held in 1645, Hacket represents Williams thus speaking of Cromwell to the king: — "I knew him at Buckden, but never knew his religion, being a common spokesman for sectaries, and maintaining their part with stubbornness. He never discoursed as if he were pleased with your majesty and your officers, and indeed he loves none that are more than his equals. *Your majesty did him but justice in refusing his petition against sir Thomas Steward of the Isle of Ely*; but he takes them all for his enemies that would not let him undo his best friend, and, above all that live, I think him the most mindful of an injury. He talks openly that it is fit some should act more vigorously against your forces, and bring your person into the power of the parlement." He hates the earl of Essex, because he says he is but half an enemy to your majesty, and has done you more favor than harm.

His fortunes are broken, that it is impossible for him to subsist (much less satisfy his ambition) but by your majesty's bounty, or by the ruin of us all in one common confusion. In short, every beast has some evil properties, but Cromwell has the properties of all evil beasts."

One consideration remains, involving a different and less injurious view of the charge itself. It is indisputable that this sir Thomas Steward at his death, which occurred not many years afterwards, left the whole of his fortune to his nephew—to the young man at whose hands he had suffered so recently such a cruel and insulting wrong. Is it possible to imagine that intercession on the part of relatives, which is alleged to have brought this result about, would have sufficed in any way to that end, if the old man had not now, in reality, proved somewhat wavering in his wits. Giving Oliver Cromwell the advantage (to which he is fairly entitled) of the doubt so started, it is surely not difficult to imagine that, when he petitioned the king to the effect stated by Dugdale and Noble, and apparently corroborated by archbishop Williams himself, he may really have believed his kinsman to be labouring under the malady alleged.

The time now arrived, however, when the wild days were to close, and with them the imputations they gave birth to—when higher purposes and objects were to wake out of their early sleep in Cromwell's heart, and thenceforth sleep no more—when his fellow townsmen were to ask with wonder among each other how such a reformation could have risen,—

"Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unlettered, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration,
From open haunts."

—and possibly some one, more intelligent and accomplished than the rest, was to answer in that counter-quotations from the prince of poets and philosophers,

whose death should just then have plunged the world in mourning, if the world had known his value, —

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so this man obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty."

Whereat might the questioner have rejoined, with the strongest confidence that he had indeed attained in this the secret of Cromwell's mental progress, —

"It must be so ; for miracles are cess'd."

On the 22d of August, 1620, four months after the completion of his twenty-first year, Cromwell married Elizabeth Bouchier, daughter of sir James Bouchier, of Felsted in Essex, a kinswoman of the Hampdens, a woman of high spirit, of an ancient and honourable family, and whose irreproachable life, and unobtrusive manners, should indeed have protected her from the insults and obloquies of the time, if any thing could have been held sacred from them. The marriage took place at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London ; and, three days afterwards, we discover from a deed still in existence, Cromwell (described in the document as Oliver Cromwell, alias Williams, of Huntingdon, esq.) entered into a defeasance of statute staple to Thomas Morley, citizen and leather-seller, of London, in 4000*l.* conditioned that he should, before the 20th of November following, convey and assure unto Elizabeth his wife, "for the term of her life, for her jointure, all that parsonage house of Hartford, with all the glebe lands and tythes," in the county of Huntingdon.* It is interesting to find, that some years afterwards, when Cromwell's wants appeared to require it, this amiable and excellent woman surrendered this jointure, which, with the fortune she had brought her husband, is reported to have gone in satisfaction of the debts contracted by early extravagance.

Nor, through all the wonderful changes she was

* See Noble's "Memoirs of the Protectoral House."

doomed to experience, did she ever lose the simplicity and modesty of her youth. She is said to have borne what few women can patiently bear, with only such complaints as the most sweet and generous nature would give utterance to — and in this was more influenced by love than restrained by awe.* Her husband's elevation she rather endured than rejoiced in; for even the stern Ludlow, when telling us that "he (the protector) removed from the Cockpit, which house the parliament had assigned to him, to take possession of Whitehall, which he assigned to himself," adds, that "his wife seemed at first unwilling to remove thither, though afterwards she became better satisfied with her grandeur."† This "satisfaction" will, perhaps, be more

* I have already ventured to say all that, perhaps, need be said in a question of this kind in my *Life of Strafford*, pp. 281—284, to which the reader is referred; but one of the notes in Noble's book bears too close a reference to this subject to be omitted here; and the writer was too candid as well as industrious not to have a right to claim fair attention to what he supposes himself to have had reason to believe in a case of this kind. "The protector Oliver," he says, "though a great devotee, is known to have indulged himself, after he arrived at power, with the company of ladies, and that not in the most innocent manner. Lady Dysert, afterwards duchess of Lauderdale, and Mrs. Lambert, have been frequently given as his mistresses. They were ladies of very different accomplishments; the former was beautiful, witty, learned, and full of intrigue; Mrs. Lambert employed herself only in praying and singing hymns. It was a court jest, that the protector's instrument (of government) was found under my lady Lambert's petticoat. His acquaintance with the gay lady Dysert gave such offence to the godly, that he was obliged to decline his visits to her; and it was thought that general Tollemache owed his birth to Oliver; but there could no hurt arise in holding heavenly meditation with Mrs. Lambert. Heath, in his 'Flagellum,' says, Mrs. Lambert was a woman of good birth and good parts, and of pleasing attractions, both for mind and body. There is a history printed of a pretended natural son of the protector's, but it is too marvellous to be true. Probably, however, Oliver had natural children, one of whom might be Dr. Millington, after whose name in the register of Strensham, in Worcestershire (the birthplace of the humorous Butler), is, 'Query, was not he a bastard of Oliver Cromwell?' and I am the more inclined to think this true, because in the postscript of a letter from Ursula Hornhold, dated from London, Dec. 4, 1744, to a gentleman in the vicinity of that place, is, 'Did you ever hear it said that Dr. Millington was illegitimate. Here has been talk that Dr. Millington was a bastard of Oliver Cromwell.' The scandal it would have given, had the puritans known of his amours, and the advantages the cavaliers would have made of it, would be sufficient reasons for his keeping matters of this kind from the eyes of the public. Besides, though her highness was an obedient wife, she was not without spirit and sensibility; but, though she might know that she had reason to suspect the protector, we cannot suppose she carried it to such unreasonable lengths as to be jealous of Christina, queen of Sweden, as some pretend."

† "Ludlow's Memoirs." The royalist writers, I may observe, were so deficient in materials of accusation against her, that they made as much as they could of an alleged plainness of person; and Cowley, meaning to

truly expressed in saying that, while the wife of Cromwell had good sense enough to be contented with a humble station, she had yet spirit and dignity sufficient for the loftiest. "She was, indeed," says an impartial witness, "an excellent house-wife, and as capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety as she was of acting in her exalted station with dignity. Certain it is, that she acted a much more prudent part as protectress than Henrietta did as queen; and that she educated her children with as much ability as she governed her family with address. Such a woman would, by a natural transition, have filled a throne." This pleasing picture, of a virtuous and able woman's character, seems to me to be completed by the fact her biographer should be proud to subjoin—that she was the only one of the relatives of Cromwell whose kinsmen received no place of profit or emolument under the protectorate of Cromwell.*

ridicule this in his "Cutter of Coleman Street," has put the following into Cutter's mouth, as part of his description of his friend Worm:—"He would have been my lady protectress's poet: he writ once a copy in praise of her beauty; but her highness gave for it but an old half-crown piece in gold, which she had hoarded up before these troubles, and that discouraged him from any further applications to court." The portraits of Mrs. Cromwell now in existence give the lie to this, nevertheless: and represent a pretty and comely person, with just such an expression on the face as is borne out by her quiet and unobtrusive character.

* The name of Bouchier appears in some of the appointments. Yet, in a MS. of the Suffolk gentry during the usurpation, now existing in the handwriting of sir John Cullum, is to be found the following entry:—"In 1653, — Bouchier, esq., and — Bouchier, gent., brothers of Oliver Cromwell's wife, and sons of sir Ja. Bouchier, kn., in the parish of Whopsted, within about four miles of Bury. Sir John found in the registers these items: — Mr. James Bouchier buried the 15th of March, 1656; Mr. Henry Young and Mrs. Susan Bouchier were married the 8th of April, 1656." No doubt, therefore, these were claimants for office, had their sister countenanced the claims. It will not, perhaps, be out of place here to append a sketch of the few incidents in the life of the protectress, after her great husband's death; what other mention she receives in these pages will be in the ordinary course of my narrative. On the revival of the council of officers, after Cromwell's death, they showed themselves not insensible to her merit; they obliged the parliament to make a suitable settlement upon her, at a time when the Cromwellian interest was no more. It was grateful to them, and honourable to her. "Perceiving the return of the king," however, Noble tells us, "would take place, she conveyed a great quantity of gold, and some of the best and most portable valuables belonging [as was alleged, but by a fiction of royalty alone] to the royal family, to a fruiterer's warehouse, near the sign of the Three Cranes, in Thames-street, with an intention to export them out of the

Such was the partner for life's journey whom Cromwell had the good fortune to obtain, and from his union with whom his useful life began. He fixed his residence in his native town of Huntingdon, and having reconciled all old differences with his wealthy kinsmen — the Baringtons, the Hampdens, his uncle sir Oliver, and all whom his early courses had offended — he addressed himself to those studies and pursuits which were to pave his way to greatness.

Then was seen the same vehemence of temper in the rigid duties of life which had so recently transported its owner into the extremes of pleasure. Cromwell's house became notorious as the refuge of nonconformist ministers, or of such as suffered in any way for conscience's sake. Nor was he content with offering them this refuge merely. He encouraged them to opposition — he stimulated his fellow townsmen to support them in it — he attended the bishop of Lincoln in person (afterwards the famous archbishop Williams) to press their suits —

kingdom; but it being discovered, the council, May 16, 1660, ordered persons to view them; who reported that some pictures, and other things belonging to his majesty, were found; the remainder was attached in the custody of lieutenant-general Cox; and June 9, following, information was given to the house of lords, that she, her son Richard, and Henry, lord Herbert, had many deeds, evidences, and writings belonging to the lord marquis of Worcester [whose estates Cromwell had received from parliament in payment of his military services], all of which they were ordered to deliver up. She had, until about this time, resided at the Cockpit and at Whitehall; but, leaving these places, she went from London, and retired into Wales. Mr. Granger says, he was credibly informed that she was a considerable time in Switzerland; but probably she never was there. Finding that no inquiries were made after her, she returned into England, and found an asylum in the house of her son-in-law, Mr. Claypole, at Norborough, in Lincolnshire, where she continued unto her death, court-ing obscurity. She had, as I have before mentioned, had the tithes of Hartford settled upon her: these she gave up. Oliver some years afterwards gave her a grant of 2000*l.* per ann.; but probably she never received any part of it, as it was, I think, issuing out of estates which were given to him by the parliament, and belonged to the delinquent loyalists; who, at the restoration, would naturally reclaim what had been illegally and forcibly taken from them. The 8000*l.* per ann., settled upon her by the parliament, was never paid to her, nor perhaps any part of it; so that we must suppose she had but trifling means to support herself upon during her widowhood, and that arising chiefly from the sale of those valuables that she retained after the protector's death. She survived her husband seven years; and, dying at Norborough, was buried in a vault in the chancel of that church, but no memorial whatever is to be found to her memory."

he preached for them—he prayed with them*—he proclaimed in every place the wrongs they were exposed to, and urged at every season, and by every allowable means, the necessity of redress.†

Herein was shown, by this extraordinary man, his aptitude for the great claims and questions of the age. Of all the discontents that then muttered at a distance of the coming change—of all the grievances that were pushing on the stumbling and shambling government of the first Stuart to the inevitable precipice awaiting it—of all the mighty motives that were likely, while they stirred masses of men to generous suffering and great action, to consolidate in the end one tremendous party, irresistible and unyielding for life or death—the

* * His house," says a writer in the "*Biographica Britannica*," "became the retreat of the persecuted nonconformist teachers; and they show a building behind it which, they say, he erected for a chapel, where many of the disaffected had their religious rites performed, and in which Mr. Cromwell himself sometimes gave them some edifying sermons. From his strenuousness in their cause, he was soon looked upon as the head of that party in the county; and he often interested himself warmly in their behalf, by attending Dr. Williams, bishop of Lincoln, and importunately desiring some mitigation for such of the nonconformist preachers as had fallen into trouble; he regarding them as suffering persecution for conscience' sake."

† Having satisfied himself with the venerable divines of the church, says Heath, "he fell in with some of the preciser sort; began to show himself at lectures, to entertain such preachers at his house, to countenance that way, and be very zealous in all meetings of such people, which then began to be frequent and numerous, and to exercise with them by praying and the like; to estrange himself from those his benefactors, and at last to appear a publique dissenter from the discipline of the Church of England." The same writer gives, in the way of a sneer, a noble instance of the truth and sincerity of Cromwell's new way of life. "And now," he says, "he was grown (that is, he pretended to be) so just, and of so scrupulous a conscience, that, having some years before won 30*l.* of one Mr. Calton at play, meeting him accidentally, he desired him to come home with him, and to receive his money, telling him that he had got it by indirect and unlawful means, and that it would be a sin in him to detain it any longer; and did really pay the gentleman the said 30*l.* back again." Mr. Noble, too, in the course of his zealous researches, discovered, in one of the manuscripts submitted to him, a similar anecdote, which he thus relates:—"Dr. Hutton, in his MS. book, says, that Oliver won some money from Mr. Rob. Compton, a genteel lad, son of a draper, or some such trade, in London; and it being by unfair play, he was determined to repay it him, which he did most opportunely, for the messenger found him at an ordinary, surrounded by bailiffs, so that he could not venture to leave the room; but he satisfied the debt, which was 20*l.*, and took away with him 100*l.*" Sir Philip Warwick, too, distinctly tells us that "he used a good method upon his conversion, for he declared he was ready to make restitution unto any man who would accuse him, or whom he could accuse himself to have wronged. To his honour I speak this, for I think the public acknowledgements men make of the public evils they have done to be the most glorious trophies they can have assigned to them."

questions of religion and the conscience not only stood the first, but might be said to hold every other within their mighty embrace. For what the church was then immortal language has depicted—in describing all that aspired to dignity in her service, from the curate to the bishop, — as

“ Such as for their bellies’ sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold.
Of other care they little reck’ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearer’s feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold,
A sheep-hook; or have learn’d ought else the least
That to the faithful herdman’s art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoll’n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.”

So great was the influence acquired by Cromwell, in his masterly seizure of such grievances as these, that the chiefs of his fellow-townsmen offered to return him for the borough in the next parliament that should be summoned. The effort was made in 1625, and failed; but, in 1628, Oliver Cromwell went up to Westminster, and took his seat in the third parliament of Charles I., as member for the borough of Huntingdon.*

A question has been raised as to the nature of his employment at Huntingdon in the interval after his marriage, since there is little doubt that his own private resources were insufficient to his support. It scarcely admits of a doubt, as it seems to me, that he took an active share in the business of his mother’s brewery.

* An impression has prevailed that he sat in the 1625 parliament — as alleged by various writers, and even by the plodding and curious Mr. Noble. A friend of one of his later biographers, however, Dr. Russel, supplies the following decisive note on this point:—“ A few years since there was a disputed election case in the borough, which was carried to a committee of the house, and it became necessary that authenticated copies of the returns should be procured from the originals in the town. I examined these, and found that Cromwell sat only once for Huntingdon, namely, in the third parliament of Charles I., as stated above. In the first parliament of that monarch, the former members, sir Henry St. John and sir Henry Mainwaring, were returned.”

The universal attempts of the royalists of his day, both before and after the usurpation, to cast ridicule upon his having once followed the occupation of a brewer*, are surely enough to raise a strong presumption of the fact (however justly the ridicule may be despised), in the absence of any counter statement on the part of his friends or dependants. And there is a passage in Milton's noble panegyric of him, applying to a somewhat later period, which is not without a certain strong bearing on the question:—"Is matura jam atque firmata setate, quam et privatus traduxit, nulla re magis quam religionis cultu purioris, et integritate vitæ cognitus, domi in occulto CREVERAT; et ad summa quæque tempora fiduciam Deo fretam et ingentem animum tacito pectore aluerat." "Being now arrived to a ripe and

* See Appendix, (C.) A thousand other instances might be given—as in Hudibras, where the knight's dagger is spoken of:—

"It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score."

Again, in a description of the house of commons:—

"'Tis Noll's old brewhouse now, I swear,
The speaker's but his skinker;
Their members are like th' council of war,
Carmen, pedlars, tinkers."

And in another description of the protector's court:—

"Who, fickler than the city ruff,
Can change his brewer's coat to buff,
His dray-cart to a coach, the beast
Into two Flander's mares at least:
Nay, hath the art to murder kings,
Like David, only with his slings."

And finally, for it is unnecessary to give more, in a song called "The sale of Religious Household Stuff":—

"And here are Old Noll's brewing vessels,
And here are his dray and his slings."

With prose writers such allusions are scarcely less abundant. Walker, who wrote the "History of Independency," and prophesied that Cromwell (then lieutenant-general to Fairfax) would assume the supreme sway, added to his prediction,— "Then let all true saints and subjects cry out with me, 'God save king Oliver, and his brewing-vessels.'" And, speaking of Henry Parker, under the name of *Observator*, he notices his return from Hamborough, and that "he is highly preferred to be a brewer's clerk (alias secretary to Cromwell)." Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman Street" has also an allusion to the business of Cromwell, when Worm, in derision of Cutter's learning, is made to ask, "What parts haast thou? Hast thou scholarship enough to make a brewer's clerk?"

mature age, all which time he spent as a private person, noted for nothing so much as the culture of pure religion and an integrity of life, *he was grown rich at home*; and enlarging his hopes with reliance in God for any the most exalted times, he nursed his great soul in silence." The expression "*grown rich*," in this magnificent passage, seems undoubtedly to warrant the inference that it was by some pursuit he had thus grown rich, for it is well ascertained, that at that time he had found out no easier method of achieving wealth or substance.*

A family, too, had meanwhile grown up around him. On the 13th of October 1621, fourteen months after his marriage, his first son was baptized at St. John's church, in Huntingdon. He was named Robert, after his grandfather, but died in his childhood. A second son, named Oliver, was baptized in the same church on the 6th of February, 1623, and subsequently received his education at the Felsted free grammar-school, in Essex, where he had been placed by means of the influence of his maternal grandfather (sir James Bouchier) with the earl of Warwick. At the breaking out of the civil war, this boy, then nineteen, procured a commission by his father's interest; and, when the strife had well nigh closed, fell in battle. His name, in touching allusion to that death, was one of the last words that rose to the lord protector's lips in this world.†

The first daughter born to Cromwell was baptized at St. John's, in Huntingdon, on the 5th of August, 1624. She will find subsequent mention in these pages for her uncompromising spirit and love of freedom. She married the famous Ireton; and, after the death of that most eminent soldier and statesman, took, as her second husband, lieutenant-general Charles Fleetwood, in obe-

* See, for an argument in favour of this, Mr. Thomas Cromwell's "*Life and Times of Oliver Cromwell*," p. 44.

† This has not been noticed by any writer, but will appear in an extract of one of the journals from the time.

dience, as was supposed, rather to the protector's earnest intreaty than the selection of her own desire. Cromwell's next child was his successor Richard, who was born at Huntingdon on the 4th, and baptized, at St. John's, on the 19th of October, 1626; and this was followed, on the 20th of January, 1628, by the birth of Henry, afterwards lord-lieutenant of Ireland, who was baptized, on the 29th of that month, in the church of All Saints, in Huntingdon. The education of both these boys was finished, along with that of their eldest brother, at the Felsted school, where they were taught by a man of well-known accomplishment, Mr. Holbeach; and had the advantage of the strict superintendence of their grandfather, sir James Bouchier.

A letter from Cromwell to one of his son Richard's sponsors was found among some Cambridge manuscripts a few years ago. It is dated from Huntingdon, on the 14th of October, 1626, and addressed to one of the tutors in St. John's college, Cambridge, whose friendship he had probably formed during his own stay at the university. "Loving sir," the letter runs, "make me so much your servant by being godfather unto my child; I would myself have come over, to have made a formall invitation, but my occasions would not permitt me; and therefore hold me in that excused. The day of your trouble is Thursday next. Let me intreate your company on Wednesday. By this time it appears I am more apt to ineroch upon you for new favours, than to shew my thankfullness for the love I have already found; but I know your patience and your goodness cannott be exhausted by your friend and servant, OLIVER CROMWELL.—Hunt. this 14 October, 1626.—to my approved good friend Mr. Hen. Downtell, at his chambers in St. John's college theire." This short and simple letter is interesting, because it is characteristic of Cromwell's mind at the period; and, notwithstanding the subject it relates to, contains not a cloudy or fanatic phrase. It shows, also, the sort of connection he continued to keep up with Cambridge; and which, no doubt,

was thus early preparing the way for his subsequent representation of that borough.

But it is time to return to the newly elected representative for Huntingdon, on his way to take his seat at Westminster, in the month of March, 1628. Let us suppose that he and Hampden entered the house together, at the momentous opening of that famous parliament,—two men already linked to each other by the bonds of counsel and of friendship yet more than by those of family, but presenting how strange a contrast to each other in all things, save the greatness of their genius. The one of exquisitely mild deportment, of ever civil and affable manners, with a countenance that at once expressed the dignity of his intellect and the sweetness of his nature; and even in his dress, arranged with scrupulous nicety and care, announcing the refinement of his mind. The other, a figure of no mean mark, but oh, how unlike that! His gait clownish, his dress ill-made and slovenly, his manners coarse and abrupt, and his face such as men look on with a vague feeling of admiration and dislike! The features cut, as it were, out of a piece of gnarled and knotty oak; the nose large and red; the cheeks coarse, warted, wrinkled, and sallow; the eyebrows huge and shaggy, but, glistening from beneath them, eyes full of depth and meaning, and, when turned to the gaze, piercing through and through the gazer; above these, again, a noble forehead, whence, on either side, an open flow of hair “round from his parted forelock manly hangs,” clustering; and over all, and pervading all, that undefinable aspect of greatness alluded to by the poet*, when he spoke of the face of Cromwell as one that

“ Did imprint an awe
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw,
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.” †

* Dryden.

† Other opportunities will occur for adverting to Cromwell's appearance, but I may here subjoin the chief authorities for the above slight sketch. First, let the reader turn to the careful engraving, after Lely's portrait, prefixed to this volume—the only portrait I ever met with, among the hundreds that are in existence, which, to my mind, expresses Cromwell.

Imagine, then, these two extraordinary men, now for the first time together*, passing along the crowded lobbies

It represents him on the eve of his assumption of the protectorate; and a story is told of Cromwell's instructions to the "young man" who painted it, that he was not to inflict any "nonsense" on the canvass, but paint wrinkles, warts, and all. There is an air about it (which we may suppose gathered there by the wonderful events that had already declared themselves to the successful soldier), of calm and unalterable superiority. The firm-set lips, the fair large front, the threatening brow and nose, all "declare absolute rule"—and yet, to gaze upon it for a time is to understand the worst libels of the royalists. Clarendon describes Cromwell as having something singular and ungracious in his look and appearance. The author of *Hudibras* says, "Cromwell wants neither wardrobe nor armour; his face was naturally buff, and his skin may furnish you with a rusty coat of mail; you would think he had been christened in a lime-pit, and tanned alive." When major-general Massey was introduced into the presence-chamber at the Hague, after his escape from England, immediately after the execution of Charles I., the marquis of Montrose (who had seen Cromwell often in battle), asked him, by way of drollery—but a very misplaced drollery at such a time—"how Oliver's nose did?" Clement Walker says, that when Cromwell ordered the soldiers to fire, in the insurrection of the London apprentices, "his nose looked as prodigiously upon you as a comet;" and, speaking of the government making treason no treason, he adds that, should the house vote that "Oliver's nose is a ruby, they would expect you to swear it, and fight for it." These scurrilous jests, which yet have a certain character of truth, might be multiplied infinitely from the journals and records of the time. The "*Mercurius Pragmaticus*," of January, 1648, tells us—"Then Mr. Cromwell, to shew that this was no time to speak sense and reason, stood up, and the glow-worm glistening in his beak, he began to spit fire; and, as the devil quoted scripture against our Saviour, so did he against his sovereign, and told the house, it is written, 'Thou shalt not suffer a hypocrite to live;' and what then, I pray you, will become of himself." The "*Parliament Porter*," of the following August, is not less complimentary:—"Nothing is heard now amongst the brethren but triumph and fury, singing and mirth, for their happy success (thanks to the devil first, and next to Noll Cromwell's nose) against the Scots, whom they vaunt to have beaten to dust. Mouro, one of the best soldiers in Christendom, is coming on with a powerful army to give Noll another field sight—he will find hard play here, for these will not be laughed out of their loyalty, nor frightened out of themselves with the blazing of his beacon nose." Nor, in the "*Mercurius Elencticus*," of the February following the king's execution, is there any lack of characteristic forgery:—"Sure Cromwell intends to set up his trade of brewing again, for the other day, being in the presence of the duke of Gloucester, he stroked him on the head, and, like a merciful protector, said, 'Sirrah, what trade do you like best? Would not a shoemaker be a good trade for you, or a brewer? And for that little gentlewoman, your sister (meaning the lady Elizabeth), if she will be ruled, I will provide her a husband; one of colonel Pride's sons, or one of my own, if either of them like her, or can love her.' The duke told him that, 'being a king's son, he hoped the parliament would allow him some means out of his father's revenue to maintain him like a gentleman, and not put him an apprentice like a slave.' Nose A1—ty makes answer, 'Boy, you must be apprentice, for all your father's revenue will not make half satisfaction for the wrong he hath done the kingdom;' and so Nose went blowing out." This long note may be closed by a short notice from the "*Annual Register*," where an old lady sets down her recollections of Cromwell, and says, among other things, that, when she saw him, his face was very pale, and his nose a deep red.

* Nothing is surely so probable, since Cromwell would most likely, in any case, have come up to town with Hampden, but, considering that

of that most famous assembly,—Hampden greeting his friends as he passes, stopping now and then, perhaps, to introduce his country kinsman to the few whose curiosity had mastered the first emotion inspired by the singular stranger, but pushing directly forward towards a knot of active and eager faces that are clustered round a little spot near the bar of the house, on the right of the speaker's chair*, in the midst of which stand sir John Eliot, sir Robert Philips, and Pym. The crowd make way for Hampden—the central figures of that group receive him amongst them with deference and gladness—he introduces his cousin Cromwell—and, among the great spirits whom that little spot contains, the clownish figure, the awkward gait, the slovenly dress, pass utterly unheeded, for, in his first few words, they have discovered the fervour, and, perhaps, suspected the greatness, of this accession to their cause. Pym is soon seen to draw the new member for Huntingdon aside, and, with a forecast of his favourite sphere of action, initiates him into the case against Mainwaring.†

Meanwhile, let a passage from one of Dr. South's sermons hint to us what may, at that instant, have occupied the more vulgar thoughts of the royalist portion of the assembly. "Who," said that zealous candidate for a bishopric, "who that had beheld such a *bankrupt, beggarly fellow* as Cromwell first entering the parliament-house, with a *threadbare torn coat, and a greasy hat* (and perhaps neither of them paid for), could have suspected that, in the course of so few years, he should, by the murder of one king, and the banishment of another, ascend the throne, be invested in the royal robes, and want nothing of the state of a king, but the changing of his hat into a crown?" "Odds fish, Lory!" exclaimed the laughing Charles, when he heard this from the divine who had panegyrised the living lord protector, "Odds fish, man! your chaplain must be a bishop. Put me in mind of him at the next vacancy."

this was his first session, must almost of necessity have availed himself of the present introduction of his influential cousin.

* See *Life of Pym*, p. 242.

† *Ibid.* p. 47.

Oh, glorious time for the church ! Oh, golden age for the profligate and the slave !

Not so the days before us now : — the month of June has come, and Pym has risen, in this third parliament, the accuser of the royal chaplain, Mainwaring. The various assertions of manly thought and elevated courage that rang through the great assembly after that memorable exposure, have been celebrated in other portions of this work. Mainwaring, given up by Charles and by Laud, received severe judgment. Cromwell sat silently, earnestly watching all, and patiently waiting all.

The house reassembled, smarting with the gross events of the recess. A debate soon followed ; and in the course of it were heard the mild, yet potent, accents of the voice of Hampden, insinuating deadly objections, under the notion of modest doubts, and, almost insensibly to themselves, influencing in his behalf the most violent of his opponents. The charm of that exquisite orator hangs yet over the house, when it is suddenly dispelled by a harsh and broken voice of astonishing fervour, whose untunable but piercing tones announce to the royalists a foe to grapple with, and to the patriots a strong arm of help — it is Cromwell. Among other things, he accuses Dr. Alabaster of having preached *flat popery* at St. Paul's Cross ; and more, that his diocesan, the bishop of Winchester, had ordered him to do it ! By this same bishop's means, he adds, *that* Mainwaring, so nobly and justly punished here for his sermons, has been recently, *recently, within a month, preferred to a rich living*. If these are steps to church preferments, what may we not expect ? *

Cromwell resumed his seat, and was followed by sir Robert Philips, a veteran in debate, and one of the acknowledged authorities of the house, whose tone, in the few words he addressed to the speaker, bore evidence to the striking effect which the new member had created. Then followed the singular scene which closed in the adoption of Pym's religious vow — the heaviest blow

* See Parl. History, vol. viii. p. 289.

yet aimed at the church of Laud — and then, *the dissolution.*

After that disastrous termination of this parliament, Cromwell returned to Huntingdon, but thenceforward kept himself in frequent intercourse with Hampden and the celebrated St. John — the latter of whom had married his uncle's eldest daughter.* He had now openly chosen his part with that mighty body of able and resolute men, who were pledged, to the death, against a continuance of the old, the vile, and irresponsible government of England; and, though having merely set his hand to the plough, every idea and purpose of his mind seemed, in that very instant, to have stretched forward to some prospect of a harvest time. Hampden's *vade-mecum* was "Davilas' History of the Civil Wars:" — Cromwell's was the already unceasing thought of the great motives that might be infused into mean men by the simple use of one tremendous passion, in whose presence pleasure should avail not, and suffering be as nothing — a glorious and elevating thought of all the possible vices and follies in even the basest, the weakest, and the most low-born, which might thus be entirely overmastered or subdued. In other words, Hampden studied how best to manage an army — Cromwell, how best to raise one.

From this time it was notorious he carried religious exercises to an infinitely higher pitch than he had yet attempted; and now it was that sir Philip Warwick was told by his physician, Dr. Simcott, of the splenetic man his patient was; and how he had "phansyes about the cross in that town;" and how that he, the doctor, had been "called up to him at midnight, and such unseasonable hours," so very many times, upon a "strong phansy, which made him believe he was then dying." No doubt, the good Dr. Simcott knew about as much of the disease his patient laboured under as the grave sir Philip Warwick himself. The thoughts that shook Oliver Cromwell then were far beyond the reaches of *their* souls; it is possible, nay almost certain, that

* Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Cromwell, esq., of Upwood.

they were even "beyond the reach" of the thinker's own. For therein consists, as our noblest philosopher has in a single line defined it, the whole pain of hypochondriacal metaphysics. Cromwell had already projected himself too far into the future.

And the process, thus commenced, seems to have gone regularly on during the brief interval he remained in Huntingdon. Had Shakspeare personally undergone the precise disease, he could not more finely have defined it, as by a prophetic forecast, in Cromwell's case, than by the description Polonius gives of Hamlet's suffering. For the young prince, observes that fine politic specimen of the Burleigh school,

Fell into a *sadness*; thence into a *fast*;
Thence to a *watch*; thence into a *weakness*;
Thence to a *lightness*; —

and this was the very movement of hypochondriacal disease now traced in Cromwell. At one time plunged in sorrow — now still more alarming the affectionate solicitude around him by refusing support that nature cried for — then starting from his bed in the dead of night with fits of painful watching — troubled strangely afterwards with "phansies about the cross" of Huntingdon, — and then, after an interval, suddenly plunging into fantastic shapes of merriment, that showed most painful and dangerous of all, — thus did Cromwell, according to the traditions and records of the time, pass the three years that followed his return to Huntingdon from the parliament of 1628.

At last (perhaps moved to it by some desire to seek refuge in a change of scene) he resolved to leave that town. I should observe that, some days after his return from his parliamentary duties, he had been appointed, in conjunction with his old tutor, Dr. Beard, and one Robert Bernard, a justice of the peace, under the new charter granted about that time to the Huntingdon corporation; but this appointment, made with a probable view of softening the asperity of the late formidable member of parliament, had grown irksome to him from circumstances recently named, and

his discomforts were thought to have been increased by the neighbourhood of his very violent royalist uncle, sir Oliver—whose influence had already rendered hopeless his re-election for Huntingdon.

Be this as it may, there is no doubt that, in 1631, he prevailed with that uncle, his wife, and his mother*, to concur with him in the sale of certain lands and tithes of the family, out of which his small patrimony was at present derived. By this sale he realised 1800*l.*; and having stocked a little farm at St. Ives with the money, he at once, leaving his mother at Huntingdon, in the midst of old associations too dear to her to be resigned, removed to St. Ives with his wife and children.

Nearly every local memorial of the residence of the Cromwells at Huntingdon has perished. The great old

* The industry of Mr. Noble furnishes us with an abstract of the conveyance, which I shall give (as probably interesting to the reader), premising that "the reason of sir Oliver and Mrs. Robert Cromwell joining in the deed is, that the latter had a small jointure out of it, and that, with reference to the former, sir Henry Cromwell had merely given or devised these premises to his son, Rob. Oliv., the protector's father, for a long term of years, as it was usual anciently." The following is Mr. Noble's abstract and description of the property:—"On the 7th of May, 1631, he obtained that his uncle, sir Oliver Cromwell, alias Williams, of Hamsey, in the county of Huntingdon, knt., his mother, Eliz. Williams, alias Cromwell, of Huntingdon, widow, should join with himself and his wife (who are described, Oliver Williams, alias Cromwell, of Huntingdon, esq., and Elizabeth, his now wife), to convey his estates in and near Huntingdon, and at Hartford, to Richard Osakeley, of the city of Westminster, in the county of Middlesex, esq., and Rich. Owen, also of the county of Middlesex, esq. As it may be very acceptable to many of my readers, especially those of Huntingdon and its vicinity, I will give the parcels as they stand in the deed, omitting only the general words. All the capital messuage, called the Augustine Fryers, alias Augustine Friars, within the borough or town of Huntingdon and the messuages, &c. belonging to it, and one close, called the Dove-house close, and also all those three cottages or tenements, with a malt-house, and a little close, by estimation one acre, lying together in Huntingdon aforesaid, theretofore of Edm. Goodwyns; and also all those seven lots of pasture, containing by estimation two acres, called Toothill Leas, lying in Huntingdon; and also all those two acres and three roods of meadow, lying and being in Brampton, in the said county of Huntingdon, in a meadow there called Portholme; and also all those two acres of meadow, in Godmanchester, in the said county of Huntingdon; all the above premises are called either late, or now or late, in the possession of the said Eliz. Cromwell, widow; and all other the lands and tenements of the said Eliz. Cromwell, widow, Oliv. Cromwell, esq., or either of them in Huntingdon, Godmanchester, or Brampton aforesaid, or any of them. And also all the rectory and parsonage of Hartford, in the said county, and the tithes both great and small of the same, with all and singular the rights, members, and appurtenances thereof, to the late dissolved priory or monastery of the blessed virgin Mary, in Huntingdon aforesaid, heretofore belonging, or appertaining, and being sometime parcel of the possessions thereof. The sum," Mr. Noble adds, "that these estates were sold for was only 1800*l.*; with this he did not think it beneath him to stock a grazing farm at St. Ives, in Huntingdonshire, whither he went, upon leaving the place of his birth."

family are extinct ; their manor-houses and lands have passed to other proprietors ; but, though no trace remains to tell of the old knightly fortunes and splendours of the chief representatives of the name, the memory of the self-raised brewer has clung fast to the soil—even to fragments of it—and will cling there immortally. A portion of land near Godmanchester is still called Oliver Cromwell's Swath ; and two acres in the manor of Brampton still bear the name of Oliver Cromwell's Acres.

In the care of the St. Ives farm he now not only sought employment for some portion of the ill-subdued energy which always craved in him for action, but also put to the proof the value of those thoughts we have attributed to him after the disastrous dissolution of 1628. In the tenants that rented from him—in the labourers that took service under him—he sought to sow the seeds of his after-troop of Ironsides. He achieved an influence through the neighbourhood all around him, unequalled for piety and self-denying virtue. The greater part of his time, even upon his farm, was passed in devotional exercises, and expositions, and prayer. Who prays best will work best—who preaches best will fight best—all the famous doctrines of his later and more celebrated years, were tried and tested on the little farm at St. Ives. His servants were taught that, however inferior to the lords of the earth they might be in worldly circumstances, there were yet claims of loftier concern in which they had equal share, and in the right understanding of which their humanity might exalt itself to the level of the proudest. He did not drudge them from rising to setting sun, as if they had been merely beasts of burden ; he left them time, at intervals, to ponder on the momentous fact, that even *they* had immortal souls. Before going to their field-work in the morning they knelt down with their master in the touching equality of prayer ; in the evening they shared with him again the comfort and exaltation of divine precepts, and were taught the inexpressible value of the religion that is practical, and tends to elevate, not to depress, the soul.

In St. Ives, to this day, significant memorials of Crom-

well exist, which strangely and deeply connect themselves, even at this distance of time, with those solemn scenes. A vast number of swords are scattered round the neighbourhood, bearing on their hilts the initials O. C. They have descended from the farmers and labourers of the times we are retracing, to the possession of their present owners. For in 1641, when the sky foretold the imminent storm, a large supply of swords was sent to the district of St. Ives, marked with those initials, for which, some few months after, the sum of 100*l.* was voted to Cromwell, in acknowledgment of the outlay and the zeal. With the Bible he had before given them in one hand, and the sword he then gave them in the other, those old tenants and labourers of St. Ives afterwards formed part of that immortal phalanx which was never known to yield or be beaten in battle.*

Meanwhile the farm itself was any thing but prosperous. It was probably, however, the last part of Cromwell's care; and therefore the sneers of the royalist biographers and historians on this point fall harmlessly enough. "The long prayers," writes Hume, "which he said to his family in the morning, and again in the afternoon, consumed his own time and that of his ploughmen; and he reserved no leisure for the care of his temporal affairs."† His health, more than his temporal

* We owe this curious fact respecting the swords to Mr. Noble, who incidentally mentions the discovery, in some doubt of their origin. Mr. Noble tells us, also, that, at the time he wrote, a large barn which Cromwell built, still went by his name, and that the farmer who then rented the lands which he occupied, marked his sheep with the identical irons which Oliver used, and which have upon them the letters, O. C.

† The ingenious Mr. Heath also gives his usual scurril version of these incidents, in Cromwell's History. "But his estate still decaying, he betook himself at last to a farm, being parcel of the royalty of St. Ives, where he intended to husband it, and try what could be done by endeavour, since nothing (as yet) succeeded by design: and accordingly took servants, and bought him all utensils and materials, as ploughs, carts, &c.; and the better to prosper his own and his men's labour, every morning, before they stirred out, the family was called together to prayer, at which exercise, very often, they continued so long, that it was nine of the clock in the morning before they began their work; which awkward beginning of their labour sorted with a very sorry issue; for the effect of those prayers was, that the hinds and ploughmen, seeing this zeal of their master, which dispensed with the profitable and most commodious part of the day for their labour, thought they might borrow the other part for their

affairs, troubled him at this time. The cold and damp air of St. Ives never thoroughly agreed with him; and his appearance almost every Sunday in the parish church was long remembered and adverted to by the inhabitants of that place, after his fame had directed all eyes towards him, and made him the argument of every tongue. They described him walking up the aisle in an ill-arranged dress, and with a piece of red flannel * fastened round his throat to protect him from the frequent inflammations to which the sharp cold and excessive moisture of the air had painfully exposed him.

Other memories, too, Cromwell left behind him among the people of St. Ives. More friendly to the true religion than to its professed ministers — in whose communion he, nevertheless, seems up to this time to have remained — he was remembered as the friend of the poor or the oppressed in conscience; as a man of wonderfully fervent piety, ever zealous to promote good works and to reward good men. One of his letters, written during his residence at St. Ives, is fortunately preserved in the British Museum, and corroborates in all respects this report of his character. It is addressed to his "very lovinge friend Mr. Storie, at the sign of the Dogg in the Royal Exchange, London." The object of it appears to have been to secure the continuance of "a man of goodnesse, and industrie, and abilitie every way," in a lectureship which Mr. Storie and others had instituted in St.

pleasure: and therefore commonly they went to plough with a pack of cards in their pockets, and having turned up two or three furrows, set themselves down to game till dinner time; when they returned to the second part of their devotion, and measured out a good part of the afternoon with dinner, and repetition of some market lecture that had been preached the day before. And that little work that was done, was done so negligently and by halves, that scarce half a crop ever reared itself upon his grounds; so that he was (after five years time) glad to abandon it, and get a friend of his to be the tenant for the remainder of his time."

* "The clerk of the parish of St. Ives, who is a very intelligent old man, and much superior to his station (having been bred an attorney), told me, that he had been informed by old persons who knew Mr. Cromwell when he resided at St. Ives, that he usually frequented divine service at church, and that he generally came with a piece of red flannel round his neck, as he was subject to an inflammation in his throat. It appears by Mercurius Eleneticus, that Oliver's neck was awry — surely it was a disorder incident to heroes." — *Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House.*

Ives. Its spirit is that of a generous and disinterested earnestness, and it is not without its characteristic touches.

“MR. STORIE,—Amongst the catalogue of those good workes which your fellow citycenes and our countrie men have donn, this will not be reckoned for the least, that they have provided for the feedinge of soules. Buildinge of hospitals provides for mens bodyes; to build materiall temples is indyed a work of pietye; but they that procure spirituall food, they that build up spirituall temples, they are the men trulye charitable, trulye pious. Such a work as this was your erectinge the lecture in our cuntrie, in the which you paced Dr. Welles, a man of goodnesse, and industrie, and abilitie every way, not short of any I knowe in England; and I am perswaded that sithence his cominge, the Lord by him hath wrought much good amongst us. It only remains now that he whoe first moved you to this, put you forward to the continewance thereof: it was the Lord, and therefore to him lift we up our harts that he would perfect itt. And surely, Mr. Storie, it were a piteous thinge to see a lecture fall in the handes of so manie able and godly men, as I am perswaded the founders of this are, in these times wherein we see they are suppressed with too much hast and violence by the enemies of God his truth; far be it that soe much guilt should sticke to your hands, who live in a citye so renowned for the clere shininge light of the Gospell. You knowe, Mr. Storie, *to withdraw the pay is to lett fall the lecture, for whoe goethe to warfare at his own cost?* I beseech you therefore in the bowells of Christ Jesus put itt forward, and *let the good man have his pay.* The soules of God his children will bless you for it; and so shall I, and ever rest your lovinge friend in the Lord, OLIVER CROMWELL. Commende my hearty love,’ he adds in a postscript, “to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadley, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse, but I was loath to trouble him with a longe letter, and I feared I should not receive an

answer from him: from you I expect one soe soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.*"

This letter is dated "St. Ives, 11th January, 1635;" and in the following year he left that place, to take possession of a property of some little value in and near Ely, which just then fell to him by the will of his maternal uncle, sir Thomas Steward.* In the month of June, 1636, we find him domiciled at the glebe-house, near St. Mary's churchyard, in the city of Ely. His property here, though respectable in amount, was not very considerable, for it consisted less of any extensive freehold or independent possession, than of long leases and tythes held under the dean and chapter; whom he found, however, not unwilling to accommodate his wishes, and so, as they may have fancied, purchase his forbearance or esteem, by renewing the greater part of his leases for one and twenty years.† They appointed him, also, to the trusteeship of some important charities in the city.

Here it was, however — while living, as he told his own parliament in 1654, neither in any considerable

* See *ant.*, p. 31.

† "After a residence of between four and five years at St. Ives, by the death of his maternal uncle, sir Tho. Steward, in the beginning of Jan. 1635-6, without issue, he became possessed of very considerable estates in and near Ely, part of which consisted of a lease of land and tythes belonging to the parishes of Trinity and St. Mary, in Ely, held under the dean and chapter; this caused him to seat himself in that city. He resided in the glebe-house, near to St. Mary's church-yard, now occupied by Mr. Page, the present lessee; he certainly had removed to Ely so early as June 7, in that year, as he had then signed an acquittance for 10*l.* given by the attorney-general Noy, and received of the executors of sir Tho. Steward. He was chosen, Aug. 30, in this year, a trustee of Parson's charity, together with the right rev. father in God, Fra. lord bishop of Ely, Will. Fuller, D.D. and dean of Ely, Anth. Page, of Ely, gent. and Will. Austin, of Ely, yeoman; and, by the charter of incorporation granted by K. Cha. I. Jan. 16, 1633, no one could be a feoffee unless he was actually an inhabitant of that city. The dean and chapter of Ely, Oct. 20, following, renewed his lease for 21 years of the tythes of the parishes of Trinity and St. Mary in that city.—The dean and chapter of Ely, Oct. 27, 1637, granted to him, jointly with the bishop of that see, Will. March, John Goodricke, Anth. Page, esqrs. Henry Goodricke, and others, feoffees, therein named, a lease of Denver's-Holt, near Stuntney. During the following year, there are several memorandums preserved respecting Parson's charity, in which his name is mentioned; and, Oct. 29, in this year, he received from the dean and chapter of Ely, two leases, one of Mull-court manor, the other of Boole closes, each for 21 years."—*Noble's Memoirs of the Protectoral House.*

height, nor yet in obscurity * — that one of his worst hypochondriacal distempers is reported to have seized him. It was natural that it should have done so, even as on those melancholy days we have described, following the dissolution of the parliament he first sat in. The threatening thunder of the impending political tempest was now again heard along the sky, louder and more imminent than ever. The outrages on the people — on life, on liberty, on conscience, on all that gave life value, or could endear it even to its native land — those horrible outrages which had now for nearly twelve long and dreary years been endured, without an apparent prospect of redress, were at last approaching their fearful hour of consummation and retribution. All this, in its minute detail, has already been described †, and need not be repeated here. Now, with the sure sense of what such events were swiftly urging on, they must have struck with their deepest force on Cromwell. His most melancholy and distempered state of religious metaphysics would as surely descend with them. If he had horrible visions of the slit noses and earless heads and bloody human mutilations going on in the pillories of Laud, be sure that he had visions too, which pressed yet more terribly upon him, of the oceans of blood that lay between these days and the days of liberty, and that were nevertheless to be passed, amidst the singings of psalms and expoundings of prayer, without a thought for suffering or sorrow. Cromwell's most intense manifestations of religion, it is to be invariably observed, preceded his greatest resolves, and went hand in hand with his greatest deeds. No wonder, then, they pressed fearfully upon him in these three years at Ely. No wonder, when he saw, as he described it in after years ‡, thousands of his "brethren forsake their native country to seek their bread from strangers,

* "I was by birth a gentleman, living neither in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." — *Words spoken to his Parliament, Sept. 12, 1654.*

† In *Lives of Eliot and Pym.*

‡ To the parliament of 1654 — in dissolving it.

or to live in howling wildernesses," that he thought, with flushed cheek and agitated heart, of those noble uses of the most despised life he had taught to his tenants and labourers at his little farm at St. Ives, of the better and braver resource that should have yet remained even to lowest and most oppressed humanity.

I do not pause to tell the reader, that the idea of Cromwell himself having ever entertained the notion of leaving England to seek a safer home in America, is utterly incredible, and supported by no worthy evidence. Elsewhere, in these lives, it has been refuted.* Such was not the cast of his mind or temper. To leave England, where every thing heaved with the anticipation of *such* a future — when the name of Hampden filled all mouths, and his quiet attitude of immoveable resolution during the great trial of ship money had made grateful all hearts — when the harvest of what had been sown by suffering, approached to be reaped in triumph — nay, when the very corn was ripe and only waiting for the glancing sickle! The bare thought is of ridiculous unlikelihood.

In Thurloe's State Papers is preserved a letter of deep interest from Cromwell to his cousin, the wife of Oliver St. John, written at this period from Ely. It is addressed to "My beloved Cozen Mrs. St. John, att Sir William Masham his house called Oates in Essex," and bears the date of "Ely, 13th of October, 1638." It seems to me not only to point to the thoughtless past,

* See Life of Pym. The reader will recollect the incident referred to. Yet it may be as well to subjoin it, for lovers of the marvellous. "Lord Brooke, lord Say and Sele and his sons, Pym, and other distinguished men of the same sentiments, were about to remove to a settlement in New England, where the name of Saybrooke, in honour of the two noble leaders, had already been given to a township in which they were expected. Eight vessels with emigrants on board were ready to sail from the Thames, when the king, by an order of council, forbade their departure, and compelled the intended passengers to come on shore, fatally for himself; for among those passengers Haslerigge and Hampden, and Cromwell with all his family, had actually embarked. There are few facts in history which have so much the appearance of fatality as this." I have shown the worthlessness of the authority on which this story rests — and also, if it depends on the actual occurrence of the ships having been stopped by an order of council, the patriots ought to have left after all, for the embargo was speedily taken off the ships, and they left with all their passengers.

but to cherish the hope of the great and thoughtful future.

“DEERE COZEN,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of mee upon this opportunitye. Alas, you doe too highlye prize my lines, and my Companie. I may bee ashamed to owne your expressions, consideringe how unprofitable I am, and *the meane improvement of my tallent*. Yett to honour my God by declaringe what *hee hath done for my soule*, in this I am confident, and I will be soe. Trulye then this I finde, that hee giveth springes in a drye and barren wilderness, where no water is. I live (you know where) in Mesheck, which they say signifies prolonginge; in Kedar, which signifieth blacknesse; yett the Lord forsaketh mee not. Though hee doe prolonge, yett he will (I trust) bringe mee to his Tabernacle, to his restinge place. My soule is with the congregation of the first borne, *my body rests in hope; and if heere I may honour my God either by doeinge or sufferinge, I shal be most glad*. Truly noe poore creture hath more cause to putt forth himselfe in the Cause of his God, then I. I have had plentifull wadges beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earne the least mite. The Lord accept me in his sonn, and give mee to walke in the light, and give us to walke in the light, as hee is in the light. Hee it is that inlighteneth our blacknesse, our darknesse. *I dare not say, he hydeth his face from mee*. He giveth me to see light in this light. One beame in a darke place hath exceedinge much refreshment in it; blessed bee his name for shininge upon soe darke a hart as mine. *You knowe what my manner of life hath bine. O, I lived in, and loved darknesse, and hated the light; I was a chiefe, the chiefe of Sinners. This is true, I hated Godlinesse, yett God had mercy onn mee*. O the riches of his mercy! praise him for mee, pray for mee, that hee, whoe hath begunn a good worke, would perfect it to the day of Christ. Salute all my good freinds in that Family, whereof you are yett a member. I am

much bound unto them for ther love. I blesse the Lord for them, *and that my Sonn by there procurement is soe well.* Lett him have your prayers, your Councell; lett mee have them. Salute your Husband and sister from mee. He is not a man of his word; hee promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epinge, but as yett I receaved noe letters. Putt him in minde to doe what with conveniency may bee donn for the poore cozen, I did sollicit him about. Once more farewell; the Lord bee with you: soe prayeth your trulye lovinge Cozen, OLIVER CROMWELL. . . . My wifes service and love presented to all her friends."

This letter has been strangely remarked upon by the only other biographer of Cromwell who quotes it thus:—"It expresses," says Dr. Russell, "the strong feeling of remorse and self-abasement with which he was then agitated. Nor were his views of the future more cheerful than his retrospect of the past. He brooded over the evils which his diseased imagination created, and saw no recovery for his affairs spiritual or temporal in the distant perspective which opened up before him." No recovery for his affairs spiritual! Why the purpose of the letter is to reflect back upon his dear cousin some portion of the spiritual light that had then shone in so graciously upon himself. No hope for his temporal affairs! Why his body, he tells his correspondent, rests in hope; he is looking forward with gladness to some nearly approaching time when he may possibly honour his God "either by doing or suffering;" and in the very next sentence to that repeats the idea which evidently occupies him so as almost to exclude every other, of "putting himself forth in the cause of his God." The tone of the letter is any thing but despondent or cast down. Even its reference to his early days of dissolute wildness is rather made with a joyous sense of a blessed change, than with a still exacting or self-accusatory grudge. When Cromwell wrote that letter he was rather thinking, be sure, of the parliament that must be summoned soon, and the place he was likely to

succeed in standing for, than with any remorseful or despondent dread of either temporal or spiritual thing.

Before proceeding to that great subject of all his present thoughts, a slight allusion in the letter should detain us briefly with his domestic concerns. His son Richard was then staying at sir William Masham's; and truly it may be supposed to have become a matter of some moment with him now, to clear his house, when he could, of a few of its numerous little inmates; for his family had increased around him. On the 2d of July, 1629, a second daughter had been christened at the old Huntingdon church of St. John's. She was called Elizabeth, after his mother, and will have mention in these pages hereafter as the favourite daughter of Cromwell. On the 8th of January, 1632 a boy, born at St. Ives, had been baptized in the same church of Huntingdon, and received the name of James, after that of his maternal grandfather; but some few days afterwards he appears to have died, and to have been buried there. Then, in February, 1637, the gentle Mary, so handsome, and yet so like her father, afterwards wife to earl Fauconberg, had been born in Ely, and subsequently, as with the rest, baptized in Huntingdon. Lastly, Frances, the fourth and youngest daughter, swiftly followed, and was baptized on the 6th of December, 1638, at St. Mary's church in Ely. The motive for sending all these children, except this last, (when some accident or illness, no doubt, intervened to make her an exception,) to receive baptism in Huntingdon, must have been a kind deference to the wishes of their grandmother and to her prejudice in favour of that place, since their father had yet had no open quarrel or difference with the churchmen of St. Ives or Ely.*

* The late good old Oliver Cromwell, esquire, in his terrifically stupid quarto about his great progenitor, is always anxious to exhibit Cromwell, with a singular weakness, as on the best possible terms to the last moment with church and aristocracy. "In the books of Record of a Charitable Institution in Ely," he observes, "the members whereof are stiled Ely Feoffees, is the following entry, so late as 1641, (whereof the Writer has been permitted to take a Copy,) he then being an active member of the Long Parliament: — '1641. Gave to divers poor people in the presence of

This supposition is further borne out by a fact which surprised Mr. Noble in the course of his researches, that the children of her daughters, the Wautons, the Disbrowes, and the Sewsters, were also nearly all of them brought for baptism to the same old church in Huntingdon. She was equally fond of, and interested in them all. It increases our admiration for that true affection which, with all its weakness, and with all its strength, characterised the noble-hearted mother of Oliver Cromwell.

But his name recalls the thoughts with which he was at this time eagerly watching the progress of events towards the now inevitable Long Parliament. And now an occasion arose whereof he most skilfully availed himself, in furtherance of these eager hopes and wishes.

Mr. Archdeacon and Mr. Oliver Cromwell, 167. 142." This shows that he had not then ceased to associate with the clergy of the establishment." Indeed, worthy old gentleman, it proves nothing of the sort, but is merely a necessary act of duty on the part of Cromwell, as one of the charitable trustees as aforesaid. What would Mr. Cromwell make of this anecdote told by Mr. Noble?—"It will be proper to observe, that Oliver was probably neither pleased with the clergy, nor the manner that the cathedral service was performed in Ely; for in Jan. 1643-4, he wrote to the rev. Will. Hitch, the clergy-vicar, to desire he would desist using the choir service, as unedifying and offensive; but advised him to catechise, read, and expound the scriptures, and have more frequent preaching, than had been usual; and this, for fear the soldiers should tumultuously attempt a reformation; subjoining, that he must answer it if he did not comply: which, he not chusing to do, both the soldiers and the rabble broke into the cathedral during divine service, and Oliver addressing himself to Mr. Hitch, said, I am a man under authority, and am commanded to dismiss this assembly. Mr. Hitch made a pause; when finding that Oliver, and the people with him proceeded up to the communion table, he began to discharge the office of his function; at which Cromwell returned with great displeasure, and laying his hand upon his sword, in a passion, bid the clergyman leave off 'his fooling,' and come down; and then drove the whole congregation from the cathedral." "There is also," pursues old Mr. Cromwell, furnishing us with some little facts connected with Cromwell's residence in Ely that may be worth subjoining, "a petition at Ely, addressed to Matthew Wren, Bishop of Ely, by the inhabitants of the Isle of Ely, in the reign of King Charles I., stating that Aldreth was a great market for fat cattle, but that it had been discontinued in consequence of the decay of Aldreth-bridge, which should be kept in repair by the Earl of Suffolk as Lord of the Manor of Haddenham. The object of this Petition is to request the Bishop to lay their case before the King for redress. This Petition is signed by Cromwell and many others. With these Records is also a letter of Cromwell's, of which the following is a copy:—"Mr. Hand; I doubt not but I shall be as good as my word for your monie. I desier you to deliver 60s. of the Town monie to this bearer, to pay for the phisicke for Benson's Cure. If the Gentlemen will not allow it at the tyme of account, keep this boat, and I will pay it out of my own purse. See I rest, your loveinge friend, OLIVER CROMWELL." Sept. 13, 1638."

The earl of Bedford and other noblemen of the day had, some seven or eight years before, proposed a scheme for draining the extensive fens which in those days covered some millions of acres of the finest plains in the counties of Cambridge, Huntingdon, Northampton, and Lincoln. The good work had now advanced to a certain extent—that part of it, in fact, properly called the *Bedford Level*, and containing nearly 400,000 acres, had been completed—when it was found necessary to call in other aid to the project, and a proposition was made to the crown, offering a fair proportion of the land for its countenance, assistance, and authority, in the completion of the whole.

Up to this point all had gone on well: the scheme included in itself unquestionably a large share of public advantage, and its chief projector was a nobleman of wide and deserved popularity—but from the instant of the royal interference all kinds of differences and contentions were introduced. A parcel of court-commissioners—officers ever hateful in that day, and with reason, to the wretched and oppressed commonalty—arrived in the districts, held courts for the adjudication of claims connected in any way with the property, decided all the questions in the king's favour of course, and, it is even said, proposed to dispute with lord Bedford and the other originators of the undertaking their retention of 95,000 acres of the land already recovered, in compensation of the venture they had undergone.* Whether the latter allegations are true or false, it is not doubted that the occasion was at once seized by the king's officers as an admirable one for enriching the then most needy exchequer, and that, with this view, several acts of injustice were threatened.

The common people began to murmur—to complain loudly—to clamour for justice—to threaten in their turn. Meetings were held; and at one of them a powerful auxiliary suddenly appeared in the person of Oliver

* Life and Times of Cromwell, by Thomas Cromwell, p. 68.

Cromwell. From that instant the scheme became thoroughly hopeless. With such desperate determination he followed up his purpose—so actively traversed the district and inflamed the people every where—so passionately described the greedy claims of royalty, the gross exactions of the commission, nay, the very questionable character of the improvement itself, even could it have gone on unaccompanied by incidents of tyranny,—to the small proprietors insisting that their poor claims would be merely scorned in the new distribution of the property reclaimed, to the labouring peasants that all the profit and amusement they had derived from *commoning* in those extensive wastes were about to be snatched for ever from them,—that, before his almost single individual energy, king, commissioners, noblemen-projectors, all were forced to retire, and the great project, even in the state it then was, fell to the ground.

This matter has been variously described; but in the account just given, an attempt has been made to reconcile the discrepancies that have appeared in other descriptions of it. It seems clear to me, from all the documents that afford us information*, that the scheme had proceeded, entirely unopposed by the people, till

* Even sir P. Warwick's account, though for many reasons coloured to the author's purpose, offers no violent contradiction to it. He writes:—"The earl of Bedford, and divers of the principal gentlemen, whose habitations confined upon the fens, and who, in the heat of summer, saw vast quantities of lands which the fresh waters overflowed in the winter, lie dry and green, or drainable—whether it was publick spirit, or private advantage, which led them thereunto, a stranger cannot determine—they make propositions unto the king to issue out commissions of sewers to drain those lands, and offer a proportion freely to be given to the crown for its countenance and authority therein: and as all these great and publick works must necessarily concern multitudes of persons, who will never think they have exact justice done to them for that small pretence of right they have unto some commons; so the commissioners, let them do what they can, could never satisfy such a body of men. And now the king is declared the principal undertaker for the draining; and by this time the vulgar are grown clamorous against these first popular lords and undertakers, who had joined with the king in the second undertaking, though they had much better provisions for them than their interest was ever before: and the commissioners must by multitudes and clamours be withstood; and, as a head of this faction, Mr. Cromwell, in the year 1639, at Huntingdon, appears: which made his activity so well known to his friend and kinsman, Mr. Hampden, that he gave a character of Cromwell, of being an active person, and one that would sit well at the mark." See also Camden's *Britannia*, by Gibson, l. 489, 490; also Dugdale, p. 460.

on the completion of the Bedford Level the name and interest of the king became involved in it—that Cromwell then saw the advantage which might be taken of the popular discontent awakened by the latter circumstance, and availed himself of it accordingly—that when he moved in it first it might merely have been with a view to support and protect the threatened rights of the popular nobleman who was the chief projector, but that, in the course of his opposition, he saw an irresistible opportunity of impressing with a sense of his influence not only large masses of the small proprietors and of the lower orders of discontented men whose rights and pleasures were now found to be endangered by the scheme, but also of exhibiting that influence to the country at large in the defeat not only of king and commissioners, but of the entire scheme itself—and that, before this temptation, every consideration of the real utility and the many beneficial tendencies the undertaking involved, vanished altogether. A pure motive of good may have engaged him first, but it was certainly a mixed motive of evil and good that shaped his ultimate course.

Let the facts which I shall now state prove this, if further proof is wanted. In the year 1649 the Long Parliament passed an act for “draining the great level of the Fens,” and in the preamble of that act it is stated, “that whereas the said great level, by reason of frequent overflowings of the rivers . . . has been of small and uncertain profit, but (if drained) may be improved and made profitable, and of great advantage to the commonwealth, and the particular owners, &c. . . . And whereas Francis, late earl of Bedford, did undertake the said work, and had 95,000 acres, parcel of the said great level, decreed and set forth, in October, in the thirteenth year of the reign of the late king Charles, in recompence thereof; and he and his participants, and their heirs and assigns, have made a good progress therein, with expense of great and vast sums of money;—but by reason of some late interruptions, the works there made

have fallen into decay: be it therefore enacted and ordained, that William, now earl of Bedford, &c. in recompence of the aforesaid charge and adventure, and for bearing the charge of draining, and maintaining the works from time to time, shall have and enjoy the said whole 95,000 acres." Now the chief advocate of this measure in the house was no other than "lieutenant-general Cromwell," whose name afterwards appears as a commissioner "to hear, determine, order, adjudge, and execute, all such things as are prescribed by this act." Circumstances had changed a little! It was not undeserving of praise in Cromwell, however, to seek thus to repair* the temporary obstruction he had offered to an undertaking of general advantage, and in his former opposition to which he had supposed himself sanctioned by the consideration of higher objects and efforts that then claimed the influence such opposition gave him.

For his influence in all the districts around Huntingdon and Ely was now indeed supreme. The "Lord of the Fens" was the name the common people worshipped him by.† Some of the parliamentary chiefs congratulated Hampden on the great position of popularity his kinsman had achieved, and suggested various places he might offer himself for in the ensuing parliament; if, as was then generally supposed, his uncle's influence was too strong for his success in Huntingdon. He is indeed, returned the sagacious Hampden, an active man, a man "to sit well to the mark,"—for the other matter, he and his kinsman had already taken council.

The writs appeared, returnable in November, 1640, and Cromwell offered himself at once for Cambridge. He was encountered by a formidable opposition, headed by John Cleaveland, the well-known poet, who was at that time a tutor of St. John's, and a man of considerable influence, all of which he levelled in every possible way against Cromwell. The contest was obstinately

* He passed another act for the same purpose on the 29th of May, 1654, during his own protectorate.

† Mercurius Aulicus, November 5. 1643.

fierce, and ended in Cromwell's return at last, by the majority of a single vote. That vote, exclaimed Cleaveland—or at least his friends affirm he exclaimed this—"that vote, that single vote, hath ruined both church and kingdom."

Cromwell remembered the disservice in after years, and paid it back with interest by means of his major-generals of the protectorate. Cleaveland was arrested by those worthies at Haynes, and sent to prison in Yarmouth. I cannot resist inserting here the reasons which were given by them for this step, from the state documents of the time. The first was, that he lived in utter obscurity in the house of a royalist, very few persons of the neighbourhood knowing that there was such a man resident amongst them! the second was, that he possessed great abilities, and was able to do considerable disservice! and a third reason for his imprisonment was, that he wore good clothes, though, as he confessed, he had no estate but 20*l.* per annum, allowed him by two gentlemen, and 30*l.* by the person in whose house he resided, and whom he assisted in his studies! He would, it is said, have been released, had he possessed any property upon which the commissioners could have fixed an assessment.

Yet Cleaveland had possibly the advantage after all, for his good spirits never forsook him, and there was light enough in his prison to enable him to write out that definition of a protector, which not uncharacteristically illustrates, as we shall find, some passages in Cromwell's history.

"What 's a Protector? He 's a stately thing.
That apes it in the non-age of a king.
He 's a brass farthing, stamped with a crown,
A tragic actor, *Cæsar* in a clown!
A bladder blown — with others' breath puffed full —
Not the Perillus, but Perillus' Bull!
Æsop's proud Ass vail'd in the Lion's skin,
An outward Saint lined with a Devil within.
An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
But just as a barrel head, sounds like a drum.
Fantastic image of the royal head,
The Brewer's with the King's arms quartered.
He is a counterfeited piece, that shows
Charles his effigies with a copper nose.
In fine, he 's one we must Protector call,
From whom the King of kings protect us all."

In November, 1640,—that month never to be named but with honour by the well-informed student of English history,—this “Cæsar in a clown” once more entered the house of commons. The world-amazing scenes that followed up to the time when Charles, on an inauspicious day of wind and storm, erected his standard at Nottingham, and proclaimed the chief representatives of the English people to be a parcel of rebels and robbers, have been already placed before the reader in the lives of Pym, of Hampden, and of Strafford. Such incidental points only remain to be noticed here, as may serve in any way to illustrate the character of Oliver Cromwell, before it blazed forth all over the land in the splendour of military achievement.

The morning of the 11th of November, 1640, saw anxious crowds assembled in the neighbourhood of Westminster. A great business was a-foot. Crowds of members poured into the house from all quarters. Some, as Hyde remarked, were observed to have sad and melancholy faces; and others, as if flushed by a stern and “unnatural” joy, to be “marvellous elated” in step and aspect. Such was, indeed, the natural difference between the men who saw a crisis impending that would over-tax their strength, and the greater men who in the sure terrors of the future, that were to be born of the miseries of the past, only recognised and welcomed the stormy yet not impassable sea which rolled between slavery and freedom. Other thoughts, deeper in his heart of hearts, lurking there even unknown to himself, may have agitated Cromwell. His friends said, in after years, that even now he would startle them by sudden and gratuitous graspings of his sword, and by fits of the same abrupt and immoderate laughter which were noted on the eve of Worcester and Dunbar.

The members are now all within the house, and upon the crowd outside an anxious silence has fallen, such as anticipates great events. Hour passes after hour, yet the door of the commons is still locked,—and within may be heard, by such as stand in the adjoining lobby, not

the confused and wrangling noise of a various debate, but the single continuous sound of one ominous voice, interrupted at intervals, not by a broken cheer, but by a tremendous shout of universal sympathy. Suddenly, a stir is seen outside, the crowd grows light with uncovered heads, and the carriage of the great lord lieutenant of Ireland dashes up to the house of lords.

Ten minutes more have passed — the door of the commons house is abruptly thrown wide open — and forth issues Pym, followed by upwards of three hundred representatives of the English people; in that day the first men of the world, in birth, in wealth, in talents. Their great leader crosses to the house of lords, and the bar is in an instant filled with that immortal crowd.

What, meanwhile, was the suspense lately endured by the meaner masses outside, to the agitation which now heaved them to and fro, like the sullen waves of an advancing storm. But the interval is happily shorter. It is closed by the appearance of Maxwell, the usher of the house of lords, at whose side staggers Strafford himself, a *prisoner*! The storm which had threatened, fell into a frightful stillness. They make "through a world of staring people," as old Baillie the covenanter wrote to his friends in Scotland, towards the carriage of the earl, "all gazing, no man capping to him before whom that morning the greatest of England would have stood discovered." Statesmanship had achieved its master-stroke. The power of the greatest and proudest minister that ever ruled a nation — of the only minister of genius that Charles I. possessed — lay grovelling in the dust beneath the feet of the meanest person in that assembled populace.

An act worthy of the lofty praise of Milton. "Thus," says that great writer, having noticed the high birth of this famous assembly, their singular attainments, and their astonishing public virtue in having for the most part passed the ordeal not only of courtly vengeance but of courtly temptation — "thus, in the midst of all disadvantages and disrepects, having

given proof of themselves to be better made and framed by nature to the love and practice of virtue, than others, under the holiest precepts and best examples, have been headstrong and prone to vice ; and having, in all the trials of a firm ingrafted honesty, not oftener buckled in the conflict than given every opposition the foil ; this, moreover, was added, by favour from heaven, as an ornament and happiness to their virtue, that it should be neither obscure in the opinion of men, nor eclipsed for want of matter equal to illustrate itself ; God and man consenting, in joint approbation, to chuse them out, as worthiest above others, to be both the great reformers of the church, and the restorers of the commonwealth. Nor did they deceive that expectation, which, with the eyes and desires of their country, was fixed upon them ; for no sooner did the force of so much united excellence meet in one globe of brightness and efficacy, but, encountering the dazzled resistance of tyranny, *they gave not over, though their enemies were strong and subtle, till they had laid her grovelling upon the fatal block* : with one stroke winning again our lost liberties and charters, which our forefathers, after so many battles, could scarce maintain."

In that true master-stroke Oliver Cromwell bore his part with the foremost men of the time. He did not often speak in the house, but he was full of action. In at least twenty out of the forty committees that were appointed within the first week to consider of various grievances, we find his name. And he could speak, too, as we have already seen, and, when he spoke, it was something much to the purpose.

"The first time I ever took notice of him," writes the grave and trustworthy royalist, sir Philip Warwick, "was in the beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman, for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good cloathes. I came into the house one morning, well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not, very ordinarily appparelled ; for it was a plain

cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor: his linen was plain, and not very clean; and I remember a *speck or two of blood upon his little band*, which was not much larger than his collar: his hat was without a hatband. His stature was of a good size; *his sword stuck close to his side*; his countenance swoln and reddish: his voice sharp and untuneable; and *his eloquence full of fervour*—for the subject matter would not bear much of reason, it being in behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's, who had disperst libels against the queen for her dancing, and such like innocent and courtly sports; and he aggravated the imprisonment of this man by the council-table unto that height, that one would have believed the very government itself had been in great danger by it. I sincerely profess it lessened much my reverence unto that great council, *for he was very much hearkened unto*. And yet I lived to see this very gentleman, whom, out of no ill-will to him, I thus describe, by multiplied good successes, and by real, but usurpt power, (*having had a better tailor, and more converse among good company*) in my own eye, when for six weeks together I was a prisoner in his sergeant's hands, and daily waited at Whitehall, *appear of a great and majestick deportment and comely presence*. Of him, therefore, I will say no more, but that verily I believe he was extraordinarily designed for those extraordinary things which one while most wickedly and facinorously he acted, and at another so successfully and greatly performed."•

• Warwick's Memoirs. Lord Clarendon, in his life, has described similar earnestness, rudeness, and passionate fervour on the part of Cromwell, in a private committee of the house. The account, however, is not so credible as Warwick's—there are many errors in it which the reader will at once perceive—and it is deeply tinged with that vanity and gross egotism which characterised Clarendon not less than his wonderful talents:—"Mr. Hyde," the passage runs, "was often heard to mention one private committee, in which he was put accidentally into the chair, upon an inclosure which had been made of great wastes, belonging to the queen's manors, without the consent of the tenants, the benefit whereof had been given by the queen to a servant of near trust; who forthwith sold the lands inclosed to the earl of Manchester, lord privy seal; who, together with his son Mandevil, were now most concerned to maintain the inclosure; against which, as well the inhabitants of other manors, who claimed common in those wastes, as the queen's tenants of the same, made

It was not the tailor, good sir Philip, who had wrought any portion of this change. A great man had achieved greatness, and had fallen into its state with the ease of one who merely assumes his natural place in the human family. The genius which could achieve Cromwell's aims included in itself all the faculties, tempers, and tastes, which they might require to establish or assert them.* At present, indeed, all these were in tumult and confusion. His mind was as yet the chaos only, from which order and majesty were to spring. But there, even then visible to penetrating minds, their great elements lay heaped, massed, crowded together.

As Hampden left the house on the day sir Philip Warwick witnessed what he has described so well, lord

lord complaints, as a great oppression, carried upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power. The committee sat in the queen's court; and Oliver Cromwell being one of them, appeared much concerned to countenance the petitioners, who were numerous, together with their witnesses; the lord Mandevill being likewise present as a party, and by the direction of the committee, sitting covered. Cromwell (who had never before been heard to speak in the house of commons) ordered the witnesses and petitioners in the method of the proceeding; and seconded, and enlarged upon what they said with great passion; and the witnesses and persons concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the council, and witnesses on the other side, with great clamour when they said any thing that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde (whose office it was to oblige men of all sorts to keep order) was compelled to use some sharp repetitions, and some threats, to reduce them to such a temper, that the business might be quietly heard. Cromwell in great fury reproached the chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the witnesses by threatening them; the other appealed to the committee, who justified him, and declared that he behaved as he ought to do; which more inflamed him who was already too much angry. When upon any mention of matter of fact, or the proceeding before, and at the inclosure, the lord Mandevill desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer and reply upon him with so much indecency, and rudeness, and in language, so contrary, and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interest could never have been the same. In the end his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behaviour so insolent, that the chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him; and to tell him if he proceeded in the same manner, he would presently adjourn the committee, and the next morning complain to the house of him, which he never forgave; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge, to his death."

* Even Clarendon himself spoke thus of him in after years:—"As he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed his faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom."

Digby, who had himself in that parliament just entered public life, was seen to hurry after him, "Pray, Mr. Hampden," he asked, overtaking the patriot as he descended the stairs — "pray, Mr. Hampden, who is that man — that sloven who spoke just now — for I see he is on our side, by his speaking so warmly?" Hampden answered, in ever memorable language — "That sloven whom you see before you, hath no ornament in his speech — that sloven, I say, if we should ever come to a breach with the king, which God forbid! in such a case, I say, that sloven will be the greatest man in England."

Yet the "breach with the king" was approaching fast! Strafford had expiated on the scaffold his mighty guilt, and the wretched master who had deserted him was now on all sides himself deserted.

Ominous questions then passed between men; and strangers asked of each other what was likely next to happen. Sir Philip Warwick walking with sir Thomas Chicheley into the house met Cromwell unexpectedly, and, unable to resist an impulse which prompted him at the moment, went up to him and desired honestly to know what the real objects of his party were. "I can tell you, sirs," answered Cromwell abruptly as he passed on, — "I can tell you what I would *not* have, if I cannot what I *would*." The words no doubt in truth expressed at that particular time the condition of the speaker's mind — but this perhaps, I would add, less from the real uncertainty that then prevailed there, than from the control exerted over it by men of wisdom as great as his own, and of experience more enlarged in parliaments, whose plans were of a different cast and had already taken shape and substance.

Pym and Hampden, I firmly believe, had it in their design from the first to rest contented with a strong and decided limitation of the monarchical government — not with such a settlement as that of 1688, but with one wherein the popular substance should have had place no less than the popular form, and in securing

which they would have taken care to recognise, by something better than a quibble, those rights and privileges of the people that were the source of all to be attempted and the object of all to be achieved, at once the means and the end of every constitutional settlement. In the life of Pym, I have accordingly offered some reason for supposing that when Charles had entered the field of civil war, and his hopeless insincerity left any ultimate arrangement with himself almost as hopeless, these great leaders cast their thoughts towards Charles Louis, the young prince elector of the Palatinate — a wanderer from his kingdom by the tyrannical encroachment of Austria — the elder brother of prince Rupert, and the next heir to the English crown in case the family of Charles I. were set aside. I afterwards found that the conclusion I then arrived at had been anticipated by one of bishop Warburton's most acute notes on Clarendon.

Since the publication of that memoir, however, lord Nugent has entrusted me with the loan of some valuable family papers, hitherto unpublished, with a courteous permission to make all necessary use of them. Among them are several letters from this young prince to his mother — the sister of Charles I., the beautiful and unhappy queen of Bohemia, "the eclipse and glory of her kind."* Some extracts may be valuable here, and will not be thought uninteresting, since they illustrate, in some striking points, the character and events of the time.

The prince not only lived with his uncle at this time, but according to Clarendon, enjoyed a pension from him of "twelve thousand pounds sterling yearly." This pension may have been nominally due, but it seems certain from some of the letters which I shall quote that it was not regularly paid. That Charles treated his nephew with extreme kindness is, however, indisputable; what Henrietta's conduct towards him may have been

* Sir Henry Wotton.

admits perhaps of some doubt. From Whitehall "this 18th of May, 1641," he thus writes in the course of one of his letters to the queen of Bohemia.

"I did not writte to y^r Ma^{ty} by the last post, not knowing whether the same might not be stopped as the former was, whereof I doubt but by this y^r Ma^{ty} doth know the occasion, w^{ch} wth my L^d of Strafford's death hath put the queene in an ill humor.* In this the king hath shewed himselfe a good master & a good Christian & att last a good king, for the day afore he should give the howses of parlament an answer concerning the Bill of Attaindore against the earll of Strafford, the bishops after a whole dayes debate, had much to doe to perswade him, that he might give way unto it wth a safe conscience, because the judges did declare, upon the voting of the two houses of the fact, that it was treason, though the king could not be satisfied of it in his conscience, & that wthall the people stood upon it wth such violence, that he would have put himselfe & his, in a great danger by denying execution. Therefore att last the king protested att the councill table that if his persone were onely in danger he would gladly venture it to save L. Strafford's life, but seeng his wife, children & all his kingdome were concerned in it, he was forced to give way unto it; w^{ch} he did not expresse without teares. This bearer will tell y^r Ma^{ty} the circumstance of my L. of Strafford's execution, for he sayth he was close by. What passed since in parliament, y^r Ma^{ty} will understand from others; that of greatest note is, that wth the Bill of my L. of Strafford, the king passed another that the parlament should not be adjourned nor broken, wthout the consent of the two howses. Concerning the king's manifest, my friends advise me to stay as yet some few dayes wth it untill the Scotts treaty come to an end, butt they assure me wthall that *it shall not want applause in the howses*. The king intends to make a posting journey for Scotland as he doth declare openly,

* This seems to dispose altogether of bishop Burnet's assertion of the queen's indifference to that act.

but whether it will hold, God knoweth, since resolutions are apt to be changed att this court."

The prince's definition of a good master, a good Christian, and a good king, is scarcely satisfactory. The letter offers some proof, however, of an implied intercourse held even thus early with the popular leaders. The next letter I shall quote (dated "this 28 of July, 1641") still further confirms this, and presents some characteristic points besides. Its opening sketch of the widowed lady Strafford is extremely touching.

"I have done y^r Ma^{tis} commaunds to my lady Strafford, who did expresse a great deal of humble devotion to y^r service, & to be very sensible of the favor you did her; *She hath promised me to send Mrs. Kircks picture inameled to y^r Ma^ty. If I gett it soone enough I wil send it by this bearer. She also desired me to make hir humble excuse to you, that she doth not write to y^e Ma^ty because this great affliction hath made a shaking in her limbs, soe that she is not able to rule a penn.* By my former y^r Ma^ty hath understood, how the queens journey was broken, & by Cave the change of the L^d Chamberlaine. It was a thing my L^d of Essex did not att all sue for, & would not have accepted it, but that he saw the king was resolved the other should not keepe it, & that if he had refused that also, after soe many other things w^{ch} were put upon him, the world might have thought, that the high hand he carried in parlament, was not soe much for to maintaine the liberties of the subjects, as out of a spleene to the court. He [L^d Essex] hath done what y^r Ma^ty desired in y^{rs} of the $\frac{10}{12}$ of July in the house of peeres, & by Mr. Hamden in the howse of commons, & is alwayes very forward in any thing that concernes y^r Ma^ty & y^{rs}. There hath offered itselſe an oportunitie w^{ch} doth discover how much y^r Ma^ty is bound to M^r Treasurer Vane, w^{ch} you may see if you compare the printed order of the howse of commons concerning the manifest, wth the written coppie w^{ch} was sent you, for in that is left out THE QUEENE of BOHEMIA by his expresse order to Weckerlin,

though it was inserted in this when it was read publicly by the speaker afore the king; Madame, I could not indure this insolent ungratefull & base trick of his, *but have complained of it to some of the house of comons & my L^d of Essex*, w^hout naming Vane, but onely desiring them to question the printer, & then it will be seene from whence it came; it was Vane also that pressed me most about the ceremonies w^h the prince of Orange, & I doubt not but he did as much w^h the king. I shall know to day or to morrow what will become of it. *Just now my L^d of Essex told me that he mooved it in the house of the peeres*, & that the printer is to come to morrow to the barre to answer for it. S^r Henry Vane puts it from himselfe upon the king, when I spoke to the king in it & argued it w^h him, as that it did not att all ingage him, that it was only an honnour w^h the 2 howses intended to y^r Mat^y he said nothing else, but that since it was printed it could not be altered. S^r Tom Beringhton was going to speake of it in the howse & S^r Raph Hopton but some other businesse that came betweene hinder'd it, & afterwards they were spoken to by Vane & L^d Say not to medle in it, but what they have done since, I doe not know."

There cannot be a doubt from the tone and style of these extracts that the writer was playing a double game at this moment between the court and the people's party. It is observable as much in his hatred to old Vane and the queen's set of courtiers, as in his more distinct assertions. Another letter is written from "Newmarket, this 10th of March, 1642," while staying there with the king; after the attempted arrest of the five members (when the prince elector, it will be recollected, accompanied his uncle to the house) had led to the ill-fated flight from London. This letter paints a miserable picture, and is here printed entire.

"MADAME, — I have done what y^r Mat^y did therein comaund me towards the king, who tooke it very well, & sayd, *I doubt not but my wife & my sister will be*

very good friends. As for my brother Ruperts employment in the Irish warres, the king is enough inclined to it, but *I beleeve the parliament will employ none there but those that they may be sure of. I shall speake wth some of them about it, either for him or br. Maurice.* This last I thinke might wth honnour have a regiment under Lesly, but to be under any other odd or sencelesse officer, as some are proposed, I shall not advise it. . . . The L^{ds} Pembroke, Holland, Dunsmow, Seymor, & 8 of the howse of comons, have presented the king yesterday wth a new declaration from both howses, to shew the causes of theyr feares & jealousies & againe to presse the king to put the militia into their hands, & to come nearer unto them, for to give the lesse cause of feare, & that it would make a clearer understanding betweene him & his people, & if his Maty did refuse this they would be forced to publish the said declaration & take the militia into their hands of themselves. This is the effect of it, for the thing it selfe hath not beene suffered to be printed, nor any coppies to be taken as yet; but now I doubt not, but it will be published, because I heare the king's answeare this morning, concerning the militia, was a plaine deniall, and concerning his coming nearer to London, that he would doe it when the parliament would give him cause for it, but would not farther explaine himselfe upon this last. I doubt not but the weeke we shall remouve from hence, *but whither, God knowes!* Some say to Yorke, others to Norwich (w^{ch} I cannot beleeve), others into Scotland; in the meane time *I have noe monje, & if I had not pawned my diamond garter (for the plate was pawned already) for a hundred pound I could not have got money for to have gone this journey,* for the commissioners of the treasury could give me none; but they & some of the house of comons have assured me to mouve the house for some present supply for me. Thus businesse goe heere, & I rest y^r Mat^{ty}s most humble & obedient sonne and servant,

CHARLES L."

Here indeed was a change, sudden as it was miserable, yet pursuing in the order of a natural effect, a miserable cause foregone. For the first twelve years of the reign of Charles, the people had never dared to call their property their own — scarcely a new morning ever rose on an English family that was not dreaded as the usher of some new oppression — new faces were never seen in town or village that did not inspire the terror of some new exaction, in support of the ever craving and ever impoverished exchequer. These frightful scenes have already been minutely detailed by the writer of these pages. And what is the unfailing answer urged by the apologists of the court? — that its wants were for the state, and that all its personal expenses were singularly moderate and economical. This poor answer has been as often refuted, yet scarcely a new record of the time is opened by the historical inquirer which does not make the refutation even more complete. A most striking instance of this has very recently appeared. Several interesting extracts from the "Pell Records" have been made public by a gentleman in the service of the government, Mr. Devon, in the shape of "issues of the exchequer" in various reigns. Nothing could more vividly illustrate the spirit of the several courts, — the superstition of one — the public spirit and usefulness of another — the brilliant and lavish gaiety of a third. The publication was unfortunately discontinued on the eve of our admission to the exchequer of Charles I. and II. — but a sufficient quantity of the materials collected in these reigns has nevertheless been given to the public in another form, — and what do we discover in those of Charles I.? Profusion of the most reckless sort squandered on mere personal vanities. While the people were starving — while the terrors of the Spanish inquisition were more than realised by the GENERAL FORCED LOAN inquisitors — let the reader observe the entries, during a short eighteen months of the time, made for the purchase of jewellery alone, and wonder, if he can, at the retribution which followed.

" On the 25th of March, 1626, there is an order to pay sir John Eyre 2,000*l.*, ' the price of a diamond of the weight of twelve carrates,' given by his late majesty to the French ambassador. On the 17th of April, to John Aston, his majesty's goldsmith, 110*l.*, in part of 3,053*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*, [on the 26th July, 1628, this debt had increased, or another been incurred, to the amount of 6,866*l.* 16*s.* 0½*d.*] for gold and silver plate bought for his majesty's use, and for chains of gold, medals, and other things, given to ambassadors. On 19th of May, 200*l.* to the duke of Buckingham, ' for a chain of gold provided by his majesty's direction, and sent by his majesty as a present to a Dutch captain.' On the 25th of May, to ' the lady Theodocia Dudley, wife to Edward lord Dudley, 500*l.*, in part of 1,700*l.*, due unto her for a rich diamond, sold and delivered for his majesty's use.' On the 3d of June, to dame Elizabeth Moreton, widow of sir Albert Moreton, ' the sum of 800*l.*, in part of 2,000*l.*, in full satisfaction of and for a fair diamond ring, bought by his majesty of her, and bestowed upon the ambassador lately employed from the king of Sweden; as also the sum of 400*l.*, in full satisfaction of and for a fair jewel, set with many diamonds, bought of her, and bestowed upon the ambassador lately employed from the elector of Brandenburg.' On the 20th of September, ' to sir Maurice Abbott, 2,000*l.*, in part of 4,000*l.*, in full payment and satisfaction of the sum of 8,000*l.*, due to him for a diamond cut in fassets, and set in a collet,' for his majesty's use; the remaining 4,000*l.* ' to be paid out of the money of the second payment of the portion of his majesty's dearest consort.' On the 29th of December, to Henry Garway, esq., 2,000*l.*, for ' one large, thick table diamond, set in a collet of gold, which he sold and delivered to his majesty.' On the 16th of January, to the earl of Pembroke, late lord chamberlain, 6,400*l.*, in full of 8,400*l.*, ' for sundry jewels, disposed of by him for his majesty's service, according to such directions as he hath received from his majesty.' On

the 12th of June, 1627, to Robert Hooke, goldsmith, 900*l.*, 'for a garter and two Georges, which his majesty hath sent to the prince of Orange.' On the 28th of August, to Charles Herbert, 1,000*l.*, 'for a fair George, set full of diamonds, lately sold unto his majesty.' On the 3d of September, to sir Maurice Abbott, 4,000*l.*, in further payment of the 8,000*l.*, due for the diamond cut in fassets, and set in a collet, before mentioned; and on the 4th of September, 2,000*l.*, in full payment. On the 6th of October, to Philip Jacobson, 300*l.*, 'a for diamond hathand, bought of him by his majesty;' and a further sum of 100*l.*, in full of 2,100*l.*, for a jewel, bought of him by his majesty, the same being a picture case of gold, set with seven great, and fourteen small diamonds, cut in fassets;' and on the same day, to Edward Sewster, goldsmith, 1,500*l.*, being 'the price of a ring, with a fair table diamond,' 'which his majesty did bestow upon his majesty's dear consort queen Mary's bisshop;' and to Philip Jacobson, jeweller, 3,480*l.*, 'due unto him for jewels, by him delivered for his said late majesty's service, and for a George, set with diamonds, and for a diamond, set in a ring of gold, likewise delivered for his said late majesty's service, and for one great jewel bought of him by his majesty.' And on the 27th of October, to the earl of Pembroke, 400*l.*, in part of 2,000*l.*, residue of the sum of 10,000*l.*, in full satisfaction of a ring, bought by his majesty of the earl of Holland, and of other jewels, bought of Philip Jacobson, jeweller, and a jewel, bought of William Rogers, goldsmith, amounting in the whole to the sum of 10,400*l.*' The following entry, though of a later date, has reference to jewels bought during this period — 'By order 1 July 1628, to Henry Ellowes, 1,300*l.* for a bracelet which his majesty bought of him, and bestowed upon his dearest consort the queen, for a new year's gift, at Xmas, 1626.'"

The imagination of the poet was not a fiction!

" Ay there they are —

Nobles and sons of nobles, patentees,
Monopolists, and stewards of this poor farm,
On whose lean sheep sit the prophetic brows,
Here is the pomp that strips the houseless orphan,
Here is the pride that breaks the desolate heart.
These are the lilies glorious as Solomon,
Who toil not, neither do they spin, — unless
It be the webs they catch poor rogues withal.
Here is the surfeit which to them who earn
The niggard wages of the earth, scarce leaves
The tithe that will support them, till they crawl
Back to its cold, hard bosom. Here is health
Followed by grim disease, glory by shame,
Waste by lean famine, wealth by squalid want,
And England's sin by England's punishment."

The punishment followed hard indeed. Our next extract from these letters exhibits the writer's royal uncle not only a beggar but a prisoner. I print the letters, out of their order in time, because it is of importance, in regard to the connection I believe to have been once meditated by the popular leaders with this young prince, to complete the view which is presented of him in these valuable and very interesting documents.

But first let the reader observe this passage from Clarendon. It refers to the latter part of the year 1643. "The arrival of the prince elector at London," says the noble historian, "was now no less the discourse of all tongues than the death of Mr. Pym. He had been in England before the troubles, and received and cherished by the king with great demonstration of grace and kindness, and supplied with a pension of twelve thousand pounds sterling yearly. When the king left London, he attended his majesty to York, and resided there with him till the differences grew so high, that his majesty found it necessary to resolve to raise an army for his defence. *Then, on the sudden,* without giving the king many days' notice of his resolution, *that prince elector left the court;* and taking the opportunity of an ordinary vessel embarked himself for Holland, *to the wonder of all men;* who thought it an unseasonable declaration of his fear at least of the parliament, and *his desire of being well esteemed by them,* when it was evident they esteemed not the king as they should. And this was the more spoken

of, when it was afterwards known that the parliament expressed a good sense of his having deserted the king, and imputed it to his conscience, *'that he knew of some such designs of his majesty, as he could not comply with.'* At this time, after many loud discourses of his coming, (which were derived to Oxford, as somewhat that might have an influence upon his majesty's counsels, *there being then several whispers of some high proceedings they intended against the king*) he arrived at London, and was received with ceremony; lodged in Whitehall, and order taken for the payment of that pension which had been formerly assigned to him by his majesty; and a particular direction given by both houses, *'that he should be admitted to sit in the assembly of divines;'* where, after he had taken the covenants, he was contented to be often present: of all which the king took no other notice, than sometimes to express, that he was sorry on his nephew's behalf, that he thought fit to declare such a compliance."

Whatever the prince's hopes were, however, all events now took an inauspicious turn respecting them. Pym and Hampden — the leaders of what might be called the constitutional party of the parliament, and the controllers of the parliament itself so long as they lived — were now no more, lord Essex was powerless, and their successors in influence were declared republicans. Not that the hopes of the young prince ever perished altogether till the section of presbyterians who still continued to encourage them had also undergone most merited political death — they were still, it will be seen, retained; and from the style and character of the extracts which I now give in support of this, another and a not ungrateful fact appears, — that the English people lost little by losing any closer connection with this prince elector. His feelings seem to have been really mean and sordid as his wants. He here details an interview, interesting yet very painful in its character, with his now imprisoned and deserted uncle. The letter is dated from Whitehall, the 12th of November, 1647.

"MADAME,—I waited all the last weeke on the king my uncle att Hamptoncourt, whither I intend to return on Munday next, since there is very few wth him, & there is a rumour of his remouvall, though I cannot give much credit to it, untill the army receive some satisfaction for their pay, w^{thout} w^{ch} they will hardly goe farre from the citty or parl^t. His Ma^y upon occasion doth still blame the way I have bin in all this while, & I doe deffend it as the only shelter I have, when my publike businesse & my person have received soe many neglects (I will not say worse) att court, & by those that had relation to him, & noe lesse by himselfe since the queene hath had any hand in businesse; but I entred upon noe particulars, but wished that, whatsoever opinion he had of me, he might in a happy agreement wth his parl^t. be reestablished, wherein I could not but also comprehend the safety of my friends & leave what concernes myselfe to the venture. Madame, I would not have renewed that sore of his ill usage of me since the queene hath had power wth him, but that he urged me to it, in saying *I should rather have lived upon bread and water, then have complyd wth the part w^{ch} he & I did to have only one chicken more in my dish* (w^{ch} was his phrase, & I doe guesse who made use of it in another occasion afore this warre begunne) and that *he would have thought it a desseign more worthy his neveu, if I had gonne about to have taken his crowne from his head;* w^{ch}, & such like expressions would have mooved a sainct, neither doe I know of any but our Saviour that would have ruined himselfe for those that hate one. The king used me else civilly & wth enough kindnesse (att least in appearance), neither seemed he displeased att the freedome I used in replying to him, w^{ch} I did wth all the respect I could conceive, if it were otherwayes I should hope to heare of it by y^r Ma^y. As I am writing of this, I am told, that divers coming from Hampton Court this morning say that the king is gone from thence this night, & that six horses were heard in the night gallopping over Kingstone

Bridge, w^{ch} is supposed to have beene his Ma^{ty}, & that it was not against his will, since there was noe bussell att all heard in the night, & it is likely his Ma^{ty} went away afore the guards were sett, w^{ch} used to be about 9 of the clock att night, yesterday having been his writing day, in w^{ch} he little came abroad, & soone retired after supper. Afore I close this I shall acquaint y^r Ma^{ty} wth what I doe farther heare concerning his Ma^{ty} . . . I heare since that S^r John Cooke, one of the com^{rs} wth the king, hath made relation to the howse of peeres of his Ma^{ty}'s departure yesternight about seven of the clock through the garden alone, having left two letters upon the table in his bed chamber, one to the comissioners & another to Coll. Whaley that guarded him, giving them thanks for their civilities towards him, desiring the com^{rs} to present such papers as he had left there to the parl^t (the contents whereof I do not yet know), & desires Coll. Whaley to give his saddle horses to the D. of Yorke. This is all what for the present I can acquaint y^r Ma^{ty} concerning this businesse, not doubting but you will heare more particulars from others, since I have not beene abroad to day, in w^{ch} & for ever I rest y^r Ma^{ty}'s most humble & obedient sonn & servant, CHARLES."

In a subsequent letter to his mother*, dated from the same place six months later, he refers in the same tone of indifferent concern to the "cloud the king lies under"—observes that it is "*more unusuall for kings & queenes ever to confesse themselves to be in the wrong, then for such smaler potentates as myselfe,*" protests that he is "*not to answer for all the proceedings of a distempered state,*" and adds:—"as for my credit wth the parlia-

* His royal cousins are in other letters a frequent subject of remark between the prince and his mother. In one, dated from Somerset-house, the 20th of Oct. 1648, is the following:—"I beleeeve your Ma^{ty} would nott be of my L^d Stafford's opinion if you saw the duke of Gloster, for my brother Edward had ever a round face from his youth, & the duke of Gloucester hath a long one already, & his eyes though browne yet in my opinion are of another shape then my s^d brothers, but indeed he hath his fatt cheekes as most children of that age have"

ment, I beleeeve y^r Ma^{ty} nor any bodie else ever heard me bragg of it, though I thinke myselfe as well used by them as their present condition & the state of affaires doth permitt; neither doe I know (considering wthall how much those that are nearest to me are against them) all this time where I should be better, for I would rather be beholding to those who never have dis-obliged me, (to whom I have some relation) for my maintenance, then to France, or any others that have wronged me."

Finally, in a letter written within a month of his uncle's execution, and when that terrible course of policy was well known to have been decided on, this prince writes to his mother—the sister of Charles I.—in this cold unfeeling strain:—"You did not faile in your judgement of the treaty wth the king, though I beleeeve y^r Ma^{ty} nor noe body else could have imagined the issue thereof altogether soe ill, as there is sufficient cause to feare it will prouve. Many that were well wishers to it, did ever apprehend, *that the kings too long husbanding his concessions, and losse of oportunity, would produce those effects that are followed, & God knowes where they will end, for w^{ch} those that have had or have still the manadging of those great affaires are to answer; others that are but remotely concerned in the effects thereof, cannot be blamed if they doe not intermeddle; neither is it in their power to mend any thing; For it hath been seen in all governments, that strength will still prevaile be it right or wrong.*"

And so our candidate-king waited quietly by till the execution of his uncle, and then he found that other objects were entertained by its promoters which could fairly dispense at last with his presence altogether. Certainly Cromwell had better claims than Charles Louis!

That extraordinary man—to resume the history of his fortunes—has spoken little in the house of late, but since the death of Strafford he has even increased in fervid activity. The remonstrance is now on foot in the

house of commons, and he is one of its most ardent promoters ; for with every act of policy that had in view the separation of the moderate from the decided party, his excitement and zeal increased. And, even thus early in his public career, we can observe that affectation of indifference to objects on which he had set his soul, which he converted in after life into one great means of achieving them.

Thus, Clarendon, speaking of the remonstrance, tells us — “ They [the leading men in the house of commons] promised themselves they should easily carry it : so that the day it was to be resumed, they entertained the house all the morning with other debates, and towards noon called for the remonstrance ; and it being urged by some, that it was too late to enter upon it, with much difficulty they consented, that it should be entered upon next morning at nine of the clock ; and every clause should be debated ; for they would not have the house resolved into a committee, which they believed would spend too much time. Oliver Cromwell asked the lord Falkland, why he would have it put off, for that day would quickly have determined it ? He answered, there would not have been time enough, for sure it would take some debate. The other replied, *A very sorry one*. They supposing, by the computation they had made, that very few would oppose it. But he quickly found he was mistaken.”

It is not possible to suppose that Cromwell could have believed this, even if he said it, since none knew better than Pym, Hampden, and himself, that one of the great objects of the remonstrance was to act as a touchstone of parties both in the house of commons and throughout the nation. Clarendon's addition to the story, also, is utterly incredible, unless it is to be taken as another evidence of Cromwell's wily deceit, which it is difficult to take in that light, seeing so little motive for it. For the debate having been renewed the following day, and having ended in the stormy scene so vividly described by sir Philip Warwick — “ (at three of

the clock in the morning, when [by a majority of eleven] they voted it, I thought we had all sat in the valley of the shadow of death; for we, like Joab's and Abner's young men, had caught at each others locks, and sheathed our swords in each others bowels, had not the sagacity and great calmness of Mr. Hampden, by a short speech, prevented it, and led us to defer our angry debate until the next morning)" — the noble historian tells us, "that as the members at that late hour were hurrying out of the house, the lord Falkland asked Oliver Cromwell whether there had been a debate? To which he answered, he would take his word another time; and whispered him in the ear, with some asseveration, that if the remonstrance had been rejected, *he would have sold all he had the next morning, and never have seen England more*; and he knew there were many other honest men of the same resolution. So near," adds Clarendon, "was the poor kingdom at that time to its deliverance." The story, if taken as a piece of sincerity on the part of Cromwell, is not to be believed for an instant. That, as I have before remarked, was not his temper. It was not his temper to despair of any achievement on which he had fixed his determination and his hopes, so long as life, and his good strong arm, remained to him.

Civil war became inevitable, and it is characteristic of Cromwell that he was the first man absolutely in the field. Acting under no regular commission, he performed some pieces of daring and important service in his native districts. When the later declaration by the king* respecting the question of the militia had left no doubt of the speedy unfurling of the royal standard, he suddenly left London for the old vicinity of Huntingdon, whither a supply of arms, sent at his own private charge, had preceded him, and where a large body of dauntless men awaited him, inspired to the coming conflict by no mercenary or mean motives, but by the great old lessons they had learned under the farmer of

* Given in the *Life of Pym*.

Ely and St. Ives. His striking determination, too, at this period to venture every thing on the result of the contest, is further shown by his having recklessly devoted large sums out of his dwindled private patrimony to the promotion of public designs. He had given 500*l.* to the fund raised by parliament for assistance to crush the Irish rebellion—he had purchased the weapons I have elsewhere named*—and when, some few months later, a difficulty arose respecting some hired waggons provided to put lord Manchester's army in motion against the king, he at once got rid of the difficulty by paying out of his own purse 100*l.* for the hire.

Having arrived and picked out his men—a solid foundation for his famous regiment of Ironsides—he appears at once to have bent his chief exertions to the organisation of some system among the chief popular men of the district, whereby they might have the inhabitants immediately trained to military service, the eastern counties associated for mutual defence, and the movements of the royalists watched with unsparing vigilance. In the Commons' Journals of a very little later date, an order is observed, that “Mr. Cromwell do move the lord lieutenant for the county of Cambridge, to grant his deputation to some of the inhabitants of the town of Cambridge, to train and exercise the inhabitants of that town.”

And a more obvious piece of daring service—more important it could not be—while the royal standard still remained unfurled, commemorated Cromwell's resolved zeal. Taking along with him his brother-in-law Valentine Wauton (member for the county of Huntingdon), he succeeded in stopping the plate of the university of

* The following are extracts from the Journals of the house:—“Whereas Mr. Cromwell hath sent down arms into the county of Cambridge, for the defence of that county; it is this day ordered that sir Dudley North shall forthwith pay to Mr. Cromwell 100*l.*, which he hath received from Mr. Crane, late high sheriff of the county of Cambridge; which said 100*l.* the said Mr. Crane had remaining in his hands for coat and conduct money.” “Ordered that Mr. Cromwell do move the lord lieutenant for the county of Cambridge, to grant his deputation to some of the inhabitants of the town of Cambridge to train and exercise the inhabitants of that town.—1642.”

Cambridge, a spoil of inestimable value, which was then on the point of being sent to the king, to be melted down for the purposes of the war.* We find, from the Journals, that, on the 15th of August, 1642, sir Philip Stapelton gave an account in the lower house, from the committee for the defence of the kingdom, that "Mr. Cromwell, in Cambridgeshire, had seized the magazine in the castle of Cambridge; and had hindered the carrying of the plate from that university." And on the 18th of August, we find from the same authorities, a committee was appointed to prepare an order for the "indemnity of Mr. Cromwell and Mr. Walton, and those that have or shall assist them in the stopping of the plate that was going from Cambridge to York."†

Nor, in these first decisive movements, did Cromwell forget his uncle sir Oliver's powers of mischief and aptitude to use them. He marched over to Ramsey, found his uncle at home, and having treated him personally with every demonstration of studied kindness and respect, resolvedly took from him all his means of at that instant assisting the king. The scene must have been strange on both sides, but it illustrates in Cromwell with singular force one of the most remarkable qualities of his character. The reader will require nothing more to assist his imagination in the matter, after he has read the

* Various accounts have been given of this transaction, which, though disputed in various ways, is correctly stated in the text—but perhaps the most comical version is that which follows, from a tract entitled "*Querela Cantabrigiensiis*," in which certainly, while the writer disputes the seizure of the plate, he concedes a seizure of a different sort, as prompt and more amusing.—"Master Cromwell, burgess for the town of Cambridge, and then newly turned a man of war, was sent down, as himself confessed, by his masters above, at the invitation of his masters below, to gather what strength he could, and stop all passages that no plate might be sent; but his designs being frustrated, and his character as an active subtle man thereby somewhat shaken, he hath ever since bent himself to work what revenge and mischief he could against us. In pursuit whereof, before that month was expired, down he comes again in a terrible manner with what forces he could draw together, and surrounds diverse colleges while we were at our devotion in our several chapels, taking away prisoners several doctors of divinity, heads of colleges, and these he carries with him to London in triumph."

† See also May's History of the Long Parliament, 3d book, p. 79. The booty must have been very large indeed, since we find that the particular pieces sent from St. John's College alone amounted to 3065½ ounces. See Barwick's Life, p. 24.

delightfully characteristic version of the anecdote given by sir Philip Warwick. "While I was about Huntingdon," he says, "visiting old sir Oliver Cromwell, his uncle and godfather, at his house at Ramsey, he told me this story of his successful nephew and godson; that he visited him with a good strong party of horse, and that *he had asked him his blessing, and that the few hours he was there, he would not keep on his hat in his presence; but at the same time, he not only disarmed, but plundered him: for he took away all his plate.*"

At last the king took the field, and the regular levies commenced on both sides, as they have been described in the memoirs of Pym and Hampden. It only remains here to notice, in particular detail, the practical result of all those great thoughts which I have heretofore shown in the course of partial realisation at the various stages of Cromwell's history — in the final organisation of that immortal troop of horse which became the after wonder and admiration of the world. Had his history closed with the raising and disciplining of these men, it would have left a sufficient warrant of his greatness to posterity.

Having accepted the commission under Essex of a colonel of a cavalry regiment, he proceeded to enroll a body of a thousand men. And on this point let us first quote the celebrated Baxter's words. "I think," says that generally well-intentioned person, "that having been a prodigal in his youth, and afterwards changed to a zealous religiousness, he meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscionable in the main course of his life, *till prosperity and success corrupted him.* That at his first entrance into the wars, being but a captain of horse, he had a special care to get religious men into his troop: These men were *of greater understanding than common soldiers*, and therefore were more apprehensive of the importance and consequence of the wars, and making *not money, but that which they took for the public felicity, to be their end*, they were the more engaged to be valiant; for he that maketh money his end,

doth esteem his life above his pay, and therefore is like enough to save it by flight when danger comes, if possibly he can : But he that maketh the felicity of church and state his end, esteemeth it above his life, and therefore will the sooner lay down his life for it. And men of parts and understanding know how to manage their business, and know that flying is the surest way to death, and that standing to it is the likeliest way to escape ; there being many usually that fall in flight for one that falleth in valiant fight. These things it's probable Cromwell understood ; and that none would be such engaged valiant men as the religious : *But yet I conjecture, that at his first choosing such men into his troop, it was the very esteem and love of religious men that principally moved him, and the avoiding of those disorders, mutinies, plunderings, and grievances, of the country, which debasht men in armies are commonly guilty of : By this means, he indeed sped better than he expected. Aires, Desborough, Berry, Evanson, and the rest of that troop did prove so valiant, that, as far as I could learn, they never once ran away before an enemy.* Hereupon he got a commission to take some care of the associated counties, where he brought this troop into a double regiment of fourteen full troops ; and all these as full of religious men as he could get : These having more than ordinary wit and resolution, had more than ordinary success." In this passage the writer touches on a question of some interest in alluding to the first motives that are likely to have prompted Cromwell in the selection of such men as these. There cannot be a doubt, I think, as it has been the purpose of these pages hitherto to illustrate, that the religious tendencies were seized by his genius first as a means rather than an end — yet it might have been in his thoughts as strongly that the end to be achieved was that of the best interests of religion no less.

Nor will the reader who has accompanied me thus far suppose that this republican captain held religion to be the sole necessary accomplishment of a soldier.

While he held, indeed, that bravery unaccompanied by lofty motives was a mere brutish faculty, he held as strongly that the noblest and least mercenary motives required yet the most faithful discipline. His regiment is thus described by Whitelocke. "He had a brave regiment of horse of his countrymen, most of them freeholders and freeholders sons, and who upon matter of conscience engaged in this quarrel, and under Cromwell. And thus, *being well armed within, by the satisfaction of their own consciences, and without by good iron arms, they would as one man charge firmly and fight desperately.*" A political enemy to Cromwell writes still more strongly of the excellence of his military discipline. "His men," says this writer, "who in the beginning were unskilful both in handling their arms and managing their horses, by diligence and industry became excellent soldiers: for Cromwell used them daily to look after, feed and dress their horses; and, when it was needful, *to lie together with them on the ground*; and besides, taught them *to clean and keep their arms bright*, and have them ready for service; to chuse the best armour, and to arm themselves to the best advantage. Trained up in this kind of military exercise, they excelled all their fellow-soldiers in feats of war, and obtained more victories over their enemies."*

But the most striking and characteristic evidence on these minor points of discipline remains to be quoted from a still more inveterate enemy. "Cromwell," says Heath†, "well knowing the nature of the quarrel (which was pretended for religion), resolved and advised, that there were no men so likely to oppose the conquering gallantry of those gentlemen on the king's side, than

* "Hi autem initio nec arma tractandi nec equos gnari, diligentia solertiaque bellatores acerrimi evaserunt; equis etenim curandis, nutriendis ac detergendis indies assuefacti sunt, et si opus foret simul humicubando; arma insuper polire, nitida et usui expedita servare, loricas optimas induere, seque cætero armatum genere communire condocescecerat eos Cromwellius. Atque hoc exercitii militaris genere, præ reliquis commilitonum omnibus emicuere virtute bellica, pluresque ab hoste palmas reportarunt."

— *Bate's Elements* &c. part 2. p. 270.

† Flagellum, p. 31—33.

such who were or should be engaged upon account of conscience and zeal, which would spirit them with the same magnanimous fortitude, and make them also to indure the difficulties and hardships of the war with a more pertinacious constancy ; as having bodies better able, and minds more finely sublimed upon that score *pro aris et focis*, than the mixed and most rascally herd of loose and vicious people. But yet prudently considering, that in so long an interval and vacancy of war, from which this nation had been blessed, the most forwardest Hotspurs on the account of zeal, might quale and shrink at the noise of the battel, and their spiritual proud courage abate at the encounter, and never defie a Cavalier again after one dismal alarum and fright of a discomfiture ; he would *first prove and try his troopers how they could endure a sudden terroure*, and by that grow hardy to the constancy of danger : (as eagles certifie themselves of the genuine race of their young ones, by their experiencin^g how they can outstare and brave the sun, and imitate them with a bold and passive fortitude, the hardy rudiments of their fighting predatory life ;) For as he relied on one hand upon their religious resolution and spiritual valour, so did he not reject the arm of flesh, which should actuate those inward impulses, and *by a just temperament of both to a true metal*, conduct and manage their sober and well governed bravery to an assurance of success and victory ; and *such whose hearts failed, he resolved to dismount them, and give their horses to more couragious riders*. This he did by a stratagem upon the first muster of his troop ; when *having privily placed twelve resolute men in an ambuscado*, (it being neer some of the kings garrisons) *upon a signal or the appointed time, the said ambush with a trumpet sounding a charge, galloped furiously to the body, out of which some 20 instantly fled out of fear and dismay*, and were glad the forfeiture was so cheap and easie, and, ashamed of their childish and disgraceful deserting of their station and colours,

had not the confidence to request their continuance in his service, or deny, or scruple *the rendring their horses to them who should fight the Lords battel in their stead.*"

Some shades there are in the account I have next to quote of this remarkable regiment, but it has also characteristic touches of happiest truth which may not be denied. "All Cromwell's men," says sir Philip, "had either naturally the fanatic humour or soon imbibed it. A herd of this sort of men being by him drawn together, he himself, like Mahomet, having transports of fancy, and withal a crafty understanding, knowing that natural principles, though not morally good, will conduce to the attainment of natural and politic ends, made use of the zeal and credulity of those persons; teaching them, as they too readily taught themselves, that they engaged for God when he led them against the king: and where this opinion met with a natural courage, *it made them the bolder and too often the crueller*; for it was such a sort of men as killed brave young Cavendish and many others, after quarter given, in cold blood. And these men, *habituated more to spiritual pride than carnal riot or intemperance*, so consequently having been industrious and active in their former callings and professions, where natural courage wanted, zeal supplied its place: *and at first they chose rather to die than fly; and custom removed fear of danger*; and afterwards finding the sweet of good pay and of opulent plunder and preferment, *the lucrative part made gain seem to them a natural member of godliness.*"*

* Not disputing these shrewd hints by sir Philip Warwick, the evidence of an eye-witness may be quoted here, in support of the continued mildness, modesty, religion, and goodness, of Cromwell's special regiments:—"Quicquid effluunt in te dementes Olivari, nauci non facio, religiosissimum Imperatorem, religionis modis in exercitiis defensorem, protectorem, propagatorem, nemo nisi laudum tuarum supra modum invidus hic reperitur, qui te non suspexerit, admiratus fuerit, observantia summâ non coluerit. Enim vero ubinam terrarum tam religiosus visus est imperator, tamquâ religiosus exercitus? Miratus ego sum, varias Angliæ provincias tunc pro negotiorum meorum, vel principis mei Serenissimi Ducis Gueldriæ Comitæ Hæcundiæ necessitate peragrans, easquâ militibus tuis refertas, ita quietas, tranquillas, pacatas, quasi ne unus quidem in illis miles esset, sic addictas pietati, quasi monachorum non militum legiones in pagis ipsarum dispersæ degerent. Ita certa singulis diebus tûm fundendis Deo precibus, tûm audiendis dei præconiis, erant assignata tempora,

Finally, and most interesting evidence of all, Cromwell himself, in one of his conferences during the protectorate, thus described in memorable and characteristic words, his own proceedings at the present period of his history. "I was," he said, "a person that from my first employment was suddenly preferred and lifted up from lesser trusts to greater, from my first being a captain of a troop of horse, and I did labour (as well as I could) to discharge my trust, and God blessed me as it pleased him, and I did truly and plainly, and then in a way of foolish simplicity (as it was judged by very great and wise men, and good men too) desired to make my instruments to help me in this work; and I will deal plainly with you. *I had a very worthy friend then, and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory was very grateful to all, Mr. John Hampden.* At my first going out into this engagement (I saw) their men were beaten at every hand; I did indeed, and desired him that he would make some additions to my lord Essex's army of some new regiments, and I told him I would be serviceable to him in bringing such men in as I thought had a spirit that would do something in the work. *This is very true that I tell you, God knows I lye not; 'Your troops, said I, are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows, and said I, their troops are gentlemen's sons, younger sons, and persons of quality; do you think that the spirits of such base and mean fellows will be ever able to encounter gentlemen, that have honour*

milites ipsos admodum modestos, nihilque nisi Deum, pietatem, religionem, virtutem respirantes, ut ingenue fatear cum stupore non mediocri sæpe suspexi. Atque ne putet hic aliquis velle me blandiri, oleum Olivario divendere, vel in illius aures instillare, testem Deum adhibeo, quod sæpius præsidarios Olivarii, modò supra dictò milites adiens, ne vel inverecundum verbum unquam ab ullius ex illis ore perceperim, iurandumque nullum, sed meram humanitatem, urbanitatem, pietatem, verecundiam, modestiam animadvertim. Unde nequaquam in Olivarii militibus locum habere potest quod de omnibus aliis jampridem decantatum est,

Nulla fides pietasquæ viris qui castra sequuntur;
sed de illis dicendum potius est,

Multa fides pietasquæ viris qui castra sequuntur."

and courage, and resolution in them ?'—Truly, I presented him in this manner conscientiously, and truly I did tell him, *you must get men of a spirit*. And take it not ill what I say (I know you will not) of a *spirit that is likely to go on as far as gentlemen will go, or else I am sure you will be beaten still* ; I told him so, I did truly. *He was a wise and worthy person, and he did think that I talked a good notion, but an impracticable one* ; truly I told him I could do somewhat in it ; I did so ; and truly I must needs say that to you, (impart it to what you please) I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did, and from that day forward, I must say to you, *they were never beaten, and wherever they were engaged against the enemy they beat continually* ; and truly this is matter of praise to God, and it hath some instruction in it to own men that are religious and godly, and so many of them as are *peaceably, and honestly, and quietly disposed to live within government**, as will be subject to those Gospel rules of obeying magistrates, and living under authority ; I reckon no godliness without this circle ; but without this spirit, let it pretend what it will, it is diabolical, it is devilish, it is from diabolical spirits, from the height of Jotham's wickedness."

And now, in leading forth into the field these thousand warriors, Oliver Cromwell gave them their last instruction in a piece of fiery sincerity which, better than the cold hypocrisy he had equally in command, availed him for his present purposes. He told them that he would not seek to perplex *them* (since other officers he had heard instructed their troops in the nice legal fictions of their civil superiors in parliament) with any such phrases as fighting for *king and parliament*† ;

* This was said, the reader will recollect, under the protectorate, in a conference on the advantages of monarchy.

† A few months later he is said, on the authority of a royalist journal of the time, the "*Mercurius Politicus*," to have used a very different style. When the associated counties, says the writer, were threatened by lord Capel, Cromwell invited the principal gentry in Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and Hertford, to a conference, where he urged upon them the propriety of uniting all the forces they could raise, in order to repulse the

it was for the parliament alone they were now marching into military service ; for himself he declared that if he met king Charles in the body of the enemy, he would as soon discharge his pistol upon him as upon any private man ; and for any soldier present, therefore, who was troubled with a conscience that might not let him do the like, he advised him even now to quit the service he was engaged in. A terrible shout of determined zeal announced no deserter on that score, and on marched Cromwell and his Ironsides, — then the seed, and soon after the flower, of that astonishing army, which even lord Clarendon could describe as one to which victory was entailed, and which, humanly speaking, could hardly fail of conquest whithersoever led — an army whose order and discipline, whose sobriety and manners, whose courage and success, made it famous and terrible all over the world. “ On went Noll Cromwell,” said the reckless royalist Marchmont Needham — “ forth went Noll in the might of his spirit, with his swords and Bibles, and with all his train of disciples ; every one of whom is as a David, a man of war and a prophet ; gifted men all, that have resolved to their work better than any of the sons of Levi, and are rushing through England with their two-edged swords and Bibles, to convert the gentiles.”

Cromwell styles himself a captain of a troop, in the characteristic piece of autobiography quoted in these descriptions of his men, but I cannot discover that he ever held such a commission under Essex. It possibly refers merely to the period of his first daring excursions before the king's standard was in the field, and which,

common enemy. “ He entreated them to consider seriously how acceptable a service they should render to the king by keeping five whole counties in his obedience ; and concluded by drawing their attention to the honours and other rewards which they might justly expect from his majesty, in return for so signal a proof of their loyalty ! ” — “ Such excellent arts have they,” he continues, “ to abuse the people, and make them think they do good service to the king, when they endeavour to destroy him.” It will be observed that here Cromwell was dealing with the gentry — not the commonalty — of the parliamentary force.

without any regular commission, he seems to have pursued also some few days after, for one of his exploits before all the parliamentary commissions of array had been issued, was to seize the person of sir Thomas Conisby, high sheriff of the county of Herts, who had come to St. Albans on the market-day for the purpose of proclaiming the earl of Essex, and all who should be his followers, traitors. The self-important knight had arrived in the market-place, and gravely unfolded his momentous proclamation, when suddenly he was pounced upon by Cromwell and his troop, and carried off a captive to London. Then it was Cromwell received his colonel's commission, with an instruction to increase his followers to a regiment of a thousand men; and how he did this the reader has seen.

Meanwhile the commissions of array are out on all sides, and every town, every village, every hamlet in England, is a muster place for armed men, who are to fight against their own countrymen, their friends, perhaps their kindred. The causes which suddenly raised up for the king a larger levy of partisans and soldiers than could possibly have been anticipated by the parliament, have been already placed before the reader.* "I thought," says the enthusiastic and honest Ludlow, in describing his adhesion to the army of Essex †, — "I thought the justice of that cause I had engaged in to be

* In the Life of Hampden.

† "Soon after my engagement in this cause, I met with Mr. Richard Fiennes, son to the lord Say, and Mr. Charles Fleetwood, son to sir Miles Fleetwood, then a member of the house of commons, with whom consulting, it was resolved by us to assemble as many young gentlemen of the Inns of court, of which we then were, and others, as should be found disposed to this service, in order to be instructed together in the use of arms, to render ourselves fit and capable of acting in case there should be occasion to make use of us. To this end we procured a person experienced in military affairs, to instruct us in the use of arms; and for some time we frequently met to exercise at the Artillery-ground in London. And being informed that the parliament had resolved to raise a life guard for the earl of Essex, to consist of an hundred gentlemen, under the command of sir Philip Stapelton a member of parliament, most of our company entered themselves therein, and made up the greatest part of the said guard; amongst whom were Mr. Richard Fiennes, Mr. Charles Fleetwood, afterwards lieutenant-general, major-general Harrison, colonel Nathaniel Rich, colonel Thomlinson, colonel Twisleton, colonel Boswell, major Whitby, and myself, with divers others."—*Ludlow's Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 42.

so evident, that I could not imagine it to be attended with much difficulty. For though I supposed that many of the clergy, who had been the principal authors of our miseries, together with some of the courtiers, and such as absolutely depended on the king for their subsistence, as also some foreigners, would adhere to him; yet I could not think that many of the people, who had been long oppressed with heavy burdens, and now with great difficulty had obtained a parliament, composed of such persons as were willing to run all hazards to procure a lasting settlement for the nation, would be either such enemies to themselves, or so ungrateful to those they had trusted, as not to stand by them to the utmost of their power: at least (though some might not have so much resolution and courage as to venture all with them, yet) that they would not be so treacherous and unworthy, to strengthen the hands of the enemy against those who had the laws of God, nature, and reason, as well as those of the land, of their side." But not the common people alone, whom many causes may be supposed to have influenced, deserted, at this trying hour, the parliament which had risen to assert their rights of property, of labour, and of conscience — men of rank, who had hitherto acted firmly and resolutely against the king, now fairly deserted the principles they had avowed, and went over to the royal banner. Nothing but that subtle and delicate sense of honour, which the term loyalty implies, could have actuated these men to such a course. It was no love for Charles or for his cause — but that "grinning honour" stood in the way, they had fought against both. Their voices had been their own in the struggle for liberty and law, but their swords were the king's alone. "I would not continue here an hour," wrote lord Robert Spencer from the royal camp to his wife, "if there could be an expedient found to solve the punctilio of honour." And thousands were agitated by the same melancholy reflection, till the welcome death they sought in battle solved every punctilio at last. Had such men as these seen the crown of England "on

a hedge-stake," they would have remained to the death beside it.

A man of this sort, for instance, was sir Bevil Grenvil, who, when the king's affairs were in miserable plight at the first from the difficulty of collecting men, suddenly declared himself for Charles, published a commission of array, raised troops, and occupied a line of posts in the western counties. "I go," he said, "with joy and comfort to venture my life in as good a cause, and in as good company, as ever Englishman did; and I do take God to witness, if I were to choose a death, it would be no other than this." Here there appeared no "grinning" doubts, but they existed notwithstanding. In Grenvil they took the shape of that sort of melancholy foreboding touching his own fate, which also so strongly afflicted Falkland. In his active exertions in the field, in the more general business of the strife, in fierce and passionate resolution against the foe, Grenvil yielded to none. Here he had no doubts, no scruples nothing that stood in the way of service. Deeper in his heart of heart the melancholy lay.

Among the manuscripts entrusted to me by lord Nugent I have found some interesting letters before and during the first year of the war, written to his wife—"to his best friend the lady Grace Grenvil"—by this gallant man. I shall quote one, dated from Bodmyn the 12th of October, 1642, which illustrates a striking difference between the levy of the common troops for the king's service, and such levies as we have noticed in the case of Cromwell. It illustrates, too, the change which these distressing times could work in the gentlest natures. The mild and gentlemanly Grenvil now threatens his neighbours and his tenants, and flings out insulting epithets against his old friend and associate the earl of Essex.

"DEAR LOVE,—I will detaine Sym. Cottle no longer, nor can he bring you much more newes then I sent you yesterday. We found men enough at the place appointed well arm'd, & for my part I am impa-

tient, (as all my honest friends else are) that we did not march presently, to *fetch those traitors out of their nest at Lanceton, or fire them in it*, but som of our faynter bretheren have prevailed so farr wth the sherrieff, as there is a conference agreed on this day between —6— of a side, to see if they can compose matters. But we will march on neverthelesse to be before hand if they agree not. *My neighbors did ill that they came not out, & are punishable by the lawe in a high degree, & though I will do the best I can to save some of the honester sort, yet others shall smart.* They were not in this to have commands from me; it is a legall course wth the sherrieff is directed to by the statute, & he is the comander in the busines, & not the collonells, but he may take to his assistance whom he pleases. My neighbors did perchance looke to heare from me, & *if we proceed I shall expect they should yet come forth, or they shall suffer*, & they shall have farther direction from me. The gallant prince Rupert goes on gloriously in his uncle's service; he hath given another blow to the enemy greater then the former, & hath well nye cutt off all their cavallry wth his; so as *the great cuckhold is forc'd to shutt himself up wth his foote, wthin the walls of Worcester*, & not being able to keepe the field, witherward the king is moving wth his army to give the last blow, being able to barre him from all reliefe, and his army is mightily encreased. Cottle hath a note. Publish it to y^r friends. I have sent it already to my Cos. Cary. I hope we shall shortly see good daies againe. My noble friend the brave Wilmott had a shrewd wound, & the prince himselfe slightly hurt, but they killd 2000 of the enemy wth little losse. Your owne B. GRENVILE."

What a change from a few years before, when bonds of love no less than sympathy connected the writer with men of thoughts as lofty and hearts as generous and fame as pure as his own, but for whom he cannot find better words now than traitor or than cuckold! How different from the days when his only care was for the

domestic charities he is now forced to thrust aside; when the sanctities of social life occupied the thoughts that are now only bent on the tragic scenes of civil strife, on plundered towns, on flaming villages, on ravaged homesteads. The reader will not perhaps object to my introducing here, from the same valuable manuscripts, a picture of sir Bevill Grenvil as he *was*, in one of his letters of that former time, to the same "best friend Mrs. Grace Grenvil." Such touching memorials, illustrating so vividly the changes of the period, belong peculiarly to a personal history of the time, and are used too scantily to be withheld when found. The matter of these letters contrasts not more strongly than their appearance—that which has been quoted, so worn and soiled, as though it had travelled across a wide country in some trooper's pocket—these almost as fresh and clean as letters written yesterday. The date of the first is London, May 18. 1626; that of the second only two days later.

"MY DEAREST,—Since myne by Stanburie I have receaved yrs by my Co: Trevillians man, wherin you say you have not heard from me, w^{ch} I wonder at, for surely I have written often unto you, both by way of Exeter, & otherwise. But you doe much amaze me, to tell me you are soe much distress'd, for want of a midwife; for gods sake be sure to have one under hand, whatever it cost, & you canot excuse your fault, in neglecting it soe long. Howsoever have myre Abbott by, if all else faille, shee I hope will do her best, & I assure myselfe can do well enough. There is little hope, of having any of the Plate home as yett, but all that can be don shall be. I am glad you have fetcht some of the Timber, to keepe Allen aworke; for I desire the worke should goe on, wth all possible speed. If my co: Arundell be at Efford when you have Child, it will be verrie fitting shee should be a God-mother too, therfore though it be a boy, intreat both her & my sister too, it is no more then we have don formerly. My bro. Hen. is the man, whether it be boy or girl, & I hope S^r Jo: Eliot

shall be there too if it be a boy, though the King hath lately sent him to the Tower, for some wordes spoken in the Parlm^t, but we are all resolv'd to have him out againe or will proceed in noe businesse; & if y^e Child chance to be borne before my coming downe stay the Christning till we can heare from one another. I will write shortly to you againe, in the mean time doe rest y^e owne
BEVILLE GRENVILE. . . . Reme'ber my duty to y^e mother & forgett mee not to my sister." Again:—"My DEAREST,—How all the things, that at severall times I have & shall send to you from hence, will nowe come unto you I knowe not, because they are to passe thorough so many hands, but I will hope the best. I have this weeke sent you a boxe of . . . Sweet Meats, ass many sortes & the best I can gett, saving only apricots, wherof there are but one pound, & those not verrie good though the best y^e can be gotten too; there were fewe or none don the last yeare, because of the sicknes, & that makes the scarsety. The note of perticulars is heerinclosed, wanting only one boxe of the Quidiniocch, w^{ch} I have eaten. I hope my Lady be now wth you, therfore reme'ber my duty to her. We have S^r Jo: Eliot at liberty againe, the house was never quiet, till the King releas'd him. If god send us a boye, I have a good minde, to have him called John, for my poore brother John's sake, if it be a Girle, Grace. But I would faine perswade myselfe, that I could be there at it, though I am now in some doubt, & therfore will heartely pray for you, if I canot be present. Keepe my aunts and my sister by any meanes with you, & remember me to them. So I hasteley comend you to God, resting your own ever
BEVILL GRENVILE."

Since the levying of his regiment Cromwell has, meanwhile, already greatly distinguished himself. His first service was sudden and complete as his seizure of the unlucky sir Thomas Conisby. Having received intelligence of a meeting of gentlemen of the king's party at Lowestoft in Suffolk, for the purpose of concerting means for making a stand in that quarter, he came upon

them by surprise, and made the whole body, consisting of about thirty persons of opulence and distinction, his prisoners. It was mentioned in the journals of the day as "the best piece of service that hath been done a long time." * The historian of the parliament, May, tells us that the ammunition and engines of war, secured on this occasion by Cromwell, were "enough to have served a considerable force." And certain it was, pursues that historian, that "if Cromwell had not surprised them in the nick of time, it had proved a matter of great danger to the country; for within one day after, as many more knights and gentlemen that were listed before, would have met at the same place."

The first pitched battle between Charles and his subjects has been described in the life of Hampden. But while these early occurrences of the war left every one doubtful to which side success had fallen, the resolute cavalry of Cromwell were achieving remarkable and unquestioned advantages in every direction of their march.† At the head of twelve troops, their colonel had penetrated into Lincolnshire — disarming the disaffected as he passed — taking Stamford and Burleigh House by his way — and scattering all opposition before him. Not far from Grantham they were met by double their number — a flying corps of cavalry belonging to a light army levied by young general Cavendish, and with which he strove to recover

* "By letters from Suffolk of the 15th present, it was informed that on Tuesday last, colonel Cromwell, with about 1000 horse, having notice of a great confederacy held amongst the malignants at a town called Lowestoft, in that county, being a place of great consequence, came upon them unawares, and gained the town with small difficulty and no shot; took prisoners sir Thomas Barker and his brother sir John Pettus, Mr. Thomas Knevet, two of the younger Catlings, captain Hammond, Mr. Corey, Mr. Turvill, Mr. Preston, and about twenty others of good worth. This was the best piece of service that hath been done a long time, for both the counties will now be freed of their fears of the malignants. There were also taken in the said town, divers clergymen of the confederacy, good store of ammunition, excellent saddles, great store of pistols, powder, shot, and other engines for war, sufficient for a great force. This hath set the whole country right, so that now they are all up in arms, and would feign be in action for the parliament."—*Pers. Diar.* 18. Mar. 1642.

† "And now," writes Mrs. Hutchinson, "were all the countreyes in England noe longer idle spectators, but severall stages, whereon the tragellie of the civill warre was acted; except the easterne association, where Mr. Oliver Cromwell, by his diligence, prevented the designs of the royall party."

Lincolnshire to the king. Cromwell's men, though many of them harassed and fatigued, stood firm; and the front they presented, few in numbers as they were, would seem to have been not at all inviting to the enemy, for the firing on both sides for upwards of half an hour appears to have been confined to the skirmishers that covered each line — till at last Cromwell himself gave the word, and his men advanced with an irresistible shock. The result may be described in the letter which Cromwell addressed to the speaker the instant after the event. — "God hath given us this evening a glorious victory over our enemies. They were, as we are informed, one and twentie colours of horse troops, and three or foure of dragoons. It was late in the evening when we drew out. They came and faced us within two miles of the town. So soon as we had the alarum, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops, whereof some of them so poore and broken, that you shall seldome have seen worse; with this handfull it pleased God to cast the scale; for after we had stood, a little above musket shot the one body from the other, and the dragoons having fired on both sides for the space of halfe an houre or more, they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them, and advancing the body after many shots on both sides, came with our troops a pretty round trot, they standing firme to receive us, and our men charging fiercely upon them, they were immediately routed and ran all away, and wee had the execution of them two or three miles. I believe some of our souldiers did kill two or three men a pece. We have also gotten some of their officers, and some of their colours; but what the number of dead is, or what the prisoners, for the present we have not time to inquire into." *

Cromwell's next important service was the relief of Gainsborough, which, having been taken by lord Willoughby, and garrisoned with parliamentary soldiers, would have surrendered before the army of lord Newcastle, returning victorious from Atherton Moor,

* Perfect Diurnal, 25th of May, 1643.

but for the interposition of Cromwell, who, with sudden and astonishing bravery, threw himself and his regiment between the town and the first division of the advancing royalist force, commanded by lord Newcastle's brother, young general Cavendish. It was a fearful position. On the summit of an acclivity before them were ranged numbers in the proportion of at least three to one, while along the base of the hill ran a lofty fence accessible only through a single gateway. On this quarter the enemy poured a heavy fire, yet Cromwell, having himself resolutely and safely passed, filed his men through, inspired by his own courage to deeds of as lofty daring, formed them as they passed, section by section, and then at once made a furious charge *up hill*, which overbore the enemy as much by the wonder the act inspired as by any real shock of arms. The major part of the royalists fled in broken confusion. Cromwell, still holding his men together, plunged back on that part of the enemy which alone had been able to stand, drove them pell mell into a bog, and there, it is melancholy to be obliged to add, butchered them, including poor Cavendish himself, without mercy. It was the first great advantage these resolute soldiers had gained—their leader had inspired them to it by daring which might well have carried them beyond the common limits of soldierly forbearance—and it is charitable to suppose that this act was committed at a time when they were scarcely responsible agents.*

This achievement, Whitelocke tells us, was “the beginning of Cromwell's great fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world.” It was the beginning too, of his close and extraordinary intimacy with Ireton. This famous man was at the time a captain in “Col.

* The Perfect Diurnal writes of the result:—“Gen. Cavendish, and another person of note, much like to gen. King, one colonel, lieutenant-col., serjeant-major, and a captain, with above 100 others, were found dead upon the place, near upon twice as many killed in the pursuit, and prisoners above 150. Upon their retreat they relieved the town with powder and other provisions; after which they skirmished with a new supply of Newcastle's army that came against them, brought off their foot which was engaged with great disadvantage, and made a fair retreat into the town, with little loss.”

Thornhaugh's regiment ;" but hearing of Cromwell's brave intentions in this matter solicited leave to join him in the enterprise, and a lasting bond of friendship was thereafter sealed betwixt them. Cromwell had perhaps the most surprising faculty in selecting his friends or agents of any man that ever played a great part in the world ; and it might possibly be taken as in some sort an evidence of the purity of his present motives that he now selected Ireton. Eleven years the junior of Cromwell, this gallant and virtuous man had been bred to the bar, and had distinguished himself thus early by the projection of various legal and constitutional reforms of a very striking and philosophical character. His opinions, however, were all republican, and his integrity so stern and uncompromising*, that no worldly motives or advantages ever changed or modified those convictions of his mind. Nor did military services ever transport him out of philosophical or meditative habits, since he was able with amazing facility, as Hume has with a misplaced sneer observed, " to graft the soldier on the lawyer, the statesman on the saint." Three years after the relief of Gainsborough, this excellent person married Cromwell's eldest daughter, Bridget, then in her twenty-first year — having, instantly upon the former action, Mrs. Hutchinson tells us, " quite left colonel Thornhaugh's regiment" to join that of the greater colonel whose conduct and genius had " charmed him."

These individual successes, meanwhile, availed little against serious reverses lately undergone by the parliament. Even after relieving Gainsborough Cromwell was obliged to draw off towards Boston, which he did in masterly order ; slowly retreating before the overwhelming force of the main body of Newcastle's army, yet presenting at every step of his retreat " a bold front to his pursuers, and appearing to invite rather than shun

* Ludlow says of him in after years, that " when he heard of a bill brought into parliament in his absence, to settle upon him two thousand a year in land, in his character of lord deputy of Ireland, he expressed his displeasure, and said, they had many just debts, which he wished they would pay, before they made such presents ; that, for their land, he had no need of it, and therefore would not have it."

an encounter." Newcastle, however, marched straight on to Gainsborough, recovered that place, and made himself master of Lincoln.

In the west it was, however, that the king's forces were at this time chiefly successful. The letter already quoted from the Grenvil manuscripts referred to some of these successes; and the fight of Braddock Down, where sir Ralph Hopton commanded the royal troops, was a decided victory. In this Grenvil greatly distinguished himself, and the rout of the parliamentarians was complete. Shortly after, however, I find from these manuscripts, Grenvil wrote from Okehampton to "his best friend" thus: — "DEARE LOVE, — I will write a hasty line by my cos. Parker. We march'd wth some foote and horse from Plimpton to prevent the enemy from gathering power at Tavistock, where he forbare to come for feare of us. We then marcht to Okehampton to finde him, we being sure they were there wth 5000 men, but they ran away before we came. There were sent some horse & dragoons to Chagford to pursue them in the night, but for want of good foote, & the approach to the towne being very hard, *our men were forct to retire againe after they were in, & one losse we have sustain'd that is unvalluable, to witt SYDNEY GODOLPHIN is slaine in the attempt, who was as gallant a gent. as the world had.* I have time for no more. Y^rs ever B. GRENVILE."

Godolphin* was indeed a loss,—and it is moreover

* Of this accomplished man, Clarendon speaks in a passage of his own life, which should not be omitted here:—"There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so little room; so large an understanding and so unrestrained a fancy, in so very small a body; so that the lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient into his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company, where he was the properer man; and it may be, the very remarkableness of his little person, made the sharpness of his wit, and the composed quickness of his judgment and understanding, the more notable. He had spent some years in France, and in the Low Countries; and accompanied the earl of Leicester in his ambassage into Denmark, before he resolved to be quiet, and attend some promotion in the court; where his excellent disposition and manners, and extraordinary qualifications, made him very acceptable. Though every body loved his company very well, yet he loved very much to be alone, being in his constitution inclined somewhat to melancholy, and to retirement amongst his books; and was so far from

clear from the tone of the letter, that the western parliamentary men were rallying once more. They had in fact been elevated by the news of assistance providing for them by the parliament, and sir Ralph Hopton now foolishly offered siege to the unimportant garrison of Plymouth, dividing his army for that purpose, instead of concentrating it on one point towards Tavistock, to clear the country to the eastward, where the parliamentarians were collecting strength. The latter had been the advice of Grenvil, whose next communications to his wife, crumpled, soiled, and torn as his fortunes, are accordingly most melancholy and desponding. The first is dated from Plympton and presents several characteristic points.

"MY DEARE LOVE,—Y^r great care & good affection, as they are very remarkable, so they deserve my best thanks, & I could wish that the subject w^{ch} you bestowe them upon, could better requite you. I shall returne your Messenger wth *but little certainty concerning our present Condition.* Our Army lyes still in severall quarters. S^r Ra. Hopton wth my Lo: Mohun, is upon the north side of Plimouth wth two Regim^{ts}, Collo: Ashbourn: S^r Js: Bark: & I. are on the east side wth two Regim^{ts}: & S^r Ni: Glan: with Jack Trevan: & their two Regim^{ts} were sent the last weeke to Modbury to possesse that quarter before the enemy came, being the richest part of this Countrey, whence most of our

being active, that he was contented to be reproached by his friends with laziness; and was of so nice and tender a composition, that a little rain or wind would disorder him, and divert him from any short journey. He had most willingly proposed to himself; inasmuch as when he rid abroad with those in whose company he most delighted, if the wind chanced to be in his face, he would (after a little pleasant murmuring) suddenly turn his horse and go home: Yet the civil war no sooner began (the first approaches towards which he discovered as soon as any man, by the proceedings in parliament, where he was a member, and opposed with great indignation) than he put himself into the first troops which were raised in the west for the king; and bore the uncertainties and fatigue of winter marches, with an *exemplar courage and alacrity*; until by too brave a pursuit of the enemy, into an obscure village in Devonshire, he was shot with a musket; with which (without saying any word more, than, oh God, I am hurt) he fell dead from his horse; to the excessive grief of his friends, who were all that knew him; and the irreparable damage of the public."

provision & victualls does come. If it were taken from us we might be starv'd in our quarters. Modbery lyes 6 miles to the Eastward of us, & now the Enemy wth all the power y^t they can gather of those that we dispersed at Okeham: & Chag: & other aydes advanc'd wthin two mile of eu . . . at Modbu: *they are many thousand as the report goes, and we are like to have speedy worke.* We have sent more ayde to them both of horse and foote. *God speed us well.* Plimouth is still supplied wth men & all sorts of provision by sea w^{ch} we cannot hinder & therefore for my part I see no hope of taking it. So now *the most danger that hangs over the Kg's side is in these parts,* for he hath had great successe in those parts where he is. Cissiter w^{ch} Prince Rupert tooke, hath drawne in all Gloucestershire. The Citties of Gloucester & Bristoll do offer to render themselves wthout force, & they are places of great importance. The Earle of Newcastle hath given the Parlt^s power a great defeate in Yorkshire. The Queene is cominge wth good Ayde to the King. The Parl: did attempt to force severall quarters where the Kg's Army lay, & were beaten off wth great losse to themselves in all places. We have advertizmt: that some ayde is coming from his Mat^{tie} to us, *but it is soe slowe as we shall need it before we see it.* *But Gods will be done, I am satisfied I cannot expire in a better cause.* I have given some directions to Jack for his study, pray cause him to putt them in execution, & to make some exercise in verse or prose every day. Intreat my Cos. . . & Bar: Geal: to take a little paines with him. I have releas'd the Prisoners that Bar: Geal: wrote for. Lett Cap: Stanb: know, it is all one to me whither he goe by Byd: or Pads: so he make haste. & now to conclude, I beseech you take care of y^r health, I have nothing so much in my prayers. *Y^r Phisition Jennings is turnd a Traytor wth the rest, wherby he hath lost my love, & I am doubtfull to trust you wth him.* Present my humble duety & thanks to y^r moth^r; & I beseech God to blesse y^r young people. I rest y^r owne

ever BEVILL GRENVILE. . . . My new cap is a little to straight. . . . I know not what forme of a Certificate it is that Jo: Geal: desires, but if he will send it to me drawne, I will gett it sign'd."

At last Hopton abandoned the siege of Plymouth, and joined his forces once more at Tavistock. Grenvil immediately after writes thus to the lady Grace:—
 "DEERE LOVE,—There have been some changes since I wrote last, we have raised our seige of Plimouth w^{ch} *for my part I never expected could have been successfull,* yet in submission to better judgm^{ts} I gave way, & we are now at Tavistock, united againe in one boddy. The party of ours w^{ch} was at Modbury indur'd a cruell assault for 12 howers against many thousand men, & kill'd many of them, wth the losse of fewe and some hurt, but ours at last were forc'd to retire to Plimpton for want of Amunition, having spent all their stock. We are still threatned, but *I hope God's favour will not forsake us.* Yr Neighbour of Gouldon, I heare, is one of the dead at Modbury, & *will not now plunder y^r Countrey if it be true.* If my Soldier Hugh Ching continue sick, pray lett there be care had of him, & lett him not want what you can helpe him. Bidd Tom Ainsley have speciall care of the busines I have now writt to him. give my duety to yr mother & I beseech God to keepe and blesse you all, & *if it be his will to send us a happie meeting, so prayeth y^r faithfull BEVILL GRENVILE.* . . . I have sent home some peare graffs, lett them be carefully graffed, some by Brute & some by Jo. Skiñer. I beseech you make Jack to pursue the directions I have given him. . . . I did send home some Peare graffs from Truroe about Michaelmas, lett them be carefully graffed also, & note w^h is one & w^{ch} the other."

The happy meeting prayed for in this touching letter, was doomed never to take place. After some important successes gained by Hopton, Waller entered the western counties with a small but well appointed army, and fought the disputed battle of Lansdowne; the result of

which, let the victory be disputed as it may, certainly was to leave the parliamentary general quartered that night in Bath, at the foot of the contested hill, while Hopton was borne off the field with heavy wounds, his army retreating at the same time towards Oxford, and leaving behind them, among the dead bodies of their chief officers, that of the brave and honourable sir Bevill Grenvil. A very short time elapsed, however, before the royalists rallied, and in an action near Devizes totally routed and dispersed the army of sir William Waller.

Waller, on his return to London, mortified, deserted, and defeated, was yet received with honour, "as if," says Clarendon with wonder, "he had brought the king prisoner with him." Yet here admiration would be better timed than wonder. The feeling that inspired the parliament in such a policy, was that of the Roman senate in congratulating the general who was defeated at Cannæ, that he had not despaired of his country. It was only by such noble and elevated disregard of all petty jealousies, that these great statesmen held their forces together and subdued the jealousies of their chiefs, till fortune flung upon their side once more the chances of battle.

Never was the cause of the parliament in such danger as now. The divisions and jealousies that had sprung up — the fatal imbecility and suspected treachery of Essex — the crowning disaster of the death of Hampden — with the yet unshrinking decision and fortitude of Pym, applied with success to the healing even of such wounds as these — have already been placed before the reader by the writer of this memoir.* In the life of Vane, the masterly act of statesmanship resolved on at this time, has also been commemorated. The commissioners for the Solemn League and Covenant were now settling their great act in Edinburgh.

Exertions were not, meanwhile, wanting in England, while the Scottish supply was waited for. May, the

* In the Lives of Pym and Hampden.

historian of the long parliament, has described in a memorable passage, the resolution shown by the Londoners, when their great stronghold was threatened. "London," he says, "was at this time unfortified; nor could she, if the enemy, then master of the field, had come upon her, have opposed any walls, but such as those old Sparta used, the hearts of her courageous citizens. But now was begun the large intrenchment, which encompassed not only the city, but the suburbs on every side, containing about twelve miles in circuit. That great work was by many hands completed in a short time; *it being then the practice for thousands to go out every day to dig; all professions, trades, and occupations, taking their turns; not the inferior tradesmen only, but gentlemen of the best quality, knights, and ladies, for the encouragement of others, resorted to the works daily, not as spectators, but assistants, carrying themselves spades, mattocks, and other suitable implements:* so that it became a pleasant spectacle at London, to see them going out in such order and numbers, with drums beating before them; which put life into the drooping people, being taken for a happy omen, *that in so low a condition they yet seemed not to despair.*" The Cause was one which admitted not of despair, which, in the words of one of its noblest advocates, gave *life in death* to all the owners of it and all the sufferers for it.

Essex with his army reinforced, and his jealousies compromised, was now active in the field once more; while jealousies, worse than any that had affected the parliament's success, ravaged the victorious forces of the king. Charles's original commander in chief, lord Lindsey, had fallen in the Edgehill fight, and the chief command had then been given to the king's nephew, prince Rupert, a young man only twenty-three years of age, brave, but rash, impetuous, and with all the headstrong and plundering propensities of a mere soldier of fortune. He received the appointment of general of the royal horse, with a fatal clause in his commission exempting him from receiving any orders but from

Charles himself. The first effect of this was disastrous in the extreme. For if the high spirited and chivalrous Newcastle had joined Charles and Rupert in the south after the victory of Atherton Moor, instead of marching back to the north to avoid the mortification of receiving orders and perhaps insolence from Rupert, the result might have been hard to tell. In the same way prince Maurice—a youth of only twenty-two, with all the bad qualities of his brother Rupert and none of his talent—harassed Hertford, whose lieutenant-general in the command of the west he was, so as to render almost of no avail Fiennes' ill-fated surrender of Bristol. And now, instead of co-operation upon one great point, Charles was at Gloucester, and Newcastle sat down before Hull.

To Gloucester, therefore, Essex directed a movement with his reinforced army, and so well did he perform it that the sound of his cannon was Charles's first announcement of his approach. The royalists broke up in some confusion, and retired with the view of disputing the London road. Essex relieved and supplied Gloucester, and, anxious to avoid a battle with the king's superior cavalry, resolved to manœuvre his way back to London. He first marched to Tewkesbury, where he lay five days, and made demonstrations as if he had intended to proceed northward to Worcester. But, by a forced march during the night, he reached Cirencester, obtaining the double advantage of passing unmolested through an open country, and of surprising a convoy of provisions which lay in that town, where he also took upwards of 400 prisoners. Having marched hence into Wiltshire, and now advancing towards the Auburn hills with the view of proceeding through an inclosed country to Newbury, prince Rupert suddenly molested him with some divisions of horse, and in a skirmish some short distance from Hungerford nearly 2000 men were killed or wounded. In this skirmish an incident occurred, so characteristic yet so little known, that the reader will excuse its insertion from a rare tract entitled the "Life and Death of Robert Earl of Essex," by an officer who

served under him. "Our horse," he says, "here made a great impression upon the queen's regiment of horse, and charged them again and again, and cut in pieces many of her life-guard. In this service the marquis of Vivile was taken prisoner: *it seems he would not be known who he was; but endeavouring to rescue himself from a lieutenant that took him prisoner, and thereupon, having his head almost cloven asunder with a pole-ax, he acknowledged himself, in the last words he spoke, which were, VOUS VOYEZ UN GRAND MARQUIS MOURANT!* that is, you see a great marquis dying. His dead body was carried to Hungerford, by the lord general's command. It had not been long there, but the king did send a trumpet to his excellency, conceiving that the marquis had been wounded only and taken prisoner, and desired that his surgeons and doctors might have free access unto him for his recovery. His excellency certified the trumpet that he was dead, and returned his body to the king, to receive those funeral rites as his majesty would give it. Some say, that his body was ransomed for 300 pieces of gold."

Essex arrived at Newbury at last, but to his surprise found that Charles and the royalist army had been there two hours before him. An action was unavoidable now, and Essex met the crisis gallantly. He accepted the king's challenge for battle on the morning of the following day.

"All that night," says the officer I have just quoted, in a fine description which appears in none of the histories and therefore may be welcomed by the reader here—"all that night our army lay in the fields, impatient of the sloth of darkness, and wishing for the morning's light, to exercise their valour; and the rather, because the king had sent a challenge over night to the lord general, to give him battle the next morning. A great part of the enemy's army continued also in the field incapable of sleep, their enemy being so nigh; and, sometimes looking on the ground, they thought upon the melancholy element of which they were composed, and to

which they must return; and sometimes looking up, they observed the silent marches of the stars, and the moving scene of heaven. The day no sooner did appear, but they were marshalled into order, and advanced to the brow of the hill; and not long after, the ordnance was planted, and the whole body of their horse and foot stood in battalia. *The officers and commanders of their foot did many of them leave off their doublets, and, with daring resolution, did bring on their men; and, as if they came rather to triumph than to fight, they, in their shirts, did lead them up to the battle.* The first that gave the charge, was the most noble lord Roberts, whose actions speak him higher than our epithets. He performed it with great resolution, and by his own example, shewed excellent demonstrations of valour to his regiment. The cavalry of the enemy performed also their charge most bravely, and gave in with a mighty impression upon him. A prepared body of our army made haste to relieve him. Upon this, two regiments of the king's horse, with a fierce charge, saluted the blue regiment of the London trained-bands, who gallantly discharged upon them, and did beat them back; but they, being no whit daunted at it, wheeled about, and on a sudden charged them. Our musqueteers did again discharge, and that with so much violence and success, that they sent them now, *not wheeling but reeling from them;* and yet, for all that, they made a third assault, and coming in full squadrons, they did the utmost of their endeavour to break through our ranks; but a cloud of bullets came at once so thick from our musquets, and made such a havock amongst them, both of men and horse, that, in a fear, full of confused speed, they did fly before us, and did no more adventure upon so warm a service.

“In the mean time, sir Philip Stapleton performed excellent service with the lord general's regiment of horse, and five times together did charge the enemy: but, above all, the renown and glory of this day is most justly due unto the resolution and conduct of our general;

for, before the battle was begun, he did ride from one regiment to another, and did inflame them with courage, and perceiving in them all an eager desire to battle with their enemies, he collected to himself a sure presage of victory to come. I have heard, that when, in the heat and tempest of the fight, some friends of his did advise him to leave off his white hat, because it rendered him an object too remarkable to the enemy: *No*, replied the earl, *it is not the hat, but the heart. The hat is not capable either of fear or honour.* He, himself, being foremost in person, did lead up the city regiment, and when a vast body of the enemy's horse had given so violent a charge, that they had broken quite through it, he quickly rallied his men together, and, with undaunted courage, did lead them up the hill. In his way he did beat the infantry of the king from hedge to hedge, and did so scatter them, that hardly any of the enemy's foot appeared at that present to him, to keep together in a body. After six hours long fight, with the assistance of his horse, he gained those advantages which the enemy possessed in the morning, which were the hill, the hedges, and the river.

“ In the mean time, a party of the enemy's horse, in a great body, wheeled about, and about three quarters of a mile below the hill, they did fall upon the rear of our army, where our carriages were placed; to relieve which, his excellency sent a selected party from the hill to assist their friends, who were deeply engaged in the fight. These forces, marching down the hill, did meet a regiment of horse of the enemy's, *who, in their hats, had branches of furz and broom, which our army did that day wear, for distinction sake, to be known by one another from their adversaries,* and they cried out to our men, *Friends, friends;* but, they being discovered to be enemies, our men gave fire upon them, and having some horse to second the execution, they did force them farther from them. Our men being now marched to the bottom of the hill, they increased the courage of their friends, and, after a sharp conflict, they forced the

king's horse to fly with remarkable loss, having left the ground strewed with the carcasses of their horses and riders.

"And now his excellency, having planted his ordnance on the top of the hill, did thunder against the enemy, where he found their numbers to be thickest; and the king's ordnance (being yet on the same hill) did play with the like fury against the forces of his excellency. The cannon on each side did *dispute with one another*, as if the battle was but new begun. The trained-bands of the city of London endured the chiefest heat of the day, and had the honour to win it; for being now upon the brow of the hill, they lay not only open to the horse, but the cannon of the enemy; *yet they stood undaunted, and conquerors against all; and, like a grove of pines in a day of wind and tempest, they only moved their heads or arms, but kept their footing sure*, unless, by an improvement of honour, they advanced forward to pursue their advantage on their enemies.

"Although the night did now draw on, yet neither of the armies did draw off. The enemy's horse, in a great body, did stand on the furthest side of the hill, and the broken remainders of their foot, behind them; and having made some pillage, about the middle of the night, they drew off their ordnance, and retreated unto Newbury. On the next morning, his excellency, *being absolute master of the field, did marshal again his soldiers into order to receive the enemy, if he had any stomach to the field, and to that purpose discharged a piece of ordnance, but no enemy appearing, he marched towards Reading*. The loss which the king's forces received in this memorable battle, is remarkable, for besides the multitudes that were carried away in carts, there were divers found that were buried in pits and ditches. There were many personages of note and honour slain; as the earl of Carnarvon, the earl of Sunderland, the lord of Falkland, more famous for his pen, than for his sword; colonel Morgan, lieutenant colonel Fielding, Mr. Strode, and others: there were hurt the lord Andover, sir

Charles Lucas, colonel Charles Gerrard, colonel Ewers, the earl of Carlisle, the earl of Peterborough, lieutenant colonel George Lisle, sir John Russel, Mr. Edward Sackville, Mr. Henry Howard, Mr. George Porter, Mr. Progers, col. Darcy, lieutenant colonel Edward Villars, and many more of note and eminence, whose names are unknown unto us. . . . On the parliament side, there were slain, colonel Tucker, captain George Massey, and captain Hunt, and not any more of quality that I can learn."

In this very striking and beautiful description are presented all the more memorable characteristics of this fatal civil strife. We see the daring and impetuous dash of the royalists, touched with something of unnecessary bravado, and met by the steady and immovable determination of the parliamentarians. In vain, yet in vain, and again in vain, the impetuous Rupert dashes on the rampart of invincible pikes held by the raw recruits of London, men, as lord Clarendon observes in speaking of this action, "of whose inexperience of danger, or any kind of service, beyond the easy practice of their postures in the artillery garden, men had till then too cheap an estimation."* We have before us, too, the most terrible feature of all, in those expedients to distinguish friends and foes which had become so fearfully necessary among men whose faces were familiar as those of brother to brother, who owned the same country, who spoke the same language. The result of the battle has been disputed, but surely they must be supposed to have been the victors who gained possession of the town, and were suffered to proceed next morning, unmolested, on their march to London.

This fight of Newbury cannot be left without a word to the eminent men who fell there. Four earls perished on that field, and of them were the youthful and be-

* His lordship adds that "they behaved themselves to wonder,"—standing as a bulwark and rampire to defend the the rest—enduring without a shock the charges of Rupert and his choicest horse, "who could make no impression on their stand of pikes, but was forced to wheel about." Vol. iv. p. 236.

loved Sunderland, and the travelled and accomplished Carnarvon. But the loss to the royalist party most deeply deplored,—“a loss which no time would suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good fortune could repair,”—was that of Charles's secretary of state, lord Falkland; a person, exclaims lord Clarendon, in all the fervour of a true affection, “of such prodigious learning and knowledge, of such inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that, if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity. . . . He was a great cherisher,” his friend continues, “of wit and fancy and good parts in any man; and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune. . . . His house being within ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university; who found such an immenseness of wit and such a solidity of judgment in him; so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination; such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything; yet such an excessive humility as if he had known nothing; that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, *as in a college situated in a purer air*; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study; and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. . . . From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him which he had never been used to; . . . he who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became, on a sudden, less communicable; and thence

very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had intended before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a mind, he was now not only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (who were strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . . When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and *sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shriek and sad accent, ingeminate the word PEACE PEACE*; and would passionately profess 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' . . . In the morning before the battle, *as always upon action, he was very cheerful*, and put himself into the first rank of the lord Byron's regiment, who was then advancing upon the enemy who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of his belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the business of life, that the oldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: whosoever leads such a life, need not care upon how short warning it be taken from him."* In the presence of

* Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, vol. iv. pp. 240—257. From lord Clarendon's life, I take a most graphic and singular description, little

such an eulogium, which in itself renders its object sacred, the faults or errors of lord Falkland may not be

known, of lord Falkland's person:—"With these advantages he had one great disadvantage (which in the first entrance into the world is attended with too much prejudice) in his person and presence, which was in no degree attractive or promising: *His stature was low, and smaller than most men; his motion not graceful, and his aspect so far from inviting, that it had somewhat in it of unpleasing; and his voice the worst of the three, and so untuned, that instead of reconciling, it offended the ear, so that nobody would have expected music from that tongue; and sure no man was less beholden to nature for its recommendation into the world, but then no man sooner, or more disappointed this general and customary prejudice; that little person and small stature was quickly found to contain a great heart, a courage so keen, and a nature so fearless, that no composition of the strongest limbs, and most harmonious and proportioned presence and strength, ever more disposed any man to the greatest enterprise; it being his greatest weakness to be too solicitous for such adventures; and that untuned tongue and voice, easily discovered itself to be supplied, and governed, by a mind and understanding so excellent, that the wit and weight of all he said, carried another kind of lustre, and admiration in it, and even another kind of acceptance from the persons present, than any ornament of delivery could reasonably promise itself, or is usually attended with; and his disposition and nature was so gentle and obliging, so much delighted in courtesy, kindness, and generosity, that all mankind could not but admire and love him. . . . In a short time after he had possession of the estate his grandfather had left him, and before he was of age, he committed a fault against his father, in marrying a young lady, whom he passionately loved, without any considerable portion. . . . He seemed to have his estate in trust, for all worthy persons, who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as Ben Jonson, and many others of that time, whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to, ordinary obligations; which yet they were contented to receive from him, because his bounties were so generously distributed, and so much without vanity and ostentation, that except from those few persons, from whom he sometimes received the characters of fit objects for his benefits, or whom he intrusted, for the more secret deriving them to them, he did all he could, that the persons themselves who received them should not know from what fountain they flowed; and when that could not be concealed, he sustained any acknowledgment from the persons obliged with so much trouble, and bashfulness, that they might well perceive, that he was even ashamed of the little he had given, and to receive so large a recompence from it."*

Nor can I conclude this note without other striking and characteristic anecdotes from the history. "He was so ill a dissembler of his dislike and disinclination to ill men, that it was not possible for such not to discern it. There was once, in the house of commons, such a declared acceptance of the good service an eminent member had done to them, and, as they said, to the whole kingdom, that it was moved, he being present, 'that the speaker might, in the name of the whole house, give him thanks; and then, that every member might, as a testimony of his particular acknowledgment, stir or move his hat towards him;' the which (though not ordered) when very many did, the lord Falkland (who believed the service itself not to be of that moment, and that an honourable and generous person would not have stooped to it for any recompence,) instead of moving his hat, stretched both his arms out and clasped his hands together upon the crown of his hat, and held it close down to his head; that all men might see, how odious that flattery was to him, and the very approbation of the person, though at that time most popular. . . . At the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friends passionately reprehended him for exposing

remembered. Whitelocke and Rushworth have detailed in a similar strain, the circumstances of his death. On the morning of the fight, they tell us, he called for a clean shirt, and told his friends gaily, that if he were slain in the battle they should not find his body in foul linen ;— in answer to their serious and passionate entreaty to him not to engage, " as not being a military man," he more seriously and with an air of inexpressible sadness replied that he was weary of his country's misery, and " did believe he should be out of it ere night."

During these eventful occurrences Cromwell remained in Lincolnshire, and performed so many signal acts of service, in that and the neighbouring counties, that the commons ordered a levy of an additional 2000 men* to be placed under his command, and he was joined with Manchester (formerly lord Kimbolton, but now raised to the peerage by his father's death) in the command of the six associated counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Huntingdon, and Hertford. The ill advised separation of Newcastle and the king, among other disastrous effects to the royal cause, of course opened Manchester's passage from London to Lincolnshire, where, with

his person unnecessarily to danger (as he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood against it, he would say merrily, ' that his office could not take away the privileges of his age ; and that a *secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger* ; ' but withal alleged seriously, ' that it concerned him to be more active in enterprizes of hazard, than any other men ; that all might see, that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person.' "

* We find by a journal of the day that this new levy was at once placed under his peculiar discipline : — " Now all the Lincolnshire forces are joined with colonel Cromwell, God grant they manage the business they go about better than it was at Newark in their former action. As for colonel Cromwell, he hath 2000 more brave men, well disciplined. No man swears but he pays his twelve pence ; if he be drunk, he is set in the stocks, or worse ; if one calls the other round-head, he is cashiered ; inasmuch that the countries where they come leap for joy of them, and come in and join with them. How happy were it if all the forces were thus disciplined. Some say that the lord Gray and sir John Gell will join with them — they could not do a better work than to go and relieve that thrice noble and valiant lord Fairfax, whose condition in Leeds is such as it wants relief." — *Spec. Paz.* May 9—16, 1643.

upwards of 7000 infantry, he at once joined Cromwell. At the same moment Newcastle's advance against Hull released sir Thomas Fairfax and his horse—of no service in a beleaguered town—and Cromwell was also joined in Lincolnshire by that already famous as modest soldier. It was now verging to the close of the fighting season of 1643. On the 9th of October the junction was effected at Boston, and on the 11th, the command being nominally Manchester's but in reality Cromwell's, the campaign began.

On marching against Hull, lord Newcastle, in addition to strong garrisons left in Lincoln and Gainsborough, had committed the royal posts of the county to a brave and veteran officer, sir John Henderson, who earnestly desired, and eagerly watched for an opportunity, to measure swords with Cromwell. The opportunity occurred on the 12th, when, by a capital manœuvre, Henderson came up with Fairfax, Cromwell, and their cavalry, at Waisby field, near Horncastle, while Manchester was yet with his infantry a long day's march in the rear,—and threatened destruction to them with a force almost thrice as numerous as their own. Cromwell paused for a moment—drew up his men—and resolved to give battle. "Come," said the gallant Fairfax with inspiration scarcely second to his own, "let us fall on! I never prospered better than when I fought against the enemy three or four to one."*

Then was seen the secret of Cromwell's extraordinary influence over his determined Ironsides. In an instant he circulated through their ranks the watch-word—**TRUTH and PEACE**—gave out a psalm which the officers and men at once, as the Greek soldiers took up their song of freedom uplifted with united voices, and then

* The Scottish Dove, Oct. 15.—30, 1643. The same journal closes its account thus:—"There were slain in the pursuit (which was full six miles) about 600; and many drowned in the chase: 114 were found dead in the water and mires the next day: there was also about 700 or 800 taken prisoners, and 15 colours at the least; these were brought in the first night, also their waggons; many more colours it is like were lost in the chase: the horse and arms that were taken were more than the men doubled."

rushed, on Cromwell's word to charge in the name of the Most High, on the astonished enemy. A volley struck them in mid-charge, but did little execution — they clapped spurs to their horses with more furious zeal, and receiving another volley as they fell upon the advancing royalist column, it struck down the horse of Cromwell. His rider was in frightful danger for a while, and as he rose from the ground was again struck down by the hand (as it was thought) of sir Ingram Hopton. For some moments he lay unconscious among the slain. Again recovering, he seized a "sorry horse" from one of his troopers, and joined the hand to hand *mêlée* with terrible fierceness. The royalists, broken, astonished, and dismayed, had never recovered the first shock. They now gave way in all directions, and did not stop their flight, till, after suffering terrible slaughter, they had reached the gates of Lincoln.*

This engagement had a striking effect. It closed the disastrous campaign of 1643 with a gleam of brightest hope for the parliamentary cause. It so startled Charles that he is reported to have exclaimed to his friends, "I would that some would do me the good fortune to bring Cromwell to me, alive or dead!" It moved Newcastle from his position, for, as soon as he heard of it, having also, just before, suffered from a gallant sortie out of Hull, conducted by Fairfax's father, he raised the siege and disposed his forces into winter quarters.

Not so Cromwell and Manchester. They had yet some work to do. Castles and fortified towns were taken by them, money raised, royalists kept in check, garrisons strengthened, and the entire borders of the eastern association placed in a state of security. Not till all this had been completely done, and the increasing severity of the weather left no opportunity for such

* Ludlow's account will be found to bear out this description. "At the words 'Truth and Peace,' Cromwell's 'thirty-seven troops of horse and dragoons,' he observes, 'himself at their head, advanced, singing psalms; reserving their charge, however, until sir John Henderson's 'eighty-seven,' who were seen coming down upon them, had fired: for these latter," says Ludlow, "hearing that colonel Cromwell was drawn out with the horse, made haste to engage him before the foot could march up."

exertions farther, were their forces disposed for the winter.

Yet not even this put a stop, however temporary, to the exertions of Cromwell. Under a commission from the parliament, he was appointed lieutenant governor of the Isle of Ely, ("with the like power of levying money there for his forces as the earl of Manchester had in the associated counties,") and he chiefly employed the winter in raising funds, by means allowable or otherwise, from the colleges in Cambridge and the cathedrals of Peterborough* and Ely, for the purposes of the ensuing campaign.

His exertions in Cambridge, however, had another and more important object in addition to this. The tendencies of both universities, it is almost needless to say, were of the strongest possible kind towards the cause of Charles, since the cause of the church was supposed to be identified with his person. Their means of disseminating those opinions were also great, and their

* The royalist *Mercurius Aulicus* tells us that in "Cambridge the lord Grey of Warke and Master Cromwell did the last week deal very earnestly with the heads of colleges to lend 6000*l.* for the public use; and that the motion not being harkened to, they kept them all in custody till midnight, except Dr. Brownrigg, the bishop of Exeter, and Dr. Love; that the said heads being advised to assemble the next day about it, and refusing to do so, were called to the lord Grey's lodging, and being asked the reason of their refusal, made answer by the bishop of Exeter, whom they had chosen for their speaker, that they had before consulted the whole university, who had resolved that they could not comply with their desires in that particular, as being directly against their consciences; that Cromwell, when he found them stick to their resolution, said to a friend of his who was then in the place, they would have been content with a 1000*l.* or less for the present turn; not that so little money could have done them good, but that the people might have thought that one of the two universities had been on their side. And it was also certified, that when they failed to get money by that means, in a fair and voluntary way, they took by violence from the bursars of diverse colleges such monies as were already brought in unto them; and from the tenants of such colleges as dwelt near at hand, such monies as they had in readiness to pay their rents; and well we know what they were counted in the former times, when law and justice were in fashion, who, when a man refused to deliver his purse, used to take it from him.... It was advertized," says a subsequent number of the journal quoted above, "this day from Peterborough that colonel Cromwell had bestowed a visit upon that little city, and put them to the charge of his entertainment, plundering a great part thereof to discharge the reckoning; and further, that in pursuance of the thorough reformation, he did most miserably deface the cathedral church, break down the organs, and destroy the glass windows, committing many outrages on the house of God, which were not acted by the Goths in the sack of Rome, and are most commonly forborne by the Turks, when they possess themselves by force of a Christian city."

influence, in proportion, of a kind and degree which it was most necessary, if possible, to reduce. Oxford was in the power of the royalists and therefore out of the question, but Cambridge was happily in that part of the kingdom where the military strength of the parliament lay. Cromwell accordingly, to prepare the way for the changes contemplated, garrisoned the town, and when, some short time after, Manchester visited the university with the parliament's commission for effecting its reform, Cromwell was his chief adviser and agent in all that was done. Matters had changed a little now since the wild days of his studentship there!

The reform may be briefly described. It began by a recognition and confirmation of the foundation and revenues of the university, in the shape of an order issued by the two houses, and declaring that, — whereas doubts had been suggested, upon the ordinance for the sequestration of the estates of delinquents, whether the estates of the different bodies in that university came within the operation of the ordinance — the meaning of parliament was that these estates and revenues should be in no wise sequestrable, but that the sequestrations should fall merely upon the individual who had been pronounced delinquent, and that no longer than during the time that he would otherwise have received or enjoyed those revenues. Another ordinance was then passed, empowering the earl of Manchester to appoint committees, who were entitled to call before them all provosts, masters, fellows, and students of the university, and to hear complaints against such as were scandalous in their lives, ill affected to the parliament, fomenters of the present unnatural war, or who had deserted the ordinary places of their residence; and to examine witnesses in support of these complaints. The committees were to make their report to the serjeant major general, who had power to eject such as he should judge unfit for their offices, and to put in their places persons whom he should nominate, and who should be approved by the assembly of divines sitting at Westminster.

Accordingly, immediately on Manchester's arrival, he issued his warrants to the different colleges and halls in the university, forthwith to send to him their statutes, with the names of their members, and to certify to him who were present, and who absent, with the express time of their discontinuance. Two days later, he sent to the officers of the different colleges, requiring them to appear before him within a certain limited time to answer such inquiries as he or his commissioners might judge fit to make. Three days after this stipulated period the great reform took place, and is thus described by Mr. Godwin: — "The number of the colleges was sixteen; and of these the heads of six were allowed, and gave their consent, to retain their former stations. Ten new heads of colleges were appointed; and these appear to have been selected with great propriety and judgment. Two of them were Benjamin Whichcote and Ralph Cudworth, men of unquestionable literary eminence, but particularly the latter, qualified to do honour to any seminary for education in the world. Another was Thomas Young, the preceptor and friend of Milton. The remainder, though their names are not so familiar to our ears, were men of great learning, high respectability, and unblemished life. A few days later, sixty-five fellows were ejected from the different colleges, and their places filled by others, nominated by Manchester, and approved by the assembly of divines. The ordinance of parliament empowered the serjeant major general to dispose of a fifth part of all the estates or revenues he should sequester, for the benefit of the relatives of the persons ejected."

The tremendous campaign of 1644 now began. On the 19th of January, 1644, 20,000 Scotchmen, for the most part veteran soldiers and under the guidance of experienced officers, crossed the Tweed to co-operate with the parliamentary forces. Such was the opportune fruit borne by that solemn League and Covenant which the genius of Vane had achieved.* Charles, meanwhile,

* See *Life of Vane*, pp. 58—67.

had made truce with the rebels * in Ireland, and thousands at this time joining the royal standard from that ill-fated country, enlarged and exasperated the now incurable and deadly division between Charles and his more determined subjects.

The forces of the parliament were at the opening of this campaign distributed in four great divisions. Essex and Waller had each 10,000 men for the midland counties and the west — under Manchester and Cromwell (who now held the superior commission of lieutenant general) 14,000 men chiefly of Cromwell's invincible model were enrolled for the associated counties of the east — and Fairfax and his father were ordered to co-operate with the Scots. Charles, on the other hand, held a force of 10,000 at Oxford, and in the north under Newcastle a force of 14,000. Ireland poured him forth auxiliaries also as from an inexhaustible hive, and in various quarters of the land garrisons and flying bands supplied him at his need. With the obstinate weakness of his character, however, while the rising genius of such men as Cromwell and Fairfax threatened an opposition in which even numbers should be as nothing, he named for his commander in chief, in the teeth of much remonstrance, Ruthven, a Scot, now created earl of Brentford, of whom lord Clarendon says, "he was much decayed in his parts, which had never been vigorous, being now dozed with the custom of immoderate drinking. He was illiterate to the greatest degree that can be imagined, and very deaf; a man of few words, but *who*

* Mr. Godwin has selected, from Wood, an anecdote of the king singularly illustrative of his feelings on the subject of Ireland. It appears that a manuscript copy was found, after the battle of Naseby, of sir Edward Walker's Discourses of the events of the civil war, in which, among several corrections in the king's own handwriting, it was observed that in one place where the writer had occasion to speak of these insurgents, and had styled them "rebels," the king had drawn his pen through the word "rebels," and had substituted the term "Irish" in its stead. In reality Charles felt an unconquerable repugnance to the chasing the Catholics of Ireland with the men who in England and Scotland had sought to curtail his prerogatives. The Catholics, however he might disapprove of much of their conduct, he still regarded as his friends, and still expected (which was realised at last) that they would furnish an army to support his claims against his rebel subjects in England.

usually delivered that as his opinion which he foresaw would be grateful to the king." Herein was the secret of his appointment.

Fairfax made the first movement of the campaign, in marching from Lincolnshire through the depths of a terrible winter against lord Byron, who, with an army of Irish, was then besieging Nantwich in Cheshire. Here Byron was routed with severe loss—of the 3000 foot he commanded, only 1000 having escaped death or capture. Fairfax was deficient in horse, and thereby the enemy's horse escaped. The notorious George Monk was taken prisoner in this action, and after some imprisonment in the Tower entered the parliament's service, became an active and influential general, and in the end the vile and appropriate instrument of the Restoration.

Answering the orders of the parliament, Fairfax now marched back to Yorkshire, joined his father lord Fairfax, with whom he defeated at Selby the royalist governor of York, colonel Bellasis, who had striven to interpose between the junction, and, once more master of the midland Yorkshire districts, prepared to march to the relief of the army of the covenant. The latter, under the command of lord Leven, were at this time much distressed in Northumberland by the force of the marquis of Newcastle—having crossed the Tyne, vainly threatened the town of Newcastle, and, as much harassed by want of provisions and forage as by the enemy's constant skirmishes and the weather, continued in face of the marquis's army without venturing to advance against him.

At this critical moment, when some resolution on the part of the royalist chief might have put a sudden and premature period to our old friends of the covenant, Fairfax's victory at Selby created a panic at York, and the marquis of Newcastle, at the earnest entreaty of his friends in that city (now so fearfully exposed), fell back on York, and opened for his enemies their most desired position. Fairfax and Leven met with their

forces at Wetherby on the 20th of April, and at once proceeded to invest York, into which the marquis had retired with his cavaliers. And now, by a most opportune movement, Manchester and Cromwell (young Vane at this time travelled with them) joined their splendid forces to those of the besiegers—broke off at once an armistice into which Newcastle, seriously alarmed for his safety, had contrived to inveigle Fairfax—and pushed their combined batteries against York with all necessary vigour. The attack of a town in those days, however, was not the matter of science it has since become; the forces, combined as they were, were yet insufficient for any regular investment of such a wide extent of walls divided by a river; and the siege of York was nothing more than an irregular blockade, diversified with furious sorties and, now and then, some desperate assaults on the outworks.

Meanwhile the movements of the midland and western forces claim our attention. Essex and Waller, with their 20,000 men, had marched against Charles in two divisions with the intention of shutting him up in Oxford. His situation became even more critical than that of Newcastle at York. The Isis was crossed by Waller, the Charwell by Essex, and the two armies seemed to hold in the forces of Charles, to be driven at will within the walls of the city.

In this extremity it was that one of the very ablest manœuvres of the whole war was accomplished by this unfortunate prince. A body of foot with cannon was ordered out at the south entrance of the city, as if for Abingdon, for the purpose of drawing Waller's attention on that side; and then the king, with all the cavalry, and 2500 chosen foot, quitted Oxford in silence at the north gate as soon as night set in on the 3d of June, and, marching between the two armies of the enemy, arrived at Hanborough by daybreak of the 4th, and in the afternoon halted for a short time at Burford. By quick and secret marches thus he arrived at Worcester and from Worcester at Bewdley.

While at Tickenhall (then called Ticknill) near Bewdley, news reached him from York of the dangerous position of the marquis of Newcastle—who had written that he could not hold out more than six weeks or two months without being relieved. The fate of the city and its besieged then at once struck Charles to be the imminent crisis of his cause, since supposing York surrendered, or the army of Newcastle were beaten or dispersed, Essex and Waller, already strong enough for him in the south and west, would become altogether irresistible by the accession of the northern armies. Flinging aside, therefore, his first project of effecting an ultimate and speedy junction in the south with Rupert (whose impetuosity had just effected some daring successes and diversions in Cheshire and Lancashire), and thus at least securing the probable safety of the midland counties—he at once sat down and wrote the following letter (dated Ticknill, 14 June, 1644) to his nephew. I copy it from the original, among the papers with which the kindness of lord Nugent has entrusted me.* The writing is shaken and unsteady. The hand of the writer, almost always unusually firm and beautiful, had been unable to hold its precision in that anxious and fatiguing moment. The letter presents a singular contrast in this respect to a short note to Rupert in the same collection, written from Newport, with extreme beauty and most exquisite firmness, within a few months of his execution.†

“NEPHEW, — First I must congratulat with you, for your good successes, assuring you that the things them-

* It was, however, in a slightly incorrect state, printed from some copy taken at the time (and preserved among sir Edward Nicholas's manuscripts) in the Evelyn Memoirs a few years ago.

† The mere style and manner of writing to his nephew in this note is also very touching. It is written on small note paper, and looks as if it had undergone much trouble and many adventures before it reached its destination. — “Newport, Saturday: 28 of Oct. 1648. DEAREST NEPHEW, — For want of a cypher, I have chosen this most trusty messenger Will. Lysle to acquaint you with a business wch is of great importance for my service; for wch I have comanded him to desyre, in my name, both your advise & assistance; of wch knowing your affection to me, I am so confident, that I will say no more, but only to desyre you, to give full credit to this bearer; & to give him a quick dispatch for his sake who is your loving Uncle and most faithfull friend
CHARLES R.”

selfes ar no more welcome to me, then that you ar the meanes: I know the importance of the supplying you with powder for w^{ch} I have taken all possible wais, having sent both to Ireland & Bristow; as from Oxford this bearer is well satisfied, that it is impossible to have at present; but if he tell you that I may spare them from hence, I leave you to judge, having but 36 left; but what I can gett from Bristow (of w^{ch} there is not much certaintie it being threatened to be besieged) you shall have. . . . But now I must give you the trew stat of my affaires, w^{ch} if their condition be such, as enforces me to give you *more peremptorie comands then I would willingly doe*, you must not take it ill. *If Yorke be lost I shall esteeme my Crowne little lesse, unlesse supported by your suddaine Marche to me, & a Miraculous Conquest in the South, before the effects of the Northeren power, can be found heere; but if Yorke be relived & you beate the Rebelles Armies of bothe Kingdomes, w^{ch} ar before it, then but otherwais not, I may possiblee make a shift, (upon the defensive) to spinn out tyme, untill you come to assist me: Wherefor I comand & conjure you, by the dewty & affection w^{ch} I know you beare me, that (all new enterpryses laide asyde) you imediately march (according to your first intention) with all your force to the reliefe of Yorke; but if that be eather lost, or have fried themselves from the beseigers, or that for want of poudre, you cannot undertake that worke, that you imediately march, with your whole strenth, directly to Woster, to assist me & my Army, without w^{ch}, or your having relived Yorke by beating the Scots, all the Successes you can afterwards have, most infallibly, will be uselesse unto me. You may belive that nothing but an extreame necessety could make me wryte thus unto you; wherfor, in this case, I can no wayes dout of your punctuall compliance with your louing Oncle & most faithful frend CHARLES R. . . . I commanded this bearer to speake to you concerning Vavisor."*

This letter no doubt completely vindicates Rupert in the course he adopted on receiving it, though it does not ex-

cuse his haughty pride in concealing the fact of his having received such a letter.* But I am anticipating. When his uncle's commands reached him, he made at once for York. Some time before, he had relieved Newark, taken Stockport, Bolton, and Liverpool, and raised the siege of Latham House after its gallant defence by the famous countess of Derby. He was therefore moved with the elation of a victor, added to his natural rashness. He took with him some newly arrived Irish regiments, picked up Newcastle's cavalry by the way, captured several posts as he went along, and penetrated into Yorkshire.

During the progress of this march the king was executing another admirable movement. Essex and Waller took for granted that his previous forced march must be for Liverpool to join Rupert, and therefore Waller threw himself at once between Charles and Shrewsbury to intercept his passage. Essex, in the mean time, having the greater ordnance and the heavier carriages, felt these quick marches to be too much for his men, and, setting out for the west, left Waller to harass Charles. This was the very object the king had sought to accomplish—the two armies were separated. He at

* In the absence of this evidence of his own complete exculpation, he has been made the subject of attack by almost every royalist historian, for the unfortunate result of Marston Moor. Clarendon thus alludes to him and Newcastle:—"The times afterwards grew so bad, and the king's affairs succeeded so ill, that there was no opportunity to call either of those two great persons to account for what they had done, or what they had left undone. Nor did either of them ever think fit to make any particular relation of the grounds of their proceeding, or the causes of their misadventures, by way of excuse to the king, or for their own vindication. Prince Rupert, only to his friends, and after the murder of the king, produced a letter in the king's own hand, which he received when he was upon his march from Lancashire towards York; in which his majesty said, 'that his affairs were in so very ill a state, that it would not be enough, though his highness raised the siege from York, if he had not likewise beaten the Scotch army;' which he understood to amount to no less than a peremptory order to fight, 'upon what disadvantage soever;' and added, 'that the disadvantage was so great, the enemy being so much superior in number, it was no wonder he lost the day.' But as the king's letter would not bear that sense, so the greatest cause of the misfortune was the precipitate entering upon the battle, as soon as the enemy drew off, and without consulting at all with the marquis of Newcastle, and his officers; who must needs know more of the enemy, and consequently how they were best to be dealt with, than his highness could do." The noble historian had evidently neither seen the letter in the text, nor been correctly informed of its contents.

once hastened back to Oxford by marches as quick as those of his masterly egress from it — and Waller, smarting with the additional deceit thus practised on him, again returned to the banks of the Charwell, and, somewhat hotly and indiscreetly offering battle there, was defeated with considerable loss.

Rupert was now within sight of York with an army of 20,000 men. The besiegers broke up on his approach, and after an attempt to intercept him, which was well conducted by Fairfax, but which Rupert evaded by fetching a masterly compass with his army, they withdrew to Hessey Moor. Here, in a council of war, a difference of opinion arose — the Scots were for retreating, the English for fighting — and by some considerations that do not appear, the council for retreat prevailed for a time (amidst jealousies which already shook the confederacy to the centre, and warned Cromwell and Fairfax of what they had next to do !), and they fell back on Tadcaster.

A discussion as painful, but with results more fatal, was at the same instant going on within the walls of York. What the chivalrous and somewhat fantastic* marquis had dreaded, was now at hand. The young, rough, proud, overbearing, fiery Rupert, was in contact with the ceremonious, courteous, refined, and high-minded Newcastle — and a quarrel directly followed. Newcastle had wisely counselled delay ; pointed out the advantage already gained by the prince's arrival alone ; described the differences which he had reason to suspect already distracted the councils of the enemy, and the enormous benefit of merely leaving their dissensions to ripen ; and closed with an earnest entreaty to Rupert, that, having thrown merely a fresh supply of men and provisions into York, he would at once march back to the king's assistance at Oxford. Rupert in answer

* Somewhat fantastic in some things certainly, but not deserving of Warburton's nick-name — "the fantastic virtuoso on horseback." See what a lovely character his noble-hearted duchess (Charles Lamb's favourite !) left of him in one of her pleasant folios.

pleaded orders from the king, which (being too haughty to produce them) Newcastle is supposed to have disbelieved; but more strongly than on these orders the prince stood out on his own conviction of the necessity of some daring achievement that should "disperse and annihilate" the enemy. Newcastle smiled in scorn, but submitted. Some of his friends implored him not to take part in the battle, since it seemed his command was taken from him; to which he answered that, happen what would, he would not shun to fight, for he had no other ambition than to live and die a loyal subject.*

On Marston Moor the rival armies met. The parliamentarians were in retreat on the Tadcaster road when a cloud of Rupert's horse threatened their rear. Orders ran along the line at once to countermand the march, the troops of the van were recalled, and a position taken up for battle as favourable as the time allowed. So many contradictory statements have been published of the memorable fight which followed, that it requires no little care to present it fairly and intelligibly to the reader.

Across a portion of the parliamentary front ran a broad and deep drain. To the right the ground was broken, and entrenched, as it were, with natural fences and lanes, though farther beyond the flank, was the open moor. To the left the ground was entirely barren, unencumbered, and unprotected, terminating also in the moor. In the centre lords Fairfax and Leven formed, with a reserve of horse for the second line of infantry—on either wing (an advantageous position it will be at once observed) the cavalry was brought up and planted. Sir Thomas Fairfax held the right, Cromwell and Manchester the left.

Rupert gazed at a distance while these thick and dark masses were forming before him. His customary haste had far outstripped his own glittering thousands behind, but they now came rapidly up and formed at his com-

* *The Life of Newcastle*, p. 47.

mand. At the drain he planted four infantry brigades, supporting them with Goring's horse against the enemy's left ; he disposed with great skill large masses of troops against the right of the combined armies, and took up a position there with his own cavalry opposite the horse of Fairfax.

And now, on the 2d of July, 1643, gazing with silent and inveterate determination at each other, these 46,000 subjects of one king, stood upon Marston Moor, eight miles from a city wherein every boom of the distant cannon would strike upon the inhabitants as the death knell of a friend or brother. The lines of the parliamentarians had begun to form as early as ten in the morning—the royalist preparations were complete at five o'clock in the afternoon—it was now within a quarter of seven—yet there still stood those formidable armies, each awaiting from the other, with a silent and awful suspense, the signal of battle.

A stir was seen at last in the dark quarter of Manchester's and Cromwell's Independents, and a part of their infantry moved upon the drain. Secure from behind the ditch Rupert's musketeers at once poured out upon this advancing column a heavy and murderous fire, and it was in vain the parliamentarians attempted to form under the plunging batteries directed against them simultaneously from the rear. At that moment was seen the genius of Cromwell. With a passionate exclamation to his Ironsides, he ordered them to sweep round the ditch to their right, clear the broken ground, and fall in with himself upon the cavalry of the dissolute Goring. The movement occupied some-time, and fearful slaughter was meanwhile suffered by Manchester's infantry ; but, having once emerged, these inveterate republicans stood, for an instant, to receive, like a rock, the onset of Goring's horse, and then "like a rock tumbled from its basis by an earthquake," rolled back upon *them*. Nothing could withstand that astonishing charge. The cavaliers who survived, offered no further resistance, but wheeled off to join the horse of

Rupert. Cromwell and his men next struck the guns and sabred the artillerymen beside them, and then, with as much leisurely order as at parade, rode towards the drain. Every place was deserted as they advanced. One spot of ground only still held upon it, for an instant, the marquis of Newcastle's unflinching regiment of old tenants and retainers, and was covered the instant after with an "unbroken line" of honourable dead. Their victory was complete, and the right wing of the royalists irrecoverably broken.

Rupert and his cavalry had meanwhile obtained as great a victory on the left. The encumbered ground on which Fairfax stood was most unfavourable to an advancing movement. Rupert accordingly stood keenly by till he saw the parliamentary forces stagger under the heavy charges poured upon them as they emerged in narrow columns through ditches and lanes, and then, with his characteristic impetuosity, charged, overthrew, routed and dispersed both foot and cavalry, with tremendous slaughter.

The after meeting of the two victors decided the day. While the centres were unsteadily engaged, Cromwell, who had held his triumphant Ironsides steadily in hand, and checked their pursuit in the very nick of time, ordered them suddenly to face round and wheel upon their centre to the left. Rupert had given a similar order to his conquering cavalry to wheel round on their centre to the right; and now, with a shock more terrible than any of this terrible day, these desperate leaders, each supposing himself the victor, dashed each in front of a victorious foe! Cromwell received a wound in the neck, and the alarm for his safety gave a slight appearance of momentary unsteadiness even to his gallant Ironsides, but they rallied with redoubled fury, and in conjunction with Lesly, an accomplished Scotch officer, who led up at the moment a brilliant attack, fairly swept Rupert off the field.*

* This description is founded on a careful perusal of the various accounts of the time. I subjoin a few points in illustration or addition from the

It was now ten o'clock, and by the melancholy dusk which enveloped the Moor, might be seen a fearful

Gazettes of the day. "There was a great ditch between the enemy and us, which ran along the front of the battle, only between the earl of Manchester's foot and the enemy there was a plain; in this ditch the enemy had placed four brigades of their best foot, which, upon the advance of our battle, were forced to give ground. The right wing of our foot had several misfortunes, for betwixt them and the enemy there was no passage but at a narrow lane, where they could not march above three or four in front; upon the one side of the lane was a ditch, and on the other an hedge, both whereof were lined with musqueteers, notwithstanding sir Thomas Fairfax charged gallantly, but the enemy keeping themselves in a body, and receiving them by threes and fours, as they marched out of the lane; and (by what mistake I know not) sir Thomas Fairfax, his new levied regiments being in the van, they wheeled about, and being hotly pursued by the enemy, came back upon the lord Fairfax's foot, and the reserve of the Scottish foot, broke them wholly, and trod the most part of them under foot. . . . Lieut.-gen. Cromwell charged prince Rupert's horse with exceeding great resolution and maintained his charge with no less valour. Gen.-major Lesly charged the earl of Newcastle's brigade of White Coats, and cut them wholly off, forty excepted, who were taken prisoners; and after them charged a brigade of Green Coats, whereof they cut off a great number, and put the rest to the rout; which service being performed, he charged the enemy's horse (with whom Lieut.-gen. Cromwell was engaged) upon the flank, and in a very short space the enemy's whole cavalry was routed, on whom our fore troops did execution to the walls of York, but our body of horse kept their ground. Lieut.-gen. Cromwell and major-gen. Lesly being joined, and receiving advertisement that our foot were engaged with the enemy's horse and foot, marched to their assistance, and met with the enemy's horse (being retreated upon the repulse they had from the Scottish foot) at the same place of disadvantage where they had routed our horse formerly; and, indeed, their success was answerable, if not much worse, for we routed them wholly, killed and took their chief officers, and most part of their standards. After which we set upon the rear of their foot, and with the assistance of our main battle, which all this time stood firm, we put them wholly to the rout, killed many, and took their officers, and colours, and by this time we had no enemy in the field. We took all their ordnance, being in number 25, near 130 barrels of powder, besides what was blown up by the common soldiers, above an hundred colours, and 10,000 arms, besides two waggons of carbines and pistols of spare arms. There were killed upon the place 3000, whereof, upon a judicious view of the dead bodies, two parts appeared to be gentlemen and officers. There were 1500 prisoners taken, whereof, sir Charles Lucas, Lieut.-gen. of the earl of Newcastle's horse, major-gen. Porter, and major-gen. Tillier, besides divers colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors. The loss upon our part, blessed be God, is not great, being only one lieutenant-colonel, some few captains, and not 300 common soldiers."—(*Merc. Brit.* 8 July, 1644). . . . "The battle being begun, at the first, some of our horse were put into disorder, but rallying again, we fell on with our whole body, killed and took their chief officers, and took most part of their standards and colours, 25 pieces of ordnance, near 130 barrels of powder, 10,000 arms, two waggons of carbines, and pistols, killed 3000, and 1500 prisoners taken."—(*Perf. Diur.* 9 July, 1644). . . . "It will not be amiss, therefore, to insert something which came not before now to our knowledge, which is, that there were slain of the enemy's side, the lord Carew, son to the earl of Monmouth, sir William Lampton, Davenant the poet, and many others also; that the counsels of the prince and others designed, the most valiant of the popish party, to encounter the wing commanded by Lieut.-gen. Cromwell; and, in particular, prince Rupert had designed certain troops of horse, all Irish,

sight. Five thousand dead bodies of Englishmen lay heaped upon that fatal ground. The distinctions which separated in life these sons of a common country seemed trifling now ! The plumed helmet embraced the strong steel cap as they rolled on the heath together, and the loose love-lock of the careless cavalier lay drenched in the dark blood of the enthusiastic republican.

But it is not with such thoughts the victors trouble themselves now. They have achieved the greatest conquest of the war, and the whole of the northern counties of England are open to the parliament's sway. The headstrong Rupert has received a memorable lesson, and retreats in calamity and disgrace towards Chester. The marquis of Newcastle, weary of a strife never suited to his taste, but hateful to him now, crosses the sea an exile.* Fifteen hundred prisoners remain with Man-

and all papists, to give the first charge to that brigade or party, in which col. Cromwell was; and that they did confidently believe there was not a man of them but would die, rather than fly, but they missed their expectations, for many of them being slain in the place, the rest fled."—(*Parl. Scout*, 18 July, 1644)... "Col. Cromwell finding the passages strait, and musqueteers lining the hedges, thought it not fit to advance any further after the prince, but is returned to York with his horse, not worn to skin and bone, but only breathed a little."—(*Parl. Scout*, 19 July, 1644.)

* He remained abroad till the restoration. I subjoin portions of Clarendon's character of him, which, if not fair in all things, is in all things graphic and amusing:—"It was a greater wonder, that he sustained the vexation and fatigue of war so long, than that he broke from it with so little circumspection. He was a very fine gentleman, active and full of courage, and most accomplished in those qualities of horsemanship, dancing and fencing, which accompany a good breeding; in which his delight was. Besides that he was amorous in poetry and music, to which he indulged the greatest part of his time; and nothing could have tempted him out of those paths of pleasure which he enjoyed in a full and ample fortune, but honour and ambition to serve the king when he saw him in distress, and abandoned by most of those who were in the highest degree obliged to him, and by him. He loved monarchy, as it was the foundation and support of his own greatness; and the church, as it was well constituted for the splendour and security of the crown; and religion, as it cherished and maintained that order and obedience that was necessary to both; without any other passion for the particular opinions which were grown up in it, and distinguished it into parties, than as he detested whatsoever was like to disturb the public peace. He had a particular reverence for the person of the king, and the more extraordinary devotion for that of the prince, as he had had the honour to be trusted with his education as his governor.... He liked the pomp and absolute authority of a general well, and preserved the dignity of it to the full, and for the discharge of the outward state, and circumstances of it, in acts of courtesy, affability, bounty, and generosity, he abounded; which in the infancy of a war, became him, and made him, for some time, very acceptable to men of all conditions. But the

chester, Fairfax, Leven, and Cromwell—the valuable ordnance of the vanquished—artillery, small arms, tents, baggage, and military chest—all has been left in their victorious hands.

Nearly half of his entire kingdom was now hopelessly lost to Charles I. Was it possible he should ever be able to recover it? The question was one which no doubt rose again and again in the breast of Cromwell, as he lay in his tent the night after this memorable battle. By one of two means he *might* recover all. The succession of necessary victories to achieve it by force could hardly be hoped for—but there was such a thing as treachery; such a thing as success afraid of the slight shadow it cast before its mighty shape; such a thing as imbecility, worse than treachery—as bigotry, worse than all; and unless these vile forces could be conquered, of what avail had been all other victories, of what avail would be all the sufferings and sacrifices and triumphs yet to come. No doubt these thoughts, far more than the fatigues and anxieties of the day, or the wound he had received in the last decisive charge, made that night a sleepless night for Cromwell.

The wound, however, was certainly slight, since it neither prevented his second rally for the final charge, nor withheld him from discharging a sacred office of friendship to one of his brothers-in-law, by communicating, in the following letter (dated July 5. 1644), the

substantial part, and fatigue of a general, he did not in any degree understand, (being utterly unacquainted with war,) nor could submit to it; but referred all matters of that nature to the discretion of his lieutenant-general King: who, no doubt, was an officer of great experience and ability, yet, being a Scotchman, was in that conjuncture upon more disadvantage that he would have been, if the general himself had been more intent upon his command. In all actions of the field he was still present, and never absent in any battle; in all which he gave instances of an invincible courage and fearlessness in danger; in which the exposing himself notoriously did sometimes change the fortune of the day, when his troops began to give ground. Such articles of action were no sooner over, than he retired to his delightful company, music, or his softer pleasures, to all which he was so indulgent, and to his ease, that he would not be interrupted upon what occasion soever; inasmuch as he sometimes denied admission to the chiefest officers of the army, even to general King himself, for two days together; from whence many inconveniences fell out."

melancholy tidings of a son's death. How well it is adapted to its purpose. The exaltation of the victory which opens the letter, and which, in those days of public enthusiasm, might possibly assist in alleviating even such a private sorrow,—then the affectionate praise of the dead, which so tenderly embalms his memory. It is strange that such letters as these have not before enriched the records of Cromwell's character or history.

“DEERE SIR, — It's our duty to sympathize in all mercies ; that wee praise the Lord together, in Chastisements or Tryalls that soe wee may sorrowe together. Truly England, and the Church of God, hath had a great favor from the Lord in this great Victorie given unto us, such as the like never was since this War begunn. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victorie obtained by the Lord's blessinge upon the Godly partye principally. *Wee never charged but wee routed the enimie. The lefte Winge which I commanded, being our owne horse, saving a few Scottes in our reere, beat all the Prince's Horse. God made them as stubble to our Sords. Wee charged their regiments of foote with our horse and routed all wee charged.* The particulars I cannot relate now ; but I believe of twenty thousand, the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give Glory, all the Glory to God. . . Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Sonn by a Cannon Shott. Itt brake his legge. Wee were necessitated to have itt cut off, whereof hee died. . . . Sir, you know my tryalls this way, but the Lord supported mee with this, that the Lord tooke him into the happiness wee all pant after and live for. There is your precious Child, full of Glory, to know sinn nor sorrow any more. *Hee was a gallant younge man, exceedinge gracious.* God give you his comfort. Before his death hee was so full of comfort, that to Frank Russell and my selfe hee could not expresse it, itt was soe great above his paine. This he sayd to us. Indeed itt was admirable. A little after hee sayd, one thinge lay upon his spiritt ; I asked him what that was ; hee told mee that it was that God had not suffered him to be noe more the executioner of his

Enemies. At this fall, his horse beinge killed with the bullet and as I am informed three horses more, I am told *hee bid them open to the right and left, that hee might see the rogues run.* Truly hee was exceedingly beloved in the Army of all that knew him. But few knew him; for hee was a precious younge man, fitt for God. You have cause to blesse the Lord. He is a glorious Sainct in Heaven, wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoyce. *Lett this drinke up your sorrowe.* Seinge theise are not fayned words to comfort you; but the thinge is soe real and undoubted a truth. You may doe all thinges by the strength of Christ. Seeke that, and you shall easily beare your tryall. Lett this publike mercy to the Church of God make you to forgett your private sorrowe. The Lord be your strength; soe prayes Your truly saythfull and Lovinge Brother, OLIVER CROMWELL. . . . My love to your daughter and my Cozen Perceval, sister Desbrowe, and all friends with you."

In the life of Vane, the rise of the Independents, as a great civil power in the state, has been minutely detailed. Its influence in the army is included in the simple fact that its simple, tolerant, and enlarged views of liberty, were shared by Cromwell's troops. At this moment its disputes with the presbyterians were rife in London. The services rendered by the army of Scots had strengthened the presbyterian claims. The formidable mass of the assembly of divines seconded them with Laud-like zeal.* With appalling vehemence, a

* To recall the reader's attention to the crisis already described in Vane's Memoir, it may be only necessary to remind him that at this time the presbyterians infinitely outnumbered their opponents in the assembly: a great majority of the citizens of London were presbyterian: and the party was now fearfully and formidably reinforced by the general consent of the Scottish nation. The Scottish parliament and general assembly had entered into the recently concluded alliance, solely or principally from their devoted love to presbyterianism. They had sent up their commissioners (the commissioners of the Scottish parliament arrived on the 5th of February), to watch that the league should be executed in the strictest construction which their party put upon it, by establishing an entire uniformity of church government. A Scots army of more than twenty thousand men had entered England in the commencement of the year; and one of the Scottish divines sent up on the occasion very frankly acknowledged: "We purpose not to meddle in haste with a point of so high consequence, till it please God to advance our army, which we expect will much assist our arguments." — *Godwin's Commonwealth.*

bigoted uniformity in church government was pressed for, and a restriction of what was called the licentiousness of the press in its opening freedom of thought. In vain the immortal voice of Milton was heard in his famous "*Areopagitica*" — in vain, that is, so far as the assembly to which it was addressed moved to answer the appeal. But not in vain, on at least one of the victors of Marston Moor.

Nor were the threatenings from London all that might be considered formidable. In the aristocratic leaders of the army itself elements of danger existed, more fearful still. They had already more than once shown an indisposition to look steadily in the face that triumphant result of the war which the Cromwells, Vanes, and Fairfaxes were now bent upon achieving; and in the tents of almost every officer pitched on that northern moor, were jealousies, discussions, and heartburnings that, even in such an hour of present victory, augured a gloomy close. In the southern and western counties what was meanwhile the condition of affairs?

At Copredy Bridge, we have seen, Waller had sustained defeat by Charles, who afterwards, pursuing his successes, turned upon Essex, and, by a series of masterly military manœuvres, cooped him up in Cornwall. That well intentioned but fretful general had like a spoiled child moved into the west in jealousy of Waller. The west was Charles's stronghold. The principle of this has been admirably explained by the royalist historian, Walker, whose history had the honour to be corrected and interlined by the king. It is a principle which in some sort explains, too, the character of the war. "The gentry of this country," he remarks, "retain their old possessions, their old tenants, and expect from them their ancient reverence and obedience. And, give me leave to say, if many of the nobility and gentry of this unhappy kingdom had not fallen from the lustre, virtue, and honour of their ancestors, and by their luxury been necessitated to manumise their villains, but had paid

that awful reverence to the majesty and greatness of their sovereign as they ought, they might have expected the same proportionably from their inferiors and tenants ; and, instead of having them their companions, or rather masters (as they now are), they might have had them their servants ; and then I believe this war, which, under pretence of religion and liberties, is to introduce heresy in doctrine, parity in conditions, and to destroy the king, nobility and gentry, in probability had not been."

Essex, cooped up in the west, expected relief from Waller, but Waller felt no inclination to move to the relief of Essex. Such was the present condition of the parliamentary army and its chiefs! The men, meanwhile, burning to fight, could neither fight nor escape. In this state of things Charles wrote to Essex with his own hand and told him that the season was now arrived, when he had it in his power to redeem his country and the crown, and to confer the highest obligation on his king. He proposed a frank negotiation, and that they should join their two armies without delay. He concluded with engaging that "word of a king" he was fated to engage and break so often, that he would confer unequivocal marks of his esteem on both him and his army, and remain ever their faithful friend. Essex without a moment's hesitation rejected the offer. He was weak, but not a traitor. In a former day of triumph he had hesitated, but in his adversity he stood firm. He enclosed Charles's letter to the parliament, and thus concluded his letter. "If succour comes not speedily, we shall be put to great extremity. If we were in a country where we could force the enemy to fight, it would be some comfort ; but this place consists so much of passes, that he who can subsist longest, must have the better of it ; which is a great grief to me, who have the command of so many gallant men." No succour arrived ; but some days after this letter, he managed by a well directed movement, to pass his horse between two divisions of the royal army—he himself

then took sea for Plymouth—and his main army surrendered on condition of delivering up their arms, and of being passed to the ports of their nearest friends. Thus, as was remarked, “the king obtained what he stood extremely in need of; and the parliament, having preserved the men, lost what they could easily repair.

The Commons met their unsuccessful general, too, with their usual high-minded policy. They assured him that the parliament’s good affections to his person, and opinion of his fidelity and merit were no wise lessened by this reverse, and that they resolved not to be wanting in their best endeavours for repairing the loss they had sustained, and placing such a force under his command, as might best conduce to the successful termination of the war. To this end they actively moved accordingly. His army was re-assembled in the neighbourhood of Portsmouth and Southampton. Waller was directed to co-operate with it, and the conquerors of Marston Moor were summoned to the same service.

York had surrendered, and Manchester, with Cromwell, at once obeyed this summons. The Scots army were in Northumberland, where the town of Newcastle subsequently surrendered. Manchester and Cromwell, Essex and Waller, marched against the king. Cromwell commanded the horse.

The royal position was a strong one—a formidable alignment in and about the town of Newbury, where Falkland had fallen the year before. To this spot the king, whose genius appears to have fitted him for such manœuvres in war, had conducted his march out of Cornwall with consummate skill—relieving by the way the garrisons of Basing House, Banbury, and Dennington Castle. The river Kennett protected him here on one flank, the guns of Dennington Castle covered him in some sort on the other, and his front was strengthened by throwing up a breast-work, and by occupying in force several villas and gardens “which extended conveniently beyond the town.”* One house in especial

* See Vol. I. p. 245. of *Lives of Eminent Military Commanders* in this

called Doleman's house, stood in good position, notwithstanding its being exposed to a raking fire on all sides, since it was a little in advance of the breast-work and of a row of lesser houses. This house was filled with troops — the gardens attached to it were strengthened by thick embankments — skirmishers swarmed among all the neighbouring hedges and ditches — artillery threatened from every mound about. But with all these advantages there was one assailable point, which none better than Cromwell knew how to seize. Within distance of a musket-shot in the enemy's front stood a fatal hill, behind which, secure and undiscovered, columns of attack had every facility to form. The open meadows, again, between the castle and the town were sadly exposed, and the reserve which should have supported the scattered infantry was every way deficient.

The more serious fight began on the 27th of October. During the two previous days smart cannonading had been kept up, from the hill on one side and the town on the other. Little effect however was produced, till towards the evening of the 26th, when the royalists transported a couple of cannon across the river and enfiladed the line of the parliamentarians as far as a bend in the eminence exposed it — doing dreadful damage to Ludlow's regiment of cavalry. The night passed in awful uncertainty of the morrow. Then, on that morrow of the 27th, the genius of Cromwell poured down the fatal hill. Two heavy columns suddenly appeared upon its summit, and descended — while along the whole line one tremendous cannonade distracted attention from the spot where the terrible blow was about to fall. The columns as suddenly divided — one fell upon the open space between Dennington and the town, and with the shattering speed of lightning pierced and routed the line of the cavaliers, some of whom rushed within the works at Dennington, while the others fell back in precipitate confusion on the town. Cromwell and his Ironsides

series — a work I may be allowed to refer to as a very able one, since I have enjoyed the advantage of many of its suggestions.

were here. The other column had paused an instant, but now apparently urged by that astonishing success to venture a desperate action, fell upon the quarter of Doleman's house. In an instant every spot around was covered with dead republicans. Party after party cleared the hedges and ditches, even the garden wall, nay, to the very lawn of the house; but there — such as escaped so far — the deadly shot of the concealed musketeers struck them down. The contest lasted four hours in this quarter, and the loss was terrible. It would have been annihilation, but for the heroic devotion of Ludlow's cavalry, who moved forward and consented to sacrifice themselves to cover the retrogression.

It was a moonlight night which followed, and anxious thoughts occupied both camps of the desperate strife that must decide the morrow. Suddenly the penetrating and sleepless eye of Cromwell saw the royalists move. It was so. Charles having utterly lost his left position, had despaired of the poor chance that remained to him in face of such a foe. His army were now busy, in that moonlight, conveying into the castle by a circuitous route their guns and heavy stores, while behind, battalion after battalion was noiselessly quitting its ground, and marching off as silently in the direction of Oxford. Over and over again Cromwell entreated Manchester to suffer him to execute a forward movement with his cavalry — at that critical moment he would have prostrated Charles. Manchester refused. A show was made next morning of pursuit, but of course without effect — Charles, with all his materiel and prisoners, had effected a clear escape. Nor was this all. While the castle of Dennington remained unmolested amidst the dreadful dissensions which after this event raged through the parliamentary camp, the king, having been reinforced by Rupert and an excellent troop of horse, returned twelve days after; assumed the offensive in the face of his now inactive conquerors, carried off all his cannon and heavy stores from out of the castle, coolly and uninterruptedly fell back again, and marched unmolested into Oxford.

So disastrously closed that campaign in which the victory of Marston Moor had been won. The army of Essex and Manchester went into winter cantonments in and about Reading. Cromwell, bent upon resolute changes, repaired to London.

All was now lost, he clearly saw, without a rapidly decisive movement, and he sought counsel and co-operation from the genius of the younger Vane. His faith in the earl of Manchester had been shaken before the affair of Dennington; even under the walls of York, the intrigues of an extremely paltry person, a Scot and presbyterian of the name of Crawford, who had been passed from the Scotch host to a major-generalship in Manchester's army*, had been suffered to prevail against him. Manchester, though on the whole an amiable, generous, and honest man, was in truth a very weak one, and when he found himself on the eve of great results, such as stimulated a man like Cromwell only to deeds of greater daring, was struck with hesitation, fear, irresolution. Hence, in those moments, Crawford offered more agreeable advice than Cromwell, and the end had been in short to place even the wretched and fawning

* The name of Crawford is rendered in some degree memorable from the circumstance of his being the true and original authority for fastening on Cromwell the imputation of cowardice! The accusation is given at large in *Hollis's Memoirs*, and turns on the assertion that Cromwell with his body of horse stood still without making any charge, while the battle of Marston Moor was deciding, and that, when they did advance, Cromwell was no longer among them!! The reader has seen, in a faithful account of the battle, what imputation could rest for this monstrous charge. It requires no other notice than a word of scorn. Why Cromwell's enemies, royalist and republican, admit that his astonishing bravery won that battle! Warwick says that he and his Ironsides "mowed down" the enemy "like a meadow;" and Mrs. Hutchinson says in her account that the day had been "lost, but that Cromwell, with five thousand men which he commanded, routed prince Rupert, restored the other routed parliamentarians, and gained the most complete victory that had been obtained in the whole warre." Very characteristic of Hollis and the mean poor nature of the man, is his notice of the matter. Observe how he seems to have delighted in the recital:—"I have several times heard it from Crawford's own mouth, and I think I shall not be mistaken if I say Cromwell himself has heard it from him; for he once said it aloud in Westminster Hall, when Cromwell passed by him, with a design he might hear him." A corporal or colonel of the name of Dalbier was Crawford's second. The matter is really scarcely worth laughing at. "How," exclaims Horace Walpole, "how a judiciary in the temple of fame would laugh at such witnesses as major-general Crawford and a colonel Dalbier! Cæsar and Cromwell are not amenable to a commission of oyer and terminer."

major-general in that position of confidence with Manchester, which once belonged only to the great and gallant leader of the Ironsides.

But secure in the hearts of those men, no less than in their strength, Cromwell had now resolved to venture a decisive stroke against the presbyterian councils and their favourers, no matter of what degree, in the parliamentary army. He had before the affair of Dennington, suddenly shown himself in London from York, and by a masterly piece of policy already illustrated in the life of Vane had, with the help of that statesman, moved and carried a vote in the house of commons, that the committee of lords and commons appointed to treat with the commissioners from Scotland, and the committee of the assembly, should take into consideration the differences in opinion of the members of the assembly in point of church government, and endeavour a union if it were possible; and, in case that could not be done that they should essay to find out some methods by which *tender consciences, who could not in all things submit to the common rule which might be established, might be borne with*, consistently with Scripture, and the public peace, that so the proceedings of the assembly might not be so much retarded. This was the first startling exhibition of the legislative influence of the independents.

Cromwell and Vane were now in London together, devising the great scheme by which future victories should not be surrendered as soon as gotten, but made serviceable to some decisive end—by which the summer's triumph should become something more than the mere winter's story, and the lives of gallant men be no longer wasted in vain. They consulted in a word how best to rid the army of men who had shown a miserable unfitness for the posts they held, who had besides peculiar personal motives for checking its career at some point short of a final victory, and who, thinking liberty a good thing, could not forget that they had privileges

of their own, and that monarchy had honours of its own, which were good things also.

Here, it is to be observed, the best friends of freedom had at this time perfect faith in Cromwell. Ireton bore him the most entire affection—young Ludlow looked up to him with implicit zeal and admiration—Marten laughed with him and loved him—Vane was to him as a brother. Yet on all these men not a breath of suspicion in the matter of political sincerity rests—not a stain. Fairfax again, though a weak man, was the very soul of sincerity and honour—and the honesty of Milton was unimpeachable as his genius. By what means, then, shall we suppose that Cromwell deceived these men, *for he deceived them all*. Was he sincere now, and only tempted from sincerity in after years by the temptation of too large a power suddenly sprung up within his hands?—or was he from the first a deliberate and grand impostor? The difficulty which a friend of the principles of freedom and just government (which throughout sincerely actuated such men as Vane) has to encounter in deciding on the character of Cromwell, is this,—that up to the victories of Worcester and Dunbar it would be difficult to say in what respect he had sinned against those very principles, of which, on the sudden, he then declared himself the most deliberate foe. Was he in truth that compound he seemed to be of profound policy, and of the most wild and undisciplined rashness? When he went down to Westminster to play the military tyrant over the assembly which had given him power and assisted even him to greatness, did he really “not think to have done that?” Was his tyranny the deliberate plot of a life—the rash impulse of a repented hour—or the result of sincerely wild and ungovernable fancies, which had rendered him at last, in his own mind, a selected instrument of destiny?

A better opportunity than this to which we have arrived, will probably not exist for offering some materials to the reader on which he may revolve these questions. We stand on the eve of the origin of Cromwell's great-

ness and influence as a politician, and to seek in any way to unfold intelligibly the means by which he henceforward trode steadily on to the protectorate, it will be necessary to bring events together which in the ordinary course of narrative long years would separate, but the combination of which is yet most necessary to a right understanding of each or of all.

“What can be more extraordinary,” says the poet Cowley, “than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly founded monarchies upon earth; that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and to set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; *to serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last*; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be pleased and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would please to be hired at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those that hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and, lastly, (for there

is no end of all the particulars of his glory,) to bequeath all these with one word to his posterity; *to die with peace at home and triumph abroad*; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world, which, as it is not too little for his praises, so might have been too for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs?"

This is magnificent, but most untrue. The very expression that he served all parties patiently for awhile, implies that others, and not himself, laid the most solid foundations of his power. And this was true. What has accumulated round the memory of Cromwell such an image of vastness in the power he wielded, was not simply his own greatness, but the greatness of the men to whose victories of statesmanship he had succeeded. This should never be lost sight of. Cromwell was associated with a band of the most accomplished statesmen the world has known, and to swell those individual glories which were already, for one man, astonishing enough, he appropriated theirs. To say this, it will be alleged, is merely to transfer admiration or praise from one set of characteristics to another—true; but not less should that be done. We may possibly find some diminution in the quality of praise that is due.

The first great point in Cromwell's character and history dates back to Huntingdon and St. Ives. It was there, as we have seen, he began the organisation of that wonderful body of men which was the glorious agent by which he asserted liberty, and the fatal instrument with which he inflicted her mortal wound. He made his soldiers moral and sober; he gave them the elevation of religion, and that nervous strength of mind which a knowledge of the value of freedom teaches; inspired by his lessons they trampled on all thought of danger in the grander thought of liberty; and then—he created himself their despot. We have scarcely fairly grappled with Cromwell's greatness—before what

seems to an honest and generous mind his meanness and his vice, intrude themselves forcibly upon us.

In another passage of his "Vision," the poet Cowley thus speaks of Cromwell. "If craft be wisdom, and dissimulation wit (assisted both and improved with hypocrisies and perjuries), I must not deny him to have been singular in both; but so gross was the manner in which he made use of them, that as wise men ought not to have believed him at first, so no man was fool enough to believe him at last; neither did any man seem to do it, *but those who thought they gained as much by that dissembling, as he did by his.* His very actings of godliness grew at last as ridiculous, as if a player by putting on a gown, should think he represented excellently a woman, though his beard at the same time were seen by all the spectators. If you ask me why they did not hiss, and explode him off the stage, I can only answer, that they durst not do so, because the actors and door-keepers were too strong for the company. I must confess that by these arts (how grossly soever managed, *as by hypocritical praying, and silly preaching, by unmanly tears and whinings, by falsehoods and perjuries even diabolical,*) he had at first the good fortune (as men call it, that is the ill fortune), to attain his ends; *but it was because his ends were so unreasonable, that no human wisdom could foresee them;* which made them who had to do with him believe that he was rather a well-meaning and deluded bigot, than a crafty and malicious impostor."

Cowley's division of the men whom Cromwell deceived into two classes, is a striking and important consideration. There were men, he says, who suffered themselves to be deceived by him in his latter years, because the deceit at the same time answered their own ends — and there were "wise men" whom he deceived in earlier life, because of their utter ignorance of his objects, and their then belief in his sincerity. The consideration of the craft and dissimulation charged upon him will therefore imply, in relation to this passage, the

other and equally important consideration of the possibility of his having been, in many cases of the latter sort of men, really and sincerely himself the victim of the delusion he practised upon them. For the first named class of dupes, they may be surrendered, without scruple, to whatever imputations rest upon them.

The first thing to be noted in Cromwell as a striking aid towards the belief of his sincerity, was a certain extraordinary fluxional faculty of tears, with which his constitution was happily endowed. "Had not his highness," says the author of the terrible pamphlet entitled "*Killing no Murder*," "had a faculty to be fluent in his tears, and eloquent in his execrations; had he not had spongie eyes, and a supple conscience; and besides to do with people of great faith, but little wit: his courage, and the rest of his moral virtues, with the help of his janissaries, had never been able so far to advance him out of the reach of justice, that we should have need to call for any other hand to remove him, but that of the hangman. . . . He hath found indeed that in godliness there is great gain; and that preaching and praying well managed, will obtain other kingdoms, as well as that of heaven. His indeed have been pious arms; for he hath conquered most by those of the church, *by prayers and tears*. But the truth is, were it not for our honor to be governed by one that can manage both the spiritual and temporal sword, and, Roman like, to have our emperor our high priest, we might have had preaching at a much cheaper rate, and it would have cost us but our tythes, which now costs us all."

One scene will be perhaps enough to show this faculty in action. Bishop Burnet relates it on the authority of sir Harbottle Grimston. It dates at the time of the purge—when he first showed that disregard of the representative privileges, which was only excusable in consideration of the quasi rebellion into which the presbyterians had cast the kingdom; a consideration satisfactory even to Ludlow and Ireton, and which pre-

vented the opposition, though it did not secure the co-operation, of Vane. "When," says Burnet, "the house of commons and the army were quarrelling, at a meeting of the officers it was proposed to purge the army better, that they might know whom to depend on. Cromwell upon that said, he was sure of the army; but there was another body that had more need of purging, (naming the house of commons), and he thought the army only could do that. Two officers that were present brought an account of this to Grimston, who carried them with him to the lobby of the house of commons, they being resolved to justify it to the house. There was another debate then on foot; but Grimston diverted it, and said he had a matter of privilege of the highest sort to lay before them: it was about the being and freedom of the house. So he charged Cromwell with the design of putting a force on the house. He had his witnesses at the door, and desired they might be examined. They were brought to the bar, and justified all that they had said to him, and gave a full relation of all that had passed at their meetings. When they withdrew, Cromwell fell down on his knees, and made a solemn prayer to God, attesting his innocence, and his zeal for the service of the house: he submitted himself to the providence of God, who it seems thought fit to exercise him with calumny and slander, but he submitted his cause to him. *This he did with great vehemence, and with many tears.* After this strange and bold preamble, he made so long a speech, justifying both himself and the rest of the officers, except a few that seemed inclined to return back to Egypt, that he wearied out the house, and wrought so much on his party, that what the witnesses had said was so little believed, that had it been moved, *Grimston thought that both he [Grimston] and they would have been sent to the Tower.* But whether their guilt made them modest, or that they had no mind to have the matter much talked of, they let it fall: and there was no strength in the other side to carry it further. To complete the scene,

as soon as ever Cromwell got out of the house, he resolved to trust himself no more amongst them ; but went to the army, and in a few days he brought them up, and forced a great many from the house." It is strange that such a scene as this should have occurred and left no trace of itself on the Journals of the house. It is yet borne out by other events of that period.

This indeed is the time from which the extraordinary powers of duplicity in the man were gradually developed, and it is surprising that the means he must have declared with so little scruple to his republican friends should not have put them on their guard more clearly as to the character, or at least possible tendency, of his individual designs. But we are to take into consideration at the same time that the contest then going on between the presbyterians and independents was a matter of life and death, and that the struggle for existence is a question which during its progress is apt to exclude every other. Certain it is that there was Cromwell, at this period, in the confidence of men the most sincere, acting with an insincerity as desperate as it was subtle. Now in the country with the agitators of the army, whose rise and objects have been described in my last volume—now at Westminster on the benches of the house of commons—he played off with unceasing and wonderful dexterity the power and claims of the one against the influence and position of the other. There is a passage in Hollis's Memoirs which gives us a lively idea of the rapidity of movement required in such a game. The first ground of mutiny with the agitators, it will be recollected, was the announced determination of the presbyterian majority to reduce the power of the army by drafting off sundry regiments to Ireland. Hollis positively declares that it was Cromwell who upon this set the agitators in motion, though he concealed himself so artfully in the back ground, and employed instruments so singularly well adapted to his purpose, that, according to other presbyterian writers, not even Fairfax suspected his second in command of in any way favouring the acts of insubordination which no dis-

cipline could now suppress. In his memoirs indeed Fairfax afterwards declared, with a reference not to be mistaken, that the success of his army in 1646, "was soon clouded with abominable hypocrisy and deceit, even in those men who had been instrumental in bringing the war to a conclusion. Here was the vertical point on which the army's reputation and honour turned into a reproach and scandal. Here the power of the army I once had, was usurped by the agitators, the forerunners of confusion and anarchy."

This is the passage from Hollis:—"In the meanwhile disclaiming it [the mutiny] blaming the soldiers at that distance (as Cromwell did openly in the house, protesting, for his part, he would stick to the parliament) under-hand he sent them encouragements and directions; for nothing was done there, but by advice and countenance from London, where the whole business was so laid, the rebellion resolved upon, and the officers that were in town so deeply engaged, that when the full time was come for putting things in execution, my friend Cromwell, who had been sent down by the parliament to do good offices, was come up again without doing any, and he who had made those solemn protestations with some great imprecations on himself if he failed in his performance, did, notwithstanding, privily convey thence his goods (which many of the independents did likewise, leaving city and parliament as marked out for destruction) and then without leave of the house (after some members missing him and fearing him gone, had moved to have him sent for; whereupon he being, as it seems, not yet gone, *and having notice of it, came and showed himself a little in the house*) did steal away that evening, I may say run away post down to the army, and presently join in the subscription of a rebellious letter."

Nor did any of the difficulties into which such duplicity cast him, find him ever unprepared. Between all the suspicions of the presbyterians—and all the headlong precipitancy of the agitators—Cromwell stood immoveable and still triumphant in his stratagems.

When Skippon, for instance, who had received the mutinous letter of the agitators*, suddenly (for he knew nothing of Cromwell's intrigues) produced it in the house, and being asked from whom he received it, answered from three men of no command in the army, who were he believed at the door of the house, their names, Edward Sexby, William Allen, and Thomas Shepperd, great excitement instantly followed. Some were for voting the letter seditious and at once committing the messengers to prison, some were paralysed by alarm and threw hesitation on that course. In the midst of much confusion Cromwell at last arose and brought forward what has been called his masterpiece of dissimulation. He solemnly protested that to his knowledge the army was greatly misunderstood and calumniated. They willingly put themselves into the hands of the national representative, and would conform to any thing parliament should please to ordain. If the house of commons commanded them to disband, they would obey without a murmur, *and pile up their arms at the door of that assembly.* For himself, he entreated them to accept his assurance of his entire submission and obedience. He supplicated them therefore to bear in mind the long services, and the pure and entire loyalty of that meritorious body, and to do nothing respecting them in anger, or under false and mistaken impressions of resentment. The craft succeeded. The wildest of the presbyterians were disarmed of their suspicions, the most fearful relieved from their alarms. Cromwell was

* The purport of this letter was to complain of the treatment the army had lately experienced, and in particular that they had been proclaimed enemies. They said, they knew well how to deal with adversaries with swords in their hands, but that the foes with whom they had now to encounter were far more dangerous, being protected by persons intrusted with the government of the kingdom. They designated them as men who had lately tasted of sovereignty, and, being lifted above their ordinary sphere of servants, sought to become masters, and were degenerating into tyrants. Lastly, they plainly said, that, however cordially otherwise they were disposed to the expedition of Ireland, they must express themselves averse to that service, until their desires were granted, and the just rights and liberties of the subject were vindicated and maintained. In particular they complained of the want of a legal indemnity for what they had done in the prosecution of the war, and that the Irish expedition, in the shape in which it was now proposed, was nothing less than a plan for ruining the army and breaking it to pieces.—*Gudwin.*

implored to go down and compromise matters with the agitators — he went down and fostered the mutiny.

Clarendon confirms these evidences of the dark power of intrigue in Cromwell. He tells us that he was moved to the highest pitch of grief and anger whenever any intelligence was received from the mutinous regiments. He wept bitterly; he lamented the misfortunes of his country; and he advised the most violent measures for checking the insubordination of the troops. At the same time he called heaven and earth to witness that his devoted attachment to the parliament had rendered him so odious to the army, that his life, while among them, was in the utmost danger. The duplicity could not, however, go on continually—it was not Cromwell's purpose that it should. It was discovered, and the presbyterians arranged a plot they thought as subtle, to have their deceiver moved into the Tower. But his affairs were ripe at last for action. He left London suddenly; was received by the great body of the army with acclamations; suppressed a really dangerous mutiny that threatened for the instant to thwart his plans, by riding up in the face of the mutineers, selecting twelve of the ringleaders, and shooting one on the instant; brought up some regiments afterwards within reach of Westminster, purged the parliament, and seized the king.

The imminent danger threatened by the presbyterians to all those best interests of liberty for which so much blood had been shed, supplied Cromwell's excuse for even such duplicity as this in the breasts of the friends of liberty. Nor should it be lost sight of, in regard to them, that they may well have supposed the organisation of an armed and enthusiastic democracy like this of the agitators, the last thing in the world that could have favoured the ultimate design of a tyrannical usurpation. Is such a consideration sufficient to cast a doubt on even the existence of such a design at this stage of Cromwell's career?

Ludlow would answer in the negative, and offer evidence of the present existence of the design. "Walk-

ing one day," he says, about this time, "with lieutenant-general Cromwell in sir Robert Cotton's garden, he inveighed bitterly against them, (the commons,) saying, *in a familiar way to me*, 'If thy father were alive, he would let some of them hear what they deserved;' adding farther, 'that it was a miserable thing to serve a parliament, to whom, let a man be never so faithful, if one pragmatistical fellow rise up and asperse him, he shall never wipe it off. Whereas,' said he, 'when one serves under a general, he may do as much service, and yet be free from all envy and blame.' This text, together with the comment which his after actions put upon it, hath since persuaded me *that he had already conceived the design of destroying the civil authority, and setting up of himself*; and that he took that opportunity to feel my pulse, whether I were a fit instrument to be employed by him to those ends. But having replied to his discourse, that we ought to perform the duty of our stations, and trust God with our honour, power, and all that is dear to us, not permitting any such considerations to discourage us from the prosecution of our duty, I never heard any thing more from him upon that point." Again, in reference to Cromwell's affected negotiations with the king, his entertainment of Charles's proposal to give him the garter and the earldom of Essex, and his consequent seeming hostility to the course of bringing him to trial, as proposed by the commonwealth army men, Ludlow speaks in a subsequent passage of a dialogue which also occurred about this time. "Lieutenant-general Cromwell, who had made it his usual practice to gratify enemies, even by the oppression of those who were by principle his friends, began again to court the commonwealth party, inviting some of them to confer with him at his chamber: with which acquainting me, the next time he came to the house of commons, I took the freedom to tell him that *he knew how to cajole and give them good words when he had occasion to make use of them*; whereat, breaking out into a rage, he said, *they were a proud sort of people, and only*

considerable in their own conceits. But when on tumults attending the petitions from Surrey, Essex, and Kent, the preparations in Scotland, and the rising at Pembroke, he perceived the clouds to gather on every side, he complained to me, as we were walking in the Palace Yard, of the unhappiness of his condition, *having made the greatest part of the nation his enemies, by adhering to a just cause ;* but that which he pretended to be his greatest trouble was, that many who were engaged in the same cause with him, *had entertained a jealousy and suspicion of him ;* which he assured me was a great discouragement to him, asking my advice, what method was best for him to take. I could not but acknowledge that he had many enemies for the sake of the cause in which he stood engaged, and also *that many who were friends to that cause, had conceived suspicions of him ;* but I observed to him, that he could never oblige the former, without betraying that cause wherein he was engaged ; which if he should do, upon the account of *an empty title, riches, or any other advantages,* how those contracts would be kept with him *was uncertain ;* but most certain it was, that his name would be abominated by all good men, and his memory abhorred by posterity. On the other side, if he persisted in the prosecution of our just intentions, it was the most probable way to subdue his enemies, to rectify the mistakes of those who had conceived a jealousy of him, and to convince his friends of his integrity : that if he should fall in the attempt, yet his loss would be lamented by all good men, and his name be transmitted to future ages with honour." If Ludlow's strong indignation after the event had occurred did not deceive him in all this,—Cromwell certainly held his after designs even now, and was even now suspected of holding them.

The meeting which Ludlow alludes to in the latter quotation I have made soon after took place. Before it, however, Cromwell, then on the eve of starting from London to quell the second civil war, invited to dinner a number of the leading men of the independents, and

such of the presbyterians as he was yet on terms with, for it was shortly before the purge, and strove hard to ascertain during a personal conference the points upon which they differed, and whether there were any common ground whereon they could meet to accomplish a hearty reconciliation. This at least, according to Ludlow, was the pretext under which he called them together; but the real object, he insinuates, was only to obtain such information as might enable him to direct his course with safety and success, through the difficulties with which recent events had surrounded him. Whatever the object, however, it signally failed. The differences offered no chance of reconciliation or submission. He next brought about the other conference alluded to by Ludlow, consisting of the grandees, as they were called, of the house and army, on the one hand, and of a deputation of the republicans on the other. At this conference, Ludlow proceeds to tell us, "the grandees, of whom lieutenant-general Cromwell was the head, *kept themselves in the clouds*, and would not declare their judgments either for a monarchical, aristocratical, or democratical government; maintaining that *any of them might be good in themselves, or for us, according as providence should direct us*. The commonwealthsmen declared that monarchy was neither good in itself nor for us. That it was not desirable in itself, they urged from the 8th chapter and 8th verse of the first book of Samuel, with divers more texts of Scripture to the same effect. And that it was no way conducing to the interests of this nation, was endeavoured to be proved by the infinite mischiefs and oppressions we had suffered under it, and by it: that indeed our ancestors had consented to be governed by a single person, but with this proviso, that he should govern according to the direction of the law, which he always bound himself by oath to perform: that the king had broken this oath, and thereby dissolved our allegiance; protection and obedience being reciprocal: that having appealed to the sword for the decision of things in dispute, and thereby

caused the effusion of a deluge of the people's blood, it seemed to be a duty incumbent upon the representatives of the people to call him to an account for the same; more especially since the controversy was determined by the same means which he had chosen; and then to proceed to the establishment of an equal commonwealth, founded upon the consent of the people, and providing for the rights and liberties of all men, that we might have the hearts and hands of the nation to support it, as being most just, and in all respects most conducing to the happiness and prosperity thereof. Notwithstanding what was said, lieutenant-general Cromwell, not for want of conviction, but in hopes of making a better bargain with another party, professed himself unresolved; and having learned what he could of the principles and inclinations of those present at the conference, *took up a cushion and flung it at my head, and then ran down the stairs; but I overtook him with another, which made him hasten down faster than he desired.* The next day, passing by me in the house, he told me he was convinced of the desirableness of what was proposed, but not of the feasibility of it; thereby, as I suppose, designing to encourage me to hope that he was willing to join with us, though unwilling to publish his opinion, lest the grandees should be informed of it, to whom I presume he professed himself to be of another judgment."

The extraordinary action incidentally mentioned by Ludlow shows better than any of the zealous republican's suspicions what was going on in the mind of Cromwell. No doubt he flung the cushion at Ludlow's head, either because of something passing at the instant in his own heart which required relief, or of something he might have incautiously uttered that required diversion. It was not mere idle buffoonery here; of that we may be quite sure. Another action, however, which was noted shortly after this, is not so easily explicable. While the conquered and deserted king lay a prisoner at the inhospitable castle of Carisbrooke, Cromwell flung himself upon one of Charles's rich beds at Whitehall,

and in that posture so managed a series of conferences with the subtlest lawyers of the day, as to induce them to lend their countenance and co-operation in a great degree to the new plan of government in meditation, although they had hesitated before to attend even their parliamentary duties. This would seem to have been a piece of mean and low-thoughted ostentation ; unless it could be shown it was designed, which is just possible, to strike at a weak point in the learned but commonplace minds of the grave lawyers in council.

Thus practising upon each set of men in turn, and selecting from each new accessions of power and influence — thus waiting, with wily patience, to divert from the favourable current of each man's thoughts something that would serve to swell that ocean of power on which he hoped to sail to sovereignty — is it possible to view in any other light than that of a deliberate usurper the character of Cromwell ? Let us not fail to observe and admire the greatness of his genius, and the wonderful advantages which, in his way to usurpation, he no doubt effected for his country. Had he left them in that shape they first assumed, no gratification or affection too largely given could have been bestowed on his immortal name. But is it possible, in the midst of all these evidences, to suppose, with Mr. Godwin, that his purposes were honest still ?

Ludlow's evidence, however, is not yet complete. That which I have now to quote is indeed the most important part of it, since it throws some question over his former assertions as to the suspicion with which Cromwell was viewed by the friends of liberty, even before the death of the king. The time of the following extract is on the return of Cromwell from his government, or rather his slaughter, in Ireland ; when he was anxious that Ludlow should be dispatched into service there, and when Fairfax's suicidal announcement of his resignation of the chief command was just opening the way to a consummation of all the wildest hopes or purposes entertained by Cromwell. Nevertheless, that subtle chief

affected a desire for the continuance of Fairfax. "Lieutenant-general Cromwell," says Ludlow, "pressed that notwithstanding the unwillingness of the lord Fairfax to command upon this occasion, they would yet continue him to be general of the army; professing for himself, *that he would rather choose to serve under him, in his post, than to command the greatest army in Europe.* But the council of state not approving that advice, appointed a committee of some of themselves to confer farther with the general in order to his satisfaction. This committee was appointed upon the motion of the lieutenant-general, *who acted his part so to the life, that I really thought him in earnest;* which obliged me to step to him as he was withdrawing with the rest of the committee out of the council chamber, *and to desire him that he would not in compliment and humility obstruct the service of the nation by his refusal;* but the consequence made it sufficiently evident that he had no such intention. The committee having spent some time in debate with the lord Fairfax without any success, returned to the council of state, whereupon they ordered the report of this affair to be made to the parliament; which being done, and some of the general's friends informing them, that though he had showed some unwillingness to be employed in this expedition himself, yet being more unwilling to hinder the undertaking of it by another, he had sent his secretary, who attended at the door, to surrender his commission, if they thought fit to receive it. The secretary was called in, and delivered the commission, which the parliament having received, they proceeded to settle an annual revenue of 5000*l.* upon the lord Fairfax, in consideration of his former services, and then voted lieutenant-general Cromwell to be captain-general of all their land forces, ordering a commission forthwith to be drawn up to that effect, and referred to the council of state to hasten the preparations for the northern expedition. A little after, as I sat in the house near general Cromwell, he told me, that having observed an alteration in my looks

and carriage towards him, *he apprehended that I entertained some suspicions of him*; and that being persuaded of the tendency of the designs of us both to the advancement of the public service, he desired that a meeting might be appointed, wherein with freedom we might discover the grounds of our mistakes and misapprehensions, and create a good understanding between us for the future. I answered, *that he discovered in me what I had never perceived in myself*; and that if I troubled him not so frequently as formerly, it was either because I was conscious of that weight of business that lay upon him, or that I had nothing to importune him withal upon my own or any other account; yet since he was pleased to do me the honour to desire a free conversation with me, I assured him of my readiness therein. Whereupon we resolved to meet that afternoon in the council of state, and from thence to withdraw to a private room, which we did accordingly in the queen's guard-chamber, where he endeavoured to persuade me of the necessity incumbent upon him to do several things that appeared extraordinary in the judgment of some men, who in opposition to him took such courses as would bring ruin upon themselves, as well as him and the public cause, affirming his intentions to be directed entirely to the good of the people, and professing his readiness to sacrifice his life in their service. I freely acknowledged my former dissatisfaction with him and the rest of the army, when they were in treaty with the king, whom I looked upon as the only obstruction to the settlement of the nation; and with their actions at the rendezvous at *Ware*, where they shot a soldier to death, and imprisoned divers others upon the account of that treaty, which I conceived to have been done without authority, and for sinister ends. Yet since they had manifested themselves convinced of those errors, and declared their adherence to the commonwealth, though too partial a hand was carried both by the parliament and themselves in the distribution of preferments and gratuities, and too much severity exercised against some who had formerly

been their friends, and as I hoped would be so still, with other things that I could not entirely approve, I was contented patiently to wait for the accomplishment of those good things which I expected, till they had overcome the difficulties they now laboured under, and suppressed their enemies that appeared both abroad and at home against them ; hoping that then their principles and interest should lead them to do what was most agreeable to the constitution of a commonwealth, and the good of mankind. He owned my dissatisfaction with the army whilst they were in treaty with the king to be founded upon good reasons, and excused the execution done upon the soldier at the rendezvous, as absolutely necessary to keep things from falling into confusion ; which must have ensued upon that division, if it had not been timely prevented. He professed *to desire nothing more than that the government of the nation might be settled in a free and equal commonwealth*, acknowledging that there was no other probable means to keep out the old family and government from returning upon us ; declaring that he looked upon the design of the Lord in this day to be the freeing of his people from every burden, *and that he was now accomplishing what was prophesied in the 110th Psalm ; from the consideration of which he was often encouraged to attend the effecting those ends ; spending at least an hour in the exposition of that psalm.*"

And so Ludlow, satisfied, or at least unable to express distrust of the honesty of Cromwell, went off to Ireland. It will not do to judge those friends of freedom too hastily who still held to the side of this man ! Then, having completed the conquests of the commonwealth,—having freed himself of Ludlow's presence, and Ireton being removed by death,—nothing stood in the way of the daring adventurer save the enthusiastic democracy of the army and its fiercely republican officers. Yet this would have sufficed to check no ordinary man ! Cromwell knew, however, that if he could propitiate the officers up to a certain point, he was sure of the great body of the army ;

and with this he could effect all. The army was now the first power of the state. It had become the result of their masterly discipline, as it must be in every army, being in fact the very condition of military existence, to acknowledge and look up to a great controlling chief. To place himself, therefore, in the position of receiving this, in a political sense, from the first power of the state, was to become himself the first man of the state. The transition was easy to a throne—that is, he thought so. The circle of his reasoning was now well nigh complete—the work begun at St. Ives promised a successful issue.

But then those republican enthusiasts! A different mode was necessary here from that which had succeeded hitherto with Ludlow, and in part with Vane. His own enthusiasm must be called into play—an enthusiasm he possessed to such an extent as to qualify it fairly for all the effects of a real inspiration. Upon this, then, the question may occur, as to whether he had ever laboured in fact, in matters of religion, under a sincere self-delusion. “Though now,” says our honest and zealous Ludlow, “he eagerly coveted his own advancement, he thought it not convenient yet to unmask himself; but *rather to make higher pretences to honesty* than ever he had done before, thereby to engage major-general Harrison, colonel Rich, and their party to himself. To this end he took all occasions in their presence to asperse the parliament, as not designing to do those good things they pretended to, *but rather intending to support the corrupt interests of the clergy and lawyers*. And though he was convinced they were hastening with all expedition to put a period to their sitting, having passed a vote that they would do it within the space of a year, and that they were making all possible preparations in order to it; yet did he industriously publish, that they were so in love with their seats that they would use all means to perpetuate themselves. These and other calumnies he had with so much art insinuated into the belief of many honest and well-meaning people, that

they began to wish him prosperity in his undertaking. *Divers of the clergy from their pulpits began to prophecy the destruction of the parliament, and to propose it openly as a thing desirable.* Insomuch that the general, who had all along concurred with this spirit in them, hypocritically complained to quarter-master Vernon, *that he was pushed on by two parties to do that, the consideration of the issue whereof made his hair to stand on end.* One of these, said he, is headed by major-general Lambert, who in revenge of that injury the parliament did him, in not permitting him to go into Ireland with a character and conditions suitable to his merit, will be contented with nothing less than their dissolution: of the other major-general Harrison is the chief, who is an honest man, and aims at good things, yet from the impatience of his spirit will not wait the Lord's leisure, but *hurries me on to do that which he and all honest men will have cause to repent.* Thus," adds Ludlow, "did he craftily feel the pulse of men towards this work, endeavouring to cast the infamy of it on others, reserving to himself the appearance of tenderness to civil and religious liberty, and of screening the nation from the fury of the parties before mentioned."

The mention of Harrison subsequently draws from the republican memorialist the following singular statement: — "I went afterwards (during Cromwell's usurpation) to make him a visit; and having told him that I was very desirous to be informed by him of the reasons that moved him to join with Cromwell in the interruption of the civil authority, he answered that he had done it *because he was fully persuaded they had not a heart to do any more good for the Lord and his people.* Then, said I, are you not now convinced of your error in entertaining such thoughts, especially since it has been seen what use has been made of the usurped power? To which he replied, upon their heads be the guilt who have made a wrong use of it; for my own part, my heart was upright and sincere in the thing. . . . His second reason for joining with Cromwell was, because

he pretended to love and favour a sort of men *who acted upon higher principles than those of civil liberty*. I replied, that I thought him mistaken in that also, since it had not appeared that he ever approved of any persons or things farther than he might make them subservient to his own ambitious designs. . . . The major-general then cited a passage of the prophet Daniel, where 't is said, *That the saints shall take the kingdom and possess it*. To which he added another to the same effect, *That the kingdom shall not be left to another people*. I answered, that the same prophet says in another place, *That the kingdom shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High*. And that I conceived, if they should presume to *take* it before it was *given*, they would at the best be guilty of doing evil that good might come from it."

The reign of the saints, then, was the ground Cromwell took with these men. And did he believe a word of it? It is worth considering.

"I had much discourse on this head," says bishop Burnet, "with one who knew Cromwell well and all that set of men; and asked him how they could excuse all the prevarications, and other ill things, of which they were visibly guilty in the conduct of their affairs. He told me, they believed there were *great occasions in which some men were called to great services, and in the doing of which they were excused from the common rules of morality*; such were the practices of Ehud and Jael, Samson and David. and by this they fancied they had a privilege from observing the standing rules. It is very obvious how far this principle may be carried, and how all justice and mercy may be laid aside on this pretence by every bold enthusiast." True — and it does not seem that Cromwell is unfairly charged in this, or his dupes unfairly represented. Some indeed suspected him; and it is related that on the eve of this great scheme from which the present illustrations of his character are derived — his project of thrusting out the long parliament by the soldiery, and so flinging down the final

obstacle to usurpation — Major Streater declared openly that he was sure “the general designed to set up for himself.” To this the enthusiastic Harrison rejoined, that he did not believe it, but that “the general’s aim was only to make way for the kingdom of Jesus.” — “Unless Jesus comes very suddenly, then,” replied Streater, “he will come too late.”

For even the Streater party, however, Cromwell had his resources. It would seem that up to the very time when he was driving out the members, and the council of officers sat in suspense at Whitehall, several of them had in reality no notion of what was going on, until Cromwell suddenly reappeared among them — flushed and agitated with an extreme excitement — the keys of the house of commons in his pocket, the “bauble” of its authority carelessly flung into an ante-room, Vane’s celebrated act as carefully concealed — told them all that he had done; and added, that he did not think to have done it, but “*perceiving the Spirit of God so strong upon me, I could no longer consult flesh and blood.*” It would be within the bounds of probability that Cromwell had for an instant — for an instant only — actually experienced this emotion. While on the point of being tempted to believe it, the sequel of the scene checks every such temptation. Some of the recusant officers, having recovered their first wonder and uncertainty, went with a strong and decisive remonstrance to Cromwell, required an explanation of his extraordinary proceedings, and told him he was apparently providing ruin and confusion for the best interests of all. Upon this, we are informed, he stilled their murmurs with an assurance that he would do much more good to the country than could ever be expected from the parliament; and made *so many professions of patriotic feeling*, that they resolved to wait the course of events, rather than come to a downright quarrel with him, *before his intentions could be fully known*. Colonel Okey, however, suspecting that the end would be bad, as the means were so hypocritical. asked

Desborough what could be passing in the mind of Cromwell *when he praised the parliament so highly to the council of officers, and yet proceeded almost immediately afterwards to eject them with so much scorn and contempt?* The other replied, "*That if ever the general drolled in his life, he had drolled then.*"

Yet are there considerations still, connected with Cromwell's claims to be considered in many points a sincere enthusiast, which cannot be omitted in an inquiry of this kind. Do not let the character and tendency of the great age in which he lived be forgotten, or treated lightly. It was indeed an age of wonders—in which majesty had been thrown prostrate and poverty exalted—in which wonderful declarations had seemed to issue from Heaven itself in favour of the cause he had engaged in. It is by supposing some such assurance as this pervading himself and his army, that their singular mixture of real pride and apparent self-abasement meets with its best solution. What was a king in the presence of the King of kings? What was temporary suffering in the hope of eternal bliss? What even the *form* of a despotism over the disordered land, if it was merely to open out a passage to immortal freedom for God's own people?

In a very striking letter to the governor of the castle of Edinburgh, dated September the 9th 1650, Cromwell thus wrote,—“We have said in our papers with what hearts and upon what accompt we came [into Scotland]; and the Lord hath heard us, though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel. And although they [the Scots] seem to comfort themselves with being the sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) God hath hid his face for a time; yet it's no wonder, when the Lord hath lift up his hand so eminently against a family, as he hath done so often against this [the Stuart], and men will not see his hand, if the Lord hide his face from such, putting them to shame, both for it and their hatred at his people, as it is this day.

When they purely trust to the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God ; which is powerful to bring down strong holds, and every imagination that exalts itself ; *which alone is able to square and fitt the stones for the new Jerusalem* ; then, and not before, and by that means, and no other, shall Jerusalem (which is to be the praise of the whole earth) the city of the Lord be built, the Sion of the Holy One of Israel." In reply to this the governor wrote to the English chief that the Scotch ministers directed him to say, "that they had not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their cause upon events." Cromwell at once answered, "In answer to the witnesse of God upon our solemn appeal, you say you have not so learned Christ to hang the equity of your cause upon events. We could wish blindness hath not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations, which God hath wrought lately in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think with fear and trembling of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of his? *But can slightly call it an event!* Were not both yours and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way he would manifest himself upon our appeals? And shall we after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations, and solemn appeals, call these *bare events*? The Lord pity you. Surely we fear, because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you, and we shall help you by our prayers, that you may find it out; for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do in Christ Jesus yearn after the godly in Scotland."

This looks like earnestness and sincerity. In the very same correspondence, however, there is something that contradicts it a little. Cromwell having invited, with an air of noble tolerance, the presbyterian ministers, who had taken refuge in the castle, to resume their duties in

the various chapels of the city—the governor intimates, in answer, that those reverend gentlemen have not been able to conquer some alarm of the preaching cuirassiers of the English army, and that “they are ready to be spent in *their Master's service*, and to refuse no suffering,” yet “finding nothing exprest in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons,” they “are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him, who hath hidden his face for a while from the sons of Jacob.” To this, with something of an inconsiderate plainness, the impetuous English general, deserting his Bible phraseology, at once rejoins. “The kindnesse offered to the ministers with you was done with ingenuitie, thinking it might have met with the like: but I am satisfied to tell those with you, that *if their Master's service (as they call it)* were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering would not have caused such a return; much lesse the practice by our party (as they are pleased to say), upon the ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal prosecution. The ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospell, *though not to rail, nor under pretence thereof to overtop the civil power, or debase it as they please.*” This certainly looks amazingly like a sudden burst of laughter at the mutual affectation of phrase kept up by our biblical professors. It calls to mind the merry meeting of the brother-augurs in the streets of Rome.

But now let us observe, from other sources, what sort of style was adopted towards Cromwell by indifferent persons whom he had obliged, or who hoped for favours from him. They may suggest the sort of deliberate plan or system which his enthusiasm and religious repute served to, or assumed. A Mr. Walter Cradock thus writes to the lord general—“My heart is readie to burst oft in the weeke, not with jealousies, swellings, suspitions, or querulousness, as perhaps you may be tempted to think, but with a flood of affections, a conjunction of love, joy, delight, and *earnest desire*

to salute you with a few unfeigned lines ; all which, by three or four considerations—or, it may be, temptations—are dam'd up, as having no vent, but in prayer and praises, *which sometimes I make my business in a ditch, wood, or under a hay-mow, in your behalfe.* I pray believe not any that shall say that you are lesse beloved, honoured, or remembered by the Welch saints than ever you were, or any man is. Let not, I beseech you, your *catholique projects* (though otherwise fundamentally good) seem to excuse your conscience for letting slip any particular present opportunity to *serve the least saint.* That renowned auncient saint, Mr. Rice Williams of Newport, being one who hath served the state in many places, but not gained a penny therefrom, is pitched upon by the saints here a year agoe *for that place of registering deeds ;* your favourable assistance is much desired therein by the godly of this country, in whose names I salute you in the Lord." And in another letter, a female friend of Mr. Cradock, Mrs. Mary Netheway, thus opens a budget of prayers and praises to the great lord general.—"Dear and honored sur in the Lord,—Having travelled with the pepel of God in spretual labore, and haveing now bine a letel refreshed with God's renewed power and presents amongs the golden candelsticks, I have med bould to writ this few lynes to you, wherin I desir to bless God *for his marsy to your poore soule, that was so much compast about with gret temptations.* This is one thing I desir of you, *to demolish thos monstres wick arr set up as ornaments in Privy-garden.* Truly, sur, we stand on the sea of glase : O that we may have the harps of God in our hands, and may be in readiness when our Lord shall apear, for his apearig is near. Blessed is he that is sealed, and hath oyle in his vessel. *Remember me to dere Mr. Cradock.*"

In such letters as these we may behold Cromwell in his intercourse with the humblest. They are all his equals. He shares their temptations, and humiliates himself to their own vilest condition. The imagination

pictures him passing from tent to tent among his soldiers, with a prayer for one, a jest for another, equality and brotherhood for all.

And having thus exhibited what some may consider the meaner uses of his enthusiasm, observe it next on a grander theatre. Bishop Burnet, speaking of the straits to which he was reduced on the eve of the battle of Dunbar, proceeds thus — “The Scots drew near Cromwell, who being pressed by them retired towards Dunbar, where his ships and provisions lay. The Scots followed him, and were posted on a hill about a mile from thence, where there was no attacking them. *Cromwell was then in great distress, and looked on himself as undone.* There was no marching towards Berwick, the ground was too narrow; nor could he come back into the country without being separated from his ships, and starving his army. The least evil seemed to be to kill his horses, and put his army on board, and sail back to Newcastle; which, in the disposition that England was in at that time, would have been all their destruction, for it would have occasioned an universal insurrection for the king. They had not above three days’ forage for their horses. So Cromwell called his officers to a day of seeking the Lord, in their style. *He loved to talk much of that matter all his life long afterwards: he said, he felt such an enlargement of heart in prayer, and such quiet upon it, that he bade all about him take heart, for God had certainly heard them, and would appear for them.* After prayer they walked in the earl of Roxburgh’s gardens that lay under the hill, and by prospective glasses they discerned a great motion in the Scottish camp; upon which Cromwell suddenly said, ‘*God is delivering them into our hands, they are coming down to us.*’” That battle will be described hereafter, and another act of sudden enthusiasm noted, which had even more than this the aspect of real inspiration.

Nor was it on great public occasions, or to public persons, or to the common soldiers of his army, or to

the mere private tools of his intrigues, that this remarkable intercourse of enthusiasm restricted itself in Cromwell. I shall hereafter show it, the same in kind though in a less degree, among the most intimate members of his family. And to the officers with whom his daily life was passed, and to whom he could have scarcely written aught with which that daily life corresponded not, he held the same enthusiastic tone. Some of these letters I am able to produce. To the mild and sensible Fairfax, shortly after an illness which had moved the sympathy and concern of the latter, he thus writes on the 7th of March, 1647.

“SIR—It hath pleased God to raise mee out of a dangerous sicknesse; and I doe most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath (in this Visitation) exercised the bowells of a Father towards mee. I receaved in my selfe the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have noe confidence in the flesh. Its a blessed thinge to dye daylie. For what is there in this World to be accounted off the best Men according to the flesh, and thinges are lighter than vanitie. I finde this only good; to love the Lord, and his poore despised people; to doe for them, and to bee readie to suffer with them; and hee that is found worthy of this hath obteyned great favor from the Lord: and hee that is established in this, shall (being conformed to Christ, and the rest of the bodye) participate in the Glory of a resurrection which will answer all. . . . Sir, I must thankfully confesse your favor in your last letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly, to bee kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to mee; for I can say in the simplicitie of my hart, I putt a high and true valew upon your love; *which when I forgett, I shall cease to be a gratefull and an honest man.* I most humblie begg my service may be presented to your Lady, to whom I wish all happinesse and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes your excellencies most humble servant—OLIVER CROMWELL. . . . Sir, Mr. Rushworth will write to you about

the quartering and the letter lately sent you, and therefore I forbear."

To the lord Wharton, a year after the foregoing date, we find him writing, less sensibly indeed than to the sensible Fairfax, but in a tone of still more striking humility and even passionate self-abasement. "MY LORD, — You knowe *how untoward I am att this businesse of writinge*; yett a word. . . . I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this great mercye heere, which suerlye was much more then . . . the house expresseth. I trust (. . . the goodness of our God) time and oportunitye to speak of itt with you face to face. When wee thinke of our God, what are wee ! Oh ! his mercy to the whole societie of Saints, despised, jeered saints. Lett them mocke on. Would wee were all saints ; the best of us are (God knowes) poore weake saints, yett saints ; *if not sheepe, yet lambes, and must bee fedd*. We have daylie bread, and shall have itt, in despite of all enimies. There's enough in our Father's house, and he disparteth itt as our eyes . . . behinde, then we can . . . we for him. I thinke thorough theise outward mercyes (as wee call them) fayth, patience, love, hope, all are exercised and perfected, yea Christ formed, and growes to a perfect man within us. I knowe not how well to distinguish : the difference is only in the subject : to a worldly man they are outward : to a Saint, Christian : but I dispute not, my lord, I rejoyce in your perticular mercye. I hope that is soe to you ; if soe, itt shall not hurt you, not make you plott or shift for the younge baron to make him great. You will say, hee is God's to dispose off, and guide for, and there you will leave him. My love to the deare little ladye, better then the child. The Lord blesse you both. My love and service to all friendes high and low ; if you will, my Lord and Lady — Moulgrave and Will. Hill. I am truly your faythfull friend and humblest servant, O. CROMWELL."

Three years afterwards, when he had conquered at Worcester and was on the very eve of his usurpation, he

thus, in preparation for the latter event, writes to his "esteemed friend Mr. Cotton, pastor at Boston," one of the early and famous ministers of New England. This letter offers the most striking illustration that could be found of certain eminent peculiarities which lay at the very root of all the strength and all the weakness of his character. "WORTHY SIR AND MY CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—I received yours a few days sithence; it was welcome to mee, because signed by you, whome I love and honour in the Lord. But more to see some of the same grounds of our actinges stirringe in you, that have in us to quiet us in our worke, and support us therein; which hath had greatest difficultye in our engagement with Scotland, by reason wee have had to doe with some, who were (I verily thinke) godly, but through weaknesse and the subtiltie of Sathan, involved in interest against the Lord, and his people. With what tendernessee wee have proceeded with such, and that in synceritie, our papers (which I suppose you have seen) will in part manifest, and I give you some comfortable assurance off. The Lord hath marvelously appeared *even against them*. And now againe when all the power was devolved into the Scottish Kinge and the malignant partye, they invadinge England, the Lord rayned upon them such snares as the enclosed will shew, only the narrative is short in this, that of their whole armie when the narrative was framed, not five of their whole armie returned. Surely S^r the Lord is greatly to bee feared, as to be praised. Wee need your prayers in this as much as ever: how shall wee behave ourselves after such mercyes? *What is the Lord a doeing? What propheties are now fulfilling?* Who is a God like ours? To knowe his will, to doe his will, are both of him. . . . I tooke this libertye from businesse to salute you thus in a word. Truly I am ready to serve you, and the rest of our brethren and the churches with you. I am a poore weake creature, and not worthy the name of a worme, yet accepted to serve the Lord and his people: *Indeed, my dear friend, between you and mee, you know not mee;*

my weaknesses, my inordinate passions, my unskilfulnesse, and every way unfitnesse to my worke; yett, yett, the Lord, who will have mercye on whome hee will, does as you see. Pray for mee: salute all christian friends though unknown. I rest your affectionate friend to serve you,

O. CROMWELL."

In the year 1646, after his mere military exertions had for a time been closed by the victory of Naseby, and his thoughts were busied with the important question of the person of the king and all the strange and even fearful considerations it may well be supposed to have involved, we find him writing in a somewhat similar strain to his eldest daughter, whose republican tendencies, cherished and strengthened by her husband Ireton, had even thus early declared themselves. The letter (which is dated the 25th of October, and addressed to "hys beloved daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's quarters,") contains several characteristic points, and not least among them is that sort of appeal to her from the defection of his younger daughter Elizabeth, who had royalist tastes and predilections, and whose very weakness in that point seems, by a process of love not difficult to follow, to have endeared her even more than her other sisters to this always affectionate father. —"DEERE DAUGHTER,—I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble, *for one line of mine begitts many of his, which I doubt makes him sitt up too late;* partly because I am myselfe indisposed att this tyme; havinge some other considerations. Your friends att Ely are well: your sister Claypole is (I trust in mercye) *exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her owne vanitye, and carnal minde. Bewaillinge it; shee seekes after (as I hope alsoe) that w^{ch} will satisfie. And thus to be a seeker, is to be of the best sect next a finder, and such an one shall every faythfull humble seeker bee att the end. Happie seeker, happie finder. Whoe ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sence of self vanitye, and badnesse? Whoe ever tasted that graciousnesse of his, and could goe lesse in desier, and*

lesse then pressinge after full enjoyment? Deere hart, presse on ; lett not husband, lett not any thinge, coole thy affections after Christ. I hope hee will be an occasion to enflame them. That w^{ch} is best worthy of love in thy husband, is that of the image of Christ hee beares. Looke on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee, and him ; doe so for me. My service and deere affections to the Generall, and Generallesse. *I heere she is very kind to thee ; it adds to all other obligations.* My love to all ; I am thy deere Father,
O. CROMWELL."

The view which these letters present to us will be completed by two extracts from the letters of two very influential men of the time, unlike each other in all things save this — that both were zealous republicans. They bear date at the commencement of the Worcester campaign. Even so late as this Cromwell had sustained appearances with the stern and inflexible Bradshaw — even in his present glory and power he had chiefly impressed the enthusiastic Harrison with the sense of his humility, and his desire to bear the burthen of his greatness only by help of that comfort and grace which the meanest might share along with him. "My dear lord," exhorts Harrison, "lett waiting upon Jehovah bee the greatest and most considerable business yow have every daie ; reckon itt soe more then to eate, sleepe, or counsell together. *Run aside sometimes from your companie, and gett a word with the Lord. Why should not yow have three or four precious soules allwaies standing att your elbow, with whom yow might now and then turne into a corner.* I have found refreshment and mercie in such a waie. Ah, the Lord of compassion owne, pittie your burdens, care for yow, stand by and refresh your hearte each moment. *I would I could in anie kind doe yow good, my heart is with yow, and my poore prayers to my God for yow.* The Allmightie Father carrie yow in his very bosome, and deliver yow (if itt bee his will) from touching a very haire of anie

for whom Jesus hath bled. I expect a very gracious returne in this particular."

The more sober and manly tone of Bradshaw's letter yet intimates the strongest faith in the sincerity of Cromwell, and his just claim to assistance in his great work from the very hand of God:—
"MY LORD,—By the hands of this trustie bearer, accept, I pray you, of this paper remembrance and salutation from him who both upon the publique and his owne pryvate account is verie much your dettor, and with other your poore friends here prayes for and adores the manifestation of God's gracious presence with you in all your weyghty affaires; which, as they are undertaken in zeale to God's glory and his people's good, will, through contynuance of the same dyvine presence and mercy, be crowned with answerable successe; and whosoever belong to God in the nation where you are, will in the close of all, have cause to say *perissemus nisi perissemus*. In the mean tyme, God can and will tame those stubborn spirits, and convince them of their hypocrysy who create you all this trouble, and give a mercifull testimony to the sinceritie of his poore servants' hearts who have appealed unto him. . . . My Lord, I forbear particularizing things here: only this, God is gracious to us in dyscovery of many of our enemies desynges (which thereby have proved abortive), and delyvering their counsels in a good measure into our hands; and in watching over the common safetie, there is much acknowledgement due to the indefatigable industry of M. Generall Harrison, your faithfull servant and substitute in that worke here. Your Lordship will shortly heare of some numbers of godly persons in a regimentall forme here in London whose example will be followed by others of like good mynd in Norwich, Kent, and other places, who have sent for Commissions to us for that purpose, and our resolution is they shall not want encouragement. . . . My Lord, I will trespasse no further upon your tyme. The Lord of Hosts be with you: the God of Jacob be your refuge. The

humblest of your welwillers, fryends and servants. Jo. BRADSHAWE."

Is it possible, however, the reader will ask, to penetrate into the habits of Cromwell such as they were apart from the restraint imposed on them by letters, over which, however free or familiar the object to which they were addressed, the character of the age could not but cast, as it were insensibly and as a matter of course, its own air of elevation and enthusiasm? Can we view Cromwell in his own home, or the homes of his friends, in the freedom and the abandonment of social intercourse? If we might see him there, perhaps these strange discordancies would in some sort vanish, and expose to view the natural man beneath them.—The reader shall see him there, in so far as those private scenes, or familiar habits, have been happily handed down to us.

Whitelocke, in his "Memorials," relates the following anecdote. "From the council of state Cromwell and his son Ireton went home with me to supper, *where they were very cheerful*, and seemed extremely well pleased; we discoursed together till twelve a-clock at night, and they told me *wonderful observations of God's providence*, in the affairs of the war, and in the business of the army's coming to London, and seizing the members of the house, *in all which were miraculous passages.*" We find an air of reality and sincerity, at last, about this little supper. Here was the cheerful spirit of the men, unclouded by strange delusions or fanatic professions, and yet, slyly though perhaps sincerely, lurking beneath it the materials for both.

In the next anecdote, the picture is not so favourable, yet natural withal, and not on the whole unpleasant. I take it from the Life of Waller, written by the poet's intimate friend. "Mr. Waller," he says, speaking of his intimacy with Cromwell, who was, as formerly stated, his kinsman by marriage, "often took notice, that in the midst of their discourse a servant has come

in to tell them such and such attended; upon which Cromwell would rise, and stop them, talking at the door, where he could over-hear them say, *The Lord will reveal, The Lord will help*, and several such expressions; which when he returned to Mr. Waller he excused, saying, cousin Waller, *I must talk to these men after their own way*; and would then go on where they left off. This created in Mr. Waller an opinion that he secretly despised those whom he seemed to court." The opinion was surely a *non-sequitur*. We may respect a man sincerely, whose style of speaking or of thinking we may yet as sincerely differ from. Were this anecdote unaccompanied with other evidence to show an unworthy condescension in Cromwell to the use of a like style of speaking for wicked and unworthy ends, it might stand merely as an excellent and sufficing proof of the courtesy and gentility of his spirit. The worst imputation in the anecdote, however, has been confirmed, on the authority of a friend of Oliver St. John, by an anonymous writer of repute. "The enthusiasm of Cromwell," says the author of a "Political History of the Age," was "entirely assumed and politic. Oliver St. John declared that Cromwell being one day at table with his friends, and looking for the cork of a bottle of champaign which he had opened, on being informed, that some person attended for admittance to see him, Tell him, says Cromwell, we are in search of the holy spirit."

If this was really said it must have been in an incautious moment indeed, or for some such hysterical relief from irritating or painful thought as the cushion supplied which he flung at Ludlow. In the general affairs of his household, in so far as religion and religious observances were concerned, he was strict and even in some cases exacting. An unimpeachable witness, Calamy, in his *Life of Howe*, has the following statement. "I had heard from several (and it had been confirmed to me by Mr. Jeremy White, who lived at Whitehall at the very same time with Mr. Howe) that the notion of a particular

faith in prayer, prevailed much in Cromwell's court ; and that it was a *common opinion among them*, that such as were in a special manner favoured of God, when they offered up prayers and supplications to him for his mercies, either for themselves or others, often had *such impressions made on their minds and spirits by a divine hand*, as signified to them, not only in the general, that their prayers would be heard, and graciously answered, but that *the particular mercies that were sought for, would be certainly bestowed* ; nay, and sometimes also intimated to them in what way and manner they would be afforded ; and pointed out to them future events beforehand, which in reality is the same as inspiration. Having heard of mischief done by the prevalence of this notion, I took the opportunity that offered, when there was nothing to hinder the utmost freedom, to enquire of Mr. Howe, what he had known about this matter, and what were his apprehensions concerning it ? He told me the prevalence of the notion that I mentioned at Whitehall, at the time when he lived there, *was too notorious to be called in question* ; and that not a little pains was taken to cultivate and support it ; and that he once heard a sermon there (from a person of note) the avowed design of which was to maintain and defend it. He said he was so fully convinced of the ill tendency of such a principle, that after the hearing this sermon, he thought himself bound in conscience, *when it came next to his turn to preach before Cromwell, to set himself industriously to oppose it*, and to beat down that spiritual pride and confidence, which such fancied impulses and impressions were apt to produce and cherish. He told me, he observed that while he was in the pulpit, *Cromwell heard him with great attention, but would sometimes knit his brows, and discover great uneasiness*. When the sermon was over, he told me a person of distinction came to him, and asked him if he knew what he had done ? and signified it to him as his apprehension, that Cromwell would be so incensed upon that discourse, that he would find it very difficult ever to make his peace with

him, or secure his favour for the future. Mr. Howe replied, that he had but discharged his conscience, and could leave the event with God. He told me he afterwards observed, *Cromwell was cooler in his carriage to him than before*; and sometimes he thought he would have spoken to him of the matter, but he never did, and rather chose to forbear."

The wilderness of doubt which every inquirer into the life or character of this extraordinary man (however deeply his researches enable him, as he supposes, to penetrate beneath the surface), must yet find himself in, at the last, in regard to many of his motives and his aims, does not seem to receive any clue even from this striking and well authenticated detail. Cromwell still appears in it rather as the politic than the fanatic person.

The very selection of his chaplains seems to countenance the notion, that with him religion was rather a matter of policy than persuasion; and a matter, therefore, over which he preferred to have such placed in authority as he could himself in turn influence or rule. Thus he was ill at ease with Howe. His favourites were Hugh Peters, who savoured much of a madman*; Sterry, who appears to have been half madman and half fool; John Goodwin, who looked forward to the millennium; Thomas Goodwin, who raved about the five points; and Jeremy White — but a little anecdote connected with Cromwell will show what Jeremy White was.

Oldmixon relates it, and if, with others that need not be repeated here, it is received with belief, there can be little doubt that Cromwell, in engaging White as his chaplain, secured in him also a buffoon gratis. The lady Frances, one of the parties to the anecdote, was the youngest and most beautiful of Cromwell's daughters, and had been set apart by the gossip of Europe for the

* This reverend person sent a huge dog to Sweden with Whitelocke, by way of a present to queen Christina. See Appendix F. — an article to which the reader's attention is asked, as it introduces, from a rare work by lord Whitelocke, a series of dialogues illustrative of striking points in Cromwell's character, and of the interest or opinion inspired by the various scenes of his history, as well as of the English civil wars, in the greatest foreign minister of the time.

queen of Charles II., being thus destined, it was said, to serve as the bond of union between the decaying commonwealth and the renewing royalty of England. Charles II. had found a rival, however, in Mr. Jeremy White. "One of the protector's domestic chaplains," says the historian of the Stuarts, "Mr. Jeremy White, a sprightly man, and a top wit of his court, was so ambitious as to make his addresses to lady Frances, the protector's youngest daughter. The young lady did not discourage him; and this piece of innocent gallantry, in such a court, cou'd not be carried on without spies. Oliver was told of it, and he was much concerned at it, obliging the person who told him to be on the watch; and if he could give him any substantial proof, he should be well rewarded, and White severely punish'd. The spy follow'd the matter so close, that he hunted Jerry White, as he was generally termed, to the lady's chamber, and ran immediately to the protector with this news. Oliver, in a rage, hasten'd thither himself, and going in hastily, found Jerry on his knees kissing the lady's hand, or having just kiss'd it. Cromwell, in a fury, ask'd what what was the meaning of that posture before his daughter Frank? White, with a great deal of presence of mind, said, 'May it please your highness, I have a long time courted that young gentlewoman there, my lady's woman, and cannot prevail; I was therefore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for me.' The protector, turning to the young woman, cry'd, 'What's the meaning of this, Hussey? Why do you refuse the honour Mr. White wou'd do you? He is my friend, and I expect you shou'd treat him as such.' My lady's woman, who desired nothing more, with a very low courtesy reply'd, 'If Mr. White intends me that honour, I shall not be against him.' 'Says't thou so, my lass,' cry'd Cromwel; 'call Goodwyn, this business shall be done presently before I go out of the room.' Mr. White was gone too far to go back. The parson came. Jerry and my lady's woman were marry'd in presence of the protector, who gave her 500*l.* for her portion; and that, with the money she had sav'd before, made Mr.

White easy in his circumstances, except in one thing, which was, that he never lov'd his wife, nor she him, tho' they liv'd together near fifty years afterwards. *I knew them both, and heard this story told when Mrs. White was present, who did not contradict it, but own'd there was something in it.*"

Supposing the religious pretensions to have been very much a matter of assumption with Cromwell, it would seem at once to explain the source of his remarkable fondness for buffoonery. It had become a necessary relief from the pain of so much insincerity, to fling himself, when he could, headlong into the other extreme. He kept four buffoons at Whitehall, and generally, when inclined to sport, made himself a fifth. Here was the reality of his nature vindicating itself somehow! Dr. Hutton has preserved the record* of a very remarkable scene of this sort. — "At the marriage of the lady Frances Cromwell," he says, "to Mr. Rich, the grandson and heir of the earl of Warwick, the protector, *whose mind at that moment was far from being at ease*, amused himself by throwing about the sack-posset among the ladies to spoil their clothes, which they took as a favour, as also wet sweetmeats; and daubed all the stools where they were to sit with wet sweetmeats; and put off Rich's wig and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet he sat upon it. An old formal courtier, sir Thomas Billingsley, that was gentleman usher to the queen of Bohemia, was entertained amongst them, and he danced before them with his cloak and sword, and one of the four of the protector's buffoons made his lip black like a beard, whereat the knight drew his knife, missing very little of killing the fellow."

A scene not unlike this — the merriment of a mind "ill at ease" plunging recklessly into a thoughtless coarseness — is described in a royalist pamphlet, entitled "The Court and Kitchen of Mrs. Joan Cromwell." The reader will make allowance, however, for the scur-

* Harleian Miscellany.

rilous tone of the writer. "His feasts were none of the liberallest, and far from magnificence; even those two he gave the French ambassador and the parliament in 1656, upon their gratulation of his Syndercombe deliverance; which last amounted not to above 1000*l.*, and she [the protectress] saved 200*l.* of it in the banquet. For a big bellied woman, a spectator, near Cromwell's table, upon the serving thereof with sweet meats, desiring a few dry candies of apricocks, colonel Pride, sitting at the same, instantly threw into her apron a conserve of wet, with both his hands, and stained it all over; when, as if that had been the sign, *Oliver catches up his napkin, and throws it at Pride, he at him again*, while all the table were engaged in the scuffle, the noise whereof made the members rise before the sweet meats were set down, and, believing dinner was done, *go to this pastime of gambols, and be spectators of his highness's frolicks*. Were it worth a description, I could give the reader a just and particular account of that Ahab festival, as it was solemnised in the banquetting house of Whitehall."

The story of Ludlow and the cushion has been told — that of Marten and Cromwell, on the eve of the king's execution, is given in the life of that statesman. It is also on record, that when Hugh Peters urged the execution of Charles from the pulpit, Cromwell suddenly burst into a loud laugh, to the scandal of all present, and was only excused on the score of an "infirmity." Waller's friend, whom I have before quoted, tells us:—"Mr. Waller lived mostly at Beaconsfield, where his mother dwelt in her widowhood, and often entertained Oliver Cromwell there, during his usurpation, he being related to her. But notwithstanding her relation to the usurper, and colonel Hampden, she was a royalist in her principles; and when Oliver visited her at Beaconsfield, she would frankly tell him how his pretensions would end. The usurper used merrily to throw a napkin at her in return, and said he would not enter into further disputes with his aunt; for so he used to call

her, though not quite so nearly related." Cowley in his "Vision," too, speaks of his "flinging of cushions and playing at snow-balls with his servants," as a thing of familiar report.*

But the most extraordinary evidence that exists of the extent to which these propensities were occasionally carried, is given by the learned doctor Bates. "*Minores doctores*," says that writer, who was Cromwell's physician, "*congiariis frequentius devincire, nonnunquam in media cibatione, fame nondum pacatâ gregarios milites pulsatis tympanis intromittere ut semesas raptarent reliquias. Robustos ac vere militares nocivis & validis exercitiis tractare, veluti prunâ candente nonnunquam ocreis injectâ, vel culcitris hinc indè in capita vibratis. Semel autem præludiis hujusmodi probe lassos & risu laxatos præfectos ad cordis apertionem provocavit; eoque modo ab incautis elicuit arcana quædam, quæ perpetuis tenebris optabant postmodum involuta;*

* The entire passage in the "Vision," where these words occur, is well worth subjoining:—"This man was wanton and merry, unwittingly and ungracefully merry, with our sufferings; he loved to say and do senseless and fantastical things, only to show his power of doing or saying any thing. It would ill befit mine, or any civil mouth, to repeat those words which he spoke concerning the most sacred of our English laws—the Petition of Right, and Magna Charta. [Clarendon mentions the same coarse jest.] To day you should see him ranting so wildly, that nobody durst come near him; the morrow flinging of cushions, and playing at snow-balls, with his servants. This month he assembles a parliament, and professes himself with humble tears to be only their servant and their minister; the next month he swears by the living God, that he will turn them out of doors, and he does so, in his princely way of threatening,—bidding them turn the buckles of their girdles behind them. The representative of a whole, nay of three whole nations, was in his esteem so contemptible a meeting, that he thought the affronting and expelling of them to be a thing of so little consequence, as not to deserve that he should advise with any mortal man about it. What shall we call this? Boldness or brutishness; rashness or phrensy? there is no name can come up to it, and therefore we must leave it without one. Now a parliament must be chosen in the new manner, next time in the old form, but all cashiered still after the newest mode. Now he will govern by major-generals, now by one house, now by another house, now by no house; now the freak takes him, and he makes seventy peers of the land at one clap (extempore, and stans pede in uno)—and, to manifest the absolute power of the potter, he chose not only the worst clay he could find, but picks up even the dirt and mire, to form out of it his vessels of honour. It was said anciently of fortune, that, when she had a mind to be merry and to divert herself, she was wont to raise up such kind of people to the highest dignities. This son of fortune, Cromwell, who was himself one of the primest of her jests, found but the true haughtiness of this pleasure, and rejoiced in the extravagance of his ways as the fullest demonstration of his uncontrollable sovereignty. Good God! what have we seen? And what have we suffered?"

dum ipse, sententias omnium scrutatus, celaret suam." "He would order (that is) great feasts for the inferior officers, and whilst they were feeding and before they had satisfied their hunger, cause the drums to beat *and let in the private soldiers to fall on, and snatch away the half-eaten dishes.* The robust and sturdy soldiers he loved to divert with violent and hazardous exercises; as by making them sometimes *throw a burning coal into one another's boots, or cushions at one another's heads.* When the officers had sufficiently laughed, and tired themselves with these preludes, he would wheedle them to open their hearts freely; and by that means he drew some secrets from the unwary, which afterwards they wished might have been wrapped up in everlasting darkness; whilst he, in the mean time, pumping the opinion of all others, concealed his own."

I close these notices of Cromwell's more familiar habits with two anecdotes of a pleasanter kind, related in Whitelocke's Memorials. The first refers to Cromwell and Ireton. "As they," says the lord commissioner, "went home from my house, their coach was stopped and they examined by the guards, to whom they told their names; but the captain of the guards would not believe them, and threatned to carry these two great officers to the court of guard. *Ireton grew a little angry, but Cromwell was chearful with the soldiers, gave them twenty shillings, and commended them and their captain for doing their duty.*" Again—Whitelocke tells us:—"The protector often advis'd about this [the petition and advice] and other great businesses with the lord Broghill, Pierpoint, myself, sir Charles Wolsely and Thurloe, and would be shut up three or four hours together in private discourse, and none were admitted to come in to him; he would sometimes be very chearful with us, and laying aside his greatness he would be exceeding familiar with us, and by way of diversion, *would make verses with us, and every one must try his fancy; he commonly call'd for tobacco, pipes, and a candle, and would now and then take tobacco himself; then he would*

fall again to his serious and great business, and advise with us in those affairs ; and this he did often with us, and our counsel was accepted and followed by him, in most of his greatest affairs."

The writer of these pages has no favourite theory to establish out of his records of the life of Cromwell—it is simply his aim to attempt to arrive at as fair and impartial a ground for judgment, as the circumstances will enable him to attain. Therefore, standing at the threshold of that astonishing person's political greatness, he has thought it advisable to present to the reader thus, from every various quarter, the possible means and resources by the use of which he achieved it in the end. Out of these, the reader will possibly have already formed his own judgment—yet let it for the present be suspended, till the progress of Cromwell's life has advanced some years with the light of these researches and inquiries cast upon it. Thus much, meanwhile, the writer may be allowed to say, in vindication of the somewhat unusual course he has taken, that the notion which seems to be held by many eminent writers, that Cromwell was after all perhaps only the instrument of fate, working its own wild will in the wild and changing humours of the army—is one which, however feasible in the main, could only have been arrived at by the course hitherto taken in the multitudinous accounts that exist of him, of judging by itself each separate incident of his extraordinary career in its single shape as it arose. This seemed to be productive of much error. He was too great a man, intellectually, to have worked without a plan, and yet was deficient in the element of moral greatness, which would in itself have withheld him from the plan he assumed. Viewed in his separate qualities a greater man has probably never lived—a man with more eminent abilities for statesmanship—a more masterly soldier, judging him by the age in which he lived, and the objects he accomplished—a person more wonderfully gifted in all the attributes of subtlest thought, and

of an intellect the most piercing and profound. The moral elevation, too, of his *courage* should be admitted by all, since in the days of his greatest danger, when assassins beset him round his bed and at his board, he gave way to no base thought of mere personal fear. His eminent and thoughtful sagacity has never been disputed, nor the vastness of his comprehension, nor the marvellous intrepidity of his purposes, nor the inexhaustible expedients and powers of his mind. Is it possible to suppose, then, that all these amazing faculties failed in their mission on earth — for they did fail — without some rooted curse that lay in his nature deeper than them all, and, when they sought to identify themselves with settled and lasting projects, that at once dispersed them to the winds?

That curse was his WANT OF TRUTH, and could only have been implanted in such a nature by some early scheme of the fatal ambition which he realised in later life. “*Explica atque excute intelligentiam tuam,*” says the great Roman philosopher, “*ut videas, quæ sit in ea species, forma, et notio viri boni. Cadit ergo in virum bonum mentiri emolumenti sui causâ, criminari præripere, fallere?* Nihil profecto minùs. Est ergo ulla res tanti, aut commodum ullum tam expetendum, ut viri boni et splendorem et nomen amittas? Quid est, quod afferre tantum utilitas ista, quæ dicitur, possit, quantum auferre, si boni viri nomen eripuerit, fidem justitiamque detraxerit?” Oh no—nothing can supply its place—“utility” or profit without it have never yet made out their case in this world. The discovery of its absence here was fatal at once. The parties who had in turn trusted, and been in turn betrayed, fled all from Cromwell’s side at last, and left him alone, and the vast designs he had hoped to leave permanently impressed upon the genius of the English people and the character of the English constitution, sunk with him into his grave. But not these alone. He dragged there, too, in so far as it was possible for him to do so, — for a *good* as well as great thought, once born in the world, can never *wholly*

die, — the more virtuous and more able designs of the yet immortal statesmen he supplanted, and left the path altogether clear for the base, the wicked, the licentious slavery, of the restored monarch who succeeded him.

Still must some portion of the reality of that enthusiasm with which he wrought his unworthiest aims, be permitted to remain with him. On his death-bed, we shall see, it shone suddenly forth, when all the insincerity and the *trick* of life and its designs had passed for ever. Then broke forth that almost fierce sincerity and belief of inspiration with which his first exertions in the republican cause began, and which, if grosser objects had not crossed it, would probably have realised the greatest career for Cromwell that had ever been flung open to mortal man. It is by leaving with him a portion of this true enthusiasm even in his works of greatest insincerity — it is by supposing that one so accomplished in deluding others, might also, and that most deeply — have deluded himself — that the extraordinary inconsistencies which have been noted in him, will find their sole solution at the last. With this, these suggestions towards his character may now be left, for the resumption of the story of his fortunes. The difficulties that stood in the way of a direct and simple narration of the latter, as they shaped their course from the opening of his political influence in the matter of the self-denying ordinance, have now been in a measure dispersed, and the reader may follow on the great points of their track, clearly and uninterruptedly.

At the pause in our narrative Cromwell was left in consultation with Vane. Shortly afterwards, namely, on the 23d of November, the house of commons professed itself greatly discontented with the affair of Dennington Castle, and made an order that on the following Monday Waller and Cromwell, two of the principal officers who were members of that house, should

declare their whole knowledge and information respecting the late proceedings of the conjoined armies. What was the sum of Waller's declaration does not appear: but Cromwell at once seized the occasion to bring all matters in dispute between himself and the earl of Manchester to a decision, in which other matters, not less important, would not less be involved.

He at once rose from his place, therefore, and alleged, according to Rushworth, that Manchester had always been backward to engagements in battle, and against ending the war with the sword, and had been the advocate of such a peace to which a victory in the field would have been an obstacle: that, since the taking of York, (as if he thought the king was now low enough, and the parliament too high) he had declined and shifted off whatever tended to further advantage upon the enemy, and especially at Dennington Castle — “for here,” pursued Cromwell, “I showed him evidently how this success might be obtained; and only desired leave with my own brigade of horse, to charge the king's army in their retreat, leaving it in the earl's choice, if he thought proper, to remain neutral with the rest of his forces. But, notwithstanding my importunity, he positively refused his consent; and gave no other reason, but that if we met with a defeat, there was an end of our pretensions — we should all be rebels and traitors, and be executed and forfeited by law.” In continuation of his charges Cromwell then added, that, before his conjunction with the other armies, he had drawn his army into, and detained it in, such situations as were favourable to the enemy's designs, against many commands of the committee of both kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands; and since, sometimes against the council of war, and sometimes deluding the council, had neglected one opportunity with pretence of another, and that again of a third, and at last persuading them that it was better not to fight at all. In the details of his statement, Whitelocke observes, Cromwell seemed (but cautiously enough) to lay more blame

upon the officers of Essex's army than upon any other. He adds that Cromwell's narrative "gave great satisfaction to the assembly to which it was addressed."

Lord Manchester himself rose in the house of lords the day after, and observed to their lordships, that he had lately been in employment in the armies, and that certain proceedings of those armies had elsewhere been made a subject of censure: he therefore begged the house would appoint a day on which he might give an account of those transactions. The house at once acceded and fixed the next day but one.

Manchester's narrative, delivered on the latter day, is said to have been fabricated by the united (and ever most worthily united) pens of Skeldon Crawford and Denzil Hollis. No doubt however there was a foundation of truth in it, or the earl would not have been prevailed upon to sign it. In some moment of greater faith in Manchester's political creed than the result warranted, Cromwell had spoken out rather too plainly — and in after annoyance with his generals after intrigues had as inconsiderately given way to rage. Perhaps there was no inconsiderateness, however, either in the one or the other — for the charge, involving both, did no harm to Cromwell in the English army or with the English people!

It was to this effect. He first accused Cromwell, by his tardiness and disaffection, of being more than any other person the cause that the king had carried off his ordnance from Dennington Castle without molestation. This was tantamount to saying that Cromwell's services not having been taken when they could avail, they were, when utterly useless, only tardily offered. Not contented however with thus defending himself, Manchester added a separate statement of certain speeches of Cromwell, of deep concern to the peerage of England, and to the good understanding subsisting between England and Scotland. The sum of these speeches appears to have been, that it would never be well with England till the Earl of Manchester *was made*

plain *Mr. Montagu* * ; that the Scots had crossed the Tweed for no other purpose than to establish presbyterianism, and that in that cause he would as soon draw his sword against them, as against the king ; and lastly, that it was his purpose to form an army of sectaries, which might dictate to both king and parliament such conditions as they should think proper.† Manchester delivered both these narratives in writing to the house on the 2d of December—and a formidable party appeared to be getting up to defend them. Essex suddenly arrived in London after his Cornish exploits, and attended several days to his “duty” in the house of lords.

Meanwhile measures of a stronger kind were in contemplation against Cromwell, in other places than in the house of lords. These are graphically related by Whitelocke : — “ One evening very late,” he tells us, “ Maynard and I were sent for by the lord general to Essex-house, and there was no excuse to be admitted, nor did we know beforehand the occasion of our being sent for : when we came to Essex-house, we were brought to the lord general, and with him were the Scots commissioners, Mr. Hollis, sir Philip Stapylton, sir John Meyrick, and divers others of his special friends. After compliments, and that all were set down in council, the lord general, in general terms having mentioned his having sent for them on important business, desired the lord chancellor of Scotland to enter into the detail, which he did in the following manner : ‘ Master Maynard and master Whitlock, I can assure you of the great opinion both my brethren and myself have of your worth and abilities, else we should not have desired this meeting with you, and since it is his excellency’s pleasure that I should acquaint you with

* These are the earl’s words : — “ I knew the lieutenant-general to be a man of very deep designs ; and he has even ventured to tell me, that it never would be well with England till I were Mr. Montague, and there were ne’er a lord or peer in the kingdom.”

† That advice was given thus : — “ My Lord, if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall soon find yourself at the head of an army which shall give law to both king and parliament.”

the matter upon whilke your counsel is desired, I shall obey his commands, and briefly recite the business to you. You ken vary weel that lieutenant-general Cromwell is no friend of ours, and since the advance of our army into England, he hath used all underhand and cunning means to take off from our honour and merit in this kingdom; an evil requital of all our hazards and services: but so it is, and we are nevertheless fully satisfied of the affections and gratitude of the gude people of this nation in the general. It is thought requisite for us, and for the carrying on of the cause of the tway kingdoms, *that this obstacle or remora may be removed out of the way*, whom we foresee will otherwise be no small impediment to us, and the gude design we have undertaken. *He not only is no friend to us, and the government of our church, but he is also no well-willer to his excellency*, whom you and we all have cause to love and honour; and if he be permitted to go on in his ways, it may, I fear, endanger the whole business; therefore we are to advise of some course to be taken for prevention of that mischief. You ken very wele the accord 'twixt the twa kingdoms, and the union by the solemn league and covenant, *and if any be an incendiary between the twa nations, how is he to be proceeded against*: now the matter is, wherein we desire your opinions, what you tak the meaning of this word incendiary to be, *and whether lieutenant-general Cromwell be not sicke an incendiary, as is meant thereby*, and whilke way wud be best to tak to proceed against him, if he be proved to be sicke an incendiary, and that will *clepe his wings from soaring* to the prejudice of our cause. Now you may ken that by our law in Scotland we clepe him an incendiary whay kindleth coals of contention, and raiseth differences in the state to the publick damage, and he is *tanquam publicus hostis patriæ*; whether your law be the same or not, you ken best who are mickle learned therein, and therefore with the favour of his excellency we desire your judgments in these points. Whitelock in answer, having been also desired

by Essex to deliver his opinion, observed, 'that the sense of the word incendiary was the same in both nations; but whether Cromwell was one depended on proofs; if proofs were wanting, he was none; if such were at hand, he might be proceeded against in parliament.'" After further advice on the necessity of having solid grounds for going upon any such charge, the cautious lawyer added: — "Next, as to the person of him who is to be accused as an incendiary, it will be fit, in my humble opinion, to consider *his present condition, and parts, and interest in the parliament*, (wherein Mr. Maynard and myself, by our constant attendance in the house of commons, are the more capable to give an account to your lordships,) and for his interest in the army, some honourable persons here present, his excellency's officers, are best able to inform your lordships. *I take lieutenant-general Cromwell to be a gentleman of quick and subtle parts, and one who hath, especially of late, gained no small interest in the house of commons, nor is wanting of friends in the house of peers, nor of abilities in himself, to manage his own part, or defence, to the best advantage.* If this be so, my lords, it will be more requisite to be well prepared against him before he be brought upon the stage, lest the issue of the business be not answerable to your expectations." Maynard having concurred in this opinion the affair was brought to a stand, and nothing came of it: "though Mr. Hollis, and sir Philip Stapylton, and some others, spake smartly to the business, and mentioned some particular passages, and words of Cromwell's, tending to prove him to be an incendiary; and they did not apprehend his interest in the house of commons to be so much as was supposed; and they would willingly have been upon the accusation of him.... I had some cause to believe," White-locke concludes, "that at this debate, some who were present, were false brethren, and informed Cromwell of all that passed among us, and after that Cromwell, though he took no notice of any particular passages at that time, yet he seemed more kind to me and Mr. Maynard than

he had been formerly, and carried on his design more actively of making way for his own advancement."

Such was the perilous condition of affairs among the principal leaders of the parliamentary armies at the close of the year 1644, when, to the amazement and dismay of the presbyterians, the project of the self-denying ordinance was, on the 9th of December, suddenly brought forward in the house of commons. The circumstances attending this have been minutely detailed in the life of Vane, and it only remains to exhibit Cromwell as he appeared in public connection with them.

The house having resolved itself into a committee, — to consider of the sad condition of the kingdom, in reference to the intolerable burthens of the war, and the little prospect there was of its being speedily brought to a conclusion — there was "a general silence for a good space of time," when Cromwell rose to address them. His speech, even in the faint records now alone preserved of it, appears to have been masterly in the extreme. He began by observing that, "it was now a time to speak, or for ever to hold the tongue; the important occasion being no less than to save a nation out of a bleeding, nay, almost dying, condition, which the long continuance of the war had already brought it into; so that, *without a more speedy, vigorous, and effectual prosecution of the war*, casting off all lingering proceedings, like soldiers of fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war, we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a parliament. For what," continued Cromwell, "do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the parliament? Even this, that the members of both houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in parliament, and what by power in the army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the war speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. *This I speak here to our own faces, it is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs.* I am far from

reflecting on any; I know the worth of those commanders, members of both houses, who are yet in power; but, if I may speak my conscience, without reflection upon any, I do conceive, if the army be not put into another method, and the war more vigorously prosecuted, the people can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonourable peace. But this," added Cromwell with consummate wisdom, "I would recommend to your prudence, *not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any commander in chief, upon any occasion whatsoever*; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs; therefore, waving a strict enquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true English hearts and zealous affections towards the general weal of our mother country, as no members of either house will scruple to deny themselves and their own private interests for the public good; nor account it to be a dishonour done to them, whatever the parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter." Subsequently, on the same question Cromwell took an occasion to enforce his views, and reply to the difficulties urged against them, yet more strongly. "The parliament had," he said, "done very wisely, in the entrance into the war, to engage many members of their own in the most dangerous parts of it, that the nation might see that they did not intend to embark them in perils of war, whilst themselves sat securely at home out of gunshot, but would march with them where the danger most threatened; and those honourable persons, who had exposed themselves this way, had merited so much of their country, that their memories should be held in perpetual veneration; and whatsoever should be well done after them, would be always imputed to their example: but, that God had so blessed their army, that there had grown up with it, and under it, very many excellent officers, who were fit for much greater charges than they

were now possessed of ; and he desired them not to be terrified with an imagination, that if the highest offices were vacant, they would not be able to put as fit men into them ; for, besides that it was not good to put so much trust in any arm of flesh, as to think such a cause as this depended upon any one man, he did take upon him to assure them, *that they had officers in their army, who were fit to be generals in any enterprise in Christendom.*" For himself, he added, he was quite ready to lay down his commission of command in the army ; since there was nothing he so anxiously desired, as that "an ordinance might be prepared, by which it might be made unlawful for any member of either house of parliament to hold any office or command in the army, or any place or employment of profit in the state." He concluded with an enlargement upon "the vices and corruptions which were gotten into the army ; the profaneness, and impiety, and absence of all religion ; the drinking and gaming, and all manner of licence and laziness ;" and said plainly, "*that till the whole army were new modelled, and governed under a stricter discipline, they must not expect any notable success in any thing they went about.*"

The progress of this measure — its defeat by the lords — and the introduction of a second measure with a similar object, but a less extensive range, has been described in Vane's memoir. The first ordinance forbade any member of either house of parliament from bearing any office civil or military during the war. The second did not carry its prospect into the future, but contented itself with merely discharging members of parliament from the offices they now held. This variation has been supposed to have had reference to Cromwell, as the law thus modified did not expressly forbid the re-appointment of officers so discharged. It subsequently admitted into the house a body of able and determined republicans — the Ludlows, Iretons, Sydneys, and Blakes — even before the effect of the purge had required an infusion of new blood into that quarter

on the formation of the commonwealth. Exceptions were also voted, as in the first self-denying ordinance, in favour of the commissioners of the great seal, the commissioners of the admiralty and navy, and of the revenue. This ordinance passed into a law on the 3rd of April; and the day before its introduction into the upper house, Essex, Manchester, and Denbigh, presented themselves in their places, and resigned their commissions.

The "new model" had meanwhile passed the lower house. It proposed that the military force should consist of 7600 horse, and 14,400 infantry, and be placed under the command of sir Thomas Fairfax as lord-general, assisted by Skippon in the quality of major-general. Its arrangements had not been completed without much difficulty. Three armies of 10,000 men each, were reduced to one army of 22,000. This could not be done without considerable derangements of detail; a number of officers were withdrawn from the service, because they were members of parliament; a number, probably greater, were dismissed, because one army did not require so many, as three before had required. The men dismissed were selected chiefly as dissolute or least deserving men. The soldiers were drafted out of old regiments into new: every thing in a manner was changed. This could not be without exciting singular discontents, and the dismissed officers got up a party called reformados.

One circumstance, however, in the project of the new model provoked remark beyond every other. The lord general was named*, and a man better qualified than Fairfax, not less by his singular military talents than

* I may add, that under this new model sir Thomas Fairfax was not only appointed commander-in-chief, but also invested with the power of nominating all the officers under him, and with the execution of martial law. No mention is made of the king's authority, nor is any clause for the preservation of his person inserted in the ordinance; but the general is directed to "lead his armies against all and singular enemies, rebels, traitors, and other like offenders, and every of their adherents, and with them to fight; and them to invade, resist, repress, subdue, pursue, slay, kill, and put in execution of death, by all ways and means."

by the circumstance (which even in the new model had its weight since it propitiated the prejudices of some and offended the feelings of none) of his immediate connection with an old aristocratic family. A major-general was named also — Skippon, an excellent and faithful soldier. Twenty-four colonels were also specified, in the charge of as many regiments. But a blank was left for the name of the new lieutenant-general. That the blank was left for the after insertion of the name of Cromwell, no one can reasonably doubt. Happy had it been, in all human probability, for the commonwealth if the blank had never been filled—supposing Cromwell's genius still to have remained in aid and counsel of the cause—but the fatal result he aimed at was not dreamed of then, and to have surrendered the services of the hero of Marston Moor, at such a crisis as the present, would have been to throw an irrecoverable damp over this new and grand undertaking which his genius had inspired, and only his genius, it was thought, could conduct to a glorious issue.

The question of Cromwell's own sincerity in proposing to resign his command under the measure, is surely not worth discussing. It seems quite certain that he never contemplated the possibility of his being called on — however ready he might profess himself to answer the call in such a case — to do any such thing. It is not worth disguising the fact, that this ordinance was adopted less from its direct and professed tendency, than from the collateral and overpowering advantages that were to accrue from it in the removal of the aristocratic commanders, and in the reorganisation, on the plan of Cromwell's own regiments, of the entire body of the army. Yet the observations of two able, and, on such a question, impartial historians, should not be withheld. Mr. Brodie argues that Cromwell, when he proposed the Self-denying Ordinance, must have acted from disinterested motives, both because he was himself to be subject to the operation of the new law, and also, because, if it had passed when he first brought it forward,

as he was not at the moment engaged in any military employment, he could not have found a pretext for continuing in the army. It was as late as the 27th of February, this historian remarks, that he was ordered by the parliament, which he had till then attended, to join sir William Waller (who had moved into the west) that he might assist him in carrying relief to Melcombe, as well as prevent levies from being made in that neighbourhood for the service of the king: hence, had the Self-denying Ordinance and that for the new model been passed as soon as was expected, both these officers, before the date just mentioned, must have been deprived of their commands, and even rendered incapable of any similar appointment. The conclusion which Mr. Brodie would draw is of course this—that in subsequently acting merely on successive indulgences of leave from the house, Cromwell obeyed an unforeseen difficulty from which he could not escape. Dr. Lingard argues in the same strain, to the effect that his continuation in the command was caused by a succession of events which he could not possibly have foreseen, and could not in honour escape from. “He had been sent,” says that historian, “with Waller to oppose the progress of the royalists in the west: on his return he was ordered to prevent the junction of the royal cavalry with their forces under the king; and he then received a commission to protect the associated counties from insult. While he was employed in this service, the term appointed by the ordinance approached; but Fairfax express’d his unwillingness to part with so experienced an officer at such a crisis, and the two houses consented that he should remain forty days longer with the army. Before they expired, the great battle of Naseby had been fought; in consequence of the victory the ordinance was suspended three months in his favour, and ever afterwards the same indulgence was reiterated as often as it became necessary.”

Be this as it may,—“on the 10th of June, 1645” according to the journals of the house of commons, a

letter was read in the commons from sir Thomas Fairfax, and diverse of the chief officers of his army, dated at Sherrington two days before, "desiring that lieutenant-general Cromwell might command the horse in chief, in sir Thomas Fairfax his army." Whereupon it was resolved, that sir Thomas Fairfax be desired, if he thinks fit, "to appoint lieutenant-general Cromwell to command the horse under sir Thomas Fairfax, as lieutenant-general, during such time as this house shall please to dispense with his attendance; and that sir Thomas Widdrington prepare a letter to be signed by Mr. Speaker, and forthwith sent to sir Thomas Fairfax, to acquaint him of this vote."

Fairfax's letter ran in these words. "Upon serious consideration how the horse of this army may be managed to the best advantage of the publique, which are at present without any generall officer to command them, though as considerable a body as any you have had since the beginning of these unhappy troubles, we have taken the boldnes humbly to desire that this house would be pleased to appoint lieut. gen. Cromwell to this service, while this hon. house shall think fit to spare him from his attendance in parliament; *the generall esteem and affection which he hath both with the officers and souldiers of this whole army, his own personall worth and ability for the employment, his great care, diligence, courage, and faithfulness in the services you have already employed him, with the constant presence and blessing of God that have accompanied him, make us look upon it as the duty we owe to you and the publique, to make it our humble and earnest suite (if it may seem good to you) to appoint him unto this employment, which shall be received by us with that thankfulness and acknowledgment of your favour, which may best expresse how sensible we are of so great an obligation, and how much devoted to your, and the kingdome's service.*"*

The new model had meanwhile been proceeding under

* *Merc. Brit.* June 9 to 16, 1645. "This desire," adds the journalist, was "assented to with all readiness by the house of commons, and no doubt but he is exercising the office already."

Cromwell's direction. The men who composed it belonged chiefly to the independents, and were selected after the rules Cromwell had originally laid down. The character of this army so constituted has been in other portions of this work placed before the reader. They were perhaps the most remarkable men who had ever, in any nation, taken up arms for liberty. Each individual soldier marched into battle with the sense of a glorious martyrdom in case of death, and of divine selection in case of life and triumph. One hand held the bible, the other the sword. For them death had ceased his terrors, and by one overpowering emotion the sense of pain, of suffering, or fatigue, had been in them completely subdued. Not one of them but was a "vessel of glory," set apart for the purposes of heaven. And these soul elevating thoughts which gave them a common hope of glory, gave them, too, the united resolution to achieve it. No differences or jealousies struck between them on the eve of a day of battle. Each man's voice rose to heaven with that of his comrade in the same words of hymn and praise—their united swords were as one sword, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Charles at this time was master of nearly the whole of the west of England, had a preponderance in the midland counties, held power even in the north, and was complete master of Wales. In a few short weeks he knew not where to turn!

On the failure of the treaty of Uxbridge the campaign of 1645 had commenced in earnest, and Cromwell had already, in virtue of his first dispensation from the house of commons, and before he received his commission under Fairfax, performed some important services in it. The first was his interception of a body of troops at Islip bridge proceeding from the west towards Oxford, with the intention, it was thought, of reinforcing the king, and of enabling him to march with his artillery against some of the garrisons held by the parliamentary forces on the banks of the Severn. Having received secret intelligence of this, Cromwell at once put himself

at the head of a few chosen squadrons, attacked and defeated the royalists with great slaughter, took several prisoners, and made himself master of a standard which the queen had recently presented to her own regiment. Happening, too, at this time, to be in the neighbourhood of Blessington House, then a fortified place commanded by colonel Windebank, Cromwell suddenly made an assault upon it while a number of ladies were within its walls on a visit to the governor's young wife. The terror of the women compelled the colonel to listen to terms, and finally to surrender the garrison; for which imbecility he was soon afterwards tried by a court martial at Oxford, and condemned to be shot. Nor was the energetic soldier less successful in a skirmish with sir William Vaughan in the same vicinity, whom, with the greater part of his infantry, he is reported to have taken prisoner. In truth, wherever he led the way, victory followed. A reverse his regiment suffered about this time, was suffered in his absence. He had temporarily left his command on a mission of some importance, when Goring, ordered to that service by the king, executed a sudden and masterly movement against a portion of his troops, fell upon them while crossing the Isis, near Woodstock, and routed them with some loss and much confusion. This enabled the king and Rupert to join their forces — and having done so, they marched in a northerly direction.

Cromwell suspected his design, and communicated with the house of commons. Orders were at once transmitted to the Scottish army, then before Carlisle. They raised the siege, advanced to the south, intercepted Charles, and foiled his plan. The policy resolved on at the constitution of the new model, and openly declared by Cromwell, was to strike at the king, and keep him constantly in pursuit. Fairfax, meanwhile, had sat down before Oxford. Charles suddenly turned back, with great vigour and resolution surprised and assaulted Leicester, and carried it the very same day he sat down before it. The garrison, to the amount of 1500 men, immediately surrendered themselves prisoners; and the

town was given up to all the horrors of a place taken by storm, aggravated by the extreme licentiousness that then prevailed among the royal troops, who, as if in daring defiance and scorn of the men of the new model, had now become infinitely more reckless and dissolute than before.*

Fairfax, never accustomed to rely solely upon himself, began now to feel serious alarm for the safety of the eastern counties, mingled with a responsibility too heavy for himself to bear. He wrote to the house of commons, as we have seen, to solicit the appointment and co-operation of Cromwell. Then, having raised the siege of Oxford, he directed a pursuit against Charles, who had moved from Leicester, fixed his head quarters at Daventry, and there, while his soldiers ravaged and plundered the adjoining country, betaken himself to the pleasures of the chase. As Fairfax pursued his silent march, he received from London the welcome vote for which he had written, and without an instant's delay, thus wrote to Cromwell:—"Sir,—You will find by the enclosed vote of the house of commons, a liberty given me to appoint you lieutenant-general of the horse of this army, during such time as that house shall be pleased to dispense with your attendance. You cannot expect but that I make use of so good an advantage, as I apprehend this to be, to the public good: and therefore I desire you to make speedy repair to this army, and give order that the troops of horse you had from hence, and what other horse or dragoons can be spared from the attendance of your foot in their coming up, march hither with convenient speed; and as for any other forces you have there, I shall not need to desire you to dispose of them as you shall find most for the public advantage, which we here apprehend to be, that they march towards us

* Charles was evidently much elated by these successes. In a letter of June the 9th, he writes to the queen:—"I may (without being much too sanguine) affirm that, since this rebellion, my affairs were never in so fair and hopeful a way."—*King Charles's Works, Letters*, No. 57.

by the way of Bedford. We are now quartered at Wilton, two miles from Northampton; the enemy still at Daventry. Our intelligence is, that they intend to move on Friday; but which way, we cannot yet tell. They are, as we hear, more horse than foot, and make their horse their confidence: ours shall be in God. I pray all possible haste toward your affectionate friend to serve you, *THOMAS FAIRFAX.*" — This letter bore the date of the 11th of June. With astonishing promptitude, Cromwell, who had evidently not been taken unawares by his commission, drew together about 6000 chosen horse, marched after Fairfax, and on the evening of the 13th of June, came up with him at Northampton, where he lay within six miles of Charles.

The presence of Cromwell at once carried life and energy into the camp of Fairfax. He found the general still uncertain of the movements of the king, and without hesitation suggested the propriety of sending out a detachment of horse, to ascertain the exact position of the royalists, and to attack their rear should they persist in retiring from the scene of action. Cromwell, resolved to bring on a battle, entrusted this service to Ireton, on whom he could best rely, and who well justified his selection.

The night had scarcely fallen, when Ireton moved silently out with a choice party of men, charged and drove in the king's outposts, and brought back with him several prisoners from whom all necessary intelligence as to the number and disposition of the enemy was immediately obtained. Cromwell in great excitement declared for a "decisive action" on the morrow. Fairfax acquiesced, and about an hour before dawn, on the morning of the 14th of June, the whole army formed, and in deep silence, and admirable order, began its march.

A strange and agitated scene had meanwhile been acting in the camp of Charles. Ireton's assault upon the outposts spread alarm with the rapidity of wild-fire,—officers summoned out of their beds to attend a

council of war, were seen hurrying towards the king's tent in abrupt excitement and disordered dress, and after an hour's consultation, the whole camp was ordered into motion. With that careless and characteristic gallantry which, whatever their other failings, never failed the cavaliers, the officers had resolved, notwithstanding their critical position, not only to risk, but to advance and offer, battle.*

This resolution taken, the army was at once drawn up on a rising ground about a mile south from Harborough, a position of a most advantageous nature both for the foot, cavalry, and ordnance. The main body of the infantry, amounting to about 25,000, was put under the command of lord Ashley; the right wing of horse, being somewhat less numerous, was led by prince Rupert; while the left wing, consisting of cavalry from the northern counties, and of some detachments from Newark, in all not exceeding 1600, was intrusted to the charge of sir Marmaduke Langdale. In the reserve, were the king's life-guards, commanded by the earl of Lindsey, prince Rupert's regiment of foot, and the royal horse guards, under lord Bernard Stuart, recently created earl of Litchfield. Here, after remaining in order of battle till eight o'clock (still the busy and fatal morning of the 14th of June!) Charles began to doubt the intelligence on which they had moved, when suddenly prince Rupert, who had dashed forward with his characteristic impetuosity upwards of two miles in front of his men to ascertain the intentions of Fairfax, galloped back and sent word throughout the line, that the enemy were about to turn their backs, and that one fierce attack in pursuit would utterly disperse them. The word was given; Charles put his army in motion; and relinquishing the favourable ground he had originally occupied, led his battalions into the plain, or

* The rule of avoiding repetition of the same events in these biographies has been throughout carefully observed. It was necessary to transgress it in this instance, however, since the battle of Naseby, as described in the *Life of Vane*, was merely general, and had no relation to the special services of Cromwell.

fallow field, about a mile in breadth, which separated Harborough from a village called Naseby.

Here, with no thought of retreat, the men of the new model had been drawn up by their great leaders. Here, at dawn in the morning, having sung a psalm in praise of their God, they had sat down composedly and in rank with their arms in their hands. Some few troops merely had been set in motion by Cromwell, and miserably had Rupert, self-deceived, deceived his unfortunate master!

The position, a remarkably strong one, had been selected by Cromwell, who, being satisfied early in the march (from catching a glimpse of a corps of Rupert's cavalry in motion) that the king had doubled back on his pursuers and determined to give rather than receive battle, suggested to Fairfax the fallow field near Naseby. Along the ridge of a gentle eminence the men were drawn up, the infantry in the centre, the cavalry on either flank, and some twenty pieces of artillery so well planted as to cover every avenue of approach. Fairfax and Skippon commanded the main battle, Cromwell took the right wing, and at his request, Fairfax gave Ireton upon the field the rank of commissary general and the command of the horse on the left. The forces were nearly equal, and might amount altogether to about 36,000 men.

Rupert began the battle, and charged Ireton with such furious force that even the astonishing resistance of that lion-like soldier opposed the shock in vain. Again and again he strove to rally his men, but Rupert hewed down every thing before him. At the head of the last few troops who had kept their ground, Ireton then threw himself, with the terrible courage of despair, on a body of the royal infantry — their pikes pierced him in the face and thigh, he fell senseless from his horse, was taken prisoner, and only in the subsequent rout recovered by his friends. His division was now utterly dispersed, and Rupert, regardless after his impetuous fashion of the fate of the main body of the men engaged, rushed on after the fugitives, drove them

through their reserves with the gay excitement that belonged to the hunting field rather than the collected resolution and foresight necessary in such a momentous battle, and having reached the enemy's cannon and baggage in the rear, only turned round his jaded horsemen when they had lost all further opportunity of service.

Fairfax, meanwhile, maintained in the centre an unequal fight. Abandoning the privileges of a captain, he grappled personally with the foe, galloped through the thickest of the fray, and, his helmet having been beaten to pieces, still, bare-headed as he was, flamed resolution and courage everywhere among his men, when the colonel of his body-guard, Charles D'Oyley, threw himself before him with his own helmet, entreating him not to hazard unduly so rich a life. "'Tis well enough, Charles," said Fairfax, putting the proffered helmet by.*

But, with total rout upon the left wing, and fearful uncertainty in the centre, Cromwell and his Ironsides now singly decided the battle. Langdale had charged after Rupert's example, but might as well have charged against a rock. Recoiling from the steady shock of that iron wall, Cromwell charged him in his turn, first with a heavy fire of carbines, next at the sword's point, routed the whole of his cavalry, sent three squadrons after them to prevent their rallying, and with the remaining four, which he had held steadily in hand, wheeled furiously round, and with loosened rein and spur in his horse's flanks, led them on with overpowering shock, against the weary infantry engaged with

* Whitelocke. This is possibly the same anecdote on which the author of the "Flagellum" has got up a joke against Cromwell. "A commander of the king's," says that ingenious writer, "knowing Cromwell, advanced smartly from the head of his troops to exchange a bullet singly with him, and was with the like gallantry encountered by him, both sides forbearing to come in, till their pistols being discharged, the cavalier, with a slanting back-blow of a broadsword, luckily cut the riband which tied his murrion, and with a draw threw it off his head, and now ready to repeat his stroke, his party came in and rescued him, and one of them alighting threw up his head-piece into his saddle, which Oliver hastily catching, as being affrighted with the chance, *clapped it the wrong way on his head*, and so fought with it the rest of the day."

Fairfax. Not for an instant could the royalists resist that fell attack. They wavered, gave way, were cut through and through, and fled in all directions. One regiment alone preserved its ground, and scarcely a man of it survived to tell his courageous story.

Charles behaved with the bravery which never deserted him in war. At the head of the cavalry that remained—joined in the instant by Rupert's weary stragglers—he implored them to follow their king, and stand the coming shock. A terrible conviction of his hopeless ruin no doubt then flashed upon him. "One charge more" he exclaimed, "and we recover the day." It was too late, Rupert's cavalry were already worn out by their chase, and the rest had been panic struck by the charge of the Ironsides. Never was rout so triumphantly complete. Two thousand men were left dead upon the field. The royalists who were made prisoners were five thousand foot, and three thousand horse. There were also captured the whole of Charles's artillery, eight thousand stand of arms, above one hundred pair of colours, the royal standard, the king's cabinet of letters, his coaches, and the whole spoil of his camp.*

* It may interest the reader to give the first account of this memorable battle, which was published in the journals of the time. The supplementary notices, too, from other journals, are curious and interesting:—"It hath pleased God to engage our men with the enemy in a pitched battle (as was then expected). We marched from Naesby early on Saturday morning, June the 14, and hearing the king's army was near, we drew up into a body a mile or two from Naesby, expecting to be engaged with the king, whose horse suddenly after faced us, till their foot drew up into battalia. There never was such rejoicing and courageous expressions used by soldiers, as was then on both sides, both seeming willing to put an end to these differences. After we had recommended ourselves to the Almighty's protection, and gave the word (*which was on our side God is our strength, on the king's side, Queen Mary*), our warning piece shot off, upon which prince Rupert, who then commanded the right wing of the king's horse, rode with a full career up towards our men, but went back. Our forelorn hope and theirs in the mean time met, and played very hot one upon the other, each seeking to gain the hill and wind, which was at length equally divided betwixt both parties. One of the Dutch princes (which we all suppose to be Rupert) led up their right wing, and put our left to a shameful retreat; though I confess two things may somewhat excuse them. First, the king's men had some marks to know each other by in the fight, and so they knew them not 'till they were upon them. Secondly, in that they were new raised men out of the associated counties, better armed than hearted. Prince Rupert charged on them with such gallantry (as few in the army ever saw the like) and beat them down the hill to the very train, where col. Bartlett's regiment and the firelocks that guarded the train beat them from it, and won the ground our horse had

The first civil war was decided by this victory—and so, it is evident, Cromwell at once perceived, for nothing could equal his excitement after the day was won. He led the pursuit for upwards of twelve miles, returned to Harborough (Haverbrowe it was then called), and, before taking rest or refreshment after toils that would have worn down the strength of a score of ordinary men, took up his pen and wrote news of the victory to the speaker of the house of commons. The letter of the second officer in command reached parliament a day before the letter of the lord general. The circumstance created some sensation and no doubt Cromwell intended that it should. The news which was to dismay the presbyterians more than intelligence of a defeat would have dismayed them, the victory which was to elevate Vane and the independents into enthusiastic strength and joy, should fitly issue first from him. And how the letter is written—with what an ill sub-

lost, with as much resolution as the enemy gained it. In the mean while, the general who commanded the body of foot, behaved himself very courageously in the front of the army: and major-general Skippon, who is wounded in the side, but hopes of recovery, fell upon the enemy's foot: L. G. Cromwell charging before them, with his horse broke into the king's body, routed them, seized upon all their train and cannon, took 4000 foot and horse prisoners, their standard, ensigns, 70 carriages, 12 pieces of ordnance, two of them being demy-cannon, took the king's own waggons, and in one of them a cabinet of letters, supposed to be of great consequence. Four hundred of their men slain in the field, besides many others, which were found dead in the way, and 7000 arms. *Lieut.-gen. Cromwell pursued them to Leicester-towns-end, and still remains near it.* On our side, we lost at most not above 100 men, whereof one col. Francis, and two captains; all which, as near as I can guess, was done in the space of an hour and a half."—*Extract from a Letter, signed Henry Maud, Harborough, June 15. Weekly Account, June 11 to 18. 1645.* . . . "A list of the prisoners, ordnance, ammunition, &c. taken by sir Thomas Fairfax, near Naesby, the 14th of June, 1645. 4000 prisoners; 600 slain; 4 colonels; 7 lieutenant-colonels, 12 majors, 60 captains, 8000 arms, 40 barrels of powder, 12 pieces of ordnance, 200 carriages, 4 coaches, 2 sumpters, one of the king's, the other prince Rupert's; all the king's plate, and good store of money. Ordered that the messenger that brought the first intelligence from the general, shall have 40*l.*; that a messenger from *lieut.-gen. Cromwell* shall have 20*l.*"—*Weekly Account, June, 11 to 18. 1645.* . . . "Ordered that *lieut.-general Cromwell* continue with the army three months after the 50 days assigned him are expired. *I cannot believe, that any will repine at so necessary an order.*"—*Merc. Brit. June 16 to 23. 1645.* . . . "We hear *Cromwell's* sometime regiment are grown wiser, if it may be so called, for having helped to beat the enemy out of the field, they did not as at *Mirston Moor*, leave them that fought least, to get most, but fell upon the good booty as well as others; some had jewels, others diamond rings, others gold, some were content with silver, good apparel, horses, and what else they could get."—*Mod. Intel. 19 to 26. 1645.*

dued effort from exultation—in what curt regal sentences—with what resolute purpose against his political adversaries in the house. It is addressed to the speaker and bears date from “Haverbrowe, June the 14th, 1645.

“SIR,—Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us. Wee marched yesterday after the kinge, whoe went before us from Daventree to Haverbroue, and quartered about six miles from him. This day wee marched towards him. Hee drew out to meet us. Both armies engaged. Wee, after three howers fight, very doubtfull, at last routed his armie; killed and tooke about 5000, very many officers, but of what qualitty wee yet know not. Wee took also about 200 carrag—all he had, and all his gunnes, being 12 in number, whereof 2 were demie-cannon, 2 demie-culveringes, and (I thinke) the rest sacers. We pursued—enemie from 3 miles short of Ha—to nine beyond, even to sight of Leices——whither the King fled. Sir, this is non other but the hand of God, and to him alone belongs the glorie, wherein none are to share with him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendations I can give him is that, I d—say, he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himselfe; which is an honest and a thriving way, and yet as much for bravery may be given to him in this action as to a man. *Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trustye. I beseech you in the name of God not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humilitie in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures life for the libertie of his countrie, I wish hee trust God for the libertie of his conscience, and you for the libertie hee fights for. In this hee rests whoe is your most humble Servant,* OLIVER CROMWELL.”*

* This letter is taken from the MS. in the British Museum. As a matter of course, Cromwell's power was visibly impressed on the people more strongly than ever by the circumstances of this victory. On the 16th of June, the very day the news of their great success reached parliament, it

But not in the affairs of battle does the writer rest till all his work is done. After Naseby he overspread the land with his victorious forces, as with a devastating torrent. Leicester was immediately retaken—Taunton, besieged by the dissolute Goring and defended by the valiant Blake, was relieved—Goring himself was beaten and obliged to retreat to Bridgewater. Here the prudence, not less than the valour, of Cromwell, shone forth most eminently. An advanced party of horse, with inconsiderate rashness, rushed forward to charge the enemy, when, with consummate presence of mind, he checked them until the whole of the cavalry had come up, and then putting himself at their head, attacked the royalists with such vigour and success, that nearly their whole body of foot became his prisoners, while he captured also the greater part of their ordnance. From this he pushed on against the town itself, which he carried by storm against a heavy garrison. While engaged in this gallant work he had a very narrow escape from a musket ball of the enemy.*

Nothing at this period could exceed his vigilance. With every energy apparently taxed by the war, he yet held a careful watch equally on friends and foes, and such as professed themselves to be neither the one nor the other. A kind of third army had recently sprung up in the western counties, calling themselves club-men, ostensibly with the purpose to defend themselves from the rapine and violence of the royalists, but whose operations were found to be in reality as oppressive to the

was resolved that his services should be continued in the army under sir Thomas Fairfax, during the pleasure of both houses. The lords restricted it to three months. On the 8th of August, this dispensation was renewed for four months longer; and on the 23d of January following, it was extended to six months additional. After this there were no more resolutions about Cromwell's absence from the lower house. He took it for granted that he had leave; "no one offered to move for recalling him; and he soon attained so great a power, that no one with safety could have dared to make such a motion."

* "On Friday last lieutenant-general Cromwell, with some of his officers, made within twice pistol-shot of Bridgewater, to view the town; where making some stay upon a discourse, the enemy shot a brace of musket-bullets, which killed a cornet of his regiment near him, but the lieutenant-general was preserved." — *Merc. Ctr.* July 10 to 17, 1645.

peacefully disposed as those of the cavaliers had ever been. It was the peculiar interest of the parliament at this moment to seem equally and eminently regardful of the comfort and welfare of all, and this escaped not Cromwell. By a masterly union of moderation and firmness he at once dispersed these club-men, and thus, in an animated letter to his general in chief (dated August 4, 1645), described the action:—"Sir, — I marched this morning towards Shaftsburie; in my way I found a party of club-men gathered together, about two miles of this side of the towne towards you, and one Mr. Newman in the head of them, who was one of those that did attend you at Dorchester, with Mr. Hollis: I sent to them to know the cause of their meeting; Mr. Newman came to me, and told me that the club-men in Dorset and Wilts, to the number of ten thousand, were to meet about their men, which were taken away at Shaftsbury, and that their intendment was to secure themselves from plundering. To the first, I told them that although no account was due to them, yet I knew the men were taken by your authority to be tried judicially for raising a third party in the kingdom, and if they should be found guilty, they must suffer according to the nature of their offence; if innocent I assured them you would acquit them. Upon this they said, if they have deserved punishment they would not have any thing to do with them, and so were quieted as to that point. . . . For the other, I assured them, that it was your great care, not to suffer them in the least to be plundered, and that they should defend themselves from violence, and bring to your armie such as did them any wrong, where they should be punished with all severity: upon this, very quietlie and peaceably they marched away to their houses, being very well satisfied and contented. We marched on to Shaftsbury, where we heard a great body of them was drawn together about Hamilton Hill, where indeed neer two thousand were gathered; I sent a forlorne hope of about fifty horse, who comming very civilly to them, they fired

upon them, and they desiring some of them to come to me, were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old Camps, upon a very high Hill. I sent one Mr. Lee to them, to certify the peaceableness of my intentions, and to desire them to peaceableness, and to submit to the Parliament; they refused, and fired at us. I sent him a second time to let them know, that if they would lay downe their Armes, no wrong should be done them. They still (through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile Ministers) refused. I commanded your Captain Lieutenant to draw up to them, to be in readinesse to charge, and if upon his falling on they would lay down arms, to accept them, and spare them. When we came neer, they refused his offer, and let flie at him, killed about two of his men, and at least foure horses; the passage, not to be for above three a breast, kept them out, whereupon Major Deburgh wheeled about, got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them, I believe killed not twelve of them: but cut very manie, and have taken about 300, many of which are *poor silly creatures, whom if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutifull for time to come, and will be hanged before they come out againe.* The ringleaders which we have, I intend to bring to you; they had taken divers of the Parliament Soldiers Prisoners, besides Col. Fines his Men, and used them most barbarouslie, bragging they hoped to see my Lord Hoptons that he is to command them. They expected from Wilts great store, and gave out they meant to raise the siege at Sherburn, when they were all met. We have gotten great store of their armes, and they carried few or none home. We quarter about ten miles off, and purpose to draw our quarters neer to you to morrow. Your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

After this Sherburne Castle surrendered, and before we have time to admire the bravery and rapidity of the movement which effected it, the lieutenant-general has sat down before Bristol, in company with Fairfax, whom

he advises to storm a place of such importance, if other methods are not of speedy avail. Prince Rupert, who held it with about 5000 horse and foot, had declared that nothing should induce him to surrender, unless, as he had reason to fear, the inhabitants proved disaffected. Cromwell's counsel having been suddenly taken, however, by Fairfax, the attack was made with so much fury, that though Rupert repelled it for a while, he feared to run the hazard of a second assault, and delivered up the city, and with it a large proportion of the king's magazines and warlike stores.*

* Cromwell's graphic account of this siege is given in the journals of the time:—"A letter from lieutenant-gen. Cromwell to the parliament, dated at Bristol, the 14th of September, was to this effect: That about one of the clock in the morning, Thursday the 11th instant, sir Thomas Fairfax stormed the city. The general's signal when to fall on, was the burning straw, upon which the men went on with great resolution, and very presently recovered the line, making way for the horse to enter. Col. Montague and col. Pickering who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work well filled with men and cannon, presently entered, and with great resolution beat the enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon without any considerable loss, and laid down the bridges for the horse to enter. Major Desborough commanded the horse, who very gallantly seconded the foot; then our foot advanced to the city walls, there they possessed the great gate against the Castle Street, wherein were put 100 men, who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller, with his and the general's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's gate, towards Avon river, and put themselves into an immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade. During this, col. Rainsborough and col. Hamond attempted Prior's Hill Fort and the line downwards towards Froome; col. Birch and the major-general's regiment being to storm towards Froome river. Col. Hamond possessed the line immediately, and beat the enemy from it, and made way for our horse to enter. Col. Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Prior Fort, attempted it, and fought very near three hours for it, and indeed there was great despair of carrying the place, it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds, scarce reaching to the top thereof; but his resolution was such that he would not give it over. The enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they played with round and case shot upon our men. His lieutenant-col. Bowen and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but nevertheless they could not enter. Col. Hamond being entered the line, capt. Ireton, with a forlorn of col. Birch's regiment, interposed with his horse between the enemy's horse, and col. Hamond received a shot with two pistol bullets, which broke his arm, but the entrance of col. Hamond did storm the fort on that part which was inward. By which means col. Rainsborough and col. Hamond's men entered the fort, and immediately put to the sword almost all in it. And as this was the place of most difficulty, so of most loss to us on that side, and of very great honour to the undertaker. Being thus far possessed of the enemy's works, the town was fired in three places by the enemy, which we could not put out, which began to be a great trouble to the general, and all his officers, that so famous a city should be wasted: but whilst they were viewing that sad spectacle, the prince sent a trumpet to the general, desiring a treaty for the surrender, and so the fire was quenched, and articles agreed on, as you have formerly heard."—*Merc. Fivid.* Sept. 17—20. 1645.

Here, during the parley which preceded the capitulation, Cromwell, with Fairfax, again had a marvellous escape from the enemy. They were sitting together on the top of Prior's Hill Fort (which had been taken in the storming attempt), when a piece of ordnance in the castle being directed against that point, the ball grazed the fort within two hands' breadth of them, without doing the slightest injury to either. These were incidents Cromwell well knew how to turn to account, and the word therefore soon ran along the camp of the besiegers, that none but an atheist could doubt that such a capture, attended with circumstances so remarkable, must have been the work of the Lord. So also he wrote to the speaker:—
 "It may be thought that some praises are due to these gallant men, of whose valour so much mention is made. Their humble suit to you, and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, that in the remembrances of God's praises they may be forgotten. It's their joy that they are instruments of God's glory, and their country's good, it is their honour that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service, know, *that faith and prayer obtained this city for you*; I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you, *and all England over*, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are, that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith, by which we ask all our sufficiency, and having received it, it's meet that he have all the praise."*

Round every portion of this country, like a tempest, he now swept with his victorious army. Passing from Bristol to Devizes, he summoned that town to surrender. "Win it and wear it," was the answer of sir Charles Lloyd the governor. Cromwell did both. The

* In the Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer we find the following, which strikingly illustrates the use and value of such letters as this:— "On the Lord's day, Sept. 21., according to order of parliament, Lieut-gen. Cromwell's letter of the taking of Bristol, was read in several congregations about London, and thanks returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city. The letter of that renowned commander is well worth observation, and especially these pious and self-denyng expressions therein are very remarkable."

place was carried by assault, and the greatest moderation shown towards its gallant defenders. After this he stormed Berkeley Castle, and threw himself before Winchester, which surrendered by capitulation.* And now, so severely strict was Cromwell in exacting compliance from his own army with its articles, that, when information was laid before him by the vanquished that some of his soldiers had plundered them on leaving the city, contrary to the terms granted them, he ordered the offenders to be tried by court-martial, at which they were sentenced to death. Whereupon, he directed the unfortunate men, who were six in number, to cast lots for the first sufferer; and, after his execution, sent the remaining five, with a suitable explanation of the matter, to sir Thomas Glenham, governor of Oxford, requesting him to deal with them as he thought fit: a piece of conduct, which so charmed the royalist officer, that he immediately returned the men to Cromwell, with a grateful compliment and expressions of much respect.†

In his account of the surrender of this city, again Cromwell wrote in his old and serviceable strain. "Sir," he said, "I came to Winchester on the Lord's day, the

* A characteristic incident of this surrender is thus noticed in one of the journals:—"We this day received intelligence that lieut.-gen. Cromwell was come before Winchester with a resolution not to depart from it until he had reduced both town and castle to the obedience of the parliament. The city made some opposition contrary to his expectation, but having fired the bridge, he quickly found a means to enter the city and subdue it. We hear that he did send unto the bishop of Winchester, and offered him a guard to secure his person, but the bishop flying into the castle refused the courtesy. Afterwards, the castle being begun to be battered by two pieces of ordnance, he sent to the lieut.-gen., giving him thanks for the great favor offered to him, and being now more sensible what it was, he desired the enjoyment of it; to whom the wise lieut.-gen. replied, that since he made not use of the courtesy, but wilfully did run away from it, he must partake of the same condition as the others who are with him in the castle, and if he were taken, he must expect to be used as a prisoner of war."—*Diary or ex. Jour.*, Oct. 2—29, 1645.

† A mistake in regard to the place was committed respecting this incident in the newspaper notices of it:—"Cromwell inclines to move no faster than his brigade: he went from Blandford to Cerne, the 22d. At Blandford he had a council of war, at which was condemned six troopers to die; one was the next morning (to whose lot it fell) to be hanged in the head of the army: the other five are to be sent to the enemy, with a protestation against a detestation of the fact from the Gen. Excellency: when they come there, they may do their pleasure with them. Their offences were the violation of a convoy, wherein the lord Ogle suffered, and likewise of the articles at Langford, yet the goods were restored to the owners."—*Mod. Int.* Oct. 23—30, 1645.

28 of September, with Col. Pickering, commanding his own, Col. Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's Regiments; after some dispute with the Governour, we entered the towne. I summoned the Castle, was denyed, whereupon we fell to prepare batteries, which we could not perfect (some of our Guns being out of Order) untill Friday following. Our batterie was six gunnes, which being finished, after one firing round, I sent him a second Summons for a treaty, which they refused, whereupon we went on with our Work, and made a breach in the Wall neare the Black Tower; which after about 200 shot we thought stormable, and purposed on Munday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the Clock, the Governour beate a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed unto it, and sent Col. Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed Articles. Sir, this is the addition of another mercy, you see God is not weary in doing you good. I confesse, sir, his favor to you is as visible, when he comes by his power upon the hearts of your Enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when he gives courage to your Souldiers to attempt hard things. His goodnesse in this is much to be acknowledged; for the castle was well manned with 680 horse and foot, there being neare 200 Gentlemen, Officers, and their Servants; well victualled with 15,000 wait of Cheese, very great store of wheat and beer, near 20 barreils of powder, 7 peeces of Cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It is very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storme; we have not lost 12 men. This is repeated to you, that God may have all the praise, for it is all his due. Sir, I rest your most humble Servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

After Winchester, Basing fell before him. This was the seat of the marquis of Winchester, one of the castellated mansions of those days which had been thought impregnable, having been previously assanited in vain by colonels Norton and Harvey and sir William Waller. To Cromwell, however, "who never failed in

any enterprize he undertook," even Basing surrendered, and with its master, the marquis himself, became his own. As soon as he had ascertained his complete success he thus graphically described it (in a letter dated Basingstoke, 14th October, 1645) to the speaker:—"SIR,—I thank God, I can give you a good account of Bazing. After our Batteries placed, we settled the severall posts for the storme; Col. Dalbeire was to be on the north side of the House next the Grange; Col. Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardresse Waller's and Col. Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the Clocke. The signall for falling on was the firing foure of our Cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We tooke the two houses without any considerable losse to our selves. Col. Pickering stormed the new House, passed through, and got the gate of the old House, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not heare. In the mean time Col. Montague's and Sir Hardresse Waller's Regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his Court of Guard, which with great resolution they recovered; beating the enemy from a whole culverin, and from that worke: which having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house wall before they could enter. In this Sir Hardresse Waller, performing his duty with honor and diligence, was shot on the arme, but not dangerous; we have had little losse: many of the enemies our men put to the Sword, and some officers of quality. Most of the rest we have Prisoners, amongst which the Marquise, and Sir Robert Peake with divers other Officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. Wee have taken about ten pieces of Ordnance, with much Ammunition, and our Soldiers a good encouragement. I humbly offer to you, to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons. It will aske about eight hundred men to manage it; *it is no frontier; the*

Country is poore about it, the place exceedingly ruined by our batteries and mortar pieces, and a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbeer, and make a strong quarter at Newbery with three or foure troopes of horse, I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts, in as much as Newbery lyes upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford, or Farringdon into these parts, and by lying there, will make the trade most secure betweene Bristol and London for all carriages. And I believe the Gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will with more chearfullnesse contribute to maintaine a garrison on the fronteer, then in their Bowells, which will have lesse safety in it. Sir, I hope not to delay, but march towards the west to morrow: and to be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither; I must speake my Judgment to you, that if you intend to have your worke carried on, Recruits of foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your Army, else believe mee Sir, it may not be able to answer the worke you have for it to do. I entrusted Col. Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this Garrison, whom God safely delivered to us to our great joy; but to his losse of almost all he had, which the Enemy tooke from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be acknowledged with all thankfulness. God exceedingly abounds in his goodnesse to us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet and that he hath brought forth a glorious worke for the happinesse of this poore kingdome; wherein desires to serve God and you with a faithful hand. Your most humble servant, OLIVER CROMWELL."

Still victoriously sweeping on, the irresistible commander of horse next set himself down before Langford-house, near Salisbury, which at the first summons surrendered to him. Posting then beyond Exeter, he fought

lord Wentworth at Bovey-Tracy, and took from him 500 prisoners, horse and foot, with six standards, of which one was the king's. Next, uniting with Fairfax, they in conjunction took Dartmouth by storm: and defeated lord Hopton, after a very gallant resistance, at Torrington. Whence pursuing the last remains of the royalist army into Cornwall, mutiny and licentiousness did the work of victory; their commander being obliged to break them up, with the exception of a few who retired with him into Pendinnis Castle. Prince Charles, from whom lord Hopton's forlorn charge had been delegated, had previously fled for safety, with several noblemen of his party, to the isles of Scilly. Sir Jacob Astley held the king's last remaining force of 3000 cavalry. But sir Jacob also being defeated and made a prisoner, there remained not an enemy to the parliament in the open field. "Now," said Astley when his captors carried him off to their head quarters, "you have done your work, and may go to play; unless [but how prophetic! was the reservation!] *you choose to fall out among yourselves.*"

Charles had meanwhile, hopeless of another rally before these astonishing successes, shut himself up in Oxford. But even against Oxford itself was the triumphant army of the west, under Fairfax and Cromwell, now approaching. The unhappy king in his misery saw only one resource. With clipped beard and in the disguise of his attendant's groom he escaped out of Oxford at three o'clock in a sharp morning of spring, and took his way to the Scottish camp.

Cromwell had meanwhile been received in London with extraordinary honours. The instant he entered the house the members rose and welcomed him, and the speaker in their name, after an elaborate eulogium, delivered "the hearty thanks of the house for his great and many services." But the gratitude of parliament was not confined to such demonstrations of their confidence and esteem. In the latter end of the year 1645, an annuity of 2500*l.* appears to have been granted to Cromwell and

his family, for the services which he had performed to the public; and soon afterwards it was ordered by the house of commons, "that all the lands of the earl of Worcester, lord Herbert and sir John Somerset, his sons, in the county of Southampton, be settled upon lieutenant-general Cromwell, and his heirs, to be accounted as part of the 2500*l.* per annum formerly appointed him by this house." To secure the full return of the stipulated income, it was further ordered, on the 31st of January, 1646, "that Mr. Lisle do bring in an ordinance for the full granting unto and settling upon lieutenant-general Cromwell and his heirs, the manors of Abberston and Itchell, with the rights, members, and appurtenances thereof, in the county of Southampton, being the lands of John, lord marquis of Winchester, a delinquent that hath been in arms against the parliament, and a papist."

Oliver St. John's letter, communicating to his great kinsman these accessions to his fortune, is too characteristic of what the writer must have known to be pleasing to Cromwell to be omitted here. "Deere sir," he wrote, "I have herewithall sente you the order of the house of commons for settling 2500*l.* per annum upon you and your heires, and the ordinance of parliament in pursuance thereof, in part, whereby the lands therein mentioned, being all the landes of the earle of Worcester in that county, are settled upon you. I have likewise sent you a rent-roll of the quit rents. The manors consist most of old rents. There are the advowsons. I am told by col. Norton and Mr. Wheeler, whoe know the lands, that they are accounted 100*l.* per annum. . . . *I endeavoured to passe this for the present, rather than to have stayed longer to make up the whole. Your patent was speedily prepared, and is this day passed the great seal. I have not sente it downe, but will keepe it for you, until I receive your direction to whom to deliver it. The charges of passing the ordinances to the clerkes, and of the seale, my clerke of the patents hath satisfied; you shall hereafter know what they come to. I delivered a copy of the ordinance to Mr. Lisle*

to send it to the committee of sequestrations, whoe hath, together with a letter to them, desyred, that the sequestrators take care that no wrong be done to the lands. That which principally moved me to it was, *because I heard there weare goodly woods, and tho' much had been formerly cut, that for the future a stop might be made.* By the ordinance sent you, you will be auctORIZED to send some bayliffe of your owne to husband the lands to your best advantage, which would be done speedilie. There is another order of the house for preparinge an ordinance for a goodly house and other lands in Hampshire, of the marquise of Winchester's. *Wee had thought to have had them in the ordinance, already passed, but by absence of some, when I brought in the other, that fayled.* Perhaps it is better as it is, and that the addition might have stayed this. You know to whoome the marquise hath relation *; and in regard that our commission for the seale ends with this month, I desyred rather for the presente to passe this, than to hazard the delay. Mr. Lisle was ordered to bring in the other ordinance; it is not yet done. *Sir, Mr. Wallop, Mr. Lisle, sir Thomas Germaine, have been real friends to you in this business, and heartily desire to have you seated, if possible, in their country.* Remember by the next to take notice hereof by letter unto them." The patent alluded to in this letter by St. John is no doubt explained by a previous resolution of the house dated the 1st of December, 1645, and to be found in these words on the Journals:—"Resolved, that the title and dignity of a baron of the kingdom of England, with all rights, privileges, pre-eminencies, and precedencies, to the said title and dignity belonging or appertaining, be conferred and settled on lieutenant-general Oliver Cromwell, and the heirs male of his body; and that his majesty be desired in these propositions (for a piece) to grant and confer the said title and dignity upon him, and the heirs male of his body accordingly; and that it be referred to the former com-

* Winchester had married the half-sister of the earl of Essex.

mittee to consider of a fit way and manner for the perfecting thereof."

It does not fall within my purpose here to describe the long, the intricate, and not very interesting struggles, which now took place between the presbyterians and independents for the custody of the person of the king after the Scots had delivered him up once more into the power of the English commissioners. The civil strength of the independants, increased by the elections of Ireton, Ludlow, Sydney, Skippon, Hutchinson, and Blake—the wily advantage taken by Cromwell in the organisation of the agitators—the scenes at Ware—and the seizure of the king by force—have already received incidental notice in the discussion of Cromwell's character and resources.

It will be sufficient to observe that, while Cromwell and Fairfax held Charles at Hampton Court, a vast variety of negotiations were opened with Cromwell by the king, and in the management of all he acted with the close counsel and assistance of his son-in-law Ireton. That a treaty was entered into by Charles with these generals—having for its basis his reinstatement on the throne, his surrender of his chief friends, his concession of every popular right, his wide and universal toleration in all matters of conscience, with, among other incidental conditions, the earldom of Essex, the garter, and the government of Ireland for Cromwell—is not disputed by any one; whether with any sincere purpose on the part of Cromwell, admits of most serious question; whether with any on the part of Charles certainly admits of none. Here, as in all matters where what he supposed the prerogatives of his crown came in question—Charles was hopelessly insincere. Mrs. Hutchinson would have us suppose that Cromwell and Ireton acted throughout in good faith, and were only turned against the king at last by the discovery of bad faith in him. "To speak the truth," she says, "of all, Cromwell was at this period so uncorruptly faithful to his trust and to the people's interest, that he could not be

drawn into the practice of his own usual and natural dissimulations in this occasion. His son-in-law Ireton, that was as faithful as he, was not so fully of the opinion (till he found the contrary) but that the king might be managed to comply with the public good of his people after he could no longer uphold his own violent will; but upon some discourses, the king uttering these words to him, 'I shall play my game as well as I can,' Ireton replied, 'If your majesty have a game to play, you must give us also the liberty to play ours.' This would lead us to conclude, however, that Cromwell had never very favourably listened to the proposed treaty.

Ominous symptoms of distrust in both Cromwell and Ireton were speedily detected by the king's attendants. "Being commanded," says Ashburnham, "by his majesty to desire from Cromwell and Ireton that hee might remoove Stoake to one of his owne houses, they told mee (with verie severe countenances) hee should go if he pleased to Oatlands; but that they had mett with sufficient proof that the king had not only abetted and fomented the differences betweene them and their enemies, by commanding all his partie to take conditions under the (then) parliament and citty, but that likewise hee had (at that instant) a treatie with the Scots, when hee made greatest profession to close with them: for the justification of which, they affirmed that they had both his and the queene's letters to make it good, which were *greate allayes to their thoughts of serveing him, and did verie much justifie the generall misfortune hee lived under of haveing the reputation of little faith in his dealings.*" And again, Ashburnham (whose intercourse with both Cromwell and the king was more free and unreserved than that of the other royal attendant Berkeley) tells us that Cromwell, after the rejection of the proposals, professed himself still favourable to the king's restoration, but became more reserved and private; and that "he and Ireton withdrew themselves by degrees from the freedom of their wonted discourses of his majesty's recovery."

Those proposals * — noble and liberal and tolerant as they were—have been amply described and illustrated in the memoir of Marten. After their rejection, no doubt, Cromwell and Ireton felt the pressure of the army. From the memoirs of Berkeley, indeed, we distinctly learn that now the lieutenant-general absolutely affected to consider himself in danger, and requested that Berkeley and Ashburnham would not repair so frequently and with so little disguise to his quarters. He still, indeed, declared his undiminished anxiety for an adjustment of all differences; imprecating on himself and his posterity the vengeance of heaven, if he were not sincere in his endeavours to serve the king in that particular; but, at the same time, did not conceal his apprehensions in regard to the inconstancy of the army. Our former remarks on the character of the future lord protector may possibly, in some sort, explain these apparent crafts and subtleties.

But now a decisive movement approached, which is thus curiously accounted for in the memoir prefixed to the State Letters of Orrery—better known by the name of lord Broghill. It is a truly remarkable piece of secret history. "One time, particularly," says the writers, "in the year 1649, when lord Broghill was riding, with Cromwell on one side of him, and Ireton on the other, at the head of their army, they fell into discourse about the late king's death. Cromwell declared, that if the king had followed his own mind, and had had trusty servants about him, he had fooled them

* I may mention that during the negotiation of the "proposals," Fairfax obtained, with difficulty, the consent of the parliament that the king should be allowed to see his children. The dukes of York and Gloucester, aged respectively fourteen and seven, and the princess Elizabeth, twelve years, met their father at Maidstone, and passed two days with him at Caversham. "The interview was so affecting, that Cromwell, who was present, is said to have shed tears in describing it, and to have declared his conversation to the most implicit faith in the goodness of the king." Cromwell's tears, as we have seen, were on every occasion ready and serviceable, and it is not possible to suppose real emotion here. Our masterly painter, Macclise, has hit the truer thought in his noble expression, upon the face of Cromwell, of bold and resolute sagacity touched with a forecast of the future, in his recent fine treatment of this extraordinary scene.

all. And further said, that once they had a mind to have closed with him ; but upon something that happened, they fell off from their design again. My lord, finding Cromwell and Ireton in good humour, and no other person being within hearing, asked them if he might be so bold as to desire an account, 1st. Why they once would have closed with the king ? and 2dly. Why they did not ? Cromwell very freely told him he would satisfy him in both his queries. The reason, says he, why we would once have closed with the king, was this ; we found that the Scots and the presbyterians began to be more powerful than we ; and if they had made up matters with the king, we should have been left in the lurch ; therefore, we thought it best to prevent them, by offering first to come in upon any reasonable conditions. But while we were busied with these thoughts, there came a letter from one of our spies, who was of the king's bed-chamber, which acquainted us that on that day our doom was decreed ; that he could not possibly tell what it was, but we might find it out, if we could intercept a letter from the king to the queen, wherein he declared what he would do. The letter, he said, was sewed up in the skirt of a saddle, and the bearer of it would come with the saddle upon his head about ten o'clock that night to the Blue Boar inn in Holborn, for there he was to take horse and go to Dover with it. This messenger knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some persons in Dover did. We were at Windsor when we received the letter ; and immediately upon the receipt of it, Ireton and I resolved to take one trusty fellow with us, and with troopers' habits to go to the inn in Holborn ; which accordingly we did, and set our man at the gate of the inn, where the wicket only was open, to let people in and out. Our man was to give us notice when a person came there with a saddle, while we, in the disguise of common troopers, *called for cans of beer, and continued drinking till about ten o'clock* : the centinel at the gate then gave notice that the man with the saddle was come

in. Upon this we immediately rose, and, as the man was leading out his horse saddled, came up to him with drawn swords, and told him we were there to search all that went in and out there; but as he looked like an honest man, we would only search his saddle, and so dismiss him. Upon that we ungirt the saddle, and carried it into the stall where we had been drinking, and left the horseman with our centinel; then, ripping up one of the skirts of the saddle, we there found the letter of which we had been informed; and having got it into our hands, we delivered the saddle again to the man, telling him he was an honest man, and bidding him go about his business. The man not knowing what had been done, went away to Dover. As soon as we had the letter we opened it; in which we found the king had acquainted the queen that he was now courted by both factions, the Scotch presbyterians and the army, and which bid fairest for him should have him; but he thought he should close with the Scots sooner than the other, &c. Upon this, added Cromwell, we took horse, and went to Windsor; and, finding we were not likely to have any tolerable terms from the king, we immediately, from that time forward, resolved his ruin."

This fatal letter, which, if this account is believed, may be said to have decided Charles's fate, is thus curiously described to us by the author of a work called *Richardsoniana*. "Lord Bolingbroke," he says, "told us [Mr. Pope, lord Marchmont, and himself] that lord Oxford had often told him that he had seen, and had in his hands, an original letter that king Charles I. wrote to the queen, in answer to one of hers that had been intercepted, and then forwarded to him; wherein she had reproached him for having made those villains too great concessions (*viz.* that Cromwell should be lord lieutenant of Ireland for life without account; that that kingdom should be in the hands of the party, with an army there kept which should know no head but the

lieutenant; that Cromwell should have a garter, &c.). That in this letter of the king's it was said that she should leave *him* to manage, who was better informed of all circumstances than she could be; but she might be entirely easy as to whatever concessions he should make them; for that he should know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, should be fitted with a hempen cord. So the letter ended: which answer, as they waited for, so they interpreted accordingly—and it determined his fate. This letter lord Oxford said he had offered 500*l.* for."

Whatever the actuating motives may have been—and perhaps, after all that has been said, the reader will have little difficulty in forming his conclusions of them—it is certain that affairs now took a gloomy turn for the king. Influenced by their own despair of Charles, or by the formidable attitude of the agitators (encouraged secretly, however, in their commencement by Cromwell), the great lieutenant-general and his son-in-law embarked with the extreme republicanism of the army. Ashburnham has noted it down, as a memorable circumstance, that, at this time it was, Cromwell discoursed earnestly and elaborately with colonel Rich of the happiness which would be the lot of the people of England with such a government as the Netherland states-general—and no doubt with such a protector, or prince of Orange, as lieutenant-general Cromwell himself could have furnished!

Charles's last fatal step was his flight to Carisbrooke. But let him not be censured too harshly for this, since there is strong ground for supposing that Cromwell secretly instigated him to a movement of some kind. There is no doubt the flight was made in consequence of a letter he received hinting that his life was in danger from the army agitators; and that Cromwell had written to the officer in command at Hampton Court, is manifest from what transpired during the examination of the latter at the bar of the house of commons. Addressing the speaker, colonel Whaley says, "You demand of me

what that letter was that I showed the king the day he went away. The letter I shall show you ; but, with your leave, I shall first acquaint you with the author, and the ground of my showing it to the king. The author is lieutenant-general Cromwell ; the ground of my showing it was this ; the letter intimates some murderous design, or at least some fear of it, against his majesty. When I read the letter, I was much astonished, abhorring that such a thing should be done, or so much as thought of by any that bear the name of Christians. When I had shown the letter to his majesty, I told him I was sent to safeguard him, and not to murder him ; I wished him to be confident no such thing should be done ; I would first die at his feet in his defence ; and therefore I showed it to him that he might be assured, though menacing speeches came frequently to his ear, our general officers abhorred so bloody and so villainous an act."

While this is admitted, however, let us add that there is no reason for supposing Hammond in any way suborned by Cromwell or Ireton to the part he played with his royal prisoner, though when they found their kinsman in possession of such a prize it seems certain they resolved to make the best of it. Ashburnham has given a very curious letter from Cromwell to "Colonel Robert Hammond," evidently designed to outweigh some objections entertained by the latter, to the justice of any resistance on the part of the army to the power of the majority in parliament. The wily lieutenant-general resorts to his stronghold of providence and the providential, and justifies such a resistance in a particular case. "Was there not," he asks, "a little of this [the providential] when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight?" He proceeds : — "You say, 'God had appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the parliament. Therefore, active or passive, &c.' Authorities

and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bonds, each one according to its constitution. I do not, therefore, think the authorities may do any thing, and yet such obedience due; but all agree, there are cases, in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question. To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart as to two or three plain considerations: 1st, Whether *salus populi* be a sound position? 2dly, Whether, in the way in hand, really and before the Lord, before whom conscience must stand, this be provided for; or the whole fruit of the war like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse. And this contrary to engagements, declarations, implicit covenants with those who ventured their lives upon those covenants and engagements, without whom, perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be. 3dly, Whether this army be not a lawful power, called by God to oppose and fight *against the king* upon some *stated grounds*; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose *one name* of authority for those ends as well as another? the outward authority, that called them, not by their power making the quarrel lawful; *but it being so in itself*. If so, it may be, acting will be justified in *foro humano*."

Dear Robin's scruples however were likely to be better satisfied by a succeeding letter, announcing glorious news, and every way most characteristic of the writer. "DEAREST ROBIN,—Now (blessed be God) I can write, and thou receive freely. I never in my life sawe more deepe sense, and less will to shewe itt unchristianly, than in that wth thou diddest write to us at Windsor, and though in the midst of thy tentation, wth indeed (by what wee understood of itt) was a great one,

and occasioned the greater by the letter the generall sent thee, of w^{ch} thou wast not mistaken, when *thow didest challenge mee to be the penner*. How good has God beene to dispose all to mercy, and although itt was trouble for the present, yett Glory is come out of itt, for w^{ch} we prayse the Lord with thee, and for thee; and truly thy carriage has biene such, as occasions much honour to the name of God, and to religion. Goe onn in the strength of the Lord, and the Lord bee still with thee. But (deere Robin) this businesse hath beene (I trust) a mightye providence to this poore Kingdom, and too us all. The House of Comons is very sensible of the K^s dealings, and of our Brethrens, in this late transaction. You should do well (*if you have any thing that may discover juggling*) to search itt out and lett us knowe itt; *itt may bee of admirable use at this tyme*; because we shall (I hope) instantly goe upon businesses in relation to them, tendinge to prevent danger. The House of Comons has this day voted as follows. First, that they will make no more addresses to the K. 2. None shall applye to him w^{thout} leave of the two houses, upon paine of beinge guilty of high treason. 3dly. They will receive nothinge from the Kinge, nor shall any other bringe any thinge to them from him, nor receave any thinge from the Kinge. Lastly, the Members of both houses, who were of the Committee of both Kingdoms, are established in all that power in themselves for England, and Ireland, w^{ch} they had to act with both Kingdoms, and Sr. John Evelin of Wilts is added in the room of Mr. Recorder, and Rath. F. Fiennis in the roome of Sir Phillip Stapleton, and my Lord of Kent, in the roome of the Earl of Essex. *I think it good you take notice of this, the sooner the better.* ... Lett us knowe how its with you in point of strength, and what you neede from us: some of us thinke the Kinge well with you, and that itt concerns us to keep that Island in great securitye, because of the French, &c. And if soe, where can the king be better? If you have more force, you will suer of full provision for

them. The Lord blesse thee: pray for thy deare friend and servant,
O. CROMWELL."

The debate referred to here had been a momentous one indeed, declaring openly the purpose of a republic, and the fate that impended over the king. Ireton spoke with a calm and deadly resolution. He said, "the king had denied the protection to the people which was the condition of obedience to him; that after long patience they should now at last show themselves resolute; that they should not desert the brave men — the many thousand godly men — who had fought for them beyond all possibility of retreat or forgiveness, and who would never forsake the parliament — unless the parliament first forsook them." "After some further debate," says the author who has recorded these speeches, "Cromwell brought up the rear. It was time, he said, to answer the public expectation, that *they were able and resolved to govern and defend the kingdom by their own power; and teach the people they had nothing to hope from a man whose heart God hardened in obstinacy.*" "Do not," said he — after giving a flattering character of the army, whose valour and godliness he extolled in the highest degree, — "let the army think themselves betrayed to the rage and malice of an irreconcilable enemy, whom they have subdued for your sake, from whom they should meet revenge and justice — do not drive them to despair, lest they seek safety by other means than adhering to you, who will not stick to yourselves — and (*laying his hand on his sword*) how destructive such a resolution in them will be to you all, I tremble to think, and leave you to judge."

The resolutions for holding no more treaties with the king — in other words, for establishing a republic in England — passed by a majority of 141 to 92.

The immediate effect of this outside the house was startling, and considerable agitation appeared in various quarters. An alarming tumult in the city, in which the apprentices forced the guard, and ventured to engage

the military under the command of the general, was quickly followed by similar disturbances in Norwich, Canterbury, Exeter, and several other places. At the same time, petitions from different public bodies poured into the two houses, all concurring in the same prayer, that the army should be disbanded, and the king brought back. Even now some project of a despotism seemed dreaded. Cromwell and his friends, aware that it would not be in their power to control the city while their forces were employed in the field, withdrew their opposition in the lower chamber so far, as to permit the presbyterian party to carry a vote, that no change should be made in the fundamental government of the realm by king, lords, and commons: and on this ground the citizens declared themselves engaged to live and to die with the parliament.*

The "men of Kent," under Hales and Goring, had, meanwhile, encouraged by these city tumults, flown to arms, and engaged the troops commanded by Fairfax and major-general Skippon. They were defeated, but the resolution with which they fought at Maidstone startled Cromwell into personal exertion once again on the field of battle. The Welsh had, at the same time, assembled under the banners of their chiefs; and colonel Poyer, the governor of Pembroke Castle, an officer in the service of the parliament, joined by colonels Langhorne and Powell, had proclaimed Charles, and defied his enemies.

Several towns followed the example with which they were thus supplied; and in some skirmishes which followed, the advantage was on the side of the royalists. But the approach of Cromwell at the head of a few regiments of veterans crushed the hopes of the insurgents. Having driven them within their walls, the lieutenant-general immediately invested Pembroke, resolved to carry the fortress in his usual manner by a spirited assault. His men, cheered by the presence of their invincible leader, and inflamed by the fanatical discourses of Hugh

* Lingard, vol. x.

Peters, "dashed into the ditch, ascended the ramparts, and were about to throw themselves upon the garrison," whom they had hoped to find unprepared, when, on a sudden, they were attacked with the utmost fury, and, after a sanguinary conflict amidst the darkness and confusion of night, compelled to return to their camp, considerably diminished in number. For two months the castle held out, and then surrendered under circumstances which left no hope of mercy. Yet Cromwell was not unmerciful. Langhorne, Poyer, and Powell were condemned to death as traitors. After several months' imprisonment it was ordered that one only, to be determined by lot, should suffer. The lot fell upon Poyer, and he was executed.

Cromwell's amazingly watchful activity at this time may be well illustrated by a letter of his (in the British Museum), addressed to some officers in the Welsh counties. It tells its own story:—"I send," he says, "this enclosed by it selfe. because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey as far as you thinke fitt, and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men bee discouraged that I thinke itt not fitt at present to enter into contests, itt will be good to yeeild a little for publicke advantage, and truly that is my end, wherein I desire you to satisfie them. . . I have sent as my letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknoksheire, indeed into that part of Glamorgansheire, w^{ch} lyeth next Munmouthsheire, for this end. . . Wee have plaine discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams of Langevie about two miles from Uske in the countye of Munmouth was very deepe in the plott of betrayinge Chepstowe castle, soe that wee are out of doubt of his guiltynesse thereof. . . I doe hereby authorize you to seize him, as also the high sheriffe of Munmouth Mr. Morgan, whoe was in the same plott. . . . But because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by farr, I would have you to seize him first and the other will easilye bee had. To the end you may not be frustrated, and that you bee not deceived, I

thinke fitt to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. Hee is a man (as I am informed) full of craft and subtiltye, very bould and resolute, hath a house at Langevie well stored with armes, and very stronge, his neighbours about him very malignant and much for him, who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover any thinge we^h may prevent itt. Hee is full of iealosie, partly out of guilt, butt much more because hee doubts some that were in the businesse have discovered him, which indeed they have, and alsoe because hee knows that his servant is brought hither, and a minister to bee examined here, whoe are able to discover the whole plott. If you should march directly into that countye and neere him, itt odds hee either fortefyes his house, or gives you the slip, soe alsoe if you should goe to his house and not finde him there, or if you attempt to take him and misse to effect itt, or if you make any knowen enquirye after him, itt will be discovered. . . Wherefore to the first you have a faire pretence of goeing out of Brecknoksheire to quarter about Newport and Carleon, which is not above 4 or 5 miles from his house. You may send to Col. Herbert, whose house lyeth in Munmouthsheire, whoe will certainlie acquainte you where hee is. You are alsoe to send to Capt. Nicolas, whoe is at Chepstoe, to require him to assiste you if hee should gett into his house, and stand upon his guard. Sam Jones, whoe is quarterm^r to Col. Herbert's troupe, will be very assistinge to you if you send to him to meete you att your quarters; both by lettinge you know where hee is, and alsoe in all matters of intelligence. If theire shal be neede Capt. Burge his troupe now quarteringe in Glarmorgansheire shal be directed to receive orders from you. You perceave by all this, that wee are (it may bee) a little too much sollicitous in this businesse; it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact businesse, wherefore without more adoe wee leave itt to you, and you to the guidance of God herein, and rest yours, O. CROMWELL. . If you seize him bring & lett him bee

brought with a stronge guard to mee. If Capt. Nicolas should light on him at Chepstowe, doe you strengthen him with a good guard to bring him. . . If you seize his person, disarme his house, but lett not his armes bee imbeziled. . . If you need Capt. Burge his troupe, it quarters betweene Newport and Cardiffe."

Then followed the presbyterian invasion by the covenanters' army of the Scots, and the regular commencement of the second civil war. Cromwell, advised of this, at once put his forces in motion to join Lambert in the north, and give the covenanters battle. He did this, it may be supposed, with especial zeal, and the battle of Preston, fought August 17th, 1648, threw both kingdoms into the hands of the republicans. The Scots, "who found some difficulty in comprehending that Cromwell was not still in Wales" (with such rapidity had he approached), even by this their decisive overthrow in Lancashire, were commanded by duke Hamilton; the English who sided with them by the same sir Marmaduke Langdale, whom Cromwell had beaten at Naseby. Their armies together numbered 21,000: the force under Cromwell, including Lambert's, which had effected a junction with him on his approach, did not in all, according to Whitelocke, exceed 8,600. Nothing but the event, could have justified the instant assault of the royalists with this vast disparity of force. But the bigotry of the Scots gave Cromwell an advantage which he had no doubt well calculated on: "their sectarian hatred of the cavalier army, notwithstanding their engagement in the same cause, leading them to withhold their support from their English allies, when the latter were separately attacked*;" and their own perfect overthrow justly

* This is alleged in various authorities. The rage of the cavaliers knew no bounds, as may be seen in the following extract from the Parliament Porter:—"Nothing is heard now amongst the brethren but triumph and joy, singing and mirth for their happy success (*thanks to the devil first, and next to Noll Cromwell's nose*) against the Scots, whom they vaunt they have beaten to dust: the truth is, even duke Hamilton himself was corrupted with money; why else did he deliver 5000 foot and 2000 horse unto the command of major-gen. Bailly, a sworn servant of the Kirkmen of Scotland, who surrendered them all up into the hands of

and most retributively followed. As to the north-countrymen under sir Marmaduke Langdale, Cromwell confessed that never had he seen foot fight so desperately as they." But nothing could withstand the furious charges of Cromwell and his old gallant Ironsides. Two thousand men were slain in the battle, and as many prisoners taken by the republicans (including the duke of Hamilton himself, the leader of the confederates) as exceeded in number their own entire army.

On the 20th of August, Cromwell wrote to the speaker of the house of commons a most striking dispatch of this battle. "After the conjunction of that party," he begins, "which I brought with me out of Wales, with the northern forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby, hearing that the enemy was advanced with their army into Lancashire, we came the 6th instant to Hodder Bridge, over Ribble, where we had a council of war, and upon advertisement the enemy intended southward, and since confirmed that they resolved for London itself, and information that the Irish forces, under Munro, lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of 1200 horse and 1500 foot, were on their march towards Lancaster, to join with them,—it was thought that to engage the enemy to fight was our business, and accordingly we marched over the bridge that night, quartered the whole army in the fields. Next morning we marched towards Preston, having intelligence that the enemy was

Cromwell, without striking one stroke? the truth is, the Scots army is totally routed (so great are our sins, and so fierce is the wrath of the Almighty against us). Duke Hamilton being besieged in the town of Uttoxeter, was forced to yield himself and the small handful with him; and as if the devil had got to himself the sole sway of mundane affairs, the most valiant and heroic knight, sir Marmaduke, was unluckily surprised, with some other worthy loyalists, as they were sitting in a blind ale-house, where they supposed themselves secure, and carried prisoners to Nottingham Castle. But Munro, one of the best soldiers in Christendom, is coming on with a powerful army, to give Nol Cromwell another field fight; he hath sent to the estates of Scotland, imploring them for a recruit both of men and money, which they have ordered him: the renowned earl of Calender with some troops of horse, is escaped to him, with whom he hath united his remnant: if Cromwell can shatter this army also, he will prove himself one of the most fortunate villains that ever acted mischief: he will find hard play here, for these will not be laugh't out of their loyalty, or frightened out of themselves, with the blazing of his beacon moor."—*Parl. Porter*, Aug. 28. to Sept. 4. 1648.

drawing together thereabouts, from all his out quarters; *We drew out a forlorn* of about 200 horse and 400 foot — these gallantly engaged the enemy's scouts and out-guards, until we had opportunity to bring up our whole army. So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could, and therefore advancing with our forlorns, and putting the rest of the army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all inclosure, and miry ground), we pressed upon them through a lane, forced them from their ground after four hours dispute, until we came to the town, into which four troops of my regiment first entered, and being well seconded by col. Harrison's regiment, charged the enemy in the town, and cleared the streets. At the last the enemy was put into disorder, many men slain, many prisoners taken, the duke with most of the Scots horse and foot retreated over the bridge, where after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, *part of my lord general's and them being at push of pike*, they were beaten from the bridge, and our horse and foot following them, killed many, and took divers prisoners, and we possessed the bridge over Darwent, and a few houses there;—the enemy being drawn up within musket shot of us, where we lay that night, we not being able to attempt further upon the enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the enemy and we lie the most part of that night. Upon our entering the town, many of the enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster, in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles, and had execution of them, and took about 500 horse, and many prisoners. We possessed in the fight very much of the enemy's ammunition. I believe they lost 4 or 5000 arms; the number of slain we judge to be about 1000, the prisoners we took were about 4000. In the night they marched away 7 or 8000 foot, and about 4000 horse; we followed them with about 3000 foot, and about 2500 horse and dragoons; and in this prosecution, that worthy gen-

tleman, col. Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body, and thigh, and head, by the enemy's launcers. Our horse still prosecuted the enemy, killing and taking divers all the way; but by that time our army was come up, they recovered Wiggon, before we could attempt any thing upon them. We lay that night in the field, close by the enemy, *being very dirty and weary*, where we had some skirmishing, &c. We took major-gen. Van Druske, col. Hurrey, and lieut.-col. Ennis. The next morning the enemy marched towards Warrington, made a stand at a pass near Winwick, we held them in some dispute until our army was come up, they maintaining the pass with great resolution for many hours, but our men, by the blessing of God, *charged very home upon them*, beat them from their standing, where we killed about 1000 of them, and took (as we believe) about 2000 prisoners, and prosecuted them home to Warrington town, where they possessed the bridge. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from lieut.-gen. Baily, desiring some capitulation, to which I yielded; gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, upon quarter for life, which accordingly is done. Here we took about 4000 complete arms, and as many prisoners, and thus you have their infantry ruined. The duke is marched with his remaining horse, which are about 3000, towards Namptwich, where the gentlemen of the country have taken about 500 of them; the country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, but bring them in and kill divers, as they light upon them. I have sent post to my lord Grey, to sir Henry Cholmeley and sir Edward Roads, to gather all together with speed for their prosecution. Monro is about Cumberland, with the horse that ran away, and his Irish horse and foot, but I have left a considerable strength I hope to make resistance 'till we can come up to them. Thus you have the narrative of the particulars of the success.

I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God, and I was not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any thing of man. Only give me leave to add one word, shewing the disparity of the forces on both sides, that so you may see, and all the world acknowledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots army could not be less then 12,000 foot, well armed, and 5000 horse; Langdale not less than 2500 foot and 1500 horse; in all 21,000. Ours, in all, about 8600. And by computation about 2000 of the enemy slain, betwixt 8000 and 9000 prisoners, besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the country daily bring in or destroy!" The force, precision, and graphic beauty of this description could not possibly be excelled.

And now Cromwell, following up his blow, marched on for Scotland* to extinguish all traces of Hamilton's party, and on his march preserved such remarkable discipline that never, according to the Scotch, had they

* On the eve of marching from Berwick, he wrote again to the house:—"A letter was this day read in the house, from lieut. gen. Cromwell, out of Scotland, the most material part we will give you as followeth:—"Upon Friday, Sept. 29, came an order from the Earl of Lanerick, and divers Lords of his party, requiring the Governour of Berwick to march out of the Town, which accordingly he did on Saturday, Sept. 30, at which time I entered, having placed a garrison there for your use, the Governour would fain have capitulated for the English, but wee having this advantage upon him, would not hear of it, so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haslerigge, who (I believe) will give you a good account of them, and who hath already turned out the malignant Major, and put an honest man in his room. I have also received an Order for Carlisle, and have sent Col. Bright, with Horse and Foot, to receive it; Sir Andrew Car, and Col. Scot being gone with him to require an observance of the Order, there having been a treaty, and an agreement, betwixt the two parties in Scotland, to disband all forces, except fifteen hundred horse and foot, under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to see all remaining forces disbanded; and having some other thing to desire from the Committee of estates at Edinburgh, for your service, I am mysele going thitherward this day, and so soon as I shall be able to give you a further Account thereof, I shall do it. In the mean time I make it my desire, that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a Regiment of foot, and shall be attended also by a Regiment of Horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haslerig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God, the only Author of them, and an improvement of them to his glory and the Good of this poor Kingdom, I rest, your most humble Servant, O. CROMWELL." Berwick, 2 October, 1646."—*Perf. Diar.* Oct. 9—16. 1648.

"seen such a civil people in all their days." Better evidence of this, however, will not be asked than what is offered by the following truly admirable proclamation: — "Whereas we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy, who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garizons of Berwick and Carlisle, these are to declare, that if any officer or souldier under my Command, shall take, or demand any money, or shall violently take any horses, goods, or victuall, without Order, or shall abuse the People in any sort, He shall be tryed by a Councill of War, and the said person so offending, shall be punished according to the Articles of War, made for the Government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which is death. Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every Regiment, is to transcribe the Copie of this, and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain of his regiment; and every said Captain of each respective troop and company, is to publish the same to his Troop or Company, and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto. Given under my hand this 20 Sept. 1638. CROMWELL."

Arrived at Edinburgh, the victorious general was received with enthusiasm and even called "the deliverer of the kirk." He conferred with commissioners, had visits from the provost and Scottish nobles, and received gorgeous entertainments at the public cost. General Leven, the lord Argyle, and several other noblemen, invited him and his suite to a sumptuous banquet in the castle, just before his departure: and, adds White-locke, when he left the place, the majestic fortress saluted him with its great guns, and numerous lords convoyed him beyond the city precincts.

Cromwell's return to the capital settled the fate of Charles. Yet he had not returned without one frightful dash of gloom pervading all his glory. In one of the closing skirmishes of the campaign he had lost his

eldest son, Oliver*, who held a commission of captain in the regiment of horse commanded by Harrison. This young man appears to have possessed, with Henry, the greatest share of his father's respect and confidence—all his children had his love—and was remembered by him in his dying hour, when his mind seemed wandering for the protectorate's successor.

Richard was now Cromwell's eldest son. He was not in the army, though he accepted a nominal commission under the protectorate. If it is within the limit of probability that the triumphant soldier meditated, even thus early, any seizure of the supreme power, it must have added to his grief in losing the first-born of his children, to reflect that his heir now was an idle youth, given to somewhat dissolute gaities, suspected moreover of royalist prejudices, and without a particle of vigour or firmness about him.

A negotiation for the marriage of Richard with the daughter of a Mr. Major (the representative of an old and wealthy family of Hampshire, and himself high sheriff of that county in 1640) had been broken off, for some unexplained reason, before the campaign of the

* "This young man," says Noble, in his *Memoirs of the Protectoral House*, "was, at the breaking out of the civil war, about nineteen, soon after which, by his father's interest, he procured a commission in the parliament army; and it is certain, that *this* Oliver was a captain so early as April 1643, for a soldier going to burn a MS. relating to the antiquities of Peterborough, where the soldiers, under his father, were making great devastation, especially in the painted glass in the cathedral, at which the elder Oliver assisted, Mr. Hustin redeemed the MS. for ten shillings, and persuaded the soldier to write the following acknowledgment: 'I pray let this scripture book alone, for he hath paid me for it; and therefore I would desire you to let it alone, by me Henry Topclyffe souldier under captain Cromwell, colonel Cromwell's son, therefore I pray let it alone, Henry Topclyffe, April 22, 1643.' As a further proof of this, Lilburne, *the factious*, accuses Oliver, his father, in 1647, with having several relations in the army; and amongst others, two of his own sons, one a captain of the general's life-guard, the other a captain of a troop of horse, in col. Harrison's regiment; both, says Lilburne, raw and unexperienced soldiers. It is well known, that Rich. his then second son, was not designed for the sword, but the bar, and had no commission in the army, until long after his father had been declared protector, so that the sons of Oliver, then in the army must be this gentleman, and Henry his brother: but it is observable, that Henry, who certainly was captain of the life-guard, is mentioned first. Scarce any author notices this son Oliver at all, and none, that I know of, has given us any account of what became of him. He was killed in July, 1648, in attempting to repulse the Scotch army that invaded England under the duke of Hamilton, at which time col. Harrison was wounded; the latter circumstance clearly evinces that it was him who was killed, as he is just above mentioned as being a captain in Harrison's regiment."

second civil war, resumed after its close, again broken off on a question of pecuniary settlement, and again within a year of the present time renewed. I have found Cromwell's own letters relating to it, and they exhibit this extraordinary man in so striking and characteristic an attitude among his family, that it is difficult to understand why they should hitherto have been so strangely neglected by his biographers.

The first of these letters is dated the 25th of February, 1647, and addressed to a friend, "idle Dick Norton," a colonel in his army, and a man evidently endeared to him by many affectionate ties, notwithstanding idleness and apparently reckless habits. — "DEERE NORTON,—I have sent my sonn over to thee, beinge willinge to answere providence, and although I confesse *I have had an offer of a very great proposition from a father of his daughter, yett truly I rather encline to this in my thoughts, because though the other bee very farr greater, yett I see different tyes, and not that assurance of godlynesse, yett indeed fairness.* I confesse that which is tould mee concerning the estate of Mr. M. is more then I can looke for as thinges now stand. . . . If God please to bring itt about, the consideration of pietye in the parents, and such hopes of the gentlewoeman in that respect, make the businesse to mee a great mercye, concerninge w^{ch} I desier to waite upon God. . . . I am confident of thy love, and desier thinges may be carried with privacie. The Lord doe his will, thats best, to w^{ch} submittinge I rest your humble servant, O. CROMWELL."

This refers to the opening of the negotiation. Mr. Major appears to have broken it off, however, for some secret reason of objection. A year after overtures began again—"Mr. Robinson a preacher at Southampton," having been apparently selected for the purpose, either by the still love-sick Richard, or by the second and wiser thoughts of Mr. Major himself. To Mr. Robinson, Cromwell thus writes on the 1st of February, 1648.

"S^r,—I thanke you for your kinde letter. As to the

businesse you mention I desire to use this playennesse with you. When the last overture was betweene mee and Mr. Major, by the mediation of Coll. Norton, after the meetinge I had with Mr. Major att Farnham, I desired the Coll. (findinge as I thought some scruples and hesitation in Mr. Major) to knowe of him whether his minde was free to the thinge or not. Coll. Norton gave me this account, that Mr. Major, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto, whereupon I did acquiesce submitinge to the providence of God. Upon your revivinge of the businesse to mee, & your letter, I thinke fitt to returne you this answare, & to say in plainnesse of spirit to you, That upon your testimonie of the gentlewoeman's worth & the common reporte of the pyetye of the familie I shall be willinge to entertayne the renewinge of the motion upon such considerations as may bee to mutuall satisfaction, only I thinke that a speedye resolution will be very convenient to both partes. The Lord direct all to his glory. I desier your prayers therein, and rest your very affectionate friend,

O. CROMWELL."

And eleven days after, I find the following letter written to Mr. Major himself, describing passages of the interval. "S^r,—I receaved some intimations formerly, & by the last returne from Southampton a letter from Mr. Robinson, concernynge the reviveinge the last yeare's motion touchinge my sonne and your daughter. Mr. Robinson was alsoe pleased to send inclosed in his a letter from you to him, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I finde your willingenesse to entertaine any good meanes for the compleatinge of that businesse. From whence I take encoragment to send my sonn to wayte upon you & by him to lett you knowe that my desires are (if providence soe dispose) very full & free to the thinge, if upon an interview theire prove alsoe a freedom in the younge persons thereunto. What liberty you will give heerein I wholly submit to you. I thought fitt in my letter to Mr. Robinson to mention somewhat of expedition, *because indeed I knowe not how*

soone I may be called into the feild, or other occasions may remove me from hence, havinge for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to his glorye. I rest Sr y^r very humble servant, O. CROMWELL."

Again, to his "very worthie friend" Mr. Major, on the 26th of February, the lieutenant-general writes yet more characteristically. "S^r,—I receaved yours by Mr. Stapleton together with an account of the kinde reception & the many civilties afforded them, especilly to my sonn in the libertye given him to waite upon your worthy daughter, the report of whose vertue and godlynnesse has soe great a place in my hart that I think fitt not to neglect any thinge on my part which may conduce to consummate a close of the businesse, if God please to dispose the younge ones harts thereunto & other suiteable orderinge affaires towards mutuall satisfaction appeare in the dispensation of providence. For which purpose and to the end matters may be brought to as neere an issue as they are capable off (not being at libertye by reason of publicke occasions to waite upon you, nor, as I understand your health permitteinge) I thought fitt to send this gentleman Mr. Stapleton instructed with my minde to see how neere wee may come to an understandinge one of another therein, & although I could have wished the consideration of thinges had beene betweene us two itt beinge of so neere concernement, yet providence for the present not allowinge, I desier you to give him credence on my behalfe. Sr all thinges which yourselfe & I had in conference att Farnham doe not occur to my memorie thorough multiplicitie of businesse interveninge, I hope I shall with a very free hart testifie my readinesse to that which may bee expected from mee. I have noe more at present but desiringe the Lord to order this affair to his glory & the comfort of his servants. I rest Sr your humble servant, O. CROMWELL."

Negotiations thicken, and Cromwell appears somewhat shrewd and calculating, and conveniently forget-

ful, in his next missive, dated the 8th of March 1648, to his "worthie friend," Mr. Major.

"S^r, — Yours I have receaved, & have given further instructions to this bearer Mr. Stapleton to treat with you about the businesse in agitation betweene your daughter and my sonne. I am ingag'd to you for all your civility's, & respects already manifested. I trust there will bee a right understanding betweene us and a good conclusion: and though I cannot particularly remember the thinges spoken off at Farnham, to which your letter seemes to referre mee; yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such thinges now, which will give mutuall satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon publique affairs will not give mee leave to come downe unto you myselfe. I have sent unto you this gentleman with my mind. I salute M^{rs} Major, though unknowne, with the rest of your family. I commit you, with the progresse of the businesse to the Lord. And rest S^r, your assured friend to serve you, O. CROMWELL."

The next letter, after an interval of eight days, is a long one, and shows that the lieutenant-general arranged a marriage for his son as he would have manœuvred a battle for the commonwealth. It is scrawled over, in what seems to be Mr. Major's handwriting, "L. G. Cromwell's letter of exceptions," and truly very formidable exceptions they are, and put with an air of probably unconscious egotism, as though his conveniences should, as a matter of course, be paramount.

"S^r, — I receaved your paper by the handes of Mr. Stapleton. I desier your leave to returne my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not neede to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best groundes) to match with you, the same desier still continues in me, if providence see itt fitt. But I may not be soe much wantinge to myselfe nor familye as not to have some equallitye of consideration towards it. *I have two younge daughters to bestowe if God give them life and opportunity.** Accordinge to your offer I have nothinge

* His second daughter, Elizabeth, had recently married Claypole, a man of royalist prepossessions.

for them, nothing at all in hand. If my sonne dye, what consideration is there to mee? And yet a jouncture parted with, if shee dye there is little, if you have an heir male then but 3000*l.* without tyme ascertained. But for these things, I doubt not but one interview betweene you and my selfe they might bee accommodated to mutual satisfaction, and in relation to these I thinke wee should hardly part, or have many wordes, so much doe I desier a cloasure with you. But to deale freely with you, the settlinge of the mannor of Hursley as you propose itt stickes so much with mee that either I understand you not, or else it much failes my expectation. As you offer itt here is 400*l.* per annum charged upon itt. For the 150*l.* to your lady for a life as jouncture I stick nott att that, but the 250*l.* per annum untill Mr. Ludlowis lease expires, the teanure whereof I knowe not, and soe much of the 250*l.* per annum as exceeides that lease in anual value for some tyme alsoe after the expiration of the s^d lease gives such a maime to the mannor of Hursley, as indeed renders the rest of the mannor very inconsiderable. S^t, if I concur to denye myselfe in point of present monies as alsoe in the other things mentioned as aforesaid, I may and I doe expect the mannor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon itt after your decease, savinge your ladye's jouncture of 150*l.* per annum, which if you should thinke fitt to encrease I should nott stand upon itt. Your own estate is best known to you, but suerlye your personall estate beinge free for you to dispose, will with some smale matter of addition begitt a neerenesse of equallitye, if I heere well from others, and if the difference in that were not very considerable I should not insist upon itt. What you demand of me is very high in all pointes. I am willinge to settle as you desier in every thinge—savinge for present maintenance 400*l.* per annum. 300*l.* per annum I would have somewhat free to be thanked by them for. The 300*l.* per annum of my ould land, for a jouncture after my wives decease, I shall settle, and in the meane tyme, out of other

landes att your election, and trulye Sr., if that bee not good, nor will any landes I doubt. I doe not much distrust your principles in other thinges have acted you towards confidence. You demand in case my sonn have none issue male but only daughters, then the lands in Hantsheire, Monmouth, and Gloucestersheire to descend to the daughters, or 3000*l.* a peice. The first woud bee most unequall, the latter is too high. They will be well provided for by beinge inheritrixes to their mother, and I am willinge to 2000*l.* a peice to bee charged upon those landes. Sr. I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of mee and of my sonn, as alsoe your great civilities towards him, and your daughter's good respects (whose goodnesse though known to mee only at such a distance by the report of others) I much vawe, and indeed that causeth mee soe cheerfully to denye myselfe as I doe in the point of monies, and soe willingly to complaye in other thinges. But if I should not insist as before, I should in a greater measure denye both my owne reason and the advise of my freindes then were meete; which I may not doe. Indeed *Sr, I have not cloased with a farr greater offer of estate, but rather chose to fix heere.* I hope I have not beene wantinge to providence in this. I have made myselfe plaine to you, desiring you will make my sonn the messinger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedilye as with conveniency you may. I take leave and rest, your affectionate servant, O. CROMWELL.—I desier my service may be presented to your lady and daughters."

The interview followed—Mr. Major no doubt supposing that anything would be preferable to letters of this sort. The interview seems to have been only partially satisfactory, however, and in the next letter of the series, to his friend Norton, there is a curious allusion to some personal objections to himself which Mr. Major would appear to have urged. The date of this is the 28th of March, 1648.

"DEERE DICK,—Itt had beene a favour indeed to

have mett you heere at Farnham, but I heere you are a man of great businesse! . . . Therefore I say noe more. If it be a favor to the house of commons to enjoy you, what is itt to me? But in good earnest when wi . . . you and your brother Russel be a lit . . . honest and attend your charge suerly so . . . expect itt, especially the good fellowes wh . . . chose you. . . I have mett wth M^r Maior, wee spent two or 3 howers together last night. I perceave the gentleman is very wise and honest, and indeed much to be valewed. *Some thinges of common fame did a little sticke. I gladlie heard his doubts, and gave such answere as was next att hand. I beleive to some satisfaction. Never the lesse I exceedingly liked the gentlemans plainnesse, and free dealinge wth mee.* I knowe God has beene above all ill reports, and will in his owne tyme vindicate mee. *I have noe cause to cumplaine.* I see nothinge but that this particular businesse betweene him and mee may go onn. The Lords will be donn. For newes out of the north there is little, only the Mal. partye is prevailinge in the par^lnt of S. They are earnest for a warr, the ministers oppose, as yett. . . Mr. Marshall is returned, whoe sayis soe. And soe doe many of our letters. Their great committee of dangers have 2 malig. for one right. Its sayd they have voted an armie of 40000 in par^lnt soe some of yesterdayes letters. But I account my newes ill bestowed *because upon an idle person.* . . I shall take speedy course in the business concerninge my tenants, for w^{ch} thanks, my service to your lady, I am really your affectionate servant,
O. CROMWELL."

A second letter to Norton, dated the 3d of April, 1648, put a second period to these laborious negotiations. A supplementary interview, less successful than the first, is here described, with various points of an extremely interesting kind. Never surely did the ministers of a crowned head look so carefully about them in diplomatising an affair of marriage. There is again in this letter a tone of strong personal exaction, of which the writer might or might not have been conscious.

“ DEERE NORTON,—I could not in my last give you a perfect account of what passed betweene mee and Mr. M. because wee were to have a conclusion of our speed that morninge after I wrote my letter to you, which wee had, and haveinge had a full enterview of one anothers mindes, wee parted with this, that both would consider with our relations, and accordinge to satisfactions given there, acquaint each other with our mindes. . . I cannot tell how better to doe itt, to receave or give satisfaction, then by you, whoe (as I remember) in your last, sayd that if thinges did stick betweene us, you would use your endeavor towards a close. . . The thinges insisted upon were theise, (as I take itt). Mr. Maior desired 400 *p. annum* of inheritance lyinge in Cambridge sheire, and Norfolke, to bee præsently settled, and to be for maintenance, wherein I desired to bee advised *by my wife*. . . I offered the land in Hampshire, for present maintenance, w^{ch} I dare say with copses and ordinaire fells will be *communibus annis* 500^l *p. annum*, besides 500^l per annum, in tennants handes houldinge but for one life, and about 300^l *p. ann.* some for two lives, some for three lives. But as to this, if the latter bee not liked off, I shall bee willing a farther conference bee had in the first. . . In point of jouncture I shall give satisfaction. And as to the settlement of landes given mee by the par^{lmt}, satisfaction to be given in like manner, accordinge as wee discoursed. . . In what else was demanded of mee I am willing (so farr as I remember any demand was) to give satisfaction. . . Only I haveinge beene enformed by Mr. Robinson that Mr. Maior did upon a former match offer to settle the mannor wherein hee lived, and to give 2000^l in monie, I did insist upon that, and doe desire itt may not bee with difficultye. *The monie I shall neede for my two little wenches, and therby I shall free my sonn from beinge charged with them.* Mr. Maior parts wth nothing in præsent but that monie, savinge their board, w^{ch} I shoulde not bee unwillinge to give them *to enjoy the comfort of their society* w^{ch} itt^s reason hee smarte for, if he will robb mee

altogether of them. Truly the land to bee settled, both what the par^{lnt} gives mee, and my owne, is very little lesse then 3000^{li} *per annum* all thinges considered, if I bee rightly informed. And a lawyer of Lincoln's Inn haveinge searched all the marques of Worcester's writings, w^{ch} were taken at Ragland and sent for by the par^{lnt}, and this gentleman appointed by the committee to search the sayd writings, assures mee, there is noe scruple concerninge the title, and *itt soe fell out* that this gentleman whoe searched was *my owne lawyer, a very godly able man, and my deere friend, wth I reckon noe smale mercy.* He is also possest of the writings for mee. . . I thought fitt to give you this account, desiringe you to make such use of itt as God shall direct you, and I doubt not but you will doe the part of a friend betweene two friendes. I account myselfe one, and I have heard you say Mr. Maior was entirely soe to you. What the good pleasure of God is I shall waite, there is only rest. Præsent my service to your lady, to Mr. Maior, et. I rest your affectionate servant, O. CROMWELL. I desier you to carrie this business with all privacie. I beseech you to doe so as you love mee. Lett mee entreat you not to loose a day herein, that I may knowe Mr. Maior's minde, for I thinke I may be att leizure for a weeke to attende this businesse to give and take satisfaction, from w^{ch} perhaps I may bee shutt up afterwards by imployment. *I know thou art an idle fellowe, but prethee neglect mee not now.* Delay may bee very inconvenient to mee. I much rely upon you. Lett me heere from you in two or 3 days. I confesse the principall consideration as to mee is the absolute settlement of the mannor where he lives, w^{ch} he would doe but conditionally in case he prove to have noe sonn, and but 3000^{li} in case he have a sonn. But as to this I hope farther reason may work him to more."

But now, on the return from the second civil war, the young people appear to have lost none of their liking for each other, and Mr. Major has opened negociations once more. Cromwell answers on the 25th of March,

1649, and though his words are fair, not less distressingly minute than ever does Mr. Major find him in the realities. "S^a,—You will pardon the brevitye of theise lines, the haste I am in by reason of businesses occasions it. To testifye the earnest desier I have to see a happy period to this treatye betweene us, I give you to understand that I agree to 150*l.* pr. annum out of the 300*l.* pr. annum of my ould land, for your daughter's jouncture over the 150*l.* where you please. . . 400*l.* pr. annum, for present maintenance where you shall choose either in Hantsheire, Gloucester or Monmouthsheire. . . Those lands settled upon my son and his heires males by your daughter, and in case of daughters only 2000*l.* a peice charged upon those landes. . . 400*l.* per annum free to raise portions for my two daughters. I expect the manor of Hursley to be settled upon your eldest daughter and her heires, the heires of her body. . . Your lady a jouncture of 150*l.* per annum out of itt. . . For compensation to your younger daughter I agree to leave itt in your power after your decease to charge itt with as much as will buye inn the lease of the Farme at Allington by a just computation. . . I expect soe long as they live with you their diet as you expressed, or in case of voluntarie partinge 150*l.* pr. annum, 3000*l.* in case you have a sonn to bee payed in two yeares next followinge. . . In case your daughter die without issue 1000*l.* within six months. S^t if this satisfie I desier a speedye resolution, I should the rather desier soe because of what your kinsman can satisfie you in. The Lord blesse you and your familie to whome I desier my affections and service may bee presented. I rest your humble servant,

O. CROMWELL."

On the 28th, Mr. Major solicits an alteration in one point. On the 30th Cromwell refuses it. "S^a,—I receaved yours of the 28th instant. I desier the matter of compensation may bee as in my last to you; you propose another way, which trulye seemes to mee very inconvenient. I have agreed to all other thinges as you take mee (and that rightly) repeating

particulars in your paper. The Lord dispose this great businesse (*great betweene you & mee*) for good. You mention to send by the post on Tuesday. I shall speede thinges heere as I may, I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedye. I should bee very glad to see thinges settled before I goe, if the Lord will. My service to all your familye. I rest sir your affectionate
OLIVER CROMWELL."

Some hope for the poor young lovers appears at last, and they do not seem, from this pretty allusion in the lord lieutenant's letter (for Cromwell was now lord lieutenant of Ireland) to have been quite tired out with waiting for it. The date is April the 6th, 1649. "S^r,—I receaved your papers inclosed in your letter although I knowe not howe to make soe good use of them, as otherwise might have beene to have saved expence of tyme, if the arrest of your lawyer had not fallen out at this tyme. I conceive a draught to your satisfaction by your owne lawyer would have saved much tyme, which to mee is precious. I hope you will send some up perfectlye instructed. I shall endeavour to speed what is to be donn on my part, not knowing how soone I may bee sent downe towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you. S^r, my sonn had a great desier to come down & waite upon your daughter. *I perceave hee minds that more then to attend businesses heere.* I should bee glad to see him settled and al thinges finished before I goe. I trust not to bee wantinge therein. The Lord direct all our hartes into his good pleasure. I rest S^r, your affectionate servant, O. CROMWELL. . . . My service to your lady & family."

Most characteristically, however, does one letter of exception more close this very singular series! It is addressed to Mr. Major, nine days later than the last. —"S^r,—Your kindsman Mr. Barton and myselfe repayinge to our councell for the perfectinge this businesse soe much concerninge us, did upon Saturday this 15th of April drawe our councell to a meetinge whereupon

consideration had of my letter to yourselfe expressinge my consent to particulars which Mr. Barton brought to your councell, Mr. Hales of Lincolnes Inn. Upon the readinge that which expresseth the way of your setlinge Hursley, your kindsman expressed a sence of yours contrarie to the paper under my hand as alsoe to that under your hand of the 28th of March which was the same with mine, as to that perticular, and I knowe nothinge of doubt in that which I am to doe but doe agree itt all to your kindsman his satisfaction. Nor is there much materiall difference save in this, wherein both my paper sent by you to your councell and yours of the 28th doe in all literall and all equitable construction agree, viz. to settle an estate in fee simple upon your daughter after your decease, which Mr. Barton affirmes not to be your meaninge, although hee has not (as to me) formerlye made this any objection, nor can the words beare itt, nor have I any thinge more considerable in lewe of what I part with then this. And I have appealed to yours or any counsel in England whether it bee not just and equal that I insist thereupon. And this misunderstandinge (if it bee yours as it is your kindsman's) putt a stop to the businesse, so that our counsel could not proceed untill your pleasure herein were known, wherefore itt was thought fitt to desier Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to knowe your minde, hee alledginge hee had noe authoritye to understand that expression soe, but the contrarie, which was thought not a little strange even by your own councell. I confesse I did apprehend wee should bee incident to mistakes treatinge att such a distance, although I may take the boldnesse to say there is nothinge expected from mee, but I agree itt to your kindsman's sense to a tittle. Sr. I desired to knowe what commission your kindsman had to helpe this doubt by an expedient, who denied to have any, but did think it were better for you to part with some monie, and keepe the power in your owne handes, as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made and himself and your councell desired

to drawe itt up ; the effect whereof this enclosed paper conteynes ; and although I should not like change of agreements, yet to shew how much I desier the perfecting of this businesse, if you like thereof (though this bee farr the worse bargain) I shall submitt thereunto : your counsell thinkinge that thinges may bee settled this way with more clearnesse & lesse intricacie. There is mention made of 900*l.* pr. annum to bee reserved, but itt comes to but about 800*l.* My landes in Glamorgan sheire being but little above 400*l.* pr. annum, and the 400*l.* pr. annum out my manour in Gloucester & Munmouth sheire. I wish a cleere understandinge may bee betweene us. Truly I would not willinglye mistake, desiringe to waite upon providence in this businesse. I rest Sr, your affectionate friend & servant, O. CROMWELL. . . . I desier my service may bee presented to your lady & daughters."

Very probably Mr. Major now conceded every thing without further dispute, for in a fortnight after, on the 1st of May, 1649, Richard Cromwell was married to Dorothy Major, in Hursley church, Hampshire. She was a modest, unobtrusive, kind-hearted woman, and bore her husband nine children.*

The reader might suppose, from the character of these most elaborate arrangements, that Cromwell had

* In article (B.) of the Appendix I have sketched the lineal descendants of Cromwell to the present time. Of Richard's wife Mr. Noble observes :—" It is extraordinary that we know so little of her, considering that she was, at one time, the second person in the kingdom : there is every reason to suppose that she was scarce ever at court during Oliver's protectorate. She felt the reverse of fortune in the most poignant manner, and wanted the comforts of the clergy to reconcile her to what she judged the greatest misfortune. Amongst all the illiberal things that were levelled against the protectorate house of Cromwell, her character is almost the only one that scandal has left untouched ; she never (it is most reasonable to think) saw her husband after he retired to France, in 1659 ; she died Jan. 5, 1675-6, in the forty-ninth year of her age, and was buried in the chancel of Hursley church. The only character of her that I have ever met with, is that given by Mr. John Maidstone, who says, ' she was a prudent, godly, practical Christian.' She was certainly once at court during the government of her father-in-law, from the following item in Mr. Major, her father's memorandum book, still preserved, ' 1657, May 21, daughter Cromwell went to London,' but as she had a child baptized at Hursley in Sept. following, her stay must have been short ; and from an item of her father's discarded reeve, it appears, she was at Whitehall when her husband lost his power, after which she retired to ' Hursley lodge, and lived upon her own lands.'"

been a "family man" with much time on his hands, and no business save what he could ingeniously, and with much pains, fashion out of his private affairs to attend to. Yet in the interval comprised by these letters what mighty events he had created and controlled !

The trial and execution of Charles I., with all their attendant circumstances, and their vast result in the establishment of the commonwealth, have been treated in the life of Henry Marten. Cromwell did not appear more openly in them than any of the other statesmen or officers — perhaps he was even less seen in them than any — but it was well known that the majority of the men concerned in the deed confessed to his extraordinary influence and control — while he, in his turn, if bishop Burnet may be believed, was not without his controller also. "Ireton," says the bishop, "was the person that drove it on : for Cromwell was all the while in some suspense about it. Ireton had the principles and the temper of a Cassius in him : he stuck at nothing that might have turned England to a commonwealth." The scurrilous falsehoods of the period, contained in that disgusting book which goes by the name of "*The Trials of Regicides*," are scouted now by all well-informed persons, but two anecdotes of the time personally relating to Cromwell may properly find a place here.

"I know nothing in particular," says bishop Burnet, "of the sequel of the war, nor of all the confusions that happened till the murder of king Charles the first : only one passage I had from lieutenant-general Drummond, afterwards lord Strathallan. He served on the king's side ; but he had many friends among those who were for the covenant : so the king's affairs being now ruined, he was recommended to Cromwell, being then in a treaty with the Spanish ambassador, who was negotiating for some regiments to be levied and sent over from Scotland to Flanders : he happened to be with Cromwell *when the commissioners sent from Scotland to protest against the putting the king to death*

came to argue the matter with him. Cromwell bade Drummond stay and hear their conference, which he did. They began in a heavy languid style to lay indeed great load on the king: but they still insisted on that clause in the covenant, by which they swore they would be faithful in the preservation of his majesty's person. With this they showed upon what terms Scotland, as well as the two houses, had engaged in the war; and what solemn declarations of their zeal and duty to the king they all along published; which would now appear, to the scandal and reproach of the christian name, to have been false pretences, if, when the king was in their power, they should proceed to extremities. Upon this Cromwell entered into a long discourse on the nature of the regal power, according to the principles of Mariana and Buchanan: he thought a breach of trust in a king ought to be punished more than any other crime whatsoever: he said as to their covenant, they swore to the preservation of the king's person in defence of the true religion: if then it appeared that the settlement of the true religion was obstructed by the king, so that they could not come at it but by putting him out of the way, then their oath could not bind them to the preserving him any longer. He said also, their covenant did bind them to bring all malignants, incendiaries, and enemies to the cause, to condign punishment: and was not this to be executed impartially? What were all those on whom public justice had been done, especially those who suffered for joining with Montrose, but small offenders, acting by commission from the king, who was, therefore, the principal, and so the most guilty? Drummond said, *Cromwell had plainly the better of them at their own weapon, and upon their own principles.* At this time presbytery was at its height in Scotland."

The other anecdote has reference to a cousin of Cromwell's, who, on the eve of Charles I.'s execution, was commissioned to grant any conditions which the lieutenant-general might demand, if he would consent to preserve the life of Charles. Colonel John Cromwell

is said to have been encouraged to undertake this mission, by the recollection of an assurance given to him some time before by his great cousin, that he would rather draw his sword in favour of the king than allow the republicans to make any attempt on his person. Upon his arrival in the metropolis, however, he found that his kinsman had shut himself up so closely in his chamber, and issued such strict orders that no one should be admitted to him, that it was not without some difficulty he obtained an interview. The envoy having performed his mission with undaunted zeal and earnestness, Cromwell, says Heath, fell to his old shifts, telling him that it was not he but the army who were about to inflict justice on the king; that it is true he did once use such words as those which the colonel had repeated, but times were now altered, and Providence seemed to dispose things otherwise. He added, that he had prayed and fasted for the king, but no return that way was yet made to him. Upon this the visitor fastened the door, which till then had continued open, and going close up to Cromwell, said, "Cousin, it is no time to dally with words in this matter; look you here"—showing his credentials and a carte blanche with which he had been supplied—"it is in your power not only to make yourself, but your posterity, family, and relations happy and honourable for ever: otherwise, as they have changed their name before from Williams to Cromwell, so now they must be forced to change it again; for this fact will bring such an ignominy upon the whole generation of them, that no time will be able to wipe it away." Here Cromwell seemed to be shaken in his resolution, and to ponder on the communication which had just been made to him. After a little space, he replied, "Cousin, I desire you will give me till night to consider of it: and do you go to your inn, but go not to bed till you hear from me: I will confer and consider farther about the business." The colonel did so; and about one o'clock, a messenger came to him and told him he might go to

bed, and expect no other answer to carry to the prince ; for the council of officers had been seeking God, as Cromwell himself had also done, and it was resolved by them all that the king must die."

The execution followed. Some have said that Cromwell was praying when the axe fell, and some that he was indulging an ill-considered act of buffoonery. It is hard to say which was most likely. It seems to be confessed, however, that he sought from the guard to whom the body was entrusted, permission to view it as it lay. Bowtell, a private soldier, who stood by at the time, said, "that Cromwell could not open the coffin with his staff, but taking the other's sword, effected it with the hilt of it." He then stood and gazed at it steadily, till, Bowtell asking him what government they should have now, he said hastily, turning round, "The same that then was," and turning again to the body of the king, calmly observed, that it appeared sound and well made for a long life.

The commonwealth had scarcely been established, and the levellers, with Lilburne, temporarily quelled by Cromwell, when the council of state offered him the lord lieutenancy of Ireland. The affairs of that kingdom were now in such a miserable condition of rebellion and disorder, that in no services but his could they entertain the slightest hope of retrieving them. Ormonde had proclaimed Charles II., and that prince was about to start for Dublin.

Cromwell was prepared for the offer, yet on presenting himself in the house of commons to accept his new office, affected surprise at the nomination, and made his acknowledgments with much hesitation and perplexity. He spoke of his great unworthiness, and even of his inability to undertake so weighty a charge ; but yet he professed "that the difficulty which appeared in the expedition, was his chief motive for engaging in it ;" and that though he could hardly expect to prevail over the rebels, he hoped, nevertheless,

to preserve to the commonwealth some footing in that kingdom. We have it further, on the authority of Whitelocke and the Journals, that when the appointment was offered to Cromwell, he hesitated, and requested that two officers from each corps might meet him at Whitehall, and seek the Lord in prayer. After a delay of two weeks, he condescended to submit his shoulders to the burthen, because he had learned it was the will of heaven.

He next made his demand for men and means. He asked from the house 12,000 horse and foot, selected by himself from those veterans whom he had taught to conquer every enemy; a plentiful supply of provisions and ammunition; and a military chest containing 100,000*l.* in ready money. He received, in the name of outfit, 3000*l.*; 10*l.* a day as general while he remained in England; and 2000*l.* per quarter in Ireland, besides his pay in his new office. He demanded also that Ireton should accompany him with the second command. His title was lord lieutenant general and general governor of Ireland.

In the morning of the 10th of July, a large number of his friends were assembled at Whitehall, and three ministers invoked a blessing on his banners, as about to fight the battle of the Lord against the blinded Roman Catholics of Ireland. These functionaries were succeeded by three officers, Goff, Harrison, and Cromwell himself, who expounded the Scriptures "excellently well, and pertinently to the occasion." This strange scene over, the lieutenant general mounted his splendid carriage drawn by "six Flanders mares of whitish grey." He was accompanied by the great officers of state and of the army. His life-guard, consisting of eighty young men, all of quality, and several of them holding commissions as majors and colonels, surprised the spectators by their splendid uniforms and gallant bearing. The streets of the metropolis resounded, as he drove towards Windsor, with

the acclamations of the populace, and the clangor of military music.*

He was met at Bristol with great pomp and ceremony, but found time, when the fatigue of his reception was over, to write a very delightful letter to the father of Richard's wife, with whom, by the arrangement of the marriage, the young couple were now domiciled. —“**LOVINGE BROTHER,**—I receaved your Letter by Major Longe, and doe in answare thereunto accordinge to my best understandinge, *with a due consideration of those Gentlemen whoe have abid the brunt of the service.* I am very glad to heere of your welfare, and that our Children have so good leisure to make a journie to eate cherries. Its very excuseable in my daughter, *I hope she may have a very good pretence for it.* I assure you Sr. I wish her very well, and I believe she knowes itt. I pray you tell her from mee, *I expect she writes often to mee,* by which I shall understand how all your Familie doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my sonn up to you, and I hope you will counsell him. *He will neede itt.* And indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. *I wish he may be serious, the tymes requier itt.* I hope my Sister is in health, to whom I desire my very heartye affections and service may be presented, as also to my Cozen Ann†, *to whom I wish a good husband.* I desire my affections may be presented to all your Familie to which I wish a blessinge from the Lorde. I hope I

* Whitelocke. An extract from a journal of the day is very graphic:—“This evening (July 10.) about five of the clock, the lord lieutenant of Ireland began his journey by the way of Windsor and so to Bristol, he went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen, himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey, divers coaches accompanying him, and very many great officers of the army; his life-guard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a commander or esquire in stately habit, with trumpets sounding almost to the shaking of Charing Cross had it been now standing; of his life-guard many are colonels, and believe it, it's such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world; and now have at you my lord of Ormond, you will have men of gallantry to encounter, who to overcome will be honor sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to their reputation, if you say, Caesar or nothing: they say, a republick or nothing. The lord lieutenant's colours are white.”—*Mod. Intel.* July 5—12. 1649.

† Mrs. Richard Cromwell's younger sister.

shall have your prayers in the businesse to which I am called. My Wife I trust wil be with you before itt be longe, in her way towards Bristoll. *S^r discompose not your thoughts nor estate for what you are to pay mee.* . . . Lett me knowe wherein I may complye with your occasions and minde, and be confident you will finde me to you *as your owne heart.* Wishinge your prosperitie and contentment very synceerlye, with the remembrance of my love I rest your affectionate brother and servant,
O. CROMWELL."

In this letter (dated July 19th, 1649), begin a series of entreaties respecting Richard, which may afford curious matter for consideration. Under ordinary circumstances, it was somewhat too late to have set this married young gentleman to his studies again, yet if a certain new necessity had risen in Cromwell's mind, it was even now not yet too late, for at least an effort, to infuse some spirit and energy and knowledge into the mind of Richard Cromwell. At all events, it was worth the trial. A year ago, Oliver would have succeeded to whatever trusts he might have it in his power to bequeath, but, now, in the ordinary course of things, it must be Richard. And *what* a trust he might possibly have to bequeath to him !

Among lord Nugent's manuscripts, I have found a letter written just before his entrance into Dublin to this same Mr. Major. It suggests these considerations again, with more shape and likelihood. How striking is that passage, wherein having implored his brother-in-law to lay down certain rules of study for his son, he adds that "*these fitt for public services for which a man is borne.*" The letter is dated "the 13th of August, 1649, from aboard the John," and runs thus. "I could not satisfie mysele to omitt this opportunitye by my Sonn of writinge to you, especially there beinge soe late and great an occasion of acquaintinge you with the happy newes I receaved from L^ot Gen^l Jones yesterday. The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin, with 19000 men or therabouts. 7000 Scotts and 3000 more were cominge to that worke.

Jones issued out of Dublin wth 4000 foote and 1200 horse, hath routed his whole armie killed about 4000 upon the place, and taken 2517 Prisoners aboue 300 Officers, some of great qualitie. *This is an astonsihinge mercie* so great and seasonable, as indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can wee say? The Lord fill our souls with thankfulnessse that our mouths may bee full of his praise, and our liues too, and graunt wee neuer forgett his goodnesse to vs. These things seeme to strengthen our fayth and loue, against more difficult tymes. Sr pray for mee that I may walke worthy of the Lord in *all that Hee hath called me vnto*. I have committed my Sonn to you, pray give him advise, I envye him not his contents, *but I feare hee should bee swallowed vp of them. I would have him minde and understand businesse, reade a little historye, study the mathematicks, and cosmografie; these are good wth subordination to the thinges of God; better then idlenesse, or more outward worldly contents, these fitt for publick seruices for w^{ch} a man is borne*. Pardon this trouble, I am thus bould because I knowe you loue me as indeed I doe you, and yours. My loue to my deere Sister and my Cozen Ann your Daughter and all friends. I rest, Sr, youre louinge Brother, O. CROMWELL. Aug. 18th, 1649, from aboard the John. Sr, I desire you not to discomodate your selfe because of the monie due to mee, lett not that trouble you, your welfare is as mine, and therefore lett me knowe from tyme to tyme, what will conveniencye you in any forbearance, I shall answare you in itt, and bee readye to acomodate you, and therefore doe your other businesse, let not this hinder."

The same packet, too, which conveyed that letter, conveyed another with the same date to "his beloved daughter Dorothy Cromwell at Hursley," eminently characteristic of the writer. "MY DEERE DAUGHTER, — Your letter was very welcome to mee. I like to see anythinge from your hand, because indeed I stick not to say *I doe intyrellye love you*, and therefore I hope a word of advise will not be un-

welcom nor unacceptable to thee. I desire you both to make itt above all thinges your business to seeke the Lord, to be frequently calling upon him that Hee would manifest himselfe to you in his Sonn and bee listning, what returnes Hee makes to you, for Hee will be speakinge in your eare and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoake your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this life and outward businesse lett that bee upon the by. Bee above all these thinges by fayth in Christ and then you shall have the treue use and comfort of them, and not otherwise. I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way sett, and I desire you may growe in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that I may heere thereof. The Lord is very near; we see by his wonderfull workes; and therefore Hee looks that wee of this generation draw neere him. This late great mercye of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with itt. Wee should bee much stirred up in our spirits to thankfullnesse. Wee much need the spirit of Christ to enable us to prayse God for so admirable a mercye. The Lord bless thee my deere daughter. I rest thy lovinge father, O. CROMWELL. . . . *I heere thou didst lately miscarrie; prithee take heede of a coach by all meanes; borrow thy father's nagg when thou intendest to goe abroad.*"

Of the same character, and suggestive of the same thoughts, is a note to Mr. Major, written exactly three months afterwards; but which, as it completes my collection of his private letters from Ireland, may be inserted, though somewhat prematurely, here. "DEERE BROTHER, — I am not often at leisure, nor now to salute my friendes, yet unwillinglye to loose this opportunitye, I take itt only to lett you knowe that you and your familye are often in my prayers. I wish the younge ones well, though they vouchsafe not to write to mee. As for Dick, I doe not much expect itt from him, knowinge his idlenesse; but I am angry with my daughter

as a promise breaker. Pray you tell her soe, but I hope she will redeeme herselfe. . . . It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Rosse) a good interest in Munster by the access of Cork and Youghall, which are both submitted. Their Commissioners are now with mee. Diverse other lesser garrisons are come in alsoe. The Lord is wonderful in these thinges, it's his hand aloune does them. O that all the praise might be ascribed to him. *I have been crazie in my health,* but the Lord is pleased to sustaine mee. I begg your prayers, I desire you to call upon my Sonn to minde the thinges of God more and more ; Alas ! what profit is there in the thinges of this World ? except they bee enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife soe, and shee him ; I wish I may enjoy them both soe. My service to my deere Sister, Cozen Ann, my blessinge to my Children, and love to my Cozen Barton and the rest. Sir I am your affectionate Brother and Servant,

O. CROMWELL."

On the 15th of August Cromwell reached Dublin. He allowed his men two weeks to prepare for the labours of the campaign. Three-fourths of the island acknowledged at this time Ormond's sway. In the course of the campaign of the past year, he had reduced Drogheda, Dundalk, Newry, Carlingford, and Trim, and had expelled Monk out of Ireland. Dublin, the capital, and Derry in the north, held out against him alone. For his first object of attack, Cromwell selected Drogheda.

Ormond had placed it in a good state of defence, and furnished it with a garrison of two or three thousand of his best troops. On the 3d of September, Cromwell had completed his batteries. On the 10th, he sent in a summons to the governor to surrender. It was rejected. The next day he effected a breach, and set about taking the place by storm. This was on the 10th of September. Twice Cromwell's forces mounted the breach, and twice they were repelled. Observing this, he led himself the third assault, and was victorious. The

enemy had thrown up three intrenchments within the walls. They defended every inch of ground, and fought bravely and desperately at the corner of every street. The blood recoils from the horror that remains to be told. The reader would disbelieve it, unless he heard it, as it were, from Cromwell's own lips.

Let him take it, then, from them. After describing, in a despatch written on the spot, the desperate resistance of the enemy, admitting that "through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss;"—he adds that, his veterans were induced to make a second attempt, "wherein," says he, "God was pleased to animate them so, that they got ground of the enemy, and by the goodness of God forced him to quit his intrenchments, and after a very hot dispute, the enemy having both horse and foot, and we foot only within the walls, the enemy gave ground, and our men became masters." Then he adds, having effected a passage for his cavalry into the town, "the enemy retreated, diverse into the Mill-Mount, a place very strong, and of difficult access, being exceeding high, having a good graft, and strongly palisadoed; the governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and diverse considerable officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword; and indeed, *being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the town, and I think that night they put to the sword about two thousand men.* Diverse of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge into the other part of the town, where about one hundred of them possessed St Peter's church steeple, some the west gate, and others a strong round tower next the gate, called St. Sunday,—these being summoned to yield to mercy, refused; whereupon I ordered the steeple of St Peter's church to be fired. The next day the other two towers were summoned, in one of which was about six or seven score, but they refused to

yield themselves; and we, knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away, till their stomachs were come down. From one of the said towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men; when they submitted, *their officers were knocked on the head, and every tenth man of the soldiers killed, and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes*; the soldiers in the other tower were all spared, as to their lives only, and *shipped likewise for the Barbadoes*. I believe *all the friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two*, the one of which was Father Peter Taaf, brother to the Lord Taaf, *whom the soldiers took the next day and made an end of*; the other was taken in the round tower, under the repute of lieutenant, and when he understood that the officers in that town had no quarter, he confessed he was a friar, *but that did not save him.*"

In a subsequent passage of the same dispatch, he offers in apparent extenuation of this horrible deed, the fact that the barbarous wretches whom he put to the sword, had imbrued their hands in much innocent blood, alluding to the massacre which disgraced the insurrection of 1641. But had infants or women done this? for infants and women perished now in Drogheda. Nor is it true that the defenders of Drogheda were chiefly Irish. Ludlow, on the contrary assures us, that when Cromwell arrived at Dublin, the royalists "put most of their army into their garrisons; having placed three or four thousand of the best of their men, being *mostly English*, in the town of Tredagh, [so Drogheda was then called], and made Sir Arthur Ashton governor thereof." The same author mentions, that when the place was taken, "the slaughter continued all that day and the next; *which extraordinary severity, I presume, was used to discourage others from making opposition.*"

This was the real secret of Cromwell's present policy. It had no relation to the future condition of Ireland, as a civil state, but purely and solely to a matter of convenience of his own. He wished to reduce the

country with all possible dispatch, avoid unnecessary delays and trouble, and get back as soon as he could to his great designs in England.

In a subsequent letter on the same subject indeed he confesses this. "I am persuaded," he says, "that this is a righteous judgment of God, upon these barbarous wretches who have embued their hands in so much innocent blood, and that *it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future*; which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts that a great thing should be done, not by power or might, *but by the spirit of God*; and is it not clearly that which caused your men to storm so courageously? It was the spirit of God who gave your men courage and took it away again, and gave the enemy courage and took it away again, and gave your men courage again, and therewith this happy success; and therefore *it is good that God alone have all the glory*." Well had it been for Cromwell and his fame, if, of such deeds as these, he could have handed over from himself *the glory*!

His anticipations were well founded as to the result. He passed on from town to castle in a species of grim and bloody triumph, each and all opening their gates before him. At last he reached Wexford, and here opposition having been offered, another deluge of blood* was offered up to the convenience of the governor, and the barbarous anti-catholic passions of his soldiers. In his dispatch he reckons, that there were lost of the enemy not many less than 2000 while of the besiegers not twenty were killed. "This," he adds, "is not without cause deeply set to our hearts, we

* The same rule precisely was followed here as at Drogheda. No distinction was made between the armed soldier and the defenceless townsman. Even women were put to the edge of the sword. Three hundred of the latter flocked round the great cross which stood in the street, hoping that Christian soldiers would be so far softened by sight of that emblem of mercy as to spare the lives of unresisting women; but the victors, enraged at such superstition, and regarding it perhaps as a proof that they were Roman Catholics, and therefore fit objects of military fury, rushed forward and put them all to death.

having intended better to this place than so great a ruin." From Wexford he passed to Rosse, which surrendered to him after three days.* Cork, Kinsale, and Youghal had surrendered to his officers. On the 24th of November, he set himself down before Waterford, but on the eighth day found himself obliged to break up the siege. He was more successful at Dungarvan; but at this place had the misfortune to lose by sudden sickness his lieutenant-general, Michael Jones, to whom Ireton, with admirable modesty, had given way on observing his greater knowledge of the country and the service. The manner in which Cromwell expresses himself on this occasion is worthy of record. "The noble lieutenant-general, *whose finger, to our knowlege, never ached in all these expeditions*, fell sick, upon a cold taken in our late wet march, and ill accommodation, and went to Dungarvan, where, struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died, having run his course with so much honour, courage and fidelity, as his actions better speak, than my pen. What England lost hereby is above me to speak; I am sure I lost a noble friend and companion in labours. You see how God mingles out the cup to us."

Cromwell did not enter winter quarters in Ireland till late, and he left them early. At the end of January he reopened the campaign. Its horrors have no interest, and can teach no lesson. Suffice it to say, that Fethard, Callen, Gowran, and Kilkenny, surrendered in quick succession. His last undertaking was against Clonmel, and here he met with a gallant resistance.† Eager, however, to return to England, he listened to a

* A circumstance claims our notice in the terms of this surrender, which proves how thoroughly Cromwell had now entered into rehearsal for the protectorate. He consented to give up the town on condition of being permitted to march out with the honours of war, and to assure the inhabitants that their private property would be respected. An attempt was made to secure the free exercise of religion, on the usual plea of liberty of conscience. Cromwell replied, "I meddle not with any man's conscience; but if *by liberty of conscience you mean a liberty to exercise the mass*, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, where the parliament of England have power, that will not be allowed of."

† An eminent commander, who assisted in the action, reported: "We

parley, granted an honourable capitulation, appointed Ireton lord-deputy, and sailed for England.

Some extracts from Cromwell's dispatches will fitly close this brief sketch of this terrible Irish government. They are, in the main, masterly documents, and should not be lost sight of in any attempt to illustrate his character.

He thus describes the march from Dublin to Wexford: — "The army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the county of Wicklo, where the enemy had a garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killingkerick, which they quitting, a company of the army was put therein. From thence the army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the river Doro, about a mile above the castle of Arcklo, the first seat and honour of the Marquesse of Ormond's family, which hee had strongly fortified, but was upon the approach of the army quitted. Herein we left another company of foot. From thence the army marched towards Wexford, where in the way was a strong and large castle, at a town called Limerick, the antient seat of the Esmond's, where the enemy had a strong garrison, which they burnt and quitted the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a castle, to which I sent Col. Reynolds with a party to summon it, which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where we having put a company advanced the army to a passage over the river Slane, which runs down to Wexford, and that night marched into the fields of a village called Eniscorfy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallip, where was a strong castle very well manned and provided for by the enemy, and close under it a very fair house belonging to the same worthy person. A monastery of Fran-

found in Clonmel the stoutest enemy that our army has encountered in Ireland; and it is my opinion, and that of many more, that no storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly contended, has been seen in these wars, either in England or Ireland."

ciscan Fryars, the considerablest in all Ireland, run away the night before we came. We summoned the castle, and they refused to yield at the first, but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us, which accordingly they did, leaving their guns, arms, ammunition, and provisions behind them."

The siege and massacre of Wexford are given under his strong and rough hand, thus. After repeating the demand for surrender and the governor's refusal, the despatch proceeds:—"Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the lieut.-gen. with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavour to reduce their fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbour, about ten miles distante from us, to which he sent a troupe of dragoons; but the enemy quit their fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns, betook themselves by the help of their boat to a frigot of 12 guns lying in the harbour, within cannon shot of the fort. The dragoons possessed the fort, and some seamen belonging to your fleet comming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the frigot, and she immediately yielded to mercy both herselfe, the soldiers that had been in the fort, and the seamen that manned her: and whilst our men were in her, the towne not knowing what had happened, sent another vessell to her, which our men also tooke. The governor of the towne having obtained from me a safe conduct for the four persons (mentioned in one of the papers) to come and treat with me about the surrender of the towne, I expected they should have done so; but in stead thereof, the earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief on the north side of the river, about five hundred foot, which occasioned their refusall to send out any to treat, and caused me to revoke my safe conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased. Our canon being landed, and we having removed all our quarters to the south east end of the town near the castle; it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the castle, being persuaded that if we got the castle, the town

would easily follow. Upon Thursday the 11 instant (our batteries being finished the night before) we began to play betimes in the morning, and having spent near a hundred shot, the governor's stomach came down, and he sent to me to give leave for four persons intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender, which I condescending to, two field officers with an alderman of the town, and the captain of the castle, brought out the propositions inclosed, which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view, together with my answer, which indeed had no effect :—for whilst I was preparing of it, studying to preserve the town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your army, the captain who was one of the commissioners, being fairly treated, *yielded up the castle to us* : upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the enemy quitted the walls of the town, which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market place, the enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them, *and then put all to the sword that came in their way. Two boatfulls of the enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sunk, whereby were drowned near three hundred of them.* I believe in all there was lost of the enemy *not many less than two thousand, and I believe not twenty of yours killed from first to last of the siege* ; and indeed it hath not without cause been deeply set upon our hearts, that we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the town might be of more use to you and your army ; *yet God would not have it so*, but by an unexpected providence, in his righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them, causing them to become a prey to the souldier, who in their pyracies had made prayes of so many families, and made with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poore protestants, *two of which I have been lately acquainted with.* About seven or eight

score poor protestants were by them put into an old vessel, which being as some say bulged by them, the vessell sunke, and they were all presently drowned in the harbor. The other was thus: they put divers poor protestants into a Chappel, which since they have used for a masse house and in which one or more of their priests were now killed, where they were famished to death. . . . The souldiers got a very good booty in this place, and had they had opportunity to carry their goods over the river, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more. I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the garrison, they had been more moderate. Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe, and barrell staves, which are under commissioner's hands to be secured. We believe there are neer a hundred cannon in the fort, and elsewhere in and about the town: here is likewise some very good shipping; here are three vessells, one of them of 34 guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about 20 guns, very near ready likewise; and one other frigot of 20 guns, upon the stocks, made for sailing, which is built up to the uppermost deck; for her handsomenesse sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materialls to do it, if you or the council of state shall approve thereof. The frigot also taken by the fort, is a most excellent vessell for sailing, besides divers other ships and vessells in the harbour. This town is now so in your power, that the former inhabitants, I believe scarce one in twenty, can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service; and *it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here, where are very good houses and other accommodations fitted to their hands, and may by your favor be made of encouragement to them; as also a seate of good trade, both inward and outward, and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing.*

The town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall, near fifteen foot thick. Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy, for which, as for all, we pray, God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing, and that is the gift of God also."

In that despatch we see some glimpses of Cromwell's wiser policy — but the mind revolts from the price at which he would have purchased the advantages of such a scheme. In the following he describes very forcibly the rare occurrence of an incidental engagement with the enemy. — "Wee having left diverse sicke men, both horse and foote, at Dublin, hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us, which accordingly they did. Comming to Arcklo on Munday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foote, the enemy hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot, neare 3,000, which Inchequeen commanded. There went also with this party Sir Tho^s Armstrong, Col. Trevor, and most of their great Rantors. We sent 15 or 16 Troops to their rescue near eight houres too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, to march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the Sea side. They had marched near 18 miles, and were come within 7 miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearyed), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rear guard an alarum: whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the enemy made a very furious charge, overbearing our horse with their numbers, (which, as some of their Prisoners confesse, was 1500 of their best horse,) and forcing them in some disorder backe to the foote. Our foote stood, forbearing their firing till the enemy was come almost within pistoll shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them, whereby some of them began to tumble, the rest running off in a very great

disorder, and faced not about untill they got above muskett shot off. Upon this our horse tooke encouragement, drawing up againe, bringing up some foote, to flank them. And a Gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signall into his hat, as they did, tooke his opportunity and came off, letting our men know that the enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another Charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our Men courage, they advanced, and falling upon the enemy, totally routed them, took two colours and divers Prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuite. I do not hear that we have two Men killed, and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners."

In a subsequent letter, having described other overwhelming successes, the lord lieutenant, who had probably, at the instant, a strong conception upon him of the purposes for which he already panted to be in England, subjoins these extraordinary reflections: — "Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arme of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom, and counsell, or strength of men? *It is the Lord onely.* God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise. Sir, you see the worke is done by a divine leading. *God gets into the hearts of men and persuades them to come unto you.* I tell you a considerable part of your army is fitter for an hospital, than the field: if the enemy did not know it, I should have held it impoliticke to have writ this; they know it, yet they know not what to doe. I humbly beg leave to offer a word two. I beg of those that are faithful that they give Glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of government, in the greatest trust, that they may all in heart draw neare to God; giving him glory by holinesse of life and conversation: that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting Brethren on all

sides to agree, at least in praising God. And if the Father of the Family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings, and heart-burnings amongst the Children? And if it will not be received that these are the scales of God's approbation of your great change of Government, *which indeed was no more yours, than these victories and successes are ours*, — yet let them with us say (even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them) that both are the righteous judgements and mighty workes of God; that he hath pulled the mighty from his seat, who calls to an account innocent blood; that he thus breakes the enemies of his Church in pieces; and let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord, and thinke of us as they please, and we shall be satisfied; and pray for them and waite upon our God; and we hope we shall seeke the welfare and peace of our native country; and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed Sir, I was constrained in my Bowells to write this much."

Our last extract shall be taken from a very elaborate dispatch descriptive of some of the later incidents in the campaign: — "I marched from Roghill Castle over the Shewer with very much difficulty, and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the county of Tipperary, where was a garrison of the enemy. The town is most pleasantly seated, having a very good wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and raine. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves, but finding an old abby in the suburbs, and some cabbins, and poore houses, we got into them, and had opportunity to send them a summons. They shot at my Trumpet, and would not listen to him for an hour's space; but having some officers in our party which they knew, I sent them, to let them know I was there with a good part of the army. We shot not a shot at them, but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us, telling us, that

it was not a time of night to send a summons: but yet in the end, the governor was willing to send out two commissioners, I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, then to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the towne was delivered to me the next morning upon terms, which we usually call honorable, which I was the willinge to give, because I had little above 200 foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor any thing else to force them that night. There being about seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder, and the soverigne and the aldermen since sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them, which I have also made a quarter. From thence I marched towards Callen, hearing that Col. Reynolds was there with the party before mentioned; when I came thither I found he had fallen upon the enemy's horse, and routed them, being about 100, with his forlorne, took my Lord of Ossory's capt.-lieutenant, and another lieutenant of horse, prisoners; and one of those who betrayed our garrison of Eniscorfy, whom we hanged. The enemy had possessed three castles in the town, one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable, the other two had about 100 or 120 men in them, which he attempted, and they refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service, I doe not hear there were 6 men of ours lost. Butler's castle was delivered upon conditions for all to march away, leaving their armes behinde them; wherein I have placed a company of foot, and a troop of horse, under the command of my lord Colvil, the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence col. Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a garrison of the enemies from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Rosse), which accordingly he did. We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard and Cashel, where we are now quartered, having good plenty both of horse meat and man's

meat for a time ; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowells of the enemy, ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be his name only for this good successe ; and for this, that wee doe not finde that our men are at all considerably sicke upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.

“ I had almost forgot one businesse. The major-general was very desirous to gaine a passe over the Shewer, where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served ; wherefore on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Arsinom, where was a bridge, and at the foot of it a strong castle, which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted, killed about thirteen of the enemies outguard, lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded. The enemy yeilded the place to him, and we are possessed of it, being a very considerable passe, and the nearest to our passe at Cappoquin over the Black-water, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghall by water, and over this passe to the army. The county of Tipperary have submitted to 1500*l.* a month contribution, although they have six or seven of the enemies garrisons yet upon them. . . . Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this war may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire out of your care to the commonwealth ; but if you expect your worke to be done, (if the marching army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented,) indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in *the speedy reduction of Ireland*. The mony we raise upon the counties maintains the garrison forces, and hardly that ; if the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect but to have a lingering businesse of it ? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you, we are willing to be out of our trade of war, and shall hasten

(by God's assistance and grace) to the end of our worke, as the laborer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies, that of money is one; and there be some other things which indeed I do not thinke for your service to speak of publickly, which I shall humbly represent to the councell of state, wherewith I desire we may be accommodated. Sir, the lord who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this businesse, and I am persuaded will graciously appear in it; and truly there is no feare of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home: God hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement; they are tokens of your prosperity and successe: onely it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord, to fear unbeleef, self seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other than as dry bones."

Cromwell is now in England once more. On his arrival the last obstacle to his mighty hopes was removed by Fairfax's ill-fated surrender of the command of the army; he was appointed general in chief; and at the same instant directed to proceed to Scotland to reduce rebellion there.

Now again was seen a singular change in his manner, such as has been noticed in the course of this work at various momentous periods of his history. The consummation of all his hopes and aims was at last approaching. I have already observed upon the alterations of look and manner noticed by Ludlow. Others noticed them with deeper sympathy than that enthusiastic republican, and listened, as to one indeed inspired, when he stated his conviction, that it was the design of the Lord, in their days, to deliver his people from every burden, and that he was now bringing to pass what was prophesied in the hundred and tenth psalm; from the consideration of which he was often encouraged to promote *by himself* the accomplishment of those ends which were indicated by

the finger of Providence. It was to this psalm Ludlow listened impatiently. But imagine Harrison and Cromwell expounding these passages together! "The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of his wrath. . . . He shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries . . . The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of his Zion; *rule thou in the midst of thine enemies.* . . . The people shall be willing in the day of thy power; *thou art a priest for ever!*"

On the 23d of July, Cromwell entered Scotland with 11,000 horse and foot, commanded under him by generals Fleetwood, Lambert, and Whalley, colonels Pride, Overton, and Monk. He found before him "solitude and devastation." The Scotch clergy had described the English as monsters, delighting in the murder or mutilation of women and children; and the peasantry having destroyed what they must have left, fled with whatever they could remove. Cromwell's proclamations and severe discipline soon re-adjusted their notions, and they either returned to their habitations or waited his approach.*

The enemy made the first attack — with a party of 800 horse — on the head quarters near Musselburgh. After some sharp fighting, these were repulsed with much loss. "The enemy came on," said Cromwell in a despatch to the president of the council, "with a great deal of resolution, beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder; but our men speedily taking the alarm, charged the enemy, routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them, and did execution within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh. Indeed, this is a sweet beginning of your businesse, or rather of the Lord's, and I believe it is not very satisfactory to the enemy, especially to the Kirk party: — and I trust this work which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of his servants."

David Leslie, a gallant and highly accomplished sol-

* History from Macintosh, vol. vi. p. 142.

dier, was the commander-in-chief of the Scottish army. No man of that day, perhaps, could have been so well matched against Cromwell. This the latter general soon felt and acknowledged. Leslie, in a strong position between Edinburgh and Leith, and with an army double that of Cromwell, harassed him, withdrew from the districts attempted on his march, all possibility of procuring corn or cattle for his soldiery, and in fact, by a series of skilful movements, obliged him at last to fall back upon Dunbar. A variety of movements succeeded this, the object of which, on the part of Cromwell, was to bring on a battle, which Leslie had resolved if possible to avoid, while he meanwhile protected Edinburgh and destroyed Cromwell's resources. At one place where the small river Leith separated the camps, the English pushed on their lines with the intention of making an attack. The word given out was "Rise, Lord!" The body of foot advanced within 300 yards, when they discovered such a bog on both their wings of horse that they could not pass over. "Thus," says Hodgson, who was there, "by this very unexpected hand of Providence were we prevented, and had only liberty to play with our cannon that evening and part of the next morning, which did good execution, as we believe, upon them. We had very strange and remarkable deliverances from theirs, though they played very hard upon us, and that with much art; but the Lord suffered them not to do us much hurt; we had not slain and wounded above five-and-twenty men." Cromwell was present in person on this occasion. He even headed the advanced party, and approached so near to the Scottish lines, that one of the enemy fired a carbine at him, with the view of checking his progress. Cromwell upon this shouted out in sport to the trooper, "that if he were one of his soldiers, he would cashier him for discharging his piece at such a distance." The man, who had formerly served in England under lieutenant-general Lesley, instantly recognised the leader of the Ironsides, and spread the information that the officer

at whom he had aimed was no other than Cromwell himself, whom he had often seen in company with Lord Leven when the army was in Yorkshire.*

Again Cromwell retreated to Musselburgh, and had nearly approached that place when a body of Leslie's cavalry fell upon his rear, and left him only a narrow outlet of escape. "By the time," wrote Cromwell, "we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train into their quarters, the enemy was marched with that expedition, that they fell upon the rear forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and, indeed, had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse, with their whole army, *had not the Lord, by his providence, put a cloud over the moon*, thereby giving us an opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of the army, which accordingly was done without any loss."

Leslie, thus far, had achieved an unquestionable success. Cromwell, again defeated in his great object of the campaign, once more fell back upon Dunbar, which he entered on the 1st of September.

Nothing, under the circumstances, could have been more dangerous than this position. Dunbar, a seaport town, lies in a valley surrounded on three sides by an amphitheatre of hills, in which there are two narrow openings; one on the north, the other on the south, where the road passes from Berwick to Edinburgh. Of these hills, as well as of both the passes, the Scots were in actual possession; and the labour of a few hours would have sufficed to throw up such works, as, with their superior numbers, might have defied the utmost exertions of their enemies.† Instead of this, however, Leslie yielded, as it is said, to the fanaticism of the ministers in his camp, who being apprehensive lest the sectaries should escape from their hands, are said to have compelled the general to descend from the high ground of which he had taken possession, in order to intercept their retreat along the coast. Cromwell him-

* Dr. Russell's able *Life of Cromwell*.

† *Lives of Eminent Commanders*, vol. i. p. 292.

self, in his after despatch, justifies this statement. "I hear," he wrote, "that when the enemy marched last up to us, the ministers pressed their army to interpose between us and home; the chief officers desiring rather that we should have way made, though it were by a golden bridge; but the clergy's counsel prevailed to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God."

While these fatal counsels were being urged in the Scottish camp, Cromwell in deep anxiety had his men all under arms, ready to take advantage of the slightest move in Leslie's position. His own feelings at the moment, he has himself described:—"Their [the Scots] whole army was in march after us: and indeed our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogance. The enemy that night we perceived gathered towards the hills, labouring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick; and (having in this posture a great advantage, through his better knowledge of the country) which he effected by sending a considerable party to the strait pass at Copperspath; *where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way.* And truly this was an exigent to us, whereby the enemy reproached us with that condition the parliament's army was in when it made its hard conditions with the king in Cornwall. By some reports that have come to us, they had disposed of us and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons, and had swallowed up the poor interest of England, believing that their army and their king would have marched to London without any interruption, it being told us, we know not how truly, by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, that their king was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them. The enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages, *we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages,*

having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself, to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us shared, that because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, WE WERE IN THE MOUNT, and in the mount the Lord would be seen, and that he would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us; and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes."

On the night of the 2d, Cromwell held a council of war. Here various schemes were urged which showed the extremity more than aught else could. The propriety of embarking the foot, and striving to force a passage for the horse, was debated; but, the wind being boisterous, and the surf running high, the project was pronounced altogether inadmissible. It was next suggested, as a sort of forlorn hope, that a strong reconnaissance should be pushed a little before dawn, in the direction of the right; and that according to the result of this movement future operations should be guided. This masterly thought was of course the suggestion of Cromwell. He had, in the course of the afternoon, observed the Scottish general bring his main strength of horse and artillery towards his right wing, and, with the wonderful foresight that almost justified the inspiration attributed to him, he at once anticipated some false movement by which they might be able to "attempt" the enemy. "We could not well imagine," he wrote, "but that the enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. Major-general Lambert and myself coming to the earl of Roxburgh's house and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the enemy; to which he immediately replied, that he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon our hearts at the same moment. We called for colonel Monk, and showed him the thing; and, coming to our quarters at night,

and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the colonels, they also cheerfully concurred."

At three o'clock on the morning of the 3d of September, Cromwell was examining closely with his glass every quarter of the enemy's position, with a view to the resolution he had taken. Suddenly he saw a column in motion down the southern pass, and, at the instant, tossing his arms in the air, exclaimed with phrenzied joy—**THE LORD HATH DELIVERED THEM INTO OUR HANDS!**

He gave the word to his men, and the armies met midway between the hills and the sea, not far from Roxburgh-house. The word issued by Leslie was the "Covenant;" that on the side of the parliamentarians was "the Lord of Hosts." The conflict, which began with the horse, was obstinate and bloody—a fierce and terrible dispute at the point of the sword. The first division of the English foot was overpowered and driven back, when Cromwell ordered up his own regiment, under lieutenant-colonel Goff, who made their way against all opposition. "At the point of pike," wrote Cromwell proudly, "they did repell the stoutest regiment the enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give; which *proved a great amazement* to the residue of their foot." The cavalry followed up this advantage, charged the infantry who were already out-flanked and deprived of their usual support, and carried confusion into the whole line. Hodgson says, "one of the Scots brigades of foot would not yield, though at point of pike and butt-end of the musket, until a troop of our horse charged from the one end to the other of them, and so left them to the mercy of the foot." In truth, after the right wing was broken, the Scots, to use the language of the same writer, "routed one another," and fell into the most shameful disorder.* The cause of this was obvious enough. Their superiority of numbers had now changed from a gain to a grievous loss. Their front once broken, the fugitives in

* Russell's Life of Cromwell.

rushing over the uneven ground, trampled down the men that would in other circumstances have supported them.

A thick fog had hitherto enveloped the scene of action. It was just before the moment of victory, that the sun suddenly appeared upon the sea, and the voice of Cromwell was heard in the accent and with the manner of one indeed inspired — inspired by the thought of a triumph so mighty and resistless—**NOW LET THE LORD ARISE AND HIS ENEMIES SHALL BE SCATTERED !***

At this a shout broke forth from the English soldiers which seemed to rend the sky, and the rout of the enemy was complete and frightful. "The horse, says Hodgson, fled what way they could get, ours pursued towards Haddington ; and the General made a halt and sung the hundred and seventeenth psalm ; and by the time they had done, their party was increased and advancing ; the Scots ran and were no more heard of that fight. The commander of our army was busy in securing prisoners and the whole bag and baggage ; and afterwards we returned to bless God in our tents like Issachar, for the great salvation afforded to us that day."

Cromwell, in his dispatch, written the day after the fight, estimated the amount of killed on the part of his antagonists at 3000. The prisoners were rated at 10,000 ; while the whole baggage and train, all the artillery amounting to thirty guns, 200 colours, with 15,000 stand of arms, which fell into the hands of the English, contributed to attest the extent of their triumph. Cromwell boasted also, that his soldiers had the "chace and execution" of the fugitives near eight miles ; and there is little doubt that more men were slain in the flight than in the

* This anecdote is told by captain Hodgson. — The English cavalry had charged and shaken the Scots ; when "the general himself comes in the rear of our regiment, and commands to incline to the left, that is, to take more ground to be clear of all bodies : and we did so ; and horse and foot were engaged all over the field, and the Scots all in confusion. And the sun appearing upon the sea, I heard Knoll say, 'Now let God arise, and his enemies shall be scattered ;' and he following us, as we slowly marched, I heard him say, 'I profess they run,' and there was the Scots army all in disorder and running, both right wing and left, and main battle."

brief struggle of the battle. This dispatch partook of the extraordinary excitement of the writer after this memorable battle, and closed with a sort of spiritual admonition to the parliament, well calculated to advance his aims. "May it please you," he said, "to give me the leave of a few words: it is easie to say the Lord hath done this: it would do you good to see and hear our poor foot go up and down making their boast of God: But, sir, it is in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, to give glory to him, to improve your power and his blessings to his praise. We that serve you, beg of you *not to own us, but God alone*: we pray you own his people more and more, for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves, but own your authority, and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences so-ever. *Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England; be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a commonwealth.* Since we came into Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this businesse, by reason that God hath a people here fearing his name, though deceived; and to that end have we offered much love unto such in the bowels of Christ, and concerning the truth of our hearts therein have we appealed unto the Lord. The ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them; and now we hear that not only the deceived people, but some of the ministers are also fallen in the battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who, taking into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd, to wit, meddling with worldly policies and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the kingdom of Christ—which is neither it, nor if it were, would such means be found

effectual to that end—neglect or trust not to the word of God, the sword of the spirit, which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that kingdom; and when trusted to, will be found effectually able for that end, and will also do it. This is humbly offered for their sakes, who have lately too much turned aside, that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ according to the simplicity of the Gospel, and then, no doubt, they will discover and find your protection and encouragement."

It was in a different and more pleasing spirit he wrote, on the same day as to the parliament, to his "lovinge brother Richard Major at Hursley." "DEERE BROTHER,—Havinge soe good an occasion as the impartinge soe great a mercie as the Lord hath vouchsafed unto us in Scotland, I would not omitt the impartinge thereof to you, though I bee full of businesse. Upon Wednesd. wee fought the Scottish Armie. They were in number, accordinge to all computation, above twentye thousand, wee hardly eleven thousand, havinge great sicknesses upon our Armie. After much apealinge to God, the fight lasted above an hower. We killed (as most thinke) three thousand, tooke neere ten thousand prisoners, all their traine, about thirtie gunns, great and smale, besides bullet, match, and powder, very considerable officers, about two hundred colors, above ten thousand armes. Lost not thirtie men. This is the Lord's doeing, and it is marvelous in our eyes. Good Sr, give God all the glory, stir up all yours, and all about you to doe soe: pray for your affectionate Brother, O. CROMWELL. . . . I desier my love may bee presented to my deere sister and to all your familie. *I pray tell Doll I doe not forget her nor her little bratt; she writes very cunninglye and complementally to mee; I expect a letter of plaine dealinge from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breedes or not. I wish a blessinge upon her and her husband. The Lord make them fruitefull in all that's good. They are att leisure to write often, but indeed they are both idle and worthe of blame.*"

Nor should the opportunity be lost of presenting here, in connection with Cromwell's greatest triumph, and on the eve of his greatest crime, some further evidence from these private sources, of his gentle and affectionate relations with the members of his family.

Shortly after the battle, his wife wrote to him thus. The allusions to the great officers of state whom she fears he is about to estrange himself from, possess much interest, and the entire wording of the letter is in accordance with the writer's modest and amiable history. "MY DEARIST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing noe oftinir, *when I have sent thre for one*. I canenot but think they are miscarid. Truly if I knog my one hart, I should ase sounne neglect myself ase to . . . the least thought towards you. In doing of it, I must doe it to myself. *But when I do writ, my dear, I seldome have any satisfactore answer, which makse me think my writing is slited, as well it mae; but yett I cannot but think your love coverse my weaknisis and infirmetes*. I should rejoyse to hear your desire in seeing mee, but I desire to submit to the providens of God, howping the Lord, houe hath separated us, and hath oftune brought us together agane, will in heis good time bring us agane, to the prasse of his name. Truly my lif is but half a lif in your abseince,—did not the Lord make it up in heimsel, which I must acknoleg to the prase of heis grace. *I would you would think to writ sometims to your deare frend me Lord Chef Justes, of hom I have oftune put you in mind: and truly, my deare, if you would think of what I put you in mind of sune, it might be of ase much purpose ase others, writting sumetimes a letter to the President, and sometims to the Speiker*. Indeid, my deare, you cannot think the rong you doe yourself in the whant of a letter, though it wer but seldome. I pray think of, and soe rest yours in all faithfulnise. ELIZABETH CROMWELL."

The same tender and gentle tone pervades Cromwell's letters to her. "MY DEEREST,—I could not satisfie my-

selfe to omitt this poast, although I have not much to write, yet indeed I love to write to my deere, who is very much in my hart. It joys mee to heere thy soule prospereth; the Lord increase his favors to thee more and more. The great good thy soule can wish is that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his Countenance, which is better than life. The Lord blesse all thy good counsell and example to those about thee, and heere all thy prayers, and accept thee alwayes. I am glad to heere thy Sonn and Daughter ar with thee. *I hope thou wilt have some good opportunitye of good advise to him.* Present my duty to my mother, my love to all the Familye. Still pray for thine,
O. CROMWELL."

Other letters belong also to this date which, while they let in light upon the kindest and most private corner of Cromwell's heart, bring out into still more distinct shape the suggestion I have ventured concerning his son. The first is to Richard himself.

"DICK CROMWELL, — I take your letters kindly. *I like expressions when they come plainlye from the heart, and are not strayned nor affected.* I am persuaded it's the Lord's mercye to place you where you are; I wish you may owne itt and be thankefull, fulfillingge all relations to the Glory of God. Seeke the Lord and his face continually, lett this bee the businesse of your life and strength. And lett all thinges bee subservient and in order to this. You canott finde, nor behold the face of God but in Christ, therefore labor to knowe God in Christ, w^{ch} the Scripture makes to bee the sum of all, even life externall. *Because the true knowledge is not literall or speculative, but inward, transforminge the minde to itt,* its unitinge to, and participatinge of the Divine nature (2 Pet. i. 4.). Its such a knowledge as Paul speakes off. (Philip. iii. 8, 9, 10.) How little of this knowledge of Christ is there amongst us! My weake prayers shal be for you. *Take heede of an unactive vaine spirit. Recreate yourselfe w^t S Walter Raughley's Historie; its a bodye of historie, and will add much more to your understandinge than fragments*

of storie. Intend to understand the estate I have settled : its your concernment to knowe itt all, and how it stands. *I have heretofore suffered much by too much trusinge others.* I know my Brother Maior will be helpfull to you in all this. *You will thinke (perhaps) I need not advise you to love your Wife.* The Lord teach you how to doe itt, or else itt will be done ilfavouredly. *Though Marriage bee noe instituted Sacrament, yett where the undefiled bed is, and love, this Union aptly resembles Christ, and his Church.* If you can truly love your Wife, what doeth Christ beare to his Church and every poore soule therein, whoe gave himselfe for itt and to itt. Commend mee to your Wife ; tell her I entyrelly love her, and rejoyce in the goodnesse of the Lord to her. I wish her every way fruitfull. I thanke her for her lovinge letter. I have presented my love to my Sister and Cozen Ann, etc. in my letter to my Brother Maior. I would not have him alter his affaires because of my debt. *My purse is as his, my present thoughts are but to lodge such a sum for my two little gyrls : its in his hand as well as any where.* I shall not be wantinge to accomodate him to his minde. I would not have him sollicitous. Dick, the Lord blesse you every way. I rest, your lovinge Father, O. CROMWELL."

To Mr. Major he again writes in the old mingled strain. "DEERE BROTHER, — The exceedinge croude of businesse I had att London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witnesse, I want noe affection to you or yours ; you are all often in my poore prayers. *I should bee glad to heere how the little bratt doth.* I could chide both father and mother for their neglects of mee : I knowe my sonne is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll ; I doubt now her husband hath spoyled her, I pray tell her soe from mee. *If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes.* If my daughter bee breedinge, I will excuse her, but not for her nurserie, the Lord blesse them. *I hope you give my Sonne good counsell, I believe hee needes it.* Hee is in the dangerous time of his age, and its

a very vaine world. O how good itt is to close with Christ betimes, there is nothinge else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him: I hope you will discharge my dutye and your owne love: you see how I am employed. I neede pittye. *I knowe what I feelee.* Great place and businesse in the world is not worth the lookinge after: I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in the Lord's presence. *I have not sought these thinges, truly I have beene called to them by the Lord:* and therefore am not without some good assurance that hee will inable his poore worme, and weake servant, to doe his will, and to fulfill my generation. In this I begg your prayers: desireing to be lovinglye remembred to my deere Sister, to our Sonn and Daughter, my Cozon Ann, and the good familie. I rest your affectionate brother, O. CROMWELL."

The last I shall quote, however, is the most striking and earnest of all. "DEERE BROTHER,—I was glad to receive a letter from you, for indeed any thinge that comes from you is very welcome to mee. I believe your expectation of my sonn's coming is deferred. I wish hee may see a happye deliverye of his wife first, for whom I frequently pray. . . . I heere my sonn hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt; truly I cannot comend him therein, wisdom requireing his livinge within compasse, and calling for it at his handes. *And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honour than what is attained the other way.* I believe vain men will speake well of him that does ill. *I desier to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honourable carriage of himselfe in them, nor is any matter of charge like to fall to my share a stick with mee.* Truly I can finde in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency, but more for his good; but if pleasure and self-satisfaction bee made the businesse of a man's life, soe much cost layed out uppon it, soe much time spent in itt, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before his Saints, *I scruple to feed this humour,* and God forbid that his being my sonn

should be his allowance to live not pleasinglye to our heavenly Father, *who hath raised me out of the dust to what I am.* I desier your faithfulnessse (hee being alsoe your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himselfe to the Lord in his course of life, and to search his statutes for a rule to conscience, and to seeke grace from Christ to enable him to walke therein. This hath life in itt, and will come to somewhat. What is a poore creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures, but teach such an use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience goinge alonge with it. Sr, I write what is in my heart; I pray you communicate my mind herein to my sonn, and be his Remembrancer in these thinges. *Truly I love him, hee is deere to me; soe is his Wife, and for their sakes doe I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it; but indeed I cannot thinke I doe well to feede a voluptuous humour in my sonn, if he should make pleasures the businesse of his life in a time when some precious saints are bleeding and breathinge out their last for the good and safetye of the rest.* Memorable is the speech of Urijah to David, 2 Chron. xi. 11. . . . Sr, I beseech you believe I heere say not this to save my purse, for I shall willinglye do what is convenient to satisfye his occasions as I have opportunitye; but as I pray hee may not walke in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so think itt lyeth upon me to give him (in love) the best Counsell I may, and know not how better to convey it to him then by soe good a hand as yours. . . . Sr, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine, and remember my love to my daughter, for whose sake I shall be induced to doe any reasonable thinge. I pray for her happie deliverance frequently and earnestly. . . . I am sorry to heere my baylye in Hantshire should doe to my sonn as is intimated by your letter. I assure you I shall not allowe any such thinge. If there bee any suspition of his abuse of the woode, I desier it may be looked after and inquired into, that soe if thinges appear true he may bee

removed, although indeed I must needs say he had the report of a godly man by diverse that knew him when I placed him there. . . . Sir, I desire my hartye affection may be presented to my Sister, my Cozen Ann and her husband *, though unknown. . . . I praise the Lord I have obteyned much mercye in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankfull hart. I desier your prayers, and rest your very affectionate brother and servant,
O. CROMWELL."

After the victory of Dunbar Cromwell occupied Glasgow and Edinburgh (in which latter city the castle soon submitted), and spent the winter in polemical discussions, in correspondence with various ministers, in regulating the affairs of the army, in reducing certain small fortresses on the shores of the Firth, and in attempts to gain over to his cause the more violent members of the Scottish assembly. Meanwhile the parliament poured honours and favours on him, and I observe a letter, with one or two interesting touches in it, wherein he replies to their application that he would suffer an artist to take a sketch of his head for a medal in honour of his last victory. The modest request the general sends back was not, it would seem, granted, since the Dunbar medal by the artist in question presents a very fine face of Cromwell. —"GENTL.—It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey about a business importinge so little as far as it relates to me; whereas if my poore opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that w^{ch} I thinke the most noble end—to witt the commemoracon of that great mercie att Dunbar, and the gratuitie to the Army—that itt might better be expressed upon the meddall by engraving, as on the one side the Parliam^t (w^{ch} I heare was intended and will do singularly well), so on the other side an Army wth this inscription over the head of it—"The Lord of Hosts,"—wth was or word

* John Dunch, esq. of Pusey, in Berkshire; where the original of this letter was found and transcribed by Horace Walpole.

that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favor from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may doe it without offence, that it may be soe; and if you thinke nott fitt to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause; only I doe thinke I may truly say *it will be verie thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my effigies in it.* The gentleman's paynes and trouble hither have been very great; and I shall make it my second suite unto you, that you will please to conferr upon him that imploy^{mt} in yo^r service w^{ch} Nicholas Briott had before him. *Indeed the man is ingenious, and worthie of encouragem^t.* I may not presume much, but if at my request and for my sake he may obteyn this favor, I shall put it upon the accompt of my obligacons, w^{ch} are not a few, and I hope shall be found readie gratefully to acknowledge, and to approve myself, Gentl. Yo^r most reall servt, O. CROMWELL.

With the advance of winter an attack of ague seized Cromwell, but after severe suffering he rallied, and in time for that ill-judged movement of the young king of Scots, which brought on the battle of Worcester.

The presbyterian army, restored to a numerous and most effective force, now held a strong position near Stirling. Charles II. commanded it in person. Taught by the fatal experience of Dunbar, however, they kept acting on the defensive, and could not be drawn from their well selected ground. As a last effort with this view, Cromwell, with singular daring, transported his army into Fife, and proceeded towards Perth, which he captured after a siege of two days. The stratagem succeeded in one sense, but besides moving the Scots from their stronghold, it had also induced Charles to adopt the plan of marching into England. It is said that in this he yielded to the advice of his English followers, who overruled the more prudent Argyle, looked with contempt upon the parliament, and counted upon the numerical majority of the English nation as unquestionably in his favour. On the 31st of July he broke

up his camp near the Torwood, and on the 6th of August reached Carlisle.

Cromwell was engaged in the superintendence of a new citadel by means of which he designed to hold Perth in subjection, when the news reached him of the movement of the presbyterians and the king. His spirit rose to that crisis with a renewal of the excitement which men noted in him at Dunbar. He wrote at once to London to give all necessary courage and confidence to the council and citizens. After informing them of the meditated invasion hanging over them, he observed that it "was not out of choice on our part;" and did not conceal his fear that it would trouble some men's thoughts, and occasion some inconvenience. But, he adds, "this is our comfort, that in simplicity of heart as to God, we have done to the best of our judgments, knowing that, if some issue were not put to this business, it would occasion another winter's war, to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the winter difficulties of this country, and have been under the endless expense of the treasury of England in prosecuting this war. It may be supposed, we might have kept the enemy from this by interposing between him and England, which truly I believe we might; but *how to remove him out of this place without doing what we have done*, unlesse we had a commanding army on both sides of the river of Forth, is not clear to us, or how to answer the inconveniences afore mentioned, we understand not." He then intreats that the council of state would collect what forces they could without loss of time, to give the enemy some check, until he should be able to overtake them. Meantime, he sent Lambert at the head of the cavalry, who, upon joining with Harrison, whose forces were at Newcastle, was ordered to advance through the western parts of Northumberland, to intercept the Scots in their progress through Lancashire, to watch their motions, straiten their quarters, impede their progress in every way, but not to risk a battle.

Charles, meanwhile, with but sorry success had pushed on by Kendal and Preston to Warrington, where, at the bridge, he received a momentary check from Lambert and Harrison. He still forced his way, summoned Shrewsbury in passing, but without effect, and at last made for Worcester, where he was proclaimed, according to Clarendon, King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland.

London, anticipating his entry almost every hour, gave way to fearful alarms. Even Bradshaw himself, it is said, lion-hearted as he was, could not among his private friends conceal his fears. Some raged against Cromwell, and uttered deep suspicions of his fidelity. No one could understand his intentions, nor where he was, nor why he had allowed an enemy to enter the land, when there were no troops to oppose them. Both the city and the country, says Mrs. Hutchinson, (by the angry presbyters wavering in their constancy to them and the liberties they had purchased,) were all amazed, and doubtful of their own and the commonwealth's safety. Some could not hide very pale and unmanly fears, and were in such distraction of spirit as much disturbed their counsels.

Yet truly there was little need. The genius of Cromwell had already saved them. He had collected a tremendous force — nearly 30,000 men — and on the 28th of August had them all in position within two miles of Worcester. The presbyterian force was greatly inferior, but the almost impregnable site of the city of Worcester was an ample set-off against that circumstance.

Built along the right bank of the Severn, it defied immediate assault, and Charles's officers had of course done their best to increase its already splendid resources of resistance and defence. Cromwell found the bridges broken, above and below; every boat removed; not even a punt to be seen; and in the extensive line of fires above, saw how strongly the heights of the place were occupied. But not for a moment did he hesitate.

Inspired by the gen'us which had served him so often, and never failed him yet, he took the sudden and daring resolve of throwing his army astride upon two rivers — of forcing at their higher transits a passage across both the Severn and the Team — and of coming down at once upon the enemy from the eastern and western heights overlooking Worcester !

The preparations for this daring exploit were completed on the 2d of September, for Cromwell had, moreover, determined to fight this decisive battle for the possession of three disputed kingdoms on what he called his FORTUNATE DAY — his day of Dunbar. Skirmishes meanwhile took place between the out-posts on both sides of the river, and, before the morning of the 3d a desperate struggle had passed at the half-broken Upton Bridge, between Lambert and its gallant defender Massey. Lambert carried it at last, repaired the broken arch, and conducted across 10,000 men, who took their ground along the course of the Team.

It was now the morning of the 3d. The presbyterians had the day before, in alarm at Lambert's movement, destroyed every bridge upon that river. Yet Cromwell — not caring to husband life at any time, and still less now when his superior numbers gave him so many lives to play with — sent out an order to Fleetwood to force, at any loss, his detached corps across the Team. Cromwell at the same moment threw a bridge of boats over the Severn at Bunshill, near the confluence of the two rivers, and restored the communication that had been partially cut off. A hot fire near Powick — so sudden were these movements — was the first thing that attracted the attention of Charles, who, from one of the towers of the cathedral, was examining the positions of the enemy ; when finding that an attack was begun in that quarter, he instantly dispatched a reinforcement of horse and foot to the spot, and gave instructions to the commanding officer to prevent, if possible, the formation of the bridge. But a similar addition had been made to the detachment under Fleetwood, who

again outnumbered his opponents, and pressed them with great vivacity towards Worcester. "The Scots, in the hope that, by occupying so large a force, they might afford to their countrymen, on the other side of the Severn, an opportunity of breaking the regiments under Cromwell, maintained the most obstinate resistance." They disputed every inch of ground which presented the slightest advantage; fought from hedge to hedge; and frequently charged with the pike, to check the advance of the enemy.

For an instant this rolled the tide of battle back towards the Team — but fresh battalion after battalion arrived to the support of Fleetwood, who then bore the Scots by fair force of numbers even across the bridge.

Cromwell was meanwhile deciding the battle under the walls of the town — and here, or on both sides of the river, from two o'clock in the morning till nightfall, had this terrible contest raged with unceasing fury. The main body of the enemy's infantry had advanced out of the city against the renowned chief of the Ironsides, and the conflict upon one spot in this quarter, Cromwell wrote in his dispatch, lasted three hours. It was closed by the veteran regiment which had so often closed the battles of the parliament, and which now, for the last time, advanced at the word of Cromwell. The victory was complete — gloriously complete, as the lord-general exultingly wrote, and "gained after as stiff a contest for many hours — including both sides of the river" — as he had ever seen. The fort having been summoned, and colonel Drummond still refusing to surrender it, it was carried, in all the wild triumph of the victory, by a furious storm, wherein fifteen hundred men were put to the sword. Charles, flying through the streets in piteous despair, in vain attempted to rally his troops, and finding they would no longer move, is said to have cried out with a burst of passionate tears, "Then shoot me dead, rather than let me live to see the sad consequences of this day." A crown had vanished from his grasp.

On another man who still stood upon that field a crown was now descending. He stood there, some time after the day was won, in a state of uncontrollable emotion. Then calling Fleetwood and Lambert to his side, he told them with a fit of boisterous laughter, that he would knight them, as heroes of old were knighted (he did not say by kings) on the field where they had achieved their glory. The excitement subdued, he retired to his tent, and there, at "10 o'clock at night," "weary and scarce able to write," he yet wrote to the parliament of England these memorable words. "*The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is for aught I know a crowning mercy.*"

A CROWNING MERCY indeed!

APPENDIX.

A.

THE industry of Mr. Noble has finally settled the point of Oliver Cromwell's relationship to Charles I., by the mother's side. The result may be shortly stated thus. He carries back the lineage of William Steward, esq., the father of Mrs. Robert Cromwell, to Alexander, the lord high steward of Scotland, from whose third son, Andrew, he proves him to have sprung. John Steward, the grandson of this Andrew, had accompanied the suite of the young prince James of Scotland, when on his way to France, to avoid his uncle's ambition, he was driven on the English coast, and detained prisoner by Henry IV. More fortunate than his royal master, John Steward became one of the English king's favourites; received knighthood from him at a tournament held at Smithfield in the tenth year of his reign, and thenceforward settled in England. The pedigree, connecting him and his descendants with royalty, stands thus:—

ALEXANDER, LORD HIGH STEWARD OF SCOTLAND.

James, Lord High Steward of Scotland.

Walter, Lord high Steward = Marjory,
sister and heiress of David II.
King of Scotland.

Robert II. King of Scotland.

Robert III.

James I.

James II.

James III.

James IV.

James V.

Queen Mary.

James VI. and I. of E^gland.

CHARLES I.

It may be mentioned here,
that the Lord High Steward's
second son, John, gave birth
to the noble family of Lennox,
which was subsequently "en-
grafted into the royal stem" by
the ill-famed marriage of Lord
Darnley with Mary Stuart.

Andrew Steward, Esq.

Sir Alexander Steward.

[This knight was surnamed the Fierce. In
the presence of Charles VI. of France, he en-
countered a furious lion with his sword; and
that breaking, seized a stick, and with it killed
the enraged creature. For this feat the de-
lighted monarch gave him an instant addition
to his arms — a lion rampant gules, over
all a bend reguiled or.]

Sir John Steward.

[The English settler. Knighted by Henry IV.]

Sir John Steward.

[Knighted by Henry V.]

Thomas Steward, Esq.

Richard Steward, Esq.

Archibald Steward, Esq.

Archibald Steward, Esq.

William Steward, Esq.

Elizabeth Steward = Robert Cromwell, Esq.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir Thomas Steward.

[The only brother of Mrs. Robert
Cromwell, knighted by king James I.
at Windsor, in 1604. He left his for-
tune to his illustrious nephew.]

From this, the reader will observe, Charles I. and Cromwell's mother were eighth cousins; James I. and Oliver himself ninth cousins; Oliver and Charles I. ninth cousins one remove; and the protector Richard, Oliver's second son, tenth cousin to the ill-fated English king. Mr. Noble has not failed to direct attention to the fact, that "the royal line so constantly marrying at a very early age, had got one descent of the younger branch, from whom Mrs. Cromwell, Oliver's mother, derived her birth; a thing very common, owing to a cause too obvious to be mentioned."

These details, I may add, were not so satisfactorily made out during the life of the protector as they have since been. His mother's modest character forbade such assumptions on her part, and he was himself too proud of his self-achieved authority to set up the miserable shadow of a fantastic family claim, which, if it established anything, should have bespoken pity for the kinsman he had sent to the block. His more servile admirers and dependants, however, did not fail to press for him his hereditary pretensions on the royal score; but the way in which they urged it showed on how obscure a tradition it rested then. One "H. Daubenny" published, the year after Cromwell's death, a duodecimo volume of 300 pages, entitled "*Historie and Policie Reviewed, in the Heroic Transactions of his Most Serene Highnesse, Oliver, late Lord-Protector, from his Cradle to his Tomb: declaring his steps to princely perfection; as they are drawn in lively parallels to the ascents of the great patriarch Moses, in thirty degrees to the height of Honour.*" In which Mosaic parallel we find this remark. "I cannot say his late highnesse was extracted from so priestly a family [as Moses], but altogether as princely, being lineally descended from the loynes of our most ancient Brittish princes, and ty'd in near alliances to the blood of our later kings, as by that thrice noble family of the Barringtons, and divers others; which to make a petigree of, would take up more paper than we intend for our volume, and make me appear more a herald than an historian. Nay, indeed, should I but go about to prove his highnesse most illustrious house noble, I should commit a sacriledge in the temple of honour, and onely violate his most glorious family with a more solemn

infamy. His highness is unquestionably known to have descended from such a stem of princely antecessors, that whole ages, which waste rocks, and wear out elements, have never altered to lessen, but rather advance the honour of his great house. He was derived from such a family, that we may better say of it than what was of the other, *ex qua nescit aliquid meliocre nasci*, from whence nothing ordinary can proceed; as is likewise made notoriously evident in those other most eminent persons of honor, now living, who are blest with a share of his incomparable blood; who have spread their glory abroad, so well as at home, and built themselves such trophies, in the hearts of their very enemies, that eternity itself must celebrate; so no time can ever be able to demolish, or reduce into oblivion. And that I may not be thought to flatter so great a truth, I will be bold to hasten, and abruptly conclude this first point of our Mosaical parallel, with saying only, that this sublime person, his late most serene highness, our second, as the first great Moses, came into the world like a princely pearl, and made it appear, by the quality of his orient, that if nature pleased to equal his birth to the best of noble-men upon earth, he would equal his virtues to his extraction; as we shall see more plainly, when we mount a little higher upon our Mosaical ascents, and parallels."

From all which it appears that Mr. Daubenny knew nothing of the real pedigree, but guessed it out from tradition — assisted by his hero's old Welch origin and his relationship to his uncle, sir Francis Barrington, who could trace his pedigree up to the Norman conquest. Lord Hailes was nearer the mark, when, in his Annals, he observed, that "at the fatal battle of Halidon, two Stuarts fought under the banner of their chief; the one *Alan of Dreghorn*, the paternal ancestor of Charles I.; and the other, *James of Rosyth*, the maternal ancestor of Oliver Cromwell."

B.
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Had nine children, of whom only two sons and three daughters survived him. One daughter and two sons (Robert and James) died in extreme youth; his second son, Oliver, a captain in the service of the Parliament, fell in battle, in July, 1648. The following table enumerates only the families of the male descendants, of whom such as had male issue continuing the name are enclosed in lines:—

Richard, Protector.
Left nine children; two were sons,
but both died bachelors.

Henry, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.
Born in 1627; died in 1674.

Oliver. ————— Frances. ————— Richard. William. Elizabeth. Elizabeth

Henry. Born in 1658; died in 1711.

Oliver. Benjamin. Henry. William. Richard. ————— Henry. ————— Oliver. Mary. Hannah.

Thomas. Born in 1699; died 1748.

By his first Wife.

By his second Wife.

Henry. Thomas. Elizabeth. Ann. ————— Thomas. Richard. Elizabeth. Susan. Hannah.

Oliver Cromwell, Esq., of Chestnut Park; born in 1742, and died on 31st of May, 1821. — A very worthy old gentleman, but author of a portentously stupid book in vindication of his great namesake and progenitor.

Elizabeth Olivera; married to T. A. Russell, Esq., by whom she has had a numerous family.

A son. ————— A son.
Both died in

C.

The Protecting Brewers.

A brewer may be a burgess grave,
And carry the matter so fine and so brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be a parliament-man,
For there the knavery first began,
And brew most cunning plots he can,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may put on a Nabal face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a captain's place,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may speak so wondrous well
That he may rise (strange things to tell),
And so be made a colonel,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes so that he
Lieutenant-general may be,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a lord general,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be like a fox in a cub,
And teach a lecture out of a tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer by his excise and rate,
Will promise his army he knows what,
And set upon the college gate,
Which nobody can deny.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may not a brewer be
Lord chancellor o' th' university?
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may be as bold as Hector,
When he had drank his cup of nectar;
And a brewer may be a lord protector,
Which nobody can deny.

Now here remains the strangest thing,
How this brewer about his liquor did bring
To be an emperor, or a king,
Which nobody can deny.

A brewer may do what he will,
And rob the church and state, to sell
His soul unto the d—I in h—ll,
Which nobody can deny.

(D.)

SIR OLIVER CROMWELL.

SIR OLIVER CROMWELL, a wealthy and respectable old knight, and a staunch cavalier, claims some notice from the biographer of his illustrious nephew. He had succeeded to the enormous estates of sir Henry, and chiefly resided, of course, at the splendid family seat of Hinchinbrook. "Sir Oliver Cromwell," says Noble, "eldest son and heir of sir Henry, was a most popular and beloved character in his own county of Huntingdon; for which he was returned one of the members in the parliaments called in the 31st, 35th, 39th, and 43d years of the reign of queen Elizabeth; and had the honour to receive knight-hood from her majesty in 1598, in which year he was sheriff of the counties of Huntingdon and Cambridge."

Immediately after the latter date, some enormous accessions appear to have fallen into his rent-rolls,—but sir Oliver was a true cavalier, fond of the present, careless of the future, and with every new accession of fortune more recklessly profuse of the old. His love of display was carried at all times to ridiculous excess; but it was not till the death of Elizabeth that the brilliant thought of his life occurred to him; namely, that, as the new king must pass through Huntingdon in his journey from Edinburgh to London, it would reflect eternal glory on the Cromwells if a magnificent entertainment at Hinchinbrook awaited the passage of the new sovereign! Poor sir Oliver little knew what other and different glories an infant Oliver was then providing for the Cromwells—what other and different entertainments for that Scotch dynasty of English kings!

The knight's duteous invitation having been accepted by royalty, it became his next care to show off as much as possible the family claims of the Cromwells; and so, according to Noble, "he hastily made such improvements in his house as he judged most proper; and at this time he built that very

elegant bow window to the dining-room, in which are two shields of arms of his family impaling, the one his first, the other his second lady's, painted upon the glass, with many quarterings," and surrounded by a prodigious number of other shields Cromwellian. All preparations complete, king James arrived at Hinchinbrook on the 27th of April, 1603, lord Southampton carrying before him the sword which the mayor of Huntingdon had offered to the new sovereign. Sir Oliver received James at the gate of the great court, and conducted him up a walk, that then immediately led to the principal entrance of the house.

"His majesty," we learn from various accounts, "here met with a more magnificent reception than he had ever done since his leaving his paternal kingdom; both for the plenty and variety of the meats and wines. It is inconceivable with what pleasure the English received the king; all strove to please, every one to see the new sovereign, who was to unite two jarring and valiant kingdoms, and to be the common monarch of both. Sir Oliver gratified them to the full; his doors were thrown wide open to receive all that chose to pay their respects to the new king, or even to see him; and each individual was welcomed with the choicest viands and most costly wines: even the populace had free access to the cellars during the whole of his majesty's stay. Whilst the king was at Hinchinbrook, he received the heads of the university of Cambridge in their robes, to congratulate him upon his accession to the English throne, which they did in a long Latin oration. His majesty remained with sir Oliver until he had breakfasted, on April 29: at his leaving Hinchinbrook, he was pleased to express the obligations he had received from him, and his lady; to the former he said at parting, as he passed through the court, in his broad Scotch manner, 'morry mon, thou hast treated me better than any one since I left Edenburgh;' and it is more than probable, than ever that prince was entertained before, or after: for it is said, sir Oliver at this time gave the greatest feast that had been given to a king by a subject. His loyalty and regard to his prince, seems almost unbounded; for when his majesty left Hinchinbrook he was presented by him with many things of great value; amongst others, a large elegant

wrought standing cup of gold, goodly horses, deep-mouthed hounds, divers hawks of excellent wing; and, at the remove, gave fifty pounds amongst the royal officers. So many and such great proofs of attachment, and those in a manner peculiarly agreeable to the taste of the prince, gained his regard; which he took an early opportunity of expressing, by creating him, with fifty-nine others, a knight of the bath, prior to his coronation. This ceremony was performed on Sunday, July 24., following; upon which day he, with the other gentlemen designed for that honour, rode in state from St. James's to the court; and so, with their esquires and pages, about the Tilt-yard; and from thence to St. James's park, where, alighting from their horses, and going in a body to the presence-gallery, they received their knighthood from his majesty."

Happy sir Oliver! We hardly recover breath after this description to glance rapidly at his remaining fortunes.

He was, we find, a conspicuous member of the house of commons from 1604 to 1610, and also in 1614, 1623, and 1624; during which years he is perhaps oftener named upon committees than any other man. He is always a staunch courtier, and once or twice styled queen Anne's attorney in the Journals of the house; but he did not hold that place long, probably not many months. It is probable that he succeeded sir Lawrence Tanfield in the office, in or about the year 1604. On the 10th of May, 1605, he, with others, signed a certificate to the privy council, that the work of draining the fens in Lincolnshire, &c., was feasible, and without any peril to any haven or county; in this letter Robert joined him: and in 1606 he was named in the act or bill for draining of the fens; and was one of the adventurers who subscribed towards planting and cultivating Virginia. His majesty king James I., we also find, gave sir Oliver, in 1608., 6000*l.*, for his relinquishing a grant of 200*l.*, issuing yearly out of the royal lands, given to him as a free gift; and the family records tell us, that on May 2, 1622, he gave a grant in fee of certain lands in the manor of Warboys to his son and heir Henry, out of his affection to him, and for his better maintenance and living: the seizure was witnessed by sir Phil. Cromwell and others. Meanwhile we may add, he had made enormous gaps in his fortune by his gorgeous

style of living, and the royal entertainments he persisted in giving at intervals to the king; and which he continued even after the accession of Charles to the throne.

Sir Oliver, Mr. Noble tells us, "was in no less favour with king Charles I. than he had been with the late sovereign; his name occurs in a committee in the first parliament of this reign; Aug. 12. in this year, and Feb. 23. following, he is named, amongst others, in a special commission directed to them, for 'rulinge, governinge, demising, and disposing of our assessiame, and customary lands within our dutchie of Cornwall;' he was also named one in the commission of peace by king Charles I., in 1625, and for the loan-money for the county of Huntingdon in the following year."

It is not necessary here to pursue his fortunes in detail, as they are alluded to in the life of his nephew. "He was not," says the cautious Mr. Noble, "an idle spectator in the dreadful civil war which the tyranny of king Charles I., and the ambition of the popular leaders of the house of commons, had involved this nation in; but remembering the many obligations he and his ancestors lay under to the crown, he determined to support the royal cause. For this purpose, he not only (at a very heavy expense) raised men, and gave large sums of money, but obliged his sons to take up arms, and go with the royal army; and he was of greater use to his majesty than any person in that part of the kingdom, by which he rendered himself particularly obnoxious to the parliament."

Of his nephew's visits to him at Ramsey mention is elsewhere made. No claim or favour of relationship, no consideration for his sinking and nearly squandered fortunes, could avail to move his faith. "Nothing," pursues our authority, "was able to shake sir Oliver's loyalty; he supported the royal party to the last; for which, like many others, he was sentenced to have all his estates, both real and personal, sequestered; but they were saved through the interposition, and for the sake of his nephew Oliver, then lieutenant-general: and the parliament, April 17. 1648, took off the sequestration, in which he is styled 'sir Oliver Cromwell, of Ramsey-Moore, in the county of Huntingdon, knight of the bath.' During the whole of the usurpation, as well by the commonwealth as under

the government of his relation Oliver, he followed the example of the grandee loyalists, in courting privacy and retirement; and it is pretty singular, that the colours which he and his sons took from the parliament forces continued displayed in Ramsey church during the whole of the grand rebellion, and remained there until within these fifty years. This fortitude in not courting the favour of the protector is the more observable and praise-worthy, as from the repeated losses he had sustained from his loyalty, his numerous family, and want of economy in both himself and his sons, the evening of his life was rendered very disagreeable upon pecuniary accounts; he dying oppressed with a load of debts; although he had parted not only with most of his estates in Huntingdonshire (to whom I know not), but of his other valuable manors, since none of these came to his heirs, to whom it is reasonable to conjecture he resigned up the whole of what he had left: for in the decree of chancery for dividing the fens, passed in 1652, his name is not mentioned; and his eldest son and heir-apparent is called lord of the manor of Ramsey, of which he was actual owner at that time. His death happened Aug. 28. 1655, in the ninety-third year of his age: he was buried the same night (to prevent, it is said, his body's being seized by his creditors), in the church of Ramsey; but there is no memorial of him, or of his family, nor does there seem ever to have been any in that church; but upon sounding, I discovered that there is a vault just entering into the chancel, where the Cromwells are said to be buried."

Fuller sketches, in his own quaint style, the character of sir Oliver, as one of the worthies of Huntingdonshire; and tells us he is remarkable to posterity on a fourfold account: "First, for his hospitality, and prodigious entertainment of king James and his court: secondly, for his upright dealings in bargain and sale with all chapmen, so that no man whosoever that purchased land of him was put to the charge of three pence to make his title; yet he sold excellent pennyworths, insomuch that sir John Leaman (once lord-mayor of London), who bought the fair manor of Warboise, in this county, of him, affirmed, that it was the cheapest land that ever he bought, and yet the dearest that ever sir Oliver Cromwell sold: thirdly, for his loyalty, always beholding the usurpation and tyranny

of his nephew, god-son, and name-sake, with hatred and contempt: lastly, for his vivacity, who survived to be the oldest knight who was a gentleman; seeing sir George Dalston, younger in years (yet still alive), was knighted some days before him."

It will be only necessary to add, that sir Oliver married twice: first, Elizabeth, daughter of sir Thomas Bromley, lord chancellor of England, upon whom was settled Ramsey, Warboys, Hinchinbrook, Higney, Broughton alias Broneton, and Little Raveley. After her death he married, July 7. 1601, (at Baberham in Cambridgeshire, the place of her late husband's residence) Ann, daughter of Egidius Hooftman, a gentleman of Antwerp, and widow of sir Horatio Palavicini, a noble Genoese. Upon this latter lady he settled the manors of Ramsey, Heigmongrove, Bury, Upwood, and Wistow Meers; except the rectories in each of them, and the parishes called the old and new parishes, and the lands lying in those parishes; viz., Ramsey, and the Chase, and the ground called Wychwood. She died at Hinchinbrook, and was buried at All Saints' church, in Huntingdon, April 26. 1626. By lady Elizabeth sir Oliver had six children; and by lady Ann four.

E.

CROMWELL AND CHRISTINA.

INTRODUCTION.

AFTER the dissolution of the long parliament and on the eve of the seizure of the protectorate, Cromwell resolved to send Whitelocke as ambassador extraordinary to Sweden, to arrange a treaty with queen Christina. Viscount Lisle, the other lord commissioner of the great seal, had been named for the office, but Lisle's presence promised to prove as available to Cromwell

in the designs he now held, as the absence of the cautious and circumspect Whitelocke, who had, as in every other great event of the time, objected to the dissolution of the parliament before it occurred, and acquiesced in it afterwards. Whitelocke, therefore, he was determined should go — and his conduct in achieving his point, was eminently characteristic.

Whitelocke had grave reasons for declining the service; and many long and tearful conversations passed with his wife (the third who had helped to increase his family), in which those reasons are earnestly given. The voyage was a danger — the repulsive climate of Sweden was a danger — the health of lady Whitelocke, then on the eve of confinement, an imminent danger — but worst and most dangerous of all had it been to disobey the lord general. His wife, with a woman's ready wit, endeavoured, by a sort of half-deserved compliment, to infuse some spirit of resistance into him:—"The lord general means no good to you," she said, "butt would be rid of you."—"Why," answered Whitelocke, "should he desire to be rid of me, when I may be serviceable to him heer?"—"The wife readily retorted: "*Though you are serviceable in some things, yet you are not thorough-paced for them in all things, which they would have you to doe; you refused to act in the great business; you opposed the breaking of the parliament, and other unjust things.*"—"But what further designes," afterwards asks the simple lawyer, "can he have? *He exercises more power than any king of England ever had or claymed.*"—"His ambition," answers his wife, "is higher than we can imagine; and you have often declared yourself for the law and rights of the people; which, if they stand in his way, he will lay them, or you, or any thing aside." Similar language to this,—but with

* Here, no doubt, allusion is made to the execution of Charles — and the remark which Whitelocke instantly makes in the original dialogue, betrays a simple point in his character, and leaves it in much doubt, whether his only motive in opposing that great deed, was not simply to facilitate a courtship. "Had I not done so," he remarks, "you and I had not met together." Lady Whitelocke loses no time in corroborating this. "It was the first thing I enquired of you," she gravely rejoins; "my first husband nor you were engaged; if you had, I should not have been engaged to you. I believe you lost by it much of the general's favour; and he would take this occasion to lay you aside, that you might be no hindrance to his further designs."

a different purpose, — was held to the perplexed Whitelocke, by one of his tenants, at his seat in Bucks ; — “ an ancient, sober, discreet, and faithfull servant to Whitelocke and his father above forty years.” This old countryman advised his master to go, because the “ GREAT MAN,” as he calls Cromwell, desires him to go. Whitelocke rejoins, that that is true ; but he is not “ bound to obey ” Cromwell. — “ I am deceived,” says the shrewd old servant, “ if he will not be obeyed in what he hath a mind to.” — “ I am not under his command,” retorts Whitelocke ; “ what can he doe to me ? ” — “ What can he doe ! ” exclaims the experienced William Cooke, “ *What can he not doe ? Don't we all see he does what he list.* We poor countrymen are forced to obey him to our cost ; and if he have a mind to punish us or you, it's an old proverbe, that it is an easie thing to find a staffe to beat a dogge : and I would not have you to anger him, lest you bring daunger and trouble too upon you and your family and state ; that's the trueth on't.”

Let us next view Whitelocke in conversation with the lord general. He had received a very simple and short note, signed by Cromwell and Pickering (as of the council of state), but “ all written with Cromwell's own hand,” intimating the office he was expected to discharge. Next morning he called on Pickering, told his wife's condition, and his reluctance to leave England ; and implored his intercession with the lord general. Together they proceeded to the latter, and Whitelocke made his appeal. “ I am very sorry,” quietly remarked Cromwell, “ that the letter came no sooner to you.” — “ I confess,” interposed sir Gilbert Pickering, “ it was my fault.” — “ Sir Gilbert,” characteristically resumed Cromwell, “ would needs write a *very fine letter*; and when he had done, did not like it himselfe. *I then took pen and ink, and straightway wrote that letter to you.* And the buisness is of exceeding great importance to the common-wealth, as any can be ; that it is : and there is no prince or state in Christendome, with whom there is any probability for us to have a friendship, butt only the queen of Sweden. She hath sent severall times to us, but we have returned no ambassy to her, only a letter by a young gentleman. She expects an ambassador from us ; and *if we should not send a man of eminency to her, she would thinke herselfe slighted by*

us: and she is a lady of great honor, and stands much upon ceremonies."

Poor Whitelocke, somewhat softened against his will, yet found strength enough to renew his importunities of release on the ground of various incapacities he alleged himself to labour under. "The councill," retorted Cromwell,—concealing his own private and determined will under a torrent of persuasion and entreaty—"the councill have pitched upon you unanimously, as the fittest man in the nation for this service; we know your abilities, having long conversed with you; we know you have languages, and have travelled, and understand the interest of Christendome; and I have known you in the army, to indure hardships, and to be healthful and strong, and of mettle, discretion, and parts, most fitt for this imployment: *you are so indeed; really, no man is so fitt for it as you are.* We know you to be a gentleman of a good family, related to persons of honour; and your present office of commissioner of the seale, will make you the more acceptable to her. I doe earnestly desire you to undertake it; wherein you will doe an act of great merit and advantage to the common-wealth, as great as any one member of it can performe; and which will be as well accepted by them. The buisness is very honorable, and exceeding likely to have good successe. Her publique ministers heer have already agreed upon most of the materiall and maine points of the buisnes; if it had not been such an employment, we would not have putt you upon it; the buisnes of trade, and of the funds, and touching the Dutch, are such as there cannot be any of greater consequence."

With the little spirit remaining to him, Whitelocke interposed once more the condition of his wife, for at least a little delay.—"I know," replied Cromwell, "my lady is a good woman, and a religious woman, and will be contented to suffer a little absence of her husband for the publique good; and for the time of the year, really the life of the buisnes consists in the dispatch of it att this time; the Dutch are tampering with the queen, butt she holds them off, expecting to hear from us." The interview ended with the grant of a week's consideration to the ambassador *malgré lui*.

At the week's end, Whitelocke again presented himself at the chamber of the lord general—again to implore of him a release from the embassy. "There is no one in England," quietly observed Cromwell, "so fitt for it as you." Silent to Whitelocke's redoubled pleas of incapacity, the lord general obstinately resumed, "I know your education, travayle, and language, and experience have fitted you for itt; you know the affayres of Christendome as well as most men, and of England, as well as any man, and can give as good an account of them. I think no man can serve his countrey more then you may herein; *indeed I think so*; and therefore I make it my *particular suit* and earnest request to you to undertake it, and I hope you will show a little regard to me in it; and I assure you that you shall have no cause to repent it." Wonderful indeed was Cromwell's power of persuasion! but the uxorious Whitelocke hesitated still. "My lord, I am very ready to testify my duety to your excellency, I acknowledge your many favors to me, and myselfe an officer under your command, and to owe you obedience. Butt your excellency will not expect it from me in that wherin I am not capable to serve you; and, therefore, I make it my most humble suit to be excused from this service." Humble but vain! "For your abilities," Cromwell reiterated, as though Whitelocke had not meanwhile spoken, "I am satisfied; I know no man so fitt for it as yourselfe; and if you should decline it (as I hope you will not) the commonwealth would suffer extremely by it, your own profession might suffer likewise, and the protestant interest would suffer by it. *Indeed you cannot be excused.* The hearts of *all the good people in this nation (!)* are sett uppon it, to have you undertake this service; and if you should waive it, being thus, and att such a time when your going may be the most likely means to settle our buisnes with the Dutch and Danes, and all matters of trade, (and none, I say again, can doe it better then you,) the commonwealth would be att an extreame prejudice by your refusall. Butt I hope you will hearken to my request, and lett me prevayle with you to undertake it; neither you nor yours, I hope, shall ever have any cause to wish you had not done it."

Whitelocke wavers sensibly at last, and observes cautiously

and enquiringly, "My lord, when a man is out of sight, he is out of mind. Though your excellency be just and honorable, yett your greater affayres calling you off, those to whom matters of correspondence and supplies must be referred will perhaps forget one who is afarre of, and not be so sensible of extremities in a foreign countrey as those who suffer under them."—"I will engage to take," at once answered Cromwell, "particular care of those matters myselfe, and that you shall neither want supplies nor any thing that is fitt for you: you shall be sett out with as much honor as ever any ambassador was from England. I shall hold myselfe particularly obliged to you if you will undertake it; and *will stick as close to you as your skin is to your flesh*. You shall want nothing either for your honour and equipage, or for power and trust to be reposed in you, or for correspondence and supplies when you are abroad; *I promise you, my lord, you shall not, I will make it my buisnes to see it done*. The parlement and counsell, as well as myselfe, will take it very well and thankfully from you to accept of this imployment; and all people, especially the good people of the nation, will be much satisfied with it; and, therefore, my lord, I make it againe my earnest request to you to accept this honorable imployment."

A pause now followed, and Whitelocke consented to go. Then, in proportion to his quiet determination to take no refusal, was the abundance of Cromwell's protestations of gratitude at not having received one! Nothing can more strikingly illustrate the man. "My lord, I doe most heartily thanke you for accepting the imployment, whereby you have testified a very great respect and favour to me, and affection to the commonwealth, which will be very well taken by them. And I assure you, that it is so gratefull to me, who, uppon *my particular request*, have prevayled with you, that I shall never forgett this favor, but endeavour to requite it to you and yours. *Really, my lord, I shall*. And I will acquaint the counsell with it, that we may desire further conference with you."

Happily does this interview end with Whitelocke's remark of himself, that "he went away well pleased;"—nor

was his pleasure diminished by a messenger from Cromwell, who arrived a few days after at his house in Chelsea. "Cromwell sent one of his gentlemen with a present to Whitelocke—a sword, and a payre of spurres, richly inlaid with gould, of a noble work and fashion." All the care he had now was to quiet his wife as well as he could, and to this end he exerted himself with reasonable success.

The interview of leave took place on the 30th of October, 1653. Cromwell repeated all his assurances to him with redoubled earnestness, gave him various hints of policy and conduct in the management of the treaty and its objects, and granted him every request he asked of personal favour. Whitelocke then finally implored him never to "give credit to whisperings, or officious words, or letters of pickthanks, behind my backe."—"I shall not easily give beliefe," Cromwell assured him, "to such backbiters. *I hate them.* And what I shall be informed of your actions abroad will hardly create in me an ill opinion of them *before I be certifyed from yourselfe.*" "It may be your excellence will heare," pursued the wily lawyer, "that I am *great with some cavaliers* when I am abroad, and that I make much of them; and truly that may well be. *I love a civility to all*, especially to persons of condition, though enemies; and have ever used it, and perhaps may use it more than ordinary when I am abroad, and to those of the king's party; and by them I may be the better inabled to secure myselfe, and to *understand their designs*, which will be no disadvantage to your affayres; nor shall I ever betray those, or any persons by whom I am trusted." "*I thinke such a carriage towards them,*" earnestly answered Cromwell, "*will be prudent, and fitt for you to use*; and it will never occasion in me, nor I hope in any other sober men, the least jealousy of your faithfullness; butt *it may much tend to your security* and to the good of your buisnes."—"I have butt one thing more," concluded the ambassador, "to trouble your excellence with; that is, my humble thanks for all your favors, and, particularly, for the noble present I received from your hand." "I pray, my lord," answered the lord general kindly, "doe not speake of so poore a thing; if there were opportunity for me

to doe honor to your lordship, I assure you, that very few should goe before you."

It will have been observed throughout these interviews, that, though Cromwell was still, to all appearance, only a private individual, with no other charge than as lord general of the army and a member of the council of state, his authority and power were already single and absolute, in fact. His earnest anxiety for this treaty with Sweden were not, let us add, assumed; though many of his protestations to White-locke were. The importance of Sweden, in the great division of the European governments into Catholic and Protestant, as the most considerable of the Protestant monarchies, whose alliance the republic claimed, need not be pointed out to the well-informed historical reader; and the motive to a perfect alliance with Sweden had been strongly increased by the sympathies awakened in Cromwell's mind, when the frank and masculine spirit of the young queen who then held the Swedish throne stood out boldly from the other feeble and vacillating crowned heads of Europe, and at once, with daring resolution, acknowledged the English republic.

Christina, queen of Sweden, was now not twenty-seven years old. She was the daughter of a hero, Gustavus Adolphus, and had inherited the spirit of a hero. Her eccentricities are matter of history. Among them—for in a crowned head this is an eccentricity indeed—should be named, first, her passionate encouragement of literature, and of learned men, inspired, it should be added, by her own great talents and acknowledged learning. When the great work against the leaders of the English commonwealth, written by Salmasius, at the suggestion of Charles the Second's court, had been finished, that famous controversialist went, for his best reward, to the court of Christina. He was received there with the greatest distinction. The cold climate of Stockholm, however, proved too much for his health, and the young queen herself is said to have spent hours with him alone by his bedside, and to have performed for him all the functions which are necessary to a valetudinarian. Fatally for Salmasius, however, Milton's "*Defensio*" reached Stockholm, in the very midst of

these ultra courtesies from royalty. Christina read the immortal treatise of the English writer—"devoured it," as was said, and proclaimed everywhere in the circles of her capital, that glory should belong to the name of Milton. Salmasius could not but hear this, and yet the queen was "too humane and considerate to reverse the treatment with which she had honoured him." The delicacy of the defeated scholar then rose equal to her own. He proposed, for his health's sake, removal to a milder climate, and Christina dismissed him with honour.

For the court of this queen it was, that Whitelocke, on the 5th of November, 1653, with a magnificent suite of officers and attendants, set sail as ambassador to the English commonwealth. And at this court it was that several delightful scenes and dialogues occurred, which not only illustrate the character and influence of the great subject of this volume in a novel and interesting manner, but also disclose, better than any records else, the more sterling as well as charming aspects of the character of Christina. Whitelocke arrived in Stockholm only a few months before she astonished Europe by the resignation of her crown, at a time when no one disputed it, and all her people loved her.

WHITELOCKE FIRST SEES CHRISTINA IN HER MAGNIFICENT
PALACE, AND IS NOT AFRAID.

As soon as he came within this roome, he putt of his hatt, *and then the queen putt of her cappe*, after the fashion of men, and came two or three steppes forward uppon the foot carpet. This, and her being covered, and rising from her seate, caused Whitelocke to know her to be the queen, *which otherwise had not bin easy to be discerned*: her habit being of plaine grey stuffe, her petticoate reached to the ground; over that a jackett, such as men weare, of the same stuffe, reaching to her knees; on her left side, tyed with crimson ribbon, she wore the jewell of the order of Amaranta; her cuffes ruffled à la mode; no gorgett or band, butt a blacke skarffe about her neck, tyed before with a blacke ribbon, as soldiers and marriners sometimes

use to weare; her hayre was breaded, and hung loose uppon her head; she wore a black velvet cappe lined with sables, and turned up, after the fashion of the countrey, which she used to putt off and on as men doe their hattes. Her countenance was sprightly, *but somewhat pale*; she had much of majesty in her demeanor, and though her person were of the smaller size, yett her mienne and carriage was very noble. [Here Whitelocke describes his kissing her hand, "which ceremony all ambassadors used to this queen," and other matters.] The queene was very attentive whilst he spake, and comming up close to him, by her looks and gestures (as was supposed) would have daunted him; but those who have bin conversant in the late great affayres in England, are not so soon as others appaled with the presence of a young lady and her servants.

CHRISTINA TELLS WHITELOCKE, AT THEIR FIRST PRIVATE INTERVIEW, HER OPINION OF CROMWELL—AND ENQUIRES IF IT IS REALLY TRUE THAT HE PRAYS AND PREACHES.

WH. [*The queen having read his Latin instructions.*] I see your majesty understands the Latin perfectly, and will find heer sufficient authority given me for this buisnes.

QU. I have Latin enough to serve my turne, and the authority given to you is very full. Uppon what perticulars will the parlement thinke fitt to ground the alliance between the two nations?

WH. If your majesty please, I shall present you with the perticulars in writing, in French or Latin, as you shall command.

QU. It will be best in Latin, because I shall take advice in it.

WH. I shall doe it as your majesty directs.

QU. *Your generall is one of the gallantest men in the world; never were such things done as by the English in your late war. Your generall hath done the greatest things of any man in the world; the Prince of Conde is next to him, butt short of him. I have as great a respect and honor for your generall, as for any man alive; and I pray, lett him know as much from me.*

WH. My generall is indeed a very brave man; his actions show it: and I shall not fayle to signify to him the great honor of your majesty's respects to him; and I assure your majesty, he hath as high honor for you as for any prince in Christendome.

QU. I have bin told that many officers of your army will themselves pray and preach to their soldiers; is that true?

WH. Yes, madame, it is very true. When ther ennemies are swearing, or debauching, or pillaging, the officers and soldiers of the parlement's army use to be encouraging and exhorting one another out of the Word of God, and praying together to the Lord of Hosts for his blessing to be with them; who hath showed his approbation of this military preaching, by the successes he hath given them.

QU. That's well. Doe you use to doe so too?

WH. Yes; uppon some occasions, in my own family; and thinke it as proper for me, being the master of it, to admonish and speake to my people when there is cause, as to be behold-ing to another to doe it for me, which sometimes brings the chaplein into more credit then his lord.

QU. *Doth your generall and other great officers do so?*

WH. Yes, madame, *very often, and very well.* Nevertheless, they maintain chapleins and ministers in their houses and regiments; and such as are godly and worthy ministers have as much respect, and as good provision in England, as in any place of Christendome. Yet 'tis the opinion of many good men with us, that a long cassake, with a silke girdle, and a great beard, do not make a learned or good preacher, without gifts of the Spirit of God and labouring in his vineyard; and whosoever studies the Holy Scripture, and is enabled to doe good to the souls of others, and indeavours the same, is no where forbidden by that Word, nor is it blameable. The officers and soldiers of the parlement held it not unlawfull, when they carryed their lives in their hands, and were going to adventure them in the high places of the field, to incourage one another out of His Word who commands over all: and this had more weight and impression with it than any other word could have; and was never denied to be made use of butt by

the popish prelates, who by no meanes would admit lay people (as they call them) to gather from thence that instruction and comfort which can no where else be found.

Qu. *Methinks you preach very well, and have now made a good sermon.* I assure you I like it very well.

Wh. Madame, I shall account it a great happiness if any of my words may please you.

Qu. Indeed, sir, these words of yours doe very much please me; and I shall be glad to hear you oftener on this strayne. Butt I pray tell me, *where did your generall, and you his officers, learne this way of praying and preaching yourselves?*

Wh. We learnt it from a neer friend of your majesty, whose memory all the protestant interest hath cause to honor.

Qu. My friend! who was that?

Wh. *It was your father, the great king Gustavus Adolphus, who, upon his first landing in Germany (as many then present have testified), did himselfe in person upon the shoare, on his knees, give thanks to God for his safe landing, and before his soldiers himselfe prayed to God for his blessing upon that undertaking; and he would frequently exhort his people out of God's Word: and God testified his great liking thereof, by the wonderful successes he was pleased to vouchsafe to that gallant king.*

CHRISTINA, STRUCK BY WHITELOCKE'S PRUDENCE IN A LONG CONFERENCE OF STATE, BECOMETH CONFIDENTIAL AT ITS CLOSE.

Qu. You speake very fully, and truly, of the interest of the severall princes and states of Europe. I do extreamly like the busines, and will prepare a memoire of some proposalls concerning it, and give it to you to send into England; but speed, and vigour, and secrecy, are requisite heerin. And I must injoyne you to acquainte no body with this discourse, *but only your generall Cromwell, whose word I shall relye upon:* but I would not have this matter made knowne to any other whatsoever; and I desire you not to speake of it to any of my own ministers, nor of any thing else relating to your negotiation, butt what I shall give way unto.

WH. Madame, I shall faithfully obey your majesty's commands, and not reveale any tittle of these matters without your permission.

QU. *Have you not heard in England, that I was to marry the King of Scotts ?*

WH. It hath bin reported so in England, and that letters have passed between your majesty and him for that purpose ; and that your majesty had a good affection for the king of Scotts.

QU. *I confesse that letters have past between us ; but this I will assure you, that I will not marry that king ; he is a young man, and in a condition sad enough ; though I respect him very much, yett I shall never marry him, you may be well assured. Butt I shall tell you, under secrecy, that the king of Scotts lately sent a letter to the prince Palatin, my cousen, and with it the order of a knight of the garter to the prince ; butt the messenger had the witt to bring it first to me ; and when I saw itt and had read the letter, I threw it into the fire, and would not suffer the George to be delivered to my cousen."*

WHITELOCKE'S DEVICE IN WRITING PRIVATELY TO CROMWELL,
ALSO HIS DEVICE IN DELIVERING PRESENTS FROM MR. HUGH
PETERS TO CHRISTINA.

WH. I leave with my generall, or with the secretary of the councell, two glasses of water, which I make : with the one of the waters I write my letters, having two like glasses of waters with myselfe. The letter, thus written, no man can possibly reade, no more than if it were written with fayre water ; but wash over this letter with the water in the other glasse, and it turnes it to blacke, and just as if it had bin written with inke.

QU. That is a curious way indeed : and have you of those waters heer ?

WH. Yes, madame, I make them myselfe, and have left one of them with my generall ; so that no creature can reade his or my letters without them.

QU. *What huge dogge is this ?*

WH. It is an English mastiffe, which I brought with me, and it seems *is broke loose* and followed me even to this place.

QU. Is he gentle and well conditioned ?

WH. The more courage they have, the more gentle they are ; this is both. *Your majesty may stroake him.*

QU. I have heard of the fierceness of these dogges ; *this is very gentle.*

WH. They are very gentle, unlesse provoked, and of a generous kind ; no creature hath more mettle or faithfullnesse then they have.

QU. Is it your dogge ?

WH. I cannot tell ; some of my people told me, that one Mr. Peters sent it for a present to the queen.

QU. Who is that Mr. Peters ?

WH. A minister, and great servant to the parlement.

QU. *That Mr. Peters sent me a letter ?*

WH. He is a great admirer of your majesty ; butt to presume to send a letter, or a dogge, for a present to a queen, *I thought above him, and not fitt to be offered to your majesty.*

QU. I have many letters from private persons ; *his letter and the dogge doe belong to me, and are my goods ; and I will have them.*

WH. Your majesty commands in chiefe, and all ought to obey you, and so will I ; not only as to the letter and dogge, but likewise as to another part of his present, a *great English cheese of his countrey making.*

QU. *I do kindly accept them from him ; and see that you send my goods to me.*

WH. I will not fayle to obey your majesty.

The queen was pleased to take notice herselfe, and to promise to give order for supply, of some accommodations which were heer wanting to Whitelock and his company ; and so they parted in much drollerye.

CHRISTINA INTERESTS HERSELF IN THE DOMESTIC AFFAIRS OF CROMWELL — PROFECIETH HIS DESIRE TO BE KING, SIMPLE LORD GENERAL AS HE IS — AND STARTLETH WHITELOCKE WITH SOME DELICATE QUESTIONS, AS ALSO WITH A PIECE OF PLAIN SPEAKING.

QU. Hath your general a wife and children?

WH. He hath a wife and five children.

QU. What family were he and his wife of?

WH. He was of the family of a baron*, and his wife the like from Bouchiers.

QU. Of what parts are his children?

WH. His two sons and three daughters are all of good parts and liberall education.

QU. Some unworthy mention and mistakes have been made to me of them.

WH. Your majesty knows that to be frequent; butt from me you shall have nothing butt truth.

QU. Much of the story of your generall hath some paralell with that of my ancestor, Gustavus the First, who, from a private gentleman of a noble family, was advanced to the title of marshall of Sweden, because he had risen up and rescued his country from the bondage and oppression which the king of Denmarke had putt upon them, and expelled that king; and, for his reward, he was att last elected king of Sweden; and *I believe that your generall will be king of England in conclusion.*

WH. Pardon me, madame, that cannot be, because England is resolved into a commonwealth; and my generall hath already sufficient power and greatness, as generall of all their forces both by sea and land, which may content him.

QU. *Resolve what you will, I believe HE resolves to be king;* and hardly can any power or greatness be called sufficient, when the nature of man is so prone (as in these dayes) to all ambition.

* This and knighthood were often confused in that day.

WH. I find no such nature in my generall. (!)

QU. It may easily be concealed till an opportunity serve, and then it will shew itselfe.

WH. All are mortall men, subject to affections.

QU. *How many wives have you had?*

WH. I have had three wives.

QU. *Have you had children by all of them?*

WH. Yes, by every one of them.

QU. *Par Dieu vous estes incorrigible ! **

WH. Madame, I have bin a true servant to your sexe ; and as it was my duety to be kind to my wives, so I count it my happiness, and riches, and strength, to have many children.

QU. You have done well ; and if children doe prove well, it is no small nor usuall blessing.

[Much more discourse her majesty moved of private matters, whereby she made experiment if the truth would be told her ; it appearing that the particulars were known to her before, and that she had good intelligence. She was pleased with some earnestness to say.]

QU. *You are hypocrites and dissemblers.*

WH. For my selfe, I can have little of design (especially in your countrey) to dissemble ; I always hated hypocrisy as a thing unworthy a Christian or a gentleman ; and my generall hath not bin charged with that odious crime.

QU. I do not meane either your generall or your selfe ; but I thinke that in England there are many, who make profession of more holyness then is in them, hoping for advantage by it.

THE WISE OXENSTIERNE INTERESTED IN CROMWELL.

At this meeting, the chancellor inquired much of Whitelocke, concerning Cromwell's age, health, children, family, temper, &c., and sayd, that Cromwell was one of the gallantest men that this age had brought forth ; and the thinges which

* So Charles II. thought, in a *bon mot* he seems to have borrowed from the saire Christina. It is related of him that, when the obsequious Whitelocke waited on his majesty at the Restoration, to beg his pardon for all he had transacted against him, Charles laughed and said : — " Go, go, good Whitelocke, go and live in the country, and take care of your wife and your one and thirty children ! " — *Biog. Brit.* vii. 423.

he had done argued as much courage and wisdom in him as any actions that the world had seen for many years. In which discourse Whitelocke did not omit to do right to the generall and to the parlement; and informed the chancellor fully of their courses, actions, counsells, and successes.

NEWS OF CROMWELL'S USURPATION REACHETH STOCKHOLM.

Qu. Par Dieu, I beare the same respect and more to your generall and to you, then I did before; and I had rather have to do with one then with many.

Wh. I may very well believe it; and returne thanks to your majesty for the continuance of your respects to England, and to my generall, and to his servant; your majesty understands he hath a new title, butt his power was not meane before.

Qu. It was very great before, and I thinke it greater now and therefore better for England, butt subject to envy; and *I tell you, under secrecy, that my chancellor would formerly have bin so in Sweden when I was young, butt could not attaine it;* butt if he was my enemy, yett I should say, that he is a wise and a gallant man; and if your generall were the greatest enemy I have, yett I should give him his due, that he is a wise and brave man, and *hath done the greatest things of any man alive.* I much desire his friendship, and am heartily glad of his present condition.

CHRISTINA'S OPINION OF THE PROTECTORATE, AND HER WISE ADVICE.

Qu. Sir, you are welcome still to me; and, if possible, more than before the change.

Wh. Madame, it is your goodness and favor to a gentleman, a stranger in your country, who truly honors your majesty; and you are pleased to show much respect to my generall.

Qu. Your generall is a gallant man, and you are fit to serve any prince in Christendome.

Wh. I may without vanity thinke the better of him, and of myselfe, because of your majesty's judgment.

Qu. My judgement is, that your affayres in England are

much amended, and better established, by this change, then before.

WH. We hope that our God will give us a settlement; and we have found much of his favor therein already, and doubt not of the continuance thereof to us.

QU. Is your new government by a protector different from what it was before as to monarchy, or is the alteration in all points?

WH. The government is to be the same as formerly, by successive representatives of the people in parlement; only the protector is the head or chiefe magistrate of the commonwealth.

QU. He is a gallant man; and I pray lett him know, that no person hath a greater esteem and respect for him then I have.

WH. I presume then, that his letters to your majesty will not be unwellcome.

QU. They shall be most wellcome to me.

WH. I then present these new credentialls to your majesty from his highnes my lord protector.

QU. What is the reason that the protector's name is putt first in the letters?

WH. The protector's name, signed by himselfe, is at the bottome of the letter; and the naming of him first is because he writes to your majesty, and is the constant forme in England used to all other princes and states.

QU. *If it be used to other princes I am satisfied, and expect no other.* What is the substance of your new government?

WH. I shall shew your majesty the instrument of our new government, whereof a copy is sent me; and I shall reade such parts of it to your majesty in French, as may satisfy you.

[Then Whitelocke read unto the queen some parts of the instrument of government: and, when he came to the title, she sayd.]

QU. *Why is the title protector, when the power is kingly?*

WH. I cannot satisfy your majesty of the reasons of this title, being att so great a distance from the inventors of it.

QU. *New titles, with sovereign power, proved prejudiciall to the state of Rome.*

WH. One of your majesty's ancestors was not permitted to keep the title of marshall of Sweden.

QU. *He was afterwards king, and that will be next for your protector.*

WH. That will not be so consonant to our commonwealth as it was to your crown.

QU. It is an honor to our nation, that you have looked into the story of it.

WH. It is the duty of an ambassador to study the history of that crown to which he is imployed.

QU. It becomes you well, butt why is your new government so severe against the Roman catholiques?

WH. It is not more severe against them then it was formerly, and in some things lesse.

QU. *Methinkes that you, who stand so much for liberty, should allow it to them, as well as to others, in a tolleration of them.*

WH. Their principles are held contrary to the peace of the nation, and therefore they are not tollerated the publique exercise of those principles: they hold your majesty's profession and ours to be hereticall, and a forreign power to be above you, and above our commonwealth.

QU. *Those among them, who understand themselves, are of another opinion; and it is pittie they should be persecuted for their conscience sake.*

WH. We are not for persecution in any point of conscience; but we expect a submission to the civil magistrate, and nothing to be done to the disturbance of our peace.

QU. That is fit to be preserved with all care. *Is your protector sacred as other kings are?*

WH. He is not anointed and crowned: those ceremonies were not used to him.

QU. His power is the same with that of king, and why should not his title have been the same?

WH. It is the power which makes the title, and not the title the power; our protector thinkes he hath enough of both.

QU. *He is hardly a mortall man then; butt he hath brought his buisnes notably to passe, and hath done great things. I give you my hand for it, that I have a great value for him.*

THE SWEDISH CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERNE DISCUSSETH CROMWELL'S USURPATION WITH WHIFELOCKE.—SOME HOME TRUTHS EVADED BY THE LAWYER-AMBASSADOR.

CHAN. I doe like your settlement the better, because the power of the protector is limited by your lawe; there remains nothing for him now to do butt to gett him *a back and breast of steele*.

WH. Without limitation in the power of a chiefe magistrate, it will be hard to distinguish him from a tyrant; but what meaneth my father by a back and breast of steele?

CHAN. I meane *the confirmation of his being protector to be made by your parlement*, which will be his best and greatest strength.

WH. For your further satisfaction of the settlednes of government, I have caused the writing or instrument, agreed uppon in our last change, to be translated into Latin, that you may peruse it.

CHAN. Is the protector and the people bound to an observation of this instrument?

WH. This is agreed uppon, as to the rule of governement, to oblige both the people to obey it, and the protector to governe according to it.

CHAN. *From whom is this power derived, and given to the protector? and who had power to ordaine it to be binding to the people.*

WH. The parlement, then sitting, found the peace of the commonwealth in danger to be againe disturbed, and the many divisions in the nation hardly to be cured; they thereupon judged it the best and most expedient way, to prevent the mischiefs threatened, to make choise of a head of the commonwealth, and the generall to be the fittest and worthiest person for that office and trust; and therefore they, by a solemn writing, did resigne their power and authority into the hands of the generall, and desired him to accept of the governement as chiefe magistrate, under the title of protector; (!) and to this, the officers and soldiers of the armies and navies, the

magistrates of London, the principall judges of England, and divers noblemen, gentlemen, and persons of quality and faithfulness to the common interest and peace of the nation, did assent, and were present in a solemne meeting, where he was sworne to observe this instrument; and the people generally, by their acclamations, testified their agreement therunto. (!!!)

CHAN. This seems to be an *election by the sword*, and pre-
vayling party of the nation; and such precedents in other
countrys have proved dangerous and not durable.

WH. God hath thus ordered it; and I heare there is a gene-
rall acquiescence and submission to it, (!!) and the supream law
of *salus populi* seemed to require this change: and though he
were the generall that is chosen to be the head, yett the soldiers
were not sole but joint actors in this designation.

CHAN. Such military elections of the Roman emperors, and
in other nations, proved *fatall to the publique peace and liberty*.

WH. I hope this may prove a means for the conservation of
our peace and freedome.

CHAN. Doe you hold this to be an *election*, or rather a military
imposition, of your chiefe governor?

WH. It is certainly a very generall agreement of persons in
power and authority, and of principall interest in the nation, to
sett up this government, and therefore may be hoped to con-
tinue as firme as those elections of kings by a few great men
only, which was used in yours and the neighbour countrys by
the senators.

CHAN. Those elections by the senators, formerly made, rayzed
great factions, and occasioned much civill war and misery; ther-
fore our Ricksdagh judged it necessary to alter that course of
elections of our kings, and to settle the crown in an hereditary
succession, which proves more peacefull and prosperous then
those elections.

WH. This was a great change, yett forein treatyes were
still kept with you. I was borne under hereditary kings, and
do not disprove of that government; yett I hope our com-
monwealth, as now constituted, will also flourish and afford
liberty and advantage to the people under it, and be as fixed

as any other ; and if you (my noble father) have as good an opinion therof as I have, our treaty will have the better issue.

CHAN. *The great doubt will be of the permanency therof, you being so much subject to changes ; and then how will our treaty be observed ?*

WH. I suppose that the treaty, which you made with other states in the names of your elective kings, doe yett remaine good, and are observed in the time of your hereditary queen. I come not to treate with you concerning the interest of my generall, now protector, but concerning the interest of England, and on the behalfe of the commonwealth and people of England to treate with the crown of Sweden, and on the behalfe of the people of Sweden ; and whether the head of either people be called king or queen, or protector, and the nation be called a commonwealth or a kingdome, yett the people's interest is the same, and of equall force att one time or another.

CHAN. Son, I am satisfyed with your reasons, and convinced that we may safely proceed in a treaty with you.

CHRISTINA AND HER LADIES AT WHITELOCKE'S MAY-DAY
ENTERTAINMENT.

Her majesty to expresse her contentment in this collation, was full of pleasantnes and gaity of spirit, both in supper-time and afterwards : among other frolickes, she commanded Whitelocke to teach her ladyes the English salutation ; *which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke most readily.*

WHITELOCKE STANDETH UP FOR THE HONOR OF ENGLAND.

[The master of the ceremonies came to Whitelocke from the queen, to desire his company this evening att a masque : and they had this discourse.]

WH. Present my thanks to her majesty, and tell her I will waite upon her.

MA. What would your excellence expect in matter of precedence, as in case you should meet with any other ambassador att the masque?

WH. I shall expect that which belongs to me as ambassador from the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and I know no other ambassador now in this court besides myselfe, except the ambassador of the king of Denmarke, who I suppose hath no thoughts of precedence before the English ambassador, who is resolved not to give it him if he should expect it.

MA. Perhaps it may be insisted on, that he of Denmarke is not ambassador to the protector, a new name, and not sacrée.

WH. Whosoever shall insist on that distinction will be mistaken; and I understand no difference of power between king and protector, or anointed or not anointed; and ambassadors are the same publique ministers to a protector or commonwealth, as to a prince or sultan.

MA. There hath always been a difference observed between the publique ministers of kings, and of commonwealths, or princes of inferior titles.

WH. The title of protector (as to a sovereign title) hath not yett bin determined in the world, as to superiority or inferiority to other titles; but I am sure that the nation of England hath ever bin determined superior to that of Denmarke. I represent the nations of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the protector, who is chiefe of them; and the honor of these nations ought to be in the same consideration now, as it hath bin formerly: and I must not suffer any diminution of that honor by my person to please any whatsoever.

MA. I shall propose an expedient to you, that you may take your places as you come; he who comes first, the first place, and he who comes last the lower place.

WH. I shall hardly take a place below the Danish ambassador, though I come into the roome after him.

MA. Butt when you come into the roome, and find the Danish ambassador sett, you cannot help it, though he have the upper place.

WH. I shall endeavour to help it, rather than sit below the Danish ambassador.

MR. I presume you will not use force in the queen's presence.

WH. Master, it is impossible for me, if it were in the presence of all the queens and kings in Christendome, to forbear to use any means to hinder the dishonor of my nation in my person.

MR. I believe the Danish ambassador would not be so high as you are.

WH. There is no reason why he should: he knows his nation never pretended to have the precedence of England: and you, being master of the ceremonies, cannot be ignorant of it.

MR. I confesse your nation alwayes had the precedence of Denmarke when you were under a king.

WH. *I should never give it from them, though they were under a constable.*

MR. If you insist upon it, the Danish ambassador must be uninvited againe, for I perceive that you two must not meet.

WH. I suppose the gentleman would not expect precedence of me.

MR. I can assure you he doth.

WH. I can assure you he shall never have it, if I can help it: but I pray, master, tell me whether her majesty takes notice of this question of precedence, or did she wish to conferre with me about it?

MR. The queen commandeth me to speake with you about it, hoping that the question might be so composed, that she might have the company of you both att her intertainment.

WH. I shall stay att home rather than interrupt her majesty's pleasure, which I should doe by meeting the Danish ambassador, to whom I shall not give precedence, unlesse he be stronger then I.

MR. The queen makes this masque chiefly for your excellence's intertainment, therefore you must not be absent, but rather the Danish ambassador must be uninvited; and I shall presently goe about it.

[In the evening, according to the invitation from the queen, Whitelocke went to court to the masque, where he did not find the Danish ambassador; but some of the court tooke notice of

the discourse which had bin between the master of the ceremonies and Whitelocke, touching precedence, and they all approved Whitelocke's resolution, and told him that the queen highly commended him for it, and said that he was a stout and faithfull servant to the protector, and to his nation, and that she should love him the better for it; nor was the contest the lesse pleasing, bicause with the Dane in Sweden.]

WHITELOCKE DANCETH WITH CHRISTINA. — A CURIOUS REMARK
AFTERWARDS.

[After they had done dauncing, and Whitelocke had waited uppon the queen to her chayre of state, she said to him.]

QU. Par Dieu ! these Hollanders are lying fellows.

WH. I wonder how the Hollanders should come into your mind uppon such an occasion as this is, who are not usually thought uppon in such solemnities, nor much acquainted with them.

QU. I will tell you all. The Hollanders reported to me a great while since, *that all the noblesse of England were of the king's party, and none butt mechanicks of the parlement party, and not a gentleman among them*; now I thought to trye you, and to shame you if you could not daunce: but I see, that you are a gentleman, and have been bred a gentleman; and that makes me say the Hollanders are lying fellows, to report that there was not a gentleman of the parlement's party, when I see by you chiefly, and by many of your company, that you are gentlemen.

WH. Truly, madame, in this they told a great untrueth to your majesty, as I believe they have done in severall other particulars; I doe confesse that the greatest part of our nobility and gentry were of the king's party, but many of them likewise were of the parlement's party; and I, who am sent to waite uppon your majesty, can (without vanity) derive to myselfe an antient pedigree of a gentleman.

THE CHANCELLOR OXENSTIERNE TRANSMITTETH ADVICE TO CROMWELL BY HIS AMBASSADOR, WHICH THE AMBASSADOR FORGETTETH TO DELIVER.

CHAN. I shall advise you, att your returne home, to putt the protector in mind of some particulars, which in my judgement require his speciall care.

WH. I shall faithfully doe it, and I know they will be received with much the more regard, comming from you; and I pray doe me the favor to lett me know them.

CHAN. I would counsell the protector to take heed of those dangerous opinions, in matters of religion, which dayly increase among you, and, if not prevented and curbed, will cause new troubles; they never resting till themselves may domineer in chiefe.

WH. Will not the best way to curb them be to slight them, and so they will fall of themselves?

CHAN. I doubt they have taken too much roote to fall so easily; butt if they be not countenanced with preferrements, they will the sooner wither and decay.

WH. That will surely lessen them.

CHAN. The protector must also be carefull *to provide money and employment for his soldiers*, else he will hardly keep them in order.

WH. That is very requisite; and for money there is good provision already made.

CHAN. He must likewise be watchfull of the king's party, who will be buisy att worke, *especially uppon the new change*.

WH. The care thereof is the life of our affayres, and his highnes is most vigilant.

CHAN. It behoves him to be so, for they that could not vanquish him by armes, will indeavor to doe it by craft, and *treachery* * of your own party, which you must looke to.

WH. He bath good intelligence of their plotts.

CHAN. It will also be prudence in him to lett the people see, that he intends not to rule them with an iron scepter, nor to

* Here used by the chancellor as another word for just discontent.

governe them by an army, butt to give them *such a liberty and injoyment of the benefit of their lawes, that the continuance of his government may become their interest*, and that they may have no cause to desire a change; else though they must beare the yoke for a time, yett as soon as they meet with an opportunity, they will shake it off againe.

WH. This is counsell proper to come from such a mind and judgement as yours is, and I shall not faile to report it to his highnes; and your excellence hath rightly stated the disposition of my countrymen, who love peace and liberty, and will hardly brooke slavery longer then they are forced to it by necessity: and the best way to governe them is, to lett them injoy their lawes and rights, which will rule them better then an iron scepter.

CHAN. It is the disposition of all generous and free people, as the English are, whom I truly respect, and him that is their head, that gallant person, the protector.

A YOUTHFUL QUEEN, PROSPEROUS AS SHE IS BELOVED, GROWS TIRED OF STATE AND RESIGNS HER CROWN. — THE LORD AMBASSADOR WHITELOCKE'S WONDERMENT. — HE RECOLLECTS THAT CROMWELL ONCE INTENDED TO RETIRE.

[After this discourse, she drew her stoole close to Whitelocke, and this discourse passed.]

QU. I shall surprise you with something which I intend to communicate to you; butt it must be under secrecy.

WH. Madame, we, that have bin versed in the affayres of England, doe not use to be surprized with the discourse of a young lady; whatsoever your majesty shall thinke fitt to impart to me, and commaund to be under secrecy, shall be faithfully obeyed by me.

QU. I have great confidence of your honor and judgement, and therefore, though you are a stranger, I shall acquaint you with a buisnes of the greatest consequence to me in the world, and which I have not communicated to any creature; nor would I have you to tell any one of it, no not your generall,

till you come to see him ; and in this buisnes I desire your counsell.

WH. Your majesty doth me in this the greatest honor imaginable, and your confidence in me I shall not (through the help of God) deceive in the least measure, nor relate to any person (except my generall) what you shall impart to me ; and wherein your majesty shall judge my counsell worthy your receiving, I shall give it you with all sincerity, and according to the best of my poore capacity.

QU. Sir, this it is : I have it in my thoughts and resolution to quitt the crowne of Sweden, and to retire myselfe unto a private life, as much more suitable to my contentment, then the great cares and troubles attending uppon the governement of my kingdome : and what think you of this resolution ?

WH. I am sorry to heare your majestye calle it a resolution ; and if anything would surprise a man, to heare such a resolution from a lady of your parts, power, and judgement, would doe it ; butt I suppose your majesty is pleased only to drolle with your humble servant.

QU. I speake to you the trueth of my intentions ; and had it not bin for your comming hither, which caused me to deferre that resolution, probably it might have bin done before this time.

WH. I beseech your majesty deferre that resolution still, or rather wholly exclude it from your thoughts, as unfitt to receive any intertainment in your royall breast ; and give me your pardon, if I speake my poore opinion with all duety and plainness to you, since you are pleased to require it : can any reason enter into a mind, so full of reason as yours is, to cause such a resolution from your majesty ?

QU. I take your plainness in very good part, and desire you to use freedome with me in this matter. The reasons which conduct me to such a resolution are, because I am a woman, and therefore the more unfitt to governe, and subject to the greater inconveniencies ; that the heavy cares of governement doe out-weigh the glories and pleasures of it, and are not to be imbraced in comparison of that contentment, which a private retirement brings with it.

WH. As I am a stranger, I have an advantage to speake the more freely to your majesty, especially in this great buisnes; and as I am one who have bin acquainted with a retired life, I can judge of that; but as to the cares of a crowne, none butt those that weare itt can judge of them; only this I can say, that the higher your station is, the more opportunity you have of doing service to God, and good to the worlde.

QU. I desire that more service to God, and more good to the world may be done, then I, being a woman, am capable to performe; and as soon as I can settle some affayres for the good and advantage of my people, I think I may, without scandall, quitt myselfe of my continuall cares, and enjoy the pleasure of a privacy and retirement.

WH. Butt, madame, you that enjoy the kingdome by right of descent, you that have the full affections and obedience of all sorts of your subjects, why should you be discouraged to continue the reines in your own hands? how can you forsake those, who testify so much love to you, and liking of your government?

QU. It is my love to the people which causeth me to thinke of providing a better governor for them then a poor woman can be, and it is somewhat of love to myselfe, to please my own fancy, by my private retirement.

WH. Madame, God hath called you to this eminent place and power of queen: doe not act contrary to this call, and disable yourselfe from doing Him service, for which end we are all heer; and your majesty, as queen, hath farre greater opportunities, then you can have as a private person, to bring honor to Him.

QU. If another person, who may succeed me, have capacity, and better opportunity, by reason of his sexe and parts, to doe God and his countrey service then I can have, then my quitting the government, and putting it into better hands, doth fully answeare this objection.

WH. I confesse my ignorance of better hands then your owne, in which the government may be placed.

QU. My cousen, the prince Palatin, is a person of excellent parts and abilities for government, besides his valour and

knowledge in military affayres : him I have caused to be declared my successor : it was I only that did it. Perhaps you may have heard of the passages between him and me ; butt I am resolved never to marry. It will be much more for the advantage of the people, that the crown be on his head then on mine ; none fitter than he for it.

WH. I doe believe his royall highnes to be a person of exceeding great honor and abilities for government : you have caused him to be declared your successor : and it will be no injury to him to stay his time ; I am sure it may be to your majesty to be perswaded (perhaps designedly) to give up your right to him whilst you live and ought to enjoy it.

QU. It is no designe, butt my owne voluntary act, and he being more active and fitt for the government then I am, the sooner he is putt into it the better.

WH. The better for him indeed. With your majesty's leave, I shall tell you a story of an old English gentleman, who had an active young man to his son, that perswaded the father to give up the management of the estate to the son, who could make greater advantage by it then his father did : he consented, writings were prepared and friends mett to see the agreement executed to quitt all to the son, reserving only a pension to the father. Whilst this was doing, the father (as is much used) was taking tobacco in the better roome, the parlor, where his rheum caused him to spitt much, which offended the son ; and because there was much company, he desired his father to take the tobacco in the kitchen, and to spitt there, which he obeyed. All things being ready, the son calls his father to come and seale the writings : the father sayd his mind was changed ; the son wondered att it, and asking the reason the wise old man said the reason was, because he was resolved to spitt in the parlor as long as he lived ; and so I hope will a wise young lady. (!)

QU. Your story is very apt to our purpose, and the application proper, to keep the crown uppon my head as long as I live ; butt to be quitt of it, rather then to keep it, *I shall think to be to spitt in the parlour.*

WH. What your majesty likes best, is best to you ; but doe

you not thinke that Charles V. had as great hopes of contentment by his abdication, as your majesty hath, and yett repented it the same day he did it.

Qu. That was by reason of his son's unworthiness; but many other princes have happily, and with all contentment, retired themselves to a private condition; and I am confident, that my cousen, the prince, will see that I shall be duely paid what I reserve for my owne maintenance.

Wh. Madame, lett me humbly advise you, if any such thing should be (as I hope it will not) to reserve that countrey in your possession out of which your reserved revenue shall be issued; for when money is to be paid out of a prince's treasury, it is not alwayes ready and certaine.

Qu. The prince Palatin is full of justice and honor; butt I like your counsell well, and shall follow it, and advise further with you in it.

Wh. Madame, I shall be alwayes ready to serve you in any of your commaunds, butt more unwillingly in this then any other. Suppose, madame (as the worst must be cast), that by some exigencies, or troubles, your lessened revenue should not be answered, and payd, to supply your own occasions; you that have bin mistris of the whole revenue of this crowne, and of so noble and bountifull a heart as you have, how can you beare the abridging of it, or it may be, the necessary supplies for yourselfe and servants to be wanting to your quality?

Qu. In case of such exigencies, notwithstanding my quality, I am content myselfe with very little; and for servants, with a lacquay and a chambermaid.

Wh. This is good phylosophy, butt hard to practice. Give me leave, madame, to make another objection; you now are queen, and sovereigne lady, of all the nations subject to your crown and person, whose word the stoutest and greatest among them doe obey, and strive to cringe to you; butt when you shall have divested yourselfe of all power, the same persons who now fawne uppon you, will be then apt to putt affronts and scornes uppon you; and how can your generous and royall spirit brooke them, and to be despised by those whom you have rayseed and so much obliged?

Qu. I looke uppon such thinges as these as the course of

this world, and shall expect such scornes, and be prepared to contemne them.

WH. These answears are strong arguments of your excellent temper and fittnes to continue in your power and government; and such resolutions will advance your majesty above any earthly crowne. Such a spirit as this shoves how much you are above other women, and most men in the world, and, as such a woman, you have the more advantage for government; and without disparagement to the prince, not inferior to him, or any other man, to have the trust of it.

QU. What opinion have they in England of the prince Palatin.

WH. They have a very honourable opinion of him, butt have not heard so much of him as of your majesty, of whom is great discourse, full of respect and honor to your person, and to your government.

QU. I hope I shall testify my respects to your commonwealth in the buisnes of the treaty between us, and that it shall be brought to a good issue, and give satisfaction to us both.

WH. That doth wholly rest in your majesty's power, to whom I hope to have the favor to offer my reasons in any points, wherein there is a difference of opinion between your chancellor and me; and I shall much depend upon your majesty's judgement, and good inclinations to my superiors.

QU. I shall not be wanting in my expressions thereof, and doe hope, that the protector will afford me his assistance for the gaining of a good occasion and place for my intended retirement.

WH. You will find his highnes full of civility and respects and readines to serve your majesty.

QU. I shall never desire anything but what may stand with the good of both nations; and what doe you judge the best means to procure free navigation through the Sundt?

WH. I know no other means butt force, the king of Denmarke denying it.

QU. That is the way indeed; butt what shall then be done with the castles upon the Sundt, and the king of Denmarke's land there?

WH. If it shall please God to give a blessing to the designe, the castles must either be razed, or they and the island putt into good hands, such as both may trust.

QU. That is to the purpose; but doe you thinke that England will assist to that end?

WH. I thinke they will, uppon such reasonable conditions as shall be accorded; butt, in such actions, speedy and vigorous prosecution is necessary. The spring should not be lost, against which time preparations are to be made, and your majesty must be pleased to give me your proposals for that buisnes; nor is the present treaty uppon my articles to be delayed, they being the foundation of the whole designe.

QU. You may assure yourselfe, that the alliance between the two nations is as good as concluded, and will be done; and I will give you my proposals concerning the Sundt: and if Zeland could be taken from the Dane, and the protector agree to my living there, it should be the place of my retirement; I would quit the crown of Sweden and reside there.

WH. Your majesty would have the worst part of the bargain; I hope you would then bestow uppon your servant the commaund of one of the castles there.

QU. With all my heart, butt I believe you doe butt drolle. I will promise you more, that if this buisnes be brought to effect, I shall be willing, if England will consent to it, that you shall have the commaund of all the island, and of all such Swedish and English forces as shall be placed there; and I should not be willing to putt that trust into the hand of any other stranger whatsoever, so much confidence I have of your worth and honor.

WH. Your majesty is pleased to put an exceeding great obligation uppon me, and I hope (by the assistance of God) I should approve my faithfullness in any trust reposed in me. I believe my lord protector would as soon putt this great trust in me as in any other of his servants, and I shall acquaint his highnes with what your majesty mentions.

QU. I pray doe so; and I shall give you my proposals.

WH. This discourse putts me in mind of a passage of my generall, before I came out of England: *he told me he had a mind to quitt his charge, and presently followed an addition of*

honor to him : the like may be to your majesty, though not in title, yet in good successes.

Qu. All the addition I desire, is to be lesse then I am, by a private retirement.

WHITELOCKE RETURNED.—HE ACCOUNTS TO CROMWELL, LORD PROTECTOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH, THE ADVENTURES OF HIS EMBASSY TO CHRISTINA.—THE LORD PROTECTOR'S REMARKS THEREON.

[Whitelocke came to Whitehall about nine o'clock this morning*, where he visited Mr. Secretary Thurloe, who brought him to the protector; and he received Whitelocke with great demonstration of affection, and carryed him into his cabbinett, where they were together about an hower, and had this among other discourses.]

Pao. How have you enjoyed your health in your long journey, both by sea and land; and how could you indure those hardships you were putt unto in that barren and cold countrey?

Wh. Indeed, sir, I have indured many hardships, for an old crazy carcass as mine is; but God was pleased to shew much mercy to me, in my support under them, and vouchsafing me competent health and strength to indure them.

Pao. I have heard of your quarters and lodging in strawe, and of your diett in your journey: we were not so hardly nor so often putt to itt in our service in the army.

Wh. Both my company and myselfe did cheerfully indure all our hardships and wants, being in the service of our God and of our countrey.

Pao. That was also our support in our hardships in the army; and it is the best support; indeed it is: and you found it so in the very great preservations you have had from daungers.

Wh. Your highnes hath had great experience of the goodness of God to you; and the same hand hath appeared wonderfully in the preservation of my company and myself from any imminent and great daungers both by sea and land.

* Monday, July the 3d. 1654.

PRO. The greatest of all others, I heare, was in your return home uppon our coast.

WH. That indeed, sir, was very miraculous.

PRO. I am glad to see you safe and well after it.

WH. I have cause to blesse God with all thankfulnes for it as long as I live.

PRO. I pray, my lord, tell me the particulars of that great deliverance.

[Theruppon Whitelocke gave a particular account of the passages of that wonderfull preservation: then the protector said]

PRO. Really these passages are full of wonder and mercy; and I have cause to join with you in acknowledgement of the goodnes of the Lord heerin.

WH. Your highnes testifies a true sence thereof, and your favor to your servant.

PRO. I hope I shall never forget the one or the other; indeed I hope I shall not: butt, I pray, tell me, *is the queen a lady of such rare parts as is reported of her?*

WH. Truly, sir, she is a lady excellently qualified, of rare abilities of mind, perfect in many languages, and most sorts of learning, especially history, and, beyond compare with any person whom I have knowne, understanding the affayres and interest of all the states and princes of Christendome.

PRO. That is very much: but what are her principles in matters of religion?

WH. They are not such as I could wish they were; they are too much inclined to the manner of that countrey, and to some perswasions from men not well inclined to those matters, who have had too much power with her.

PRO. That is a great deale of pitty; indeed I have heard of some passages of her, not well relishing with those that feare God; and this is too generall an evill among those people, who are not so well principled in matters of religion as were to be wished.

WH. That is too true; but many sober men and good Christians among them doe hope, that in time there may be a reformation of those things; and I took the boldness to putt the queen and the present king in mind of the duty incum-

bent upon them in that buisnes; and this I did with becoming freedome, and it was well taken.

PRO. I thinke you did very well to informe them of that great duety, which now lyes upon the king; and did he give care to it?

WH. Yes, truely, sir, and told me that he did acknowledge it to be his duety, which he resolved to pursue as opportunity could be had of it; butt he said, it must be done by degrees with a boisterous people, so long accustomed to the contrary; and the like answer I had from the archbishop of Upsale, and from the chancellor, when I spake to them upon the same subject, which I did plainly.

PRO. I am glad you did so: is the archbishop a man of good abilities?

WH. He is a very reverend person, learned, and seems very pious.

PRO. *The chancellor is the great wise man?*

WH. *He is the wisest man that ever I conversed with* AERODE, (!) and his abilities are fully answerable to the report of him.

PRO. What character do you give of the present king?

WH. I had the honor divers times to be with his majesty, who did that extraordinary honor to me as to visit me at my house: he is a person of great worth, honor, and abilities, and not inferior to any in courage and military conduct.

PRO. That was an exceeding high favor to come to you in person.

WH. He never did the like to any publique minister; butt this, and all other honor done to me, was *but to testify their respects to your highnes*, the which indeed was very great, both there and where I past in Germany.

PRO. I am obliged to them for their very great civility.

WH. Both the queen, and the king, and his brother, and the archbishop, and the chancellor, and most of the grandees, gave testimony of very great respect to your highnes, and that not only by their words butt by their actions likewise.

PRO. I shall be ready to acknowledge their respects upon any occasion.

WH. *The like respects were testified to your highnes in Ger-*

many, especially by the town of Hambourgh, where I indeavoured, in your highnes's name, to confirme the priviledges of the English merchants, who, with your resident there, showed much kindness to me and my company.

PAO. I shall heartily thanke them for it. Is the court of Sweden gallant and full of resort to it?

WH. They are extreame gallant for their cloathes; and for company, most of the nobility, and the civill and military officers, make their constant residence where the court is, and many repayre thither on all occasions.

PAO. Is their administration of justice speedy; and have they many law suits?

WH. They have justice in a speedier way then with us, butt more arbitrary, and fewer causes, in regard that the boores dare not contend with their lords, and they have butt few contracts, because they have butt little trade; and there is smalle use of conveyances or questions of titles, bicause the law distributes every man's estate after his death among his children, which they cannot alter, and therefore have the fewer contentions.

PAO. That is like our gavel-kind.

WH. It is the same thing; and in many perticulars of our lawes, in cases of private right, and of the publique government (especially in their parlements), there is a strange resemblance between their law and ours.

PAO. Perhaps ours might, some of them, be brought from thence.

WH. Doubtless they were, when the Goths and Saxons, and those northerne people, planted themselves heer.

PAO. You met with a barren countrey, and very colde?

WH. The remoter parts of it from the court are extreame barren; butt att Stockholme and Upsale, and most of the great townes, they have store of provisions: butt fatt beefe and mutton in the winter time is not so plentifull with them, as in the cuntryes more southerly; and their hott weather in summer as much exceeds ours, as their cold doth in winter.

PAO. That is somewhat troublesome to indure, butt how could you passe over their very long winter nights?

WH. I kept my people together; and in action and recrea-

tion ; by having *musick in my house, and incouraging that and the exercise of dauncing*, which held them by the ears and eyes, and gave them diversion without any offence. And I caused the gentlemen to have disputations in Latin, and declamations upon words which I gave them.

PRO. *Those were very good diversions, and made your house a little academy.*

WH. I thought these little recreations better then gaming for money, or going forth to places of debauchery.

PRO. *It was much better ;* and I am glad you had so good an issue of your treaty.

WH. I blesse God for it, and shall be ready to give your highnes a particular account of it, when you shall appoint a time for it.

PRO. I thinke that Thursday next, in the morning, will be a good time for you to come to the counsell, and to make your report of the transactions of your negotiations ; and you and I must have many discourses upon these arguments.

WH. I shall attend your highnes and the counsell.

The treaty thus successfully concluded by Whitelocke, is matter of history, and will find mention in the notice of the protectorate. It was a treaty of commerce between the two countries, and a prohibition of protection and favor to the enemies of either.

It is pleasant to be able to close these interesting scenes with a happy piece of gallantry on the part of Cromwell. Soon after Whitelocke's return, he sent over his portrait to queen Christina, inscribed with a Latin epigram, for which the hand of Milton had been right cheerfully employed, and which ran to this effect.—“ Virgin, powerful in war, queen of the frozen north, bright star of the pole, you see what furrows the toils of the field have traced in my brow, while, already old in appearance, I still retain the energies of a soldier, and pursue the untried paths of fate, executing the heroic behests of that

country with whose welfare I am intrusted. Yet to you I willingly smooth the sternness of my feature; nor shall the royal Christina find that I at all times regard the possessor of a throne with severity."*

This portrait, I should add, was seen a century afterwards at the court of Stockholm, by one of the ambassadors to that court, Isaac Le Heup, esq., who described it to several gentlemen in this country. It was by Walker, and represented Cromwell in his warrior garb, but (in delicate compliment to Christina) with a double gold chain (her gift), hanging down his neck to his breast, and, pendent from it, three crowns, with, below them, a white pearl. These were the arms of Sweden, which, with the gold chain, and a private missive from Christina, imagined in her wildest and most fantastic humour, were said to have rapidly followed Whitelocke to England. The missive was to the effect that, supposing a marriage practicable, she should not hesitate, in Cromwell's favour, to forego her objections to the drudgery of it, since she thought it possible that between them they might get a race of Alexanders. Our notices of Cromwell and Christina may not inaptly close with this characteristic incident, which the grave reader will not indignantly reject altogether as a piece of wild romance, until he shall have read the following extract of a "letter of intelligence" from one of Thurloe's most trustworthy spies stationed at the Hague, and who thus conveys what was the gossip of almost every court at the time—

* The original runs thus :—

"Bellipotens virgo, septem regina trionum,
Christina, Arctoi lucida stella poli!
Cernis, quas merui dura sub casside rugas,
Utque senex, armis impiger, ora tero :
Invia fatorum dum per vestigia nitior,
Exequor et populi fortia jussa manu.
Ast tibi submittit frontem reverentior umbræ ;
Nec sunt hi vultus regibus usque truces."

Of which, should the reader desire to see an indifferent poetical translation he has it from Toland :—

"Bright martial maid, queen of the frozen zone !
The northern pole supports thy shining throne :
Behold what furrows age and steel can plow ;
The helmet's weight oppress'd this wrinkled brow.
Through fate's untrodden paths I move ; my hands
Still act my freeborn people's bold commands ;
Yet this stern shade to you submits his frowns ;
Nor are these looks always severe to crowns."

" Vous doubtes, si la Hollande soit cordialement encliné à
 la paix ; mais icy on a plus de sujet de doubter, si les Anglois
Cromwell Orange party
 ou 130 soyent veritablement enclins à la paix. Les 145 and
royalists Cromwell
 146 icy soustiennent fort et ferme, que 130 affecte le droit
Scotland queen of Sweden
 de 138. L'on en raille, disant que l'effigie de 141 pend en
Cromwell
 sa chambre : que la femme de 130 en soit jaloux ; auroit dit
Cromwell
 130 voudroit bien, que je fusse morte ; cars alors aussy tost il
queen of Sweden
 espousera cette 141."

A NEW BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF COCK-LORRELL.

Will you hear a strange thing ne'er heard of before,
 A ballad without any lies ;
 A parliament that is turn'd out of door,
 And a council of state likewise.

*Brave Oliver came to the house like a sprite,
 His fiery look struck the speaker dumb :*
 " You must be gone hence," quoth he, " by this light
 Do y' intend to sit here till doomsday come ? "

With that the speaker look'd pale for fear,
 As if he had been with the night-mare rid,
 In so much that some did think that were there
 That he ev'n did as the alderman did.

But Oliver, though he be doctor of law,
 Yet seem'd to play the physician here,
 Whose physick so wrought in the speaker's maw,
 That it gave him a stool instead of his chair.

Sir Arthur thought Oliver wond'rous bold,
I mean that knight that was one of the five,
For he was loth to loose his freehold ;
But needs must he go whom the Devil doth drive.

And gone he is for the north country,
In hope thereabout to make some stir ;
But in the mean time pray take it from me,
Brave Arthur must yield to brave Oliver.

Harry Martin wonder'd to see such a thing
Done by a knight of such high degree,
An art which he couldn't expect from a king,
Much less from such a John Dorie as he.

But Oliver, laying his hand on his sword,
Upbraided him with his adultery,
Then Martin gave him never a word,
But humbly thank'd *his majesty*.

Allen the coppersmith was in great fear,
He did us much harm since the war begun,
A broken cit was he many a year,
And now he's a broken parliament-man.

Bold Oliver told him what he had been,
And him a cheating knave did call,
Which put him into a fit of the spleen,
For now he must give an account for all.

It went to the heart of sir Harry Vane,
To think what a terrible fall he should have,
For he that did once in the parliament reign
Was call'd, as I hear, a dissembling knave.

Bradshaw, that president, bold as a pope,
Who loves upon kings and princes to trample ;
Now the house is dissolv'd, I cannot but hope
To see such a president made an example.

Now room for the speaker without the mace,
 And room for the rest of the rabble rout !
 My masters, methinks it's a pitiful case,
 Like the snuff of a candle thus to go out.

Some like this change, and some like it not ;
 For they say they are sure it was done in due season :
 Some say it was the jesuits' plot,
 Because it resembled the gun-powder treason.

*Some think that Cromwell with Charles is agreed,
 And say 'twere good policy if it were so,
 Least the Hollander, French, the Dane, and the Swede,
 Do bring him in whether he will or no.*

And now I would gladly conclude my song
 With a prayer, as ballads are wont to do ;
 But yet I'll forbear, for *I think ere long
 We may have a king and a parliament too.*

July 18. 1658.



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W
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