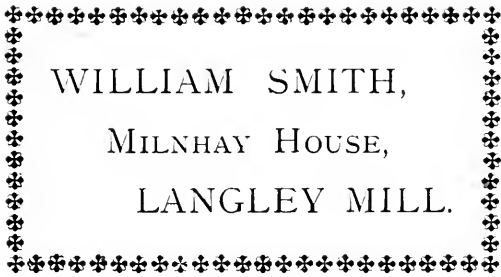


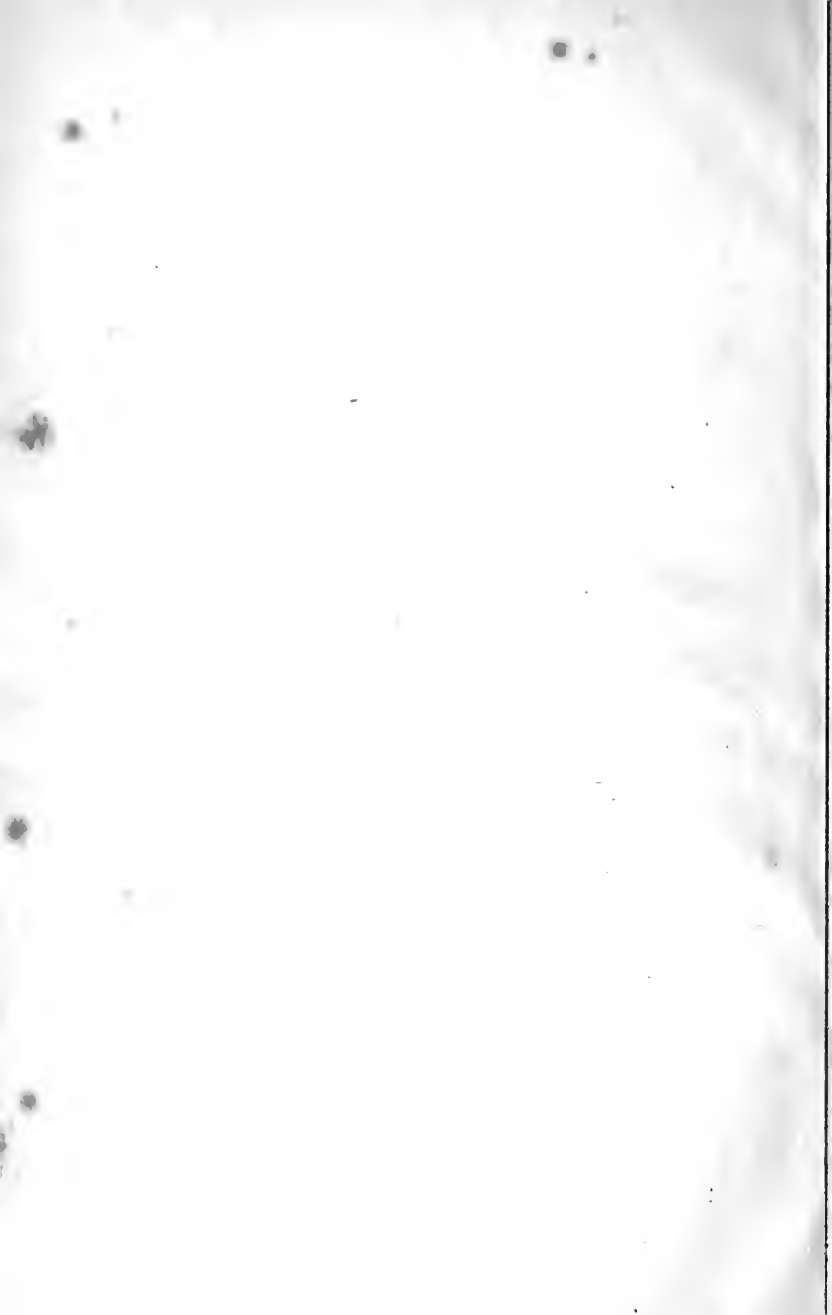


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MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF THE

PURITAN TIMES.

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MEMORABLE WOMEN

OF THE

PURITAN TIMES.

BY THE

REV. JAMES ANDERSON,

AUTHOR OF "LADIES OF THE REFORMATION," "LADIES OF THE COVENANT," &c.

VOLUME I.



LONDON:

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PREFACE.

THE Puritan Times embrace the most interesting and instructive period in the annals of English History. Prolific in characters distinguished by great intellectual powers, combined with apostolic simplicity and piety, though shaded by some deformities, and detailing struggles for civil and religious liberty in opposition to arbitrary power, which rank amongst the most patriotic and heroic ever witnessed, and which have left unmistakeable traces of the Puritan type on the English character, and on English institutions; the history of those times must ever engage the attention, and be fraught with the lessons of wisdom. To this inviting field the author has turned his inquiries; and he hopes that the result, in this series of female biographies, embracing the lives of women belonging to or connected with the Puritan party in the seventeenth century, may not be unworthy of the public approval.

The most of the eminent women commemorated in these volumes may be considered as historical characters. They may not have acted any very conspicuous part in the public transactions of their time, or have given to it its mould and importance; but they stood closely connected by relationship or otherwise with the master spirits and prime actors. Yet the incidents of their lives relate rather to the domestic, than to public events; for even when public history is touched upon, it is generally as intermingled with or bearing

upon domestic scenes. The lives of some of these female characters are well known, and they will probably never cease to retain a place in the pages of English History and Biography. With the lives of others of them most readers are less familiar; but as their lives notwithstanding possess elements of biographical or historical interest, it may not be deemed a task altogether unprofitable to have expended some time and labour in gathering together from widely scattered sources these memorials of the past.

These women, though all of them were in one way or other connected with the Puritan party, differed in their ecclesiastical sentiments. One of them, Mrs. Dyer, was a Quakeress, and her story is told because it illustrates a dark feature of the Puritan times, on which it would serve no good purpose to attempt to draw a veil. One of the daughters of Cromwell, the political hero of Puritanism, Mrs. Ireton, was pre-eminently Puritan in sentiment. Her sisters, though educated in the same creed, and always friendly to the Puritans, were less zealous and decided on ecclesiastical questions. Some of these female worthies were Baptists, as Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson, Mrs. Bunyan, Agnes Beaumont, Mrs. Gaunt, and Hannah Hewling. These therefore belonged rather to what were called the Sectaries, than to the Puritans proper; but though these two parties were antagonistic to each other on questions connected with baptism, and in regard to the constitution of the English church as established by the state, yet comprehensively considered in the leading object aimed at by both, the purification of the Church of Christ, they in reality formed one great party; and so they are frequently viewed by historians. Bunyan is

contemplated more as the Puritan than as the Baptist. Lady Russell was a member of the Church of England, and seems never to have turned her attention to the questions of Puritanism. But her husband's politics and her own were the politics of the Puritans, the undoubted fathers of English liberty; and the struggle against arbitrary power in which he fell was just the struggle to which the Puritans had given the first impulse, and which they had vigorously and perseveringly maintained. Her life, then, which is closely interwoven with that of Lord Russell's, is a touching episode in the history of civil and religious liberty in England.

In making collections for this undertaking, the author, besides consulting such works as are more readily accessible, has had recourse to rarer sources of information. He has derived materials from some scarce printed books, and from manuscripts of the period, deposited in the British Museum. The State Paper Office has supplied him with a few biographical documents; but as the indices to these papers only come down to the middle of the year 1629, it was impossible for him, when the indices failed him, to make use of such a vast collection of manuscripts, without a tedious and protracted course of research. He has gleaned some things, not to be found elsewhere, from Dr. Williams's library, Red Cross Street, London, which is rich in pamphlets of the Puritan times, and contains some manuscripts illustrative of their history. Richard Baxter's correspondence, forming six manuscript volumes in folio, which is preserved in that library, rather disappoints the historical inquirer. It throws little light on the history of the period, relating almost wholly to the controversies, religious and ecclesiastical, then agitated. A valu-

able volume on these controversies might however be gathered from these letters, if edited with judgment and care. Of the various sources of information now referred to, the author has availed himself, so far as the limited space of a work embracing so many subjects of inquiry would admit.

From the title of these volumes it might, perhaps, be expected that they would abound in the controversial, which they do not. Some of these women would, indeed, not have hesitated to break a lance with an opponent; and they will be found to express themselves plainly, sometimes strongly, on the disputed points. But this has not drawn the author into the arena of debate on the questions contested between the Puritans and the Established Church; for his aim has been, whether he has succeeded or not, to produce a work in some degree interesting and useful, without provoking controversy. The history of most of the female characters which here pass under review, is quite innocent of any such tendency. It would be a mistake to suppose that they were a sort of ecclesiastical Amazons. Though the age in which they lived was an age of disputation, on almost every question of religion and of church polity, they were far from being inclined to controversy. They confessed their sentiments, and indicated the direction of their sympathies, by the ecclesiastical position which they assumed, and which some of them maintained in the face of persecution, taking the form of scorn, imprisonment, banishment, and even death; but they were not addicted to wrangling, contenting themselves with the arguments of godly living and good works.

EDINBURGH, *October*, 1861.

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W O M E N

OF

THE PURITAN TIMES.

INTRODUCTION.

THE period embraced in these Lives extends from the reign of James I. to somewhat beyond the Revolution. In the reign of that monarch Puritanism was a powerful element; and it exerted then and afterwards a most important influence, both religious and political, on England, disseminating principles which wrought out, steadily and surely, despite oppression and persecution, English liberty. How did this element, so powerful and so salutary in its operation, arise? This is an inquiry not unworthy of attention; and we shall begin the miscellaneous observations in this Introduction with briefly tracing the origin of Puritanism in England.

The English Reformation, had its earliest and most earnest disciples been left to the free exercise of their own judgment, uncontrolled or uninterfered with by the state, would from the first have been cast into the form which Puritanism aimed to give it. John Wickliffe and his disciples, Tyndale, Bilney, Fryth, Barnes, Bayfield, and others, would have given it that form. It was the resistance of the state alone which prevented the puritanical element from speedily acquiring the ascendancy, and moulding after its own fashion the reformed Church of England, even as the Reformation of the sixteenth century produced, in those countries where the state left it to its own free action, a much more radical

change in ecclesiastical worship and government, than it did in those countries where the state controlled or took entirely into its own hands the organization of the resuscitated church.

The persecution under Henry VIII., upon the passing of the bloody act of the Six Articles, contributed to diffuse among the English reformers the puritanical¹ opinions, though as yet those who adopted them do not appear as a distinct and defined party. During the reign of that monarch, some of the leading reformers, as Coverdale, Hooper, and others, to escape persecution fled to the Continent; and in Switzerland, where they more particularly sojourned, they imbibed, or were confirmed in, the sentiments held by the Swiss churches on questions of ecclesiastical polity. Returning to England after the accession of Edward VI., while actively co-operating with other reformers in establishing the Reformation, they were anxious for a more radical change in the polity and worship of the English church than had been effected, and only yielded to the retention of the forms of worship and various ceremonies then established, in the hope of their being afterwards able to accomplish a more radical reformation. This is expressly stated in the preface to King Edward's Liturgy. The opposition made by Hooper to his wearing the habits at his consecration, and the controversy between him and the other bishops on that point, was just the rudimental form of the vestiarian contest which agitated the Church of England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The principle upon which he objected to the vestments was an anti-popish one. "The essence of Popery," says Arnold, "is priesthood, and the mystic virtue

¹ In using this term at this early period we commit an anachronism. The word "puritan," the import of which is sufficiently obvious, did not come into use until after the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, and it was employed by way of reproach. Baxter informs us that in his time it was applied to all, whether conformists or nonconformists, who showed any concern about religion.

of ritual acts done by a priesthood."¹ Hooper, and others like-minded, opposed the surplice, because they regarded it as inseparably connected with the notion of a sacrificial priesthood. Their opponents, who rejected equally with them a sacrificial priesthood, denied that the connection between the two was inseparable, though it had long been accidental.

The persecution under Mary, Henry VIII.'s daughter, had the effect of still more extending among the disciples of the English Reformation the puritanical opinions, and it is now that those who held these opinions appear as a distinct party. Great numbers, to escape the stake, sought shelter on foreign shores, especially in Germany and Switzerland, where they formed themselves into churches in various places, as at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Worms, Emden, Wesel, Basle, Zürich, Berne, Lausanne, Araw, Strasburg, and Geneva. From the Reformed churches, where they passed their exile, they received much sympathy and hospitality, of which they ever after retained a grateful remembrance; and holding much intercourse with foreign Reformed ministers, especially with those of the Swiss cantons, and witnessing the simple forms of worship and discipline established in these Reformed churches, some of them acquired for the first time, and others were strengthened in a predilection for their simpler ritual, in preference to that which existed in the English church, even in the days of Edward VI.

On this very point a painful contention arose and raged among the English exile Protestants at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. Some of them contended that Edward's Common Prayer Book, or Liturgy, ought to be in all respects followed in public worship. Others, while approving the retention of the prayers, the Scripture lessons, and the form of the administration of baptism and the eucharist, objected to the wearing of the surplice by the minister, the use of the

¹ Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, vol. ii. p. 265.

Litany, the audible responses of the congregation, and kneeling at the eucharist. From the violence of the strife, this latter party left their brethren at Frankfort, and went, some of them with Foxe to Basle, others to Geneva,¹ where they established an English Protestant church, after the model of the native church in that city, of which the celebrated John Calvin was pastor. This controversy unhappily got in among their brethren at home, even before the reign of Mary was brought to a close, some avowing themselves for Geneva, others for Frankfort, when they were yet in the very midst of the fires of persecution.²

After the return of the Protestant exiles to England, upon the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the throne, the puritan battle, of which a miniature specimen had been exhibited at Frankfort, commenced in good earnest on a much wider field. So strong had the puritan party then become that, in the famous convocation of the Lower House, in the year 1562, they constituted the majority of those present, though they were out-voted by proxies on the other side. In that assembly they strenuously contended for the abrogation of vestments, copes, surplices, and organs in divine worship; against lay baptism, and the sign of the cross in baptism; and as to kneeling at the Lord's Supper, they urged that it should be left indifferent to the determination of the ordinary.³ The divines on the other side held fast by King Edward VI.'s Liturgy, and fortified their position from the venerated names of Cranmer, Ridley, and others, by whom it had been framed, and who had sealed the Reformation with their blood.

So strong and respectable was the party favourable to the establishment in England of the simple ecclesiastical polity

¹ This shows that they held these opinions before going to Geneva, and did not therefore acquire them by their residence there.

² Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*.

³ Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part i. p. 488, 500-504.

and worship which existed in the Reformed churches in Geneva, Switzerland, and some parts of Germany, that had it not been for Queen Elizabeth, the sentiments of this party would have been acted upon when Protestantism was re-established after her accession to the throne.

Many who were elevated to the highest ecclesiastical dignities held these sentiments. Grindal, Horn, Sandys, Jewel, Parkhurst, and Bentham, who were raised to bishoprics, had been exiles during the Marian persecution; and such was the influence produced by their sojourn among the Reformed churches abroad upon their views of ecclesiastical polity, that on their return to England they endeavoured to move the government to abrogate the habits and ceremonies. Finding this to be impossible, from the queen's inflexible purpose to maintain them, they had at first some doubts whether they should enter into their functions, but after consultation, they unanimously came to the conclusion that it would not be right for them to resign their places, which in that event might be filled up with Papists, on account of some rites which, though desirous to see them removed, they did not consider to be sinful in themselves, the more especially as the doctrines of the gospel remained pure and uncorrupted.¹

Others of the exiles, including men of great learning and excellence of character, refused to submit to the habits and ceremonies. Among these were Miles Coverdale (the translator of the Bible), John Foxe (the martyrologist), Laurence Humphrey, Christopher Goodman, Anthony Gilby, William Whittingham, Thomas Lever, Thomas Sampson, and Percival Wiburn. Their hostility to the habits prevented all these persons from obtaining the high ecclesiastical preferments to which, from their abilities and reputation, they would otherwise have been elevated. And those of them, as well as

¹ Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part i. p. 263.—*Zürich Letters*, 2d Series, vol. i. p. 84.

others, who enjoyed benefices in the church were, for their disobedience to the laws enjoining the vestments, deprived of their livings, and some of them thrown into prison by sentences of the ecclesiastical commission. Few however of the nonconformists, even when thus persecuted, and none of those whom we have named,¹ approved of separating from the Established church, and of joining with the party of ministers and people—a small party in those days—who separated from her. They never attended the religious assemblies of the separatists, and they declined even occasionally to preach to them, continuing in the church, and occupying themselves as itinerant preachers, lecturers, or chaplains, as they had opportunity.²

Queen Elizabeth was the uncompromising enemy of Puritanism; and it was her purpose rigidly to enforce uniformity. Her most eminent ministers of state, Lord Burghley, the Earl of Leicester, the Earl of Bedford, Sir Francis Knollyes, and Sir Francis Walsingham, were sincere friends to the Puritans. Hostile to all persecution for mere religious opinions, they were altogether averse to the rigour with which the party was treated; and Burghley was stimulated by Lady Burghley, and her sisters Lady Bacon and Lady Russell, who were daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, a noted Puritan, to interpose, to prevent her majesty from proceeding to extremes against them.³ He did so; but Elizabeth was too self-willed to yield to the force of his arguments, and she continued to persecute the Puritans, confiscating their goods, throwing them into prison, and, in a few instances, even shedding their blood.

Passing over the reign of James I., let us come to that period in the reign of his son, Charles I., when many of the

¹ See Index to Strype's works. The names referred to.

² The fullest and most authentic information on the subject of the preceding pages is to be found in the *Zürich Letters*.

³ See Appendix, No. I.

English Puritans, both ministers and people, from the severity of the persecution against their party, sought in the wilderness of America the religious liberty they were not permitted to enjoy in their native country. Four sketches in this work consist of the lives of women who on this account sought a peaceable settlement in the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in America. It may therefore be proper to take a general view of the circumstances connected with the early history of that colony.

The first puritan emigration to America was that formed by the noble band of English pilgrims, who, after having lived seven years exiles in Holland, embarked in the vessel called the *May Flower*, attended by their minister, Mr. Robinson, and landed in November, 1620, on the desolate coasts of Plymouth, where they settled down.¹

The next puritan settlement was that of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, which was established under the authority and patronage of the Company of the Massachusetts Bay in England. The original object of that company was to found a plantation for commercial enterprise; but to this another object more disinterested and patriotic was afterwards joined, namely, the providing an asylum for persecuted nonconformists. This design, it would appear, first suggested itself to the mind of an excellent minister in England, Mr. White of Dorchester, and it met with greater favour than he could have anticipated. At last, in the year 1627-8, the company procured a patent from his majesty for planting a colony between the Massachusetts Bay and Charles River on the south, and the river of Merrimack on the north, and three miles on either side of these rivers and that bay; as also for the government of all who inhabited, or who should inhabit those parts.²

In the same year the *first* body of emigrants sent out by

¹ Their landing has been celebrated by Mrs. Hemans, in one of the most beautiful effusions which have proceeded from her elegant pen.

² The royal charter is dated March 4, 1627-8.

the company under this charter left England. They consisted of about sixty individuals, under the conduct of John Endicott, to whom all the affairs of the colony were committed. They established themselves at Naumbeak, or Salem, in September, 1628, and together with the earlier English adventurers, called in the records of the time "old planters," who had previously settled there for the sake of fishing, made up a body of 100 souls.¹ The *second* band of emigrants, consisting of about 200 persons,² with cows, goats, and horses, embarked in five vessels in April and May, 1629, and were accompanied by four ministers, namely, Francis Higginson, Samuel Skelton, Francis Bright, and Ralph Smith. They arrived at Cape Anne, June 27, 1629, and at Naumbeak, or Salem, on the 29th. The old and new planters together now amounted to about 300, of whom 100 removed to Charlestown, while the rest remained at Salem.

At first it was intended that only the servants, not the members of the company themselves, should remove with their families to found the plantation in Massachusetts Bay; and on this principle the two first emigrations were conducted. But the arbitrary and oppressive measures of the English government against nonconformists becoming daily more intolerable, Mr. White proposed that some of the leading members of the company should permanently go out with their families, not only for commercial enterprise, but also for the purpose of more effectually establishing the colony as a sanctuary for nonconformists. This resulted in the *third* Massachusetts emigration, headed by John Winthrop, which was more important than the previous emigrations, both in respect to the number and the quality of the emigrants, who consisted of persons of education, of large landed estates, and of good family connections. Some of them were allied by mar-

¹ Dudley's letter to the Countess of Lincoln, printed in Young's *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay*.

² White and Dudley say 300, but Higginson says about 200.

riage to the aristocracy, and some of them, as Winthrop, were among the principal gentry of the county of Suffolk—the county to which all these emigrants belonged; while the divines were men of acknowledged abilities and learning in the mother country—university graduates—Cambridge, we believe, having been the university at which all of them had studied.

Winthrop carried with him the royal charter which sanctioned the existence of the colony, secured its rights, and authorized the government to be administered within the territory. He and a part of his fleet arrived at Salem, June 12, 1630, and the other vessels in succession soon landed in safety.¹ This large accession gave to the colony, the success of which was previously doubtful, a permanent footing, and its settlement may therefore be regarded as the true date of the colonization of Massachusetts Bay.

The intolerance of the New England puritan fathers has often formed to their enemies a favourite and fertile topic of reproachful declamation. They had gone to the wilderness of America to plant the tree of liberty, and to repose beneath its peaceful shadow, and while the tree was yet young and putting forth its tender leaves, these leaves were stained with blood. They complained that their adversaries in Old England, instead of trying to convince their judgments by arguments, had recourse to violence to produce a forced uniformity; and yet when placed themselves at the helm of rule in New England, untaught and unchecked by their own experience, they practised the same intolerance on dissenters from their own creed. Their treatment of Mrs. Hutchinson, Mrs. Dyer, and others, has often been adduced to show how little, notwithstanding all that they had suffered for conscience' sake, they had learned to respect conscientious convictions when different from their own.

From this censure we do not attempt to vindicate or to

¹ Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*, p. 9-12.

exculpate the pilgrim fathers. But in forming our judgment as to their intolerance, the stand-point from which we are to look at them is their own age and circumstances, not ours. Looking at them from the stand-point of this nineteenth century, and demanding that they should have acted from an enlightened spirit of toleration, we are in danger of judging them too severely; but looking at them from their own position, though we cannot free them from all blame, we will yet find some things which may reasonably mitigate the severity of our condemnation. Let us then try to judge of them as to this matter by the standard of their own age and circumstances.

In the first place, intolerance was the prevailing characteristic of the age in which they lived. The principles of toleration were not then generally either understood or acted upon; and though the pilgrim fathers went beyond their age in many things, they did not, even as the greatest men do not, go beyond their age in all things, or to the farthest point of human improvement even in those things in which they went beyond it. As to the principles of toleration, they did not understand them better than others. While the desire to enjoy liberty of conscience impelled them to emigrate to the American wilderness, they never thought of generalizing this principle, and extending it to others holding a creed different from theirs. They were betrayed into the error that idolatry and heresy ought to be punished by the civil magistrate, from various causes, one of the principal of which was their believing that the judicial law of Moses is binding on Christian states. Entertaining this view, they recoiled from the policy of tolerating all sorts of opinions in religion in their infant colony, as what would involve them in the guilt of indifference or hostility to the truth.

Secondly, by their emigration they proposed to form simply an asylum for themselves, and those who were of the same religious sentiments, from the tyrannical oppression to

which for their nonconformity they were exposed in England. Their object was not to found a settlement consisting of a heterogeneous confederation of men and women, of all sorts of wild opinions in religion. They regarded themselves in their territory as resembling a family household; and sectaries, they argued, could no more claim a right of admission into, or of continuance in it, than all and sundry can claim a right to be admitted into, or to continue in, a private house. On this principle they attempted, and others have attempted, to rest a vindication for them. But here there are some obvious fallacies. First, granting that these colonists had been a family household, this would not have sanctioned the enforcement of religious uniformity by pains and penalties. The relation which subsists between man and God is prior to the nearest earthly relation—prior to that between father and child, not less than to that between magistrates and subjects, and therefore even a father cannot lawfully bring force to bear against the religious convictions of his child. But, secondly, these colonists *cannot* be regarded in the light of a private house or family. They were undoubtedly an infant commonwealth; they had a regular civil government organized. When, therefore, they inflicted violence on any peaceable member in the community, simply for exercising his private judgment in matters of religion, they were as really persecutors as was the government of Charles I.

Again, they were fortified in the intolerant course they adopted by the dread, not indeed altogether unfounded, of discord and anarchy, and even ruin to the infant colony, from the agitations created by differences of religious sentiment in the then excited state of men's minds on questions of religion. In their circumstances, it seemed to them a wise and necessary policy to keep the doors of the colony shut against the entrance of the numerous visionaries and sectaries, of which England was then so prolific, and if such by any chance found entrance, to expel them as speedily as possible.

Their idea of having only one sheepfold, even as there is but one Shepherd—one organized body of believers in Christ, one undivided holy catholic kingdom, was a beautiful idea in theory, and it may one day be realized on the earth; but the attempt to realize it in any other way than by arguments addressed to the understanding must ever fail.

Their persecution of the Quakers, many of whom they imprisoned and whipped, and some of whom they executed on the scaffold, has brought down upon the pilgrim fathers the greatest severity of censure. Without attempting to vindicate that persecution, it must, in fairness to the New England Puritans, be noticed, that many of the Quakers, by whom the colony was at that time infested, were very different in temper and conduct from the very respectable, peaceable, and orderly sect of this name in the present day. Some of them riotously disturbed the public religious assemblies: others openly insulted the magistrates and ministers in passing through the streets. One carried his fanaticism so far, that he was about to sacrifice his son in imitation of Abraham, when the neighbours, hearing the cries of the boy, broke open the doors, and rescued the all but immolated victim. A female, forgetting the modesty of her sex, shocked the moral sense of the community by running naked through the streets, as a sign of the spiritual nakedness of the people.¹ Demonstrations like these deserved to be punished by the civil magistrate, just as they would be punished by him in the present day. Or supposing the parties who acted thus were insane—that their heads had been turned by the frenzy of religious delusion—the best course would have been to have put them under safe keeping in a madhouse. It ought, however, in justice to the Quakers to be observed, that all who professed their principles did not befool or disgrace themselves in the manner now described, or approve of turbulent, disorderly, and indecent exhibitions.

¹ Hutchinson's *History of Massachusetts*, vol. i. p. 180-189.

To return to England. After the puritan emigration to the New World in 1629, the persecution against the nonconformists in England increased in severity. Under the direction of Archbishop Laud, an austere, arbitrary, and unrelenting prelate, great numbers were prosecuted before the High Commission and Star Chamber for nonconformity, or for opposing his attempts to introduce popish or semi-popish innovations into the worship of the church, and Arminianism into her doctrine, and were treated with great rigour and barbarity. Suspension, deposition, excommunication, the imposition of fines, the pillory, burning the cheeks with a red-hot iron, nose-slitting, ear-cropping, and rigorous imprisonment, were the means by which he sought to silence opposition and compel conformity. But all was in vain. These atrocious proceedings, so far from crushing Puritanism, only strengthened that powerful puritanical current on the side of civil and religious liberty which had been setting in among the English people. They drove into the ranks of the Puritans multitudes who otherwise would never have joined them; and by degrees Puritanism, from possessing so little influence as to be unable, though a respectable body, to protect itself from fierce persecution, acquired political power too formidable for the monarch successfully to resist.

Charles I., to his own ruin, did not understand the nature of the crisis to which political affairs had arrived in England: he could not read, in the events which were passing in the kingdom, and in the spirit which was abroad, the line of administration which policy, not less than justice, dictated. Had he treated the Puritans with leniency, and kept on good terms with his parliament, yielding to their not unreasonable demands, all would have gone on quite prosperously with him, and his power, if not absolute, would have been as great as might have well contented him. But instead of doing this, guided by the counsels of Laud and Strafford, he unrelentingly oppressed and persecuted the Puritans, en-

deavoured to govern without a parliament, and when he assembled one, obstinately refused to make any concession. To render his own destruction all the more certain, he threw away his character for veracity by his systematic duplicity, as if the Machiavellian maxim, "Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare," had been the cardinal rule of his government.

The parliament, commonly called the Long Parliament, which Charles's pecuniary difficulties forced him to summon, sat down November 3, 1640. The great majority of its members, favouring the puritanical opinions, were hostile at once to the arbitrary power of the monarch, and to the Arminian doctrines and the papistical ritual innovations introduced by Laud. They were therefore disposed vigorously to maintain the liberties and privileges of the kingdom, and to purge the church of superstitious innovations. A complete misunderstanding soon arose between Charles and the parliament, and the unhappy consequence was a civil war, ending in the tragic execution of the sovereign and in the overthrow of the monarchy.

In the great conflict between the king and the parliament, the women are celebrated for the ardour and courage which they displayed on both sides. On the royalist side, Blanche, Lady Arundel (May, 1643), in the absence of her husband, bravely defended Wardour Castle for nine days with only twenty-five fighting men, against a parliamentary force amounting to 1300, and then surrendered upon honourable terms.¹ On the same side, Charlotte de la Tremouille, the Countess of Derby, a Frenchwoman, and a descendant of the illustrious William, Prince of Orange, made a gallant defence of Latham House for eighteen weeks (1644), when, to escape from Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby, who were coming to relieve the countess, the assailants raised the siege.² The

¹ Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. i. p. 271-282.

² The *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 81-93.—Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, vol. ii. p. 437, &c.—Rushworth's *Hist. Coll.*, vol. v. p. 623.—Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 365.—Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 379.

heroism of these women has obtained a lasting place on the page of English history.

On the side of the parliament were also engaged female courage and devotion worthy of lasting commemoration. A numerous body of women of the middle class, headed by Ann Stagg, a brewer's wife, went to the door of the House of Commons, and in a petition which they presented, thus expressed their zeal:—"It may be thought strange and unbecoming our sex to show ourselves here, bearing a petition to this honourable assembly; but Christ purchased us at as dear a rate as he did men, and therefore requireth the same obedience for the same mercy as of men: we are sharers in the public calamities." They were courteously received, and Pym graciously said to them, "Repair to your houses, we entreat, and turn your petitions into prayers at home for us."

The women did more than help the parliament with their prayers. They materially assisted in enabling the parliament to meet the vast expenses of the war. The wealthier of them contributed their jewels and ornaments, while the poorer brought in their silver thimbles, bodkins, and spoons; in scoffing allusion to which, the cavaliers called the parliamentary army "the thimble and bodkin army."¹ Women watched and defended the ports of the cities; and many of them, even ladies of rank, in places which were besieged by the royalist troops, not only animated by their courage the defenders, but wrought at the defences with their own hands. Lady Harley defended Brampton Castle against the cavalier troops with not less intrepid valour and admirable skill than had been displayed by Lady Arundel and the Countess of Derby.

The devotion of the women to the cause of the parliament is thus commemorated by Butler in his *Hudibras*:—

¹ Oldmixon's *History of England*, vol. i. p. 209.

“Women, who were our first apostles,
 Without whose aid w’ had all been lost else;
 Women, that left no stone unturned
 In which the cause might be concerned;
 Brought in their children’s spoons and whistles,
 To purchase swords, carbines, and pistols.

What have they done, or what left undone,
 That might advance the cause at London?
 Marched rank and file, with drum and ensign,
 T’ intrench the city for defence in:
 Raised rampires with their own soft hands,
 To put the enemy to stands;
 From ladies down to oyster-wenches
 Laboured like pioneers in trenches,
 Fell to their pick-axes and tools,
 And helped the men to dig like moles?”¹

At last Charles was seized by the army; tried for high treason before a high court of justice appointed for the purpose, and condemned to be beheaded as a traitor. The sentence was executed three days after it was pronounced, namely, on the 30th of January, 1648-9, on a scaffold raised in the street, near the windows of the Banqueting House at Whitehall.

Upon the fall of the monarchy, a Commonwealth was erected, the House of Lords being annulled. But when a monarchy is overthrown, there is a great tendency to its falling under the dictatorship of some military chieftain, who has popularity, address, and ambition to usurp the supreme power. Such was the termination of the English Commonwealth. Oliver Cromwell, to whose daughters the reader is introduced in these Memoirs, became its military dictator. In him Puritanism held the reins of government, and Puritanism is the key by which to explain the character both of the man and of his administration.

Cromwell was appointed by the Commonwealth Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and he rapidly subdued that kingdom.

¹ *Hudibras*, vol. i. p. 233, 234

He was next elevated to the chief command of the forces of the Commonwealth, and in this capacity he rapidly conquered Scotland.

In making these conquests he gave proof of military abilities unequalled in his day; and with his military genius mingled the religious enthusiasm characteristic of the age and of the man. But he was no hair-brained enthusiast. His religious enthusiasm was never inconsistent with practical sagacity; and it was ever combined, in military as well as in civil affairs, with vigorous action. While he had a firm belief that in "the day of battle" God went forth at the head of his armies, that the "battle was the Lord's," and that his enemies could not stand before him, this belief only nerved him to greater daring and energy in the conflict. On the verge of an engagement, his war-shout was, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;" and his unconquerable Ironsides, catching the enthusiastic war-cry, and as confident as himself of the help of "the Lord, mighty in battle," fought, under the inspiration of this confidence, with an intrepidity and resolution that carried all before them.

His pre-eminence as a general, and his standing at the head of the army, afforded him the opportunity of assuming the supreme authority. Taking advantage of his position, he assumed it, and was inaugurated Lord-protector of the kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, December 16, 1653. In thus taking into his hands the reins of government, he endeavoured to vindicate himself by maintaining that his motive was a patriotic concern for the well-being of his country, which otherwise would have been torn to pieces by anarchy and faction. This may be admitted to be partly true; but with this was combined another, and perhaps even a more powerfully impelling motive, ambition, prompting him to follow "the good old rule," the "simple plan,"

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

Cromwell's *forte* lay rather in watching, and skilfully taking advantage of circumstances favourable to his elevation, than in creating them. "There is a tide in the affairs of mortals, which taken at the full, leads on to fortune." Such was the maxim of policy upon which he acted. His was the skill and the power, not so much to encounter and stem the tide of human affairs, as to throw himself into the midst of the tide, to be carried along by the mighty current. There might be smaller opposing under-currents against which he had to beat his way forward; but he trusted to the great swell which carried him on with a rapidity and a certainty, bewildering to beholders and amazing to himself.

That Cromwell stood pre-eminent as a general and a statesman, has been very generally admitted. As to his Christian character there has been a greater difference of opinion. The anomalies in his character rendered it a subject difficult to scan by his contemporaries, and have bequeathed it as a puzzling problem to posterity. The Presbyterians in general, particularly the Scottish Presbyterians, who, from various causes, always regarded him with antipathy, and the royalists, we suppose to a man, believed him to be a hypocrite. They had no article in their creed more certain than that. After the Restoration, his character, from the odium thrown upon it by his enemies the royalists, and it being unsafe for his friends to vindicate it from unmerited censure, became enveloped in a thicker cloud of prejudice and doubt than ever. This cloud of prejudice long rested on his memory, and he continued to be considered and vilified as one of the worst, or at best as one of the most doubtful characters in the whole range of history. His speeches and letters, which have been recently collected and given to the public, many of them for the first time, have greatly contributed to dissipate this cloud of prejudice, and to produce a more generally favourable and just opinion of him, as a man as well as a ruler, than had previously been entertained. With the characteristic devotion

of a hero worshipper, Carlyle, in the running comment with which he accompanies these documents, while he has a fling occasionally at every other person or party of which he has occasion to speak, stands fast by his hero in every instance, as if acting on Lord Brougham's principle, that, as an advocate, he knows nobody but his client. These documents are, however, of much value, as bringing together a variety of materials, which greatly help in forming our judgment of Cromwell's character.

We would by no means take the religious strain pervading his letters by itself as a certain test or evidence that he was a religious man. A profession of piety may be assumed in religious letter-writing, just as in any other way, and therefore religious letters cannot by themselves afford a truly reliable picture of the mind or character of the writer. But Cromwell's letters make known to us much concerning the actions of his life, and from what we know of them from his letters and from other sources we can judge of, and make a discriminating use of the religious professions contained in his letters in forming an estimate of his character. Comparing the whole together, the conclusion to which we come is, that he was a man of piety, not a hypocrite.

It may not, indeed, be difficult to point out blemishes in his character, or to show that his career was not one of faultless piety and patriotism, partaking of none of the errors which, in circumstances like his, poor human nature is prone to fall into. Many may demur to accept as sufficient his own vindication for his subversion of the Commonwealth, which he had sworn to uphold, and for his assumption, not only of the supreme authority, but of absolute power, for the repression of which he and the parliament had drawn the sword, and made so great efforts and sacrifices against the late monarch. That he sometimes acted with dissimulation—that he dissembled even in matters of religion to gain his objects—it would not be difficult to prove. But still let

Cromwell be judged fairly. In regard to living men of worth, even the best, it will be wise for us to leave a considerable margin for human imperfections, otherwise in meeting with imperfections, where we unreasonably expected perfection, we will be in danger of allowing morbid feelings, amounting to or verging on misanthropy, to take the place of the feelings of charity and forbearance which every man ought to cultivate to his fellow-man, even as every man who knows himself must be convinced that he needs the same liberal indulgence. Let us extend this principle to Cromwell. Let us look at him as a man of like passions with ourselves, placed in circumstances of great difficulty and temptation, and let us make allowance for his position. Let us view his life as a whole, as it is placed before us in history, and if it is found, as in our judgment it will, that he was governed in his general conduct, and in the general administration of public affairs, by religious principles, evincing reverence for God, and a sincere desire to promote the public welfare, the conclusion to which we are led is, that in so far as man is able to judge, on a question as to which it is not in his power to arrive at absolute certainty, Cromwell's piety was genuine. It will not nullify this conclusion though there may have mingled with these principles, and though they may at times have been overborne by, ambitious, self-aggrandizing, or other unhallowed motives; in other words, though his actions may not have been always justifiable, or his motives or principles of action absolutely pure and disinterested, for whose are so?

Upon Cromwell's death, his eldest son Richard peaceably succeeded to the protectorate. But a reaction soon set in on the side of monarchy, and in their eagerness to get back the old state of things, men entirely disregarded the lessons of experience. Notwithstanding the vast expense of blood and treasure which the tyranny of Charles I. had cost the nation, his son was restored to power, unrestrained and

unchecked by conditions or limitations. When the parliament, which opened April 25, 1660, sent commissioners to him to Breda, to invite him to take possession of the throne of his ancestors, no condition was imposed for the limitation of his power. This may well excite our astonishment; but all was forgotten in the exuberance of a stupefactive and reckless loyalty.

Thus did the civil war fail to gain the great object for which it was undertaken—civil and religious liberty. The tyrannical monarch was indeed got rid of, and a commonwealth was established; but this was followed by a military despotism, which again was followed by the restoration of Charles II. to absolute power.

On the 26th of May, 1660, Charles II. landed at Dover; and at his arrival, and throughout his progress to London, such were the almost frantic demonstrations of joyful welcome, the brilliant pageantry, the ringing of bells, the roar of cannons, and the loud acclamations of the people rending the air, bonfires everywhere blazing and making the night almost as clear as day, that he jestingly said, "that he doubted it had been his own fault he had been absent so long, for he saw nobody that did not protest he had ever [always] wished for his return."¹

Charles II. unhappily had learned wisdom neither from the misfortunes of his family nor from his own. His restoration inaugurated only a new era of calamity to the country.

It was followed by a general corruption of manners. Himself a debauchee, the court became notoriously profligate; and the tide of profligacy passed with overwhelming force from the court down through all the orders of society. Vice, released from its former restraints, gratified itself with redoubled greediness; and infidelity, the natural offspring of vice, denied the verities of religion, and derided its most solemn sanctions. The grave manners and religious pro-

¹ Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*, vol. vii. p. 505.

fessions of the Commonwealth period were stigmatized as Puritanism and hypocrisy; and Cromwell was the arch, the monster hypocrite. Whoever professed religion was a pretender, a cheat, a deceiver; and a disregard of moral and religious obligation, in men ambitious of rising in the state, was the surest path to distinction or preferment. Talent too, venal and unprincipled, expended its energies in swelling the torrent of the general depravity. Licentious dramas issued from the press, and were acted upon the stage before crowded auditories.¹

The persecution of the Puritans also speedily followed the Restoration. At the instigation of the court, an act of uniformity was passed by both Houses of Parliament in May, 1662, requiring that every minister of the Church of England should, before the feast of St. Bartholomew, August 24, make certain compliances as the condition of his retaining his living.² By this act two thousand ministers who had all been zealous for the restoration of Charles II., and who were generally the most orthodox, learned, and devoted ministers of the church, were in one day ejected from their charges, and deprived of their benefices, because they could not conscientiously comply with its requirements. This inflicted a terrible blow on the puritan interest. That so large a number of ministers should voluntarily sacrifice their livings, with all their prospects of advancement in the church, and should expose themselves and their families to poverty, con-

¹ On the immorality of the literature of the Restoration, see *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lvii. p. 492, &c.

² This act required, among other things, that every minister should publicly profess before his congregation his assent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer as lately corrected; should subscribe a declaration to the effect that it is unlawful upon any pretence to take up arms against the king; should abjure the Solemn League and Covenant as unlawful; should receive episcopal ordination, if he had not previously received it; should take the oath of canonical obedience to his ordinary; and should engage to use no other form of prayer than that of the Common Prayer Book in public worship.

tempt, and persecution, rather than do violence to their consciences, presented, indeed, an example of self-immolating devotion to duty, honourable to the puritan character, and commendatory of the Christian faith. But the ejection of so many excellent ministers, and the filling of their places with ignorant, profane, scandalous, and erroneous men, was deeply injurious to the cause of religion at the time, and the melancholy effects are felt by the Church of England even at the present day. From this period the Puritans were called Nonconformists.

For nonconformity there was now no toleration. Acts against conventicles were passed, enforced by the penalties of fines, imprisonment, and banishment. No provision having been made for the ejected ministers, and the most of them having no resources of their own, they depended for support upon voluntary liberality; but the vast body of the people being poor—for England in those days was far from being the wealthy country it now is—and the contributions of the few rich being distributed among so many needy claimants, the privations of ministers and their families were often very great.¹ Persecution did its work. If, during the twenty-six years that followed the St. Bartholomew ejection before the day of deliverance at the Revolution arrived, it did not completely extinguish Puritanism and piety in England, it made immense progress in that direction, furnishing one example, among many others, in proof that the maxim, that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church, has not been universally verified.

Charles II. having no legitimate children, his brother James, Duke of York, was apparent heir to the throne. From the duke's well-known popish bigotry, and from his high notions of royal prerogative, great fears were entertained by many, that in the event of his succeeding to the

¹ Sylvester, *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*, part ii. p. 384; and part iii. p. 4, 104-106.—Calamy's *History of the Ejected Ministers*.

crown, he would subvert both the religion and liberties of the kingdom, by establishing Popery and dispensing with parliaments. So strong were these apprehensions, that to prevent his succession a bill to exclude him was introduced into the House of Commons in 1679, and passed that house by a majority of seventy-nine. In a new parliament which met the following year, a motion was made in the House of Commons on the 2d of November, for the appointment of a committee to draw up a bill to the same effect. This motion was seconded by Lord William Russell, one of the most popular and respected statesmen in the reign of Charles II., who had already for eight years supported or conducted the opposition against the court in the House of Commons; and having passed the House of Commons, it was carried up by that nobleman to the House of Lords. It was, however, thrown out by the lords.

The loss of this motion only increased the alarm of the friends of religion and liberty, and secret meetings were held by influential parties to deliberate on the perilous condition of public affairs, and on the propriety and practicability of an armed resistance to the government. There was, however, no plan matured for an insurrection. The whole amounted to little more than talk. Lord Russell was present at some of these meetings. A few unprincipled desperate characters among the conspirators—men who afterwards betrayed their associates—suggested in their discourse with each other the assassination of the king and the Duke of York; but this never became a concerted design, and the proposition was never even made to Lord Russell or any of the principal conspirators, by whom, it was known, that it would be rejected with abhorrence, as base, dishonourable, and cowardly. For this conspiracy, Lord Russell was arrested, tried, condemned, and executed. Great efforts were made to save his life; but he had incurred the unmitigated hatred of the government, and especially of the Duke of York, for the part he had taken in the exclusion bill.

Celebrated for his resistance to Popery and arbitrary power; the ornament of his party, from his many virtues; and closing his life by a tragic death, the name of this nobleman is embalmed in our country's annals among those illustrious names which are not soon forgotten, and which, deeply fixed in a nation's affections, have the power to thrill the heart as bright examples of all that is illustrious in virtue, piety, and patriotism. The story of his tragic fate is inseparably connected with the biography of his wife, which will engage our attention in the second volume of these Memoirs.

Charles II. died February 6, 1684-5. On the same day his brother James, Duke of York, was proclaimed successor. At the first meeting of his privy council James declared that he would make the law the rule of his government, and would preserve the established religion. He made a similar declaration to the parliament which met on the 19th of May, which, says Bishop Burnet, "gave great content, and the pulpits of England were full of it, and of thanksgiving for it." But James was a man entirely destitute of good faith. He soon gave proof of his determination to govern according to his own arbitrary will, in defiance of law and parliament.

Even during the reign of his brother the administration of justice, so important, when pure, to the well-being of a country, was so corrupt that the bench had become the unprincipled tool of the government. James might calculate on his being able to make it, if possible, still more so, the office of Lord Chief-justice of England being held by a man—the infamous George Jeffreys—who was a fit instrument for the most sanguinary work. Jeffreys' private character was bad. Addicted to hard drinking and its attendant vices in their most revolting excesses, he passed his nights, and even a great proportion of his days, in dissipation and debauchery; and from the strength of his constitution he was able to drink and smoke when all his boon companions were completely prostrate. In their wild orgies he was jovial, boister-

ous, and riotous beyond them all; and he was equalled or surpassed by few of them in a gift for the sort of social conversation indulged and delighted in by drunkards and debauchees, contributing his full share to the jest, the song, or the roaring laugh. From this peculiar gift, though not learned in his profession, having spent in carousing that time which ought to have been devoted to study, he acquired a reputation for talents, which, aided by his great natural activity and his pre-eminent impudence, gained him in those degenerate times speedy promotion. "In his capacity as a judge," he was, as Granger observes, "without exception, the worst that ever this, or perhaps any other nation was ever cursed with."¹ His appearance on the bench often betrayed the effects of the preceding night's potations. The insolence, brutality, and buffoonery with which he treated witnesses in the box and prisoners at the bar, and legal practitioners whom he disliked, and a certain barbarous joy which leered through his eyes in practising this insolence, brutality, and buffoonery, and on sentencing his victims to death and torture, bespoke his vulgar, savage, and unrelenting spirit. From this leer malign, and from the vast amount of the ferocious that seemed to predominate in his nature, he not inappropriately obtained the sobriquet of the Laughing Hyæna.

Soon after the accession of James II., took place the rebellion of James, Duke of Monmouth, a natural son of Charles II., by his mistress Lucy Walters. This rebellion, which Monmouth raised in the hope that the opponents of Popery and arbitrary power would rally round his standard and elevate him to the throne, being ill concerted and ill conducted, was speedily suppressed. On the 6th of July, 1685, he sustained a disastrous defeat at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, from the royalist troops under the command of the Earl of Feversham. Three or four days after, he was

¹ *Biog. Hist. of England.*

apprehended at Ringwood, and on the 15th of July, was beheaded on Tower-hill.

This was followed by a ruthlessness of rigour in avengement of the rebellion perfectly appalling.

Instruments were not wanting for the dreadful work. But the instrument most conspicuous for his unscrupulous inhumanity was Jeffreys. He began his bloody assize in the west against the Monmouth rebels, at Winchester, with Lady Lisle, whose trial we have detailed; and the terrible scenes, of which that was the commencement, are amongst the most horrifying tragedies to be found in the dark and blood-stained pages of history. By his cruelties he converted the west into an Aceldama, in which everywhere were to be seen gibbets filled with ghastly carcasses; trees, and the tops of houses and steeples, covered with mangled heads and limbs. The number whom he sent to the gallows was about six hundred, besides the many whom, on bare suspicion, he sentenced to transportation, and then to be sold for slaves. The most of the sufferers were persons of humble condition, but the injustice and cruelty were not on that account the less. These atrocious proceedings, which then filled, and have ever since filled all men's minds with horror, seemed to yield him a remorseless pleasure, and his thirst for blood seemed to increase with the number of his victims. Heart-broken widows, and mothers, and orphans, weeping over the untimely fate of their husbands, their children, or parents, were objects for which he had no commiseration.¹

No Lord Chief-justice of England ever so fearfully abused the high office he filled as Jeffreys; but he had the sanction or approbation of the sovereign for everything he did, and he fulfilled only the more completely the wishes of the sovereign the farther he went in abusing his power. Naturally cruel, James exulted in having a servant who did his work so much to his heart's content. A particular account of Jef-

¹ *New Martyrology, or Western Assize.*

freys' wholesale murders in the west was transmitted to him every day. This, when known, naturally created the belief that these barbarities were perpetrated, not only with his approbation, but by his orders. With evident satisfaction he related them in his drawing-room to foreign ministers, and at his table to his guests, jocularly calling the western assize "Jeffreys' campaign," to the horror of some at least who heard him; and upon Jeffreys' return he conferred upon him distinguished marks of favour, creating him a baron and peer of England,¹ and soon after lord-chancellor. But James had little cause in the end to exult in these severities, which stuck fast and long in men's hearts and memories. They alienated the hearts of the people from his person and government, inflamed their resentment, and ultimately contributed to the final overthrow of his power and his expulsion from the kingdom.

We cannot here enter into a detail of James's tyranny and oppression. His aim was to destroy the civil constitution and the Established church, and to supplant them by unmitigated despotism and Popery.

With this view he assumed a dispensing power—the power of acting entirely as he chose, in defiance of the law and of parliament, heedless of the calamities which he might entail upon his subjects. Had he succeeded in crushing all opposition to his arbitrary power and detestable measures, England would have been trodden down by a tyranny as relentless as that in any kingdom in Christendom, not excepting Spain and the Papal States. But the old spirit arose as in the days of his father, cutting short the course of his disastrous rule.

Being invited by many of the most influential persons, both in church and state, William, Prince of Orange, undertook to secure the Protestant religion, liberty, and property in England. For this enterprise William was pre-eminently

¹ Burnet's *Own Time*, vol. ii. p. 315.

qualified. He landed at Torbay on the 5th of November, 1688, and the hour of England's emancipation, and of her investiture with sound constitutional freedom, was about to strike.

The Stuarts were a fated race. They were incapable of learning wisdom by experience. They themselves, not others, were the authors of their own destruction. James II. saw, or might have seen, the yawning abyss in which his father was engulfed, and yet such was his fatuity, or rather infatuation, that he pursued exactly the same career. To him it was not equally fatal as to his father; but it for ever deprived him and his race of the British throne.

The Prince of Orange succeeded in his enterprise. The Revolution of 1688 was accomplished without bloodshed. Britain was rescued from slavery, arbitrary power, and Popery, and constitutional liberty was established. That was a great deliverance. It secured in the British constitution the great principle that the law is superior to the sovereign, in opposition to the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance; and it practically asserted the correlative principle that monarchs, when they carry the oppression of their subjects to a certain extent, may be rightfully driven from their thrones. To that great event, taken in connection with the Reformation of the sixteenth century, which had been long preparing her to make a right use of her freedom, Britain confessedly owes the renown she has earned as foremost among the nations in religion and liberty, in science and literature, in commerce and wealth. But it was not without great labour, and struggle, and self-sacrifice, patiently persevered in, generation after generation, that she attained this much wished for consummation. Like them that go down to the sea in ships, our forefathers had often to do business in great waters, and it was only through the most awful difficulties—through many a raging tempest, through heaving, mountainous billows, and fearful breakers, threat-

ening shipwreck and destruction, that they succeeded, by their untiring constancy and efforts, in bringing at last this goodly vessel in safety into the desired haven. How much do we owe to the memory of these men for all that they did and suffered to achieve a result so fraught with blessings, religious, political, and social, to posterity! And above all, how much do we owe to the Great Ruler of the world, who mercifully crowned with success and triumph their exertions, which otherwise would have met only with defeat and disaster!

MARY TRACEY,

WIFE OF HORATIO VERE, BARON OF TILBURY.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER PATRONAGE OF DR. JAMES USHER.

WE begin these Biographies with the life of the wife of an illustrious general, who flourished in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., and the mother-in-law of Lord Fairfax, the celebrated general of the parliamentary forces, whose military achievements, which constitute the annals of the civil war, have invested his name with a lasting fame.

MARY TRACEY was the daughter of Sir John Tracey of Toddington, in the county of Gloucester, knight, by his wife Anne, daughter to Sir Thomas Throckmorton of Corfecourt, knight. Her family on the father's side, which was ancient and honourable, derived its descent from the Saxon kings, and took the surname of Tracey from a maternal ancestor sprung from the Traceys, Barons of Barnstaple, in Devonshire, who in 1066 had accompanied William the Conqueror in his expedition to England, and were designated from the town of Traci in Normandy.

Mary, who was the youngest of fifteen children, was born May 18, 1581. She never knew the blessings of a mother's tenderness and care, her mother having died only three days after her birth; and when about eight years of age she

lost her father. Thus early was she left an orphan; but when bereaved of both her parents, so graciously had she been preserved and maintained in her infancy and early years, as well as in her subsequent life, by the providence of Him who is the Father of the fatherless, that she chose for her motto the words *God will provide*. This motto, so effectual as a means, when duly realized, for banishing distracting cares, and for producing calm trust in the providence of God in the most distressing outward circumstances, she wrote upon most of the books in her library.

When about nineteen years of age she was married to William Hobby, Esq., son of Sir William Hobby, privy-councillor to Henry VIII.,¹ and by him she had two sons, whom she brought up religiously, and who both died in youth.

After the death of Mr. Hobby, she married secondly Sir Horatio Vere, afterwards Baron of Tilbury, who had early adopted the military profession, and was one of the greatest generals of the age. Sir Horatio was the fourth and youngest son of Geoffrey de Vere, of Kirby Hall in Essex, third and youngest son of John de Vere, fifteenth Earl of Oxford. In the twentieth year of his age he accompanied the forces despatched by Queen Elizabeth at the end of the year 1585, under the command of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to assist the states of Holland against the Spaniards. He served in several actions with his brother Sir Francis, who was about twelve years his senior; and he is first mentioned as having especially distinguished himself at the taking of the seaport town Cadiz in 1596. For his skill and bravery on that occasion, he had conferred on him the honour of knighthood. In 1600 he added new laurels to his military fame by the victory gained at Newport over the Spaniards, whom, after his brother was wounded, he pursued with great slaughter. One of his most notable achievements was his gallant retreat

¹ Morant's *Hist. and Antiq. of Essex*, vol. ii. p. 235.

with 4000 troops under his command, when the Marquis of Spinola had, with three times that number, cooped them in against the sea-shore, so that their escape seemed to be impossible. Vere was, indeed, never defeated. On the death of his brother Sir Francis, who died August 28, 1609,¹ he was constituted commander-in-chief of the English forces in the Low Countries. He was afterwards made governor of the Brill, by letters-patent under the great seal of England. In May, 1616, he restored the Brill to the States by authority from the privy council of England, and got in exchange a pension of £1000 per annum, and the reversion of the mastership of the ordnance, which was then held by Lord Carew.² In 1625, the first year of the reign of Charles I., in reward for his distinguished merits and services he was elevated to the peerage, under the title of Lord Vere, Baron of Tilbury, in the county of Essex, by letters-patent bearing date July 25.³

Vere was a noble specimen of the Christian soldier. He was a good soldier of Jesus Christ, as well as valiant in fighting in the service of his country. Dr. Thomas Fuller, who personally knew him, thus describes him:—"Sir Horatio Vere had more meekness, and as much valour, as his brother; so pious that he first made his peace with God, before he went out to war with man. One of an excellent temper, it being true of him what is said of the Caspian Sea, that it doth never ebb nor flow, observing a constant tenour, neither elated with good success, nor depressed with the reverse of fortune. Had one seen him returning from a victory, he would, by his silence, have suspected that he had lost the day; and had he beheld him in a retreat, he would have collected him a conqueror by the cheerfulness of his spirit. No doubt but he was well prepared for death, seeing such was his vigilancy, that never any enemy surprised him in his

¹ MSS. State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. xlvii. nos. 81, 103.

² Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1611-1618, p. 363, 367, 370, 425.

³ *Biographia Britannica*.

quarters. Sir Francis, the elder brother, was more feared, Sir Horatio more loved by the soldiers."¹

The subject of this notice being similar in spirit to her husband—wise, religious, magnanimous, their union turned out in all respects a happy one. Each saw in the other much to honour and love. Archbishop Usher, in a letter to Lady Vere, written in the year 1628, thus expresses his high esteem for them both:—"The thing that I have most admired in your noble lord is, that such lowliness of mind, and such an high pitch of a brave spirit, should be yoked together, and lodged in one breast. And on the other side, when I reflect upon you, methinks I understand that saying of the apostle better than I did, that 'as the man is the image and glory of God, so the woman is the glory of the man.' And to your comfort let me add this, that if I have any insight in things of this nature, or have any judgment to discern of spirits, I have clearly beheld, engraven in your soul, the image and superscription of my God."²

After her marriage, Lady Vere attended Sir Horatio in his dangerous expeditions abroad. She lived with him for a considerable time in Holland. Her eldest daughters, Elizabeth and Mary, were born in that country, and were afterwards naturalized by act of parliament, in the twenty-first year of the reign of James I. While there she was brought into intercourse with many distinguished characters, not only foreigners, but her own countrymen, numbers of the most gifted and most honourable of whom, ambitious of acquiring military distinction, had gone to Holland, then the most famed military school in Europe, that under Sir Horatio they might be instructed in the art of war. There, too, she experienced vicissitudes—providences more striking than the inventions of romance, and calling forth corresponding thought

¹ Fuller's *Worthies of England*, part i. p. 331.

² There is a portrait of Lord Vere, and one of Lady Vere, with the seal and autograph of each, in Thane's *British Autography*, vol. i.

and feeling. How many important historical verities, how many details illustrative of the manners and characters of the period, and helping to relieve the drier details of history, might have been preserved, had she written memorials of her sojourn in Holland. She felt honoured by the valour of her husband as a soldier, and by the share he had in the more important successes of the English and Dutch against the Spaniards, a power which, in common with all Protestant England, she rejoiced in seeing humbled. She admired the stout hearts of the Dutch. She sympathized with their long-continued struggles to free themselves, and to keep themselves free from frightful misrule and oppression. She would indeed be every now and then, in the course of the war, hearing of many dismal and heart-rending scenes; but without great sacrifices the cause of religion and freedom could not be carried on to triumph. What, she reasoned with herself, would be the future of Holland should Spain conquer? What savage cruelties, what horrid persecutions, had been perpetrated there before the yoke of Spain was thrown off, and would be perpetrated again, should Spain, whose government still partook of all the ferocity and bigotry of Philip II., recover her lost dominion?

During her residence in Holland, she acquired, like her husband, a predilection for the Presbyterian worship and polity which were there established, and for the principles of toleration, which at that period were better understood and more fully acted upon in Holland than in any other country. She therefore advocated the extension of forbearance to the persecuted Puritans of England. She did this not simply because she agreed with them in the Calvinistic doctrines, and in the simplicity of their ritual and discipline; but because she regarded persecution as no fitting instrument for bringing men over to the adoption of the religious views which it might be the object of the state or of the Established church to enforce.

Lady Vere greatly esteemed and honoured zealous and devoted ministers of the gospel. Her respect and favour for them she testified by hospitably entertaining them, affording them pecuniary assistance, sending presents to them or to their wives or children, and after their death by succouring their widows and orphans.¹ With some of the most eminent divines of her day, she was on terms of intimate friendship, and occasionally corresponded; and though she was not circumscribed or exclusive in her Christian friendships, those ministers with whom she was on the closest and most familiar terms were Puritans or inclined to Puritanism. Her clerical friends and correspondents included Dr. Ames, Dr. John Burges, John Davenport, John Dod, Obadiah Sedgewick, Samuel Balmford, Thomas Watson, Dr. Sibbs, and others. Few of her letters to any of these correspondents are now extant; but a considerable number of the letters of some of them to her, particularly those of Burges, Davenport, and Dod, have been preserved; and of these we shall make free use, from the elucidation they afford of her personal and domestic history and of her Christian character.

When residing in Holland at the Hague, she sat under the ministry of the learned Dr. William Ames, pastor of the English congregation in that town, where he was settled about 1611; and she much encouraged him by her kind-hearted beneficence, and by her high appreciation of his public labours. After she had left Holland, and had returned to England, Ames, in writing to her from the Hague, October 12, probably 1616, expresses his gratitude for these tokens of

¹ She adopted one of the children of the famous puritan divine Nicholas Byfield, minister first of Chester, then of Isleworth in Middlesex, where he died in 1622, when not above forty-four years of age; and she had aided Byfield by her bounty in other ways during his life. These facts we learn from a dedication prefixed to his posthumous "Sermons on the first ten verses of the third chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter. London, 1626." They are dedicated by his widow, Elizabeth Byfield, to Sir Horatio and Lady Mary Vere, as the author intended to have done, had he lived. —Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, Bliss's edit. vol. ii. p. 325.

her benignity and regard. "Madam, seeing that I cannot any longer perform that office towards you, which for some time I have, I thought good, in a few words as it were, to seal up that which is passed. Your kindness towards me and mine I do with all thankfulness acknowledge; but your respect unto my poor ministry I do much more joy in than in all the rest."¹

In January, 1616-17, she lost her youngest son Philip, by her first husband, who died in the fourteenth year of his age. He was interred on the 13th of that month, in the burying-ground of the parish of Isleworth.²

Soon after she became dangerously ill, having been seized with a fever upon the birth of one of her children. Edward Sherburn, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated January 21, 1616-17, thus writes:—"That noble and virtuous lady, the Lady Vere, is without hope of life, by reason of an extreme burning fever which hath possessed her, ever since her being brought to bed. I need not tell your lordship how exceeding heavy that worthy knight her husband is, fearing to suffer so great a loss, because you know, that even the best and stoutest men, that being never so great a misfortune, cannot conceal the same without expressing both grief and passion."³

From this illness Lady Vere recovered, but its debilitating effects, together with the loss of her son and of her brother Henry,⁴ who died only a little more than two months after her son, fell heavy on her heart, and afflicted her with deep mental depression. Time, however, which alleviates the agony inflicted by the most trying bereavements, gradually restored her to greater tranquillity and cheerfulness of mind. This we learn from a letter written to her, March 5, 1617-18, by

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 5.

² Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 111.

³ MSS. State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. xc. no. 36.

⁴ Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 111.

John Burges, Doctor of Physic, and incumbent of Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, whose religious instructions she and Sir Horatio had enjoyed for some time, and by which she had been greatly benefited. "I have been not a little troubled for your trouble," says he, "and therefore also was greatly comforted by what I lately heard of your ladyship's deliverance from those melancholic passions which for a time did darken the light that shined then (though you saw it not) upon you. . . . Doubt not but the same God will stand by you, and accomplish all that good upon you which your soul can desire. Of which, if God has made me, as you acknowledge, any means, I have much the more cause to be thankful unto God, and tender over you."¹

In the same letter, Burges, now that he was separated from her and Sir Horatio, gives expression to the liveliest sentiments of gratitude for her kindness shown in various ways to himself and his family, as well as to his esteem for her excellent Christian character, and to the feeling he had of the large blank which his separation from her and Sir Horatio had made in the circle of his Christian associates. "I neither am nor can be unmindful of you, of whose love to me and mine, and of whose love to God and all goodness, I have had so great proof and assurance. . . . Both I and my wife, when we do recount our losses, cannot but specially remember our parting from my lord and your ladyship, of whom we had so much and so special comfort."

Lady Vere's eldest and only surviving son was now approaching the age of manhood. Many hopes she centered in this son, and he seemed to have inherited her virtues and talents. To complete his education she sent him to Emmanuel College, Cambridge, then famed as a school of learning, and long reputed a hot-bed of Puritanism. Of his character, abilities, and diligence, the principal of this college, the learned Laurence Chaderton, formed a highly favourable

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 34.

opinion. In a letter to Lady Vere, dated January 11, 1618-19, while gratefully acknowledging the receipt of the "rare gift" by which she testified her remembrance of him and his wife, he says:—"The more experience I have of your son, the better I like and love him, for I find his inclination to be unto any good of learning and virtue; besides his true and sincere affection to pure religion, whereby he hath gained my resolution to further him in all these, so much as in me lieth."¹

In 1620 Sir Horatio was appointed commander of the regiment, numbering 2200 soldiers, raised by James I. for the assistance of his son-in-law Frederick V., Elector Palatine and King of Bohemia, against the Emperor of Germany. On the 15th of July he set out on this expedition. Lady Vere remained behind him in England. She was gratified by the intelligence of the success which at first crowned his arms, and by the honourable tribute paid to his military talents in parliament, in November, 1621, by Lord Digby, who rehearsed how bravely Sir Horatio had behaved himself in the Palatinate, and eulogized particularly the skill and valour by which he had kept three important places from falling into the hands of the enemy—Heidelberg, Mannheim, and Frankendale, the last of which had then endured a month's siege.²

While in Germany, Sir Horatio had attending him as his chaplain, Dr. John Burges of Sutton Coldfield.³ Burges had left his wife, who was a daughter of Thomas Wilcocks, a celebrated divine in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,⁴ and his children behind him in England. During his absence, Lady Vere showed much kindness to his wife and children, in whom she had always taken a friendly interest. She invited Mrs.

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 46.

² Rushworth's *Hist. Collections*, vol. i. p. 40.

³ Obadiah Sedgewick also went into the Low Countries with Sir Horatio in the capacity of chaplain.—Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, vol. iii. p. 441.

⁴ Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*, Bliss's edit. vol. i. p. 691.

Burges, whom she much respected and loved, to come and stay with her for a few months. Mrs. Burges accepted the invitation; but her earthly course was now near its termination. She died early in the year 1621. On this occasion, Lady Vere, who corresponded with Burges while he was abroad, wrote to him a letter in the month of February, conveying the mournful tidings of the bereavement with which it had pleased Providence to afflict him. She spoke highly in commendation of the virtues and graces of his deceased wife, and of the enjoyment and advantage she had derived from her agreeable and congenial society, when she had her as a guest for some months. She reminded him of the duty of submission to the will of God under all losses and vicissitudes. She informed him that his beloved children were well; and she assured him how acceptable to her were the services he rendered to her husband, and the letters he had written to herself.

Burges's reply to this letter, while expressing his own feelings, brings out the amiable, beneficent Christian character of Lady Vere. It is dated Frankendale, March 30 [1621]. "Though at the first hearing of the death of my most dear wife, as a man astonished with the blow, I suddenly said, 'Oh this journey!' being bruised a little before with the encounter of some great ones, yet I soon recovered myself, and never did, nor durst think my absence to be the cause of her death, to which absence she so freely consented, and in which she by many letters encouraged me, because of the work He [God] had in hand. Nor was I ever so far out of myself, as to think that God's hand could have been stayed by my presence, or that she died before her appointed time, although I could not but wish that I might have done some good office unto her that did so many with so dear love and tenderness to me, as could be required of a most faithful and virtuous wife; and though I will easily admit all your ladyship's praises of her whom methinks I cannot praise enough,

and believe you had much comfort of her company, yet, madam, I have no whit the less cause of thanking you for your exceeding love and kindness to her, inasmuch as my interest was not lessened by yours, and I have the more cause to judge her worthy of my love, because she was found worthy of yours. And if your ladyship think yourself so happy as none could be more, in having such a companion as she was for a few months, O how happy was I that had (alas! that I must say *had*) such a companion above thirty years together! Your good ladyship doth well remember me of our duty of submitting willingly to the hand of God, which I do also preach unto myself as well as unto others. . . . For the rest of your ladyship's letter, in giving me notice of my children's well-being, and your ladyship's hopes of my poor but indeed hopeful Ben, you do still break my heart with this demonstration of your ladyship's goodness to me in mine. . . . Let me not forget that by letters from my good daughter Thersbie, I stand charged to the acknowledgment of your ladyship's singular favour to her and hers. Now the good Lord reward all unto you in mercy, and bless you and all yours!"¹

At this time John Dod—whom Fuller describes as "a passive nonconformist, an excellent scholar, and an exquisite Hebrician, by nature a witty, by industry a learned, and by grace a godly divine"²—wrote to her a letter, dated Feb. 19, [1620–21], of which the following, referring to the death of Mrs. Burges, and the absence of Sir Horatio from her, is an extract:—"Good madam, I know you cannot but be sensible of the long absence of your worthy husband, and of the late death of your dear friend. Yet in these trials you have

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 34.

² *Worthies of England*, part i. p. 181; *Church Hist.*, vol. iii. p. 479. Dod was successively minister of Hanwell in Oxfordshire, Fenny-Compton in Warwickshire, Canons Ashby in Northamptonshire, and Fausley in the same shire. He was silenced for a time in each of these places.—*Brook's Lives of the Puritans*, vol. iii. p. 5.

great cause of comfort and thankfulness; for she is now with her God, where she liveth in perfect holiness and happiness, and we ourselves shall come to the same blessed estate within a while. And he is employed in a public, honourable, and excellent service for God and for his church; whereunto he was greatly fitted and prepared by God's blessing upon his manifold experiences, and very lawfully called. God hath often delivered him from far greater dangers than now he is in, and he never had a better cause and calling than now he hath. Also many prayers of many of the saints are daily offered to God for his safety and prosperous success. Likewise the Lord supplieth his absence by his own gracious presence. He is your best husband, and always with you, ready to hear, and able to help, and to fill your soul with all heavenly comforts."¹

She had the joy to welcome Sir Horatio in London, from Germany, in safety and in health, in January, 1622-3, when he received his majesty's most gracious and thankful acknowledgments for his valour and conduct in the Palatinate, the king, to put upon him the greater honour, standing uncovered before the renowned warrior. But though honoured with these marks of royal favour, Sir Horatio, if he did not by the Palatinate expedition sustain some loss of military reputation, did not add to the military laurels which he had hitherto acquired. While displaying much warlike courage and skill, and gaining partial successes, yet from the inadequacy of his supplies of men, and the deficiency of his other resources, he suffered reverses, and failed to uphold the cause of Frederick, which was now completely and for ever crushed. His praises were not, therefore, so loudly echoed on his return to England from Germany at this time, as on his return from Holland, where he had signalized himself by great achievements; and by some he was rather censured and reproached, as the unsuccessful general always is, even though

¹ MSS. in Brit. Mus., Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 73.

his failure or disasters should be imputable to desperate circumstances, not to any want of military talents.

Upon Sir Horatio's return, Lady Vere received from Mr. Dod a congratulatory letter, dated December 30, in which allusion is made to censures of this sort:—

“GOOD MADAM,—I hope (by this time) you have reaped the fruit of those faithful prayers, which yourself and many of God's servants have made for your honourable and worthy husband. As your requests were fervent and frequent for him whilst he was absent, so now forget not to yield due thanks and praise for his safe return, not only because the Lord hath kept him from all dangers by sea and land, but especially because our gracious God hath most mercifully preserved him and you all from every evil work, and will still preserve you unto his heavenly kingdom.

“Though he should not find those popular applauses that formerly for like services have been cast upon him, yea, albeit he be driven for a time to bear the burden of some causeless and unjust aspersions, as many worthy and godly men have done before him, yet the goodness of his cause and calling, the good testimony of his upright conscience, and his wise and constant carriage every way, do give much more cause of joy and gladness than all the undeserved censures of partial judges can minister matter of grief or discontentment.”¹

At the close of this year Lady Vere sustained a severe affliction in the loss of her eldest son, Sir William Hobby, who died in the twenty-third year of his age, a youth of high promise, admired for his talents and beloved for his piety. John Chamberlain, in a letter to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated November 15, 1623, writes:—“Sir William Hobby, my Lady Vere's only son, is dead of the small-pox, which is every way a great loss, for he was a very proper and to-

¹ MSS. in Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 73.

wardly young gentleman, of some two and twenty years old.”¹ Thus were all her hopes as to his future brilliant prospects and career in this world blasted.

Her son having died without leaving a will, Lady Vere was legally entitled to become his administratrix. Her brother-in-law, Secretary Conway (he had married her sister Dorothy), immediately took steps for having her invested with this trust. In a letter to Sir William Bird, dated November 16, he says:—

“I know there is no need to move you to do a just act, but I am not unwilling to make a suit to you to whom I can be ready to do a service.” And besides, in all things that concern my noble sister the Lady Vere, I am willing to bear a part, and to do whatsoever she can desire, who can desire nothing but just things. The Lady Vere, my sister, hath to her great discomfort lost her only son Sir William Hobby. I am informed his administratorship belongs to her by law. My suit to you is that in that point you will do her right with all the expedition and authentical favour you can.”²

Under the premature and sudden removal of her only son, and a son of such high promise, Lady Vere’s friends sincerely sympathized with her. Her friend and correspondent Mr. Dod, having heard the melancholy tidings, and the deep anguish with which this loss had afflicted her, would have personally visited her had he been able to travel, but he had not yet fully recovered from the weakness caused by a recent illness. He, however, did his best endeavour by writing to mitigate her grief. It would lighten her sorrowful heart to have opened up to her, by one who had the tongue of the learned, such fountains of consolation as the following:—

“God hath taken away your well-beloved and only son.

¹ MSS. State Papers, Domestic, James I., vol. cliv. no. 28.

² *Ibid.* no. 30.

I confess this is such a cross as must needs affect the heart of a loving mother. But remember that he hath given you his own and only Son, to be your wisdom, righteousness, holiness, and redemption. He hath adopted you to be his daughter and heir, and fellow-heir with Jesus Christ. He hath given you his word, his Holy Spirit, and hope and assurance of eternal life. Besides these unspeakable mercies, the Lord hath blessed you with a gracious and worthy husband, with many hopeful children, and good likelihood of having more, with a good name, a plentiful estate, and a healthy body, unless you hurt it with sinful and worldly sorrow.

“We all confess that we and our children are subject to death, but all the question is, which is the fittest time for every man’s death. If flesh may be judge, it will think it unfit and unseasonable for any of our friends to die while we live. But the Holy Scriptures will teach us that whensoever it pleaseth the most wise and righteous God to call any out of this life, that is the most seasonable and fit time for his death; for the Lord knoweth best when his corn is ripe, and when to gather his fruit, and he doeth all things in fulness of time.

“If you had put your son to be nursed abroad, and should afterwards send for him home to possess his inheritance, you would think the nurse should deal unjustly and unwisely if she would go about to keep your heir from you. God is the father of your child; He gave him his life, and breath, and being; you were appointed to be his nursing mother, and that for a few days; which now being ended, He hath taken him into His own kingdom, and therefore you should not be so much grieved that you part with him now, as thankful that you enjoyed him so long, and that he now enjoyeth everlasting life in the heavens, whither yourself also shall come within a while. All the afflictions that befall God’s children in this life are the cups which their Father giveth

them to drink (John xviii. 11). Now He being the Father of all mercy, and the God of all wisdom and comfort, will put no ill ingredients into His cup, but will have that care of the quantity, quality, and measure of the potion, that it shall surely work for our great good, at the last, though for a while it be distasteful to our flesh."

In a postscript Dod says, "I thank your ladyship for your token sent me by Mr. Hart."¹ [Without date.]

Lady Vere's conceptions of the gospel ministry, as the great instrument of promoting man's salvation, were exalted, and in her zeal to promote the spiritual interests of others, it was her chief object in exerting whatever influence she had—which was not inconsiderable—to secure devout and gifted ministers for vacant ecclesiastical livings. Many excellent ministers were indebted to her for presentation to situations of usefulness and emolument in the church. One of these appointments deserves to be specially noticed—the appointment of the celebrated Dr. James Usher to the archbishopric of Armagh and primacy of Ireland. It was mainly owing to her warm recommendations and earnest solicitations that her brother-in-law, Secretary Conway, to whom Usher was personally unknown, conferred upon him this the highest dignity in the Church of Ireland. She could not have exercised her patronage more wisely than in exercising it for the advancement of a man whose mind was elevated to the greatness of his trust, whose learning and piety made him the honour of his age and country, and who was conspicuous too for his liberal treatment of the Puritans and Presbyterians, against whom he refused to become an instrument of oppression; a moderation the more to his honour, when contrasted with the intolerant spirit of others who occupied like situations in the church at that period. After his appointment, she wrote to him a congratulatory letter, in which she at the same time besought a place in

¹ MSS. in Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch. 4275, no. 73.

his prayers for herself, her husband, and her children. In his answer, dated March 17, 1624-5, he expresses his gratitude to his patroness as follows:—

“My most honoured lady, . . . I had need to beg pardon of your ladyship for neglecting my duty so long in giving you thanks for the effectual means which you have used in furthering the obtaining of that preferment, for which you now send me so kind a congratulation. The best thanks that I can render for this great love of yours, is that which you specially desire, and which, if I myself did not remember, I should much forget myself: even the earnest recommendation of your noble lord, yourself, and those sweet olive plants that stand about your table, to the protection and benediction of our great and gracious God. And I most earnestly entreat your ladyship that you would not be behind in performing the like pious office in my behalf: that God of his mercy would be pleased to uphold and direct me in these slippery times and dangerous days, that I may finish my course with joy, and keep that good thing which is committed to me until the day of Christ. I should show myself a very ungrateful man likewise, if I did not beseech you, in the most effectual manner, to thank Mr. Secretary for the extraordinary kindness that he hath showed unto me, being a mere stranger, and no otherwise made known unto him, but by what you (out of the abundance of your affection) have been pleased to deliver concerning me. I intend to make my personal repair unto his honour, and to make an acknowledgment of that duty which I do owe unto him, whensoever it shall please God to grant me health.”¹

¹ MSS. in Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4274, no. 18.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER DEPARTURE FOR HOLLAND IN 1627, TO THE MARRIAGE
OF HER DAUGHTER ANNE, WITH THOMAS, AFTERWARDS LORD
FAIRFAX.

Towards the close of the year 1627 Lady Vere again went over to the Low Countries to rejoin Lord Vere, who was still general of the English forces in the service of the States-general. She had applied in September to his majesty to be transported to Holland,¹ and the concern taken for the safety of the wife of the celebrated general will appear from the following letter, written by Secretary Conway to Captain Allen, commander of the vessel in which she was to embark:—

“SIR,—His majesty, being informed that the ship the *Adventure*, now under your command, is sufficiently furnished with victual, men, munition, and other things for a voyage into the Low Countries, is graciously pleased that in that ship you transport the Lady Vere into the Low Countries, whither she is now going. And accordingly his majesty hath commanded me to signify his pleasure to you that you receive into your said ship the Lady Vere and her company, together with her goods and provisions, at Gravesend, or some convenient place within the river, the Downs, or at Dover, and use the best care and diligence to give her ladyship a safe and speedy transport to Flushing, or to such port or place in the Low Countries as shall be fittest and most commodious for her landing, as near as the wind and weather will permit; which service being performed, you are, with all conveniencie, to make your return back again to some of his majesty’s

¹ MSS. State Papers, Domestic, Charles I., vol. lxxix. no. 30.

roads or harbours, give notice of your arrival there, and attend further directions. But for this voyage, his majesty relies upon you, that you go so prepared of men, victual, good pilots, and other needful provisions, as you carry not the ship into any apparent hazard for want of the same, or any part thereof. This is the charge I am commanded to give you from his majesty, for the execution whereof this shall be your warrant.—So I remain, your very loving friend.

“WHITEHALL, November 2, 1627.”¹

The *Adventure* was no doubt the ship in which Lady Vere went over to Holland, and on this voyage she had the pleasure of the company of her daughter Elizabeth, and her son-in-law Lord Houghton, who embarked in the same vessel. This we learn from a letter written by his lordship, after his arrival in Holland, to his brother-in-law, Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterwards Earl of Strafford, dated Hague, December 7, 1627. In this letter he informs him, that he with his lady were then there with Lord and Lady Vere, and that Lady Vere had gone over with them. He adds, “If I may be anywise serviceable to you in these parts, I pray you command me freely. For your clock, it is taken out of my hands: my Lady Vere hath taken the care of providing you one.”²

While resident in the English capital Lady Vere had sat under the ministry of John Davenport, a noted Puritan, and minister of St. Stephen’s, Coleman Street, London. This divine, as has been observed before, was one of her principal clerical correspondents, and some of his letters to her during her residence at the Hague at this time have been preserved. While exhibiting his high estimation of her Christian character, and the devotion of her spirit to the honour of God, they also illustrate her sympathy with the

¹ A copy without signature.—MSS. State Papers, Domestic, Charles I., vol. lxxxiv. no. 10.

² Strafford’s *Letters and Despatches*, vol. i. p. 37, 43.]

down-pressed nonconformists. In a letter to her, dated Coleman Street, January 18, 1627-8, he writes:—"Madam, a line or two from your honour would have been to me good news from a far country. Mr. More was a welcome messenger when he gave me assurance of your safe arrival after so dangerous and troublesome a voyage. He that delivered you on the sea will preserve you also on the land. How safe are you, madam, that are hid under His wings and held in His hands, who is Lord of sea and land?"¹

While Lord Vere was attending to his military duties, it was Lady Vere's desire and endeavour during her abode in Holland to do what she could for the honour of God. In a letter to her, dated London, June 30, 1628, Davenport writes:—"I rejoiced greatly when I heard of your health, madam, by your noble and worthy son-in-law (in whom I account your honour, and his lady, your virtuous daughter, very happy, as in one who, I am persuaded, far exceeds the most of our nobility in the truest worth); but much more did I rejoice in understanding by some passages in his discourse, the continuance of your resolution to do God all the service you can in that place, whereunto the good hand of God, I am confident, hath brought you for some special end. The whole country looks upon your personal carriage, and upon the ordering of your family, wherein, as Solomon showed his wisdom to the admiration of the Queen of Sheba, so I hope your honour will so glorify God and adorn the gospel, that we shall all have just cause to say, 'Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.' If this way, even by well-doing, you seek glory and honour, you shall have it on earth, and afterwards eternal life."²

Davenport's sufferings for nonconformity had now commenced. These were sure to touch a sympathetic chord in Lady Vere's heart. He knew how warm her feelings were on the side of the nonconforming ministers, whose sincerity,

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 60.

² *Ibid.*

earnestness, rectitude, firmness, and in many instances whose high intellect and great learning, she worthily appreciated. He therefore, in the letter just quoted, unburdens his mind to her on the subject of the persecution he was enduring, and informs her of the dark clouds that were looming in the distance. "I have had divers purposes of writing to your honour, only I delayed, in hope to write somewhat concerning the event and success of our *High Commission* troubles, but I have hoped in vain, for to this day, we are in the same condition as before, delayed till the finishing of this session in parliament, which now is unhappily concluded without any satisfying contentment to the king or commonwealth. Threatenings were speedily revived against us by the new Bishop of London, Dr. Laud, even the next day after the conclusion of this session. We now expect a fierce storm from the enraged spirits of the two bishops; ours, as I am informed, hath a particular aim at me upon a former quarrel, so that I expect ere long to be deprived of my pastoral charge in Coleman Street. But I am in God's hand, not in theirs, to whose good pleasure I do contentedly and cheerfully submit myself. . . . In the midst of these troubles the Lord hath not left me without many comforts, amongst which the remembrance of your former favours, and the assurance of the present help of your prayers (which I know prevail with God, through Jesus Christ our Lord), do exceedingly comfort me. . . . I find a great miss of you, madam, in the midst of my troubles, but I was not, nor am worthy to enjoy such a friend. Sometimes I think I placed too much content in the enjoyment of your presence, yet again I check myself, fearing lest I did not prize you enough. I was not thankful enough to you, nor to God for you. . . . My wife doth often make mention of your ladyship with most hearty expressions of an high esteem of your worth."¹

Lady Vere wrote him in reply. She was sorry to hear of

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

the discouragements thrown in his way, harassing and obstructing him in the work of the Lord. She continued his steadfast and faithful friend, whatever ill usage he might receive from churchmen in high places on account of his conscientious scruples. And she would be glad to do whatever lay in her power to relieve him from the unmerited persecutions by which he was molested.

In another letter to her, Davenport returns to the same subject. "Most noble and much honoured lady,—In the midst of my disquietments and tossings to and fro, it is some comfort that I have assurance of the continuance of your favour towards me, and of your remembrance of me in prayer. I know that love which you have been pleased so freely to cast upon me will quicken you to all diligence and industry in any way and course that may conduce to the procuring of my liberty; but hitherto it hath pleased God to leave me in much darkness and many difficulties, to unbottom me wholly of the creature, and to reveal himself more clearly and fully in all issues and events that befall me. Be not troubled, much less discouraged, good madam, at any rumours you meet with concerning my present way. The persecution of the tongue is more fierce and terrible than that of the hand. At this time I have sense of both. . . . The truth is, I have not forsaken my ministry, nor resigned up my place, much less separated from the church, but am only absent a while to wait upon God, upon the settling and quieting of things, for light to discover my way, being willing to lie and die in prison, if the cause may be advantaged by it, but choosing rather to preserve the liberty of my person and ministry for the service of the church elsewhere, if all doors are shut against me here. . . . The only cause of all my present sufferings is the alteration of my judgment in matters of conformity to the ceremonies established, whereby I cannot practise them as formerly I have done; wherein I do not censure those that do conform (nay, I account many

of them faithful and worthy instruments of God's glory, and I know that I did conform with as much inward peace, as now I do forbear: in both my uprightness was the same, but my light different). In this action I walk by that light which shineth unto me. . . . With much advice of many ministers of eminent note and worth, I have done all that I have done hitherto, and with desire of pitching upon that way wherein God might be most glorified. In his due time he will manifest its truth."¹

Lady Vere, as we learn from her correspondence, was in the practice of sending presents to her friends, as memorials of her respect and affection. Towards the end of the year 1629, she sent from the Hague a gift to Davenport's wife. Davenport acknowledges the receipt of this token of her continued remembrance and friendship, and expresses his own and his wife's thankfulness for this, and many other favours received from her ladyship, in a letter to her, dated December 26, that year. "I hoped ere this time," he adds, "to have obtained my long desire of seeing my lord and your ladyship with yours in England. The Lord preserve you in the way, and make your return prosperous!"²

Not long after this, Lady Vere returned to England. She became a widow in 1635, Lord Vere having died of apoplexy on the 2d of May that year, aged about seventy. While dining with Sir Henry Vane at Whitehall, he dropped down suddenly as he was calling for fresh salmon, and reaching out his plate to receive it. He was immediately carried to a bed, but within two hours life became extinct. His funeral took place on the 8th of that month with much military pomp, great numbers of the train-bands attending, besides most of the nobility who were in town, and the cannons of the Tower were fired. These honours were justly considered due to an officer, who, by his fidelity, military exploits, and personal worth, had reflected honour on his

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

² *Ibid.*

country, and on every post he had occupied. He was interred in Westminster Abbey, in the same vault with his brother Sir Francis.¹ No monumental stone with an inscription marks the place where he lies; but his name is embalmed with honour in the annals of his country.

In his last will he made ample provision for Lady Vere, who thereby was placed not only in comfortable, but in affluent outward circumstances. Having ratified and confirmed several conveyances of the monastery of Hailes in Gloucestershire, and several manors, lordships, farms, &c., situated in the said county, formerly made by deeds of trust to various parties, for terms of years not expired at that date, he then proceeds:—"It is my will and meaning, that the said monastery of Hailes, with the premises, &c., shall be in the power of my said most loving wife, for her freely to dispose of as she shall think fit, either by sale or otherwise, for her own use and benefit, at her pleasure." He also bequeaths to her all his goods, chattels, &c., and all monies, debts, &c., owing to him by any person or persons in England or elsewhere, and appoints her his full and sole executrix.²

At the time when Lady Vere was thus severely tried in her domestic affections, her friend John Davenport was in Holland, whither he had fled, after having been necessitated, like other ill-used nonconforming ministers, to resign his benefice, December 18, 1633, and where he officiated for some time

¹ Strafford's *Letters and Despatches*, vol. i. p. 423, 426, 427.

² *Biographia Britannica*, art. "Vere, Horace." She had to him five daughters, who were his co-heirs.—1. Elizabeth, married to the Right Honourable John Holles, Lord Houghton, afterwards second Earl of Clare. 2. Mary, married first to Sir Roger Townshend, of East Rainham in Norfolk, Bart., who died January 1, 1636; and afterwards to Mildmay Fane, Earl of Westmorland. 3. Catherine, married first to Oliver St. John, son and heir of Sir John St. John, of Lydiard Tregose in Wilts, Knight and Bart.; and afterwards to John, Lord Paulet. 4. Anne, married to Thomas, Lord Fairfax, of Cameron in Scotland. And 5. Dorothy, married to John, son and heir of Sir John Wolstenholme, of Nostell in Yorkshire, Bart.—Colliars's *Pecrage of England*, vol. ix. p. 480.

as co-pastor with Mr. John Paget to the English congregation at Amsterdam.¹ The sad tidings of the breach which Providence had made in her family first reached him by a flying report, and was soon after confirmed by divers letters. Illness prevented him from immediately writing to condole with her under this affliction; but upon his recovery, having found a suitable messenger, he wrote to her a long consolatory letter, dated July 21, 1635.

One of the greatest comforts which a Christian can have under a painful bereavement is a well-founded persuasion that all is well with the departed friend in a future world. This comfort Davenport endeavours to administer to Lady Vere by the picture he draws of the admirable Christian character, so unpretending, yet so sincere, of her deceased husband, whom he well knew. Having observed that that event was not a private but a public cause of sorrow, he describes "that plainness of heart tempered with much wisdom, that softness and pliability of his spirit in respect of God and his Word, accompanied with a magnanimous undauntedness in fight with an adversary," for which his lordship was distinguished. He then adds, "Yea the workings of his affections were not weak, but strong—1. Towards God, whose favour he preferred above all things, as appeared in the many questions and cases he hath put for clearing to his own heart, the assurance of his acceptance with God, and the complacency and content wherewith he received discourses tending that way. 2. Towards the Word of God, which was sweet to him, being dispensed publicly in the ministry, or privately in Christian conference. 3. Towards the people of God, ministers and others, whom the more they excelled in the fruits of holiness and righteousness, the more he delighted in, countenanced, and encouraged. 4. Towards the ways of God, whereunto he applied himself carefully (so far as he was enlightened and convinced), both in his public

¹ Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*, vol. iii, p. 447.

command and government in the field, and in his private compartment in his family, resolving with Joshua that he and his household would serve the Lord. Hence sprang his care to sanctify the Lord's-day with his family at home, as well as in the assembly. Hence the daily sacrifice of invocation of the name of God, continued morning and evening without interruption or omission in his family. Hence his procuring that the souls committed to his trust, servants as well as children, might be taught to know and fear God, by some able and faithful man weekly, who was maintained for that service in his family. Yea, hence arose that ardency of spiritual affections towards the salvation of his children, desiring nothing more than that they might serve God aright, and be instruments of his glory, in their several places. In all which, and in other particulars, God made your ladyship an helper meet for him, yea, a quickener and encourager of him in that way, wherein you walked together as heirs of the grace of life."¹

Passing on to another source of consolation, Davenport exhorts her:—"Look higher, madam, from the dead to the living. The relation which once you had to this earthly husband is ended and ceaseth in his death, but the relation you have to our heavenly husband remaineth inviolable; with whom you communicate in all his honours, with all saints (with whom you are set together in heavenly places in Christ), and in his acceptance with the Father, to whom he prayed that the love wherewith He loved him may be on us, and we in him. From him you may expect protection and supply of all good; for all is yours, and you Christ's, and Christ God's. So that it is but a conduit-pipe that is broken, the fountain being still open to you. Nor is he taken away, before you had warning of it in a sensible way, which, a little while hence, might have come to such a pass, as might have been burdensome to himself and uncomfortable to your ladyship."

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

In answering this letter, Lady Vere assured Davenport how grateful it had been to her heart, how much it had helped to revive her depressed spirits; and she would have him to believe that her respect and esteem for him remained undiminished. Her answer she sent by Mr. Balmford, who was about to return to Holland, whither he had been before.

Davenport again wrote to her at the end of the year. His letter is dated December $\frac{1}{2}$ ⁵, 1635. He could not neglect to express his gratitude for her kindness to Mrs. Davenport, who had lately visited England, and for the continuance of her noble favour and affection expressed in her welcome letter. He had heard with much joy from Mr. Balmford the good news of her ladyship's health, and of the hopes entertained by her friends that she would soon recover that inward comfort which outward afflictions had much abated. He adds, "I confess I often wished myself nearer your ladyship, not that I thought myself able to strengthen your spirit with more healing and comforting words than were ministered by divers, but that I might show the sincerity of my desires to be in my measure serviceable for the help of your faith and joy. . . . I know, madam, upon much experience of your way, that you have right in Christ to those treasures of spiritual good things which are laid up in him for the vessels of mercy; take your fill of them, and be satisfied out of the wells of consolation. Are those treasures hidden? They are in Christ for you. Christ himself is yours, and whatsoever is his for your good. His Father is your Father by adoption, his God is your God by the covenant of grace, by virtue whereof all the promises are your evidences for better hopes than the world can give. Your present afflictions are amongst your privileges, which are sweetened by your Father's love, and sanctified by his Spirit to the drawing of you from ensnaring vanities to a sweet communion with himself."¹

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

For some time after her conjugal bereavement Lady Vere continued to reside at Hackney, by London; but at last, with the exception of occasional excursions, she fixed her abode at Kirby Hall, in the parish of Castle Hedingham, in the county of Essex; the manor at which Lord Vere was born, and which, during life, he had sometimes made the place of his residence. "Here," says Dillington in his preface to Sir Francis Vere's Commentaries, published in 1657, "the truly religious and honourable the Lady Vere doth still survive, kept alive thus long by special providence, that the present age might more than read and remember what was true godliness in eighty-eight." And it may be noted as an instance of her zeal for the spiritual interests of others, that when a vacancy occurred in the parish in which she resided, which happened several times, she employed her utmost interest to procure for it a devoted and able minister, and in this the noble patron gratified her so far as to grant her the nomination of the minister, by which he not only favoured her, but conferred a great blessing upon the parishioners, who, as Gurnall observes in her funeral sermon, "lived in a Goshen of gospel light for a long season."

During her widowhood she continued, and even exceeded her former liberality in ministering to the necessities of the poor and the afflicted. "Her charity," says Gurnall, "was so great, that it may well be admired how this tree should not long ago have killed itself with overbearing. . . . Many ways it diffused itself. She had silver for the moneyless, alimnt for the hungry, medicaments for the sick, salves for the wounded. Abundance of good she did this way, in town and country; she did not only give, but devised liberal things. . . . Yet she never thought to purchase land in heaven with the money she gave on earth. . . . She was, notwithstanding all her charity, carried out to a naked Christ, desiring to be found alone in him and his righteousness, as earnestly as if she had not done one good work in all her life."

After the death of Lord Vere her family was the same household of piety as during his life. "If ever any private dwelling," says the same writer, speaking of her especially after she had become a widow, "might be called a chapel, a little sanctuary, her house was such. There you might find her and her family twice every day upon their knees, solemnly worshipping the great God: there you might see them humbly sitting at his feet to hear his most holy Word read unto them, concluding constantly their evening service with singing one of David's psalms. What strangers soever were present, there was no putting by or adjourning the worship of God to a more convenient season. On the Lord's-day you might hear the sermons preached in public repeated to the family, the servants called to give an account before her of what they remembered, and the high praises of God sounded forth by the whole family together. After supper again you might hear the servants in their room exercising themselves in the same heavenly duty of singing psalms. And no sooner did the good lady hear them strike up, but away she would go to join with them in that duty." Then having referred to her practice of secret prayer, in the morning and evening, Gurnall adds, "And yet are we not at an end of this good lady's devotions, for every night she would herself pray with her maidens before she went to bed."

Soon after the death of Lord Vere, commenced negotiations for a marriage between Lady Vere's daughter Anne, and Thomas Fairfax, eldest son of Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, of Denton in Yorkshire, afterwards second Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron.

This young man, afterwards so illustrious, was early inflamed with the ambition to earn military distinction. At St. John's College, Cambridge, where he studied a short time, after finishing his education at school, he had given proof of superior talents in the cultivation of letters, especially of languages and antiquities. But an active life and

stirring scenes were more suitable to his taste and genius than the quiet pursuits of learning; and, inspired perhaps also by a desire to emulate the warlike bravery of some of his ancestors, he, when little more than sixteen years of age, joined the army in the Low Countries, under the command of General Vere. Struck with the abilities and valour of young Fairfax, Vere contracted so warm an affection for him, that he wrote to his grandfather, proposing wedlock between his own daughter and co-heiress Anne, and the youthful soldier.¹ Fairfax returned to England in 1634 or 1635, and resided with his father till his marriage.

In the negotiations which now opened for a marriage between him and Anne Vere, there is certainly nothing of the romantic. The commercial element,—pecuniary advantage on the part of the Fairfaxes, predominates in the whole transaction, taking out of it all romance. The pair when united, we know, loved each other, but previously to the union, we see little of that tenderness of passion, agitated, pining and dying at delays and obstacles, which usually abounds in fictitious narratives of courtship.

Fairfax's father had employed Sir William Constable, of Flamborough in Yorkshire, who had married one of his sisters, to conduct the negotiation with Lady Vere. Constable engaged Dr. Gouge to sound her as to the portions she intended to bestow on her two unmarried daughters, without naming any party who proposed to become a suitor; and he learned that the portion she intended for each was £3000 or £4000, according as she should approve of the party, but that she was not anxious for their speedy marriage, as the longer this should be deferred, she would be in a better position to provide for them, Lord Vere having left considerable debts. Yet she hoped, by means of some money due to her from the king, to better their portions within a reasonable time. Constable was also desirous that his wife or

¹ Wood's *Fasti Oxon.*, vol. ii. p. 148.

himself, or both, should have a sight of the two young ladies, who had been out of town with their mother, and had not yet returned. The letter in which he communicates this information is dated Sheers's Court, without Aldersgate, Nov. 14, 1635.¹

Fairfax's father communicated to Lady Vere his intentions, and inquired whether, provided the proposal were acceptable to her, she would not give her daughter a larger portion than £4000. Lady Vere informed him that she could not increase her daughter's dower beyond that sum, but that she highly appreciated the good intention he expressed, and hoped that his lordship reciprocated the same sentiments. She also objected to the maintenance proposed for her daughter as unsuitable to her rank.

Other candidates appearing for the hand of Lady Anne, and propositions to that effect being daily tendered to Lady Vere, Constable, not to lose the opportunity, hastened to London, in order, if possible, to bring the negotiation to a successful termination. On his arrival in London, he wrote a letter to Lady Vere on the subject, and some eight or ten days after having despatched it, he learned, on calling on some of his friends, that she was still favourably disposed to proceed in the treaty, and that she was in the meantime in Norfolk, at the house of her daughter Mary, whose husband, Sir Roger Townshend of Rainham, Bart., had died a few days after she would receive his letter.² From a messenger she had despatched to the court "about the wardship, hoping to get some debts of hers due from the king, to be allowed in that composition," Constable was informed that she purposed shortly to be in London, provided the severity of the plague did not increase in the metropolis, and that at any rate, as soon as her present distractions, in consequence

¹ Bell's *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 296.

² See in Appendix No. II., a letter from Mr. John Davenport to Lady Vere, on the death of this relative.

of the death of her son-in-law, permitted, she would communicate with him more particularly. Constable's letter to Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, in which these facts are stated, is dated London, January 6, 1635-6.¹

The treaty proceeded slowly. Young Fairfax went up to London to ingratiate himself with Lady Vere. But impatience to gain an object often defeats or renders its attainment more difficult. This was Fairfax's error. Pressing the argument too eagerly, he met with a repulse from her ladyship. She hesitated, started difficulties, and ultimately seemed to put a negative upon the affair. Chafed by this obstruction and suspense, and as if hopeless of success, he was doubtful whether he should not abandon all thought of this union, and break up the correspondence. In a letter to his father, dated February 6, he thus writes: "Sir,—Since my coming to London I have studied to do my best in effecting the business I came up about; but whether my Lady Vere disliked me, the conditions, or us both, I cannot tell; but she put me off with an unwillingness to marry her daughter in a time of such perplexity as she pretends to be in. The money the king owes her is hard to get, and she is loth to impoverish herself by parting with anything that she hath now: whether I should proceed farther in this business or no, I refer it to you."²

The deference here paid by young Fairfax to the judgment of his father is not common with ardent lovers. Overwhelming affection is not so willing to let go the enchanting object around which its tendrils are entwined, as thus to submit to follow the dictates of even a parent. From this we may perhaps conclude that his passion for Lady Anne Vere had not reached the highest temperature. She had, indeed, no pretensions to bewitching beauty or pre-eminent personal attractions—whatever may have been the qualities of her mind—if contemporary

¹ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 300.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 331.

writers and portrait-painters have not done her great injustice. This may account for young Fairfax's promptitude and apparent *sang-froid*, in expressing his readiness to yield a filial obedience to the will of his father in this love-suit.

He, however, supposed that Lady Vere was more averse to the match than she really was. This we learn from the following letter from Constable to Fairfax's father, dated Aldersgate Street, February 9, 1635-6: "Sir,—I desired to have some ground what to make of your son's business before I should write any further to you. It seems that he, in a desire to bring it to a short point, for your better satisfaction, met with an answer which, perhaps, he apprehends more absolute and positive than was intended. I, for my own part, did fully approve his carriage of it, giving a fair respect, where he had only a civil entertainment, with gravity and reservedness. I suppose that he hath prevented me in writing to you that he conceiveth the business to be at an end; but this very day there was one with me to inquire further of the young gentleman, by whom I came to understand divers things more than I did before. He told me that my lady had required him to make this inquiry, and did not conceive that in the last passage betwixt her and my nephew any denial was intended. He thinks it true that she cannot well give any present money, the means of raising it being in bond. I do, for my part, believe his relation that she hath £1000 yearly in one lordship, which she hath to sell. . . . I shall, within a day or two, wait upon my lady, and then I doubt not to find her less reserved than her grave way of treating afforded at the first, being so slowly pressed on my part."¹

At last all obstacles to the union were overcome. The pecuniary arrangements were completed to the satisfaction of all parties. By the marriage contract, dated May 13, 1637, nearly all the Fairfax estates in Yorkshire, were by

¹ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 362.

the grandfather and father settled upon the bridegroom, and the issue of the marriage in strict tail-male; an adequate jointure was settled upon the bride, and a provision of £5000 as a portion upon a daughter, should there be an only daughter and no male issue; and failing male issue, the estates were to descend to the male heirs of the grandfather, the first Thomas, Lord Fairfax. The marriage was solemnized at Lady Vere's residence in Hackney, on the 20th of June, 1637,¹ with much conviviality, a sumptuous feast having been prepared, to which many persons of distinction were invited.

From a letter dated Hackney, written on the evening of the marriage-day by young Fairfax's father to his own father, Lord Fairfax, who four days before the marriage had written to him a letter expressing a strong desire to see his grand-daughter at his residence at Denton, we learn various particulars respecting the marriage. Lady Vere intended to accompany the newly-married couple on a visit to her daughter Mary, relict of Sir Roger Townshend of East Rainham, Bart. The marriage festival had been conducted on a larger scale than Sir Ferdinando could have desired; and the young bride promised to make a very affectionate and excellent wife.

"I made my lady acquainted," says Sir Ferdinando, "with the letter that this day I received from your lordship, of seeing her daughter with the best conveniency; she will hasten her journey to Norfolk, which is not so much to show her son among her friends, as really to be better acquainted in several places with that humour of his she has but yet guessed at, and to endeavour the rectifying it, as also to instruct the wife in her applications; for in truth she is very tender of this child and affectionate to my son, and six weeks now is the longest she requires for their stay with her. The

¹ Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. ii. p. 491.

marriage, that my lady intended private, was made too public; a very great feast made, and many at it. I hope she will prove a good wife; her affection to her husband, and demeanour in these few hours, promise well: the Lord give a blessing to these beginnings."¹

The allusion in this letter to "that humour" of Fairfax's, which Lady Vere "has but yet guessed at," and which she was desirous "to be better acquainted with," and "to rectify," refers to Fairfax's naturally reserved and somewhat melancholy disposition. This at first sight concealed his merits; but upon a fuller acquaintance, his natural reserve throwing itself off in the intimacies of friendship, there were discovered gentleness and openness of temper, combined with high moral qualities—strict virtue, sincere piety, disinterested patriotism, incorrupted integrity; and the more he was known the more he was beloved.

The bridegroom himself took an early opportunity after the marriage of writing to his grandfather, and he anxiously apologizes to the old man, who was a rigid economist, for the expense incurred on his part, which had been necessary to correspond with the liberality of Lady Vere. In one of his letters to him, dated Hackney, June 29, 1637, he says:—"If more have been disbursed than your lordship did intend, I beseech you to excuse it with the same freeness you did the other [previous liberality]; since it was to answer the nobleness my lady showed in her free entertainment and charge in the furnishing her daughter with all things necessary, besides the expectation so many persons of quality had to find me answerable."²

¹ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 308.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 306.

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE ILLNESS OF HER DAUGHTER ANNE AND FAIRFAX,
AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE, TO HER DEATH.

Lady Vere enjoyed the society of her daughter Anne and Fairfax with her at Hackney for some time after the marriage; but when they were about to start for the residence of Sir Ferdinando, young Fairfax was seized with ague, a disease which probably he contracted during his residence in Holland. Then followed the illness of Anne, brought on by watching at the bedside of her husband. This caused much anxiety to Lady Vere, who did everything that could be done to promote the comfort and recovery of her son-in-law. In a letter to Fairfax's father she thus writes:—

“GOOD BROTHER,—I had hope that my son and daughter should have been with you at the time appointed, but it hath pleased God to alter that we agreed upon; for within two or three days after your going down, my son, after a fit of the stone, fell into an ague, which hath held him ever since, with somewhat long fits each other day, the fits beginning with cold and then heat. Dr. Wright is very careful of him, and attends him every day, and saith he thinks the fits will not hold him long. I pray God bless the means for his recovery. I hope you believe that there shall be no care of mine wanting for his health, nor anything else for his contentment, for he is now to me as my own, which is argument enough to you to have that confidence in me. It is His will who is the wise disposer of all, to have it thus, and therein I desire to rest. My daughter, with watching and cold she got, is fallen into a fever, which

is the more to her, because she hath never had any sickness. I trust God will sanctify His hand to them and me, that we may acknowledge Him in all. I entreat you to present my respective love to my Lord Fairfax, to whom I wish an increase of health and happiness. So I leave you to the protection of the Almighty, and ever rest your affectionate loving sister,

MARY VERE.

“HACKNEY, 11th July.”¹

The letter is addressed:—“For the Honourable and my most esteemed brother, Sir Ferdinando Fairfax, Knight, at Knaresborough, in Yorkshire.”

A week after she again writes to Sir Ferdinando on the same subject:—

“GOOD BROTHER,—I cannot but give you an account, by all opportunity, how my son is, who is, I thank God, much better than he was: his fits come now to be but very little. He is with his ague and spare diet brought low; but I hope now his fits will wear away, and his strength come apace. Dr. Wright is so careful of him as can be; and myself have, with a great deal of affectionate care, done what I can to express my love to so deserving a son as is every way worthy of it, and very dear to me. So with my loving respects to my Lord Fairfax, which I entreat you to present for me, I leave you to the protection of the Almighty, and ever remain, your very affectionate sister,

MARY VERE.

“HACKNEY, July 18, 1637.”²

Having in some degree recovered, Fairfax and his wife visited his father, who received the young wife with the warmest demonstrations of honour and affection. Anne did not fail to inform her mother how much she had been gratified and delighted with the manner of her reception by her father-in-law. Lady Vere was gratified and delighted in her turn, and in a letter to Sir Ferdinando, makes grateful acknowledgments for his courtesy and graciousness to her

¹ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 309.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 310.

daughter. At the same time she informs him of the assurances she had received in answer to letters she had written to some of the officers of the British army in Holland, that his second son Charles, a youth of little more than twenty-three years of age, who was now serving in the army in that country, would be promoted at the first opening. From her long residence in the Low Countries, and from the fame of her deceased husband, as well as from her own high reputation, she had no inconsiderable influence with those at the head of the British army in the United States, and to this influence many were indebted for military advancement.

“GOOD BROTHER,—I wish this could make expression for me, as I desire to acknowledge my respective love to you for the expression of yours in receiving my daughter in so noble a manner. My hope is, that as she is now yours, she will endeavour in all duty to carry herself as a child that would fain deserve the continuance of your favour and affections to her. I hope my son’s ague, and her’s, being already come to a period, they will, by God’s blessing, gather strength apace. I have had answer of my letters out of the Low Countries, and hear (which I believe you have heard before now from himself) that Mr. (Charles) Fairfax is in his colonel’s company, and I have promises that with the first opportunity he will advance him:¹ and truly he is so well spoken of for his discreet carriage, that he will merit it. I will trouble your leisure no longer, but leave you to the protection of the Almighty, and rest, your most affectionate sister,

MARY VERE.

“STISKEY, *October 20th, 1637.*”²

¹ After this, Charles Fairfax, who is so honourably mentioned in this letter, returned to England, and in his ardent devotion to the cause of liberty he joined the parliament. He was colonel of a regiment of horse at the battle of Marston Moor, where he was severely wounded, July 2, 1644, and died July 7. A monument was erected to his memory in the village of Marston, where he was buried.—*Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 317, 318. *Memorials of Lord Fairfax*, written by himself, p. 88.

² *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 320.

Fairfax again relapsed. In the spring of the following year he is still ill—increasingly ill. He and his wife were then with his father, Sir Ferdinando. The father, in his correspondence with Lady Vere, expressed much anxiety about his son, apprehending that his life would be short. One of Lady Vere's letters, in reply to one of these communications, is as follows:—

“GOOD BROTHER,—I am very sorry that my son's sickness doth increase, and that in such strong fits, which cannot but much weaken him, and the more because they seize so upon his spirits. I perceive he hath but a weak body, and the more care and circumspection for the preservation of his health will be required, especially against melancholy, which is, I think, the ground of all. Though I know he cannot be better than with you, yet my affections carry me to a great desire that he were here with me; it would be a great satisfaction to me. I hope and pray that God will give a blessing to your means for his recovery, and rejoice in the hopes you give me of it; for my son hath a great share in my affections. I cannot much blame my daughter, in case of so much fear and danger of a husband so dear to her as she writes to me he is to her, though she somewhat exceeds in giving way to her affections. It is an error that I can easily pardon; and hard it is to order our affections at all times, especially till we be more experienced. Now, when they have had vent, she will be more careful of herself, and upon deliberation will acknowledge whence the stroke is, and submit to what God will have her, and I hope will follow your advice and commands in the careful preservation of herself, and of that which, as I hope, she is with, which I beseech God make a blessing to us. . . . The news reported out of Sweden is good for the present: that the Swedes have given a great overthrow to the emperor's forces, and have taken four colonels, one whereof was the chief commander, and threescore colours, which they have sent to the King of

France. This will hinder the emperor's design to send forces against the Low Countries. He sent to the States to demand of them his imperial towns, but they gave the ambassador a slight answer, and he is returned discontent. I pray God look upon His church, to defend it from the fury of the enemy. You will excuse from her who will ever be,
your most affectionate sister, MARY VERE.

"HACKNEY, 15th March, 1637-8."¹

On the 21st of June following, Lady Vere's daughter Mary, relict of Sir Roger Townshend, Bart., was married to Mildmay Fane, second Earl of Westmoreland.²

Fairfax again gradually recovered. In the expedition headed by Charles I., which set out in March, 1639, against Scotland, with the intention of compelling by force the Scottish people to submit to the royal will in matters of religion, he had the command of a troop of horse; so little inclined was he at this time to act against his sovereign. The grandfather, a nobleman of great good sense and high honour, anxious that his grandson should rise to military distinction, had before given him the pithy advice—"Tom, Tom, mind thou the battle!" and in the prospect of the war with Scotland, he gave him the sage counsel—"Avoid private quarrels as much as you can, and show your valour upon the common enemy; the first will but show your pride, and bring you hatred, the second give you honour and reputation. I write this, because amongst so many as you shall converse with, you shall meet with men of various humours."³

Meanwhile Lady Vere, who had only paid a part of her daughter's marriage portion, wrote to Sir Ferdinando, her

¹ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 312.

² *Lysons' Environs of London*, vol. ii. p. 491.

³ *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 356, 357. This nobleman, who was raised to the peerage in the third year of the reign of Charles I., under the title of Lord Fairfax, of Cameron, died in 1640, at the advanced age of eighty.—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. lxxi.

daughter's father-in-law, informing him that she was ready to pay the remaining £2000. Sir Ferdinando, in a letter to his father Thomas, Lord Fairfax, at Denton, dated 5th April, 1639, thus writes:—"May it please your lordship,—Having formerly received a letter from my Lady Vere, that the £2000 arrear of my daughter's portion should be paid the first of this month, I desired (because of his majesty's coming hither, and the many employments we might have at this time) that her ladyship would please to keep the money till the first of the next month, at which time my son Widdrington,¹ might be got to London, who might be intrusted for receipt of the money, and deliver the deeds of Ovington, which are as mortgage for that payment. The last post brought me this inclosed, in the conclusion whereof my lady writes, the money shall be kept till that day; which is the first of May."²

To defend themselves against the hostile invasion of the English, Scotland made vigorous preparations. The two armies met at Berwick-upon-Tweed, and a bloody engagement seemed imminent, when, at the suggestion of the Scottish leaders, negotiations were entered into, the result of which was that a pacification was concluded between the belligerents, and signed June 18, the Scots having obtained nearly all their demands. Threatened hostilities having been thus averted, Fairfax wrote the following letter to his mother-in-law:—

"MADAM,—I think I need not relate to your ladyship what hath passed in these northern parts lately, for the joy of the happy success of peace which hath already been gladly entertained in the hearts of good subjects; and scarce was there any that had an ear to hear it which had not a heart to praise God for it, and I beseech God he would be pleased

¹ Sir Thomas Widdrington, Knight, married to Lady Frances, daughter of Sir Ferdinando.

² *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 358.

to preserve it from a relapse, which, if it were in the power of some, I might fear it would fall into. But, however, we think the king will not return to London, till after the parliament; his presence there will be very necessary to its success. But, madam, I find myself so impressed to your ladyship by your favours, as I must leave the Scots' affair for others to inform your ladyship in, and acknowledge my particular obligations to your goodness for the care your ladyship was pleased to have of me this journey, which, I thank God, I found no inconvenience by, and for those continual charges your ladyship is at for us and our little one,¹ which is more than we can desire. For methinks I am far short of that service to your ladyship, as that your ladyship should benefit by it; though I want that to deserve the favours of your ladyship, I will never be wanting to confess I hold more by obligation than merit the honour of being, madam, your ladyship's most obedient son and humble servant,

T. FAIRFAX."²

The tidings of a pacification between Charles and his Scottish subjects must have afforded great satisfaction to Lady Vere. From her predilection for Calvinism and Presbyterianism, acquired during her long residence in Holland, she had strong sympathies with the Scottish people in their present struggles. Similar were the feelings of many of the English, to whom this expedition was the reverse of popular, judging that his majesty's northern subjects were asking from him nothing but what, in perfect fairness and justice, they were entitled to, when they told him:—"Our desires are only to enjoy our religion and liberties according to the ecclesiastical and civil laws of the kingdom."

From the correspondence between Lady Vere and Lord

¹ This was Mary, afterwards Duchess of Buckingham. His only other child was another daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1640, who died and was buried at Denton in 1642.—*Fairfax MSS.*

² *Fairfax Correspondence*, vol. i. p. 386.

Fairfax, their high esteem and affection for each other are evident. But Lady Vere not only acquired a deep hold on his affections; she had great weight over his decisions and conduct. This is explained from the intellectual and moral worth for which both were distinguished. Temporizing Fairfax was not; led by flattery he was not; vacillating in his purpose, when his judgment was once formed, he was not; but being a man of deep religious feeling, of strict integrity, entirely devoid, from constitution and principle, of a taste for intrigue, and an ardent friend of civil and religious freedom, he was very open to the influence of such a woman as his mother-in-law, who, besides her pre-eminence in all these qualities, was conspicuous for wisdom and goodness. Acted upon by her counsels, which convinced his judgment, and also by those of his wife, who like her mother was a zealous Presbyterian, to which were added the persuasions and example of his father, who, as Clarendon says, grew "actively and factiously disaffected to the king," he beheld with deep disapprobation the measures pursued by Charles I., and soon after this took an active part, first by peaceable means and then by open hostilities, in resisting the encroachments of the monarch on the rights and liberties of the kingdom.

John Davenport, Lady Vere's old minister and correspondent, was now in America. He had returned from Holland to England after a stay of about three years; but dissatisfied, from his nonconforming convictions, with the state of ecclesiastical matters there, and having been, from the beginning, a warm friend to the plantation of New England, he went thither in June, 1637, with Theophilus Eaton and Edward Hopkins, two London merchants of good estates, and after remaining a short time in the colony of Massachusetts, they removed in company with many families, in the month of March, 1638, and laid the foundations of the colony of New-haven. On their emigrating to the new world, Davenport and his wife had left in England one of their children, a

boy, in whom Lady Vere had taken a kindly interest. The boy was sent out to his parents, and on his reaching them in safety, Davenport, on learning Lady Vere's friendliness to his child, wrote to her a letter of thanks, dated "Quinnipiack [Newhaven], the 28th of the 7th Month, 1639."¹ Having informed her that his dear child had safely arrived, with sundry desirable friends, in a vessel which landed at Newhaven—"the first ship that ever cast anchor in this place"—after a favourable voyage of seven weeks, he adds, "The Lord our God hath here bestowed upon us the greatest outward privilege under the sun, to have and enjoy all his ordinances purely dispensed in a church gathered and constituted according to his own mind in all things, and hath promised that in every place where he shall so set his name, he will come unto his people and bless them. And now, madam, my desire is that your ladyship may be assured that whatever interest I have in Jesus Christ, and by him, in fellowship with his people, at the throne of grace, it is wholly for your advantage; if in anything I may express the reality of my thankfulness to your honour for many favours formerly received, and for your helpfulness to my little one in carrying him in your coach to Sir Theodore Maherne for advice about his neck, and for your cost upon him in a coat, of which bounty and labour of your love my servant Ann hath made full report to us. The Lord recompense the same to your ladyship, and to your noble family an hundredfold!"²

¹ He says "the 7th Month," not "September." The puritan fathers, soon after their settlement in America, renounced the nomenclature of the Roman calendar. This was done, as Johnson observes in his *Wonder-working Providence* (lib. i. c. 27), "of purpose, to prevent the heathenish and popish observation of days, months, and years, that they may be forgotten among the people of the Lord." In Winthrop's Diary, the first instance of the change of the name of the month is "11 m. 13 [day], 1634." The custom continued for nearly two generations, and then it gradually fell into disuse, and a return was made to the old practice, which was no doubt regarded by the aged planters as a mark of degeneracy.

² MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

He had heard that her family had been afflicted with fever and small-pox, and that her daughter Catharine, the wife of Oliver St. John, had become a widow.¹ The concluding part of his letter relates to that bereavement. "I hope before this time the Lord hath rebuked the fevers and small-pox in your family, and will make the loss of Mr. St. Jo[hn] a mercy to your daughter, whom I love and honour in the Lord. The Lord the Holy One of Israel, our Redeemer, hath undertaken to teach his people to profit, as well by his providences as by his ordinances, even by all his dispensations. Accordingly I believe he will, and pray that he may be pleased graciously to make this loss her gain, and these trials evidences of his fatherly love both to your ladyship and her, that the mortality of earthly comforts, and the dissolubleness of the marriage bond with the creature, may quicken us to secure our interest in the everlasting God, and our marriage with the Lord Jesus Christ by an everlasting covenant of his free grace, which nothing can dissolve. My wife presenteth her humble service with much thankfulness to your ladyship."

In less than three years from the date of this letter the complications and misunderstanding between Charles I. and his parliament had come to a crisis. Each side was bent on bringing military coercion to bear upon the other. Civil war blazed forth with all the calamities that follow in its train. Lady Vere sympathized with the parliament; but these confusions, involving bloody campaigns and sieges, massacres, pillagings, devastations, father fighting against son, and son against father, brother against brother, and friend against friend, caused her painful perplexities. After the civil war had commenced she received a long letter bearing on

¹ Catharine did not remain long a widow, having married secondly John, Lord Paulet, in the spring of 1641. Lady Brilliana Harley in a letter to her son Edward, March 19, 1640-1, says, "I am glad my Lady Vere has cause to rejoice in my cousin St. John's second marriage."—*Brilliana Harley's Letters*, p. 119.

the subject from her venerable friend John Dod, now nearly a hundred years of age, and yet with faculties sound and vigorous.

He begins his letter, which is dated "Fawsley, December 20, 1642," thus:—"Good Madam, having the opportunity of this trusty bearer, our ancient friend, I took the occasion to let your ladyship understand that, though I be absent from you in sight, and unable as formerly to visit my friends, yet that you are never forgotton of me, when I remember myself or any other friend; nor I purpose shall ever be."

Then entering upon the deplorable state of the country, now that the curtains were drawn, and the first scenes of the tragedy of civil strife were enacting, he directs her thoughts to certain topics, the clear knowledge and firm belief of which would fortify her mind and give her strength to front with fortitude all the perils, present or coming, of these unhappy convulsions. "The tumults and plunderings of these times cannot but much afflict your ladyship's spirit, being of yourself naturally addicted unto melancholy. But yet remember, good madam, that Christ sits at the helm of the great ship of the church, who does all things well, and therefore he will so rule, guide all, as everything shall be well in his best time, seeing all things by promise must of necessity work for good unto them (Rom. viii. 29) who love God, as I am assured, and assure you, you do in truth of heart. Wherefore I beseech you to follow Christ's counsel unto the church of Smyrna (Rev. ii. 10): 'Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer.' . . . Though great and many troubles should overtake you, yet be sure that you keep the word of his patience, and then he will keep you from the hour of temptation which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth (Rev. iii. 10), which hour sure cannot be far off. Therefore, good madam, fear not so much, but rest upon God. . . . Your days and those of your seed are numbered and sealed up under God's decree, which we

cannot pass, and are neither in the devil's power nor malice of our enemies to determine or shorten, and therefore commit yourself and all yours unto God's disposing and keeping, for therein is your safety, not in your walls and bulwarks."

Next, turning the subject to himself, and anticipating the worst that might befall him amidst these civil commotions, he speaks with the lofty serenity of one who, hoary with age and expecting every moment to be summoned away to his heavenly home, had nothing to lose and everything to gain, whatever might happen. "Though I look and expect every day to be plundered and lose all,¹ yet I thank God I have a treasure laid up where none of these plunderers can enter, and resolve that the worst which can be done to me in this life, is but to do more for me than all my by-past prayers these fifty years could ever effect for me: to send me quickly home, long since weary of this world, and all it could ever show me."

In conclusion he writes:—"If before my departure hence, being now not far from ninety-five years old,² I might any way be helpful to your ladyship, to resolve you of any doubts or questions in your heart, I should be glad ere my departure, now at hand, to do you any service this way. Thus with my kind solicitations and daily prayers for your ladyship and all yours, and many thanks for all your ladyship's bountiful love unto me, I take my leave, assuring you first that, whatsoever the proclamations on earth may be, yet that that great proclamation from heaven shall and must stand:

¹ As he expected, Dod was severely treated. His house was plundered three times by the king's party; all which he patiently endured, calling to remembrance one of his old sayings, "Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions."—Fuller's *Church History*. Neal, iii. 296. Brook, iii. 4.

² Dod lived more than two years from the date of this letter, having died in 1645, ninety-seven years of age, and was buried at Fawsley; "with whom," says Fuller, "the old Puritan may seem to expire, and in his grave to be interred; humble, meek, patient, hospitable, charitable, as in his censures of, so in his alms to others."

‘Say unto the righteous that it shall be well with them, for the works of their hands shall be given them.’”¹

Lady Vere was a deeply interested observer of the great struggle between the king and the parliament; and from her friendly disposition to the cause of the latter, together with her position and good qualities, she was in great credit with the parliament. There was no lady of the age whom they more highly esteemed and honoured for her accomplishments, virtue, and fidelity. Accordingly in 1643, when the king’s children, James, Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester, were in the hands of the parliament, the House of Commons, in token of their respect for Lady Vere, resolved, June 28, that she should be appointed governess to the two young princes, then at St. James’s Palace, and that the concurrence of the lords be desired herein.² But of this resolution we hear nothing farther. Whether it was disapproved of by the lords, or declined by herself, does not very clearly appear. According to Clarendon, she was not at all ambitious of the charge of the royal children, notwithstanding the liberal allowance granted for their support.³ She was now considerably advanced in years; the charge might turn out in various respects disagreeable; and as she was not in narrow circumstances, the pecuniary advantage it offered would weigh little in her estimation. Soon after the Countess of Dorset was appointed to the post by both Houses of Parliament, and after her death, which took place May 17, 1645, the royal children were placed under the care of the Earl of Northumberland and his lady, who treated them in all respects suitably to their birth.⁴

It had now been long since Lady Vere had heard from John Davenport. He was still living and active in the colony of

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 73.

² Journals of the House of Commons.

³ Clarendon’s *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 57.

⁴ Clarendon is incorrect in asserting that Lady Vere was appointed to the guardianship of the king’s children after the death of Lady Dorset.

Newhaven in the New World, very usefully employed in laying the foundations of a church, which generation after generation would bless that colony. Strange events had happened in England since he had left it. His old persecutor Laud, who had spent life in the ignoble occupation of prosecuting before the Star Chamber and High Commission men in all respects better than himself, or in sending forth his beagles to hunt them down and worry them to death, had ended his days on a scaffold. While the civil confusions still continued, Lady Vere received from him a letter, dated "Newhaven, the 13th day of the 9th Month, 1647." One of her old male servants, named Brasie, who had been for several years in the colony of Newhaven, and who was a member of his congregation, well approved among them, being about to return to England, he sent with him this letter to her, hoping that she was still alive. He gives her no information about the infant colony, leaving it to the bearer "to give an account to your honour of all things wherein you will desire to be informed concerning me and mine;" nor does he make any reference to the troubles and tragedies which had been enacting in Old England. He writes simply in a serious strain of Christian friendship, dictated by awakened old reminiscences, breathing forth grateful feelings for past favours, and paying tribute to her high Christian character.

"MADAM,—It seemeth to me, who continually bear in my heart a thankful remembrance of your many favours, a long time since I heard from your ladyship, which I do impute either to your remote abode from London, or to your want of seasonable notice of opportunities for conveying a line or two by some fit hand unto these parts. In hope that you are yet in the land of the living and in health (which I pray the living God long to continue with all prosperity and peace), and in confidence that a few lines from one so much obliged will be acceptable to your honour, I presume to present this testimony of my thankfulness for your constant

good affection to so worthless an one; praying the God of all grace to remember all your faithfulness to me and mine, in goodness and mercy to your noble self and your honourable branches, both now and in that great day when the light of his countenance and favour in Christ Jesus will be more worth than ten thousand worlds."¹

In 1652 Lady Vere was called to mourn over the death of her daughter Catharine, wife of John, Lord Paulet.²

Like the great body of the Presbyterians, Lady Vere, while supporting the parliament in claiming the redress of many grievances of which the nation had good cause to complain, was always friendly to the monarchy. Desiring only that his majesty should make concessions to the reasonable demands of the parliament, not that he should be driven from his throne, or injured in person, she lamented the unhappy fate of Charles I., though she might attribute his tragic end to his own tyranny and utter disregard of good faith, not less than to the violence of its authors; and she hailed with cordial affection the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers. But at that period she was far advanced in years, and lived in seclusion, devoting her time chiefly to the duties of devotion, and to works of charity. "Thrice every day," says Gurnall in her funeral sermon, "she shut up herself for some hours in her closet, which was excellently furnished with pious books of practical divinity. Here she spent much precious time in reading the Holy Scriptures, and other good books that might give her further light into them, and help to put more heat into that light she had obtained. Here she poured out her devout soul with such fervours of spirit in prayer as could not be hid (sometimes) from those her maidens whose occasions drew them at any time near her closet door.

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

² In a table of contents in Sloan MSS. Brit. Mus. 4274, is '1652. The Lord Poulet (upon the death of his lady) to the Lady Fairfax.' But this letter we have failed to discover.

Her humble unaffected piety shed a halo around the evening of her days. All who were brought into intercourse with her felt its lovely and hallowed attractions, and her female acquaintances especially were charmed with the beauty of her Christian character. Lady Warwick makes two entries in her diary in reference to Lady Vere, to this effect:—"July 27, 1668. My sister Ranelagh and I went to see my Lady Vere. All the way, both going and coming, we had a great deal of good discourse; and when we were at my Lady Vere's, had with her much good discourse. She then told me that she had seen much of the world, being now above fourscore and seven years old, and that it was worth nothing, and that Christ was worth all." "July 26, 1671. I went with my sister Ranelagh to visit my pious Lady Vere. Going and coming in the coach, and whilst I was there, we had much good and profitable discourse, and I found much comfort to hear that good old disciple discourse: I returned not home till late."¹

Though in the course of her life Lady Vere suffered much grief and anguish, which all must more or less suffer here, arising from her being bereft of the objects of her tenderest affections, yet in other respects her long pilgrimage on earth was prosperous beyond what falls to the lot of most. Still she at length felt it to be a weary pilgrimage, and while willing to live her appointed time, she yet, towards her closing career, as Gurnall testifies, longed for the day when she would be done with this world, and enter upon her everlasting rest.

Somewhat more than twelve months before her death she fell into a swoon, which continued about half an hour without any appearance of her recovery. After she had so far revived, her first words were, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" and upon her being conveyed to her chamber, she said, "I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

¹ Lady Warwick's Diary, p. 163, 242.

At length her sun went down in peace, in hope and joy. Her last sickness came on at the end of the year 1671. Under it she was at times not entirely free from doubts—but they passed away; and though on her deathbed she could not be said to be full of rapture, there was a solemn calm and peacefulness within. She suffered severe pain, but her patience rose superior to her agonies. Never did a murmuring or repining word escape from her lips. In her acutest pains she not only justified God, but gave expression to her admiring and grateful sense of his goodness and mercy.

During her last illness she was affectionately attended by her daughter Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Clare, who had come to Kirby Hall to pay this last office of filial piety to her beloved mother. “Madam,” says Gurnall, addressing the Countess of Clare, “it was a very merciful providence which brought your honour to your dear mother’s assistance in her dying sickness; by which, as you had the pleasure of recreating her spirit with your presence, and of giving an high demonstration of your piety to her in her low and weak state of body (a virtue of great price with God, and remarkably rewarded by him, even in this life), so also the happiness of being an eye-witness to her Christian deportment, in her sharpest pains and agonies; how her faith and patience triumphed over them all; which no doubt did much sweeten the sorrow that her outward distress inflicted upon your tender heart.” It was, indeed, comforting to her daughter to have an opportunity of witnessing at the closing scene the submission, faith, and hope of her mother. But a dying testimony was not needed to satisfy any that one who in a long life had so conspicuously exhibited the graces of the Christian character would, whenever death came, die in the Lord. The whole tenor of her life was a better index to her Christian character than a few broken words which she might utter on her deathbed.

Two days before her death a fatal lethargy, that of ex-

haustion, which made her unconscious of everything around her, seized upon her weak and wasted frame; and under it she gradually sunk. The last words she was heard to utter before this lethargy came on were, "How shall I do to be thankful? How shall I do to praise my God?"—the instinctive breathing of the regenerated spirit to have the heart and lips attuned to magnify God in the darkest hour of nature, and prepared to celebrate his praise in the lofty and enraptured strains of glory. She died on the 25th of December, 1671, in the ninetieth year of her age, or, as some of her near relatives said, in the ninety-first.

The funeral was solemnized on the 10th of January, and a funeral sermon was preached to the company assembled to conduct the remains of the deceased to their last resting-place, by William Gurnall, M.A. of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and minister of Lavenham in Suffolk, from 1 Cor. xv. 58, "Forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." The sermon, which was published soon after, under the title of "*The Christian's Labour and Reward*," with the mottoes, "'The memory of the just is blessed;' 'By humility and the fear of the Lord are riches, honour, and life;' 'Nobilis genere, sed multo nobilior Sanctitate' (Hieron. Epitaph. Paulæ Matris, Ep. 27)," was dedicated "to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Clare," at whose request it was published.

To the sermon are added nine elegies by different authors. One of these elegies thus begins:—

"Noble herself, more noble 'cause so near
To the thrice noble and victorious Vere—
That Belgic lion, whose loud fame did roar,
Heard from the German to the British shore."

Another, "On her sleeping three days together before she died," thus proceeds:—

"Death's brother, Sleep, her senses tied
Three days, and then she waking died."

Sleep was the essay of Death's cup,
 Which first she sipped—then drauk all up.
 Thus swimmers first with foot explore
 The gelid stream, then venture o'er.
 Thus Martyr, for a trial first,
 Into the fire his finger thrust,
 To snip a pattern of the flame,
 Then clothes his body with the same.
 Thus spies to Canaan's land are sent
 To view the countries ere they went.
 Sleep was the mask in which she saw
 The promised land *incognita*.
 Which done, she only wak'd to tell
 By-standers that she liked it well."

She was honoured, too, by anagrams, which were a part of the literary peculiarities of that age, though long since banished by a purer taste from an honourable place in literature. One of these anagrams is—

" *Verè mira*,
 "Mirror of blessings! for what tongue can tell,
 For grace and greatness where's her parallel."

Another is:—

" *Marie Vere*,
Eccè I armè."

Taking this as a key-note, the writer pours forth a strain of eulogium on her as a Christian heroine, who, happily matched in having been wedded to a "general whose story embalms our nation's undying glory," wore herself, "bright, well used, and well buckled on" all the Christian armour, and who, having won many a battle, had now received the crown of victory from her great Captain. These conceits are somewhat forced and far fetched, as were generally the efforts of the anagrammatist in putting his ingenuity to the rack, to bring out some word or phrase panegyric of the person whom it was intended to celebrate by a transposition of the letters of the person's name.

In another of these elegies the writer represents his muse as seated under a shade, and telling to listening mourners "a

grief-defrauding parable." The King of Glory sent by his Spirit from the holy land to a noble favourite a choice jewel of his crown, after having prepared a casket in which this rare token of his love might be put.

"Its substance was more pure than gold;
More worth than thousands, though twice told.
* * * * *

It in form a heart resembl'd,
A single heart, that ne'er dissembl'd;
A broken heart, that often trembl'd;
A bleeding heart, most deeply humbl'd."

Upon the table of this heart was engraven by the hand of God the image of his holiness. In it were set twelve precious stones—none such were in prince's coronet—in lovely order, arranged three by three. In the first row were Faith, Hope, Charity; in the second, Temperance, Virtue, Purity; in the third, Meekness, Kindness, Verity; and in the fourth, Love, Zeal, and Constancy. In the middle stood a massy projection called Humility, which "was the gracing grace of all." The jewel shone like a glorious sun with rays most bright, and it was lent by the Owner for more than ninety years; but it had been taken away. The writer now bids his muse put off her vizard's mask, and without trying patience any longer, to name the person whom she praised. She answers:—

"Content, for sure I am to blame,
So long to smother that great name,
Which, in all countries where it came,
Was crown'd with honour and with fame.

"The noble soul described here
Was one to God and man most dear;
Who in devotion had no peer—
The great, good Lady Mary Vere."

BRILLIANA CONWAY,

WIFE OF SIR ROBERT HARLEY.¹

BRILLIANA CONWAY was the second daughter of Sir Edward Conway, afterwards Baron Conway of Ragley, in Warwickshire, Viscount Killutagh, in Ireland, and Viscount Conway, of Conway Castle, by his wife Dorothy, daughter of Sir John Tracey of Toddington, in Gloucestershire, and relict of Edward Bray of Great Barrington, in that county. Her father was one of the greatest men of that age, both in the camp and in the cabinet. Her mother Dorothy, being sister to Lady Vere, the subject of the preceding life, Brilliana was Lady Vere's niece. Her brothers were Edward, second Viscount Conway, Sir Thomas, and Ralph; and her sisters were Frances, who was married to Sir William Pelham of Brocklesby, in Lincolnshire, and Helengenwagh, who was married to Sir William Smyth of Hill Hall, in the county of Essex.²

Brilliana was born in Holland, in the year 1600. The place of her birth was probably the Brill, of which her father was at that time lieutenant-governor, and from which she got her name. When not above six years of age she returned with her parents and the rest of the family to England. In

¹ The materials of this life have been chiefly derived from Lady Brilliana's Letters, published for the Camden Society, 1854, from a collection of family papers in the possession of her descendant, the Lady Frances Vernon Harcourt, of Brampton Bryan, Herefordshire. A few of these letters, written between 1625-1633, are addressed to her husband, but the greater number are addressed to her son Edward, extending from October, 1638, when he went to Oxford, to October, 1643, near the period of her death.

² Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, p. 625. Collins's *Peerage of England*.

April, 1606, an act was passed for the naturalization of the children of Sir Edward Conway, Knight; and this was probably soon after his return to England.

Nothing is known of Brilliana until her marriage; but from her correspondence it is manifest that much attention had been paid to her education, and that she had been trained up to a strict regard to the principles and duties of religion. In her compositions she never indulges in the pedantic practice then common of interlarding them with quotations from the Roman classics; but she was not ignorant of the Latin language, and she was as familiar with French as with her own tongue. Her memory was stored with ancient and modern history, and she was well acquainted with the Scriptures, and with the doctrines of theology. The creed in the knowledge and belief of which she was brought up, was the Calvinistic—the system of doctrine maintained in the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, and which was practically maintained by that church from the period of the Reformation until Arminianism was successfully introduced by the policy of Laud. In her early years she was the subject of serious and spiritual piety, and she became impregnated with the puritan opinions, which had then so strongly leavened the religious portion of English society. The age in which it was her lot to live was remarkable; and gifted with a masculine understanding, and being a woman of public spirit, she took a deep interest in all its public events, whether domestic or foreign.

When she had scarcely completed the twenty-third year of her age, she was married, July 22, 1623, to Sir Robert Harley, of Brampton Bryan, Knight of the Bath. She was his third wife, and Sir Robert, who was born 1579, was about twenty-one years her senior. By the marriage settlement, £400 a year was settled on her as a jointure from his lands at Wigmore, Eyton, and Presteigne.¹

¹ State Papers in State Paper Office, James I., vol. cxlvi. no. 82.

In early life Sir Robert was much devoted to agricultural pursuits, and he also occupied much of his time in promoting the religious and secular interests of the county of Hereford, of which he was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant. He represented the borough of Radnor in parliament during the reign of James I., and towards the close of the reign of that monarch, and in the reign of Charles I., he was elected one of the members for Herefordshire. He was a member of the Long Parliament, which began November 3, 1640, in the proceedings of which he took an active share; and deeply imbued with the sentiments of the Puritans, of which he was one of the most influential leaders, he sought with patriotic zeal the redress of the many grievances of which England, with good reason, loudly complained.

From the religious sentiments and character of Lady Harley and Sir Robert, their house at Brampton, as might be expected, was regulated with all the strictness for which those who belonged to the puritan party were noted in those days. Besides the morning and evening sacrifices of devotion offered up at the family altar, there were stated seasons set apart for extraordinary prayer. The ember days, the monthly parliamentary fasts, which were kept on the last Wednesday in the month, and special days of a more private nature for humiliation and prayer, were strictly observed at Brampton Castle.

Like the other Puritans of those days, Lady Harley regularly attended on the religious services of the Established church, disapproving of the separatists for withdrawing from its communion, and for even refusing to be present at its assemblies for divine worship. Nor was she opposed to the use of the Common Prayer Book in public worship; though every part of it might not meet with her entire approval. This was a point as to which the Puritans differed in judgment. Mr. Simons, who taught the school at Brampton, a man whom in her letters she generally designates "good Mr. Simons," had acquired sentiments so strongly hostile to the

Liturgy, that he refused to join in religious worship with such as used it; and on that account he left Brampton. In her correspondence, references are repeatedly made to his scruples, and to the zeal and determination with which he asserted and maintained them. From these references it is evident that she did not harmonize with him in judgment as to the Liturgy, and that she especially disapproved of the length to which he carried his opposition. In one of her letters, dated November 1, 1639, she thus writes:—"I have not heard of any yet to supply Mr. Simons' place in teaching the school. . . . They [he and his friends] continue still stiff in their opinions; and in my apprehension upon small ground. My fear is lest we should fall into the same error as Calvin did, who was so earnest in opposing the papist holidays, that he entrenched upon the holy Sabbath; so I fear we shall be so earnest in beating down their too much vilifying of the Common Prayer Book, that we shall say more for it than ever we intended."

The reader will observe that much as she admired Calvin, and though generally adopting his theological sentiments, she did not implicitly adopt them in every particular. She did not follow him in regarding the Sabbath as a judaical institution. On the contrary, she held that it was a moral precept of universal and perpetual obligation, the same as the other nine, along with which it was published with awful solemnity by the voice of God himself from amidst the thunders and lightnings of Mount Sinai, and therefore to be observed, not simply as being a useful institution conducive to men's temporal and spiritual welfare, but as a command of heaven binding on the conscience.

Lady Harley had to Sir Robert three sons and four daughters—Edward, Robert, Thomas; Brilliana, Dorothy, Margaret, and Elizabeth. Edward, her first-born, was her best-beloved child.

In the autumn of the year 1638, this favourite son, then

about sixteen years of age, after having acquired the ordinary branches of learning at school, first in Shrewsbury, and then at Gloucester, was sent to Magdalen Hall, Oxford. Sir Robert and she had selected this seminary for the completion of his education, because it was at this time the chief school of Puritanism in Oxford, even as Emmanuel College had the same distinction at Cambridge. It was also eminent for learning, being in that respect inferior to none in the university, and enrolling several hundreds of students. Its principal was Dr. John Wilkinson, under whose government it flourished for many years. Young Harley had for his tutor Edward Perkins, whom Calamy describes "as a great man, a very ready and well-studied divine, especially in school divinity." It was a high satisfaction to Lady Harley that her son was placed under a tutor of such eminence and excellence as was Perkins, who, as she records, "was an instrument to bring two in my dear brother's family out of darkness into light, and from the power of sin, under the sweet regiment of our Lord Christ Jesus."¹

The absence of Edward at college was her first separation from any of her children. During his absence she wrote to him numerous letters, all of which are full of affection, wisdom, and piety.

That Edward should prosecute his studies with assiduity and industry, was the object of her earnest solicitude. Youth was the golden season, which, once passed away, would never return. Its neglected advantages could therefore never be recovered, nor its losses repaired. By now applying himself to the cultivation of learning, giving proof equally of his abilities and diligence, he would improve his mind, and acquire that knowledge which in itself would be a high personal distinction, and which would fit him for greater future usefulness. In writing to him when he was at Oxford, his mother frequently expresses her anxiety and hopes on this subject. "I earnestly

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 24.

desire you may have that wisdom, that from all the flowers of learning you may draw the honey and leave the rest.”¹ “I am confident you will nowise neglect the opportunity of profiting in the ways of learning, and I pray God prosper your endeavours.”² “My dear Ned, I doubt not but that you are diligent in the way in which you are to store yourself with knowledge, for this is your harvest in which you must gather the fruits which bear; after, you may bring out to your own and others’ profit. It is a sorrowful repentance to repent for the loss of that which we cannot recall; which many men do in sorrowing over their lost time.”³

But the more pervading tone of her letters to him is a deep anxiety for his spiritual well-being. Under the parental roof he had enjoyed rare religious advantages. The lessons of piety had been instilled into his mind from infancy. He was guarded from the contaminating influence of evil companionship, and his parents in their whole deportment had presented before him an admirable Christian example. Placed in circumstances so favourable, he showed from the first a peculiar susceptibility of religious impressions, and gave encouraging hope that true piety had early taken possession of his heart. To preserve and foster these promising appearances was the leading object of all his mother’s letters to him, when now he was removed from parental inspection and exposed to many temptations. They are full of instruction, warning, and advice; and they present in a very attractive light the lovely character of this excellent woman, in whom we behold not only the tenderness and depth of her maternal feelings, but these feelings elevated and sanctified by the Christian anxiety, faith, and hope, in reference to the best interests of her son, with which they are associated and intermingled.

In illustration of these observations, take the following extracts from her letters to him during his residence at Oxford:—

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 8.

² *Ibid.* p. 65.

³ *Ibid.* p. 71.

“I am glad you find a want of that ministry you did enjoy : labour to keep a fresh desire after the sincere milk of the word, and then in good time you shall enjoy that blessing again.” “The Lord, who only has the hearts of men in his hands, keep your heart close to his fear, that you may remember your Creator now, in the days of your youth.” “Be still watchful over yourself, that custom in seeing and hearing of vice do not abate your distaste of it. I bless my God, for those good desires you have, and the comfort you find in serving your God. Be confident he is the best master, and will give the best wages, and they wear the best livery, the garment of holiness, a clothing which never shall wear out, but is renewed every day.” “Be constant in holy duties; let public and private go together. Let not one shoulder out the other.” “As you have been careful to choose your company, be so still, for pitch will not easily be touched without leaving some spot.” “Pray earnestly to God, to put such a principle of grace into your heart, from which you may love those that are worthy of love, and then no ill company will be pleasing to you.” “Keep your heart close with your God; O let it be your resolution and practice in your life, rather to die than sin against your gracious and holy God!”¹

Her lessons to him on the subject of self-observation and self-scrutiny are very judicious and of great practical value. He could not follow better rules, or subject himself to a more effectual discipline by which to rectify what was defective in his knowledge, or what was wrong in the state of his heart and feelings, or what needed amendment in his words and deportment. “My dear Ned, keep always a watch over your precious soul; tie yourself to a daily self-examination; think over the company you have been in, and what your discourse was, and how you found yourself affected, how in the discourses of religion; observe what knowledge you were able to express, and with what affection to it. And where you find yourself to

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 9, 11, 16, 19, 20, 25, 71.

come short, labour to repair that want; if it be in knowledge of any point, read something that may inform you in what you find you know not; if the fault be in affections, that you find a weariness in that discourse of religion, go to God, beg of him new affections to love those things which by nature we cannot love. After discourse, call to mind whether you have been too apt to take exceptions, or whether any have provoked you, and examine yourself how you took it. My dear Ned, you are to me next my own heart; and this is the rule I take with myself; and I think it is the best way to be acquainted with our own hearts, for we know not what is in us, till occasions and temptation draw out that matter which lies quiet.”¹

The young are often repelled from religion by the mistaken idea that if they devote themselves to God they must abandon all true happiness, and surrender themselves to a life of habitual gloom, mortification, and austerity. In her correspondence with her son Edward, Lady Harley is solicitous to impress upon his mind how great a misconception this is. She would have him to contemplate religion in its truly cheerful and delightful aspect, as the perpetual spring of mental tranquillity, of true, exalted, lasting joy, unlike the pleasures of this world, which pall upon us, and pall the sooner, the more intense their enjoyment. She bears testimony from her own experience, that in all conditions of life, that when in health and possessed of all that the world could give, not less than when in sickness and under other afflictions, she had found in the service of God—in the breathings of prayer, in the ponderings of heavenly meditation, in the cultivation of a holy life—a sweetness, a peace, a rest, an enjoyment which she had found in nothing else. “My dearest, believe this from me, that there is no sweetness in anything in this life to be compared to the sweetness in the service of our God, and this I thank God I can say, not only to agree with those that

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 69.

say so, but experimentally. I have had health, and friends, and company in variety, and there was a time that what could I have said I wanted; yet in all that there was a trouble, and that which gave me peace was the serving of my God, and not the service of the world. And I have had a time of sickness, and weakness, and the loss of friends, and as I may say, the gliding away of all those things I took most comfort in, in this life. If I should now say (which I may boldly) that in this condition, O how sweet did I find the love of my God, and the endeavour to walk in his ways! it may be, some may say, that it must needs be so, because all other comforts failed me. But, my dear Ned, I must lay both my conditions together—my time of freedom from afflictions, and my time of afflictions; and in the one I found a sweetness in the service of God, above the sweetness of the things in this life, and in trouble a sweetness in the service of God which took away the bitterness of the affliction; and this I tell you, that you may believe how good the Lord is, and believe it as a tried truth, that the service of the Lord is more sweet, more peaceful, more delightful, than the enjoying of all the fading pleasures of the world.”¹

In the course of her correspondence with this son, besides the religious counsels by which she endeavoured to foster in him the Christian spirit, she gives him many good advices of a secular kind for regulating his deportment and cultivating his manners; advices which exemplify her admirable good sense and her knowledge of the world. One of these sage lessons, a lesson very important to the young, is that he ought not only to endeavour to acquire the good opinion of those whose approbation is worth having, but that, having once acquired it, he ought to strive to preserve it, by his gentleness of temper, amiableness of manners, and propriety of conduct in all respects and on all occasions. “I take it for a great blessing that your worthy tutor gives so good a testi-

¹ *Her Letters*, p. 34.

mony of you, and that you esteem him so highly. I bless the Lord that has given you favour in his eyes, to set his good-will upon you. It is found experimentally true that conquerors must be as careful to keep what they have gained as they were to obtain it. It is alike true, we must be as careful and studious to keep good opinions and affections towards us as we were to gain them; and I hope you will be a good practitioner of that lesson."¹

Again, while she would not foster in him a spirit of pride, or anything at variance with modesty, humility, and the deference due to age or superiority of condition, yet she would have him not to be unduly abashed in the presence of others, whatever their rank or acquirements, but to preserve his self-control, remembering that they were just men like himself, and moreover that from the nobility of his parentage, he was entitled to mingle in the society of the noblest. "Mr. Scidamore, that dwells hard by Hereford, who married my Lord Scidamore's sister, told your father the other day at Hereford, that he would see you at Oxford. He has been abroad in France and Italy. If he do come to you, be careful to use him with all respect. But in the entertaining of any such, be not put out of yourself. Speak freely, and always remember that they are but men; and for being gentlemen, it puts no distance between you, for you have part in nobleness of birth: though some have place before you, yet you may be in their company. And this I say to you, not to make you proud or conceited of yourself, but that you should know yourself, and so not to be put out of yourself when you are in better company than ordinary; for I have seen many, when they come into good company, lose themselves. Surely they have too high esteem of man; for they can go boldly to God, and [yet] lose themselves before men. Remember therefore when you are with them, that you are but with those who are such as yourself, though some wiser and more honourable."²

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 13.

² *Ibid.* p. 21.

The frivolity of carrying to excess the love of dress and personal decoration is another maxim to which she would have him to attend. He ought to be satisfied with plain apparel, and not aspire to be a fop—the man of fashion, whose self-importance is usually proportioned to the costliness and elegance of the clothes he wears. “Dear Ned, it is very well done that you submit to your father’s desire in your clothes; and that is a happy temper, both to be contented with plain clothes, and in the wearing of better clothes, not to think one’s self the better for them, nor to be troubled if you be in plain clothes, and see others of your rank in better. Seneca had not got that victory over himself; for in his country-house he lived privately, yet he complains that when he came to the court he found a tickling desire to [be] like them at court.”¹ Yet she was not indifferent to his being neat and even elegant in his dress, and she would not have him to be indifferent as to that matter. “I like it well that your tutor has made you handsome clothes, and I desire you should go handsomely.”²

Such are some of the memorials of Lady Harley’s rare anxiety for the nurture of this son in learning, piety, wisdom, and in all that could contribute to exalt his character, and to enable him to occupy with honour to himself and advantage to his country, the honourable place in society to which he was born.

The value of such a mother cannot be estimated. Those children have received from God a blessing beyond all price, who have a mother in whose mind a concern for their salvation holds the uppermost place; in whom they see religion exhibited from day to day with living power; who, while not forgetful of what may relate to their happiness in the present world, is yet most deeply anxious about their well-being in the future; and whose instructions, counsels, exhortations, and persuasions, that come warmest and most glowing from

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 16.

² *Ibid.* p. 22.

the heart, relate to the most important of all interests. What a change would be produced in the world, how incomparably better would it become than it has ever yet been, how soon would it be leavened with pure and high Christian principle and excellence, were it extensively pervaded by mothers like Lady Harley, presiding over domestic discipline, and forming the youthful mind to piety, virtue, and wisdom!

Edward Harley was not insensible to his singular advantages in having such a guide, guardian, friend, and counsellor, as his mother. Her efforts for his spiritual well-being were not in vain. He saw that they were earnest and persevering; sincere, ardent piety was associated with every idea he had formed of her person and character; and the effect of such training, combined with the attractive power of her godly example, was that, by the blessing of God, he feared the Lord from his youth; and the Christian excellency which, to her great comfort, he exhibited in his early days, he continued to exhibit to the close of life, untainted by the corruptions of a most irreligious and licentious age.¹

Lady Harley had been always of a delicate constitution,² and during many of the latter years of her life she was much enfeebled by long-continued ailments. In her correspondence, frequent allusions are made to her ill-health. It is edifying to mark the excellent Christian temper of mind she maintained under her bodily afflictions.

¹ He died at Brampton Bryan, December 8, 1700. From his incorrupted virtue, integrity, and patriotism, he was designated "*Ultimus Anglorum.*" The piety of his spirit appears in some memorials of himself he wrote, inserted in Appendix to his mother's Letters.

² She repeatedly obtained from Thomas Pierson, rector of Brampton Bryan, a license "to eat flesh on fast-days, by reason of her great weakness." One of these documents is entered in the register of that parish, and is dated March 14, 1632. It continues the license which had been granted her on the first day of the month, because she was still under great weakness. By a statute enacted in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the eating of flesh was forbidden on fast-days, a relic of popish superstition; but in cases of sickness and infirmity a dispensation for eating flesh on these days was not unfrequently granted by the minister of the parish.

Under one of those attacks of severe indisposition to which she was subject, she thus expresses herself:—"It is the hand of my gracious God; and though it be sharp, yet when I look at the will of God in it, it is sweetened to me; for to me there is nothing can sweeten any condition to us in this life, but as we look at God in it, and see ourselves his servants in that condition in which we are. Therefore, when I consider my own afflictions, they are not so bitter when I look at the will of my God in them. He is pleased it should be so, and then should not I be pleased it should be so?"¹

Looking into her heart and reviewing the whole of her life with impartial scrutiny, she vindicated God as having afflicted her less than she deserved; and it was her chief desire that she might be made better by the sharp ministry of bodily suffering. "That it has pleased the Lord to embitter my life with many sorrows (yet I must say it has been in mercy and not according to my desert) has been caused by my own sins, which have been the worm-wood of my life; and I must say, sweet are my afflictions if they have [made] and do make me find the bitterness of sin."²

Under protracted affliction, patience and faith are graces peculiarly needful to the sufferer, who is prone to murmur against the providence and government of God, to find fault with Him rather than with himself. These graces Lady Harley was especially desirous to obtain, that she might unrepiningly wait in hope God's time of granting her deliverance. "I hope the Lord will give me patience to wait in faith for his goodness to me; for I trust the Lord will deal graciously with me. I had rather have the hope of being the Lord's and serve Him, though in such a weak and afflicted condition, than to enjoy health and pleasures, and obey my own heart's lusts. O! sweet is the service of our God, that gives sweetness in the midst of bitterness."³ "I have been a long time," says she again, "in the school of affliction, where I

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 33.

² *Ibid.* p. 73.

³ *Ibid.* p. 74.

desire not to be weary of the correction of my heavenly Father, but to learn obedience under it."¹

At one time she particularly notes, but without resentment, how much her affliction under bodily distress was aggravated from the ill-temper of the female servant who attended her. Writing to her son Edward, "March 6, 1639, from my chair by the fire," she complains, "I take it as a special providence of God that I have so froward a maid about me as Mary is, since I love peace and quietness so well; she has been extremely froward since I have been ill; I did not think that any would have been so coleric. I pray God, if ever you have a wife, she may be of a meek and quiet spirit."² It is a harsh feature of human nature that persons of the character here described are often more moody at those very times when their services are most necessary, and when, as in cases of bodily illness, common humanity, apart from Christian principle, one might suppose, would induce greater cordiality of disposition and complaisantness of manner.

When confined to her chamber and her bed by illness, to beguile the time, and to improve her mind, Lady Harley occupied herself in reading useful books, and sometimes in making a digest of their contents, or translating them, if in a foreign language, into English, and writing down such reflections as had been suggested to her mind in reading them. One of these books upon which she took this pains was a French *Life of Luther*, which she had been led to read in order to see upon what grounds rested the charges of the Papists that Luther was actuated by ambition, that he lived an intemperate life, and that Protestants cannot tell where their religion was before Luther. Having the satisfaction to find that these imputations had no foundation in truth, she translated into English that part of the life not contained in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, and sent it to her son. The observations she makes on the mission and character of

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 51.

² *Ibid.* p. 85.

the illustrious German reformer, after reading and translating his life, in her letter to her son, May 10, 1639, evince the soundness and discrimination of her judgment, and show the great importance she attached to the cardinal doctrine of the Reformation, justification by faith in Christ alone. "It is apparent to me that no ambitious ends moved Luther; for in all the course of his life he never showed ambition. Though he loved learning, yet as far as I can observe, he never affected to be esteemed more learned than he was. . . . Another observation I find in Luther, that all his fasting and strictness in the way of Popery never gave him peace of conscience; for he had great fears till he had thoroughly learned the doctrine of justification by Christ alone; and so it will be with us all; no peace shall we have in our own righteousness. And one thing more I must tell you, that I am not of their mind who think if he had been of a milder temper it had been better; and so Erasmus says; but I think no other spirit could have served his turn. He was to cry aloud, like a trumpet; he was to have a Jonas spirit."

In 1640, John Ley, vicar of Great Budworth, and prebendary of the cathedral church in Chester, dedicated his Life of Mrs. Jane Ratcliffe, widow, and citizen of Chester, "to the honourable the Lady Brilliana Harley, and to the right worshipful the Lady Alice Lucie, two truly virtuous and religious ladies." In the dedication he says, "Right worthy and much honoured ladies, I doubt not but (as elect ladies), your names are registered together in the book of Life, and I cannot but conceive (were you acquainted with each other but as I am with you both), you would much desire to be as near in place for Christian communion as you are in name in this dedication. . . . I have presented to common view the representation of an excellent pattern of Christian piety of your own sex . . . under your worthy names, both that (besides the invitation of others to imitation of your virtues) I may profess mine own gratitude, whereto your

favours have much engaged me, and may point the readers in your persons to such a proof of piety as (with all that know you) may lead them to a belief of what I report of her they know not, at least, as probable and like to be true."

On the great subjects which at that time agitated and divided the kingdom, Lady Harley had formed a decided opinion. In the struggles between Laudian Prelacy and Puritanism, between arbitrary power and freedom, her principles led her to take the side of Puritanism and freedom; and though she was not residing in London, the heart of those feverish agitations by which the kingdom was soon to be shaken and convulsed to its centre, but was quietly living in retirement at Brampton Castle, yet her husband being in London a chief actor in these political scenes, she was receiving constant intelligence of the affairs which were then engrossing the public mind, and she entered into them with the deepest interest. The well-being of the nation was essentially involved in the triumph of civil and religious freedom. This, there was too much reason to fear, would not be allowed to triumph without violent efforts being made on the part of the sovereign to maintain the civil and religious despotism by which the country was trodden in the dust; but Lady Harley, like many others, hoped—what, however, was not realized—that the sovereign would yield to the reasonable demands of a parliament which represented a large proportion of the intelligence, virtue, and piety of England; and that soon, by the peaceable agency of the parliament, a more harmonious and happy state of national affairs would be introduced, preventing a stormy and fatal revolution, which would otherwise be inevitable.

The parliament from whose proceedings she entertained these high hopes—the Long Parliament, as it afterwards came to be designated, having continued to sit for thirteen years, and which achieved so much for English freedom—met November 3, 1640. It consisted largely of Puritan members, of

men who thought and felt like herself as to civil and ecclesiastical grievances, and who were resolute in the purpose that strenuous efforts must now be made to obtain the redress of these grievances, and to establish the supremacy of law in opposition to arbitrary power. In her answer to a letter she had received from Edward, who had gone to London with his father, who was a member of this parliament, to witness the opening of the parliament,¹ dated November 11, she writes:—"Your letters by the carrier I have received, and I thank you for them, and the king's speech, and the verses. I hope the parliament will, by God's mercy, have as happy proceedings and ending as it has a hopeful beginning." And in a letter to him, dated January 22, she writes:—"I am very glad that the parliament has deferred private business for a time to settle the public; in which I beseech the Lord [to] direct them, and give them a unanimous consent in those things which may be for the glory of God, and the peace of his church; that all those things, without which God may be served without burdening the conscience of any of God's children, may be cast out, as those things which have too long troubled the peace of the church."

During the sitting of this parliament, Sir Robert's parliamentary duties required his presence in London, whilst she resided at Brampton Castle. But under his long absence from her she derived satisfaction from believing that, in co-operation with the honourable and patriotic body of men

¹ He had left Oxford at the end of July, or beginning of August, 1640, and had returned to his parents at Brampton Castle. Not long after the opening of the parliament he went to Oxford, but towards the close of December he was again in London, where his mother and friends thought it would be of benefit to him to stay for some time. Writing to him, February 15, 1640-1, his mother says, "My Lady Vere wrote me word that she was glad that you were with your father, for she thought it would be an advantage to you."—Her *Letters*, p. 114. He witnessed the trial of the Earl of Strafford in April the following year. In August, 1641, the prevalence of the small-pox in London made him leave for Brampton Castle. He again went to the capital in February, 1641-2.—*Ibid.* p. 100, 106, 107, 116, 143, 146.

with whom he was associated, he was serving his God and his country; and it was her fervent prayer that he might be strengthened, physically and mentally, for the vigorous discharge of his duties, undeterred by difficulties and perils. This we learn from the following extracts from her letters:—November 21, 1640. “O dear Ned, it is most welcome news that the parliament goes on thus happily. The Lord be with them still, and enable your father for that great work.”—January 8, 1640-1. “Now your father and you are from me, my contentment is in the happy proceedings of the parliament, which makes amend for your father’s long absence.”—February 19. “I rejoice that your father is well, and that is my comfort in his absence. I could wish I could undergo some of the pains for him, but I would have him act the understanding part.”—March 12. “I hope that the Lord will give your father double strength to undergo the weight of those employments which lie upon him.” Sir Robert acted up to her wishes. How indefatigably he was occupied in the proceedings of this parliament, on almost all the great questions which came under their deliberation, is attested by the journals of the House of Commons. In his absence she superintended his estates, and the care and judgment with which she performed that duty we learn from many parts of her correspondence.¹

At this parliament Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, Deputy, or Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and the chief adviser of Charles I., a man of great abilities and vigour of action, but proud, vindictive, and tyrannical, was arraigned by the House of Commons before the House of Peers for high treason, and was beheaded on Tower Hill, May 12, 1641, in the forty-ninth year of his age. His trial excited intense interest at the time, and Lady Harley, while partaking of this interest, evidently approved of the condemnation and execution of Strafford, whose violent and unconstitutional pro-

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 116, 146-148, 150, 152.

ceedings, when invested with absolute power and authority, had indeed awakened against him a spirit of deep and widely diffused indignation. What made her lament his fate the less was his bitter persecution of her Presbyterian brethren in Ireland, whom he threatened, unless they conformed, to prosecute "to the blood," and to drive, "root and branch," out of the kingdom.¹ Writing, April 19, 1641, from Brampton Castle to her son, who was then in London with his father, she says, evidently referring to Strafford:—"I beseech the Lord to bless all the ways of knowledge to you; for you now see the truth of God's Word, that though men spread like a bay tree, yet they endure but for a time." Again, writing to him from the same place, May 4, she says:—"Your letter was doubly welcome to me, in that it was yours, and that it brought me the welcome hope of the two houses agreeing about my Lord Strafford." In another letter to him, dated May 21, she writes:—"I am glad that justice is executed on my Lord Strafford, who I think died like a Seneca, but not like one that had tasted the mystery of godliness. My dear Ned, let these examples make you experimentally wise in God's Word, which has set forth the prosperity of the wicked to be but for a time; he flourishes but for a time in his life, nor in his death has peace; but the godly has that continual feast, the peace of a good conscience, and his end is peace, and his memory shall not rot."²

This parliament took up a position hostile to the hierarchy. No part of their proceedings afforded more gratification than this to Lady Harley, who was Presbyterian in her sentiments as to church government, and who, regarding the institution of bishops as a part of Antichrist, lifted up her voice against it in stern and solemn protest. In her correspondence with Edward during the period when the parliament were

¹ Reid's *Hist. of the Presb. Ch. of Ireland*, vol. i. p. 257.

² Her *Letters*, p. 131. "Wednesday, 12th May. The Earl of Strafford beheaded on Tower Hill. Some doubted whether his death had more of the Roman or the Christian, it was so full of both."—Laud's Diary.

adopting measures for subverting the hierarchy, she often adverts with satisfaction and approbation to their proceedings in doing battle for its overthrow. A few extracts from her letters will show how combative and revolutionary her spirit was in this direction.

January 20, 1640-1. "Monday, as I heard from you and others, was to be the day of debate about bishops. We at Brampton keep the day to sue to our God for his direction of the parliament. I believe that hierarchy must down, and I hope now."

February 19. "I have always believed that the Lord would purge his church from all these things and persons that have been such a hinderance to the free passage of his glorious gospel, and I trust now is the time. . . . I much rejoice the parliament goes on so well. I pray God they may do so still."

March 19. "I am sorry there is that difference between both houses, and I fear there will be more; but I trust the Lord will overrule men's hearts. I am glad that the bishops begin to fall, and I hope it will be with them as it was with Haman; when he began to fall, he fell indeed."

June 5. "I much rejoice that the Lord has showed himself so mightily for his people, in hearing their prayers; that it is come so far as that the bishops and all their train are voted against. I trust in God they will be enacted against, which I long to hear; and I pray God take all those things away which have so long offended."

June 19. "Every week begets new desires in me, for now I very much desire to hear what is become of the business of the bishops, which I hope shall down; but I fear it will find mighty opposition; but the Lord can make hard things easy."

July 2. "I thank you for giving me some hope of the bishops' bill passing this week. I pray God effect that mighty work."

July 23. "I much rejoice that there is hope of passing

the bill against bishops; the Lord say Amen to it: we do not deserve to see such a mercy; but our God, I hope, will work for his own name's sake."

At last both Houses of Parliament passed a bill depriving the bishops of the right to sit and vote in parliament. Sir Robert Harley carried up the bill with its amendments to the House of Lords.¹ On receiving intelligence of the passing of this bill, Lady Harley thus expresses her gratification to her son:—February 11, 1641–2. "I take it for a great blessing that you came so well to London, and that you meet with so good news there as that the bishops are voted in both houses to lose their votes there. I hope the Lord will perfect his own glorious work."—February 11. "I do much rejoice in the king's answer to the petition of both houses, and that my brother was one of the six and thirty lords that voted against the bishops."

This strong feeling against the bishops did not simply proceed from Lady Harley's being a Presbyterian in principle. What had a powerful influence on the determination of her judgment was the tyranny and oppression perpetrated by the bishops, who, regardless of the rights of conscience and of the laws of the kingdom, shrunk from nothing, however cruel or illegal, in their treatment of the Puritans. This her anti-hierarchical feeling was also strengthened from the unrelenting severity with which, under the direction of Archbishop Laud, they prosecuted the policy of bringing the Church of England as near to the Romish Church as could consist with the maintenance of their own authority and the supremacy of the monarch; a policy which as a genuine Protestant as well as a Puritan she condemned and hated. The same reasons explain why at that period the hierarchy called forth the reprobation of so large a part of English society, and why, entrenched though it was behind the throne, it was swept away by the torrent of revolution which it helped to create

¹ Journal of House of Commons, Feb. 7, 1641–2.

and let loose, even as the monarchy itself was overthrown and engulfed by the overwhelming force of its turbid waters.

Among other proceedings of this parliament which Lady Harley stamped with her approval were the acts, unanimously passed by both Houses of Parliament, for abolishing the Star Chamber and the High Commission; acts to which Charles reluctantly gave the royal sanction. She thus expresses her joy and gratitude at the overthrow of these formidable instruments of arbitrary power, which had entailed much misery on the people and brought much odium on the king:—"I desire to give our gracious God the glory of those great things that have been done in the parliament; that the king has passed the three bills in which the High Commission goes down; and that they have proceeded so far against the bishops. The Lord our God, who can do great things, I hope will perfect that great work."¹

Not less congenial to her feelings and sentiments were the measures taken by the parliament to destroy the papistical objects of superstition and idolatry which Laud had introduced into places of public worship. On September 1, 1641, an order as to diverse innovations in and about the worship of God, was passed by the House of Commons, to the effect that "commissions should be sent into all counties for the defacing, demolishing, and quite taking away of all images, altars, or tables turned altar-wise, crucifixes, superstitious pictures, monuments and reliques of idolatry, out of all churches and chapels."² In conformity with this order the cathedral of Hereford was subjected to a purifying process. Writing to her son Edward, February 17, 1641, Lady Harley, with much gratulation, communicates to him this information:—"In Hereford they have turned the table in the cathedral, and taken away the copes and basins and all such things. I hope they begin to see that the Lord is about to purge his church."

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 140. Letter to her son Edward, dated July 16, 1641.

² Journal of the House of Commons.

Meanwhile Charles I. was every day coming into closer collision with his parliament. This to Lady Harley, who, though hostile to arbitrary power, was sincerely devoted to the throne and to the person of the sovereign, was a matter of deep regret. The parliament had no desire or design to deprive him of his legitimate rights; they sought not revolution but constitutional monarchy. She could not therefore but lament his indiscretion in showing no disposition to come to a good understanding with a body whose favour it would have been in all respects advantageous for him to conciliate. March 19, 1641-2. "I am sorry the king is pleased yet not to conceive any better thoughts of this parliament."¹ April 29. "I see the distance is still kept between the king and parliament. The Lord in mercy make them one, and in his good time incline the king to be fully assured in the faithful counsel of the parliament."² From the determination evinced on both sides, persuaded that the king would not yield, and not less persuaded that the majority of the parliament, who were men bold to act as well as to speak, would prosecute their objects with inflexible purpose, and with unflinching decision and promptitude of action, Lady Harley now began to anticipate, as no distant event, a complete rupture between the king and the parliament, and as the inevitable consequence, all the calamities and crimes and horrors of a civil war. In a letter without date, but evidently written, as appears from comparing it with others of her letters, towards the end of April or in the beginning of May, 1642, she writes, "I fear there will be blows struck. I pray God prepare us for those times."³ This was a terrible prospect, whatever party might be successful in the

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 152.

² *Ibid.* p. 154.

³ *Ibid.* p. 157. In the same letter she says, "Let me know how your sister Brill pleases my Lady Vere." Lady Vere, who was at present residing in London, had willingly taken this daughter, a girl of about twelve years of age, to live with her for some time, at the earnest desire of Lady Brilliana, who judged that this would in all respects be beneficial to her daughter.

conflict—the whole kingdom divided into two parties, pitted against each other, and engaged in bloody, in mortal strife.

But while dreading that the upshot of the misunderstanding between the king and the parliament would be a civil war, Lady Harley had not the least wish that the parliament should stop short in the course of redressing grievances, civil and ecclesiastical, upon which they had entered. The nation had suffered too long from the goadings of oppression. Was there to be no end, no intermission to this galling and grinding tyranny? The only hope was in the parliament. To the parliament then Lady Harley clung; and when the civil war broke out between the king and the parliament she entered with zeal into the cause of the latter, who, in her estimation, were simply defending a wronged and an oppressed kingdom, were simply struggling for religion and liberty against Antichrist and tyranny. In the prosecution of this contest she was prepared to make every sacrifice. Money, ease, reputation, life, those nearest and dearest to her, were the offerings she patriotically laid on the altar of her country. Money is the sinews of war; and to carry on the terrible conflict in which the position assumed by the sovereign compelled them to engage, the House of Commons issued an order on the 10th of June, 1642, for the bringing in of money, horses, and plate, to be repaid with interest at 8 per cent., with full value of the plate, and consideration for the fashion not exceeding one shilling per ounce. This order Sir Robert Harley had most cordially supported, and to it he was at once prepared to respond. Lady Harley, though willing to make this or indeed any sacrifice, was rather disposed in the meantime, instead of giving the plate, to borrow money, which would equally serve the cause. In a letter from Brampton Castle to her son Edward, June, 1642, she writes:—“We must all join our sorrows together that the king yet holds off. I doubt not but that the Lord will perfect his great work he has begun. I purpose and please God to

send Martin with the horses your father sent for, on Monday next; I doubt not but that your father will give to his utmost for the raising these horse,¹ and in my opinion it were better to borrow money, if your father will give any, than to give his plate; for we do not know what straits we may be put to, and therefore I think it is better to borrow whilst one may, and keep the plate for a time of need, without your father had so much plate, that he could part with some and keep some to serve himself another time. This I do not say, that I am unwilling to part with the plate, or any thing else, in this cause. If your father cannot borrow money, I think I might find out some in the country to lend him some. Dear Ned, tell your father this, for I have not written to him about it." The plate however, or a part of it, was at last sent up to London, to be put into the parliamentary treasury. On the 9th of July she thus writes to her son:—"My dear Ned, I have been so long in putting up the plate to send your father, that I have no time to write any more than that I long to see you. I am confident you are not troubled to see the plate go this way; for I trust in our gracious God you will have the fruit of it." On the 19th of September, Sir Robert informs the House of Commons that he had brought in three hundred and fifty pounds in plate, and promises to bring in one hundred and fifty pounds more, and to provide two horses.² He advanced additional sums of money in support of the cause in which the parliament had embarked.

The state of affairs in Herefordshire, in which Lady Harley resided, was such as to cause her no small anxiety. Almost all in that county were ardent partizans of the king.

¹ Lady Harley's zeal in the cause further appears from her anxiety to know what her aunt Lady Vere was doing to serve it. Writing to Edward, June 24, 1642, she says, "Send me word whether my Lady Vere gives anything in this provision for raising of horse for the good of this poor kingdom."—Her *Letters*, p. 172.

² Journals of the House of Commons.

She and Sir Robert and their family were therefore the objects of much bad feeling in the county, and Brampton Castle, in which she and the whole family, except Sir Robert and her son Edward, who were in London, were residing, was threatened with invasion by the cavaliers. So great was the popular hatred against them that she was in dread for her personal safety. This hostility of feeling caused her considerable mental distress; but reflecting that it had been incurred, as she believed, in a righteous cause, she gloried in it as a symbol of honour. In a letter to her son Edward, without date, but probably written in July, 1642, she thus writes:—"It has very much troubled me to see the affections of this country so against your father that is worth thousands of them; and he has deserved so well of them. But you are in the right; it is for God's cause, and then it is an honour to suffer. . . . [I ought to forgive them], since I conceive true patience has love joined with it, to the persons that do one wrong; yet I think as the case stands thus, I shall not be very glad to see any of them."¹ Again writing to him on the 17th of the same month she says:—"By the inclosed paper to your father, you will know how poor Herefordshire is affected; but, dear Ned, I hope you and myself will remember for whose cause your father and we are hated. It is for the cause of our God; and I hope we shall be so far from being ashamed of it or troubled, that we bear the reproach of it, that we shall bind it as a crown upon us; and I am confident the Lord will rescue his children from reproach."²

Observing how outrageously the people of Herefordshire carried themselves against Sir Robert and his family, because he took the side of the parliament, and apprehensive of personal danger, how was she to act? At first, from anger as well as from sorrow, she almost formed the resolution of quitting Brampton Castle. But on farther reflection it appeared to her that by doing this she would leave her husband's pro-

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 145.

² *Ibid.* p. 179.

perty a prey to his enemies. She therefore purposed to stay and defend the castle, unless Sir Robert gave her contrary orders. She could not, she thought, make a better use of her life next to serving God than in defending what belonged to him, and what would prospectively be inherited by her best beloved son. Moved by these sentiments, she, with prudent foresight, made preparations for a vigorous defence of the castle against an assault. In a letter to her son, dated Brampton Castle, July 2, 1642, are these words:—"I thank God all your brothers and sisters are well. I have received this night the hamper with the powder and match, but I have not yet the muskets, but will, if it please God, inquire after them." In another letter, dated July 19, she writes:—"My cousin Davis tells me that none can make shot but those whose trade it is, so I have made the plumber write to Worcester for fifty weight of shot. I sent to Worcester, because I would not have it known. If your father think that is not enough, I will send for more."

Her courage thus marked by vigilant precaution, was sustained by the belief that the cause of the parliament was the cause of God, and by the hope that it would finally triumph. Writing to her son from Brampton Castle, July 19, after requesting that Sir Robert would inform her what means she should take the most effectually to defend the castle should it be attacked, she thus gives expression to her courage and hopes:—"I thank God I am not afraid. It is the Lord's cause that we have stood for, and I trust, though our iniquities testify against us, yet the Lord will work for his own name's sake, and that he will now show the men of the world that it is hard fighting against heaven. And for our comforts I think never any laid plots to root out all God's children at once, but that the Lord did show himself mighty in saving his servants and confounding his enemies, as he did Pharaoh when he thought to have destroyed all Israel, and so Haman. Now the intention is to root out all that fear God, and surely the Lord will arise to help us."

The dangers and difficulties which surrounded Lady Harley increased. The cavaliers vented their resentment by subjecting her to annoyance and hardship in various forms. They would not let the fowler bring her any more fowl, nor would they suffer any of her servants to pass. Her rents had been forbidden to be paid. The young horses at Wigmore had been driven away. None of her servants dared go scarce as far as the town. Blaming her for all that was done against them by the parliamentary forces, her enemies were loud in vowing vengeance.¹ A thousand dragoons had recently entered Hereford five hours after Lord Hereford came thither. She was in constant expectation of encountering a siege, and she was afraid of falling short of provisions. In these circumstances, while displaying much fortitude, she indulges in no bravado, she does not ostentatiously affect the possession of an intrepidity altogether free from anxiety and apprehension. Writing December 13, 1642, she says:—"I confess I was never so full of sorrow. I fear the provision of corn and malt will not hold out if this continue, and they say they will burn my barns, and my fear is that they will place soldiers so near me that there will be no going out."²

Soon after, she received a letter threatening her with a siege from William, Marquis of Hertford, who had been appointed Lord-lieutenant-general of Hereford, and other counties both in England and Wales.³ With intrepid valour she prepared for her defence. Acknowledging God, as He alone who can make strong for battle, and shield from its dangers, and whose alone is the victory, she began with invoking from him assistance, protection, and success. But at this time she was spared a hostile encounter with the cavalier troops, who, when she was prepared to meet them, received orders to join the king's forces in another place, where their services were more urgently required. "I must now tell

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 188.

² *Ibid.* p. 186.

³ *May's Hist. of the Long Parliament*, p. 223.

you," says she to her son, December 25, 1642, "how gracious our God has been to us. On the Sabbath-day after I received the letter from the marquis, we set that day apart to seek to our God, and then on Monday we prepared for a siege; but our good God called them another way." In the same letter she requests her son to advise with his father whether it would be best for her to put away most of the men that were in her house, and leave Brampton, or by God's help to stand it out. "I will be willing," she adds, "to do what he would have me do. I never was in such sorrows as I have been since you left me; but I hope the Lord will deliver me, but they are most cruelly bent against me. I thank you for your counsel not to take their words."

In the beginning of February, when Lord Herbert was at Hereford, where he stayed a week, a council of war was held, in which it was deliberated how Brampton Castle might be best taken, and it was unanimously concluded that it should be blown up. The sheriff of Radnorshire, with the trained bands and some of the Herefordshire soldiers, were appointed to carry this resolution into execution. But Lady Harley was again delivered from a threatened siege, the royalist troops stationed about Brampton having been ordered to proceed to the assistance of the forces who were engaged in the more important siege of Gloucester.

But though the besieging troops had gone, she had still beside her formidable and inveterate enemies. Conningsby, governor of Hereford, and other royalists, swore that they would starve her out of her house; that besides depriving her of her rents, which they had already done, they would drive away her cattle, so that she should have nothing to live upon; and that they would soon be in possession of Brampton Castle. "Their aim," says she in a letter to Edward, February 14, 1642-3, "is to enforce me to let those men I have go, that then they might seize upon my house, and cut our throats by a few rogues, and then say they knew not who did it; for

so they say they knew not who drove away the six colts, but Mr. Conningsby keeps them, though I have written to him for them. They have used all means to let me have no man in my house, and tell me, that then I shall be safe, but I have no cause to trust them. I thank God we are all well." In another letter to him, dated March 1, she thus writes:—"Dear Ned, I desire you would pray your father to send me word what he would have [me] do. If I put away the men I shall be plundered, and if I have no rents, I know not what course to take. If I leave Brampton all will be ruined. Mr. Conningsby swore he would be in Brampton within five days."¹

About this time she was formally summoned to surrender Brampton Castle, otherwise she would be proceeded against as a traitor, and to frighten her, her enemies threatened that a force of 600 men would be sent against her. Her answer to the summons has not been preserved, but it was to the effect that she would not surrender the castle.² Her great difficulty in the prospect of an assault was the want of provisions, and money to procure them. "If," says she, March 11, "I had money to buy corn and meal and malt, I should hope to hold out, but then I have three shires against me."³

Circumstances again favoured her. On March 22 and 23, Lord Herbert's forces were completely defeated at Highnam, by Sir William Waller and Colonel Massey, 500 of his men being killed, and 1000 taken prisoners. Shortly after, Waller laid siege to Hereford, which, though accounted strongly fortified, and defended by a royalist garrison of considerable strength, surrendered to him on the 24th of April. These and other successes of the parliamentary forces filled the royalists with consternation, and in the meantime the intention of attacking Brampton Castle was given up.

But believing that this would afford her only a temporary respite, Lady Harley prepared with vigour and resolution for

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 191.

² *Ibid.* p. 194, 195.

³ *Ibid.* p. 197.

the worst. In the beginning of June she sent a messenger to Gloucester to Lieutenant-colonel Massey, governor of that city, to request him to send her an able soldier to command the men she had with her in the castle. Massey sent her a veteran sergeant of skill and ability who had served in the German wars; and though her second son had nominally the command of the garrison, it was greatly owing to this veteran that she afterwards succeeded in defending the castle under a siege of six weeks.¹

Meanwhile her son Edward joined that part of the parliamentary army under the command of Sir William Waller, one of the most distinguished of the parliamentary generals, and was honoured with the post of captain of a troop of horse. Soon after he had connected himself with the army, his horse was shot under him in an engagement with the royalists. This is referred to in a letter his mother wrote to him, July 11, 1643, in which she acknowledges the great mercy of her God in preserving him in so sharp a fight: it must therefore have happened at the battle of Lansdown, fought July 5, that year, between Sir William Waller and Prince Maurice and Sir Ralph Hopton.² A few months after, he was promoted to the command of a regiment of foot.³

Matters around Lady Harley had now assumed a more threatening aspect. A siege was imminent. In anticipation of this, she and her children, on July 25, were engaged in humiliation and prayer, beseeching God that in his mercy he would avert from them that calamity, or, if such was not his will, that he would give her and all in the castle that wisdom and courage which their situation required. She arose from her devotions with a heart prepared for whatever might happen. On that very day the siege was commenced by Sir William Vavasour, and it lasted for six weeks. During its continuance "the cook was shot by a poisoned bullet, and a running stream that furnished the village was poisoned."

¹ Her *Letters*, p. 202.

² *Ibid.* p. 203.

³ *Ibid.* p. 208.

The parish church, the parsonage house, dwelling-houses, the mill, which was about a quarter of a mile distant, and the buildings belonging to the castle, were destroyed.

Aided by the skill and bravery of the veteran sent to her by Colonel Massey from Gloucester, and by the intrepid valour of her own servants, Lady Harley valiantly and successfully defended the castle. In the defence she was also assisted by the wise counsels of her friend, Dr. Nathaniel Wright,¹ an eminent physician of Hereford, who with his wife had taken up their quarters in Brampton Castle, declaring that they would not leave her till they saw her out of her troubles.

After much injury had been done to the place, Colonel Vavasour, it would appear, went away, leaving the soldiers there under the charge of Colonel Lingen. Writing to her son Edward, August 25, the only one of her letters written at that time which has been preserved, Lady Harley says:—“My Dear Ned,—The gentlemen of this country have effected their desires in bringing an army against me. What spoils have been done this bearer will tell you. Sir William Vavasour has left Mr. Lingen with the soldiers. The Lord in mercy preserve me, that I fall not into their hands!” She adds that all in her house were full of courage, and concludes thus:—“Dear Ned, pray for me that the Lord in mercy may preserve me from my cruel and blood-thirsty enemies.”

After the royalists had prosecuted the siege for six weeks without success, the urgency of their affairs requiring their presence at a different scene of action, they were marched off to the neighbourhood of Gloucester. Being thus relieved from the perils which had so long surrounded her, she writes to Edward, September 24:—“I hope before this you are assured of the Lord’s mercy to us in delivering us from our

¹ Dr. Wright often prescribed for her and her family during their illnesses. He afterwards attended Cromwell during his sickness in Scotland.

enemies. My dear Ned," she adds, "a thousand times I wish you with me, and then I should hope by God's assistance to keep what is left your father with comfort. It is true, my affection makes me long to see you, and my reason tells me it would be good for you to employ yourself for the good of your country, and that which I hope shall be yours. My dear Ned, if the Lord should be so merciful, it would be such a comfort, that it would revive my sad heart, and refresh my dried-up spirits."

Soon after, Lady Harley had reason to apprehend a renewal of the siege. In October some soldiers came to Leicester, and three troops of horse, with Sir William Vavasour, came to Hereford. Sir William, she had been informed, intended to visit Brampton Castle again, in the prospect of which she says, October 9:—"I hope the Lord will deliver me. My trust is only in my God, who never yet failed me."

But before this threatened assault was made, she was taken away by death. In the letter just now quoted she complains that she had caught a severe cold, which had made her very ill for two or three days. "But," says she, "I hope the Lord will be merciful to me, in giving me my health, for it is an ill time to be sick in," and she closes:—"My dear Ned, I pray God give me the comfort of seeing you." Neither of these hopes was fulfilled. This illness issued fatally. Her frame, which had been always delicate, and which was enfeebled by long-continued ailments, sunk in a short time under this attack. Neither her husband nor her son Edward, to whom she was so fondly attached, were present to comfort her under her last illness, and to enjoy the melancholy satisfaction of taking farewell, Sir Robert being then in London attending to his parliamentary duties, and her son being with the parliamentary army; but in passing through the black and swelling waves of death, she had with her to lead her safely through to the promised land

that Saviour whom she loved so sincerely, and served so faithfully. Thus, "when the naked sword, that messenger of death, walked the land, did God set his seal of safety upon her. That noble lady and phoenix of women died in peace. Though surrounded with drums and noise of war, yet she took her leave in peace. The sword had no force against her; as long as God preserved her, he preserved the place where she was."¹ Neither the day of her death nor the day of her burial is recorded in the parish register of Brampton. The reason of this omission probably was that during the siege, when the church was assaulted and greatly injured, the register had been put away and secreted in order to be secured from destruction.

The assault of which Lady Harley was at this time apprehensive was not made till early in the year following her death, when Sir Michael Woodhouse, governor of Ludlow, having taken Hopton Castle, commenced the siege of Brampton Castle, which had given assistance to Hopton Castle. He carried on the siege for three weeks, when on April 17, the defenders, after making a courageous and spirited defence, under the direction of Dr. Wright, were compelled to surrender, and all within the castle, including three of Lady Harley's children, were made prisoners. Sixty-seven men were taken, with 100 muskets, two barrels of gunpowder, and a whole year's provisions.

¹ Sermon preached at the Funeral of Sir Robert Harley, by Thomas Froyssell, minister of Clun in Shropshire. London, 1658. Sir Robert died at Brampton Bryan, November 6, 1656, and was buried there, December 10.

MARGARET TINDAL,

WIFE OF JOHN WINTHROP, FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE
MASSACHUSETTS BAY COLONY.

WE shall now transport the reader to America. The next four biographies embrace the lives of women, noted on various accounts, who, impelled by religious considerations, had gone out to settle there. The first of the four introduces us to the history of what may be designated the fourth and principal puritan emigration to the New World.

MARGARET TINDAL was born about the year 1590. She was the daughter of Sir John Tindal, knight, a master in Chancery. Her father was assassinated, November 12, 1616, for making a report against a suitor in a cause of comparatively trifling amount. The murderer was examined, November 16, and on the following day he hanged himself in prison.¹

Margaret, who, as she grew up, proved to be a woman of rare qualities, both of mind and heart, was married to John Winthrop of Groton, at Great Maplested, April 29, 1618. She was then about twenty-eight years of age, while Winthrop was in his thirty-second year, having been born January 12, 1587-8. She was his third wife.²

John Winthrop, who was the son of Adam Winthrop of

¹ Lord Bacon's Works, vol. v. p. 452-455; and vol. vi. p. 133.

² In an almanac of 1617, belonging to Winthrop's father, is the following entry:—"On Friday, the 24th of April, 1618, my son's third wife came first to Groton. She was married to him the 29th day of the same month, at Great Maplested, anno 1618."—Winthrop's *Hist. of New England*, note by Savage, the editor, vol. i. p. 63.

Groton, in Suffolk, an ancient family of good estate, was bred a lawyer, and such was his high reputation for talents and character, that he was appointed a justice of the peace when only eighteen years of age. At an early period he became deeply imbued with piety, and attached himself to the ranks of the Puritans, to which his father belonged. Increasing years matured his abilities and all the best qualities of his mind, which indeed were such as to qualify him to fill the highest places in the legislature and counsels of his country.

When brought home to Groton, Mrs. Winthrop had to act as mother to Winthrop's children by his first marriage,² a duty which she performed with such consideration and affection, that they loved her as if she had been their own mother.

Her married life, though having its due share of vicissitudes and trials, was yet a happy one. She knew and was proud of Winthrop's talents; and the goodness of his heart made her home a habitation of peace and happiness. Their union was from the first hallowed by the influence of sincere and fervent piety. Both of them were governed by the felt importance of the world unseen and eternal, and they were helpers to one another in cultivating all the finer affections of their spiritual being. The whole of their correspondence shows that on the greatest of all interests there was the closest communion of spirit between them.

¹ Savage's Preface to Winthrop's *Hist. of New England*. Collections of Mass. Hist. Society, 3d series, vol. x. p. 151-154.

² Winthrop's first wife was Mary, daughter of John Forth, Esq., of Great Stanbridge, Essex, to whom he was married April 16, 1605, when he was only seventeen years and three months old. By this wife he had three sons, John, Henry, and Forth, and three daughters, of whom the name of Mary alone is preserved, from which it may be presumed that the other two died in infancy. Of his second wife less is known. His daughter Mary was married in 1632 to Samuel Dudley (son of Thomas Dudley), who resided sometime at Salisbury, Massachusetts, and was afterwards minister at Exeter, from 1650 to his death, February 10, 1683. She had to him several children, and died at Salisbury, April 12, 1643.—*New England Hist. and Geneal. Register*, vol. x. p. 130. Winthrop's *Hist.*, *ut supra*, vol. i. p. 50, 51, note by Savage.

Their letters to each other, from which we derive the most of our materials for this sketch, are altogether without decoration, being the simple and earnest effusions of the heart, but for that very reason they are deeply interesting. The religious spirit pervading them adds to that interest. But not mere essays on some religious topics are these letters. They relate to earthly affairs—to human joys and human sorrows, to the external circumstances of the writers, and to the feelings arising out of these circumstances; and what gives a charm to the religious element in them is, the blending of that element with all that is human, with the trials and the struggles, with the joys and the hopes of human life, spreading its own delightful hues, its own pure, benign, and happy influences over all, assuaging sorrow, enhancing joy, prompting to self-denial, and giving courage in the midst of difficulties and dangers.

During some of the first years of her union with Winthrop, legal business, it would appear, rendered it necessary for him often to go to London. Some of the letters which passed between them during his absence on these occasions, have come down to posterity. The letter of which the following is an extract—undated like many of his letters to her—is perhaps one of the earliest of those preserved, and it was written when he had made a journey to London, probably in the year 1621 or 1622. Permeated by the same vein of piety as all his letters to her, it bears internal evidence of his persuasion that his pious utterances would call forth corresponding responses from the sanctuary of the heart of her to whom it is addressed. “Blessed be the Lord, our good God,” says he, “who watcheth over us in all our ways to do us good; and to comfort us with his manifold blessings, not taking occasion by our sins to punish us as we deserve. Through his mercy it is that I continue in health, and that to my great joy, I hear well of thee and our family. The Lord teach us the right use of all his blessings, and so temper our affections towards the good things of this life, as our greatest joy may be, that our

names are in the book of life, that we have the good-will of our heavenly Father, that Christ Jesus is ours, and that by him we have right to all things. Then, come what will, we may have joy and confidence. . . . For news I have but one to write of, but that will be more welcome to thee than a great deal of other. My office is gone, and my chamber, and I shall be a saver in them both. So, as I hope, we shall now enjoy each other again, as we desire. The Lord teach us to improve our time and society to more use for our mutual comfort, and the good of our family, &c., than before."¹

Previously to May 10, 1620, as appears from Winthrop's will and testament of that date, Mrs. Winthrop had to him two sons, Adam and Stephen.² In the spring of the year 1623 she had another son, who was named Deane. At the time of the birth of this son, her father-in-law, who was very weak, was believed to be in his last sickness, and he died in the month of April that year. "He hath finished his course," says Winthrop, in a letter to his son John, who was then a student at Trinity College, Dublin, "and is gathered to his people in peace, as ripe corn into the barn. He thought long for the day of his dissolution, and welcomed it most gladly. Thus is he gone before, and we must go after in our time."³

Mrs. Winthrop was deeply sensible of the religious advantages which she derived from being connected with a family so eminent for godliness as was that of the Winthrops of Groton, and which she especially derived from her husband, who made her home a sanctuary in which God was regularly worshipped, a school of instruction, in which she was ever learning the lessons of heavenly wisdom. This she specially notices in her first letter to Winthrop extant, which was probably written in 1624 or 1625, during his absence from her, and in which we see her devotion as a wife, beautifully blending with her piety as a Christian.

¹ Winthrop's *Hist. of New England*, vol. i. App. p. 335.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 357-359.

³ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 341.

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING HUSBAND,—I cannot express my love to you, as I desire, in these poor, lifeless lines; but I do heartily wish you did see my heart, how true and faithful it is to you, and how much I do desire to be always with you, to enjoy the sweet comfort of your presence, and those helps from you in spiritual and temporal duties, which I am so unfit to perform without you. It makes me to see the want of you, and wish myself with you. But I desire we may be guided in all our ways by God, who is able to direct us for the best; and so I will wait with patience upon Him, who is all-sufficient for me. I shall not need to write much to you at this time. My brother Gostling can tell you anything by word of mouth. I praise God, we are all here in health, as you left us, and are glad to hear the same of you and all the rest of our friends at London. My mother and myself remember our best love to you, and all the rest. Our children remember their duty to you. And thus, desiring to be remembered in your prayers, I bid my good husband good night. Little Samuel thinks it is time for me to go to bed; and so I beseech the Lord to keep you in safety, and us all here. Farewell, my sweet husband, your obedient wife,

"MARGARET WINTHROP."¹

In another of her letters to him, the same attractive feature of the earthly affections commingling with the spiritual, is still more beautifully brought out.

"MY MOST SWEET HUSBAND,—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of the welfare of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I may be always pleasing

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 345.

to thee, and that those comforts we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they be pleasing to God. I will use that speech to thee that Abigail did to David, I will be a servant to wash the feet of my lord. I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed, and rest contented.

"I have many reasons to make me love thee, whereof I will name two: first, because thou lovest God; and, secondly, because that thou lovest me. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse, and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweet heart. The term is more than half done. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be but two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God will bring us together in his good time; for which time I shall pray. I thank the Lord, we are all in health. We are very glad to hear so good news of our son Henry. The Lord make us thankful for all his mercies to us and ours! And thus, with my mother's and my own best love to yourself and all the rest, I shall leave scribbling. The weather being cold, makes me make haste. Farewell, my good husband. The Lord keep thee! Your obedient wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

"GROTON, November 22, [? 1628.]"

. . . . "I send you a turkey and some cheese. . . . I did dine at Groton Hall yesterday; they are in health, and remember their love. We did wish you there, but that would not bring you, and I could not be merry without thee. Mr. Lee¹ and his wife were there; they remember their love."²

¹ William Leigh, formerly curate at Denston in Suffolk, was settled minister at Groton in the year 1627.—Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 347-349.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 353. "The mention of Lee, or Leigh, would certainly

Thus do we see how, in the correspondence between Mrs. Winthrop and her husband, the two mutually acted on each other, how the piety as well as the affection of each, transfused from the one to the other, acquired by reciprocal action a more healthful and vigorous tone. If she found in him a friend, a counsellor, a helper, he received corresponding aid from her.

From the favourable reports brought to England of the new plantation of Massachusetts Bay, formed to provide a sanctuary where the persecuted in England might enjoy liberty of conscience, and placed under the superintendence of Endicott, Winthrop joined the London Company of the Massachusetts Bay, and embarked a considerable amount of money in the concern. When in 1629 or 1630 a third emigration to the Massachusetts Bay, upon a larger scale than the two previous ones (see Introduction), was contemplated, he entered with zeal into the undertaking, and "being well known in his own county of Suffolk, and well approved for his piety, liberality, wisdom, and gravity,"¹ he was extremely useful in promoting it. In the spring of 1629-30, he was in London upon this business, and from the English capital he wrote the following letter, dated April 28, to Mrs. Winthrop. At the time he wrote it we are inclined to think that his thoughts were ruminating upon his going out with his family, but that he had not yet communicated this intention to her, probably fearing that, as was natural to a woman's heart, she might oppose such an adventurous undertaking. The letter is full of affection and pious thought, full of trust in God and resignation to his will, and it betokens a preparedness of spirit for whatever might happen.

"MY GOOD WIFE,—Although I wrote to thee last week by the carrier of Hadleigh, yet having so fit opportunity, I must make this letter as late as 1627, and the news from Henry must make it 1628."—Note by Savage.

¹ Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln.

needs write to thee again; for I do esteem one little, sweet, short letter of thine (such as the last was) to be well worthy two or three from me. . . . It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expression of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavour that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of best use to us both, inasmuch as the favour and blessing of our God is better than all things besides. My trust is in his mercy that, upon the faith of his gracious promise and the experience of his fatherly goodness, he will be our God to the end, to carry us along through this course of our pilgrimage, in the peace of a good conscience, and that in the end of our race, we shall safely arrive at the haven of eternal happiness. We see how frail and vain all earthly good things are. There is no means to avoid the loss of them in death, nor the bitterness which accompanieth them in the cares and troubles of this life. Only the fruition of Jesus Christ and the hope of heaven can give us true comfort and rest. . . . I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over, to meet with another; but remember what our Saviour tells us: BE OF GOOD COMFORT, I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD. See his goodness: He hath conquered our enemies beforehand, and, by faith in him, we shall assuredly prevail over them all. Therefore, my sweet wife, raise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs or otherwise; but still fly to him, who will take up thy burden for thee."

Mrs. Winthrop in her answer to this letter writes:—"Most loving and good Husband,—I have received your letters. The true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, 'Out of sight out of mind.' I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to do you good and not evil all the days of my life.

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 356.

"I hope through God's blessing your pains will not be altogether lost, which you bestow upon me in writing. Those serious thoughts of your own, which you sent me, did make a very good supply instead of a sermon. I shall often read them, and desire to be of God's family, to whom so many blessings belong, and pray that I may not be one separated from God, whose conscience is always accusing them."¹

Winthrop again wrote to her on the 8th of May. The letter was probably begun a day or two previous to that date, and before he concluded it he received the above letter from her. "The largeness and truth of my love to thee make me always mindful of thy welfare, and set me on work to begin to write before I hear from thee. The very thought of thee affords me many a kind refreshing: what will then the enjoying of thy sweet society, which I prize above all worldly comforts? . . . I am forced to patch up my letters, here a piece and there another. I have now received thine, the kindly fruits of thy most sweet affections. Blessed be the Lord for the welfare of thyself and all our family."²

Longing for his return to Groton, Mrs. Winthrop replies to this letter as follows:—

"MY SWEET HUSBAND,—I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for thy absence hath been very long in my conceit, and thy presence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

"I was yesterday at a meeting at goodman Cole's, upon the going of the young folk to Dedham, where many thanks were given to God for the reformation of the young man, and amendment of his life. We had also a part in their prayers. My dear husband, I will now leave writing to thee, hoping to see thee shortly. The great Lord send us a comfortable meeting. And thus, with my due respects to thyself, brother and sister D[owning], sister Fanny, son John and the

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 358.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 357.

rest. My daughter remembers her duty to you all; thinks long for her husband.”¹

When Winthrop communicated to Mrs. Winthrop his intention of going out with her and their children to the New World to found a colony, it was natural for her to feel hesitation and misgivings, however cordial might be her approbation of the scheme. Unafflicted with poverty's curse, she was in the enjoyment of all the comforts and luxuries that wealth could command, for Winthrop's income amounted to about £700 a year, which was equal to at least £7000 in our day. She was happy in all domestic relations, and her husband, from his talents and condition in life, might reasonably aspire to the most honourable and profitable offices in the state. It was painful to think of bidding adieu for ever to relatives and friends, of leaving the land of her birth, endeared to her by so many tender and sacred associations, and committing herself to the dangers of the mighty Atlantic. Then, supposing she should cross the ocean in safety, how many privations, and hardships, and perils, from which she would have been exempted in England, would she necessarily suffer, after reaching her new destination in the far distant wilderness, to take up her abode in the midst of savage beasts and of men as savage. Perish she might from hunger, or by the fury of wild beasts, or by the tomahawk of the ruthless Indian. All these considerations must have pressed upon her mind, and operated as so many motives to render her unwilling to leave England, even as they so operated on the minds of many, and made the thought of going out to America altogether unendurable. But considerations on the other side, calmly weighed, overcame this natural aversion, and she soon gave her cordial acquiescence.

Until the time of his embarkation for America, Winthrop continued to make frequent journeys to London on business connected with the projected new plantation. The other

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 359.

gentlemen having, like Winthrop, obtained the consent of their families, they proposed, July 28, 1629, to the company in London, to remove with their families, upon condition that they should carry along with them the royal patent and charter of the company; and it was determined by the company, August 29, that the government and patent should be transferred from the mother country to New England. At a subsequent meeting, namely on the 20th of October, Winthrop was elected governor, John Humphrey, deputy-governor, while Isaac Johnson and seventeen others were appointed assistants.¹ It was contemplated to embark for the new settlement early in the spring of the following year.

To prepare Mrs. Winthrop's mind for leaving England, and for going out to plant the new world with civilized and Christian men, was now what Winthrop strenuously aimed at. He gave her all the information he could on the subject. In a letter to his son John at Groton, dated October 9, 1629, he says:—"I have sent down all the late news from New England. I would have some of you read it to your mother."² He assured her that to better the temporal interests of her and her children was one of the motives which prompted him to engage in this American enterprise. "For my care of thee and thine," he writes in a letter to her dated January 15, 1629-30, "I will say nothing. The Lord knows my heart that it was one great motive to draw me into this course. The Lord prosper me in it, as I desire the prosperity of thee and thine. For this end I purpose to leave £1500 with thy friends, if I can sell my lands, which I am now about, but as yet have done nothing."³

Mrs. Winthrop did not intend to go out to America along with Winthrop. The reason appears to have been that at

¹ Numbers of these having abandoned their intention of emigrating, others were appointed to supply their places. Thomas Dudley was elected deputy-governor in the room of Humphrey, who had changed his purpose of leaving England.

² Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 361.

³ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 362.

the time fixed upon for the sailing of the emigrants she would be near the period of her confinement, which, from her delicate health, would render it necessary for her to remain behind. Winthrop was to take all his children along with him except his eldest son John, who was probably left in England in order to accompany Mrs. Winthrop on her voyage to America at a subsequent period. The prospect of this separation between her and Winthrop and her children would doubtless cause her much concern. She would feel greatly the want of his society. Besides, they might never again meet in this world. He and their children might perish in the mighty waters on their way to their new home; or though they should reach the desired haven, she might perish with her infant in going out to rejoin them.

In the prospect of this separation she therefore needed tender and comforting words, and these were not wanting on the part of Winthrop, whose heart was so warm and sympathetic. In a letter to her, dated January 31, 1629-30, he thus writes:—"I must now begin to prepare thee for our long parting, which grows very near. I know not how to deal with thee by arguments, for if thou wert as wise and patient as ever woman was, yet it must needs be a great trial to thee, and the greater, because I am so dear to thee. That which I must chiefly look at in thee, for a ground of contentment, is thy godliness. If now the Lord be thy God, thou must show it by trusting in him, and resigning thyself quietly to his good pleasure. If now Christ be thy Husband, thou must show what sure and sweet intercourse is between him and thy soul, when it shall be no hard thing for thee to part with an earthly, mortal, infirm husband for his sake. The enlargement of thy comfort in the communion of the love and sweet familiarity of thy most holy, heavenly, and undefiled Lord and Husband, will abundantly recompense whatsoever want or inconvenience may come by the absence of the other. The best course is to turn all our reasons and dis-

course into prayers, for He only can help, who is Lord of sea and land, and hath sole power of life and death."¹

On the very day on which Winthrop was inditing this letter to Mrs. Winthrop, she wrote to him as follows:—

“MY MOST DEAR HUSBAND,—I should not now omit any opportunity of writing to thee, considering I shall not long have thee to write unto. But by reason of my unfitness at this time, I must entreat thee to accept of a few lines from me, and not to impute it to any want of love, or neglect of my duty to thee, to whom I owe more than I shall ever be able to express. My request now shall be to the Lord to prosper thee in thy voyage, and enable thee and fit thee for it, and give all graces and gifts for such employments as he shall call thee to. I trust God will once more bring us together before you go, that we may see each other with gladness, and take solemn leave, till we, through the goodness of our God, shall meet in New England, which will be a joyful day to us. . . . And thus, with my best wishes to God for thy health and welfare, I take my leave, and rest thy faithful, obedient wife,

“January the last [1629-30.]²

MARGARET WINTHROP.”

From this letter it is evident that Mrs. Winthrop's mind was fully prepared for the projected undertaking; and from it, it is no less clear that the high position of authority and influence which Winthrop was to occupy in the new community had its own share in determining her mind, for she did not undervalue, as nobody undervalues, position in society. Besides, may we not suppose from her letter, brief and unostentatious as it is, that she had something like a prophetic vision, that the founding of this plantation was the laying of the foundations of a great empire? And from her high estimate of the energy, wisdom, and talents of her husband, she believed that he was eminently qualified to lay these foundations deep and broad, securing the present and the future prosperity, both temporal and spiritual, of the colony.

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 363.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 364.

Still, as we know from the whole tenor of the correspondence between her and her husband, she did not overlook the trials, discouragements, and difficulties of the course she was about to take. It was no golden dream of earthly happiness, superior to what she enjoyed or might enjoy in England, which lured her to embark in an undertaking surrounded with so many perils and uncertainties. She was now beyond the age of romance, when hope with its magic power gilds the future to the imagination with a brightness which will never be realized.

While gratified to know that Mrs. Winthrop was hearty in the design of co-operating in the formation of the new settlement, yet believing from his own experience and from what he knew of the human heart, that fears and misgivings would still enter and agitate her mind, Winthrop continues in his correspondence to sustain and comfort her spirit, by presenting to her contemplation such considerations as were fitted to confirm her trust in the protection of God, and to encourage her in the hope that they would again meet and be happy in the land of their adoption. Writing to her, February 14, 1629, he says:—"My sweet Wife, . . . The Lord our God hath oft brought us together with comfort, when we have been long absent, and if it be good for us, he will do so still. When I was in Ireland, he brought us together again. When I was sick here at London, he restored us together again. How many dangers, near death, hast thou been in thyself! and yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. If he did not watch over us, we need not go over sea to seek death or misery: we should meet it at every step, in every journey. And is not he a God abroad as well as at home? Is not his power and providence the same in New England that it hath been in Old England? If our ways please him, he can command deliverance and safety in all places, and can make the stones of the field and the beasts, yea, the raging seas, and our very enemies, to be in league

with us (Job v. 23). But if we sin against him, he can raise up evil against us out of our own bowels, houses, estates, &c. My good wife, trust in the Lord, whom thou hast found faithful. He will be better to thee than any husband, and will restore thee thy husband with advantage."¹

Again in a letter to her, without date, but probably written in the latter part of February, 1629-30, he says:—"Be comfortable and courageous, my sweet wife. Fear nothing. I am assured the Lord is with us, and will be with thee. Thou shalt find it in the needful time. Cleave to thy faithful Lord and Husband, Christ Jesus, into whose blessed arms I have put thee, to whose care I have and do commend thee and all thine. Once again I kiss and embrace my sweet wife. Farewell; the Lord bless thee and all thy company! Commend me to all, and to all our good friends and neighbours, and remember Monday and Friday between five and six."² The reference in the close is to a solemn agreement made between this excellent pair that so long as separated from each other, whether in consequence of his journeys to London, or of his removal to America, they should set apart the particular hour specified on the Monday and Friday of every week for the purpose of engaging in prayer for one another, thus meeting together in spirit at the throne of grace, until they should again see each other face to face.

If Mrs. Winthrop needed to be strengthened for the contemplated adventurous enterprise, as no doubt she did, for faith even in its greatest strength is weak, and needs to be upheld, Winthrop's letters to her were well fitted to answer that object. The entire affection with which she loved him contributed to produce the same effect. Under the impulse of conjugal affection alone she was ready to go with him to the ends of the earth; to encounter any danger and make any sacrifice for his sake; to settle down contented and happy in the wilderness, in any circumstances, at his side, it being

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 364, 365.

² *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 365.

enough to give her joy and delight that he was with her. And believing too that she had the call of God, that the enterprise was a great work to which he summoned them for the advancement of his glory, and for the welfare of his church, she obeyed like Abraham, who, at the bidding of God, went forth from his native country, not knowing whither he went.

The state of her mind, as well as the deep sense which Winthrop had of her worth, may be gathered from a letter he wrote to her from London, March 2, 1629-30, in answer to one from her, unhappily not preserved, in which these feelings were very affectingly expressed. "Mine own dear Heart,—I must confess thou hast overcome me with thy exceeding great love, and those abundant expressions of it in thy sweet letters, which savour of more than an ordinary spirit of love and piety. Blessed be the Lord our God, that gives strength and comfort to thee to undergo this great trial, which, I must confess, would be too heavy for thee, if the Lord did not put under his hand in so gracious a measure. Let this experience of his faithfulness to thee in this first trial, be a ground to establish thy heart to believe and expect his help in all that may follow. It grieveth me much that I want time and freedom of mind to discourse with thee, my faithful yoke-fellow, in those things, which thy sweet letters offer me so plentiful occasion for. I beseech the Lord, I may have liberty to supply it, ere I depart, for I cannot thus leave thee." He then informs her:—"Our two boys" [Henry, and probably Adam], and others, "are gone this day towards Southampton."¹

About this time Winthrop and his intended fellow-emigrants were entertained by their friends at a farewell dinner. On this occasion his appearance and manner were peculiarly pensive, and in his farewell address, overpowered with his emotions at the prospect of separation from so many whom he loved, he lost the power of utterance, and burst into a flood

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 365.

of tears, thus setting them all a weeping like Paul's friends, while they thought of seeing the faces of each other no more.¹

Soon after he probably returned to Groton to take farewell of his wife, and having stayed with her for a short time, he went to Southampton, a port at that time of great commerce, to embark on board the *Arbella* for America. From this place he wrote her a letter, dated March 14, 1629-30, soon after his arrival.

"Mine only best beloved," says he, "I now salute thee from Southampton, where, by the Lord's mercy, we are all safe; but the winds have been such as our ships are not yet come. . . . And now, my dear wife, what shall I say to thee? I am full of matter and affection towards thee, but want time to express it. I beseech the good Lord to take care of thee and thine; to seal up his loving-kindness to thy soul; to fill thee with the sweet comfort of his presence, that may uphold thee in this time of trial; and grant us this mercy, that we may see the faces of each other again in the time expected."²

After he had embarked he again wrote to her to bid her adieu. The letter, which is short, is dated "from aboard the *Arbella*,³ riding at the Cowes,⁴ March 22, 1629."—"Commend

¹ Bartlett's *Pilgrim Fathers*, p. 56.

² Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 366, 367.

³ The *Arbella*, in which Winthrop had embarked, was a ship of 350 tons, and it was manned with fifty-two seamen, and twenty-eight pieces of cannon. Three other ships, namely, the *Ambrose*, the *Jewel*, and the *Talbot*, were riding by the side of the *Arbella*. Seven other vessels, intended for the same destination, namely, the *Charles*, the *Mayflower*, the *William and Francis*, the *Hopewell*, the *Whale*, the *Success*, and the *Trial*, were still at the port of Southampton, not quite prepared for setting sail, and it being uncertain when that portion of the fleet would be in readiness, it was agreed that the four ships first named should consort, and set sail together, the *Arbella* to be the admiral, the *Talbot* vice-admiral, the *Ambrose* rear-admiral, and the *Jewel* a captain. The *Arbella* was superior to the other vessels, and it had the distinction to have for its passengers the chief of the colony, who, to a great extent, were its proprietors. The very names of the vessels which carried out the puritan founders of New England are remembered by their descendants with veneration and affection.

⁴ A well-known anchoring ground near the Isle of Wight, and in the vicinity of Portsmouth.

me to all our good friends," says he, "as I wrote in my former letter, and be comfortable, and trust in the Lord; my dear wife, pray, pray. He is our God and Father; we are in covenant with him, and he will not cast us off."

When he wrote this letter the wind was very favourable, and the fleet was preparing to set sail on that night, but the wind again becoming adverse it was detained at the Cowes a week longer.

During this detention Mrs. Winthrop received another letter from Winthrop, dated March 28, 1630. It is peculiarly touching and solemn, as if indeed he felt when writing it that they might never again meet, and that now he might be taking his final adieu of a wife whom he loved so well.

"Our boys," says he, "are well and cheerful, and have no mind of home. They lie both with me, and sleep as soundly in a rug (for we use no sheets here), as ever they did at Groton; and so I do myself (I praise God). The wind hath been against us this week and more; but this day it is come fair to the north, so as we are preparing, by God's assistance, to set sail in the morning. We have only four ships ready, and some two or three Hollanders go along with us. The rest of our fleet, being seven ships, will not be ready this se'nnight. We have spent now two Sabbaths on ship-board very comfortably (God be praised), and are daily more and more encouraged to look for the Lord's presence to go along with us. We are, in all our eleven ships, about 700 persons, passengers, and 240 cows, and about sixty horses. The ship which went from Plymouth¹ carried about 140 persons, and the ship which goes from Bristol² carrieth about eighty persons.³

¹ The *Mary and John*, commanded by Captain Squeb.

² The *Lion*, commanded by Captain William Pierce.

³ Thus the addition to the colony by these thirteen vessels would amount to 920 persons. Two other vessels followed in June and August, besides one sent out by a private merchant.—Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln. All these ships arrived safe in New England.

“And now, my sweet soul, I must once again take my last farewell of thee in Old England. It goeth very near to my heart to leave thee; but I know to whom I have committed thee, even to Him who loves thee much better than any husband can, who hath taken account of the hairs of thy head, and puts all thy tears in his bottle; who can and, if it be for his glory, will bring us together again with peace and comfort. Oh, how it refresheth my heart to think that I shall yet again see thy sweet face in the land of the living!—that lovely countenance that I have so much delighted in, and beheld with so great content! I have hitherto been so taken up with business, as I could seldom look back to my former happiness; but now, when I shall be at some leisure, I shall not avoid the remembrance of thee, nor the grief for thy absence. Thou hast thy share with me, but I hope the course we have agreed upon will be some ease to us both. Mondays and Fridays, at five of the clock at night, we shall meet in spirit till we meet in person. Yet, if all these hopes should fail, blessed be our God, that we are assured we shall meet one day, if not as husband and wife, yet in a better condition. Let that stay and comfort thy heart. Neither can the sea drown thy husband, nor enemies destroy, nor any adversity deprive thee of thy husband or children. Therefore I will only take thee now and my sweet children in mine arms, and kiss and embrace you all, and so leave you with my God. Farewell, farewell, I bless you all in the name of the Lord Jesus.”¹

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.” Here is the gushing of a full, an overflowing heart. We can easily imagine the heaving breast, the swell of affection and of solemn sadness with which each word of this letter was committed to the page. Nor need it excite our surprise if Mrs. Winthrop could not read without a stream of tears these effusions of the tender emotions. Her letters to him were equally

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 368, 369.

affectionate, unfolding what the love is that dwells in a true woman's heart. She had written two to him, unhappily not now preserved, from the time he went to Southampton, which, from their expressions of endearing tenderness, enhanced her loveliness in his eyes, and which, vividly recalling all their past scenes of domestic happiness, that had left no sadness or regret on the memory, made him weep as he read them, and read them again and again. Their separation only called forth the more intensely, and showed the more surely, the ardour of their mutual affection, and the strength of their mutual esteem.

About ten o'clock on the evening of March 29, the day following the date of the preceding letter, the *Arbella*, and the other three vessels which were to accompany it, weighed anchor and sailed from the Cowes. But from head winds and other causes they were again detained more than a week. Whilst thus detained the *Arbella* lay at anchor over against Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight, and while it was lying there, Mrs. Winthrop received from Winthrop another affectionate letter, dated April 3, 1630.

“MY LOVE, MY JOY, MY FAITHFUL ONE, . . . This is the third letter I have written to thee since I came to Hampton, in requital of those two I received from thee, which I do often read with much delight, apprehending so much love and sweet affection in them, as I am never satisfied with reading, nor can read them without tears; but whether they proceed from joy, sorrow, or desire, or from that consent of affection, which I always hold with thee, I cannot conceive. Ah, my dear heart, I ever held thee in high esteem, as thy love and goodness hath well deserved; but, if it be possible, I shall yet prize thy virtue at a greater rate, and long more to enjoy thy sweet society than ever before. I am sure thou art not short of me in this desire. Let us pray hard, and pray in faith, and our God in his good time will accomplish our desire. Oh, how loath am I to bid thee farewell! but, since it must be, fare-

well, my sweet love, farewell. Farewell, my dear children and family. The Lord bless you all, and grant me to see your faces once again. Come, my dear, take him and let him rest in thine arm, who will ever remain thy faithful husband,

JOHN WINTHROP."¹

Such letters as these, while they do honour to him who wrote them, do no less honour to her to whom they were addressed. Worthy must that woman have been who could inspire all this affection in a man of such high intelligence, talent, and accomplishment as was John Winthrop. There could not be a higher testimony to her exalted qualities of mind, and to her admirable goodness of heart.

On Thursday, April 8, about six in the morning, the *Arbella*, with the three other vessels and a few small ships which were bound for Newfoundland, sailed from Yarmouth, and by daylight on Friday the 9th it had reached Portland. The emigrants were now fairly on their way before a brisk gale. During the voyage the weather was variable, sometimes mild, sometimes very stormy; but no accident of any moment occurred on board the *Arbella*.

On the 12th of June, Winthrop arrived in the *Arbella* at Salem, where shortly before Endicott had laid the foundations of the first town in Massachusetts. As soon as the vessel was moored, the most of the people went on shore upon the other side of the harbour and regaled themselves with strawberries, growing wild, of the finest flavour. This doubtless led them to form a flattering estimate of the paradise of plenty and luxury, whither they had come; but soon they had experience of the difficulties and dangers with which the first settlers in an uninhabited wilderness have to contend.

They unexpectedly found the little colony which was already planted in a melancholy condition. In the winter before, disease and death had been raging among them, and 80 out of about 300 had died, while many of those still

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 369, 370.

living were weak and sickly. All the corn and bread amongst these earlier colonists would hardly suffice to support them for a fortnight; and the newly arrived colonists having, through an unhappy omission, left behind them a large quantity of provisions which they intended to bring with them, they were wholly unable to supply with food the servants, originally 180, though now much thinned by death, which they had sent over two years before, now clamorous for victuals, and were under the necessity of giving them their leave, causing a heavy loss, each servant, in furnishing and passage fare, having cost them between £16 and £20.¹ Besides, scurvy and an infectious fever, which had broken out in the ships even before they landed in America, continued to rage. Such was the gloomy state of matters which presented itself to Winthrop and his company upon their arrival in the New World. It was, however, necessary for them without delay to look out for a spot where they might settle down, as they were not altogether pleased with Salem, at which they landed. From various circumstances they were constrained to disperse and plant themselves at Charlestown, and at suitable sites adjoining.²

These were the scenes, the stern realities with which the thoughts of Mrs. Winthrop were soon to become familiar. Winthrop in his first letter to her from the New World, which was written from Charlestown, July 16, 1630, a month after his arrival, and sent probably with one of the earliest of the vessels of his fleet which returned to England, does not enter upon them. He leaves it to the bearer to give her this information in all its details, and promises that she should receive the full particulars in a letter which he was to send to his "brother Downing" by some of the last

¹ Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln.

² *Ibid.*

³ Emmanuel Downing, who was married to Winthrop's sister. He afterwards emigrated to America, and resided for several years in great esteem at Salem, which he often represented in the general court. He was the

ships." He would not conceal from her that he had met with many difficulties and discouragements; but his trust notwithstanding remained firm in God, in whom he encourages her to trust. The deep gloom which now overhung the prospects of the colony would be dispersed, and the present trials, when in the depths of the past, would be remembered only to heighten their gratitude to Him who had blessed their latter end more than their beginning. They would yet be happy, and he expects to see her the following spring on the American shores. The letter conveys to her the mournful intelligence of the death of his son Henry (by his first wife), in the twenty-third year of his age, whom he had accidentally left behind him at the Isle of Wight, but who, coming to America in another vessel, was unfortunately drowned in a small creek at Salem, on the 2d of July, the very day on which he landed. Henry left behind him in England a young wife, Elizabeth, with an only daughter, Martha, who was baptized May 9, 1630.¹ Winthrop doubts not but that Mrs. Winthrop would do all in her power to support and comfort the afflicted widow, who it would appear was living with her at Groton.²

Winthrop remained for some time at Charlestown, from which this letter is dated, and here some permanently established themselves; but the want of good water induced him and others to remove to the south side of the mouth of Charles river, to settle on a spot which the Indians called Shawmut, and which previous English settlers called Trimountain, or Tremont, but to which the present settlers gave the name of Boston,³

father of the celebrated Sir George Downing, who graduated at Harvard College, and was ambassador for Cromwell and Charles II. in Holland.—Winthrop's *Hist.*, note by Savage, vol. i. p. 49.

¹ Young's *Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay*, p. 319.

² Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 372, 373.

³ It was called Tremont on account, as is supposed, of three contiguous hills appearing in a range to those at Charlestown. Now it was called Boston, in memory of the English town of that name, from which many of these settlers had come.

situated in a peninsula, about two miles in length and one in breadth. This promised to form an admirable settlement, there being an excellent spring of water, and the surface being an extended pasture with but few trees, while the peninsula, with its three conical hills reposing upon a bay thickly strewn with islands, presented a spectacle of great beauty. Others established themselves at divers places adjacent, founding the following towns, Watertown, Roxbury, Lynn, and Dorchester, not many miles from each other.

The prevalence of sickness and mortality, which carried off some of the most distinguished of the colonists, and which greatly interrupted the colonists in building operations, so necessary for affording protection from the injuries of rain and cold, many dying weekly, yea, almost daily,¹ was still the burden of the information which Mrs. Winthrop continued to receive from New England. But while affected with this sad news, it was to her matter of thankfulness to God to know that her husband and children were preserved, and in the enjoyment of health and prosperity. The next letter she received from him, dated September 9, 1630, contained this mingled intelligence. "I praise the good Lord," says he, "though we see much mortality, sickness, and trouble, yet (such is his mercy) myself and children, with most of my family, are yet living, and in health, and enjoy prosperity enough, if the afflictions of our brethren did not hold under the comfort of it. The Lady Arbella² is dead,

¹ In these circumstances, upon the return of the vessels which had taken out Winthrop's company, there were not much less than 100, some thought many more, who returned, discouraged by the hardships they endured, and despairing of the prospects of the colony. Those, however, who returned, being in general the less reputable and industrious part of the emigrants, their return rather benefited than injured the plantation. After the ships were gone the mortality increased among the colonists. Two hundred at least died from April, the month in which they had embarked, to December following.—Dudley's Letter to the Countess of Lincoln.

² Arbella Clinton, daughter of Thomas, third Earl of Lincoln, and wife of Isaac Johnson, one of the principal colonists. She had gone out in the same vessel with Winthrop.

and good Mr. Higginson, my servant, old Waters of Neyland, and many others." As to the future prospects of the colony the letter is full of hope, anticipating not defeat, but victories and triumphs to the struggles of the colonists, for Winthrop was a man strong in faith and not easily discouraged. Still, he did not expect great things in the world, and he would not have his wife to expect them. He laid his account with trials, and he would have her to do the same. But peaceably enjoying the pure preaching of the Word in America, and trusting in God as to the future, he did not repent that he had come to the New World, and he would not have her to repine that she was about to follow him.¹

As there was reason to believe that the sickness and mortality which still threw their dark hues over the letters she received from her husband, had been caused by insufficient or unwholesome diet at sea, he would have her, instead of being discouraged thereby, to take this as a lesson that on coming out she should be careful to see that a sufficient supply of wholesome food was provided, which would greatly contribute to ward off such a calamity from her, and from those who might be associated with her in her voyage. On this subject he particularly dwells in a letter to her, written from "Boston in Massachusetts, November 29, 1630," which, says he, "is the third or fourth letter I have written to thee since I came hither, that thou mayest see the goodness of the Lord towards me, that, when so many have died, and many yet languish, myself and my children are yet living and in health."²

Mrs. Winthrop's whole soul was set upon going out to America, where she already was in spirit, and she was only waiting the opportunity to get her person transported thither. Her enthusiastic ardour to go out was increased by the conversations which she had with Mr. John Wilson, minister of Boston, who had come to England in the summer

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 377.

Ibid. vol. i. p. 378, 379.

of 1631,¹ in the ship *Lion*, commanded by Captain Pierce, with the object of seeing his wife, who had refused to accompany him when he had emigrated to America, and of endeavouring, if possible, to overcome her strong and intense aversion to go out to the New World.² While in England he visited Mrs. Winthrop at Groton. He brought no letter to her from her husband, who had not written, thinking she would have left for America before Wilson could arrive in England. But he informed her that he had designated Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Dudley, and Mr. Newell, as the persons in his opinion best qualified to lead the devotions of the congregation during his absence, and gave her a most cheering account of the condition and prospects of the New England colony. This inflamed still more the vehemence of her desire to set out to rejoin her husband, and to enter upon the new field, whither she believed Providence called them to perform a great work for the glory of God. Her feelings and sentiments—very different from those of Wilson's wife, who had evidently less moral force and less romantic affection than Mrs. Winthrop—we learn from a letter which she wrote to her son-in-law, John Winthrop, junior. The letter is without date, but it was probably written in May or June, 1631.

“MY DEAR SON,—Blessed be our good God, who hath not failed us, but hath given us cause of most unspeakable joy, for the good news, which we have heard out of New England. Mr. Wilson had been with me before thy letters came to my hands, but brought me no letter. He speaks very well of things there, so as my heart and thoughts are there already. I want but means to carry my body after them. I am now fully persuaded, that it is the place wherein God will have us to settle; and I beseech him to fit us for it, that we may be instruments of his glory there. This news came very seasonably to me, being possessed with much grief for thee, hearing

¹ He sailed from Salem on the 1st of April.

² Snow's *Hist. of Boston*, p. 39.

how things went concerning thy wife's jointure. But now I have cast off that, and hope God will turn all to the best. If thou caust but send me over when Mr. Wilson goeth back, I shall be very, very glad of his company. If thy manifold employments will not suffer thee to go with me, I shall be very sorry for it; for I would be glad to carry all my company with me. But I will not say any more of this till I hear from thee, how things may be done. I pray consider of it, and give me the best counsel you can. Mr. Wilson is now in London, and promised me to come and see you. He cannot yet persuade his wife to go, for all this pains he hath taken to come and fetch her. I marvel what mettle she is made of.¹ Sure she will yield at last, or else we shall want him exceedingly in New England. I desire to hear what news my brother Downing hath; for my husband writ but little to me, thinking we had been on our voyage. And thus, with my love to thyself, my daughter, and all the rest of my good friends, I desire the Lord to bless and keep you, and rest, your loving mother,

“MARGARET WINTHROP.

“I received the things you sent down by the carrier this week, and thank my daughter for my band.”² . . .

It ought not here to be omitted that Mrs. Winthrop found much comfort in her step-son John, to whom she wrote this letter. By this excellent and accomplished youth, afterwards governor of Connecticut, who inherited his father's talents and virtues, with a superior share of human learning, she had been uniformly treated with all respect and affection. This

¹ Wilson's wife was “the daughter of the Lady Mansfield, widow of Sir John Mansfield, Master of the Monies and the Queen's Surveyor.”—Mather's *Hist. of New England*, book iii. p. 41-45. She continued at this time unpersuadable, and Wilson went back to the colony without her. He afterwards made another voyage to England, namely, in November, 1635, when she was prevailed upon to go out with him. She was admitted into the Boston church, March 20, 1635-6.

² Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 382, 383.

his father acknowledges with feelings of satisfaction and gratitude. Writing to him from America, March 28, 1639, he says: "God all-sufficient reward thee abundantly for all thy care and pains in my affairs, and for all that love and duty thou hast showed to thy good mother."¹ And in his last will and testament he specially makes mention of this praiseworthy conduct of this son. "For my good son John, who hath always been most loving and dutiful to me, and to my wife, as if she had been his natural mother, and hath cheerfully departed with all his interest both in his mother's inheritance and mine, to a great value, and that without any recompense, I do commend him to the Lord, in all that the blessing of a father may obtain for an abundant recompense upon him and his."²

Mrs. Winthrop sailed from England about the middle of August, 1631, in the ship *Lion*, of which Captain Pierce was master. She had for her fellow-passengers her step-son John, and his wife, her step-daughter Mary,³ her own children, Stephen, Dean, Samuel, and Anne, John Eliot, the celebrated apostle of the Massachusetts Indians, and other families, consisting in all of about sixty persons. Provided with an ample store of wholesome provisions, they enjoyed good health all the way, and lost none of their number except two children, one of which was Mrs. Winthrop's daughter Anne, who died about a week after they came to sea, being about one and a half years old. Their voyage lasted ten weeks. They reached Natascot on the 2d of November, and on the 3d, the wind being contrary, the vessel stopped at Long Island, where Mrs. Winthrop's step-son went on shore, and in the evening Winthrop came on board, and slept in the ship during that night. The next morning the wind becoming

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 381.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 359-361.

³ Winthrop's son, Forth, by his first marriage, is supposed to have died in England some months before their embarkation.—Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 67.

favourable, the ship again set sail, and cast anchor before Boston.

On that day Mrs. Winthrop, accompanied by Winthrop and their children, went on shore with Captain Pierce in his ship's boat. The ship fired six or seven cannon-shot as a signal of the arrival of the governor's wife and family. At their landing there was no coach in waiting for them with four or six horses richly caparisoned, and driven by a liveried coachman. The republic, afterwards to become so great, was then only an infant, and those at its head had to dispense with many of the appendages of state and dignity to which so much importance is usually attached; but what was far better, much heart was shown to them by all classes on this occasion. As they landed, the captains with their companies in arms formed a guard to attend them, and honoured them with volleys of shot, and the firing of three artillery pieces. Several of the assistants, and most of the people of the adjacent plantations, came to welcome them, and to enhance the joyfulness of the occasion, brought and sent for several days abundant stores of provisions, as fat hogs, kids, venison, poultry, geese, partridges, &c. Thus was Mrs. Winthrop's arrival celebrated by mirth and festivity. "The like joy," says her husband, "and manifestations of love had never been seen before in New England. It was a great marvel that so much people and such store of provisions could be gathered together at so few hours' warning."

On the 11th of November a day of thanksgiving was observed at Boston for Mrs. Winthrop's safe arrival, and on the 17th, Bradford, the governor of Plymouth, who was on the friendliest terms possible with Winthrop, came to Boston to congratulate him and Mrs. Winthrop on her having with her children crossed the great ocean in safety, and rejoined her husband.

This gracious reception, this hearty welcome to her new home in the wilderness by all classes, must have been extremely

pleasing to Mrs. and Mr. Winthrop. Such marks of kindly feeling and confidence neither of them seems to have expected. Winthrop, who is the chronicler of the circumstances attending her arrival, records them evidently with much gratification.¹

The house which Winthrop had got erected in Boston for her reception stood on the spot now occupied by the South Row, about opposite to School Street. It was constructed of wood, and was two stories high.² She and Winthrop continued to reside for the most part at Boston; but having afterwards obtained a country house up the River Mestick, at a farm called Ten Hills—a name which the property has preserved to the present day—they frequently retired thither during the summer months. To this country residence and property allusion is sometimes made in their correspondence.³

In the New World Mrs. Winthrop occupied a high position. She was the wife of the man who was at the head of the little commonwealth of Massachusetts Bay. Her prayer that God would "give him all graces and gifts for such employments as He would call him to" in New England, was answered. It was a merciful providence that such a man as John Winthrop embarked in the perilous undertaking of planting an English Christian colony in the American wilderness. To eminent piety he added political sagacity, wisdom and moderation in counsel, persuasive eloquence, disinterested devotion to the interests of the infant state, with great firmness of character, all which highly fitted him to preside over the new plantation, where peculiar difficulties and trials had to be encountered, and society almost to be formed anew. His gifts as a statesman were indeed such as would have rendered him a meet associate of such men as Pyme, Hampden, Cromwell, and others, who figured so illustriously in England in the times of the civil wars.

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 63-67.

² It was demolished by the British in 1775.—Snow's *Hist. of Boston*, p. 102-104.

³ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 387.

Her high position Mrs. Winthrop worthily occupied. She was perhaps well nigh as useful in a private way as he was in his more public and extended sphere. She sustained and cheered him amidst the difficulties, and hardships, and toils, and dangers, and sacrifices, that had to be encountered amidst the forests of the New World. During the course of his life he experienced the capriciousness of public favour, and the hatred of characters who envied his greatness and attempted to blast his reputation. Reports were put in circulation, at first stealthily, impeaching his fidelity in the financial affairs of the colony, and so far did his enemies succeed in covering him with suspicion and obloquy, that in 1634 and the two following years he lost the election to the governorship. An inquiry was instituted into his accounts of the public pecuniary affairs; but, though the inquiry was rigidly and even harshly conducted, the result was the triumphant establishment of his integrity in every pecuniary transaction. Irritating as were these proceedings, he could never be induced to resent them. On these occasions he had the comfort to know that in his own home there was one always the same, always true to him, whoever else might be faithless or change; and sustained by her presence and sympathy, he maintained his tranquillity undisturbed by the fickleness of others, and continued unceasing in his exertions to advance the welfare of the plantation, even when these exertions were undervalued or ill requited. Gradually there was a reaction of public feeling, and Winthrop, whose character it had defied all the power of hatred and detraction to damage, rose to his former, or rather to increased reputation and influence.

Though brought up in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and elegancies of life that wealth could provide, Mrs. and Mr. Winthrop now denied themselves many of these, which even in the colony they might have had, that they might set before others an example of Christian frugality and moderation, and might exercise a more abundant liberality towards

those who were in need. They supplied almost daily some of their neighbours with food from their table. Their house was a temple of piety, and no family was more regular than theirs in attendance upon the duties of public worship.

Mrs. Winthrop knew her proper sphere, and kept it. In political and religious controversies she took no part. They necessarily caused her pain and anxiety, greatly affecting, as they did, her family and the colony; but she never mingled in the fray. In the year 1637, when Boston was strongly agitated by the controversies on various theological questions caused by Mrs. Hutchinson, apprehensions were awakened in the minds of many lest these commotions should issue in the destruction of the infant colony. Mrs. Winthrop shared in these apprehensions. She trembled lest the little state, so recently planted in the new world, should be violently torn up before its roots were sufficiently fixed in the soil. Another thing which caused her distress was the censure and obloquy which fell upon Winthrop from the active part he took in the proceedings, both in the civil and in the ecclesiastical courts, against Mrs. Hutchinson and her party, who happened at the time to enjoy the popular favour. In a letter to Winthrop, when he was absent from her on a temporary sojourn at Newton, she dwells upon this melancholy state of affairs in a strain of mingled confidence in God and despondency as to the future prospects of the colony. The letter has the date of the year, but not of the month.

“DEAR IN MY THOUGHTS,—I blush to think how much I have neglected the opportunity of presenting my love to you. Sad thoughts possess my spirits, and I cannot repulse them; which makes me unfit for anything, wondering what the Lord means by all these troubles among us. Sure I am, that all shall work to the best to them that love God, or rather are loved of him. I know he will bring light out of obscurity, and make his righteousness shine forth as clear as the noon-day. Yet I find in myself an adverse spirit, and a

trembling heart, not so willing to submit to the will of God as I desire. There is a time to plant, and a time to pull up that which is planted, which I could desire might not be yet. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and his will be done. But I will write no more. Hoping to see thee tomorrow, my best affections being commended to yourself, the rest of our friends at Newton, I commit thee to God. Your loving wife,

MARGARET WINTHROP.

“*Sad Boston, 1637.*”¹

By embarking in the enterprise of planting America with an English Christian colony, Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop were great pecuniary losers. In this respect they shared in the lot—the *infelicity* of the lot, as the worshippers of riches would say—of the greatest philanthropists, patriots, and benefactors; for it is not by the treasures of earth that the Great Ruler of the world usually recompenses patriotism and the cognate virtues in their highest and most disinterested forms, which always imply a self-immolation that at least puts into peril all personal interests.

In their latter years they had still further experience of the slippery tenure by which wealth is often held, from the very serious losses they sustained through the dishonesty of a servant named Luxford, who defrauded them of not less than £2300, a large sum in those days; but under this, as under all their other trials, their patience and magnanimity and trust in God never forsook them. In a note, appended June 25, 1642, to his last will and testament, dated October 29, 1639, after stating his loss through the flagrant dishonesty of his servant, of which he was not aware when he executed that deed, Winthrop adds: “I am now forced to revoke this testament, and must leave all to the most wise and gracious providence of the Lord, who hath promised not to fail nor forsake me, but will be an husband to my wife and

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 393.

a father to our children, as he hath hitherto been in all our struggles. Blessed be his holy name!"¹

Mrs. Winthrop lived in the New World sixteen years. The disease which put a termination to her earthly existence was an epidemic sickness, prevalent in the country among the Indians, the English, the French, and the Dutch in the summer of the year 1646. It first seized its victims by a cold, and it was accompanied with a slight fever. Such as were bled or used cooling drinks died. Those who had recourse to invigorating and cherishing remedies for the most part recovered, and that in a few days. Not a family, and very few people escaped it, though few died, not above forty or fifty in Massachusetts, and not quite so many in Connecticut. Mrs. Winthrop's illness was of short duration. She fell sick on the 13th of June in the afternoon, and died the next morning. Her husband records the event, and pays a short but elegant and touching tribute of affection to her memory. "In this sickness," says he, "the governor's wife, daughter of Sir John Tindal, Knight, left this world for a better, being about fifty-six years of age: a woman of singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and especially beloved and honoured of all the country."² This was no feigned or hollow compliment. His numerous letters to her still extant, extending over almost the whole period of their union, bear ample testimony to their mutual affection, and to the high sense he entertained of her great worth.³

On the 15th of the month in which she died, she was carried to the grave amidst the deep sorrow of her husband and family, and amidst the regrets of the inhabitants of Boston and of the population of the new colony. The family burying ground in which she was interred was on the north side

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 359-361.

² *Ibid.* vol. ii. p. 310.

³ Winthrop again married in December, 1647, viz. Martha, widow of Thomas Coytmore, of Charlestown, a gentleman of good estate.—Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 375-379.

of that field in Boston, which Winthrop's company soon after their arrival had selected as a burying-place; for as all our race are subject to the doom of mortality, one of the first things which they had to do when they came to the New World was to set apart a last resting-place for the dead. This place of sepulture, which is now called "The Stone Chapel Graveyard," still exists, containing old grave-stones and monuments; and which the stranger will discover in passing through Tremont Street along by King's Chapel. Here many of Mrs. Winthrop's fellow-emigrants had been laid during the sixteen years that she had lived in the colony, and she was now added to that number. What solemn memories are awakened over the graves of these devoted Christian Pilgrims! A holy cause had brought them to the wilderness of the New World; courageously they had endured all its perils and sufferings; and now their ashes repose far away from the last resting-places of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, reminding us of the touching lines in Mrs. Hemans' "Graves of a Household:"—

"They grew in beauty, side by side,
They filled one home with glee;
Their graves are sever'd far and wide,
By mountain, stream, and sea.

"And parted thus they rest, who play'd
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd
Around one parent knee!"

In Mrs. Winthrop we have a noble specimen of what the Puritan women were in the seventeenth century; for she is the representative of a numerous class of her sex in the same condition of life, who took their place in the ranks of the Puritans in that century. How does the correspondence between her and her husband display the power and attractiveness of genuine religion! In them religion was evidently the dominant principle of thought and action; for their religion

was too severely tested to admit for a moment the suspicion of hollowness and insincerity. We covet neither the taste, nor the feelings, nor the judgment of those who see nothing in the piety pervading that correspondence but "cant phrases,"—who see not therein the enhanced loveliness, or rather the sanctity of conjugal affection, when hallowed by religion—who do not see that there is a life and a power in these utterances of sincere and deep piety, as well as of warm affection, indicating a healthful condition of soul, and forming a spring of energy to great and noble actions. Men of various parties may stigmatize Puritanism and call the Puritans by bad names as they may, even as their enemies invested them with the symbols of degradation—branded them as fanatics, rebels, demagogues—and under these false colours held them up to scorn and detestation; but we see in the history of this woman, as well as in that of her husband, what the Puritans were, and the influence of hated Puritanism on all the higher feelings—its influence in infusing a public spirit, in inspiring with invincible principle, in elevating the soul to an all-enduring heroism, in purifying the character from the frivolous and the feeble, and in exalting it to a high standard of Christian excellence.

ANNE DUDLEY

WIFE OF SIMON BRADSTREET.

ANNE DUDLEY, one of the most distinguished of the early matrons of New England, and celebrated for her poetical genius, was born at Northampton, England, about 1612. She was the eldest daughter of Thomas Dudley, by his wife Dorothy, who is said to have been "a gentlewoman of good family and estate."

Her father was the only son of Captain Roger Dudley, who was descended from the second son of one of the barons of Dudley,¹ and who lost his life in the battles of his country.² Having entered the military service, he received, in 1597, a commission as a captain from Queen Elizabeth, to serve in the Protestant wars abroad; and having raised a company of eighty volunteers, he set out for France, and was present at the siege of Amiens, in Picardy, under Henry IV. After his return to England, he settled and married near Northampton, in the neighbourhood of several celebrated Puritan ministers, Messrs. Dod, Hildersham, Cleaver, and Winston, and attending their public instructions, he became deeply impressed by divine truth, and imbibed the puritanical sentiments of his teachers. Not long after he entered as steward into the service of Theophilus, fourth Earl of Lincoln, and succeeded, by his prudent and faithful management, in recovering the affairs of that nobleman from the embarrass-

¹ From the barons of Dudley her father derived his armorial ensigns. These were:—Or, a lion ramp., vert. Crest: a lion's head, az.

² *New England Hist. and Genral. Regis.* vol. x. p. 133, 134.

ment in which he had found them. Being desirous of a more retired life, he left the service of the earl towards the close of the reign of James I., and removed to Boston, in Lincolnshire, where he became acquainted with Mr. John Cotton, minister of that place. By the persuasion of the earl he was prevailed upon to resume his former situation; and he continued in this noble family until his emigration to New England. The proposal to establish a settlement in America, where the Puritan principles might be professed and maintained unmolested by persecution, met with his cordial approbation, and by the ardour of his zeal he was prompted to engage in the undertaking, though far advanced in life, being fifty-four years of age. He was chosen deputy-governor of the new colony, as we have seen before; and in this capacity he arrived in New England in 1630. He was of great service to the infant plantation, and shared in its first distresses and difficulties, of which he wrote an account, the best to be had, in a letter to Bridget, Countess of Lincoln.¹ He was chosen governor in the years 1634, 1640, 1645, and 1650; and he was the first major-general of the colony when they raised an army; an honour which he owed to his military skill and valour. Naturally of a severe character, he was yet placable and generous. If inferior to John Winthrop in blandness of disposition, and in the expansion of mind produced by a more liberal education, he was not less distinguished than Winthrop for inflexible integrity and disinterested devotion to the interests of the colony. Rigidly orthodox, he was the uncompromising enemy of sectarianism, heresy, and corrupt doctrine. He died at Roxbury, December 31, 1653, aged seventy-seven years.²

While Anne's father was resident in the family of the

¹ It is dated "Boston, in New England, March 12, 1630-1."—Young's *Chronicles of Mass. Bay Colony*, p. 303, &c.

² Mather's *Magnalia*. Eliot's *Dict. Coll. Mass. Hist. Soc.* 1st series, vol. x. p. 29. *New England Hist. and Geneal. Regis.* vol. x. p. 133, 134.

Earl of Lincoln, an affectionate intimacy was formed between her and Simon Bradstreet, son of a Puritan minister in Lincolnshire, and nine years her senior.¹ Shortly after his father's death, this youth was taken into the earl's family, in which he continued about eight years, under the superintendence of Anne's father; and among other offices he sustained that of steward. Here she and Bradstreet were brought into constant intercourse; and to the cultivation of their mutual attachment, and its consummation by marriage, there seems to have been no opposition on the part of her parents.

When blooming into womanhood, Anne was afflicted with small-pox, an epidemic then very common, and often very mortal. In a book found among her papers after her death, in which she furnishes some facts in her history, she says: "About sixteen the Lord laid his hand sore upon me, and smote me with the small-pox. When I was in my affliction I besought the Lord, and confessed my pride and vanity, and he was entreated of me, and again restored me. But I rendered not to him according to the benefit received."²

Her recovery was soon followed, as she adds, by her marriage with Bradstreet. This event appears to have taken place about the year 1628. Bradstreet was then a steward in the family of the Countess of Warwick, a well-known patroness of the Puritans.

After their marriage, Anne and Bradstreet came to the resolution to unite with the body of emigrants who were to out with Winthrop as governor, to found the projected new puritan plantation in Massachusetts Bay, and Bradstreet was appointed one of the assistants in the administration of its affairs. They embarked for the New World in the spring of 1630, in the *Arbella*, the same vessel in which

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*.

² *New England Hist. and Genral. Regis.* vol. viii. p. 313-325.

Anne's father, Winthrop, and the chief of the colonists sailed. Her principal companions in this voyage were, besides her mother, the Lady Arbella, wife of Isaac Johnson; the wives of Mr. Phillips, minister, William Coddington, Increase Newell, and the two daughters of Sir Robert Saltonstall. She landed safely at Salem on the 12th of June, after a voyage of two months and four days.

So great were the hardships and sufferings endured by the little colony during the first years of its existence in the wilderness of the New World, and so different was the mode of living, rendered necessary by the new and altered circumstances, from that to which Mrs. Bradstreet had been accustomed in England, that at first she found it difficult to bring her mind into harmony with a situation demanding much patience, courage, and self-denial. Having recorded her marriage, she adds: "I came into this country, where I found a new world and new manners, at which my heart rose." The account already given of the sad state of matters on the landing of Winthrop and his company, revealing not only the absence of conveniences, and comforts, and luxuries, which were enjoyed in England, but the endurance of privations and hardships, from which Mrs. Bradstreet would not be altogether exempted, distinctly explains the causes of the irksomeness felt in such circumstances by one who was so young, and who had been so delicately brought up. To this account may be added the relation of Captain Edward Johnson, who went out in the same fleet with her. "The people after their long voyage," says he, "were many of them troubled with the scurvy, and some of them died. The first station they took up was at Charlestown, where they pitched some tents of cloth; others built them small huts, in which they lodged their wives and children. The first beginning of this work seemed very dolorous." He then records the death of Isaac Johnson, after which he proceeds: "The grief of this people was further increased by the same sick-

ness which fell out among them, so that almost in every family lamentation, mourning, and woe were heard, and no fresh food to be had to cherish them. It would assuredly have moved the most locked-up affections to tears, no doubt, had they passed from one hut to another, and beheld the piteous case these people were in; and that which added to their present distress was the want of fresh water, for although the place did afford plenty, yet for the present they could find but one spring, and that not to be come at but when the tide was down."¹ By the ravages of the infectious sickness which had broken out, many who had come to America in the same vessel with Mrs. Bradstreet, and who had been her companions on the voyage, were cut down, including Lady Arbella Johnson, Mrs. Coddington, and Mrs. Phillips. This too had a depressing effect upon her mind.

But notwithstanding these hard beginnings, and though she now doubtless felt, like her father, that—quoting from his letter to the Countess of Lincoln—the “commendations of the country and the advantages thereof” given by some previous settlers were “too large,” yet when a hundred, if not more, of her fellow-emigrants, dispirited at their condition and prospects, returned to England or Ireland in the same vessels in which they had emigrated, having too much spirit to follow their example, she remained, ready to share in the fortunes of the colony, whether prosperous or adverse. And reflecting more seriously upon the motives of a religious and patriotic kind, which had impelled to this undertaking, she ceased to regret having left the land of her birth, and became reconciled to her lot. Having recorded the repulsion of her heart, at first, at the New World and its new manners, she adds: “But after I was convinced it was the way of God, I submitted to it, and joined the church at Boston.”

¹ Johnson's “Wonder-working Providence,” in *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.* 2d series, vol. ii, p. 87, 88.

She escaped the fever, so fatal to many of her fellow-emigrants upon their first landing. But "after some time," says she, "I fell into a lingering sickness like a consumption, together with lameness, which correction I saw the Lord sent to humble and try me, and do me good; and it was not altogether ineffectual."¹ From this illness she at length gradually recovered.

Her external circumstances soon became prosperous, and she enjoyed much domestic happiness. If not endowed with talents of the highest order, Bradstreet was yet an estimable man, distinguished for integrity, prudence, moderation, and piety, and he duly appreciated the worth, intelligence, accomplishments, and affection of his wife. He was appointed secretary and agent of Massachusetts, and commissioner of the united colonies. He did not become governor of the colony of Massachusetts until after the death of Anne.

Her marriage with Bradstreet was blessed with a numerous offspring, and her time and attention were chiefly devoted to the training up of her children. Her maternal joys and sympathies, hopes and fears, made up the common routine of every-day life. While Bradstreet was engaged in managing the public affairs of the colony, her sphere of action was the domestic circle, a sphere in which woman's influence and usefulness are always greatest. In a posthumous poem in reference to her children, dated June 23, 1656, she playfully records their number, and commemorates the care with which she addressed herself to their education.

"I had eight birds hatch'd in the nest
Four cocks there were, and hens the rest;
I nurs'd them up with pain and care,
For cost nor labour did I spare,
Till at the last they felt their wing,
Mounted the trees, and learned to sing."

This simile she pursues in two additional pages.

¹ *New England Hist. and Geneal. Regis.* vol. viii. p. 313-325.

Mrs. Bradstreet had been strictly indoctrinated in puritan principles; and, after the example of her father, she steadily professed and maintained them through the whole of her life. The Puritanism of her creed, both on religious and political questions, she fully brings out in her "Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning their present troubles, anno 1642," when the civil war between Charles I. and his parliament broke out.

In this poem she describes at length the *cause* of the troubled state of Old England, namely, England's sins. Sacred laws were broken. Idolatry, which has ever been the bane and the ruin of nations, was openly practised. The gospel was trodden down. Ecclesiastical offices were bought and sold. The tendency of Romanism to gain the ascendancy was so great that the pope was exulting in the hope of soon seeing the old superstition restored in England. Scorn, injuries, calumnies, nicknames, were daily heaped on the saints of the Most High. How was the land profaned by blasphemies such as ear had never heard from Beelzebub himself! how was it desecrated by Sabbath-breaking, and debased by drunkenness, bribery, adultery, theft, falsehood, usury, extortion, and oppression! Nor was England yet cleansed from the blood of martyrs and of others who had been unjustly put to death. These were the hydras that were consuming her vitals, the bitter fountains whence flowed the bitter streams she was drinking, the root whence proceeded the deadly fruit she was eating. For all these enormities, and more than could be related, the ministers of the Word, in sermons which then stood upon record, had threatened a woful day of retribution—but she had mocked the preachers, and put the evil day far away. Yea, these prophets' mouths had been stopped. Some of them had been suspended; others deprived of their livings. Some had been heavily fined; others thrown into prisons. Some had been scourged; others driven into exile. Some had

had their ears cropped; others their cheeks branded with a red-hot iron. Such were the sins which Mrs. Bradstreet represents as crying to Heaven for vengeance upon England.

In the same poem she next describes the *condition* of England in a strain of heartfelt sympathy with the parliament, and yet of fervent loyalty to the sovereign, opposed though she was to his arbitrary power. The ground of the dispute between the king and the parliament was simply whether the law or the king was supreme. The parliament stood up for law and right in opposition to royal prerogative, which the monarch, with a fatal infatuation, was determined to uphold. In the contest the Earl of Strafford had been beheaded, and Laud was now a prisoner in the Tower. The contention between the subjects and their master grew, till from words they fell to blows, and thousands lay wounded and dead on the field of battle. The bitterness of England's woes consisted in this, that now she was slaughtered by her own sons, and this might be only the beginning of her sorrows. Her towns were plundered; her houses were devastated; her virgins were ravished; her young men were slain; her flourishing trade was destroyed, and all the calamities of famine were impending. The poor were deprived of their wages; their children were in want of bread; and the tears of their unhappy mothers were unpitied. Yet all this, while calling forth commiseration, might issue in the regeneration of England—might issue in what had been so long hoped for and prayed for, "that right may have its right, though bought with blood."

On all who were engaged in that noble enterprise in support of the supremacy of law against prerogative, the blessing of Heaven is invoked—on the Nobles, who perilled their lives in defence of the truth; on the Commons, who boldly stood up for the common good, and for the infringed laws of their country; on the Counties, who assisted with hearts and estates; on the Preachers, who cheered on the patriotic

bands; and should not Meroz' curse be imprecated on all who, in this great struggle for the right, helped not with prayers, arms, and purse? These, it is hoped, were the days when the church's foes would be crushed—when “prelates would be rooted out, head and tail, root and branch;” when “all their attire, Baal's vestments,” “their mitres, surplices, copes, rochets, crossiers,” would be brought out to make a bonfire, “the flash lighting Christendom,” and letting “all the world see” that England “hated Rome's whore with all her trumpery.” Brave Essex, the commander of the parliamentary army, is bidden go on and show whose son he was, not false in heart either to king or country, but expelling, and destroying, and treading down equally the enemies of the people and of the crown. The result, it is trusted, would be such glorious days that the sight would dazzle the eyes of the beholders, and excite their wonder at England's settled peace, at her wealth and splendour, at her church and commonwealth so established as to cause universal joy that she had displayed her banners, and set up a new order of things. Then impartial justice would be dispensed in her courts of law, high commissions would be abolished, the whole apparatus of persecution would be destroyed, and England, a happy nation, would flourish for ever, nourished by truth and righteousness.

These her puritanical sentiments, earnest and thorough, on the religious and political questions of her day, Mrs. Bradstreet introduces in the form of a dialogue between Old England and New. Old England is represented as the fairest of queens, now sitting in the dust in a mourning garb, with a drooping head and folded arms, wailing and heaving sighs, as if some mighty calamity had befallen her. New England, as the daughter of this queen, approaches her, and beholding her in this sorrowful plight, inquires what ailed her—what deluge of woes had overwhelmed her famous realm, what meant her wailing tone and mourning guise?

“Ah! tell thy daughter, she may sympathize.”

In 1643 Mrs. Bradstreet lost her mother, who died at Roxbury, December 27, that year, aged sixty-one years.¹ She wrote an elegy on this beloved parent, which is included in the second edition of her poems. In this poem she tells us that her mother “of all her children, children lived to see.”²

The sequel of the civil convulsions in Old England we have already touched upon. Puritanism triumphed, though only for a time, and emigration to America ceased.³ The throne tottered and fell. The army gained the ascendancy, and brought Charles I. to the block. Though Mrs. Bradstreet's sympathies went along with the parliament in their struggles in the cause of liberty, yet her sentiments as to the civil constitution of England were too conservative, and her attachment to the sovereign was too sincere and ardent, to permit her to regard the tragedy of his execution with any other feelings than those of the strongest disapprobation, not unmingled with horror. In introducing in the “Four Ages of Man,” “Old Age,” recounting the history of the puritan period, after betokening her loyal attachment to the royal family in all their fortunes, and in all their branches, and expressing especially the sympathy excited in her breast by the calamities which had befallen Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and her worthy consort Frederick V., King of Bohemia, she indicates how deeply she deplored the fate of Charles I.; and it even seems, what in similar cases is not uncommon, as if her sympathy for his sufferings for a time made her forget, or weakened her sense of the wrongs he

¹ *New England Hist. and Geneal. Regis.* vol. i. p. 72, and vol. x. p. 130.

² Mrs. Bradstreet's father married a second wife, by whom he had two sons and a daughter.

³ Hutchinson represents the emigration as having ceased in 1640 (i. 91); but according to Johnson, in his *Wonder-working Providence*, it continued till 1643.

had done to his subjects, and the tyranny which had constrained her and her relatives and others to emigrate to the New World.

“I’ve seen from Rome an execrable thing,
 A plot to blow up nobles and their king;
 I’ve seen designs at Ru, and Cades crost,
 And poor Palatinate for ever lost;
 I’ve seen a prince to live on others’ lands,
 A royal one, by alms from subjects’ hands;
 I’ve seen base men advanc’d to great degree,
 And worthy ones put to extremity:
 But not their prince’s love, nor state so high,
 Could once reverse their shameful destiny.
 I’ve seen one stabb’d, another lose his head,
 And others fly their country through their dread.
 I’ve seen, and so have ye, for ’tis but late,
 The desolation of a goodly state,
 Plotted and acted, so that none can tell
 Who gave the counsel, but the prince of hell.”

Notwithstanding Mrs. Bradstreet’s decided Puritanism, she entertained the highest veneration for the memory of Queen Elizabeth, and delighted to linger over her history, intolerant as was that queen to the Puritans. Elizabeth was the great protectress of Protestantism, both in England and throughout Europe during the whole of her reign. Had Mary Queen of Scots succeeded in obtaining the English throne she would at once have united with Spain and France in the conspiracy formed by these two great powers for the extirpation of the Protestant faith in every country of Europe. Elizabeth seemed to have been specially raised up by Providence to make England the bulwark of Protestantism, and, by thwarting the exterminating designs of Spain and France, to save Protestantism from extirpation in the whole of Europe. The Puritans understood this well, and this accounts for her popularity among them, notwithstanding her making them the victims of a persecuting policy. One of Mrs. Bradstreet’s minor poetical compositions is, “in honour of that high and mighty princess, Queen Elizabeth, of most

happy memory." In the poem she begins with thus addressing the queen:—

“Although, great queen, thou now in silence lie,
Yet thy loud herald Fame doth to the sky
Thy wondrous worth proclaim, in every clime,
And so has vow'd, whilst there is world or time.”

In the poem itself she thus eulogizes Elizabeth:—

“She hath wip'd off th' aspersion of her sex,
That women wisdom lack to play the Rex,
Spain's monarch says not so, nor yet his host—
She taught them better manners to their cost.
The Salic law had not in force now been,
If France had ever hop'd for such a queen.”

And contrasting the condition of England in her own days with its more enviable condition in the reign of that unanimous queen, who by the masculine vigour of her government had raised it to a pitch of glory and prosperity which her feeble successors had failed to maintain, she breaks forth:—

“But happy England, which had such a queen,
O happy, happy, had those days still been!”

In the religious contentions caused by the theological subtleties of Mrs. Hutchinson, which for a time disturbed the tranquillity of the infant society and even endangered its existence, Mrs. Bradstreet was never entangled. Whilst many on both sides abandoned themselves to the headstrong impulses of theological strife, and maintained their opinions with intemperate zeal and unrestrained violence, she took no part in these unseemly altercations and animosities.

Hers was an unpretending, unostentatious piety, courting retirement, occupying itself in the cultivation of the heart, and displaying itself by her attention to the exercises of devotion, and by an exemplary performance of her duties in the various relations of life, especially as a wife and a mother. She is described by a contemporary as “a woman honoured

and esteemed where she lives, for her gracious demeanour, her eminent parts, her pious conversation, her courteous disposition, her exact diligence in her place, and discreet managing of her family occasions." What she represents the spirit, the renewed part, as saying to the flesh, the unrenewed part, in her poem on "The Flesh and the Spirit," may be considered as depicting her own religious experience.

"How I do live thou need'st not scoff,
 For I have meat thou know'st not of;
 The hidden manna I do cat—
 The word of life it is my meat.
 My thoughts do yield me more content
 Than can thy hours in pleasure spent;
 Nor are they shadows which I catch,
 Nor fancies vain at which I snatch;
 But reach at things that are so high
 Beyond thy dull capacity;
 Eternal substance I do see,
 With which enriched I would be;
 Mine eye doth pierce the heavens, and see
 What is invisible to thee."

Mrs. Bradstreet had a great liking for books, and many of her hours of relaxation from household duties and cares she devoted to reading, from which she derived much profit and enjoyment. Her father, in addition to his other qualities, was an epicure in books, as we learn from an epitaph to his memory, of which Cotton Mather gives a poetical translation:—

"In books a prodigal, they say;
 A living cyclopædia;
 Of histories of church and priest,
 A full compendium, at least;
 A table-talker, rich in sense,
 And witty, without wit's pretence."

The passion for book learning, which was so strong in Mrs. Bradstreet may thus have been acquired from the example and training of her father.

One of her favourite books was Sir Philip Sydney's *Ar-*

cadia, "a continual grove of morality shadowing moral and political results under the plain and easy emblems of lovers." In early youth she had devoured this book, forming, like the author's countrymen and countrywomen, by whom it was greatly admired and extensively read, a very different opinion of the high place in literature to which it was entitled from that of the author himself, who is said some hours before his death to have enjoined some friend to consign it to the flames. To the celebration of Sidney and his work her muse has dedicated a lengthened poem in the form of an elegy, written in 1638, forty-eight years after this famed knight had died of his wounds at Zutphen. She thus eulogizes him as an honour to his country and age:—

"When England did enjoy her halcyon days,
Her noble Sidney wore the crown of bays;
No less an honour to our British land
Than she that sway'd the sceptre with her hand:
Mars and Minerva did in one agree,
Of arms, and arts, thou should'st a pattern be."

And her epitaph upon him is:—

"Here lies entomb'd in fame, under this stone,
Philip and Alexander, both in one;
Heir to the muses, the son of Mars in truth,
Learning, valour, beauty, all in virtuous youth."

History was to her a favourite study, and much of her leisure she dedicated to reading on this subject, particularly to the reading of the history of her own country, with which she was intimately acquainted, and the history of the great empires of antiquity—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, and the Roman, with the leading facts of which she was also familiar. Nor did she neglect works of science and medicine. Books in poetry were also the frequent companions of her vacant hours, as might have been anticipated from the imaginative and poetical elements which entered largely into her mental composition.

From her literary habits and tastes she sought expression, as we have seen, to the reflections and emotions which sprung up in her mind, in the language of poetry. Her father had made rhyme the vehicle or exponent of his feelings, and her poetical taste and talent, as well as her love of reading, she may have inherited from him. She indeed ranks as the earliest female poet which America produced.

Her great master and model in poetical composition was the French soldier poet, Du Bartas, who flourished in the reign of Henry IV. "The Divine Weeks" and other works of this poet, translated by the silver-tongued Sylvester from French into English,¹ were so highly popular in the early days of New England that all who took up the pen to write poetry endeavoured to imitate them; and in the estimation of Mrs. Bradstreet they were a standard of taste so super-excellent that nothing could surpass or equal them. In her "Prologue" to her poem on the "Four Elements," she thus expresses her admiration of Du Bartas:—

"But when my wond'ring eyes and envious heart
Great Bartas' sugar'd lines do but read o'er;
Fool, I do grudge the muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that over-fluent store;
A Bartas can do what a Bartas will,
But simple I, according to my skill."

And in a poem specially devoted to the celebration of his poetical genius she says:—

"Amongst the happy wits this age hath shown,
Great, dear, sweet Bartas, thou art matchless known."

Her admiration and imitation of Du Bartas did not contribute to strengthen or to refine her poetical genius. Full of conceits, of forced unnatural comparisons, and far-fetched illustrations, his grotesque effusions vitiated her taste, which the study of better models would have raised to a high degree of perfection.

¹ Wood's *Ath. Oxon.* Bliss's edit. vol. ii. p. 579.

Before the spring of 1642 she had written as many poems as would form a considerable volume, and she prefixed a dedication of them to her father, dated March 20, that year. They were handed about among some of her friends, who greatly admired them, and at last her brother-in-law, John Woodbridge, minister, who was married to her sister Mercy, took upon himself the responsibility of getting them printed without her knowledge, at London, in 1650, at which time he was in the English capital. The contents of the book are curious. They embrace, besides other pieces, poems upon the four elements, the four humours in man's constitution, the four ages of man, and the four seasons of the year. In these we are presented with personifications of Fire, Air, Earth, and Water; Choler, Blood, Melancholy, and Phlegm; Childhood, Youth, Middle Age, and Old Age; Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter; each of which is brought forward with an address in praise of its own peculiar excellencies.¹ In an address to the reader, after an encomium on the character of the authoress already quoted, he says: "These poems are the fruit but of some few hours, curtailed from her sleep

¹ The title of the volume is, "The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America; or, Several Poems compiled with great variety of wit and learning, full of delight: wherein especially is contained a complete Discourse and Description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the year; together with an exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz., the Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also, a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late Troubles, with divers other pleasant and serious poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts." This was probably the earliest poetic volume written in America. In 1678, six years after Mrs. Bradstreet's death, a second edition was printed at Boston, by John Foster, in 12mo, 255 pages, containing some new pieces, as her "Contemplations," a moral and descriptive poem; "The Flesh and the Spirit," written in the form of a dialogue; and several other poems on family incidents found among her private papers after her death. A third edition appeared in 1758, reprinted from the second. The work is now rarely to be obtained. "A new edition," say Messrs. John Dean and Dean Dudley, "to which some unpublished writings could be added, would meet with a ready sale. If some of her talented descendants would prepare her writings for the press, no doubt they would find a publisher."—*New England Hist. and Genral. Register*, vol. viii. 313-325.

and other refreshments. I dare add little, lest I keep thee too long: if thou wilt not believe the worth of these things (in their kind) when a man says it, yet believe it from a woman when thou seest it. This only I shall annex: I fear the displeasure of no person in the publishing of these poems but the author's, without whose knowledge, and contrary to her expectation, I have presumed to bring to public view what she resolved should never in such manner see the sun; but I found that divers had gotten some scattered papers, affected them well, were likely to have sent forth broken pieces, to the author's prejudice, which I thought to prevent, as well as to pleasure those that earnestly desired the view of the whole." And in some verses addressed "to my dear sister, the author of these poems," and signed "J. W.," Woodbridge thus apologizes for his publishing these effusions of her muse without her knowledge:—

"If you shall think, it will be to your shame
 To be in print, then I must bear the blame:
 If't be a fault, 'tis mine.
 I know your modest mind,
 How you will blush.
 'Tis true, it doth not now so neatly stand,
 As if 'twere polish'd with your own sweet hand;
 'Tis not so richly deck'd, so trimly tir'd,
 Yet it is such as justly is admir'd."

In her dedication of her poems to her father, while modestly speaking of "her lowly pen," she yet claims them as wholly her own composition, and in making this claim she pays homage to the stern justice of her father's character.

"My goods are true; (though poor) I love no stealth,
 But if I did, I durst not send them you;
 Who must reward a thief but with his due."

After craving him to accept the best of "these rugged lines," and to vouchsafe to her worst a grave, she thus concludes:—

larity. They charmed the inhabitants of the New World at the time when the "splendid creations of Spencer and Shakspeare were delighting the metropolis" of the Old; and they gained for the authoress no small measure of literary reputation. This was a pleasing result. The composition of them had afforded her an agreeable occupation, and the approbation of the public, particularly of men of learning and discernment, now when the effusions of her muse were given to the world, must have yielded her much gratification. At that time a female poet was a sort of wonder, even in the Old World, and in the New Mrs. Bradstreet stood alone like a tree rising in the plains in solitary grandeur, with its spreading, and verdant, and fruitful branches.

Independently of what may be said of their poetical merits, her poems do honour to her as a well educated and accomplished woman, from their frequent and accurate allusions to ancient literature and to facts in history; and from the amiable light in which they present her as a daughter, a wife, a parent, and a Christian, it cannot be doubted that she was a bright example in her whole deportment of whatsoever things are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

After her landing in America she and Bradstreet took up their abode for some time in Cambridge (four miles distant from Boston), where Harvard university was founded in 1636. They afterwards went to reside at Ipswich, a township incorporated in 1634, and twenty-five miles north-east of Boston; but some time before 1651 they removed to Andover, situated on the Shawseen, and twenty-four miles north of Boston.¹

Though a cultivator of poetry and a lover of learning, Mrs. Bradstreet was not neglectful of domestic duties. She claims to herself the merit of having taken much pains upon the right upbringing of her children, and this merit the

¹ *New England Hist. and Genral. Register*, vol. ix. p. 113-121.

editor of the first edition of her poems awards to her as what made her not less respected and beloved than her genius and talents. Her diligence was crowned with its appropriate reward. She found much comfort in all her children, and the most of them were well married, and had children of their own in her life-time. It was a high gratification to her in her declining years to see the homes of all her married children the abodes of love, peace, prosperity, and happiness. The joys and sorrows of their families she entered into as if they had been her own. Her eldest son Samuel, a physician, who had married Mercy, daughter of William Tyng, lost four children, and his wife, after the birth of her fifth child, died in the prime of life, only one of their five children, namely, a daughter named Mercy, surviving her. The death of this amiable lady was deeply mourned by her husband's relatives, as we learn from an entry in the diary of Simon:—"September, 1670. My brother Samuel Bradstreet's wife died, which was a sore affliction to him, and all his friends. May God give us all a sanctified use of this and all other his dispensations." Mrs. Bradstreet, who much loved and honoured Samuel's wife, wrote an elegy, inscribed "to the memory of my dear daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mercy Bradstreet, who deceased September 6, 1669 [1670], in the 28th year of her age." She now took home to her own house Mercy, the only surviving child of her departed daughter-in-law, scarcely three years of age, to be brought up under her own care, and so long as she lived she lavished on this child all the tenderness of a mother's love.¹

None of her children died young, and none of them died before herself, except her daughter Dorothy, her second child, who was married (June 14, 1652) to Seaborn Cotton, minister at Hampton in New Hampshire, and son of John Cotton, minister of Boston. She had the consolation of knowing that this daughter was very happy in her mind on her death-

¹ Suffolk (U.S.) Probate Records, book xi. p. 276.

bed. Simon thus records the death of Dorothy in his diary : —“February 26, 1671. My dear sister Cotton died. She made a comfortable end, which rejoiced her friends in their sorrow. The good Lord give me, and all of us whom it concerns, a sanctified use of this dispensation.”¹

At this time Mrs. Bradstreet was herself lingering under fatal disease—consumption, and this tended to mitigate her sorrow at the death of her daughter. She dried up her tears when she reflected that soon she too would be freed from all the frailties and sufferings of mortality, and would follow her daughter to the same land of everlasting rest. Under her protracted illness she was waited upon by her youngest daughter Mercy, now about twenty-four years of age, who did everything that filial affection could do to alleviate her afflictions. Mercy was promised already in marriage to Major Nathaniel Wade (an event which was consummated about six weeks after her mother’s death); but her solicitude for the welfare and comfort of her beloved mother during the season of her decline, were such that she could not think of leaving her.²

Mrs. Bradstreet’s thoughts were now much turned to preparation for another world. She had sung of heaven in strains glowing with the poetry of Scripture; and now when about to take her journey through the dark passage of death, whatever fears or doubts she at times may have had, faith and hope made her peaceful and happy in the prospect of the refulgent glories on the other side. The beautiful description of the blessedness of heaven which she puts into the mouth of the spirit addressing the flesh, was a theme well adapted to minister comfort to her in her present afflicted and dying condition, and this may be considered as an expression of the now prevailing train of her thoughts. What were the glorious prospects, what were the things invisible to the flesh, which

¹ Quoted in *New England Hist. and Geneal. Register*, vol. ix. p. 113–121.

² *New England Hist. and Geneal. Register*, vol. viii. p. 312.

she saw reserved for her in the heavens? They were the garments in which she would be clothed, not garments of gold or silver, but royal robes, more glorious than the glistening sun; the crown with which she would be adorned, a crown not made of diamonds, pearls, and gold, but such as angels wore; the city where she hoped to dwell, which she portrays in imagery, borrowed from the Apocalyptic vision of the New Jerusalem (Rev. xxi. xxii.)—its walls of jasper, its gates of pearls, its porters angels, its streets of transparent gold, its crystal river proceeding out of the throne of the Lamb, its living waters—a city which needs not sun, nor moon, nor candle to give it light, for the glory of the Lord doth enlighten it—where there is no sickness, no infirmity, no withering age, nor death, but immortal youth and beauty.

She did not long survive her daughter Dorothy, having died at Andover, September 16, 1672, aged sixty years. She departed in the full assurance that she was going to the celestial city, of whose felicities and glories she had sung. The event is recorded by her son Simon, minister at New London, who regrets that he was not present to catch the comforting and edifying words of faith and hope which fell from her lips under her last illness. "September 16, 1672. My ever-honoured and dear mother was translated to heaven. Her death was occasioned by a consumption; being wasted to skin and bone. . . . I being apart from her, lost the opportunity of committing to memory her pious and memorable expressions uttered in her sickness. O that the Lord would give unto me and mine a heart to walk in her steps, considering what the end of her conversation was; that so we might one day have a happy and glorious greeting!"¹

¹ Between three and four years after her death, Bradstreet married for his second wife Anne, daughter of Emmanuel Downing, and widow of Captain Joseph Gardiner. She was a sister of Sir George Downing, ambassador for Cromwell and Charles II. in Holland. Their marriage is thus noted by Bradstreet's son Simon:—"June 16, 1676. My honoured father

Mrs. Bradstreet had lived upwards of thirty-two years in America. During that period she had seen changes wrought in that country which were the wonder of the world. She had seen plenty, and even affluence, following in the train of industry, and prevailing throughout the settlements. She had seen the wigwams, and huts, and hovels, in which the people at their first coming found shelter, give place to well-built houses, not a few of which were even elegantly furnished. She had seen the foundations of many towns and cities laid, and these towns and cities rapidly increasing in population and wealth. She had seen many parts which before were an uncultivated wilderness, converted by skilful industry into waving fields, and blooming gardens, and fruitful orchards. She had seen civil and judicial institutions established, and in healthful vigorous operation. She had seen numerous schools and churches, and some colleges, erected, promising to secure the religion and the virtue, the social and the political well-being of the coming generations. And while, alas! she had seen the greater part of that generation which first came over pass away by the inexorable law which dooms all men to dissolution, she had also seen a new generation rising up around her, active and energetic in carrying forward the work of improvement, and evidently the germ of a great nation now fairly starting into existence.

Her descendants are numerous in the present day in America, and many of them have obtained a distinguished place in American literature. From her eldest son, Dr. Samuel, the following eminent men have descended on the mother's side: Abiel Holmes, D.D., author of *American Annals*, in

was married to Captain Gardiner's widow, of Salem, a gentle[woman] of very good birth and education, and of great piety and prudence. Pray God make her a comfort and blessing to him and all his children."—*New England Hist. and Genral. Register*, vol. ix. p. 113-121. This union was without children. Bradstreet died at Salem, March 27, 1697, aged ninety-four years. There is a portrait of him in the Mass. Senate Chamber, Boston, an excellent engraving of which embellishes Drake's *Hist. of Boston*.

two volumes, and other works, who died in 1837; William Ellery Channing, the celebrated Unitarian divine, who died in 1842; Richard Henry Dana, author of *The Buccaneer*, *The Idle Man*, and other poems, one of the first, if not the first of American poets; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, also famed for his poetical genius.¹

In hitherto adverting to Mrs. Bradstreet's poems, we have considered them only in so far as they are connected with, and illustrative of her history. We shall now make some observations on their poetical merits.

Her poetical reputation was maintained both in Old and New England for many years after the first appearance of her poems. Edward Phillips, the nephew of Milton, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, in 1674, two years after her death, gives their title, and pronounces their memory "not yet wholly extinct." John Norton of Hingham, nephew of John Norton of Ipswich and Boston, and a relative of Governor Bradstreet's second wife, in his panegyric prefixed to the second edition of Mrs. Bradstreet's poems, which appeared six years after her death, perhaps under his editorship, pronounces her "the mirror of her age, and the glory of her sex;" and by a pun on her name, he thus launches forth in her praise:—

"Her breast was a brave palace, a *broad street*,
Where all heroic ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,
That other souls to hers dwelt in a lane."

In the fervour of his laudation he goes so far as even to say, that could Maro [Virgil] but hear her lively strains, he would again condemn his own works to the flames; an assertion which, without offering any disrespect to Mrs. Bradstreet's genius, may be regarded as hyperbolic, proving rather the author's partiality of friendship than the accuracy of his judgment as a critic. John Rogers, president of Harvard

¹ See *New England Hist. and Geneal. Register*, vol. viii. p. 313-325, where is a detailed account of her descendants.

College, also wrote a poem in commemoration of her genius and talents. Cotton Mather, with chivalric enthusiasm, sounds her praises as loudly as any of her admirers: "whose poems," he says, after placing her side by side with the most illustrious women, whose genius and worth have raised them to eminence, "divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

Her poems have never been republished since 1758, when a third edition of them, reprinted from the second, appeared. If they do not stand equally high in the judgment of posterity as in that of her contemporaries, it is not to be forgotten that since her time a great change has come over literary taste, and that it is the poetry of only a few of the highest genius which continues to be widely read and admired by posterity. But, though not occupying this lofty position in the Temple of Fame, she has taken a permanent place in the literary history of America, and selections from her poems have been frequently published in the present day in compilations from the female poets of America, and in cyclopedias of American literature. Some of the succeeding female American poets may be distinguished by a more ardent, creative imagination, and by a more exuberant command of imagery, and they may wield a more powerful sway over the deepest and most tender emotions of the human heart; but she was equalled or surpassed by no poetical female writer of her own age. "A comparison of her productions," observes Griswold, "with those of Lady Juliana Berners, Elizabeth Melvill, the Countess of Pembroke, and her other predecessors or contemporaries, will convince the judicious critic that she was superior to any of her sex who wrote in the English language before the close of the seventeenth century."¹ In comparing her with American poets of succeeding ages, we may trace the gradual improvement in

¹ Griswold's *Female Poets of America*, p. 17.

taste and composition from the earliest advent of poetry to the American shores.

If tried by an exact standard of æsthetics, her poetry in passing through the ordeal will reveal many blemishes. Its poetical merits are unequal. It is often prosaic, deficient in melody of versification, and betrays the common faults of the Du Bartas school. The historical portion is little more than a chronological table of facts, in which, if there is not much poetry, there is considerable historical information. It will not be difficult to find in her poems passages of bad taste and of sheer doggrel, should a reader examine them for such an ungallant purpose.

But notwithstanding such defects as these, there is traceable on every page of her poetry a warm heart, a cheerful, debonair disposition, genuine candour, and earnest piety; and some of her verses are very pleasing from their harmonious versification, their chaste and nervous diction, as well as their religious feeling and purity of sentiment. In her account of the seasons she shows good descriptive powers.

As a specimen of the vein of pleasantry and good humour pervading her compositions, take the following from her piece on the four elements, in which she introduces the element of fire as speaking like the other elements in its own commendation:—

“What tool was ever fram’d but by my might;
 O martialist! what weapon for your fight?
 To try your valour by, but it must feel
 My force? your sword, your pike, your flint and steel,
 Your cannon’s bootless, and your powder too,
 Without mine aid, alas! what can they do?

Ye husbandmen, your coulter’s made by me,
 Your shares, your mattocks, and whate’er you see
 Subdue the earth, and fit it for your grain,
 That so in time it might requite your pain;
 Though strong-limb’d Vulcan forg’d it by his skill,
 I made it flexible unto his will.

Ye cooks, your kitchen implements I fram'd—
 Your spits, pots, jacks—what else I need not name—
 Your dainty food I wholesome make, I warm
 Your shrinking limbs, which winter's cold doth harm."

Mrs. Bradstreet's "Contemplations" alone, which has been frequently reprinted in America, proves that she was a genuine poet, and affords perhaps the most favourable specimen of her poetical genius. From this poem it is evident that she had an eye to survey, and a heart to feel the beauties of nature. The rising and setting sun; the mighty forest of unknown antiquity, extending far beyond the eye's utmost reach; the trees clothed with foliage and laden with fruit; the blooming flowers, whether growing wild in the wilderness, or cultivated in the garden by the industry of man; the flowing river with its rocky banks; the fish frisking in the limpid stream; the mirthful melody and the mechanical instinct of birds—these had to her a magical power of attraction, and she describes them often in pleasing and beautiful strains. "The slow measure she adopts suits well the solemn majesty of her musing thoughts."

She thus sings of the feathered songstresses of the forest, and moralizes on the happiness of their lot:—

"While musing thus with contemplation fed,
 And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
 The sweet-tongued Philomel perch'd o'er my head,
 And chanted forth a most melodious strain,
 Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
 I judg'd my hearing better than my sight,
 And wish'd me wings with her a while to take my flight.

"O merry bird (said I), that fears no snares,
 That neither toils nor hoards up in thy barn,
 Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares,
 To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm;
 Thy clothes ne'er wear, thy meat is everywhere,
 Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water clear,
 Reminds not what is past, nor what's to come dost fear."

This appreciation of the beauties of nature, and of the

wonders of creation, raised her thoughts in solemn and admiring meditation to the great Creator. In her "Contemplations" she walks as it were through the august temple of creation, and everything which meets her eye carries her soul upward to the glorious Architect, to the realization of his presence and agency, of his power, wisdom, and goodness, and lays her prostrate before him in humble reverence and profound adoration.

"Then higher on the glistening sun I gaz'd,
 Whose beams were shaded by the leafy trec;
 The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
 And softly said, What glory's like to thee?
 Soul of this world, this universe's eye,
 No wonder some made thee a deity;
 Had I not better known, alas! the same had I.

"Art thou so full of glory that no eye
 Hath strength thy shining rays once to behold?
 And is thy splendid throne erect so high,
 As to approach it can no earthly mould?
 How full of glory then must thy Creator be,
 Who gave this bright light lustre unto thee!
 Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that majesty."

She then contrasts the frailty and evanescence of man as a terrestrial being with the greater durability of the other works of the material universe—a solemn and humbling thought. But taking a more comprehensive view of man—looking to the future restoration of his mortal body, and to his high destiny as a rational and an immortal being, she contemplates him, notwithstanding the humiliating spectacle he presents with his sorrows and cares terminating in death, as rising immeasurably superior to all the other works of the material creation.

"When I behold the heavens, as in their prime,
 And then the earth (though old) still clad in green,
 The stones and trees, insensible of time,
 Nor age, nor wrinkle, on their front are seen;
 If winter come, and greenness then do fade,
 A spring returns, and they more youthful made;
 But man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid;

Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom, spring again
 Nor habitations long their names retain,
 But in oblivion to the final day remain.

“Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth,
 Because their beauty and their strength last longer?
 Shall I wish their, or never to had birth,
 Because they're bigger, and their bodies stronger?
 Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade, and die,
 And when unmade, so ever shall they lie,
 But man was made for endless immortality.”

Yet, while thus doing homage to the high destiny of man, she thinks mournfully over the tenaciousness with which he clings to the present state of existence, and the apathy or dread with which he turns away from the thought of that endless state, whither he is tending, notwithstanding all that he experiences of the emptiness, the insufficiency, the sinfulness, and the miseries of the present.

“And yet this sinful creature, frail and vain,
 This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
 This weather-beaten vessel wreckt with pain,
 Joys not in hope of an eternal morrow:
 Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
 In weight, in frequency, and long duration,
 Can make him deeply groan for that divine translation.”

Her apostrophe to Time in the closing verse of her “Contemplations,” is well conceived and expressed. It awakened in her sadness to think of the havoc committed by that sure though silent destroyer of all things earthly; but it mitigated, and even dispelled this sadness to think that the Christian shall survive all its ravages, and, emerging from the wreck of all things merely terrestrial, shall flourish vigorous and undecaying in the perpetual youth of immortality.

“O Time! thou fatal wrack of mortal things,
 That draws oblivion's curtains over kings,
 Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
 Their names without a record are forgot,
 Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust,
 Nor wit, nor gold, nor buildings 'scape time's rust;
 But he whose name is grav'd in the white stone
 Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.”

ANNE MARBURY

WIFE OF WILLIAM HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER I.

FROM THE FIRST NOTICES CONCERNING HER, TO THE CLOSE OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SYNODICAL ASSEMBLY HELD AT NEWTOWN (AFTERWARDS CALLED CAMBRIDGE) AGAINST HER FOR HERESY.

FROM the part she played on the theatre of the Massachusetts colony, the subject of this notice has obtained an imperishable place in the pages of American history. She is now chiefly known and celebrated as the originator and prime mover of the Antinomian controversy in New England. The story of her life, among other lessons, while revealing the defects of her character, shows the danger there is, in times of great religious excitement, of the judgment being overpowered by a heated fancy, and betrayed into error and delusion. It again affords an example of the little influence which our own hard experience sometimes has in inducing us to extend to others the indulgence which we claim for ourselves. The victims of religious bigotry themselves, compelled by the violence of persecution to leave the mother country, the first settlers in Massachusetts yet displayed the same unhappy spirit of intolerance as their persecutors in England, by bringing the civil power to bear against every deviation from their own orthodox creed.

ANNE MARBURY was a daughter of Edward Marbury, some

time a minister in Lincolnshire, afterwards in London. Her father was a learned man, and was the author of an *Exposition on the Prophecie of Obadiah*, 1639, a work mentioned by Rosenmüller in his prolegomena to that book of Scripture.

She was early married to William Hutchinson, a man of good estate and of good reputation, who lived at Alford, in the neighbourhood of Boston, Lincolnshire. He is described by Winthrop as "a man of a very mild temper and weak parts, and wholly guided by his wife."¹ This was written after Mrs. Hutchinson had involved the colonies in commotion and confusion, and there is therefore room for suspecting that it may be a judgment not wholly unbiassed by prejudice. Mrs. Hutchinson's mind had been deeply occupied in investigating and pondering the great doctrines of revelation, and she was esteemed a pious and useful member of the church. Mr. John Cotton, minister of Boston, who was intimately acquainted with her and her husband, and under whose religious teaching and superintendence they had placed themselves, says of her, "She was well beloved, and all the faithful embraced her conference, and blessed God for her fruitful discourses."² Yet he affirms that, even when his esteem for her was greatest, he had faithfully censured her for three spiritual failings, namely, that her faith was not begotten, nor much strengthened by the public ministry of the Word, but by private meditations or revelations; that she had a clear discernment of her justification, but little or none of her sanctification; and that she was more severe in censuring other men's spiritual estates and hearts, than the servants of God are wont to be, who are more taken up with judging themselves before the Lord than others.³ She appears even before her arrival in America to have shown that unhappy propensity to criticize the doctrines and gifts of the ministers of the gospel for which she afterwards acquired so great

¹ His *History*, vol. i. p. 295.

² Answer to Bailey.

³ Cotton's *Way of the Congregational Churches Cleared*, p. 38-66.

notoriety. Mr. Zechariah Symmes, a minister in England, afterwards at Charlestown, in America, testified that, although not personally acquainted with her when in England, he had while there been once or twice in her society, and that on these occasions he perceived how she slighted the ministers of the Word.¹

Mr. Cotton was her favourite minister. With his religious and ecclesiastical sentiments she was entirely at one, and his character and talents commanded her respect and esteem. In 1533 Cotton's nonconformity compelled him to seek for freedom to preach the Word in the New World. Mrs. Hutchinson now felt herself without a shepherd. By no other minister did she think herself equally edified as by Cotton, and this determined her to leave England for the colony of Massachusetts, whither he had gone, that she might again enjoy the benefit of his ministry. "When our teacher came to New England," says she, "it was a great trouble unto me, my brother Wheelwright being put by also. I was then much troubled concerning the ministry under which I lived, and then that place in the 30th of Isaiah was brought to my mind—'Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.' The Lord giving me this promise, and they being gone, there was none then left that I was able to hear, and I could not be at rest but I must come hither. Yet that place of Isaiah did much follow me, 'Though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction;' this place lying, I say, upon me, then this place in Daniel (chap. vi.) was brought unto me, and did show me, that though I should meet with affliction, yet I am the same God that delivered Daniel out of the lions' den, I will also deliver thee."²

Mrs. Hutchinson's husband's family also resolved to leave

¹ Hutchinson's *Hist. of Mass.* vol. ii. p. 430.

² *Ibid.* p. 440.

England for the Massachusetts colony. Her son Edward, and her husband's brother Edward, are said to have accompanied Mr. Cotton in 1633. Those of them who subsequently emigrated were Mr. Hutchinson's aged mother, then a widow, two of her sons besides William, who was the eldest son, and a daughter, the wife of Mr. John Wheelwright, a minister in Lincolnshire.

Mrs. Hutchinson, accompanied by her husband and family, set sail in the ship *Griffin* for Boston at the close of the summer of 1634. In the same vessel were many emigrants, and two ministers, Mr. John Lothrop and Mr. Zechariah Symmes.¹ She attended the religious services performed by these ministers, but betrayed a disposition to cavil at their doctrine. Her religious conversation with them turned chiefly upon the evidence by which the knowledge of a justified state in the sight of God might be obtained. In these conversations, "what I took notice of," says Mr. Symmes, "was the corruptness of her opinions." She told him that when she should have come to Boston, something more would be seen than what he had said or anticipated, meaning new revelations, as was afterwards evident from her forms of phraseology; and she quoted these words of the Saviour in corroboration: "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now" (John xvi. 12). But she did not wait till she came to Boston to announce her new revelations. The vessel having come within sight of Boston she said to Mr. Bartholomew, who had known her personally in England, that had she not got a sure word that England should be destroyed, her heart would have failed within her. This discouragement he imputed to the mean appearance of Boston; but she afterwards denied that the meanness of the place had in any degree depressed her, because she knew that the bounds of her habitation were determined. She had also told him that never had anything important happened to her, which had

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 143.

not been revealed to her beforehand.¹ It would thus seem that Mrs. Hutchinson had acquired in England the peculiar notions with which her name is identified. They may, however, have assumed a more definite shape after she had taken upon her the office of a public instructor in New England.

The vessel landed at Boston on the 13th of September. Upon their arrival, Mrs. Hutchinson and her husband desired to be admitted members of the church of that town. He was admitted, October 26.² But Mr. Symmes, immediately upon landing, having represented to Dudley, the deputy-governor, the eccentric and extravagant notions which Mrs. Hutchinson had been propounding during the voyage, Dudley, the stern opponent of sectaries, urged the ministers, Mr. Cotton and Mr. Wilson, to make her pass through a searching ordeal, which, upon consultation, they agreed to do, delaying in the meantime her admission. The answers she gave when examined proved satisfactory. She admitted that sanctification was an evidence of justification, but maintained that justification must be first. Her avowal of the first of these doctrines removed the scruples of the ministers and elders. As to the second, they observed that they were not disposed greatly to stand upon the point of order. She was therefore admitted into the membership of the church, November 2, 1634.

Whatever may have been her faults, Mrs. Hutchinson soon became noted in the colony for her activity in performing offices of benevolence.³ Even Welde, her prejudiced adversary, who honours her with the name of the "American Jezebel," admits that she was "a woman very helpful in the times of childbirth, and other occasions of bodily disease, and well furnished with means for those purposes."⁴ The ser-

¹ Hutchinson's *Hist. of Mass.* vol. ii. p. 440, 441.

² Records of the first church in Boston.

³ Cotton's *Way*, &c. p. 38-66.

⁴ Welde's *Short Story of the Rise, Reign, and Ruin of the Antinomians*, &c. p. 31.

vices she freely rendered on occasions of disease and sickness, so valuable in a rising colony, secured her a high measure of regard, and afforded her opportunities of exercising her talent for religious conversation. This laid the foundation for the powerful influence she acquired in many of the families of Boston, and accounts in part for the large number who afterwards became her enthusiastic followers, in whom, in the circumstances referred to, she had probably first sown the seeds of her peculiar opinions.

Previously to her coming to America, meetings were held by the colonists for repeating the sermons heard on the preceding Sabbath, and for religious discourse. For some time after her arrival she did not attend these meetings. This omission exposed her to reproach; she was blamed for holding that they were unlawful, and censured as being proud, and a despiser of ordinances. To wipe off these aspersions, as she herself affirms, and actuated, we may also believe, by zeal for the spiritual welfare and improvement of others, she established two meetings in her house, one consisting of men and women promiscuously, the other exclusively of women. At the former, none but men ever taught. At the latter, Mrs. Hutchinson was the sole oracle, and exercised her gifts with great effect. She had indeed many of the qualities of a popular public speaker. With the Scriptures she was well acquainted, and she had studied polemical theology with some attention, though her ideas were crude and indigested. She had a strong memory, a ready wit, and a fluent tongue. In her manners she was frank and open, in her temperament ardent, enthusiastic, and in her address bold, earnest, and impassioned. These appear to have constituted the elements of her success. So popular was she as a speaker, and such was the admiration in which her gifts were held, that the number who attended her were from fifty to eighty, or even a hundred, and she acquired a great ascendancy over the people.

At these meetings, emboldened by her popularity, and injured by flattery, she began to promulgate peculiar opinions of her own, and to pass censures upon the discourses of the ministers whom she had the privilege to hear. The peculiar opinions she taught were, first, That there is a real union between the person of the Holy Ghost and those who are justified: second, That sanctification can afford no certain evidence to a man of his justification.¹

On the first of these articles Governor Winthrop argues that, if there is a real union of those who are justified with the person of the Holy Ghost, "then of necessity it must be personal,² and so a believer must be more than a creature, viz., god-man."³ Mrs. Hutchinson might repudiate such a conclusion; and it would be wrong to charge her with holding the errors or absurdities which, even by necessary consequence, flowed from her opinions. Her *opinions* were, however, fairly answerable for the inferences logically deducible from them, and these inferences were indeed the oil which kept the flames of the controversy blazing.

The doctrine she taught, that sanctification, or a life of holiness and obedience to the will of God, is no certain evidence to a person of his being in a justified or accepted state before God, would not have been liable to exception, had her

¹ Thomas Shepherd, minister of Cambridge, in describing these new heresies, says, "The principal opinion and seed of all the rest was this, viz., that a Christian should not take any evidence of God's special grace and love towards him by the sight of any graces, or conditional evangelical promises to faith or sanctification, in way of ratiocination (for this was evidence, and so a way of works), but it must be without the sight of any grace, faith, holiness, or special change in himself, by immediate revelation in an absolute promise. And because that the whole Scriptures do give such clear, plain, and notable evidences of favour to persons called and sanctified, hence they [Mrs. Hutchinson and her party] said that a second evidence might be taken from thence, but no first evidence."—Shepherd's *Memoir of himself*, printed in Young's *Chronicles of Mass.* p. 546-548.

² Yet Wheelwright, who held the doctrine in dispute, denied that there was "a personal union between the Holy Ghost and a believer."

³ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 200-203.

meaning been simply this, that the outward appearances of piety are not to be implicitly relied upon as evidences of a justified state, as these may exist where the heart remains unchanged, and the person has never been brought into union with Christ. But this was not the whole of her meaning. The testimony of the Spirit in the heart, or his powerful application of an absolute promise to the person, she regarded as the only and the all-essential evidence of a justified state. She pronounced those who sought in their sanctification the comfortable evidence of their justification as advocating and being under a covenant of works; while she pronounced those alone who maintained that the inward testimony of the Spirit, by an absolute promise, was the only certain evidence of their being justified as maintaining free grace and gospel truth, and as being under a covenant of grace. To inquirers governed by sobriety of judgment, the two doctrines, that a justified person may know that he is so by his sanctification, and that he may attain the same knowledge by the inward testimony of the Spirit, are easily reconciled; they are indeed in entire harmony. But the rejection of the former is the rejection of an important truth, and the elevation of the latter to the position of being the *only* certain evidence of a justified state, is an error which opened the door to wild fancies, pretended new revelations, and fatal self-deception.

It being the avowed object of Mrs. Hutchinson's meetings, which for a time were held not only once, but twice a week in her house, to repeat the sermons heard on the previous Sabbath, this afforded her opportunity of freely criticizing the discourses of the various ministers who occasionally preached in Boston, and these criticisms were generally made in no friendly tone. A special part of her teaching was to warn her hearers against trusting in a covenant of works, or confiding in an external righteousness, consisting of good deeds and virtues, and to exhort them to place reliance

exclusively upon the covenant of grace. This was sound doctrine, and in so far she was doing good service; but in enforcing these truths she gave loose reins to her criticizing propensities. The doctrine of Mr. Cotton and her brother-in-law Mr. Wheelwright, met with her entire approbation—it was evangelical and canonical, they preached a covenant of grace in all its fulness and precision. But her censures fell with more or less severity on all the other ministers of the colony whom she had heard—their doctrine was legal and apocryphal, they preached a covenant of works, or the tendency of their sermons was to encourage men to seek salvation through that covenant.

Thus did Mrs. Hutchinson, in whom the sentiment of self-esteem had evidently a mighty preponderance, become a very troublesome member of the church and of the community. Her criticisms and uncharitable invectives had most injurious effects, not only by giving rise to invidious comparisons, offensive in themselves, but by infusing into the minds of the people prejudices against their ministers—those ministers by whom they had been first taught the way of salvation in their native land, and whom they had so greatly esteemed, loved, and revered, as to follow them through the dangers of the Atlantic, into a wilderness of privations and hardships. Complaints that they were not edified by this or that minister, became common among hearers. Many came to church chiefly for criticizing or fault-finding. Some, in their fiery zeal, left the church the moment a preacher on whom they had passed an unfavourable judgment made his appearance in the pulpit, and Mrs. Hutchinson set an example of this reprehensible conduct by leaving the church when Mr. Wilson was to preach.¹

Mrs. Hutchinson did not labour in vain; she drew to her a numerous and powerful body of disciples, by whom she was regarded not only as a mother in Israel, but as a prophetess

¹ *American Biog.* new series, vol. xvi.

of the Lord. Not simply females, who are supposed to be most susceptible of enthusiastic impulses, but men of all ranks and professions were bewitched into the adoption of her doctrines. Mr. Cotton, her minister; Mr. Wheelwright, her brother-in-law; Henry Vane, who had come over from England a year or two before, and had since been chosen governor of the colony, at the age of twenty-four; the magistrates, Dummer, and William Coddington, treasurer of the colony; many of the deputies of the towns, with large numbers of yeomanry, she could number among her converts or defenders. Their watchword was the covenant of grace, in opposition to the covenant of works, and this watchword was heard in the market-place, at the church, at social meetings, and everywhere. It had even got among the children, who asked each other whether their parents stood for the covenant of works or for the covenant of grace.

It was not to be expected, from the temper of those times, that the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of the colony would look on with indifference to the elements of dissension that were working mischief in Boston and in the colony, They had indeed important political and civil reasons for feeling uneasiness at the agitation these controversies were creating. In the first place, the expedition against the Pequot Indians was discouraged by the new party, which affirmed that the army, as well as the magistrates, was too much under a covenant of works.¹ In the second place, the authorities were in constant apprehension of being compelled to surrender their charter, which they had already been repeatedly commanded to do, and the reported prevalence of discord, disorder, and riot in the colony, might move the English government rigorously to insist upon that surrender. In the third place, they wished to induce the better-conditioned class of Puritans in England to come and settle among them, and as that class hated sectaries, they would have it

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*, book vi.

to be known, that the colony of Massachusetts was not, as some had alleged, "a colluvies of wild opinionists," an asylum for religionists of all sorts. "I dare take upon me," says one of the ministers of the colony, "to be the herald of New England, so far as to proclaim to the world, in the name of our colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and other enthusiasts, shall have free liberty to keep away from us, and such as will come, to be gone as fast as they can; the sooner the better."¹

To avert the alarming consequences dreaded from the new opinions, which threatened to spread like wildfire from Boston to the other churches of the colony, as well as to recover Mrs. Hutchinson and her erring sisters and brethren to soundness in the faith, the ministers in the colony assembled at Boston in October, 1636, when the general court met, and they took up the matter with ardent zeal. Long and anxious were their ponderings on the subject. What increased their anxiety was that Mr. Cotton, the most esteemed and influential minister of the colony, was strongly suspected of entertaining, and lending the sanction of his approbation to the obnoxious opinions. They first made their appearance in his church. He was known to be on very friendly terms with some of his congregation by whom they were openly avowed. Mrs. Hutchinson and her party claimed him as like-minded with themselves. He was their model minister, by whom they measured the doctrines and gifts of all other ministers. He had a high personal regard for Mrs. Hutchinson, and at first he showed a strong inclination to shield her from censure. From all these circumstances it was considered desirable to ascertain what Mr. Cotton's sentiments were on the points in dispute, and a conference was held by the other ministers with him and Mr. Wheelwright. Both he and Mr. Wheelwright satisfied their brethren, in so far as they declared that they preached "that sanctification did

¹ Ward's *Simple Cobbler of Agawan*, p. 3.

help to evidence justification." As to the other point in controversy, while Cotton held, with some others of the ministers, the indwelling of the person of the Holy Spirit in believers, he denied what Wheelwright maintained, that there is a real union between the person of the Holy Spirit and believers. Yet the ministers were offended at some of Cotton's opinions, or at some of the expressions he made use of, and they drew up a paper embracing sixteen questions, to which they desired him to give full and explicit answers. To some of these questions his replies were satisfactory; to others not. The ministers made a rejoinder. Copies of all these papers were put into circulation, and this increased and extended the agitation.¹

The ministers were almost unanimous in judging that Mrs. Hutchinson should be proceeded against before the general court then sitting in Boston, the great majority of the members of which were inimical to her peculiar opinions. But Cotton, disapproving of this proposal, recommended the adoption of some other course, and it was agreed to call her to his house for friendly conference.²

She willingly came; but on being informed of the object, she was at first very sparing in her answers. At last, however, throwing off reserve, she said, "The fear of man is a snare; why should I be afraid? I will speak freely." "What difference," said one of the ministers, "do you conceive to be between Mr. Cotton and us?" "There is a wide and broad difference between him and you," she answered. "You preach the seal of the Spirit upon a work, and he upon free grace, without a work, or without respect to a work." She added, "that they were not able ministers of the New Testament, and knew no more than the apostles did before the

¹ Cotton's *Way*, &c. p. 38-66. Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 200, 201.

² The ministers, besides elders, present at this conference were—Cotton and Wilson of Boston, Peters of Salem, Welde and Eliot of Roxbury, Phillips of Watertown, Symmes of Charlestown, and Shepherd of Newtown.

resurrection of Christ; and that they had not the seal of the Spirit;" including under this condemnation, even those whom she had never heard preach. Cotton expressed his sorrow at her making him a standard in balancing the merits of other ministers; but, as if in defence of her statement as to the seal of the Spirit, he quoted from the *Book of Martyrs*, the words of Thomas Bilney, viz., how freely the Spirit witnessed to him that he was a child of God without any respect to a work. Mrs. Hutchinson was next asked to give particular examples in proof of what she had said as to the ministers. She instanced Messrs. Shepherd and Welde, who, she alleged, did not preach a covenant of grace clearly. She affirmed of the former that he was not sealed, because in a sermon she had heard him preach in Boston, he had adduced *love* as one of the marks by which a Christian might come to the assurance of his interest in God's love. "Now sure," says Shepherd placidly, "she was in error in this speech, for if assurance be an holy estate, then I am sure there are not graces wanting to evidence it."¹

On June 20, 1637 (N. S.), a public fast was observed throughout all the churches of the colony, on account of these dissensions and of the war with the Pequot Indians. This fast did not allay the contention. The controversy was brought into the pulpit. Mr. Wheelwright, in a sermon from Matt. ix. 15, censured in strong terms such as preached a covenant of works, "meaning," says Shepherd, "all the ministers in the country that preached justification by faith, and assurance of it by sight of faith and sanctification, being enabled thereto by the Spirit."² His sermon was charged with teaching doctrine tending to contempt of authority and sedition.

He was summoned before the general court, which met March 9, 1637, to answer to this accusation. He strenuously defended his sermon, which he produced, from the im-

¹ Hutchinson's *Hist. of Mass.* vol. ii. p. 428-431.

² Memoir of his own life in Young's *Chronicles of Mass.* p. 547, 548.

puted charges, but he was found guilty, with this aggravation, that he had taken advantage of an occasion intended to compose all differences for kindling into an intenser flame the fires of strife. Vane and some other members of the court dissented from this decision, and sent in a protest, which the court, however, refused to receive. A remonstrance, justifying the sermon from the imputation of sedition, subscribed by more than sixty members of the church of Boston, including influential names, and by several members of the churches of Salem, Newbury, Roxbury, Ipswich, and Charlestown, was handed in to the court. No action was taken upon this document in the meantime, and sentence against Wheelwright was delayed.

Had both parties been governed by an accommodating spirit, ready to give and receive explanations, careful to avoid the use of ambiguous or paradoxical language, and not disposed to push matters to extremes, the restoration of harmony might not have been difficult. Winthrop, who fully understood the controversy, and who was a strenuous opposer of the new-light doctrines, admits that this would have been of easy accomplishment, "if men's affections had not been formerly alienated, when the differences were formerly stated as fundamental." After stating the particular points connected with the controversy on which both sides were agreed, he informs us that the amount of the difference between them was, "whether the first assurance be by an absolute promise always, and not by a conditional also, and whether a man could have any true assurance, without sight of some such work in his soul as no hypocrite could attain unto."¹ But we shall see that the differences were made immensely greater than this in the synodical assembly, summoned by the general court to meet at Newtown (afterwards called Cambridge), August 30, 1637, to deal with the opinions propagated by Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers.

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 221.

This was the first synodal assembly held in the western hemisphere, and never perhaps did the proceedings of the British parliament, when the most exciting questions came before them in the most exciting times of the history of our country, produce a more intense interest than was produced among the colonists by the proceedings of this synod, called together at this time to settle the questions of doctrine which were convulsing the colony. As a fitting preparation for this great convention, a day of fasting and prayer was observed on the 24th of August in all the churches in the colony. The synod assembled on the day, and at the place appointed. All the ministers and elders throughout the colony, including the magistrates, were members of the court. Messrs. Peter Bulkeley and Thomas Hooker were chosen moderators, and the deliberations were opened with prayer by Mr. Shepherd, the minister of the town where the synod was convened. The proceedings commenced with the reading of a paper previously drawn up, containing a list of the novel opinions, amounting to eighty-two, of an Antinomian or Familistical nature or tendency, in circulation over the country, for the condemnation of which the assembly had been summoned. These errors were mostly inferences drawn from Mrs. Hutchinson's avowed opinions, or the extravagant notions uttered by some of her disciples. The authors of these errors were not named, for the design of the synod was simply to decide upon doctrine, not to proceed judicially against persons, leaving it to the respective churches to subject to discipline such as held the tenets found by the determination of the synod to be subversive of the fundamental principles of divine truth. Some of the abettors or partizans of the new doctrines demanded the names of such as held the dogmas now read, and the clamour raised for names, evidence, and witnesses, was so great that it was only put down by a threat of some of the magistrates present, that should the order of the assembly thus continue to be dis-

turbed, it would be necessary for the civil authority to interfere. But some of the Boston members indignantly left the assembly, repudiating the constructions put upon their opinions, and the inferences drawn from them, alleging that their sentiments were caricatured, misrepresented, and confounded with a host of perverse and erroneous notions which they neither understood nor believed, as if the design had been to hold them up personally as objects of execration.

In the long list of the errors proposed for condemnation were these:—that “there is no difference in kind between the graces of hypocrites and believers;” that “none are to be exhorted to believe, but such as we know to be the elect of God, or to have his Spirit in them effectually;” that “the due searching and knowledge of the Holy Scriptures is not a safe and sure way of searching and finding Christ;” that “the Spirit acts most in the saints when they endeavour least;” that “a man may not be exhorted to any duty, because he hath no power to do it;” that “the devil and nature may be the cause of a gracious work.” Objectionable as Mrs. Hutchinson’s opinions were, and calculated as they were to lead, as they actually led many, into extravagance and delusion, it requires no great stretch of charity to believe that the eighty-two heretical positions, of which those just now quoted are a specimen, are, to a very considerable extent, an exaggerated representation of her true creed. These positions were fully discussed, and all of them condemned as erroneous. The manner of their condemnation was not by formally pronouncing against them and their abettors, an anathema, after the example of the Church of Rome, but simply by declaring them contrary to the Scriptures. Each heresy was noted down, and then followed some texts of Scripture by which it was condemned, with a summary of the arguments by which it might be confuted. This document was subscribed by the great majority of the members of synod, but some who agreed to the condemnation hesitated to subscribe their

names. Mr. Cotton did not append his name, but he said, "that he disrelished all these opinions and expressions, as being some of them heretical, some of them blasphemous, some of them erroneous, and all of them extravagant."¹

On the last day of the meeting of the assembly, while it was declared allowable for a few women to meet together for prayer and mutual edification, such meetings as Mrs. Hutchinson held in Boston were pronounced disorderly. The assembly after three weeks' sitting was closed with an appropriate sermon, preached by Mr Davenport, from Philippians iii. 16. "Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing."

CHAPTER II.

FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GENERAL COURT AGAINST MRS.
HUTCHINSON, TO HER TRAGIC DEATH.

This synodical assembly had done little if anything in the way of pouring oil upon the troubled waters. During its sittings Mrs. Hutchinson continued to hold her meetings, in which she inculcated her opinions as zealously, if not as effectively, as ever. She and Mr. Wheelwright, who also continued to preach, emboldened rather than checked by the measures adopted against them, maintained that the difference between them and their opponents was as wide as between heaven and hell. Their zealous adherents had also become more dogmatic and determined. If families were divided and friends alienated before, the division and alienation still continued.

¹ Mather's *Magnalia*.

To arrest the direful progress of this heretical conflagration, the flames of which were blazing with unabated or increased violence, the civil sword was employed as well as the spiritual. The magistrates, following up the action of the ministers, resolved to take speedy and effective measures; and with so powerful a confederacy as the church and state against Mrs. Hutchinson and her party, it was not difficult to foresee which side would finally triumph. By and by her opponents made Boston too hot for her. The withdrawal of Vane from the colony for England on the 3d of August, 1637, was favourable to the object contemplated by the magistrates; for his powerful influence would have been exerted on behalf of Mrs. Hutchinson, whose disciple and defender he was.

At their meeting on the 2d of November that year, the general court of Massachusetts first took up the remonstrance previously referred to in justification of Wheelwright's sermon. The remonstrance is written in a calm spirit, it is respectful and deferential; but such is the power of prejudice and passion in blinding the judgment, that it was condemned as seditious, and the representatives of Boston in the court who had subscribed or approved it were ejected. Mr. Wheelwright was next called before the court for the final disposal of his case. His sermon he maintained could only be construed as seditious and contemptuous by a perversion of his language and meaning. His defence was stigmatized as obstinacy, and he was sentenced to disfranchisement and banishment from the jurisdiction.

The general court next proceeded to the trial of Mrs. Hutchinson. As her offences were ecclesiastical, not civil, the magistrates of the colony would have acted a wiser part had they declined to interfere, and left her entirely in the hands of the ecclesiastical courts. They fell into the error of confounding the civil and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. The line which separates the two they had never succeeded in

tracing, and indeed had never attempted to trace. The right adjustment of the legitimate province and proper limits of each lies at the foundation of freedom of conscience, and to the want of this we may in a good degree attribute the origin and prevalence of religious persecution.

Most of the ministers of the colony, with many of the ruling elders, were present at the trial of Mrs. Hutchinson.¹ The ministers were indeed the chief witnesses, as they had been the informers against Mrs. Hutchinson, and their depositions formed the principal ground upon which her conviction rested. Those of them who were examined were Cotton and Wilson of Boston, Symmes of Charlestown, Eliot and Welde of Roxbury, Shepherd of Newtown, Peters of Salem, and Phillips of Watertown. Among the magistrates only one, and among the deputies only two or three, spoke in Mrs. Hutchinson's favour; the rest were hostile. Among the ministers, Cotton in one or two instances interposed a friendly word in her behalf, and made certain distinctions in reference to the opinions imputed to her, which softened or neutralized their heretical character. The other ministers, whose feelings she had wounded and irritated by her hard censures, and especially Peters, Welde, and Symmes, who in this respect felt themselves most aggrieved, could hardly conceal the acrimony of their spirits. The court was public, and the proceedings, which occupied two days, awakened intense interest.

Governor Winthrop opened the proceedings by an address to the defendant. "Mrs. Hutchinson," says he, "you are called here as one of those that have troubled the peace of the commonwealth and the churches here; you are known to be a woman that hath had a great share in the promoting

¹ The fullest account of her trial is given in a MS. of the period, printed in Hutchinson's *Hist. of Mass.* vol. ii. Appendix. This account was manifestly taken by a friendly hand. In it she appears to great advantage, indeed superior in adroitness to the court.

and divulging of those opinions that are causes of this trouble, and to be nearly joined not only in affinity and affection with some of those the court hath taken notice of and passed censure upon, but you have spoken divers things, as we have been informed, very prejudicial to the honour of the churches and ministers thereof; and you have maintained a meeting and an assembly in your house that hath been condemned by the general assembly as a thing not tolerable nor comely in the sight of God, nor fitting for your sex; and notwithstanding that was cried down, you have continued the same."

The governor having concluded his address, Mrs. Hutchinson complained that she had heard no overt act or speech laid to her charge, and insisted that he should name one. He named her harbouring and encouraging those who were parties in the faction that was creating such confusion, particularly Mr. Wheelwright, who had preached a sermon which had been found to be seditious. In a lengthened colloquy with Winthrop on this point, she defended herself with much spirit and dignity, returning prompt and pointed answers to his interrogatories. She maintained that it was her duty to entertain the saints; that neither Mr. Wheelwright nor his friends, nor she herself, had broken any law divine or human. She professed her loyalty and allegiance to the powers that be, but contended that magistrates were to be obeyed only in the Lord.

Passing from this subject, the governor asked her why she kept at her house a weekly meeting of the nature complained of, and what warrant she had for doing so. "I conceive," she replied, "there lies a clear rule in Titus (chap. ii. 3, 4), that the elder women should instruct the younger."

Next, the sorest point in the controversy, the charge that she had traduced the ministers of the colony, was made the subject of examination. It was alleged that she had said that all of them except Mr. Cotton preached a covenant of works; that they were not able ministers of the New Testa-

ment, and were in similar ignorance of the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven with the apostles before their illumination on the day of Pentecost, after the resurrection of Christ; and that they had not the seal of the Spirit. That she had said these things at a private meeting held for conference with her in Mr. Cotton's house was attested by six ministers, Peters, Wilson, Welde, Phillips, Symmes, and Shepherd. She urged before the court that the meeting referred to was private, to which the ministers had called her in order that she might freely and ingenuously express her sentiments, and she rightly complained that it was using her unfairly to bring forward for her inculcation before a court of justice language which she had used in the freedom of private and friendly conference. She pled also that what she had actually said was not correctly reported by these witnesses; but she did not specify any important inaccuracy in their testimony: only she denied having affirmed that they were under a covenant of works.

On the second day of her trial Mrs. Hutchinson, at the opening of the proceedings, insisted that those called as witnesses against her should give their testimony upon oath, it being the Lord's ordinance, said she, that "an oath for confirmation is an end of all strife" (Heb. vi. 16). After much discussion, her desire in this respect was complied with.

In the course of the proceedings she of her own accord introduced the subject of immediate revelations, to which she unequivocally laid claim. "I bless the Lord," said she, "he hath let me see which was the clear ministry, and which the wrong. . . . He hath led me to distinguish between the voice of my Beloved and the voice of Moses; the voice of John Baptist and the voice of Antichrist, for all those voices are spoken of in Scripture. Now if you do condemn me for speaking what in my conscience I know to be truth, I must commit myself unto the Lord."

Mr. Nowell.—"How do you know that that was the Spirit?"

Mrs. H.—"How did Abraham know that it was God who bade him offer his son, being a breach of the sixth commandment?"

Dep.-gov.—"By an immediate voice."

Mrs. H.—"So to me by an immediate revelation."

Dep.-gov.—"How! an immediate revelation?"

Mrs. H.—"By the voice of his own Spirit to my soul. I will give you another scripture, Jer. xlvi. 27, 28, out of which the Lord showed me what he would do for me and the rest of his servants." Then after using the words already quoted (p. 187), in which, among other things, she told the court that the Lord had assured her that he who delivered Daniel out of the lions' den would also deliver her, she adds, "I desire you, that as you tender the Lord and the church and commonwealth, to consider and look what you do. You have power over my body, but the Lord Jesus hath power over my body and soul; and assure yourselves thus much, you do as much as in you lies to put the Lord Jesus Christ from you, and if you go on in this course you begin, you will bring a curse upon you and your posterity, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Gov.—"Daniel was delivered by miracle—do you think to be delivered so too?"

Mrs. H.—"I do here speak it before the court, I look that the Lord should deliver me by his providence."

Mr. Cotton, who was suspected of holding or inclining to Mrs. Hutchinson's sentiments, was requested to favour the court with his judgment on the subject of revelations. He distinguished them into two sorts—the one such as were against and beside the Word, independent of it, fantastical and dangerous; the other such as the apostle prays the believing Ephesians to be made partakers of, such as are breathed by the Spirit of God, and which are never dispensed save in and according to a word of God. There may be a prejudice against the word revelations, he added, but under-

stood in a scriptural sense, they are such as Christians may receive, and are usually communicated by the Spirit of God under the ministry of the Word, or in the reading of the Word. Whether Mrs. Hutchinson held the doctrine of immediate revelations only in this sense does not very clearly appear. The doctrine, even in this sense, is liable, we suspect, to grave objections. It receives no sanction or countenance from the Scriptures, it opens the door to the delusions of an excited and distempered imagination, and it is a doctrine which we believe landed many in those times in Quakerism. Cotton's answer does not seem to have given entire satisfaction to his brother ministers.

The court having brought in Mrs. Hutchinson guilty of the charges for which she had been tried, the sentence pronounced upon her was as follows:—"Mrs. Hutchinson, the wife of Mr. William Hutchinson, being convicted for traducing the ministers and their ministry in the country, she declared voluntarily her revelations, and that she should be delivered, and the court ruined with their posterity, and thereupon was banished, and in the meanwhile was committed to Mr. Joseph Welde [of Roxbury¹] until the court shall dispose of her."² She was in the meantime sent to Welde's house, because it was winter. She was kept there at her husband's expense, and was kindly treated. Her own friends and the elders of the church were permitted to visit her, but none else.³

While Mrs. Hutchinson was living in constraint at Roxbury, additional errors which she and her disciples had secretly started as points of inquiry and afterwards maintained as truths, were discovered. Divers elders of the church had repeated interviews with her, from which, as

¹ Welde was probably a deputy from that town. He was a brother of the minister of that place.

² Massachusetts Court Records, vol. i. p. 293.

³ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 246.

well as from the opinions uttered by some of her friends, they drew up a list of about thirty errors to which she persistingly adhered.

At their suggestion it was agreed that she should be called before the church at Boston; and the magistrates having, upon application, permitted her return, she made her appearance before the church on Thursday, March 15, 1637-8. The list of errors which she was charged with maintaining was publicly read to her. The first error in the list was—"That the souls of men are mortal by generation, but are afterwards made immortal by Christ's purchase." This she long defended, but after lengthened argumentation with her from reason and Scripture, she conceded that it was untenable. The next error in the list was—"That there will be no resurrection of these bodies; that they are not united to Christ; but that those who are united to Him shall have new bodies." To this she perseveringly and tenaciously stuck, as she did to other errors in the list, unconvinced, she said, by all the reasonings of the ministers. It was therefore concluded by the whole church, with the exception of two of her sons, that she should be admonished. The admonition was administered by Mr. Cotton "with great solemnity," says Winthrop, "and with much zeal and detestation of her errors and pride of spirit;" for, "finding how he had been abused, and made, as he himself said, their stalking-horse (for they pretended to hold nothing but what he held)," he was very active in his endeavours "to discover those errors and to reduce such as had gone astray." Her two sons, who would not agree to the censure passed on their mother, were also admonished. The assembly continued from ten o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, and she was appointed to appear again before the church on the same day on the following week.

In the hope that she might be recovered to the truth, she was allowed by the general court to remain in the meantime

at the house of Mr. Cotton. He and Mr. Davenport of New Haven, who was then paying him a visit, exhausted every argument of persuasion in the attempt to convince her of the error of her views, in which they were in some degree successful.

At her next appearance before the church, March 22, the list of errors was again read to her, and she was called to give her answers. She delivered a written paper, in which she made a retraction of nearly all those errors imputed to her—that respecting the resurrection was an exception—but with such qualifications and explanations as gave no satisfaction to the church. She was therefore required to explain herself more fully on the doctrines in question. Upon this she humbly acknowledged, in presence of the congregation, the infirmities of temper, speech, and conduct she had betrayed in this matter, saying that she believed that she had been left by God to herself as a punishment for her sin in despising ordinances, ministers, magistrates; that what she had spoken against the magistrates at the court (to wit, by way of revelation) was rash and unguarded; and she besought the church for an interest in their prayers. This encouraged the hope that she was coming round to a better state of mind; but matters were speedily brought to a crisis. She had denied that she had ever held the opinion, “that there is no inherent righteousness in the saints.” The elders confidently affirmed that she had defended that opinion, using these very words, against several persons. She as confidently persisted in denying that she had ever done so. This persistent denial was converted into a charge of falsehood, and on this ground it was unanimously concluded that the sentence of excommunication should be passed upon her.¹ The sentence was pronounced by Mr. Wilson. The decision is entered in the records of the first church of Boston as follows:—“The 22d of the 1st Month [March], 1637–8, Anne, the wife of our

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 254–259.

brother William Hutchinson, having, on the 15th of this month, been openly, in the public congregation, admonished of sundry errors held by her, was, on the same 22d day, cast out of the church for impenitently persisting in a manifest lie, then expressed by her in open congregation."

This decision reflects little credit on the church of Boston. Whether Mrs. Hutchinson defended or did not defend the opinion in question, it is of no great importance to inquire. When matters had been brought so far in the way of accommodation as that she now renounced that obnoxious opinion, it would have been no great effort or prodigality of charity for the elders, even supposing that she had defended it, to have attributed her denial of doing so to treachery of memory instead of to wilful and deliberate falsehood.

Thus was Mrs. Hutchinson expelled from the church, even as she had been sentenced to banishment from the colony. That a woman of her spirit had no feeling of resentment against the instruments from whom she suffered so much in her person, her fortune, her comfort, her freedom, it would perhaps be too much to affirm. But her trials she bore with wonderful patience and magnanimity. After her excommunication her spirits, which previously seemed somewhat dejected, revived, and she gloried in having been visited with that censure, saying that it was the greatest happiness, next to Christ, that had ever fallen to her.¹

Anticipating the probability of their being necessitated to remove from the Massachusetts colony, some of her friends, during the course of the summer preceding, had proceeded southward in search of a settlement beyond the limits of the jurisdiction. By the advice of Roger Williams, whom they met at Providence, and others, they resolved to settle at Aquetneck, afterwards called Rhode Island, in the Narragansetts Bay. They purchased this island from the chiefs of the Narragansetts, to whom it belonged, having been

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 258.

aided in the negotiation by Williams. The civil contract was signed by eighteen of Mrs. Hutchinson's party, March 7, 1638, a fortnight before her excommunication.

A few days after her excommunication, Governor Winthrop sent an order to her requiring that she should depart from the jurisdiction according to the sentence of the general court before the last day of March, and for this end she was set at liberty, but was not to be permitted to go forth from her own house till her departure.¹

Thus sent adrift to encounter fresh vicissitudes and perils in the wilderness of the New World, she left Boston by water on the 28th of March, 1638, for Mount Wollaston (Braintree), where her husband, like many other Boston people, had a farm. She afterwards went from thence by land to Providence, and then to Rhode Island.² Here all varieties of opinions being avowedly tolerated, she might hold and propagate whatever tenets or fancies she pleased without molestation; and many of her followers, hopeless now of being allowed to remain in Boston or in any part of Massachusetts, followed her. They made a settlement at Pocasset, now Newport, and another at Portsmouth, near the northern extremity of Rhode Island.³

Her adversaries had triumphed by her banishment; but the peace of families still remained broken, and mutual resentment and animosity still rankled in the breasts of fellow church members. The chief heresiarch, however, and many of her most active supporters being removed from Boston, the agitated waters of strife were gradually set to rest.⁴

Yet the magistrates and ministers of Massachusetts had one great cause of anxiety and apprehension. The rising colony of Rhode Island, which had made religious toleration its fundamental principle of government, and which had become the refuge of enthusiasts, visionaries, and excommuni-

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 258, 259.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 268.

⁴ *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 323.

cated persons, who now formed themselves into a church, caused them much uneasiness. They dreaded it more than if it had been a Botany Bay—a plantation for malefactors. The peace and prosperity of their own colony might be blighted and destroyed by its pestilential heresies. Its proximity made the danger the greater. The supporters of the obnoxious tenets, during their occasional visits to Boston, could not indeed *openly* make proselytizing efforts, for this would have brought upon them the vengeance of the law, but they might, notwithstanding, *secretly* contaminate the orthodox, and spread the infection over the whole colony. Many wild fancies and novelties in doctrine were doubtless now avowed and taught in Rhode Island; but the accounts of these, and of the character, motives, and conduct of the sectaries, given in the old records of the colony it would be unjust to receive without qualification. It is certain that in some instances they can easily be proved to be false.

Mrs. Hutchinson's spirit was too bold to be crushed by her expulsion from Boston, or even by the ban of the church. With unbroken courage and undiminished ardour she continued in her new sphere to exercise her gifts of teaching and exhortation, and she boasted that now she was uncontrolled by the ministers and magistrates of Boston, or any one else. From her retreat, she addressed to the church of Boston a letter of admonition, which, however, the elders would not read publicly, because she was excommunicated.¹ When in Rhode Island, she began, it would appear, to proclaim that magistracy was unnecessary and unlawful. A report that she was teaching this doctrine had reached Massachusetts, as Winthrop records in his journal. The report has been regarded by some late writers as a groundless calumny, but there appears to have been some foundation for the charge. Robert Baillie, in his *Dissuasive from the Errors of the Time* (p. 150), asserts it, on what must be admitted to be good

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 293.

authority. "Mr. Williams related to me," says he, "that Mistress Hutchinson (with whom he was familiarly acquainted, and of whom he spake much good), after she had come to Rhode Island, and her husband had been made governor [it should be assistant, he was never governor] there, she persuaded him to lay down his office upon the opinion which newly she had taken up of the unlawfulness of the magistracy." Yet it is worthy of notice that her teaching and influence produced no commotion or inconvenience in Rhode Island, where the government let her alone. A practical argument this in favour of toleration.

To bring Mrs. Hutchinson and her followers to a better state of mind, the milder methods of persuasion were added to the arguments of the sword and the thunderbolt of excommunication. The church of Boston sent a special deputation, consisting of three of its most influential and conciliating members, to Rhode Island, to visit them, and to endeavour, if possible, to convince them of the error of their ways. Having arrived at Rhode Island on the 28th of December, 1639, after a lengthened journey of nearly a week, they acquainted her and her party with the object of their mission, and desired to have a meeting with them all in common. This being refused, they were under the necessity of visiting the house of each of them separately. Mr. Hutchinson, who through the whole proceedings had stood by his wife, and was chafed at the persecution of which they were the victims, told them that he was more closely bound to her than to the church, and that he accounted her a dear saint and servant of God. Mrs. Hutchinson, whose spirit was still more inflexible, showed no disposition to yield to their remonstrances and reasonings. She refused to acknowledge the church of Boston to be a church of Christ, and evinced the utmost indifference to the higher censure of excommunication, which the church, in respect of her contumacy, might inflict upon her.¹

¹ Sparks's *American Biog.* new series, vol. xvi. chap. x.

Others, more tractable, subdued by the efforts of the ministers and elders of the church of Boston to reclaim them, professed their sorrow, and sought to be restored to the bosom of the church. But no professions of sorrow were ever extorted from her. The severity with which she had been treated by the ministers and magistrates, not less than the strength of her own convictions, rendered, it is probable, the quarrel irreconcilable.

During the period of her abode at Rhode Island, one of her daughters was married to a young minister named Collins. He had come from Gloucester in England, where he was much esteemed for his piety. He was settled for some time at St. Christopher's, or Barbadoes, but was compelled to leave it for nonconformity, and came to New Haven in the summer of 1640. He was at first hostile to Mrs. Hutchinson's opinions, as Winthrop informs us, but having formed an acquaintance with her and her family, he became one of her most zealous converts.¹

Mr. Hutchinson died in 1642. The precise date or circumstances of his death are not known. From all that appears, he approved of the peculiar opinions of his wife, and he contentedly shared in all the trials and hardships in which they involved her. This, if not interpreted as a proof that he was so weak as to be entirely under her government, may be considered as a high testimony to her personal, conjugal, and domestic virtues.

After his death, in the same year, according to Hubbard, Mrs. Hutchinson, with the surviving members of her family, except a daughter, who was married to Thomas Savage, and a son Edward, who remained at Boston, removed from Rhode Island to the Dutch settlements. The motive inducing her removal is conjectured to have been the fear of being again brought under the government of the Massachusetts colony, which was contemplating the adoption of measures for

¹ *American Biog.* new series, vol. xvi. chap. x.

bringing Rhode Island under its authority. In this policy the government were encouraged by some of her own party there, who were now desirous of being again placed under the jurisdiction and protection of the mother colony. This extension of the authority of the Massachusetts colony would have been a violation of the restrictions imposed by its charter, which did not include Rhode Island; but there was notwithstanding a probability that the meditated encroachment might be successful. In that event the entire state of things would be changed in Rhode Island; it would henceforth cease to be an asylum for all sorts of religionists. Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends had got some notice of this design. Their alarm was excited. Their influence would be too feeble to thwart a measure, which, if carried, would inevitably issue in their expulsion from Rhode Island by the Massachusetts colony, which would then be all-powerful to crush them. Accordingly, many of them went to Long Island and the Dutch settlements, in the hope that in these parts they might profess and propagate their peculiar religious tenets without the risk of molestation. The same motive, there is reason to believe, induced Mrs. Hutchinson to remove in quest of a new settlement.

The precise spot which she selected for her future residence is uncertain. Some assert that it was the mainland between New Haven and New York; others, that it was Long Island, very near to Hell Gate. It was however a territory claimed by the Dutch; and there she and other English families spread themselves, dwelling scatteringly, near a mile asunder. Their settlement was not to the good liking of the Indians of the neighbouring backwoods, who testified their dislike on observing the two workmen whom Mrs. Hutchinson at first employed in building her house. These workmen left off in terror for their lives; but pursuing her purpose she procured other hands who built it.¹

Her energetic and stormy life was now near its conclusion,

and the close was tragic. At that time a war raged between the Dutch settlers and the Indians of those parts, originating in the murder of a Dutchman by an Indian in a drunken frolic; and this became the occasion of that melancholy tragedy which closed her earthly career. A party of Indians, infuriated at the Dutch, who had conducted the war with unrelenting barbarity, came upon her dwelling, and though "they came in way of friendly neighbourhood, as they had been accustomed," knowing her and her family to be English, yet they fell upon the defenceless inmates with implacable fury, in August, 1643; one of the perils attending the settlement of colonies in the neighbourhood of savages, and fatal to many families on the first settlements in the New World. There were in the house at the time, Mr. Collins, his wife, their children, and the other members of Mrs. Hutchinson's family, who had accompanied her in all her wanderings, together with such of the members of two other families, Throckmorton and Cornhill's, as were at home. The number present was in all sixteen persons, not one of whom had probably ever wronged an Indian. All perished except one of Mrs. Hutchinson's daughter's children, a girl about eight years of age, who was carried into captivity. The Indians then collected the cattle of their murdered victims into the houses, and burned them alive by setting the houses on fire. The slaughter would have been greater had it not been for the arrival of a boat while the tragedy was enacting, into which several women and children fled, and by this means

¹ This child remained a prisoner with the Indians four years, when she was rescued and restored to her friends by the Dutch governor at New York. He generously sent a vessel into Connecticut river, where its captain, having contrived to get several Pequots on board, secured them as prisoners, and refused to set them at liberty unless the captive girl was delivered to him. This had the desired effect. She had forgotten her native tongue, and was unwilling to be taken from the Indians. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. Cole of North Kingston, in the Narragansett country, and lived to a considerable age.—*Drake's Biog. and Hist. of the Indians of North America*, p. 133. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.* 3d series, vol. vi. p. 201.

were saved; but two of the boat's crew going up to the houses, with the humane intention of doing what they could to save these defenceless people, were shot by the Indians.¹

It may well excite the sigh of the reflecting and compassionate to think that when the tidings of this melancholy event, which ought to have called forth feelings of profound and universal sorrow, and which, one might suppose, would have softened the hearts of the bitterest foes, were brought to Massachusetts, Mrs. Hutchinson's opponents, instead of dropping a tear over her fate, and doing her the justice to acknowledge the virtues she possessed, converted the event into a cause of new triumph. Those of them who pretended to be learned in the reading of Providence pointed to it as a retributive dispensation, as a terrible token of the vengeance of Heaven against obstinate persistence in heresy.² On account of her pride she had been given over to the delusions of fearful error. To reclaim her she had been reasoned with by men skilful in argument, and powerful in persuasion; and this being ineffectual, the discipline of the church and the sword of the state had been brought to bear upon her. These also failing, she was still the object of prayer, and was still dealt with in the hope that she might be recovered to the acknowledgment of the truth. But turning a deaf ear to all counsel, she was given up by God to the devices of her own heart, and she went down to death under the outpouring of the vials of his wrath. Such was the tenor of the reasonings of her opponents. In daring thus to approach and to decide upon a subject so solemn and so awful, on which they had no means of arriving at a certain knowledge, they were not a little presumptuous, and betrayed the heartlessness and bitterness engendered by religious animosity and

¹ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. ii. p. 135, 136. Drake's *Biog. and Hist.* &c. p. 132, 133. *Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll.* 3d series, vol. vi. p. 201.

² Welde, in his *Rise, Reign, and Ruin of the Antinomians*, records her death with a rancorous fanaticism.

prejudice. Did it never occur to these men that by driving Mrs. Hutchinson beyond the pale of civilization, and compelling her, in order to her enjoying freedom of religious sentiment, one of the primordial rights of mankind, to settle in a part of the wilderness where she was peculiarly exposed to personal danger, they were themselves implicated in the guilt of her tragic death?

The Puritans of New England were a noble race of men, and we would do well to learn from their many virtues, which will for ever shed a bright halo around their memory. But to err is human; and if their connection with Mrs. Hutchinson somewhat obscures the lustre of their fame, taking a lesson of warning from this part of their history, let us learn to detest intolerance and uncharitableness, which are not less alien to the spirit of genuine Christianity than destructive of the finer and more amiable sentiments of the human heart.

From the preceding sketch it will be seen that our aim has not been to set forth Mrs. Hutchinson as a model woman. But neither do we accept without qualification the representations by which her adversaries have exaggerated and darkened her character. Unhappily, the story of her life has been transmitted to posterity chiefly by her adversaries; and Cotton Mather, who inherited against her the acrimony of his predecessors, endeavours, in his *Magnalia*, to overwhelm her memory with utter contempt and abhorrence. This is a travesty, not the truth of history. Pride of her supposed superior abilities lay at the foundation of the defects of her character and conduct. This led her to think herself better qualified for communicating religious instruction than almost all the ministers of the colony, and to aspire after publicity and applause, a species of ambition not the most becoming for a woman to cultivate. This led her to meddle with difficult questions in theology, for the settling of which a larger grasp and greater profundity of intellect

than she was gifted with was required; to indulge in a boldness of speculation which unsettled her in the faith, and opened the floodgates of absurdity; and to startle the church by her rash and extravagant assertions. This led her to despise the ministrations of the ministers of the colony, to speak contemptuously of their gifts, and to censure their doctrine as legal and apocryphal. It was not without some show of reason that she was accused of setting herself up as a peerless paragon of wisdom. This pride of ability being accompanied with an excited fancy, she surrendered herself to the power of supposed mysterious suggestions or promptings, and loudly vapoured of the revelations and visions with which Heaven favoured her. But notwithstanding these grave defects of her character, she was a virtuous, intelligent, and devout woman, distinguished for subtilty and acuteness of understanding, possessing great energy of character, and much Christian excellence. As a wife and mother she was faithful and affectionate. Her offices of attention and kindness to the afflicted, and her endeavours to do good to others by instructing them in the things of God, were deserving of all commendation. And had the good qualities she possessed been ennobled by Christian humility and greater sobriety of judgment, had she kept aloof from the arena of theological debate, and imposed a curb on her censorious tongue, and quietly confined herself within the shadow of private life, and to the unobtrusive discharge of domestic and social duties, which constitute the true vocation of woman; in that case, though acting upon a less conspicuous theatre, and attracting less public attention, she would have been a more useful member of the church and of society, adorning and blessing by her talents and graces her private sphere, and in place of the hatred, prejudice, and persecution which she drew upon herself, securing the esteem and honour of all who knew her.

Mrs. Hutchinson's family would have become extinct, but

for her son Edward, who remained at Boston when she was banished. Many of his descendants occupied places of trust and honour in Massachusetts. His great grandson, Thomas Hutchinson, was governor of that colony under the second charter, and author of the *History of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay*, in two vols., 8vo, published in 1760 and 1766. "This distinguished but unfortunate magistrate," says Ellis, "in his brief reference to the controversy with his ancestress, seems so anxious to avoid partiality that he has perhaps allowed himself to attach to her more of censure than appears necessary or deserved."¹

¹ *American Biog.* new series, vol. xvi. p. 348-370.

MARY DYER,

WIFE OF WILLIAM DYER.

THE subject of this sketch was a confessor and martyr for Quaker principles in New England, and her name and story are embalmed with honour in the annals of the sect to which she belonged. It is painful to think that she fell a victim to the persecuting violence of the New England Puritans, who themselves had been driven by persecution from their native land to the shores of the New World. Her life forms a dark episode in their history, darker and more distressing than that of Mrs. Hutchinson. While wielding the civil power which they had in their hands against all dissentients from their own creed, they especially wielded it against the Quakers, the wild opinions and turbulent characters of some of whom help to explain, but can never justify the length to which they carried their severity. Mrs. Dyer, though of that sect, gave no disturbance to the public peace. She was a woman of a pious exemplary life, the few eccentricities or extravagances she displayed being the most venial of those charged upon her sect, and none of them in even the smallest degree infringing on public order and tranquillity.

Mrs. Dyer and her husband originally belonged to the Puritans. They were among the number of that party who, in the year 1635, sought in the American wilderness that religious freedom which was denied them in Old England. Their history previous to their emigration is unknown; but from incidental allusions and various circumstances, it is

evident that they ranked among the better conditioned class of emigrants, and Mrs. Dyer was a woman of considerable personal attractions. She is represented by Sewel as "of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate;"¹ and Winthrop describes her as "a very proper and fair woman." She and Mr. Dyer established themselves in Boston, and he commenced business as "a milliner in the New Exchange." On December 13, 1635, they were admitted members of the church in Boston, of which Messrs. Wilson and Cotton were the ministers.

During the agitation caused in Boston by Mrs. Hutchinson's teaching and opinions, they became her disciples; and they continued to the last her steadfast and faithful friends.² "Both of them," says Winthrop, "were notoriously infected with Mrs. Hutchinson's errors, and very censorious and troublesome, she being of a very proud spirit, and much addicted to revelations."

In the month of June, 1637, in the very midst of the commotion produced by Mrs. Hutchinson's opinions, Mrs. Dyer was prematurely confined, an event occasioned, it is not unlikely, by the excitement into which she had been put by that affair. She had given birth it was said to a monster. This rumour was spread everywhere through the little community, and it caused a vast deal of idle and mischievous gossip. Winthrop gives the story with great minuteness; but we will best consult the taste and edification of the reader by passing it over. Welde, in his *Short Story of the Rise, Reign, and Ruin of the Antinomians*, &c., moralizing upon it, pronounces it, by a malign and perverse species of logic, a judgment of Heaven against Mrs. Dyer for her Antinomian heresy, as clearly so "as if God had pointed with his finger," and that "he that runs may read it."³

¹ *History of the Quakers*, p. 225.

² Sparks's *American Biog.* vol. xvi. p. 275.

³ Winthrop's *Hist.* vol. i. p. 262-264. A similar ugly story as to Mrs.

So strong were the sympathies of Mrs. and Mr. Dyer with Mrs. Hutchinson, under what they deemed the injustice of the whole proceedings, ecclesiastical and civil, against her, that after her banishment, they along with others of her adherents left Boston for Rhode Island. At this period Mrs. Dyer had not deviated so far as she afterwards did from the established faith of the Massachusetts colony. The deputation commissioned by the church of Boston to proceed to Rhode Island to make an attempt to reclaim Mrs. Hutchinson and her friends, had an interview with Mrs. Dyer, in which she acknowledged the authority of the church of Boston, and expressed a desire to be still in fellowship with that church.¹

Her husband was more unyielding. He expressed no desire for reconciliation. He did not see what power one church had over another—the church of Boston over that of Rhode Island. Some of the members of the Rhode Island church had been excommunicated by the church of Boston, but *that*, he maintained, reflected upon them no discredit, as they had done nothing worthy of ecclesiastical censure, and he had joined and purposed to continue in ecclesiastical fellowship with them. The elders of the church having conferred and deliberated upon a report of the deputies, it was concluded that should Mr. Dyer, and two others, Mr. Coddington and Mr. Cogshall, continue obstinate, the sentence of excommunication should be passed upon them. A public declaration to this effect was made by Mr. Cotton to the church of Boston about the middle of April.²

For many years after this we lose sight of Mrs. Dyer and her husband. When she next comes into view she appears in the garb of a Quakeress. By what means she had been

Hutchinson was current after her banishment from Boston. Winthrop relates it with nauseating minutæ (*Hist.* vol. i. p. 271-273); and Welde moralizes on it similarly, as in the case of Mrs. Dyer.

¹ Sparks's *American Biography*, vol. xvi. p. 335.

² *Ibid.* vol. xvi. p. 336, 337.

brought to embrace the opinions of the Quakers we are not informed; but these opinions she now openly professed, and she was prepared to hold by them at all hazards.

The Quakers, who made their first appearance in Old England in the year 1652, found their way to New England in the summer of the year 1656. To expel from the colony of Massachusetts, and to keep it clear of the opinions of these hated sectaries, various laws were framed, armed with penalties of greater or less severity. An act was passed prohibiting the masters of vessels, each under the penalty of £100, from bringing a known Quaker into the colony, and requiring him to give security to transport any such person out of it; and the Quaker until his transportation was to be sent to the house of correction, to receive twenty stripes, and to be kept to hard labour. The importation of Quakers' books, the dispersing or concealing of them, or defending of the doctrines they contained, the harbouring or entertaining of Quakers, were forbidden under various penalties. A man after his first conviction for Quakerism, was to lose one ear, after the second, the other ear; a woman upon her first and second conviction respectively was to be severely whipped; and such as were convicted for the third time, whether man or woman, were to have their tongues bored through with a red hot iron.¹

After the enactment of these laws the first persons of that persuasion who appear to have come into the colony were Ann Burden, a widow, whose object it was to collect some debts due to her, and Mrs. Dyer from Rhode Island, who, before her coming, knew nothing of the legislative measures against the Quakers sanctioned by the government. Both of them were imprisoned. Mrs. Dyer's husband, hearing of her imprisonment, came from Rhode Island, and succeeded, though with great difficulty, in getting her released, by

¹ Hutchinson's *Hist.* &c. vol. i. p. 181, &c. Holmes's *American Annals*, vol. i. p. 281, 306.

becoming bound under the penalty of a large sum, not to lodge her in any town of the Massachusetts colony, nor to permit any to speak with her while she was there.

The rulers of Massachusetts still continued legislating against the Quakers. In October, 1658, it was decreed that all adherents of this obnoxious sect should be banished from the colony on pain of death, should they again return.¹ Great opposition was made to this measure when proposed to be passed into a law. It was at first rejected by the deputies or commissioners from the united colonies, and subsequently carried only by a majority of a single vote—twelve against eleven, with an amendment that the trial should be by a special jury; two members of the court, Captain Edward Hutchinson and Captain Thomas Clark begging leave to enter their dissent.² Thus was the colony fenced by numerous penal laws bristling on every side, and threatening death to the Quakers should they presume to enter; but the soul cannot be wrenched from its convictions or its frenzies, even by the terrors of sanguinary legislation.

In the autumn of the year 1659, which was about a year after the magistrates of Massachusetts had established this decree, Mrs. Dyer returned to Boston, probably from the same causes which brought her there repeatedly afterwards, namely, indignation at the persecuting laws enacted against her sect, especially at this last, and a strong impulse, at whatever personal danger, to testify against the iniquity of these laws, in the very place which had been disgraced by their enactment. Three others of the same religious persuasion—William Robinson, merchant, London; Marmaduke Stevenson,³ a native of Yorkshire; and Nicholas Davis, resident at Boston—were made prisoners about the same time. The whole four were brought before the court of

¹ Hutchinson, vol. i. p. 180-189. Holmes, vol. i. p. 281, 306.

² Hutchinson, vol. i. p. 182.

³ These two came to Boston in the beginning of September.

assistants, and confessing that they were Quakers, were banished from the colony on pain of death, should they ever return after the 14th of the current month of September, and be found within the jurisdiction. The warrant is dated "Boston, September 12, 1659."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Dyer and Nicholas Davis left the colony. Robinson and Stevenson departed from the town of Boston, but instead of going beyond the bounds of the jurisdiction, went to Salem. They were soon again apprehended, thrown into prison at Boston, and chained to their cells by the right leg. In the month following Mrs. Dyer also returned again, thinking that she had a call from "the light within her," or the Spirit of God, to do so, to warn the magistrates of the sin and danger of shedding the blood of her Quaker brethren and sisters, and to adjure them to repeal the sanguinary laws by which the shedding of their blood was sanctioned. She was taken into custody while standing before the prison.

The three prisoners, who, according to the laws against the Quakers, had now forfeited their lives, were brought before the magistrates on the 20th of October. John Endicott, then governor of the colony, a man partaking largely of the higher puritan qualities, but having no notion of tolerating heretics, presided. The male prisoners appeared at the bar with their hats on. Endicott ordered the officer to pull off their hats. In his address to the prisoners he said that several laws had been made to keep the Quakers from the colony; that neither whipping, nor imprisonment, nor ear-cropping, nor banishment upon pain of death would keep them from it; that neither he nor the other magistrates desired their death, but that it was necessary for them to enforce the laws. Robinson and Stevenson were condemned to be hanged.

The same sentence was pronounced upon Mrs. Dyer. She heard her doom with serene fortitude, and said, "The will of the Lord be done." As if these divine words could only be

fanatical delusion as coming from the lips of a Quakeress, Endicott said impatiently, "Take her away, marshal." "I return joyfully to my prison," she replied. On her way she continued to speak in commendation of the goodness of the Lord which she had experienced, and she was evidently filled with joy. "You might let me alone," said she to the marshal, "for I would go to the prison without you." "I believe you, Mrs. Dyer," he answered, "but I must do as I am commanded." She was kept a week in prison with the two others, her fellow-disciples and companions in tribulation.

The question here occurs, was Mrs. Dyer really called, as she thought, to expose herself to the penalty of death by returning to Boston after her banishment? to go from a land of tolerance where she was living in peace, to a land of intolerance with the certain prospect of death before her, merely for the purpose of testifying against that intolerance? We think that she was not, and that she was acting under the impulse of false and distorted notions of duty. Yet she rested her call not only on the imagined "light within her," but also on the teaching of God's Word without. In vindication of her conduct she adduced the example of Queen Esther, who, when she learned that an exterminating decree against her people the Jews had been sealed with the king's ring, went into the presence of the king uncalled for, at the risk of her life according to an existing law, to intercede with him in their behalf (Esther, chap. iv. verses 11-16, and chaps. vii. and viii.). The two cases are, however, by no means parallel. Esther's own life being at stake—for she herself would have perished as well as her countrymen, had she not adopted this course—it could not be said that she transgressed the law of self-preservation. Mrs. Dyer's life being perfectly safe had she remained in her own colony, she was rushing from a situation of safety upon certain death by going into that of Massachusetts, and gave her persecutors occasion to say that she was guilty of her

own blood. Again, Esther occupied an exalted station, in which she had great influence, being the wife of the king, formerly his favourite queen, though he had not called her for a whole month, and there was, therefore, a probability that her intercession would be successful in saving her people, as it ultimately proved to be. Mrs. Dyer was in a private station entirely without influence, having no reasonable ground to hope that her warnings and appeals would have any effect on the magistrates of Massachusetts, or that any object would be gained by her sacrificing her life. To sacrifice her life in such circumstances was needlessly and uselessly to throw it away. Christ indeed requires that his disciples should lay down their lives for his sake, when they cannot preserve them without denying him—an alternative to which, however, Mrs. Dyer was by no means reduced; but he does not require their courting or going in quest of persecution, as if to let the world see how great heroes they are, or encourage the daring temerity which, scorning the dictates of prudence, impetuously dashes into circumstances of danger, but rather enjoins them to keep themselves as far as possible out of the way of harm.

But while we think that in this respect Mrs. Dyer fell into error, and opposed though we are to the peculiar opinions she had embraced, we cannot but admire her spirit of self-immolation, and her indomitable heroism, which were hardly surpassed by the most intrepid of the English martyrs, whose memory England cherishes with sincere veneration.

During the interval between her condemnation and the day appointed for the execution, which was the 27th of October, she maintained her fortitude, unmoved by the violent death which confronted her, and employed a part of the time in writing an "appeal to the General Court in Boston." This appeal, it must be acknowledged, is magnanimous, and is pervaded by a noble spirit of disinterestedness and self-sacrifice. She bewails not her own lot as wretched. She

evinces no anxiety to have her own life spared. She prays neither for a remission, nor for a mitigation of her sentence. Forgetting herself, her whole thoughts are absorbed in a generous solicitude to have the wrongs of her persecuted brethren redressed.

“Whereas,” says she, “I am by many charged with the guiltiness of my own blood; if you mean in my coming to Boston, I am therein clear, and justified by the Lord, by whose will I came, who will require my blood of you, be sure, who have made a law to take away the lives of the innocent servants of God (if they come among you), who are called by you “Cursed Quakers;” for I say, and am a living witness for them and the Lord, that he hath blessed them, and sent them unto you; therefore be not found fighters against God, but let my counsel and request be accepted with you—to repeal all such laws, that the truth and servants of the Lord may have free passage among you, and you be kept from shedding innocent blood. . . . Therefore, seeing the Lord hath not hid it from me, it lieth upon me, in love to your souls, thus to persuade you. I have no self-ends, the Lord knoweth; for if my life were freely granted by you, it would not avail me, nor could I expect it of you, so long as I should daily hear or see the sufferings of these people, my dear brethren, and the seed, with whom my life is bound up, as I have done these two years; and now like to increase, even unto death, for no evil doing but coming among you. . . . It is not mine own life I seek (for I choose rather to suffer with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of Egypt), but the life of the seed, which I know the Lord hath blessed. . . . Therefore, let my request have as much acceptance with you, if you be Christians, as Esther’s had with Ahasuerus, whose relation is short of that that’s between Christians; and my request is the same that hers was. . . . I leave these lines with you, appealing to the faithful and true witness of God (which is one in all

consciences),—before whom we must all appear, with whom I shall eternally rest, in everlasting joy and peace,—whether you will hear or forbear. With him is my reward, with whom to live is my joy, and to die is my gain. . . . And know this also, that if through the enmity you shall declare yourselves worse than Ahasuerus, and confirm your law, though it were but by taking away the life of one of us, the Lord will overthrow both your law and you, by his righteous judgments and plagues poured justly upon you, who now, whilst ye are warned thereof and tenderly sought unto, may avoid the one by removing the other. . . . In love and in the spirit of meekness, I again beseech you, for I have no enmity to the persons of any.”¹

A copy of this appeal was delivered to the general court, but it had no practical effect.

Mrs. Dyer's husband and children were thrown into consternation and agony. To induce the magistrates to grant her a pardon or a commutation of her sentence, endeavours were perseveringly made, especially by her eldest son William, who held a situation of trust and importance in the colony. Yet he was left in doubt almost to the last moment whether his earnest intercessions had been of any avail. It would seem either that the magistrates had at last promised to grant her a reprieve or a mitigation of her sentence, provided she would retract or modify her opinions, or that her son was hopeful that, by her doing this, she might conciliate her judges, and move them to clemency. He therefore spent with her in prison the night of the 26th of October, the night preceding the day appointed for her execution, endeavouring to persuade her to abjure or make such qualifications or abatements in her religious creed, as might encourage the hope of a more lenient consideration of her case. The communications between him and her on this trying night have not been recorded. The maternal and filial affections must have

¹ Sewel's *Hist. of the Quakers*, p. 222-224.

been stirred to their utmost depths. But all the arguments that filial piety could devise failed to carry conviction to her mind. She steadfastly persisted in adherence to her faith.

That the execution of the sentence upon any of the condemned might be stayed, efforts were made by influential parties. John Winthrop (son of John Winthrop, governor of Massachusetts), a man whose soul abhorred the thought of intolerant cruelty, benevolently laboured for this end, and Colonel Temple went to the court and told them "that if according to their own declaration they desired the lives of these persons absent, rather than their deaths present, he would carry them away and provide for them at his own charge, and if any of them should return he would fetch them away again." This proposition was favourably entertained by all the magistrates, with the exception of two or three, and they laid it before the deputies the following day, but the hostile magistrates with the deputies prevailed, and it was decided that the sentence should be carried into execution.¹

On the afternoon of the 27th of October, Mrs. Dyer and her two companions were conducted to the place of execution. They were escorted by a guard of about two hundred armed men, besides many horsemen, as if the authorities had been afraid that an attempt would be made on the part of the people to rescue the prisoners. Drummers marched immediately before them, and the drums were beaten, especially when any of them attempted to speak. "Glorious signs of heavenly joy," says Sewel, "were beheld in the countenances of these three sufferers. - They went on with great cheerfulness, as going to an everlasting wedding feast, and rejoicing that the Lord had counted them worthy to suffer death for his name's sake." They walked hand in hand, Mrs. Dyer, who was considerably advanced in years, being in the middle. At seeing this the marshal scoffingly said to her, "Are you

¹ Hutchinson, vol. i. p. 184.

not ashamed to walk thus hand in hand between two young men?" "No," she replied; "this is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could have in this world. No eye can see, no ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand the sweet incomes and refreshings of the Spirit of the Lord, which now I feel."

Having come to the scaffold, she and her fellow-sufferers took farewell. Robinson and Stevenson successively ascended the ladder and died, bearing testimony with their last breath to the light of Christ within.

Mrs. Dyer was reserved to be the last victim. She witnessed the final struggles of the mortal agony of her friends, and saw them suspended lifeless before her. The sight did not appal her. She ascended the scaffold with a steady step. Her garments were then tied about her feet, her face was covered with a handkerchief, which Mr. Wilson, who attended the sufferers on the scaffold, is said to have supplied to the hangman, and a halter was put around her neck. When all was ready, and when the spectators were waiting in breathless suspense to see the last act in this dismal tragedy, a cry was heard, "Stop! she is reprieved!" The order was brought and read. The announcement ran like lightning through the crowd, whose feelings on hearing it were those of intense satisfaction. But what were the feelings of her who was more immediately interested? Did she testify exultant joy, or exhibit any of the agitating symptoms by which in such circumstances this emotion is usually revealed? No; calm and unagitated, she only regretted that she had not shared the same fate with her two friends, who were hanging dead before her. "Her feet being loosed," says Sewel, "they bade her come down. But she whose mind was already, as it were, in heaven, stood still, and said she was there willing to suffer as her brethren did, unless they would annul their wicked law." Her words were unheeded. The marshal and others took her down from the ladder, and supporting her by the

arms reconducted her to prison. Her son, who was waiting for her in the prison, embraced her as she entered, and she was apprised from his lips that her deliverance from death was the fruit of his importunate pleadings with the governor, who had yielded only at the last moment.

In prison her regret continued that she had not died with her fellow-confessors. What was life to her when her brethren in the faith were exposed to the penalty of banishment and of death? On the day after her reprieve, namely, on the 28th of October, she wrote a letter to the magistrates of Boston, expressed in a strain of bold remonstrance and warning. At the very crisis of her fate she had never implored their clemency, or shrank with abject terror from a death of ignominy, and there was no bravado in the style in which she now addressed them.

“Once more,” she says, “to the general court assembled in Boston speaks Mary Dyer, even as before: My life is not accepted, neither availeth me in comparison of the lives and liberty of the servants of the living God, for which, in the bowels of love and meekness, I sought you. Yet nevertheless, with wicked hands have you put two of them to death, which makes me to feel that the ‘mercies of the wicked are cruelty.’ I rather choose to die than to live as from you, as guilty of their innocent blood. Therefore, seeing my request is hindered, I leave you to the righteous Judge and Searcher of all hearts, . . . who will in his due time let you see whose servants you are, and of whom you have taken counsel. . . . In obedience to the Lord, whom I serve with my spirit, and in pity to your souls, which you neither know nor pity, I can do no less than once more warn you to put away the evil of your doings, and kiss the Son, the Light in you, before his wrath be kindled in you. . . . When I heard your last order read, it was a disturbance unto me, that was so freely offering up my life to Him that gave it me, and sent me hither so to do, which obedience, being his own

work, he gloriously accompanied with his presence, and peace, and love in me.”¹

Her letter did not mollify the magistrates, who, we suspect, were in a mood rather to resent than to profit by reproof. Her sentence was commuted into banishment, with certification that, should she ever again return to the colony, death would be the certain penalty. She was accordingly conducted on horseback by a guard of four men, also on horseback, fifteen miles towards Rhode Island. At this stage of the journey she was left to be accompanied the rest of the way by one man; but she soon sent him back, and repaired unattended to her own house.

The execution of Robinson and Stevenson, recalling the memory of the horrors of the persecutions of the Papacy, produced a great sensation in Boston. Whatever may be said of the magistrates, it is only justice to say that many of the people were opposed to this rough and sanguinary mode of putting down heresy. However much they might differ in religious sentiment from the sufferers, they could not help commiserating their unhappy lot, and contemplating with admiration the intrepidity and heroism they displayed. Feelings of strong dissatisfaction were expressed, and symptoms were not wanting of the sympathy felt for the persecuted extending itself, by a natural reaction, to the opinions for which they suffered. These feelings of the people it is important to mark; for, on the one hand, in the condemning sentence passed upon the intolerance of the magistrates of the pilgrim fathers the whole body of the people have often been included, as if they had sanctioned or approved these bloody proceedings; and, on the other hand, in the apologies made for the magistrates the plea has been set up that intolerance was the *universal* spirit of the age, to which it would be unreasonable to expect that they could rise superior. To allay the dissatisfaction of the people the general

¹ Sewel's *Hist. of the Quakers*, p. 225.

court of Massachusetts, held at Boston, October 18, 1650, issued a declaration in their own vindication. This document unhappily differs little, if at all, in the principles on which it rests a defence, from the principles by which persecutors of every name and in every age have defended a persecuting policy.

In this document, the substance of which is given in Mather's *Magnalia*, they speak of the "pernicious opinions and practices" of the Quakers, of their "contemptuous behaviour to authority," "their impudent and insolent obtrusions" upon the colony, "their impetuous and frantic fury," as necessitating them to pass a law that such persons should be banished on pain of death. These epithets refer to various pieces of absurdity and disorder (see Introduction) then enacted by some of the Quakers, which might require restraint, but which could never warrant the making of a law so severe against the whole sect. The magistrates further allege—a favourite argument in their own vindication—that the Quakers, by violently and wilfully rushing upon the sword, became *felones de se*—were guilty of their own blood. But if they were so, the men who held the sword were surely accessory to the crime.

Not long after her return to Rhode Island, Mrs. Dyer went from thence to Long Island, where she passed the greater part of the winter, and then returned again to Rhode Island.

In this colony free and full liberty of conscience being secured to all sects, Mrs. Dyer might have lived in the tranquil enjoyment of domestic happiness, professing and teaching her peculiar tenets as long and as openly as she pleased. Here neither she nor any one else had reason to be afraid of fines, imprisonment, scourging, or hanging for their religious opinions. But though at peace and in security herself, she was oppressed with agony at the remembrance of the fate of two of her co-disciples, from which she at the last moment

had been delivered, contrary to her wishes, and experienced constant anguish at the thought that those of them still living were regarded and dealt with by the magistrates of Massachusetts as persons unworthy to live. The old impulse, produced, as she believed, by the Spirit, revived as strong as ever, that it was her duty to go to Boston and demand from the magistrates, in the name of God and as his messenger, the repeal of the persecuting laws against her brethren, to proclaim to the magistrates the guilt they had contracted by putting to death her fellow-religionists, and to summon them to repentance if they would escape the judgments of Heaven. With this impulse was combined an intense desire for the crown of martyrdom.

Leaving Rhode Island she returned to Boston, May 21, 1660. The lessons she came to repeat in the ears of the magistrates were certainly what they needed to be told; yet, we must again blame her indiscretion in exposing her life to danger by returning to Boston. She acted too much as if her only earthly vocation had been to testify and become a martyr. It was no doubt a thought full of distress to her to think of the doom impending over her brethren and sisters in Massachusetts, but she could not make matters better by sacrificing her life. All she could do in her circumstances was faithfully to discharge as a wife and a mother the duties of her home circle, to bring the influences of a genuine and living Christianity to bear upon domestic life, and upon those within her immediate neighbourhood. To go to Boston on the errand in question was to break herself away from the plainly incumbent duties of her condition, and to destroy the happiness of her husband and family, led astray by mistaken ideas as to the claims of duty. But so it was: her sense of the iniquity and cruelty of the persecution of her sect, overbearing every other consideration, she felt an irresistible impulse to deliver her testimony in presence of the magistrates—an impulse the intensity of which was such that it

became a force stronger than the love of life, stronger than conjugal and maternal affection, impelling her to sacrifice all in the fulfilment of a mission in her estimation so imperative and important.

On the 31st of May she was summoned before the general court. Governor Endicott again presided. "Are you the same Mary Dyer that was here before?" was his first question.

Mary Dyer.—"I am the same Mary Dyer that was here at the last general court."

Endicott.—"Then you own yourself a Quaker, do you not?"

Mary Dyer.—"I own myself to be reproachfully called so."

Endicott.—"I must then repeat the sentence once before pronounced upon you."

Mary Dyer (after he had uttered the words of doom).—"This is no more than what thou saidst before."

Endicott.—"But now it is to be executed; therefore prepare yourself for nine o'clock to-morrow."

Mary Dyer.—"I came in obedience to the will of God to the last general court, praying you to repeal your unrighteous law, and that same is my work now, and earnest request, although I told you that if you refused to repeal them the Lord would send others of his servants to witness against them."

Endicott.—"Are you a prophetess?"—a sneering question, unbecoming the dignity of the bench, and the consideration due from a judge to a prisoner at the bar. If Mrs. Dyer was not a prophetess—if she was not commissioned by God as his accredited ambassador to deliver to the court the message she had now delivered, one thing is certain, that the message itself was right, humane, and Christian.

Mary Dyer.—"I spoke the words which the Lord spake to me, and now the thing is come to pass." She then began to speak of her call, upon which the governor cried out impatiently, "Away with her! away with her!" and the officers immediately conducted her to the prison.

Her return to Boston, and her condemnation anew to death, created fresh excitement and dismay in the little commonwealth. Her husband and children were overwhelmed with anguish. He loved her tenderly, though, it appears, he disapproved of her opinions, and believed that she was under the spell of error and delusion. If any misunderstanding had ever existed between them on account of her faith, this he now forgot in his anxiety to save her life. He wrote to the governor a touching letter, praying him to compassionate his affliction as a husband by extending clemency to her.

“HONOURED SIR,—It is with no little grief of mind, and sadness of heart, that I am necessitated to be so bold as to supplicate your honoured self, with the honourable assembly of your general court, to extend your mercy and favour once again to me and my children. Little did I dream that I should have occasion to petition in a matter of this nature; but so it is, that through the divine Providence and your benignity, my son obtained so much pity and mercy at your hands as to enjoy the life of his mother. Now my supplication to your honours is to beg affectionately the life of my dear wife. 'Tis true, I have not seen her above this half year, and cannot tell how, in the frame of her spirit, she was moved thus again to run so great a hazard to herself, and perplexity to me and mine, and all her friends and well-wishers.

“So it is, from Shelter Island, about by Peynod, Narragansett, &c., to the town of Providence, she secretly and speedily journeyed, and as secretly from thence came to your jurisdiction. . . . If her zeal be so great as thus to adventure, oh! let your pity and favour surmount it, and save her life. Let not your love and wonted compassion be conquered by her inconsiderate madness, and how greatly will your renown be spread, if by so conquering you become victorious! What shall I say more? I know you are all sensible of my condition—you see what my petition is, and what will give me and mine peace.” . . .

These earnest and pathetic appeals were in vain.

On the 1st of June, the day after her condemnation, Mrs. Dyer was led forth through the town to execution. The scaffold was erected on Boston Common, which was distant about a mile from her prison. Fears being entertained by the magistrates that, from popular sympathy, a tumult or some hostile demonstration on the part of the crowd might take place, she was strongly guarded from the prison to the scaffold. To prevent her voice from being heard drums were beaten before and behind her all the way. How closely, alas! did the Massachusetts magistrates imitate the popish persecutors, who generally took means to seal the lips of the martyrs, whose dying eloquence experience had shown to be a powerful instrument of conversion!

The prisoner ascended the scaffold with steady steps. When she had ascended, some having expressed a desire that her life might be spared, Captain John Webb, who attended her, said, that by coming to Boston after having been banished upon pain of death, in the event of her returning, she was guilty of her own blood. "Nay," she replied, "I came to keep blood-guiltiness from you, desiring you to repeal the unrighteous and unjust law made against the innocent servants of the Lord; therefore my blood will be required at your hands, who wilfully shed it: but for those that do it in the simplicity of their hearts, I desire the Lord to forgive them." Mr. Wilson, minister of Boston, who, whatever were his merits in other respects, was, in so far as Quakers and sectaries were concerned, violent and intemperate, attended her on the scaffold, as he had before attended her fellow-martyrs. "Mary Dyer," he cried out, "O repent! O repent! be not so deluded and carried away by the deceits of the devil." She answered, "Nay, man, I am not now to repent." One of the attendants asked her whether she would have the elders to pray for her. "I know never an elder here," she replied. "Will you have none of the people to

pray for you?" he inquired. "I would have all the people of God to pray for me," was her answer. She was reproached for saying that she had been in paradise. She reiterated "Yea, I have been in paradise several days."¹ Her tranquil and exultant bearing seemed to confirm the truth of her affirmation. And it is not for us to deny that the joy she felt was the joy of the Lord, the joy of heaven begun on earth, the joy of a soul forgiven, sanctified, and redeemed. "The executioner performed his office; Mary Dyer was no more; and the crowd dispersed: but the brand of that day's infamy will never disappear from the annals of Massachusetts, nor from the story of the pilgrim fathers."²

The intolerance of the pilgrim fathers is indeed a melancholy chapter in their history, and much as we honour the men for their fervent piety, their high Christian principle, their self-sacrificing devotion to the truth, and their ardent love of liberty, their intolerance shall find in us no apologist. But while the truth of history demands that their intolerance should receive its due award of reprobation, the truth of history equally demands that they should not in this matter be made blacker than they were. In addition to the observations made in the Introduction, in reference to their persecuting policy, it is to be noted that this persecution was transient, and that the cases of persecution were few, the amount being that a small number of Anabaptists and other sectaries were banished, some Quakers whipped, and four of that sect put to death. It would therefore be unjust, because of these few instances, to place the pilgrim fathers on a level with such characters as the Duke of Alva, Philip II. of Spain, and Mary, Queen of England, whose whole lives were devoted to the butchery of dissentients from the established faith, as if this had been the sole end of their existence, and who delighted in that horrid work as if it had been the chief element

¹ Sewel, p. 227.

² Marsden's *Hist. of the Early Puritans*, p. 324.

of their happiness. In the former we mark how good men, even when they have adopted a false principle, leading to persecution, are restrained from carrying out that principle to any great extent, by better principles operating within. In the latter we mark how cruel, remorseless men, when invested with power, wreak their vengeance on their victims, as if impelled by the ferocity of evil spirits, restrained by no heaven-born principle implanted in the heart. Yet such is the peculiarity of the mental vision and feelings of some, that, from their hatred of the Puritans, they are more horrified by the few cases of persecution with which the pilgrim fathers were chargeable, than by Papal Rome's immolation of fifty millions of victims, often with circumstances of revolting cruelty, just as Gibbon's mental vision and feelings were, from his hatred of Calvin, so peculiar that he was more horrified, or as he expresses it himself, "more deeply scandalized at the single execution of Servetus than at the hecatombs which have blazed in the *auto da fes* of Spain and Portugal."¹

On everything else save religion puritan legislation in New England was remarkable for its mildness. In this respect it was far in advance of that of every nation in Europe. The idea of protecting property by capital punishment was repudiated. Theft, burglary, highway robbery, and other offences, which were visited with death in every country of Europe, were, in New England, blotted out from the calendar of capital crimes. At first the magistrates were betrayed into error in legislating on religion by adopting into their code the principles of the judicial laws of God's ancient people; but they soon came to discover their mistake and to adopt the principles of liberty of conscience in their full extent

In our next biography we return to England.

¹ *Decline and Fall*, chap. liv.

ANNE VERE,

WIFE OF THOMAS, THIRD LORD FAIRFAX,

AND HER DAUGHTER MARY, DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

ANNE VERE, as we have already seen, was the fourth daughter of Horatio Lord Vere, by his wife Mary Tracey. Of the first period of her life little is known, save that she was brought up for some time in Holland, where she was born, and that accustomed to the simple worship of the English church at the Hague, and habituated to the idea of the Dutch Reformed church, which her parents were always praising, she early acquired, and ever after retained, a partiality for the Presbyterian worship and polity.

She was married, as has been already stated, to Thomas, afterwards third Lord Fairfax, June 20, 1637. Fairfax's grandfather, Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, was much interested in her as the wife of his grandson and heir. In prospect of the union, impatient to receive a visit from them after the nuptial knot should be tied, and especially to see his granddaughter, he thus writes from Denton, June 16, 1637, four days before the marriage, to his son Ferdinando:—"My lady's [Lady Vere's] desire for the stay of my son and my daughter some time with her, as all other her pleasures, shall be commands to me, but my earnest request to her ladyship is, that she would be pleased to let them come home now, because I conceive it to be the best opportunity, the horses being all gone for them. . . . Remember my service to my lady,

and signify the same to her. My desire is exceedingly great to see my daughter, myself being both sick and weak: there is nothing in this world can give me more contentment."¹ Ferdinando's reply to this letter has already been given (p. 64).

The venerable grandfather was a careful, thrifty house-keeper, and was very observant as to how young Fairfax and his wife, when their domestic economy was established, regulated their pecuniary affairs. They did not satisfy him on this point. Their expenditure was so liberal or so extravagant, as he reckoned it, as to excite his paternal anxiety. He had looked to them as his children, who were to uphold and perpetuate his house; but Tom, he said, being ambitious, and the wife fond of display, they were throwing away the money, and he was afraid that by improvident waste they should overwhelm his house in ruin. This troubled him even on his death-bed. Testimony to this effect is borne in documents in the handwriting of his son Charles. "Having here made some few entries of the most remarkables of the family," says Charles, "that have come to my view or certain knowledge, I am now, for a sad epilogue, enforced to insert the passages of a discourse betwixt my dear father (the first Thomas Lord Fairfax) and myself, which I dare not omit, by reason of a solemn engagement imposed upon me by him (with a quadruple charge, as is hereafter specified), not many months before his death [he died in 1640]. The substance whereof, with some of the circumstances, was to this effect. He, walking in his great parlour at Denton, I only then present, did seem much perplexed and troubled in his mind. But after a few turns, he broke out into these or the like expressions:—'Charles, I am thinking what will become of my family when I am gone. I have added a title to the heir male of my house, and shall leave a competent estate to support it. Ferdinando will keep it, and leave it to his son. But such is Tom's pride (led

¹ Bell's *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. i. p. 305.

much by his wife), that he, not contented to live in our rank, will destroy his house."¹

Notwithstanding the commercial character of the marriage, on the part of Fairfax, as has been described in the *Life of Lady Vere*, Lady Fairfax not only acquired and retained his affection and esteem, but gained over him a great ascendancy.

When the differences between Charles I. and his parliament first broke out, like her mother, she entirely approved of Fairfax's taking the side of the parliament against the arbitrary designs and actings of the monarch. Matters having come to a crisis, and both parties having appealed to arms, Fairfax left her for the parliamentary army about the summer of the year 1643, having taken a commission under his father, Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, commander of the parliament's forces for Yorkshire, and celebrated for his martial achievements in the north, in the cause of the parliament. She was not particularly zealous for the war. Her concern for Fairfax's safety probably cooled in her that ardour of zeal which made others carry their opposition to the monarch the length of open hostilities.

Then, again, another view she might take—a sentiment which Fairfax, as we know from his correspondence, strongly felt—war is a sad and horrid affair—sad and horrid when carried on between different nations, but greatly sadder and more horrid when those belonging to the same country, speaking the same language, and descended from the same stock, are the parties engaged in fierce and bloody conflict. Yet now that a hard necessity had driven the defenders of the liberties of England to this last resort, and now that Fairfax had embarked in the enterprise, she was ambitious that he should distinguish himself by his valour and military achievements. During their absence they regularly corresponded. At the close of his battles especially, in which he almost invariably gained the victory, he embraced the ear-

¹ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. i. p. 313, 314.

liest opportunity to inform her of the triumph which had crowned his arms. One of his letters to her we give as a specimen. It was written after he had completely routed (January 25, 1643-4) the Irish troops under the command of Lord Biron, who had laid siege to the town of Nantwich, in North Wales.

“DEAR HEART,—Though I stayed long for an opportunity of writing to you, yet God be thanked I can now have it, with cause of much thankfulness; for a great victory it hath pleased Him to give us over the Irish army, having totally routed their foot, and taken almost all their chief commanders¹ and inferior ones too, a list of whom I send you here inclosed, and a particular relation of that service to the lord-general.² God is to have the glory, who put them so happily into our hands.

“I have not yet heard from you since your coming to London, but heard you were safely arrived there. I have endured some hardships since I parted with you, being forced to march and watch night and day this frosty and snowy weather. I have much trouble to command these forces I now have, there being such divisions amongst the commanders, which doth much impair my health. I desire you to present my humble duty to my Lady Vere. I had no time to write, but by this to make my excuse and acknowledgment of my great debt for her ladyship's favours. Remember my humble service to all my honourable and noble sisters, and to my sister Elizabeth,³ and Moll. So, dear heart, farewell. Your most affectionate husband,

“1643-4.

THOMAS FAIRFAX.”⁴

¹ Amongst them was Colonel George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.

² Essex. See the “particular relation” in Rushworth's *Hist. Coll.* vol. v. p. 302. It is dated “Nantwyche, January 29.”

³ His sister Elizabeth was married to Sir William Craven, of Linchwicke in Worcestershire. Moll is probably his daughter Mary, who at this time was little more than five years old.

⁴ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. i. p. 74.

During these civil convulsions, Lady Fairfax often accompanied Fairfax in his marches, encountering with him, in a measure, the same hazards. At the time of the defeat of the parliamentary army, under the command of Fairfax's father, by the royalists at Atherton Moor, in 1643, she was in Bradford, where Fairfax was ordered by his father—who, after the rout, had withdrawn to Leeds—to remain with 800 foot and 600 horse. While in this town, which was very untenable, though the inhabitants were well-affected, she suffered the dangers and anxieties of a siege. The Earl of Newcastle with a powerful force invested the town, and planting his cannons on the hills surrounding it, which being within half a musket-shot of the town entirely commanded it, opened upon it a severe cannonade. Whatever means of defence the place and his own resources afforded, Fairfax brought into action. He vigorously repelled the attacks of the besiegers; but he had not the means to compel them to raise the siege. He was deficient in ammunition, having only twenty-five or twenty-six barrels of powder at the commencement of the siege; and having continued the defence till there remained not above a barrel of powder, and no match, he called together the officers, and after deliberation, finding that they were unable longer to sustain the assault, they resolved upon the difficult and desperate enterprise of presently withdrawing before the approach of day, and retreating to Leeds, by forcing their way through the enemy who surrounded the town. In this retreat Lady Fairfax was to ride behind one of the officers of the horse, William Hill. Fairfax, with twelve more of the horse, charged the cavalry of the enemy, which amounted to about 300, and he himself, with five of his brave associates, succeeded in breaking through this vastly superior numerical force, and in making their escape safely to Leeds. The other six, with the rest of his horse, overpowered by the enemy, were speedily routed, and the most of them taken prisoners, including Lady Fairfax, the officer behind whom

she rode being one of the prisoners. Fairfax, in recording this hazardous adventure, does not omit to make honourable mention of the intrepidity of Lady Fairfax. "I must not here forget my wife," says he, "who ran the same hazard with us in this retreat, and with as little expression of fear; not from any zeal or delight in the war, but through a willing and patient suffering of this undesirable condition." "I saw this disaster," he farther informs us, "but could give no relief; for after I was got through, I was in the enemy's rear alone, those who had charged through with me having gone on to Leeds, thinking I had done so too; but I was unwilling to leave my company, and stayed till I saw there was no more in my power to do, but to be taken prisoner with them. I then retired to Leeds."¹

In the midst of these calamities, Lady Fairfax was naturally very anxious about her daughter Mary, who was not above five years old. The child had reached Leeds in safety; but she had another fatiguing and perilous journey to undergo. Fairfax, after stopping two hours in Leeds, quitted it, with the parliamentary troops in that place, for Hull, which was distant sixty miles. In this long retreat, young Mary was carried on horseback before her maid; "but," to quote from the interesting narrative given by her father, "nature not being able to hold out any longer, she fell into frequent swoonings, and in appearance was ready to expire her last. Having passed the Trent, and seeing a house not far off, her father sent her with her maid only, thither, with little hopes of seeing her any more alive, though he intended the next day to send a ship from Hull for her. Immediately after his coming to Hull, he sent a ship for his daughter, who was brought the next day to the town, pretty well recovered of her long and tedious journey."²

Meanwhile, Lady Fairfax was treated with humanity and respect by the enemy. Not many days after her daughter

¹ Lord Fairfax's *Short Memorial*, p. 46-50.

² *Ibid.* p. 56, 58.

had arrived in Hull, the Earl of Newcastle sent her back in his own coach, with some horse to guard her; "which generous action of his," says Fairfax, "gained him more reputation than he could have got by detaining a lady prisoner upon such terms."¹ On her arrival, she found to her great joy that Fairfax and her daughter were safe. "Not unto us, O Lord!" exclaimed Fairfax, "not unto us, but unto thy name give we the praise."

After having served the parliament in inferior commands until the beginning of the year 1644-5, the Earl of Essex being at that time displaced, Fairfax was appointed by both Houses of Parliament generalissimo of their forces, being then in the thirty-fourth year of his age; a post to which he was preferred solely upon the ground of the military valour and abilities he had displayed in many notable actions in the north.² Such was his success in the first year of his appointment and in the following year "that," to quote his own words, "there remained in England neither army nor fortress to oppose the parliament in settling the peace of the kingdom." In a congratulatory address to him on his coming to London, when both Houses of Parliament went to his residence in Queen Street, November 14, 1646, to acknowledge his great services to the parliament and kingdom, William Lenthall, speaker of the House of Commons, used these emphatic expressions: "Considering the swift marches and the expeditions in these grand and difficult attempts, which were prosecuted and effected by your excellency, I may say, 'the Almighty came riding on the wings of the wind,' for these were nothing else but the *Magnalia Dei*, acted in and by you, his instrument."³

Lady Fairfax still continued to give proof of her courage by following her husband in his marches. When, in the spring of 1646, he advanced to Oxford with the intention of

¹ Lord Fairfax's *Short Memorial*, p. 53.

² Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva*, p. 7, 8.

Ibid. p. 314.

laying siege to that city, whither the king had retired, she resolved, great as are the dangers and horrors of sieges, assaults, and bombardments, to share them with Fairfax. But on this occasion she was spared witnessing anything of this sort; for the king having fled from that city, April 27, to prevent his being taken prisoner, the city surrendered to the victorious arms of Fairfax, on the 22d of June, that year, before it was subjected to an assault. By thus marching along with Fairfax, while sharing in the dangers inseparably connected with such a condition, she also shared in the honours which were lavished upon him in his triumphant progress, as the commander-in-chief of the parliamentary army, and she felt herself honoured in the fame he acquired by a brilliant career of almost uninterrupted success.

When again, in March, the following year, Fairfax with his army removed from their quarters, and advanced towards London to overawe the parliament, in consequence of an unhappy difference which had arisen between the parliament, the majority of which were Presbyterians, and the army, in which the Independents predominated, Lady Fairfax still followed him in his marches.

Not long after we find her and Fairfax at Nottingham, the castle of which was defended by a garrison under the command of Colonel Hutchinson. "During this time," says Lucy Hutchinson, "Sir Thomas Fairfax himself lay at Nottingham, and the governor was sick in the castle. The general's lady was come along with him, having followed his camp to the siege of Oxford, and lain at his quarters all the while he abode there."¹

From her attachment to the Presbyterians, and wrought upon by her Presbyterian ministers, Lady Fairfax, it would appear, was greatly displeased at the advance of the army to London to overawe the parliament; and she now contracted a strong dislike of the Independents. She had hitherto treated

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, vol. ii. p. 101.

Fairfax's chaplains, who were Independents, with not less friendliness than she had treated her own ministers of the Presbyterian persuasion; but now her feelings of graciousness, and her complaisance of demeanour towards his chaplains, underwent a sudden transmutation into coldness and neglect. By her prayers and arguments she also sought to induce him to desert the Independents, with whom he had connected himself, and to adopt the sentiments and policy of the Presbyterian party in the parliament. Her impetuous temper, inflamed by the conduct of the army, it is even said, alloyed the comfort of his domestic life. These statements rest on the authority of Lucy Hutchinson, who, speaking of Lady Fairfax during the time she and Fairfax were in Nottingham, says, "She was exceedingly kind to her husband's chaplains, Independent ministers, till the army returned to be nearer London, and then the Presbyterian ministers quite changed the lady into such a bitter aversion against them, that they could not endure to come into the general's presence while she was there, and the general had an unquiet, unpleasant life with her, who drove away from him many of those friends in whose conversation he had found such sweetness. At Nottingham they had gotten a very able minister into the great church, but a bitter Presbyterian; him and his brethren my Lady Fairfax caressed with so much kindness that they grew impudent to preach up their faction openly in the pulpit, and to revile the others, and at length would not suffer any of the army chaplains to preach in the town. They then, coming to the governor, and complaining of their unkind usage, he invited them to come and preach in his house, which when it was known they did there was a great concourse of people came thither to them; and the Presbyterians, when they heard it, were mad with rage, not only against them, but against the governor."¹ In this narration Mrs. Hutchinson perhaps exaggerates somewhat; from its

¹ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, vol. ii. p. 101-103.

tone it seems tinged with the republican and Independent prejudices, which betray themselves on various occasions in the course of her work, valuable as it is as an authentic memorial of the times.

By perseverance Lady Fairfax at last obtained her object. Yielding, from his well-known obsequiousness to his wife, to her importunate solicitations, or convinced by her arguments, or confiding in the wisdom and prudence of her counsel, Fairfax was gained over to the Presbyterian party, which he ever after supported. Yet the editor of Mrs. Hutchinson's memoirs asserts that it "does not appear that he ever changed his opinion [as to Independency], but only that he suffered himself to be overruled by his wife. Heroes as great as he have been, both before and since, under the same dominion; as Horace sets forth in his facetious ode to Xanthias Phocæus, parodied by Rowe:

'Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori.'

'Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim.'

It appears to have been at this time that Lady Fairfax's displeasure was first excited against Cromwell, who had the chief hand in infusing into the army a spirit of antagonism to the parliament. In his correspondence with Fairfax he does not usually name or allude to her; but it is rather remarkable that in one of his letters, written in a pious strain, "to his excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, general of the parliament's army, at Windsor," dated London, March 7, 1647-8, he closes by sending her his respectful salutations. "I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your lady, to whom I wish all happiness and establishment in the truth."¹

Lady Fairfax's quarrel with Cromwell is said to have extended to his wife. The report went at the time that there was no love lost between these two ladies; that each was

¹ Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. i. p. 301. Shortly after this Fairfax succeeded to the peerage, his father Ferdinando having died of a gangrene in his left foot, March 13, 1648. *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. i. p. lxxxii. xc. xcii.

ambitious of the supremacy by gaining the supremacy to her husband; and that they even aspired each to the dignity of Queen of England. In a curious lampoon of the period, printed in 1648, and entitled *The Cuckoo's Nest at Westminster*,¹ there is introduced the following ludicrous dialogue between Lady Fairfax and the wife of Cromwell, on their respective views of personal aggrandizement. A report was current that Fairfax was dead. This explains the allusion in the beginning of the dialogue.

"*Mrs. Cromwell.*—'Cheer up, madam, he is not dead, he is reserved for another end. These wicked malignants reported as much of my Noll, but I hope it is otherwise. Yet the profane writ an epitaph, as I think they call it, and abused him most abominably, as they will do me or you, or any of the faithful saints, if we but thrive by our occupations in our husband's absence. If we but deck our bodies with the jewels gained from the wicked, they point at us and say, Those are plunder; but the righteous must undergo the scoffs of the wicked. But let them scoff on. I thank my Maker we lived before these holy wars were thought on, in the thriving profession of brewing, and could, of my vails of grains and yest, wear my silk gown, and gold and silver lace too, as well as the proudest minx of them all. I am not ashamed of my profession, madam.'

"*Queen Fairfax.*—'Pray, Mrs. Cromwell, tell not me of gowns or lace, nor no such toys! tell me of crowns, sceptres, kingdoms, royal robes; and if my Tom but recovers and thrives in his enterprise, I will not say tush to be Queen of England. I misdoubt nothing, if we can but keep the wicked from fetching Nebuchadnezzar from grass in the Isle of Wight. Well, well, my Tom is worth a thousand of him, and has a more kingly countenance. He has such an innocent face and a harmless look, as if he were born to be an emperor over the saints.'

¹ This tract is reprinted in *Harleian Miscellany*, vol. v. p. 550.

“*Mrs. Cromwell.*—‘And is not Noll Cromwell’s wife as likely a woman to be Queen of England as you? Yes, I warrant you is she: and that you shall know if my husband were but once come out of Wales. It is he that has done the work, the conquest belongs to him. Besides, your husband is counted a fool, and wants wit to reign: every boy scoffs at him. My Noll has a head-piece, a face of brass, full of majesty, and a nose will light the whole kingdom to walk after him. I say he will grace a crown, being naturally adorned with diamonds and rubies already: and for myself, though I say it, I have a person as fit for a queen as another.’

“*Queen Fairfax.*—‘Thou a queen! thou a queen! ud’s foot, minion, hold your cheek from prating treason against me, or I will make Mrs. Parliament lay her ten commandments upon thee. Thou a queen! A brewer’s wife a queen! That kingdom must needs be full of drunkards when the king is a brewer. My Tom is nobly descended, and no base mechanic.’

“*Mrs. Cromwell.*—‘Mechanic! mechanic in thy face! . . . I am no more a mechanic than thyself. Marry, come up, Mother Damnable, Joan Ugly; must you be queen! Yes, you shall: Queen of Puddledock or Billingsgate; that is fittest for thee. My Noll has won the kingdom, and he shall wear it in despite of such a trollop as thou art. Marry, come up here, Mrs. Wagtail!’

[*Enters a servant running.*

“*Servant.*—‘O, madam, cease your contention, and provide for your safeties! Both your husbands are killed, and all their forces put to the sword; all the people crying like mad, Long live King Charles!’

“*Omn.*—‘We hope ’tis false; O whither shall we fly,
Lest vengeance overtake our treachery?’”

If the writer of this broadside is correct as to the animosity that had sprung up between Lady Fairfax and Cromwell’s wife, he is mistaken in attributing to either of them

the ambition of supplanting Henrietta Maria on the English throne. Both of them afterwards gave indubitable proof that of this ambition they ought in justice to be acquitted.

Though Lady Fairfax had allied herself to the popular party, she was not disaffected to the royal family; she had never contemplated the necessity of bringing the sovereign to the block, and overthrowing the monarchy; and consequently she had no sympathy with the factions that were bent on such extreme measures. When proceedings were set on foot which struck at the life of the sovereign, like the rest of the Presbyterians she shrunk from the responsibility of having any share in the shedding of his blood; and she was unremitting in her efforts to persuade Fairfax to refuse all participation in the perpetration of so great a crime, which could only stain the glory he had acquired in supporting the cause of the parliament by his victorious arms. "Having been bred in Holland," says Lord Clarendon, "she had not that reverence for the Church of England which she ought to have had, and so had unhappily concurred in her husband's entering into rebellion, never imagining what misery it would bring upon the kingdom, and now abhorred the work in hand as much as any body could, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it."¹ Fairfax himself was not at first averse to such a proceeding. In the ardour of his zeal, or impelled by others, he went along with the faction which plotted the king's death. When a remonstrance from the army was presented to the House of Commons on the 20th of November, 1648, demanding that the king should be brought to justice as being the chief cause of all the grievances complained of, it was accompanied with a letter from Fairfax to the speaker, from which it is manifest that he advocated the king's being tried as a capital offender. "I do," says he, "at the desire of the council of war, and in behalf of them and myself, entreat that

¹ *History of the Rebellion*, vol. v. p. 254, 255.

the remonstrance may have a present reading, and that the things proposed in it may be timely considered.”¹ By the persuasions of his wife, however, he was inspired with an abhorrence of the action of judicially arraigning the king under the charge of a capital crime, or at least prevented from taking part in his trial. She had first gained him over to be a Presbyterian, and next to be a royalist.

If we may credit the royalists of the period, like the wife of Pilate she had a dream, warning Fairfax of the danger of having anything to do with the trial and condemnation of the king. “Look to it, Fairfax,” says one of these writers, “and think not you are excused, because Cromwell will have it so: no, think rather on your lady’s late dream, when she dreamed that she saw a fellow coming into the room where she was, with your head in his hand; and certainly had not this been a merciful admonition from Heaven, she had not showed so much discontent upon it, as it seems she did, when she sent post to you, and desired you to have nothing to do in the unjust trial of the king. Dreams are but idle representatives, yet if slighted, may bring a judgment when you dream not of it. I wish (for the deserved honour I once bore to your noble family, before corrupted with this treasonable enterprise) you may wash your hands in timely tears, ere they be too deeply stained and imbrued in innocent blood.”²

Fairfax was one of the commissioners appointed by the House of Commons to constitute the high court of justice for trying and judging Charles I., and his name was placed at the head of the commission. He was present at the first meeting of the commissioners on the 8th of January, 1648-9, but he declined signing the order which they then agreed to, authorizing proclamation to be made of the next meeting, and he never again attended.

¹ Godwin’s *History of the Commonwealth*, vol. ii. p. 664.

² Mercurius Pragnaticus, Dec. 26 to Jan. 2, 1648-9, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 50.

So deeply did Lady Fairfax detest the proceedings against the monarch, that she could not help giving public demonstration of her disapprobation. She was present at the opening of the trial in the Painted Chamber at Westminster on Friday, the 19th of January. She took her place on the scaffolding which had been erected in the court for the accommodation of ladies and other persons of distinction. Her soul was boiling with indignation, and soon she took the opportunity to express her sentiments and feelings by protesting aloud against this irreverent and treasonable usage of the king by his subjects. The act for the trial having been read, the next step was to call the names of the court, and every commissioner was to rise and answer to his name. Lord Fairfax's, which stood at the top of the list, was first called. No answer was made. The crier repeated the name. Upon this a voice coming from those sitting on the scaffold cried out, "He has more wit than to be here. He never will sit among you. You do wrong to name him as a sitting commissioner." This created some disorder and confusion, but the crier went on with calling the other names. When the name of Oliver Cromwell was called, the same voice exclaimed, "Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor." Immediately after all the names had been called, the king demanded of Bradshaw by what authority or commission those before whom he was arraigned acted in putting him to trial; and when Bradshaw replied, or when the clerk had begun to read the indictment charging Charles Stuart with the crime of high treason, and had read these words—"In the name of the commons assembled in parliament, and of the good people of England"—the same voice, in a louder tone than before, cried out, "It is a lie. Not the half, nor a fourth part of the people of England.¹ Where are they or their

¹ Witnesses on the trial of Colonel Axtell as a regicide, October 15, 1660. State Trials, vol. i. p. 895-898. Clarendon says her words were "not the hundredth part.

consents?" Upon this the assembly was thrown into still greater confusion and uproar. All eyes were turned towards the gallery, and the group of masked ladies whence these bold interjections issued. Colonel Daniel Axtell, who, with a party of soldiers, was intrusted with keeping the door, was commanded to preserve the order of the court. His voice, rising above the commotion and uproar, was heard in oaths and imprecations, and in disgraceful epithets applied to the ladies. "What drab is that," he vociferated, "that disturbs the court? Come down, or I will fetch you down. Unmask, every one of you, that we may know who you are, or else rougher means will be taken to know you and to keep you quiet." Then turning to his soldiers he ordered them to present their muskets to the gallery, and to shoot the strumpets if they said one word more. The soldiers directed their guns to the gallery, but did not fire. This had the effect of restoring silence. About five or six minutes after, another officer went to the gallery to know who it was that had made the disturbance; but by this time Lady Fairfax, who had been the speaker, had left the place, by the persuasions of some of her friends around her. She withdrew to the house of Griffith Bodurdoo, Esq., which was immediately under the hall where this scene was enacted, and she did not again make her appearance in the court.¹

This instance of female courage has taken an imperishable place on the page of English history, and it strongly contrasts with the timidity and consternation which had seized upon the friends of Charles. The queen had written a letter to the parliament and army imploring them to grant her permission to share her royal husband's prison. She wrote a similar letter to Fairfax. These pathetic appeals of Henrietta Maria, it is probable, deeply impressed Lady Fairfax, and strengthened her sympathies for the unhappy monarch, to

¹ Rushworth's *Collections*, vol. vii. p. 1305. Clarendon's *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 254. State Trials, vol. i. p. 902.

which she boldly gave expression in the remarkable manner now described.¹

Lord Fairfax, though he took no active part in the proceedings, was less open and courageous in his opposition than his wife. Notwithstanding his refusal to be one of the judges at the trial, he permitted, without objection or remonstrance, even where he disapproved, his name to be made use of in a variety of public documents connected therewith, which evinced a sad want of that decision which he had so conspicuously exhibited in the field. It would indeed have been in vain for him to have made resistance, or to have attempted to quell the violent spirit of the actors; but with his convictions he ought to have resigned his command of the army, which yet he retained throughout the whole of these transactions.

Lady Fairfax, however, afterwards, with the help of her Presbyterian ministers, succeeded in inducing him to abdicate his post as commander-in-chief of the parliamentary army, though on different grounds. The circumstances were these:—The Scottish nation, after the execution of Charles I., having proclaimed his son Charles King, not only of Scotland but also of England and Ireland, had invited him to take possession of the crown, and had received him into their kingdom. This the English regarded, as Charles himself did, as equivalent to a declaration of war against the Commonwealth, and as a step in his ascent to the throne of Britain. They therefore resolved upon invading Scotland, and appointed Fairfax, with Cromwell next to him, to command

¹ Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, vol. viii. p. 161. Bradshaw's wife showed a similar sympathy for the unhappy monarch. "On the morning of the fourth and last day, the day of condemnation, she rushed into her husband's chamber at Westminster, where he had been lodged for safety and convenience, and besought him by his hopes of happiness here and hereafter, to absent himself from the horrid work. 'Do not,' she said, 'sentence this earthly king for fear of the dreadful sentence of the King of heaven. You have no child; why should you do such a monstrous act to favour others?' Bradshaw pushed her away. 'I confess,' he said, 'he has done me no harm, nor will I do him any, except what the law commands.'"—Jesse's *Court of England*, vol. ii. p. 173.

the expedition. Lady Fairfax was wholly averse to Fairfax's being in any respect a party to the bloodshed and calamity which would result from this invasion. The Scots were almost all Presbyterians; she was of the same faith, and had a strong partiality for them as fellow-disciples. They were hostile to republicanism; she was like-minded, desiring the old institutions to be reformed, not destroyed. They had protested against the trial and execution of the king; she had done the same. To her view, as to that of all the Presbyterians, England and Scotland were united by the sacred bonds of covenant. With these sentiments and feelings, she regarded with the utmost repugnance a war with Scotland, especially upon the grounds on which it had been declared, and she importuned Fairfax by all the arguments she could devise to resign his command. She prevailed. Influenced by her persuasions he began to express scruples of conscience as to the contemplated expedition, though at first, it would appear, it had met with his approval. "The Lord-general Fairfax, being advised with herein," says Whitelocke, "seemed at first to like well of it, but afterwards, being hourly persuaded by the Presbyterian ministers and his own lady, who was a great patroness of them, he declared himself unsatisfied that there was a just ground for the parliament of England to send their army to invade Scotland; but, in case the Scots should invade England, then he was forward to engage against them in defence of his own country."¹

To remove his difficulties, and to satisfy him as to the justice and lawfulness of this undertaking, that he might not throw up his commission, the council of state appointed a committee, consisting of Cromwell, Lambert, Harrison, Whitelocke, and St. John, to confer with him. But by all the arguments the committee² could urge, his determination was

¹ *Memorials*, p. 455. See also Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 271.

² The conference of the committee, which met in a room in Whitehall, is given at considerable length in Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 455, 456.

not to be altered. Equally ineffectual were the endeavours of other parties to bend him from his resolution of abandoning his post. "Colonel Hutchinson," says Mrs. Hutchinson, "and other parliament men, hearing of his intentions the night before [he resigned his commission], and knowing that he would thus level the way to Cromwell's ambitious designs, went to him and laboured to dissuade him, which they had effected, but that the Presbyterian ministers wrought with him to do it. He expressed that he believed God laid him aside, as not being worthy of more, nor of the glory which was already given him." This purpose of Fairfax's, so inflexibly adhered to, of resigning his high military position, Mrs. Hutchinson cannot record without betraying her republican acerbity of feeling, not so much against him as against his wife and her Presbyterian chaplains, who, she believed, had incited him to take this step from spite at the parliament. "When the parliament's army," says she, "were just marching out [for Scotland], my Lord Fairfax, persuaded by his wife and her chaplains, threw up his commission at such a time when it could not have been done more spitefully and ruinously to the whole parliament interest."¹

On the 12th of June he sent in his resignation to the parliament, who, having accepted it, constituted Cromwell captain-general and commander-in-chief of the forces of England. Thus did the brilliant career of Fairfax in the service of the parliament, in which he had so often conducted their armies to victory, terminate, and thus was Cromwell elevated to a position which, in a republic whose existence and stability depended entirely upon the army, was the chief step by which he ascended to the summit of sovereign power in the state. Cromwell was indeed the man suited for the times. Fairfax, though an able and an accomplished general, had no talent for conducting government. Cromwell not only shone as a consummate commander but was unrivalled as a statesman.

¹ Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson*, vol. ii. p. 170-172.

The glory of Fairfax's name has been somewhat eclipsed by the superior lustre of that of Cromwell. Yet posterity can never let his name sink into oblivion, or deny him the renown he earned by achievements, the fruit of hard toil, self-immolating devotion, intrepid energy, and high military ability.

Fairfax, to the high gratification of Lady Fairfax, now retired from public life; and a pension of £5000 was granted him by parliament in reward for his services. He and Lady Fairfax now settled down with their daughter Mary upon his estates in Yorkshire. Here they had four different residences, Bishop's Hall, Denton, Bilborow, and Nun Appleton, whither they could retire by turns, all of them delightful, replenished with everything fitted to regale the senses, and to gratify the taste for the beauties of nature. But they resided mostly at Nun Appleton House, situated about eight and a half miles south-west from York, and which the celebrated poet, Andrew Marvel, afterwards assistant Latin secretary to Milton, under Cromwell, has commemorated in a lengthened poem addressed to Lord Fairfax.¹ In this seclusion Fairfax and his wife lived in the uninterrupted enjoyment of domestic happiness; and though when now removed from public view he was soon almost forgotten—so fleeting and worthless is the breath of popular fame—by the celebrity of other actors, who, in those stirring times, appeared on the public stage, and attracted the public gaze and the public admiration, she yet felt happier, as he himself did, in this retirement, and in seeing him occupied in agricultural pursuits, in the agreeable recreation of letters, classical and sacred, in the cultivation of the devout affections, and in the performance of the duties of devotion, the years gliding quietly away, than she had done when in the midst of the exciting scenes of war and victory, which had made his military fame to resound throughout Europe.

¹ Marvel's Works, vol. iii. p. 198.

Lady Fairfax, as we have seen, had no partiality for Cromwell. She looked upon him as the capital agent in the trial and execution of the late king, in her judgment a most flagitious crime. His marching at the head of an army against her Scottish Presbyterian friends, because they had taken measures for the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his fathers, and his success in subduing them, strengthened her disaffection. The manner in which he treated Lord Fairfax, who had contributed more than any other man to the triumph of the cause of the parliament, poured fresh oil on the flame of her resentment. Not that Cromwell spake of him, or in his intercourse with him departed himself in any other way than with the utmost respect; but then, the highest honour he conferred upon him was to place him on some of the unimportant commissions of the country; which she as well as Lord Fairfax regarded as a sort of degradation, as a slight put upon his talents and services. Neglects and affronts of this sort were not easily digested. Lady Fairfax was most vehement in her indignation; but Fairfax was far from taking them coolly.

Lord and Lady Fairfax had engaged Marvel, who was not less distinguished for his high moral worth than for his genius as a poet and for his knowledge of languages, to be tutor to their daughter, and he remained in the family in this capacity till 1653.¹ The affections of Lady and Lord Fairfax were entwined around this their only surviving child. She deserved their love, and was the joy of their hearts, the more so that they were now free from the pursuits and agitations of ambition. Marvel, who was much interested in his pupil, eulogizes her virtues in the poem just referred to.

“For she to higher beauties rais’d,
Disdains to be for lesser prais’d,
She counts her beauty to converse
In all the languages as hers;

¹ Todd's *Life of Milton*, 1826, p. 163.

Nor yet in those herself employs,
 But for the wisdom not the noise ;
 Nor yet that wisdom would affect,
 But as 'tis heaven's dialect."

He then attributes her promising good qualities to the religious influences by which she was surrounded, and to the conscientious and pious care of both her parents in cultivating her mind, and heart, and feelings.

"This 'tis to have been from the first
 In a domestic heaven nurs'd,
 Under the discipline severe
 Of FAIRFAX and the starry VERE:
 Where not one object can come nigh
 But pure and spotless as the eye ;
 And goodness doth itself entail
 On females, if there want a male."

He next augurs for her a happy matrimonial alliance suitable to her rank and virtues.

"Hence she with graces more divine,
 Supplies beyond her sex the line ;
 And like a sprig of mistletoe,
 On the Fairfacian oak doth grow ;
 Whence, for some universal good,
 The priest shall cut the sacred bud ;
 While her glad parents most rejoice,
 And make their destiny their choice."

The date of Lady Fairfax's death we have not been able to discover. She had died, it would appear, before the restoration of Charles II., and probably before the autumn of the year 1657, the time of her daughter's marriage.

Fairfax, who, towards the close of the protectorate of Cromwell, began to meditate the restoration of the monarchy in the line of the house of Stuart, and who was prepared, whenever a favourable opportunity occurred for changing the government, to throw the whole weight of his influence into the scale for the accomplishment of that object,¹ was at the head of the commissioners sent, May 18, 1660, by the par-

¹ Thurloe, State Papers, vol. vi. p. 616, 703.

liament to wait upon Charles II. at Breda, and attend him to England. After the restoration he witnessed the ceremony of the coronation of Charles II. He then retired again to his retreat at Nun Appleton, having no ambition to take any active part in the affairs of state; for which indeed he was in a great measure unfitted from bodily infirmities. The fatigues, journeyings, wounds, loss of blood, extremes of heat and cold he had sustained in the civil war, had impaired his constitution and brought on the infirmities of premature old age. He suffered much from gout and stone, and during the last seven years of his life he was deprived by gout of the ability to walk. His sufferings, as we learn from his correspondence, he bore with much Christian patience and fortitude, cultivating an exemplary spirit of genuine piety, and humble resignation to the will of God.¹ The most of his time he occupied in religious duties, and in reading books in various languages, for he excelled in the knowledge of languages, especially modern, and he left behind him several volumes in his own handwriting of translations he had made from various works. Thus disciplined by personal affliction and reflection, how modest, in the retrospect, the estimate he formed of the most brilliant part of his history, and of the emptiness of military fame, now when he had long since relinquished the theatre of the world! "But as for myself," he writes, "and what I have done, I may say with Solomon, I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labour that I had laboured to do, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit. For there is no remembrance of the wise more than the fool for ever, seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall be forgotten."²

The illness of which he died was a fever, and it was of short continuance. On the last morning of his life he called for a Bible, saying that his eyes were growing dim, and he read the 42d Psalm, "As the hart panteth after the water-

¹ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. i. p. cxiv.

² *Short Memorial*, p. 91.

brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," &c. He died on the 2d of November, 1671, in the sixtieth year of his age. He was buried in the south aisle, close to the chancel of Bilbury church, near York. Here, too, Lady Fairfax had been interred. Over their graves a monument was erected to their memory, bearing the following simple inscription:—

“Here lye the Bodies of the Right Honourable Thomas Lord Fairfax of Denton, Baron Camerone, who died November 2d, 1671, in the sixtieth year of his age. And of Anne his wife, daughter and co-heir of Horatio Lord Vere, Baron of Tilbury. He had issue—Mary, Duchess of Buckingham, and Elizabeth. ‘The memory of the just is blessed.’”

The history of MARY, daughter of Lord and Lady Fairfax, may here be briefly narrated. Reference has already been made to her childhood and domestic training.

She found a suitor in George Villiers, second Duke of Buckingham. This nobleman, on his return from his travels on the Continent in 1648, at which time he had reached his majority, was perhaps the richest subject of the kingdom. But having joined the ranks of the royalists in the second civil war which then broke out, he became obnoxious to the parliament, which declared his estates to be forfeited; and a considerable part of them, amounting to about £4000 a-year, was bestowed on Fairfax.¹ Disappointed in obtaining the hand of Frances, the youngest daughter of Cromwell, Buckingham, with the view of recovering a portion of his hereditary estates, formed the project of wedding the daughter of Fairfax. He had never yet seen the young lady, nor does he appear to have been personally acquainted with Fairfax; but he notwithstanding came over to England in the hope of being able to accomplish his purpose, though at the risk of the loss of his personal liberty had he fallen into the hands of Cromwell,

¹ Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil War*. Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iii. p. 184.

against whose person and government he had entered into conspiracies, impelled by resentment at the repulse he had encountered on asking from his highness Frances for his wife.

“He came, saw, and conquered.” Mary was at once attracted by the charms of a nobleman who was accounted the most accomplished and beautiful man to be seen in any court of Europe. Her father favoured the proposed match,¹ influenced in part, there is reason to believe, by sentiments of compassion and equity, as the duke would thus be put in possession of a large part of his estates, of which Fairfax was in possession. The duke’s unstable, turbulent, and profligate character was a serious objection, but Mary’s father and friends probably conceived that having had restored to him the wealth which was formerly his by inheritance, he would cease from the ruinous intrigues and conspiracies into which resentment against the parliament for his forfeiture had driven him; that increasing years and more mature reflection would correct the errors of impetuous and thoughtless youth; and that subdued by the amiable and prudent virtues of his wife, he would settle down into a quiet, decorous, and orderly manner of life.

The marriage was celebrated September 24, 1657, at Nun Appleton, with suitable demonstrations of joy and festivity.

From his plots against the person and government of Cromwell, there was ground for apprehension that the duke’s personal liberty was in danger. Cromwell had indeed promised that, were it necessary, an act of parliament should be passed permitting him to reside in England. But notwithstanding this promise, an order was issued by the council, after the marriage, whether with the privacy of the protector is uncertain, for apprehending him, and carrying him a

¹ Some alleged, but the allegation may have had no foundation, “that my Lady Vere made the match, and went purposely with four ministers in a coach with her into Yorkshire, to persuade you [Lord Fairfax] to it.”—Letter to Lord Fairfax by an unknown person, in Thurloe’s *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 617.

prisoner to the island of Jersey. The order was not executed; and at last Buckingham was allowed to reside with his consort at York House in the Strand, the place of his birth.¹

Mary's union with the duke was productive of little happiness to her and her friends. When Fairfax after the marriage, in an interview with Cromwell, earnestly besought that the government should not interfere with the personal liberty of the duke, Cromwell remonstrated with him on the imprudence of marrying his daughter to such a man. Fairfax laboured to justify himself, and was willing to believe that the duke was a better man than the world took him to be.² Well would it have been for young Mary had he been so. But the duke was a character not to be reclaimed either by adversity or prosperity—prodigal, profligate beyond redemption, and only giving the looser reins to his vicious propensities the greater the scope afforded by the abundance of his riches.³ His portrait by Dryden, who, as well as Pope, has made him the object of his satire, is a faithful likeness:—

“A man so various that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
 But in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
 Nothing went unrewarded—but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.”

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. v. p. 511; and vol. vi. p. 61, 363, 616, 617. Buckingham's Works, Evans' edit. Life prefixed.

² Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vi. p. 580.

³ He “had in his prosperity £25,000 a year in England and Ireland. Mr. Traylor, that was surveyor-general, and his servant, told me so. June, 1653.”—Extract from one of Richard Symonds's pocket-books, preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British museum, no. 991; quoted in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1816, vol. lxxvi. p. 493.

With such a man the life of his wife could not be otherwise than unhappy. From her acknowledged virtues he indeed generally treated her with a respect amounting to tenderness, indifferent as he was to her person. But his desertions and infidelities must have inflicted on her heart many a pang, though she bore with them far beyond what most women would have done. "The Duchess of Buckingham," says Madame Dunois, "has merit and virtue. She is little, brown, and lean;¹ but had she been the most beautiful of her sex, the being his wife would have been alone sufficient to have inspired him with dislike. Though she knew he was always intriguing, yet she never spoke of it, and had complaisance enough to entertain his mistresses, and even to lodge them in her house: and all this she suffered because she loved him."

When a proclamation was issued for apprehending him for conspiracy against the person and government of Charles II., such was her solicitude for his safety, that she overtook and outrode the serjeant-at-arms on his way to arrest the duke at his house at Westhorp, where he concealed himself, and by a timely warning she enabled the duke to make his escape.²

In his profligate career the duke formed a scandalous intimacy with the Countess of Shrewsbury.³ This led to a duel between him and the Earl of Shrewsbury,⁴ fought on the 17th of January, 1668, in which the earl was run through

¹ De Grammont styles her a "short, fat body;" and the old Lady de Longueville, who lived to be near 100 years old, and who had seen her in her youth, "describes her," says Bishop Percy in his MS. notes to Langbaine, "as a little round crumpled woman, very fond of finery. She remembered paying her a visit when the duchess was in mourning, at which time she found her lying on a sofa, with a kind of loose robe over her, all edged or laced with gold."—Jesse's *Court of England*, vol. iv. p. 81-83.

² Pepys' *Diary*, vol. iii. p. 160.

³ Anna Maria, eldest daughter of Robert Brudinel, Earl of Cardigan. She was the Earl of Shrewsbury's second wife. She afterwards married George Rodney Bridges, Esq., of Hampshire. She died April 20, 1702.

⁴ Francis Talbot, eleventh Earl of Shrewsbury.

the body from the right breast to the shoulder, causing his death, which took place on March the 16th following. Scarcely had two months elapsed from his death when Buckingham took his infamous paramour to his own house. The duchess, who could not repress her indignation at this base treatment—and what woman of spirit would?—said to him that she and her rival could not possibly live together. “So I thought, Madam,” was the heartless reply, “and have therefore ordered your coach to convey you to your father.” The duke, it would appear, got his chaplain to marry him to the countess, which, of course, was useless and illegal. The lawful wife was afterwards styled by the courtiers the duchess dowager.¹

The duke retired before his death to Helmesley in Yorkshire, and he died in Kirkby Moorside, in 1687, from a cold contracted by inconsiderately sitting down on the wet grass after a fox hunt. He did not die in a wretched ale-house as has been asserted by various authors,² but, as has been testified by an eye-witness, in the best house of Kirkby Moorside, which neither then was nor ever had been an ale-house.³ At first he did not believe that he was in danger, and refused to allow a clergyman to visit him; but at last he consented that the minister of the parish church should be called in; and yielding to persuasion he received the sacrament from the hands of the minister with great decency and seeming devotion.⁴ The minister inquired at him what religion he professed. “It is an insignificant question,” answered the dying man, “for I have been a disgrace to all religions: if you can do me any good, do.”⁵ How different had been the lives, and how different the death-bed scenes of the Duke of Buckingham and of his father-in-law Lord Fairfax!

The duke died overwhelmed with debt, and left the duchess

¹ Jesse's *Court of England*, vol. iii. p. 492.

² As Pope, who has a poem on the subject, Echard, and Bishop Kennet. —Ellis's *Corresp.* vol. i. p. 275.

³ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. iv. p. 269.

⁴ *Ibid.*

⁵ Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 842.

beset with clamorous creditors and in circumstances so depressed, that she was driven to the last extremity to sustain herself. In a letter to her cousin the fifth Lord Fairfax, dated Pall Mall, 28th September, 1700, she observes, "I need not tell your lordship of the great difficulties I have met withal by the violent proceedings at law of my lord duke's creditors, with whom I was at last forced to come to an agreement, and to pass away my estate at Nun Appleton in trust for their benefit upon the consideration of five-and-twenty hundred pounds reserved to be paid me (for payment of my debts) upon the sale of the estate." She was desirous to sell that estate in order to obtain relief, and with this view begs permission for a counsel to inspect certain documents in his lordship's possession, namely, her mother's marriage settlement, and her father's settlement of Nun Appleton.¹ But by her parents' marriage settlement this estate was to descend to her male child, failing which to the heirs of Lord Fairfax, her great-grandfather. And though by the last settlement of her father, made about April 23, 1666, he gave Bolton and Nun Appleton to the duchess and the duke, yet it was only for life, being in lieu of the £5000, the portion to which she was entitled by the marriage contract of her parents, and on her death and that of the duke these estates were to descend to the heirs of her body, failing which, they were to descend to the heirs of her great-grandfather.² Finding that it was not in her power to sell these estates she readily parted with her interest in them.³

The duchess died on the 20th of October, 1704, in the sixty-sixth year of her age, near St. James's, Westminster, and was interred beside the duke in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, Westminster Abbey. Brian Fairfax in a letter to "Mr. Charles Fairfax, student of Christ Church, Oxford," dated October 21, 1704, thus informs him of her death:—"It hath

¹ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. iv. p. 255, 256, 259, 261, 264, 266.

² *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 257.

³ *Ibid.* vol. iv. p. 261.

pleased God to take to himself, out of a painful life, the Duchess of Buckingham, who died October 20th, at four in the morning, at her house near the Mews, at St. James's, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was an example of virtue and piety in a vicious age and a debauched court; and in all her pains and sickness, of great patience and Christian courage. She had no estate but what was part of the duke's, and goes to them that purchased the lands, and what she had for her life of her father's estate in Yorkshire, which comes to my Lord Fairfax. What she had more was little or nothing, which I suppose she has given to my Lady Betty Windsor, who attended her in her sickness. I suppose she will be buried by her husband in the Abbey. My Lord Fairfax went the day before her death to Leeds Castle, and Brian with him, intending the next week, both of them for Yorkshire, which he will now do, to take possession of what comes to him by her death, about £700 or £800 per annum."¹

¹ *Fairfax Corresp.* vol. iv. p. 240.

ELIZABETH STEWARD,

MOTHER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

ELIZABETH STEWARD, or STUART, was the daughter of William Steward, Esq., in Ely, a man of wealth, who farmed the church tithes and lands around that city, and who was descended from the same stock with the royal family of the Stuarts. The descent of Charles I. is traced to Walter, the eldest son of James, Lord High Steward of Scotland. Walter married Marjory, the eldest daughter of King Robert Bruce, sister and heiress of David II., King of Scotland, who had no issue; and their son Robert II. was the first of the Kings of Scotland of the name of Stuart. The descent of Cromwell's mother is traced to Andrew Steward, the third son of James, Lord High Steward of Scotland. She was thus related by the father's side to Charles I., being his cousin in the eighth degree, as is now satisfactorily established,¹ which it does not appear to have been in her own time. Neither she nor her son cared about inquiring into the exact degree of this relationship, and little or no inquiry having been made, it rested rather upon tradition than upon evidence derived from authentic documents. She was too humble a woman to lay much stress upon the fact that she was related to the sovereigns of England. This the admirers and flatterers of her celebrated son blazoned, but he himself attached to it little importance. His relationship to the Stuarts was too distant to afford a basis to rest his authority

Noble's Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell,

upon, which, as he had acquired it by his own military and political abilities, required to be maintained by the same means; and to have made an ostentatious display of the connection would only have tended to awaken feelings to his own disadvantage, by obtruding on the public view the fact that the monarch whom he had brought to the block was his own kinsman.

Elizabeth was first married to William Lynne, son and heir-apparent of John Lynne of Bassingborne in Cambridge-shire. The union lasted only for the short period of about a year. Lynne died July 27, 1589, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral of Ely, where a tomb-stone, which still stands, was erected to his memory by his sorrowful widow, as we learn from the Latin inscription, in which also is commemorated a daughter she had to him, named Catharine, who died March 17, 1590-91. She was left with a jointure of £60 a year.¹

In the second year of her widowhood she was married to Robert Cromwell, a younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, Knight.² To him she had three sons³ (one of whom died in infancy), and seven daughters.

Their united fortunes, inherited from their parents, together with her jointure left her by her first husband, being inadequate to support their numerous family, they suppl-

¹ Forster's *Life of Cromwell*.

² Sir Henry, who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in the year 1563, was the eldest son and heir of Sir Richard Cromwell, Knight, whose father's name was Morgan Williams, a Welsh gentleman of respectable property, and whose mother was a sister of the famous Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Henry VIII. Sir Richard, who was the eldest son of Morgan Williams, assumed the surname of Cromwell. He was knighted by Henry VIII., who also gifted to him the estate of Hinchinbrook, in the county of Huntingdon. The splendid mansion of Hinchinbrook, situated on the left bank of the Ouse, half a mile west of Huntingdon, became henceforth the family seat of the Cromwells.—Noble.

³ The sons were—1. Henry, born August 31, 1595; died young—before 1617. 2. Oliver, born April 25, 1599. 3. Robert, born January 18, 1608-9; died in April following. The daughters will be afterwards noticed.

mented their resources by conducting a large brewing establishment at Huntingdon. The house in which they resided was one of the most considerable in the borough. It was built of stone, with Gothic windows and projecting attics. It had attached to it an excellent garden, and had extensive back premises, in which the brewery was conducted. The property was purchased by Robert Cromwell for carrying on this business, which had been previously established by a Mr. Philip Clamp.¹

The brewing establishment is said to have been superintended chiefly by Mrs. Cromwell, who entirely inspected the accounts of the servants. "Robert Cromwell," says Dugdale, "though he was, by the countenance of his eldest brother, Sir Oliver, made a justice of the peace in Huntingdonshire,² had but a slender estate, much of his support being a brewhouse in Huntingdon, chiefly managed by his wife."³ "The brewhouse," says Heath, who, though the vituperator of the Protector, seems disposed to do justice to the memory of the Protector's ancestors and relatives, "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 . . . thought it no disparagement to sustain the estate and post of a younger brother, as Mr. Robert Cromwell was, by those lawful means, however not so reputable as other gains and trades are accounted."⁴

To superintend a large establishment of this sort, while

¹ The records of Robert Cromwell's purchase of the brewery and of its management are still in existence. The house continued to stand till 1810, when, to make way for extensive improvements, it was demolished. Previously to that date the chamber in which the Protector was born, which had remained unaltered, was pointed out, and formed an object of attraction to strangers.—*Russell's Life of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 19.

² He served also as one of the bailiffs of his native town, and represented the borough of Huntingdon in one of Queen Elizabeth's parliaments.

³ *Short View of the Recent Troubles*, p. 459.

⁴ *Flagellum*, p. 15.

rearing a numerous family, bespoke a woman of no common activity, and it was probably from his mother that Oliver Cromwell inherited the qualities which raised him so conspicuously above all the men of his time. The royalist satirists made it matter of reproach to him that his parents conducted the business of a brewery. But why should this be regarded as reflecting any discredit either upon him or upon them? Their industrious efforts honestly to maintain their family were no degradation, but rather founded a claim to respect, and the Protector was never ashamed of his parents.

He had no reason to be ashamed of them. They were persons of great worth, honoured for the blamelessness of their deportment, and for their integrity in all their transactions; and they are said to have been disaffected neither to the Established church nor to the civil government. His enemies in their most vehement invectives never brought a charge of anything dishonourable against them. On the contrary, they unite in bearing testimony to them as exemplary in their lives, and as commended by all around them for their prudent frugality in maintaining, in a style not unsuitable to their birth and condition, their numerous family. Mrs. Cromwell was much beloved by her own relations and by those of her husband, particularly by his brother, Sir Oliver.

In 1617 she again became a widow, Mr. Cromwell having died in June that year.¹ Left the sole protectress of her numerous children, she presented the interesting spectacle of a woman who, endowed in no common degree with the faculty of self-reliance, laudably exerted her wisely-directed and well-sustained energies in maintaining them in comfort. She continued to conduct the brewery at Huntingdon on her own account; and, by her prudence and talents for business, not only brought them up in respectability and well educated,

¹ His remains were deposited at St. John's, in Huntingdon, June, 24. — Noble, vol. i. p. 96.

but provided for each of her six surviving daughters handsome fortunes, chiefly derived from the profits of her brewing establishment.

Related by parentage and marriage to ancient and dignified families, Mrs. Cromwell occupied a place among the gentry of the county of Huntingdon. Her house was the resort of persons of fortune and quality; and she had the happiness to see all her daughters, who grew up to womanhood, married, except one who died single, into families of wealth and position. They appear to have been married early, and several of them were married more than once.¹

Her son Oliver before his marriage resided with her, and after that event, which was celebrated in the autumn of the year 1620, his own private resources being probably insufficient to keep up a separate establishment, he brought his wife home to Huntingdon to his mother's house, and here they took up their abode with her and such of the sisters as had not yet been married; how many is uncertain, for the dates of their respective marriages have not been preserved. He now seems to have taken an active part in conducting the business of his mother's brewery.

Mrs. Cromwell's house now became the retreat of the principal Puritans, both ministers and laymen. After his

¹ The following is a list of her daughters:—1. Joan, baptized Sept. 24, 1592; died 1600. 2. Elizabeth, baptized Oct. 14, 1593; died unmarried, it is supposed in 1672, at Ely. 3. Catharine, baptized Feb. 7, 1596-7; married first to Roger Whetstone, a parliamentary officer, next to Colonel John Jones, member of parliament for Merionethshire, who was executed in 1661 for having been one of the king's judges. 4. Margaret, baptized Feb. 25, 1600-1; married to Colonel Valentine Wauton, or Walton, Esq., of Stourton, Huntingdonshire, who died in exile. She had a son who was killed at the battle of Marston Moor. 5. Anna, baptized Jan. 2, 1602-3; married to John Sewster of Wistow, Huntingdonshire, died Nov. 1, 1646. 6. Jane, baptized Jan. 19, 1605-6; married to John Desborough, Cambridgeshire, one of the Protector's major-generals; is supposed to have died in 1656. 7. Robina, married first to Dr. Peter French; secondly to Dr. John Wilkins, Bishop of Chester, celebrated as a mathematician. Her daughter by French, her only child, became the wife of Archbishop Tillotson.—Noble.

marriage Oliver, having experienced a great religious change, connected himself with the puritan party, of which he came to be regarded as the chieftain in his native county, and this brought many of the leading men of that party to the house. He is said to have erected or appropriated a building behind the house as a chapel for the meetings of the Puritans, in which he himself sometimes took up the word of exhortation and prayer. This building was pointed out to strangers till 1810. His mother as well as his wife and sisters were no doubt often present at these conventicles.

In the year 1631 Mrs. Cromwell, to enable Oliver to engage in farming operations on a somewhat extended scale, concurred with him in the sale of certain houses, lands, and tithes which had belonged to her husband as his family inheritance (not in perpetuity but for a large number of years, according to an ancient custom), and out of which she had a small jointure.¹ By the sale £1800 was realized. With the proceeds Oliver stocked a grazing farm at St. Ives, whither with his wife and family he shortly after went to reside.

Well advanced in years, Mrs. Cromwell now withdrew from taking part in business. But she did not change her place of residence. Her active form was still to be seen at Huntingdon; old remembrances and old associations connected therewith were too fondly clung to, to permit her to leave what had been the paradise of her earliest years, where the sky was brighter, and the fields more lovely, and everything more attractive than in any other place.

After Oliver's removal to St. Ives, she had often the pleasure of seeing him at Huntingdon, which was only a few miles

¹ The various properties specified in the deed of sale, which is dated May 7, 1631, and which are represented as now or lately in the possession of "Elizabeth Cromwell, widow," or her son Oliver Cromwell, are "the capital messuage called the Augustine Friars, within the borough or town of Huntingdon," three cottages or tenements, with a malthouse, several acres of land, and the rectory and parsonage of Hartford, in the said county, with the tithes of the same.—Noble.

distant. He frequently attended the old church in that town, and most of his children, born after his removal, were baptized there, probably for the simple reason that his good old mother was still living at Huntingdon. He wished to cheer her in her declining years by frequent visits. She would have felt unhappy had he not often come to see her. She was an affectionate mother to all her children, but her greatest tenderness was lavished upon him, and to her he was always a most dutiful and affectionate son. Calm scenes were these for him, and for her too, compared with those which were to follow some years later. It is worthy of notice that most of her daughters' children, also, the Waltons, the Desboroughs, and the Sewsters, were brought for baptism to Huntingdon.¹ This fact throws an additional charm around her character. It testifies that she was a large, warm-hearted woman; that she took a maternal interest in the domestic concerns of all her children; and that all of them seemed to vie with each other in expressing their attachment to her and in doing her honour.

Upon his exaltation to sovereign power Oliver appropriated to her apartments in the palace of Whitehall, where she preserved the simple unostentatious habits of her former life. His elevation did not add to her happiness. His power rested on the sword; he was surrounded by numerous enemies, and many plots were formed against his life. This could not be concealed from the sagacious eye of an affectionate mother, and she was kept in a state of unceasing agitation and anxiety lest he might one day fall by the musket or dagger of an assassin. So great and constant were her apprehensions of his danger, that she was unsatisfied if she did not see him once every day, and she never heard the report of a gun, but, dreading some catastrophe, she exclaimed in terror, "My son is shot."² We need not wonder then that she looked back with a covetous eye to the humbler

¹ Noble.

² Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 47.

condition of her former days, and that the splendours of power and of royalty, which dazzle the eyes of many, appeared to her a mockery and a delusion. Averse as she was to her son's assumption of the Protectorate, she seldom obtruded on him her advice. When at times she did so, he always heard her with much deference and attention; but thinking that she was unacquainted with state affairs, he notwithstanding followed the course which his own judgment suggested and approved.¹

This amiable woman died at Whitehall, November 16, 1654, at the advanced age of 94, worn out by the decay of nature rather than carried off by disease. A little before her death, having called her distinguished and beloved son to her bedside, stretching forth her withered hands, she invoked the blessing of God upon him, and took farewell of him in these words—"The Lord cause his face to shine upon you, and comfort you in all your adversities, and enable you to do great things for the glory of the most high God, and to be a relief unto his people. My dear son, I leave my heart with thee. Good night!"² At this pious and affectionate benediction from her dying lips, Cromwell was deeply affected. "It has been often said," says Dr. Vaughan, "that we find small trace of Cromwell's intellectual power among his descendants, except in the female branch; and there is a dignity of feeling in the above benediction which may well suggest that the female ancestors of the Protector, as well as his female descendants, were not common persons."³

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol.-ii. p. 47.

² Letter of Secretary Thurloe to Mr. Pell, dated November 17, 1654, in Vaughan's *Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 81.

³ Noble, writing 1784, describes a portrait of Mrs. Cromwell at Hinchinbrook House, which, if we may judge of the qualities of the mind from physiognomy, confirms what history records of her worth. It represents her in the middle of life. The countenance is engaging and unassuming, wearing a tinge of melancholy. The mouth is small and sweet, yet full and firm, indicating tenderness united with energy of character. The nose is somewhat long. The eyes are large, and apparently weak. The hair,

In her last moments Mrs. Cromwell expressed it as her wish that she might be buried privately without pomp and ceremony in some country churchyard, and that she might by no means be interred in Westminster Abbey, which she had some reason to fear her son, with the view of doing her honour, intended to make her last resting-place. With this wish, so much in harmony with the unambitious modesty of her nature, Cromwell did not choose to comply. He caused her remains to be conveyed with great solemnity, and attended with many hundred torches, though it was daylight, to the mausoleum of the Kings of England in Henry VII.'s Chapel, where they were deposited.¹ The funeral was conducted with all or more than the magnificence of the funerals of English queens. The great expense, which was defrayed from the public purse, gave mighty offence to the republicans.² The honour which the Protector put upon his deceased mother by interring her with English monarchs excited surprise abroad. A correspondent in a letter dated Paris, December 16, 1654 (N. S.), says, "It is much admired here why the Protector's mother should be buried in Westminster, a place for the kings and those of the royal blood in time past."³ It was supposed, it would appear, that so deadly an enemy of kings as Cromwell had shown himself to be would have disdained to mingle his own ashes, or those of his dearest relatives, with the ashes of monarchs, or at least with the ashes of the ancestors of the unhappy monarch whom he had brought to the scaffold.

Marvel, in his poem entitled "The First Anniversary of the Government under his Highness the Lord Protector," pays a becoming tribute of respect to the memory of the Protector's mother:—

only a little of which is seen, is a light brown, bordering upon flaxen. And the whole expression diffused over the face is that of a gentle, genial, and an affectionate heart.—*Memoirs*, &c., vol. i. p. 102.

¹ Oldmixon, *Hist. of England*, p. 422.

² Ludlow's *Memoirs*.

³ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 9.

“And thou, great Cromwell, for whose happy birth
A mould was chosen out of better earth,
Whose saint-like mother we did lately see
Live out an age long as a pedigree;
That she might seem, could we the fall dispute,
T’have smelt the blossom, and not eat the fruit;
Though none does of more lasting parents grow,
But never any did them honour so.”¹

Her remains were not permitted to repose in the dormitory of the Kings of England. As if to permit the ashes not only of her son, the regicide, the destroyer of monarchy, the usurper, but of any of his kindred, to mingle with theirs, were an insult to the mighty dead, or disturbed their rest, or polluted them and the place of their sepulture, her body soon after the Restoration was ignominiously disinterred. By a royal warrant, dated Whitehall, September 9, 1661, under the hand of Sir Edward Nicholas, secretary of state, it was taken up on the 12th of September, along with the corpses of many others “who had been unwarrantably interred in Henry VII.’s Chapel, and other the chapels and places within the collegiate church of Westminster, since the year 1641,” and was thrown into a pit dug in St. Margaret’s Churchyard, Westminster, “near the back door of one of the prebendaries.”²

¹ Marvel’s Works, vol. iii. p. 504.

² See the warrant and the list of the names of the persons, amounting to twenty-one, whose corpses were ordered to be disinterred, in *Collectanea Topographica Britannica*, vol. viii. p. 152. In the list, besides Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell, are “Sir William Constable, Mrs. Desborough, Anne Fleetwood, Col. Robert Blake, Mr. John Pym, Mrs. Bradshaw, Dr. Twiss, and Steven Marshall.”

ELIZABETH BOURCHIER,

WIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HER BIRTH TO HER QUARREL WITH MRS. LAMBERT.

ELIZABETH BOURCHIER, who was born about the year 1598, was the daughter of Sir James Bourchier, of Felsted, in Essex, Knight. Some writers incorrectly represent her father as descended from the Bourchiers, Earls of Essex. It is more probable that he was come of some of the London city merchants, and his father or ancestors, it has been suggested, from some of their quarterings and cognizances, may have been furriers. So recently had the family risen into importance that he was the first of them who was honoured with a coat of arms, which was granted him in October, 1610, viz., sable, three ounces passant in pale, or spotted. His usual residence was at his property near Felsted in Essex, but he had a house in London where the family resided during the winter months. It was probably in London that Oliver Cromwell first got acquainted with his daughter Elizabeth, when Oliver was sent up by his mother to the metropolis to acquire some knowledge of law. Their acquaintanceship ripened into affectionate intimacy, and to their union there appears to have been no opposition by the friends on either side.

They were married at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate,

London, August 22, 1620. At their marriage Elizabeth was about twenty-four years of age, and Cromwell upwards of twenty-one. She is said to have brought him a considerable fortune, and three days after the marriage he entered into a defeasance of statute staple to Thomas Morley,¹ citizen and leather seller, London, in £4000, 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 tithes," in the county of Huntingdon. This deed is still in existence.²

In Elizabeth Bouchier Cromwell found an affectionate, amiable, and virtuous wife. Some years after their marriage, when he felt the pressure of pecuniary difficulties, she surrendered her jointure and the fortune she had brought him, for his relief. Before their elevation, their resources being limited, she was active and prudent in the management of her household, "capable of descending to the kitchen with propriety, as she was afterwards of acting in her exalted station with dignity."³

In the year 1642, Mrs. Cromwell had the honour of being introduced to Charles I. Charles had then retired to Hampton Court, in consequence of his having incurred the odium of the parliament and people from his attempt to prosecute before the parliament, for high treason, Lord Kimbolton, and five commoners, Sir Arthur Hazlerig, Strode, Pym, Hampden, and Hollis, which three last at least were the leaders of the popular party. It was in these circumstances that Mrs. Cromwell was admitted into the presence of the sovereign at Hampton Court. Ashburnham took her by the hand, and presented her to his majesty, by whom she and her

¹ This was probably a maternal relative of her father's. Her father's mother was Elizabeth, daughter of James Morley, London.

² Noble's *Memoirs*, &c. Forster's *Life of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 37.

³ Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 299.

daughter Mrs. Ireton, and Mrs. Whaley,¹ were afterwards entertained.² The king, with whom Cromwell was then on good terms, little knew that he was entertaining the wife of the man who was to be one of the chief instruments in overthrowing his power, and in condemning him to perish on the scaffold.

To the execution of Charles I. Mrs. Cromwell had no good liking. She earnestly pled with Cromwell to have nothing to do in the trial and condemnation of the king. In an elegy on that tragedy, written at the time, the following lines preserve what was then current, and what has been handed down by tradition, that she shared in the general grief, and that she had done all she could to keep back Cromwell from being in any respect an actor in bringing his sovereign to the block:—

“They made him glorious—but the way
They marked him out was Golgotha,
The tears of our new Pilate’s wife
Could not avail to save his life.
They were outbalanced with the cry
And clamour of a—‘Crucify!’”³

Cromwell had a high esteem and affection for Mrs. Cromwell, as his wife and the mother of his children. He reposed much confidence in her discretion as to domestic affairs. So much importance did he attach to her counsel in the management of these, that notwithstanding his own shrewdness, he was in the habit of taking her advice before he would decide in matters of this kind. In a letter to his friend, Colonel Richard Norton, dated London, April 3, 1648, in reference to his treaty with Richard Mayor of Hursley, preparatory to his son Richard’s marriage with Mayor’s daughter, after specifying part of the terms proposed by Mayor, he says,

¹ Mrs. Whaley was one of Cromwell’s aunts, and the mother of Colonel Whaley, to whose custody the king, while at Hampton Court, was committed.—Forster’s *Life of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 9.

² Jesse’s *Court of England*, vol. iii. p. 142.

³ Miss Strickland’s *Queens of England*, vol. viii. p. 176.

“wherein I desired to be advised by my wife.”¹ But in his public conduct he was not in the habit of consulting her judgment, nor did he make her bosom the depository of his state intrigues; and as to the tragical fate of Charles I., he had become too deeply implicated in the proceedings against the sovereign to render it possible for him to recede with safety.

Mrs. Cromwell did not accompany Cromwell when he set out for Ireland on his Irish campaign, towards the close of the summer of the year 1649. She had the family to superintend at home. The work too, which was to subdue the whole of that kingdom, in which only two towns, Dublin and Derry, held for the Commonwealth, threatened to be rough and sanguinary. Ireland, therefore, Cromwell thought, with its numberless perils and its bloody work, was no desirable place for his wife to be in. During his absence in this campaign, she was honoured by the parliament with a royal residence. In the beginning of the year 1649–50, when he was on a fair way of speedily effecting the subjugation of that kingdom, by horrifying carnage to be sure, but which, horrifying as it was, probably gained the object, from the terror it inspired, with less effusion of blood than if the horrors had been less, the House of Commons, February 25, “resolved, that the Lord-lieutenant of Ireland have the use of the lodgings called the Cockpit, of the Spring Garden, and St. James’s House, and the command of St. James’s Park.”² Mrs. Cromwell with her family accordingly now prepared to remove to the Cockpit, to which we find that Cromwell’s letters to her are afterwards addressed. The Cockpit, it may be observed, was then and for a long time after a sumptuous royal lodging in Whitehall. Here Henry VIII. was wont to witness the very dignified and humane amusement of cock-fighting.³

¹ Carlyle, *Cromwell’s Letters*, vol. i. p. 306.

² Commons’ Journal.

³ It stood till a recent period. The present privy council office now occupies its site.—Carlyle, *Cromwell’s Letters*, vol. i. p. 507.

From his success in Ireland, Cromwell was summoned to England to march against the Scots, who, by proclaiming Charles II. king, not only of Scotland, but also of England and Ireland, had virtually declared war against the Commonwealth. He sailed from Ireland at the end of May, 1650. Mrs. Cromwell now enjoyed his society at the Cockpit for a brief period, but the stern realities of a soldier's life again demanded their separation. He was placed at the head of the expedition against Scotland, and entered that kingdom July 23. The correspondence between Mrs. Cromwell and him during his campaign in Scotland was frequent, though only a few of their letters have been preserved. In her letters to him, which were pervaded by warm affection and Christian feeling, she expressed her solicitude for his safety, the hope that they should meet again in peace and comfort, and besought him not to be unmindful of her and their children. His letters to her were in a similar strain, strictly domestic, not entering at all upon public affairs, which she would learn from his despatches to the parliament; they were simply what was most befitting the outpouring of the tender and devout emotions. The tenor of their epistolary intercourse, unless we adopt the hypothesis that one or both of them were hypocrites—a hypothesis now almost universally abandoned—exhibits them as bound together by the sacred bond of a heavenly union, the love of God enshrined in the heart of each. One of his letters to her was written on the 4th of September, the day after he had engaged with the Scottish army under the command of David Leslie at Dunbar, and had completely routed it, killing 3000, and taking 10,000 prisoners. On that day, besides other letters, he wrote a long letter full of intelligence to "The Honourable William Lenthall, Esq., Speaker of the Parliament of England."¹ He therefore begins with apologizing for the brevity of this communication.

¹ *Cromwelliana*, p. 87-91.

“DUNBAR, September 4, 1650.

“MY DEAREST,—I have not leisure to write much. But I could chide thee, that, in many of thy letters, thou writest to me that I should not be unmindful of thee and thy little ones. Truly, if I love you not too well, I think I err not on the other hand much. Thou art dearer to me than any creature; let that suffice.

The Lord hath showed us an exceeding mercy: who can tell how great it is? My weak faith hath been upheld. I have been in my inward man marvellously supported; though I assure thee, I grow an old man, and feel infirmities of age marvellously stealing upon me. Would my corruptions did as fast decrease! Pray on my behalf in the latter respect, The particulars of our late success Harry Vane or Gilbert Pickering will impart to thee. My love to all dear friends. I rest thine,
OLIVER CROMWELL.”¹

Private communications such as this, which were intended for no eyes but those of Cromwell's wife and children, we don't think it natural to regard as mere sham, pretence, and hypocrisy. If they are the genuine expression of the feelings of the heart, as we take them to be, they show the spirit of Cromwell and his wife. On the achievement of the victory at Dunbar, the emotion uppermost in his mind was that of gratitude to God, and the same emotion he doubted not would animate his wife, on her receiving intelligence of his triumphs.

After this victory he advanced to Edinburgh, where he lodged in the elegant mansion of the Earl of Murray in the Canongate.

During his sojourn in Scotland, Mrs. Cromwell sent to him the following letter:—

“December 27, 1650.

“MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one. I cannot but

¹ Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 52.

think they are miscarried. Truly, if I know my own heart I should as soon neglect myself as to * * *¹ the least thought towards you; in doing of it I must do it to myself. But when I do write, my dear, I seldom have any satisfactory answer, which makes me think my writing is slighted, as well it may; but yet I cannot but think your love covers my weakness and infirmities. I should rejoice to hear your desire in seeing me, but I desire to submit to the providence of God, hoping the Lord, who hath separated us, and hath often brought us together again, will in his good time bring us again, to the praise of his name. Truly, my life is but half a life in your absence, did not the Lord make it up in himself, which I must acknowledge to the praise of his grace. I would you would think to write sometimes to your dear friend, my lord chief-justice,² of whom I have often put you in mind. And truly, my dear, if you would think of what I put you in mind of some, it might be to as much purpose as others, writing sometimes a letter to the president,³ and sometimes to the speaker.⁴ Indeed, my dear, you cannot think the wrong you do yourself in the want of a letter, though it were but seldom. I pray think of, and so rest yours in all faithfulness,

“ELIZ. CROMWELL.”⁵

The characteristic tone of this letter is pious, affectionate, obedient, desirous to please. The advice which Mrs. Cromwell tenders evinces her sound judgment and practical good sense. It was obviously right for Cromwell to keep on an amicable footing with his old friends, the lord chief-justice, the president, and the speaker, and, as she bids him, to let them know his friendliness by dropping them a note of friendship occasionally. Yet she insinuates that her advices

¹ Blank in printed copy.

² Oliver St. John.

³ The Honourable John Bradshaw, President of the Council of State.

⁴ The Honourable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons.

⁵ Milton's *State Papers*, by Nickolls, p. 40.

were not always heeded; and she did not like this apparent indifference or neglect, though Cromwell might plead in excuse his many great occupations.

The next tidings brought her from Scotland was that Cromwell had fallen into a dangerous illness, brought on by anxiety, fatigue, and the severity of a winter march. But as the spring of the following year advanced she had the satisfaction of hearing that he was on the way of recovery. Whilst he was still so ill as to be unable to write himself, she received favourable intelligence in the following letter, dated Edinburgh, March 7 [1650-1], from a gentleman who attended him in Scotland:—

“HONOURABLE MADAM,—Having this occasion of our extraordinary post, I could not omit this opportunity of giving your ladyship some account how my lord-general doth, though I have scarce time to put pen to paper. Truly, Madam, my lord took his rest very well on Tuesday night last, and so (blessed be God!) he hath done every night since, and sometimes in the day-time also; so that he is sensibly better, both in Dr. Goddard’s judgment and also in his own; hath a better stomach, and grows stronger. I intend (God willing) to give a further account by the post to-morrow. In the meantime I humbly beg pardon for this brevity, and rest,” &c.¹

The next letter to her, at this time extant, is from Cromwell himself. It is addressed—“For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These;” and is as follows:—

“[EDINBURGH,] April 12, 1651.

“MY DEAREST,—I praise the Lord I am increased in strength in my outward man: but that will not satisfy me except I get a heart to love and serve my heavenly Father better, and get more of the light of his countenance, which is better

¹ *Cromwelliana*, p. 100.

than life, and more power over my corruptions:—in these hopes I wait, and am not without expectation of a gracious return. Pray for me; truly I do daily for thee and the dear family; and God Almighty bless you all with his spiritual blessings! (Then follow some religious advices, which he bids her put their daughter Betty in mind of, but these we omit here, as they will be quoted in Betty's life.)

“My love to the dear little ones; I pray for grace for them. I thank them for their letters; let me have them often.

“Beware of my Lord Herbert's resort to your house. If he do so, it may occasion scandal, as if I were bargaining with him. Indeed, be wise—you know my meaning. Mind Sir Henry Vane of the business of my estate. Mr. Floyd knows my whole mind in that matter.

“If Dick Cromwell and his wife be with you, my dear love to them. I pray for them; they shall, God willing, hear from me. I love them very dearly. Truly I am not able as yet to write much: I am weary, and rest thine,

“OLIVER CROMWELL.”¹

This letter reflects credit on the Christian character of Mrs. Cromwell. Cromwell evidently believed that she was a woman of piety. Had he not believed that her heart was such as to give a response of sympathy to his pious affections, and conflicts, and aspirations, and hopes, he would not have unfolded to her, as he does, his inward religious experience. Had he not known that she was habituated to the duties of devotion, he would not have solicited, as he does, an interest in her prayers.

A prudential business is recommended to her in this letter. She would have to give to Henry Somerset, Lord Herbert (only or eldest son of Edward, second Marquis of Worcester), a youth of twenty-two years of age, no encouragement to resort to her house. This nobleman, who was advanced to the dignity of Duke of Beaufort in the latter part of the reign

¹ Carlyle's *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 115-117.

of Charles II., was a Papist of the Jesuit school. Were he therefore to appear intimate with the Cromwell family, this might give rise to reports which, however false, might prove inconvenient and injurious. "One stupid annotator on a certain copy of this letter," observes Carlyle, "says 'His lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole;' which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else."

At this time Mrs. Cromwell, it would appear, had a visit from her son Richard and his wife, who from the period of their marriage to the elevation of his father to the protectorate, resided chiefly in retirement at Hursley. Idle fellow! thus to take holiday while his father in Scotland, and his brother Henry, and his brother-in-law Ireton, in Ireland, were doing hard service¹—"fit for nothing but to breed dogs," as he describes himself in a letter to his brother Henry, to whom he sent over to Ireland a few hounds, and thus apologized for the smallness of their number, "for I ought to have made a complete kennel for you, out of my own stock of idle time."²

In the beginning of the next month Mrs. Cromwell received another letter from Cromwell, who was still in the Scottish capital.

"For my beloved wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

EDINBURGH, May 3, 1651.

"MY DEAREST,—I could not satisfy myself to omit this post, although I have not much to write; yet indeed I love to write to my dear, who is very much in my heart. It joys me to hear thy soul prospereth: the Lord increase his favours to thee more and more! The greatest good thy soul can wish is, that the Lord lift upon thee the light of his countenance, which is better than life. The Lord bless all thy good counsel and example to all those about thee, and hear all thy prayers, and accept thee always!

"I am glad to hear thy son and daughter are with thee.

¹ *Cromwelliana*, p. 162.

² Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 58.

I hope thou wilt have some good opportunity of good advice to him. Present my duty to my mother; my love to all the family. Still pray for thine, OLIVER CROMWELL.”¹

Here another testimony is emphatically borne by Cromwell in favour of Mrs. Cromwell—a testimony to her as a wise counsellor, and a pattern in her whole deportment to all about her, as an affectionate mother ever ready to give judicious and seasonable advice to her children. This is perhaps the best of all attestations to her Christian wisdom, virtue, and piety. None could know her better than her husband; and he had been too long married to be blinded by idolatrous passion. She had still with her Richard and his wife, who had prolonged their visit; and Cromwell’s good old mother was still spared, living with her at the Cockpit, “a pale venerable figure; who had lived to see strange things in this world; and can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a son.”

A pleasing anecdote belonging to this period, preserved by Carrington, presents the character of Cromwell, of his wife, and their daughters, in a very amiable and interesting light.

Under his severe and dangerous illness in Scotland, Cromwell was attended by a faithful Frenchman of the name of Duret, who had served him during his generalship with such fidelity and zeal that he intrusted him with the management of the greater part of his domestic affairs. Such was the confidence he reposed in Duret, whom he always retained near his person, that in this illness he would receive food, drink, medicine, or whatever was administered to him from the hands of no other person. Duret continued to watch over him by day and by night with the utmost assiduity, not allowing himself a moment’s repose until his master had recovered. This long-continued watching brought upon Duret a severe sickness, of which, notwithstanding every means was used for his recovery, he died. Cromwell, who deeply

¹Harris, p. 517. Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 124.

mourned his death, was often at his bedside ministering to him the consolations of religion, and assured him just before his departure that he need feel no anxiety about the support of his mother, sister, and other relatives, who were in France; for, he added, "I will look after that. My obligations to you are so great that it is impossible for me to requite them otherwise." Without delay he sent over to France for Duret's mother, his sister, and his two nephews, who in a great measure had been dependent upon him for their subsistence. He earnestly besought the whole family of the Durets to come and establish themselves in England, that he might the better be able to testify by his favour towards them his heartfelt love and gratitude to their departed relative, who had been to him a servant so devoted and trustworthy.

Mrs. Cromwell was not less sensible of Duret's good offices; and in testimony of her gratitude for his zeal and affection to the person of her husband, was ready to carry out all Cromwell's good intentions with respect to the family. The war with Scotland still continuing, detained Cromwell in that kingdom; but he wrote to her informing her of Duret's death, and of the message he had sent to Duret's mother, sister, and other relatives, to come over to England. "To his care, pains, and watchfulness," he said, "I owe the preservation of my life. I must not, therefore, now forget his dear friends, and my desire is that you will treat these strangers, on their arrival in London, in a manner corresponding to your high sense of the merits and good offices of Duret. I would have you farther to proportion the kindness which during my absence you show them to the love which you bear to me, as your faithful and loving husband." The strangers came to England. Mrs. Cromwell received them with the utmost cordiality, and they were advanced to honourable and lucrative situations. Duret's mother was admitted by her into her own family, and seated at her own table. His sister was placed in the rank and quality of a maid of

honour to her, and his two nephews were admitted to be her pages.

The daughters vied with the mother in expressions of cordiality of feelings towards these strangers. Having returned to England after the conquest of Scotland, and his victory over the royalists at Worcester, Cromwell desired to see Duret's mother, sister, and nephews, and was delighted to find upon inquiry that they had been received and treated by his wife and daughters in all respects as he had desired. They were brought together into the family to meet him. Their presence reminded him of the loss of his faithful Duret, and he could not refrain from shedding generous tears in tribute to his memory. He comforted the good old mother, and being unaccustomed to speak French, he told her by his daughters, who acted as his interpreter, that "she had not lost her son although dead, for that he himself would be her son, since his life, in respect of preservation, had its being, as it were, from her loins; that both she and his Duret had a better Master than he; a Master who was his master also; and whose rewards were far greater and more certain than these worldly ones."¹

When, on December 16, 1653, Cromwell was invested with the title and powers of Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, by the council of state, and the council of the army,² the Protectress was averse to this elevation. She would have preferred a more humble position. Some, indeed, were of a different opinion. A contemporary, Miss Osborne, afterwards the wife of Sir William Temple, in a letter to Temple, after entreating him to be sparing in his correspondence on account of the trouble into which his letters might bring her, adds, "this is a strange request for me to make, that am as tender of your letters as my lady-protector is of her new dignity."³ But the republi-

¹ Carrington's *Hist. of Cromwell*, p. 256-259.

² *Cromwelliana*, p. 130.

³ Courtenay's *Life of Sir William Temple*, vol. i. p. 20.

can Ludlow, who knew the Protectress better than Miss Osborne did, and who entertained no friendly feeling towards the family, has testified how little agreeable to her inclinations was the ascent of her consort to the highest pinnacle of earthly greatness. "When Cromwell," says he, "removed from the Cockpit, which house the parliament had assigned him, to take possession of Whitehall, which he assigned to himself, his wife seemed at first unwilling to remove thither, though afterwards she became better satisfied with her grandeur."¹ A similar testimony is borne by one of her lampooners, though expressed in a strain of spiteful detraction. "Much ado had she at first to raise her mind and deportment to this sovereign grandeur;" though not long after her "confidence" was "sublimed into an impudence. And this was helped on by Madam Pride, and my ladies Hewson, and Ferkstead, Goff, Whaley, &c., who all came to compliment her highness upon the felicity of Cromwell's assumption of the government, and to congratulate her fortune, and so accompany her to her palace of Whitehall, where, like the devil cast out, she entered by fasting and prayer, after the usual manner, and like devout Jezebel took possession of Naboth's vineyard."²

Her removal to the royal apartments of Whitehall, which were magnificently fitted up and furnished at great expense for the reception of the Protector and his family, took place April 14, 1654, as we learn from the journals of the time. In the *Weekly Intelligencer*, March 14 to 21, is the following announcement:—"The privy lodgings for his highness the lord-protector in Whitehall are now in readiness, as also the lodgings for his lady-protectress; and likewise the privy kitchen, and other kitchens, butteries, and offices; and

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 488.

² "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell, the wife of the late Usurper, truly described and represented." London, 1664. P. 27-29.

it is conceived the whole family will be settled there before Easter.

“The tables for diet prepared are these :

A table for his highness.	A table for the gentlemen.
A table for the protectress.	A table for coachmen, grooms, and other domestic servants.
A table for chaplains and strangers.	A table for inferiors, or sub-servants.”
A table for the steward and gentlemen.	

In another newspaper of the day are the following notices : “April 13, 1654. This day the bedchamber, and the rest of the lodgings and rooms appointed for the lord-protector in Whitehall, were prepared, for his highness to remove from the Cockpit, on the morrow.”—“His highness the lord-protector, with his lady and family, this day (April 14), dined at Whitehall, whither his highness and family are removed, and did this night lie there, and do there continue.”¹

Soon after their removal to Whitehall, namely, on the 28th of April, a dinner was given there by the Protector to the ambassadors of Holland, upon the proclamation of a peace between the two commonwealths. Cromwell with the lords of council and the Dutch ambassadors dined in one room. In another the Protectress dined with the ladies, among whom were one of her daughters, Lady Lambert, Lady Newport, with the wife and daughter of Jongestall, one of the Dutch ambassadors. “The music,” says Jongestall, “played all the while we were at dinner. The lord-protector had us into another room, where the lady-protectress and others came to us, where we had also music and voices, and a psalm sung, which his highness gave us, and told us that it was yet the best paper that had been exchanged between us.”²

If the Protectress experienced the sweets, she experienced also the bitterness of her exalted situation. To escape its pains

¹ Several proceedings in state affairs, April 13 to 20, 1654. quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 139.

² Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. ii. p. 257.

she would willingly have foregone its pleasures. The numerous conspiracies formed against the life of Cromwell, his constant danger of falling by the dagger or knife of some desperate, or fanatical, or hireling assassin, which caused so much anxiety to his mother, disturbed the peace and tranquillity of the wife. How could she regard her situation as enviable or desirable, when every moment she was agitated by distressing fears from the dangers with which he was environed? From these distressing fears she doubtless often wished that she had never exchanged the private position of a subject for the slippery and dangerous eminence she occupied. "Ah! M. Appert," exclaimed the queen of Louis Philippe, the last king of the French, who, among her other trials, was kept in incessant anxiety from the constant attempts made on the king's life; "he who invented the proverb, 'Happy a king,' had certainly never worn a crown!"¹ Instead of "Happy a king!"—and Cromwell was to all intents and purposes a king—the experience of the Protectress confirmed the truth of the sager adage, "Uneasy the head that wears a crown."

With these sentiments and feelings it is not surprising that so far from coveting or being elated with her elevation, she earnestly endeavoured to persuade Cromwell, when at the very summit of his grandeur, to effect a reconciliation with the royal family, and to recall and restore the young king. Charles was very desirous to bring about a compromise between himself and Cromwell. To accomplish this he secretly corresponded with some who were regarded as friends of the Protector's government. He even went so far as to make a private application to Cromwell himself, by means of a gay and high-spirited lady, the Lady Dysart (afterwards Duchess of Lauderdale), a particular personal friend of the Protector's. The proposal she was empowered to make to his highness was to the effect, that if he would restore the king to the throne, or permit his return, the king would send him a

¹ Blackwood's *Magazine* for 1847, vol. lxi. p. 11.

carte blanche, in which he might write down his own terms, and settle what power and riches he pleased upon himself and his friends. Lady Dysart first made this proposal to the Protectress, requesting her interposition. The Protectress gave it her most cordial approbation; it seemed to her a safe means by which to descend from her giddy and perilous eminence, to a position humbler and more in accordance with her inclinations; and she promised not only to lay it before his highness, but to do what she could to induce him to accept it. She did so one morning before they rose. In urging it upon his acceptance, she dwelt upon the many dangers with which, from his situation, he was environed, and upon the certain ruin of his family in the event of his death. If you accept this offer, she added, it will not only bring indemnity to yourself for all past offences, and security to the whole family, but if you are ambitious of rank, and power, and wealth, it will raise you to the highest honours and most lucrative places in the state, next to royalty. The Protector, who foresaw at a glance the certain consequences of such a step, immediately answered, heedless of her arguments and persuasions, "You are a fool; if Charles Stuart can forgive me all that I have done against him and his family, he does not deserve to wear the crown of England."¹ The Protectress did not know the character of Charles. From stress of circumstances he might have entered into an engagement of the kind proposed; but it would have resulted in the ruin of her family, not their safety. Like his father and grandfather, Charles was a man of no truth or sincerity; and among the first acts by which he would have signalized

¹ Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 803. "This," says Echard, "came from the mouth of the Duchess of Lauderdale, who told the same to a person, of whose credit and reputation I can make no question." The truth of this anecdote is confirmed by what Bamfield, one of Cromwell's spies, writes to Cromwell, namely, that Mrs. Scott told him that King Charles II. had some friends in my lord-protector's family, who wished him very well.

his restoration to sovereign power, would have been the trial and execution of Cromwell as a traitor and a regicide.

The particulars now stated surely prove the reverse of what some authors assert, that the Protectress loved power, and inflamed Cromwell's ambition. Heath, whose scurrility appears in every page of his *Flagellum*, says (p. 20), while allowing her to have been a woman of spirit and parts, that she was by Oliver "trained up, and made the waiting-woman of his providence, and lady-rampant of his successful greatness, which she personated afterwards as imperiously as himself." An Italian author affirms that, "at the instigation of his wife, he gradually and artfully assumed the government."¹ Granger, who seems to have acquiesced in the opinion of these writers, says, "It has been asserted that she as deeply interested herself in steering the *helm*, as she had often done in turning the *spit*, and that she was as constant a spur to her husband in the career of his ambition, as she had been to her servants in their culinary employments."² These charges have never been established by well-authenticated evidence. All existing evidence goes to establish the opposite. The factious Lilburne's accusation, that she disposed of military appointments during Cromwell's generalship, appears to have had as little foundation. Had she interfered with appointments to places of honour and emolument, military or civil, she would not likely have overlooked her own relatives, and yet none of them were advanced during the period of her exaltation, though she had two brothers then living.³

Much as Cromwell reposed in her wisdom as to household or family affairs, there is not the slightest reliable evidence that he carried his complacency so far as to submit to her interference in the conduct of public affairs, or that she ever

¹ Nicholas Comnenus Papadopoli, in his *Historia Gymnasii Patavini*, tom. ii. lib. ii. sect. 241.

² *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iii. p. 299, 300.

³ Forster's *Life of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 34.

attempted to sway him in the government of the state by her counsels. Even a very clever intriguing woman, ambitious of rule, would have found it difficult, by all her dexterous arts, to have contrived to obtain a share of his power. His government bore the sole impress of his own strong mind and indomitable will.

The imputation that the Protectress impelled Cromwell on in his career of ambition, and interfered in the management of the affairs of state, is only one of the many slanders industriously circulated to her prejudice.

With equal disregard to truth, her enemies represented her as a domestic termagant.

“Here’s Joan Cromwell’s kitching-stuff tub,
Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
With which old Noll’s horns she did rub,
When he got drunk with false bumpers.”¹

To blacken her name still more, they charged her with adultery and drunkenness. These two charges rest almost entirely on the authority of an anonymous author of a scandalous pamphlet of the period.² To quote his indecencies on the first of these accusations would be to defile our pages. In advancing against her the charge of drinking to excess, he says, “She loves wine, and of all wine sack, and in glasses, and of all glasses beer glasses: she is comptroller of the club among the ladies:” and, he adds, “she is honoured with the title of lady-governess to the three illustrious sister-worthies, Mistris Mohun, Mistris Harris, and Mistris Campbell; her chief design is to reconcile and compose all differences betwixt the former; and when these four are together, there will be a society for the devill (‘the devill tavern’), their maxim being this:—

¹ Old ballad entitled “The Sale of Rebellious Household Stuff,” in *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 341.

² It is entitled “News from the New Exchange, or the Commonwealth of Ladies, drawn to the life, in their several characters and concernments: printed in the year of women without grace, 1650.”

‘They’re foolls that will not these examples follow,
And once a week meet at the Great Apollo.’”

This picture is too dark in its colours and too distorted in its features not to betray the pencil of an enemy. The traducer is denounced as a malignant defamer even by one of his own party, in a piece entitled “The Will of the Earl of Pembroke.”¹ These libels were so notoriously without foundation, and so manifestly to be traced to the spite of faction, that, except by the more rabid, who will believe almost anything to the disadvantage of the objects of their hatred, they were credited by nobody. Though poisoned arrows, they therefore fell harmless, and Cromwell never inquired after the pestilent libeller, thinking it better to pass him over unnoticed, than to raise him to prominence and importance by a public prosecution. “Cromwell’s wife,” says a writer in the *Quarterly Review*,² “was a woman, whose irrefragable life might have protected her from obloquy and insult, if in the heat of party spirit anything were held sacred.”

The laudable economy with which, previously to her elevation, she was known to have conducted her household establishment, her enemies endeavoured to turn to her reproach by representing her as having carried it into the palace of Whitehall. She “very frugally housewifed it,” says Heath, “and would nicely and finically tax the expensive unthriftiness (as she said) of the *other woman* [Henrietta Maria] who lived there before her.”³

She was even stigmatized as carrying her economy the length of parsimony. The author of “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell,” credibly informs us, that in the many fast days which were then observed, abstinence was strictly enforced upon her domestics, and that she delighted in these days chiefly because they spared her larder.

¹ Pembroke, who was a dissolute, unlettered, and worthless man, died January 23, 1649-50.

² Vol. xxiv. p. 285.

³ *Flagellum*, p. 158.

“And when on such occasions she had cause to suspect a general discontent of her people and household, she would up with this Scripture expression, and lay it in their teeth for better fare—‘The kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace,’ and some such scriptural dehortations from gluttony, and the like luxurious intemperance, and other zealous sentences of moderation in diet; as that the pleasure of a full diet consists more in desire than in satiety; that to have the stomach twice repleted in the day is to empty the brain, and to render the mind unserviceable to the actions of life; no abyss, no whirlpool is so pernicious as gluttony, which the more a man eats makes him more a hungry, and the better he dines to sup the worse, with such other morals.” The intent of this writer, it is obvious, was not to stick to the truth, but simply to turn the sneer against the object of his ridicule. “Altogether his work,” says Jesse, “comprises little more than an insignificant attack on the private character and household dispensation of the Protectress, against whom the author apparently bears a strong personal pique.”¹

The royalist writers also took advantage of the Protectress's alleged want of comeliness and her plainness of person. Cowley, with the intent of making this the subject of his satire in his *Cutter of Coleman Street*, has put the following words into Cutter's mouth in describing 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 making any further application to court.” This passage contains a double satire; a sneer not only at the idea of praising her for beauty, but at her supposed thriftiness before her exaltation in hoarding up the half-crown piece. There is a portrait of her in the satirical performance before

¹ *Court of England*, vol. iii. p. 142-145.

referred to, "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell," &c., which gives her a very ordinary and unattractive appearance. She is sketched in a black hood; in the upper part of the print is a monkey; and at the bottom are the following lines:—

"From feigned glory and usurped throne,
And all the greatness to me falsely shown,
And from the arts of government set free;
See how protectress and a drudge agree."

But this is manifestly a caricature.¹ She is also said to have had a defect in one of her eyes. The evidence adduced for this is one of the royalist songs entitled, "The Cobbler's Last Will and Testament, or the Lord Hewson's² Translation:"—

"My cushion will fit Queen-dowager Cromwell,
Whilst Shipton's wife's prophecy she did thumb well,
In chair of state, 'twill ease her full well.

For Oliver thou didst set me on high,
I aim'd not at it, though I winkt of an eye,
Yet I wish not now to come thee nigh."

The portraits of her still in existence show the falsity of these representations, exhibiting a handsome face and person, without any defect in the eyes, a dignified manner, with a dress becoming the rank she then occupied. The countenance wears an expression in harmony with her unobtrusive, courteous, and kind disposition.³

The manners and habits of the Protectress have been sparingly transmitted to posterity, but what we know of them serves to show that her chosen sphere was the domestic, and that to this as her peculiar and appropriate province she

¹ Yet Noble, who is not disposed to be unfriendly to the Cromwells, resting on this scandalous production as his principal authority, says that she "certainly was not happy in her person."

² Hewson, who was one of those who signed the king's death-warrant, was originally a shoemaker.

³ Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, p. 232.

had the good sense to confine herself. The fact that no addresses are known to have been made to her either by the court divines or poets of her age, though Cromwell himself and his son Richard had a profusion of this sort of flattery, is favourable to the conclusion that she was retired, that she did not court adulation, and that she was of a meek and humble spirit, preserving through all the wonderful changes of her life the simplicity and modesty of her youth. It goes far to establish the invulnerable excellence of her character, that Dugdale and Bates, who have drawn Cromwell's portrait in the most repulsive colours, have not recorded a single word to her dishonour. During the period of her elevation Bates was physician to her family. This situation must have afforded him ample opportunities of discovering whatever blemishes she may have had. When, therefore, in his work, *Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum*, published after the Restoration and dedicated to Charles II., he does not cast upon her a single stain, though the temptation to abuse any member of Cromwell's family was strong, as this would have recommended him still more highly to the patronage of the court, the natural inference is that he actually knew nothing which reflected on her discredit. Again, had the Protectress been the disreputable character represented by the libellers from whom we have quoted, the royalist historians, Lord Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick, would, we suspect, have hardly been restrained by motives of delicacy, from disclosing it in the course of their narrations.

"Certain it is," says Granger, "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."

Under her superintendence her children were brought up in all the learning and elegancies suited to their rank. Nor did she forget to implant in their young minds the lessons

of Christian piety. Cromwell himself gave them good instructions and advices, the earnestness of his own religious convictions and feelings bursting forth as he spake to them of God, of Christ, of the covenant; but from his frequent absence and from his engrossment with state affairs, the moral and religious upbringing of his children devolved chiefly on the mother. That she performed this duty well, giving them good counsels, recommending her lessons by a good example, and invoking upon them the blessing of Heaven, is tenderly and thankfully acknowledged by Cromwell. Her endeavours were followed by happy fruits. All her children became a comfort and an honour to their parents, much resembling the children of the best trained-up families of the middle classes in our own time. Her sons were amiable men, and evidences exist of their piety. All her daughters were admired, esteemed, and beloved, not less for their virtue and good sense than for their accomplishments and beauty.¹ Whitelocke bears honourable testimony to the excellence of Cromwell's family, in a private audience he had with Christina, Queen of Sweden, on the 5th of January, 1653. The queen, who was pleased first to discourse of private matters, asked him whether his general (Cromwell) had a wife and children. Whitelocke answered, "He hath a wife and five [it should be six] children." *Queen.*—"What family were he and his wife of?" *Whitelocke.*—"He was of the family of a baron,² and his wife the like from Bourchiers." *Queen.*—"Of what parts are his children?" *Whitelocke.*—"His two sons and three [four] daughters are all of good parts and liberal education." *Queen.*—"Some unworthy

¹ Her daughters, after Cromwell was declared Protector, "resided chiefly in apartments in one of the palaces, and such attention was paid to them by foreign princes and states, that their ambassadors constantly paid their compliments to these ladies, both when they came into or left the kingdom." —Noble.

² Of a knight, it should have been. But at that time baron and knight were often confounded.

mention and mistakes have been made to me of them." *Whitelocke*.—"Your majesty knows that to be frequent; but from me you shall have nothing but truth."¹

It has been said that the Protectress maintained, during the whole period that she held this dignity, six clergymen's daughters, whom she constantly employed at needlework in her own apartments. If this is a fact,² it is worthy of notice from the favourable light in which it places her character. It exhibits her as a woman of unobtrusive benevolence and piety. It indicates the sort of female society she most delighted in, the qualities of head and heart to which she did homage, and her own mental and moral habits.

Among the chief ladies of the court of the Protectress was Mrs. Lambert. The two, however, were perhaps never on terms of very intimate friendship. Mrs. Lambert is described by Heath as a woman of good birth and good parts, and of pleasing attractions both mental and corporeal. She had a high reputation among the Puritans for godliness, and is said to have employed herself constantly in prayer and in singing psalms.³ But she was at the same time proud, ambitious of superiority, and envious of her equals, as she deemed the Protectress to be, who had risen to a higher elevation than herself. She and the Protectress could therefore hardly regard each other with feelings of strong cordiality, and it was natural for mutual misunderstandings and animosity to spring

¹ *Whitelocke's Journal of the Swedish Embassy*, vol. i. p. 295.

² Our authority here is the author of "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell" (p. 34), not indeed a very trustworthy one; but amidst his falsehoods he sometimes enunciates a fact, though only to pervert it.

³ Mr. Haneock (Broderick) in a letter to Sir Edward Hyde, dated December, 1659, says, "Vane, with a rude compliment, commended Mrs. Lambert's piety, asking her (who, during her husband's friendship to him, was of his congregation), whether she was yet arrived at that state of grace that she could resign her lord to death for the establishment of the Commonwealth; to which tears were her only answer."—*Clarendon's State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 635.

up between them.¹ Notwithstanding the active part which Lambert had taken in the ceremony of Cromwell's inauguration as Lord-protector of the Commonwealth, December 16, 1653, he afterwards became dissatisfied, and former friendship was supplanted by alienation, suspicion, and hostility. The same unhappy feelings took possession of their wives, who, like the husbands, tried, but in vain, to cover under the veil of assumed politeness the coldness and hollowness of their hearts towards each other. Take the following, contained in a letter of Mr. Broderick's to Sir Edward Hyde (afterwards the celebrated Lord Clarendon), dated March 1, 1656-7, as a specimen of the gossip of the day current in certain circles in reference to this estrangement:—"Cromwell sent Colonel Jones (one of his council) to Lambert as on an accidental visit, which being returned next day, he invited him to the presence, where Cromwell fell on his neck, kissed him, inquired of dear Johnny for his jewel (so he calls Mrs. Lambert), and for all his children by name. The day following she visited Cromwell's wife, who fell immediately into a kind of quarrel for her long absence, disclaimed policy or statecraft, but professed a motherly kindness to her and hers, which no change should ever alter. Four days following, their [Lambert and his wife's] lodgings were taken from them, and given to Falconbridge, the only remainder of their pretences to Whitehall, which was such a wound to their feeble minds, that he in wrath, and she in tears, spent the last week in repeating it to all comers."²

¹ The alleged intrigues between Cromwell and Mrs. Lambert are the inventions of the royalists. A specimen of these is given in *Jesse's Court of England*, vol. iii. p. 79.

² Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 329.

CHAPTER II.

FROM HER DOMESTIC TRIALS IN 1658 TO HER DEATH.

During the course of the year 1658, a series of domestic trials came upon the Protectress in rapid succession. That terrible messenger, which enters every palace as it does every cottage, entered her royal dwelling. Her daughter Frances, who had married Mr. Rich, the Earl of Warwick's grandson, lost her husband on the 16th of February, after a brief union of little more than three months. Another and a heavier domestic sorrow soon after pierced the Protectress's heart. Her daughter, Mrs. Claypole, a lady so amiable that everybody loved her, and the special favourite of her parents, had been for a considerable time complaining, and on the 6th of August she departed this life. At the very time that she was weeping over this crushing stroke, her heart was full of anxiety for the Protector, whose strong iron frame was giving unmistakeable signs that it was breaking up, fast sinking under the burdens, and cares, and labours of government. The plots and conspiracies which had been formed for his destruction had caused her many a distressing thought, but now, though the instrument of the assassin should never reach him, it seemed as if he would soon be removed from her and her children by the tear and wear of his great life's battle, both mind and body tasked too long and too severely for life to last much longer.

Cromwell's disease, a complication of gout, fever, and ague, increased after the death of Mrs. Claypole.¹ He and others of his court, both clerical and lay, had fallen into the error of regarding strong impressions produced in prayer or shortly

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 355.

after as coming immediately from God. Trusting to impressions of this kind produced on his own mind, and on the minds of some of his favourite preachers,¹ he at first believed that he should not die by this illness. But these flattering hopes were as delusive as the foundation on which they depended. The appointed time was come, and the fatal stroke was not to be arrested.

It is not our intention to enter into a detail of the circumstances connected with the death-bed scene of Cromwell.² As his illness increased, he believed that he was on the verge of the eternal world. With this belief he turned away his thoughts from worldly and political interests, to absorbing meditations on the mystery of a sinner's way of acceptance with God, and appeared a humble Christian, trusting for pardon and eternal life to the free grace of God through the everlasting covenant and the righteousness of Christ.

On the 24th of August, Cromwell was removed by the advice of his physicians from Hampton Court to Whitehall,³ and on the 3d of September, "his fortunate day," as he called it, the day on which he had gained the victories of Dunbar and Worcester, his great spirit passed away from the earth, about four o'clock in the afternoon. He was aged fifty-nine years and about four months.

¹ During the course of his sickness his chaplain Dr. Goodwin used these words in prayer:—"Lord, we beg not for his recovery; for that thou hast already granted and assured us of: but for his speedy recovery."—Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 151.

² This detail is given in "A Collection of several Passages concerning Oliver Cromwell's sickness, by one who was the Groom of his Bedchamber. London, 1659." The author was not Maidstone, steward of Cromwell's household, as some have asserted, but Underwood. Thurloe, in a letter to Henry Cromwell, Lord-deputy of Ireland, says, "This bearer, Mr. Underwood, is a very sober gentleman, was of the bed-chamber to his late highness, and attended him in all his sickness, and can give your excellency a full account of all that passed on this sad occasion, to which purpose his highness hath sent him over to your excellency, that you might fully understand the particulars of God's dealing with his highness, your father, through his whole visitation."—Thurloe's *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 374.

³ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 362.

On the 30th of August, four days before his death, a violent tempest burst forth, which swept in desolation over the greater part of the south of Europe, dashing ships against the shore, overturning houses, tearing up trees by the root, many of which were uprooted in St. James's Park, around the palace where he was lying on his bed of death, a circumstance to which Waller alludes in his beautiful poem on the death of Cromwell:—

“His dying groans; his last breath shakes our isle,
And trees uncut fall for his funeral pile;
About his palace their broad roots are tossed
Into the air.”

This terrible hurricane, occurring at such a time, took a strong hold on people's imaginations, and each put that interpretation upon it which prejudice or partiality suggested. To the enemies of the Protector it was the symbol of the tempest of divine wrath which was about to burst on the head of a culprit of so deep a dye, and the howl of the winds, and the fierce commotion of the relentless elements, seemed as if the harsh and boding screams of demons demanding him away, and ready to torment him. By his friends the fearful storm was regarded as Heaven's attestation to the greatness of the spirit which was about to depart from the earth, as nature's loud and frantic expressions of grief, its heart ready to burst, in its deeply agitated breast, over his obsequies.

The Protectress had watched over the Protector to the last, to mitigate, as she could, his sufferings; and she had heard his last words, which testified so fully to the fervour of his spirit, and to his inward consolation and peace. All her surviving children except Henry were present with her when his death happened, and they mingled their tears with hers. “Here is a sad family on all hands,” writes Thurloe to Henry; “the Lord support them.”¹ While the Protectress and her daughters Bridget, Mary, and Frances, were sobbing over the

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 372.

corpse of the husband and father, Sterry, one of the Protector's chaplains, to comfort them, said: "Be not troubled, for this is good news, because if he was of great use to the people of God when he was amongst us, now he will be much more so, being ascended to heaven to sit at the right hand of Jesus Christ, there to intercede for us, and to be mindful of us on all occasions."¹ This strain of address, we suspect, was elevating the Protector to a higher place in heaven than Sterry had any warrant to do; for the words seem to convey the meaning that the spirit of the departed was raised to the first rank in heaven, next to the Saviour, and they look like offering the incense of adulation to the dead at the very moment when so impressive an example was given of the prostration of all human greatness and all human glory by the power of death. Or if by sitting at the right hand of Jesus Christ, he simply meant the blessed state common to all the righteous in heaven, yet in asserting that the Protector's spirit would now intercede for his sorrowing relatives, and for God's people, in the presence of God in heaven, he was administering a visionary or at best a doubtful comfort, there being no evidence from the Holy Scriptures that glorified spirits perform this office to those whom they have left behind them on the earth. Far wiser had it been to have directed the mourning widow and her children to Him who is the most wise, and powerful, and compassionate of all protectors, the father of the fatherless, and the husband of the widow, who hath promised, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

Secretary Thurloe was a more judicious comforter. "The stroke is so sore, so unexpected," says he, "the providence of God in it so stupendous, considering the person that is fallen, the time and season wherein God took him away, with other circumstances, that I can do nothing but put my mouth in the dust and say, It is the Lord; and though his ways be not

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 153.

always known, yet they are always righteous, and we must submit to His will, and resign ourselves to Him in all our concernments. . . . Never was there any man so prayed for as he was during his sickness—solemn assembly meeting every day to beseech the Lord for the continuance of his life; so that he is gone to heaven, embalmed with the tears of his people, and upon the wings of the prayers of the saints. He lived desired, and died lamented, everybody bemoaning themselves, and saying, A great man is fallen in Israel!”¹

In the death of the Protector the Protectress had sustained a loss more irreparable than any of the rest; and she had the sympathy of all her children, in whose affection and dutifulness she had cause to rejoice.

On the 8th of September Malyn, in a letter to Henry, written at Whitehall, requests him—“My lord, if it would please God to give you strength to gird up the loins of your mind, and to draw forth your heart to speak a word of comfort and support to your dear relations here (especially to your dearest mother, her highness, to whom your excellency’s letters may have better access than others may at present), as it would be most seasonable, so it would be an evidence of your Christian submission and faith towards God.”² And Henry, in a letter to Thurloe, dated Dublin, September 11, after informing him that yesterday in the afternoon, just after the sad news of his father’s death had arrived, his brother was proclaimed his father’s successor, with shouts and acclamations of joy, adds in reference to his mother, “Let her highness, my dear mother, know that my affliction is doubled when I think of her condition. Pray God comfort her. I do pray for her, and I shall not cease, but shall continue her obedient and affectionate son whilst I live.”³

About a week after Cromwell’s death, the Protectress and

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 372.

² Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 822, no. 306.

³ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 384.

her family, with six of the most popular of the puritan ministers, assembled at Whitehall for observing a solemn fast. The Protectress and her family were seated on one side of the table. The puritan ministers sat on the other side. It was on this occasion that Goodwin, who, as we have seen before, had assured them in a prayer that Cromwell was not then to die, is said to have used these words, quoting from Jeremiah (chap. xx. 7): "O Lord, thou hast deceived us, and we were deceived." "God," says Burnet, to whom Tillotson, afterwards archbishop,¹ related the anecdote, "was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell's services, and challenged for taking him away so soon."² But from Burnet's strong prejudices against the Puritans, we are not to receive his interpretation or paraphrase of Goodwin's prayer without qualification. Before we could intelligently pronounce a judgment either of condemnation or approval upon Goodwin's use of the words referred to, it would be requisite for us to know more distinctly in what sense he employed them, or what was the train of thought with which they were connected, and of this we are not informed.

The Protectress was now very desirous to see her son Henry, who had long been in Ireland, and she had hopes of having her wishes in this respect soon gratified, as some of his friends, particularly his wife's father, were strenuously endeavouring to get Richard to recall him to England, and to place him in some honourable situation in the government at home. But her hopes were disappointed. Sir Francis Russell, Henry's father-in-law, in a letter to Henry, dated Whitehall, November 1, 1658, writes:—"Her highness your mother is much troubled that she is not likely to see you so soon as she thought, and commanded me to write so much to

¹ Tillotson, whose wife was the Protector's niece (see p. 276), hearing of this fast, had sauntered out, and from curiosity had gone into the presence-chamber at Whitehall.

² Burnet's *Own Time*, i. 102.

your lordship. I find she loves you exceedingly, and she told me that she would speak to his highness again about your coming over."¹ Richard wrote his brother in very affectionate terms. "Distances," says he (Nov. 27), "cannot hinder the operation of love in good dispositions, nor the many waters betwixt England and Ireland quench that heart . . . where it dwelleth. I can say I have it from both sides, it being natural."² But Henry remained in Ireland till the protectorate of Richard ceased.

The 23d of November was the day appointed for Cromwell's funeral. His obsequies, as well as the ceremony of lying in state, were solemnized with a pomp and magnificence surpassing what had been displayed at the funerals of England's proudest monarchs. He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

When the Protector was under his last illness, Edward Burrough, who was first of the Episcopal persuasion, afterwards of the Presbyterian, and at that time a famous minister among the Quakers, wrote a letter to the Protectress and her children, dated September 1, 1658, with the view of obtaining their interposition in behalf of the Quakers, many of whom had during the administration of Cromwell been fined, whipped, imprisoned, put into the stocks, and banished from towns and cities, and many of whom were at that very moment lying in prison. He opens with some good exhortations, mixed up with the peculiar doctrine of the Quakers as to the light or witness of God within, and with his claim of being moved to write this letter by the impulse of the Spirit, two points as to which we presume there will be much dubiety in many minds. The style and tone of the opening portion, as well as of some other parts of the letter, after the manner of the teaching of the Quakers in those days, also appear to us to be exceptionable, partaking somewhat of the arrogant, the presumptuous, and the raving, especially in the

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 400.

² Ibid. 821, no. 58.

denunciatory part—for the vials of divine wrath ought to be modestly as well as reverently handled—and this would not be likely to add to the weight of the writer's exhortations, or to the efficacy of his petitions.

“Friends,” says he, “come to the witness of God in you, and exalt not yourselves, nor be lifted up in your hearts, in the pride, and vain glories, and honours of this world, lest the Lord cast you down, and make your name and posterity a reproach, as he hath done many before you; and if you walk in the same steps, and do the same things, and become guilty of the same abominations, and suffer the children and servants of the Lord to be persecuted (as many are at this day, some unto death), shall the Lord spare you? Nay, he will cause you to feel his hand of judgment, and bring you down with sorrow, and he will vex you in his wrath, and smite you with his rod more and more, till you learn his fear, and depart from all your iniquities; and the Lord will deface your glory, and pull down your crown; and he will make you know that he is Lord, that doth whatsoever he will. Wherefore humble yourselves under the hand of God. . . . And remember that you are now warned from the Lord God, by whom I am moved to write this unto you, in dear and tender love to you all; and one day you shall witness it.”

He next turns to the persecution of the Quakers, whom he defends as sufferers for righteousness' sake, and “as dear to God as the apple of his eye;” and he implores the Protectress and her family to break the fetters of oppression if they would escape the just vengeance of Heaven.

“Many hundreds have suffered cruel and great things, and some the loss of life (though not by, yet in the name of the Protector); and about an hundred at this present day lie in holes, and dungeons, and prisons, up and down the nation; and some at this time are sick, nigh unto death, whose sufferings cry for vengeance, and the Lord heareth the cry. Where-

fore save yourselves and let the innocent be delivered, and the cruel bonds of oppression broken, and the exercise of a pure conscience go free, without persecution; and then the Lord will turn away his anger, and cease to smite you with his rod, which hath been upon you; and he will give you peace, and make you blessed, if you come to be led by his Spirit into all truth."

After urging in behalf of "these innocent lambs of Christ" who thus suffered, that they were not enemies but friends to the persons of the Protector, the Protectress, and their family, he again reverts to the sufferings of the Quakers, intermingling denunciations of confusion and destruction against the Protector and his house, in case "these doleful sufferings be continued." "Oh, did you but know how hundreds have and do suffer! How the bodies of some have been tortured by stocks and cruel whippings! And how some lie sick in stinking holes and dungeons on the ground, or a little straw at best; ten, or often more, in a prison together, and sometimes their own friends not suffered to come to visit them with necessaries! Oh, did but your eyes behold, or your hearts perceive the greatness of the cruelty, which some of the Lord's dear servants and your faithful friends undergo, it would make your hearts ache and your spirits to tremble! And all this is done in the name, and under the authority of the Protector; therefore how should the Lord but lay it to your charge, and afflict him and his family? He will make you know there is a God that can do whatsoever he will, and that life and death are in his hands, and all creatures are as clay in the hand of the potter; and he rules in the kingdoms of men, and putteth down one and setteth up another, according to his pleasure."¹

From the two sentences last quoted, and from other parts of the letter, it is evident that Burrough was anxious to make the Protectress and her children believe that the dan-

¹ Sewel's *Hist. of the Quakers*, p. 182-184.

gerous illness of the Protector was sent by Providence in punishment for the persecution to which the Quakers were subjected under his rule, and that if his death should now happen, and his family be overthrown, these also would be judicial inflictions for that persecution. But the reader will judge wisely in dismissing as apocryphal this explanation of these ways of Providence. He need not hesitate in believing that Burrough was no member of the privy council of heaven, and knew as little as any other person did, and that was nothing at all, of the reasons why the great Ruler of the world sent a mortal illness upon the Protector at that particular juncture.

This appeal in behalf of the Quakers was delivered to the Protectress and her children the day before the Protector's death; but it does not appear to have produced the intended effect. It was probably forgotten amidst the distractions caused by that event and the accession of her son Richard. Then the tenure of Richard's possession of power was so brief, and while it lasted, so many other things engrossed his attention and that of his family, that the relief of the Quakers was neglected. But the doings of the Quakers in England at that period were not such as to produce on the minds of the Protectress and her family a favourable idea of their opinions or of their character. The conduct of many of them in exciting tumults, and disturbing meetings assembled for public worship, under pretence that they were actuated by a divine impulse, and,—passing over their other extravagances,—their indecencies, in which women, laying aside the modesty of their sex, acted a conspicuous and disgraceful part,¹ were such as to require the punitive interposition of the secular power; or if any of the parties were proved to be disordered in their brains, as there is reason to think some of them were, the better course would have been to have sent them for protection and cure to an insane asylum.

¹ Mosheim's *Church Hist.* cent. xvii.

The Protectress's eldest son, Richard, after his father's death was proclaimed Protector in England, Scotland, and Ireland. There was a general calm upon his succession to power. It seemed as if his authority would be permanently established. But soon difficulties began to environ him. His power speedily came to an end, and he willingly retired to a private station.

In the spring of the year 1660 it became increasingly evident that Charles II. would be recalled and established in the throne. This naturally threw the Protectress into consternation. The tide of popular feeling had now set in so strongly in favour of his restoration, that all hope of her children's ever regaining the supreme power vanished from her mind. In these circumstances she thought it prudent to seek safety in flight. Henry Coventry, in a letter to the Marquis of Ormond, dated London, April 27, writes:—"Cromwell's widow is stolen out of town, and her nighest friends pretend not to know whither."¹ Until about this time she had resided at the Cockpit.

It was thought that she intended to leave the kingdom, and in the prospect of her making her escape she had collected together, and secreted in a friend's warehouse adjoining the Thames, a large quantity of gold, and various valuable portable articles, some of which, it was alleged, belonged to the royal family, with the view, it was supposed, of getting them conveyed to another country. But in this object she was defeated. The council of state being apprised of the place where these articles were lodged, ordered search to be made for them; and the persons employed on this business reported that they had discovered pictures and other things which were royal property. These facts we learn from the journals of the period.

"Whitehall, May 12, 1660.—Information being given that there were several of his majesty's goods at a fruiterer's ware-

¹ Carte's *Collection of Original Letters*, vol. ii. p. 329.

house near the Three Cranes, in Thames Street, London, which were there kept as the goods of Mrs. Eliz. Cromwell, wife to Oliver Cromwell, deceased, sometimes called Protector, and it being not very improbable that the said Mrs. Cromwell might convey away some such goods, the council ordered persons to view the same.”¹

“May 16, 1660.—Amongst the goods that were pretended to be Mrs. Cromwell’s, at the fruiterer’s warehouse, are discovered some pictures and other things belonging to his majesty; the remainder lay attached in the custody of Lieutenant-colonel Cox.”²

On the 9th of June following, information was given to the House of Lords that Mrs. Cromwell, her sons Richard and Henry, and Lord Herbert, had many deeds, evidences, and writings belonging to the Lord-marquis of Worcester, all of which they were ordered to deliver up. The estates of the Marquis of Worcester, which had been declared forfeited by the parliament, and gifted to Cromwell in reward for his military services, were now to be restored to their original owner.

Whither the Protectress went immediately on her leaving London is uncertain. Soon after she retired into Wales. Granger asserts that he was credibly informed that she ultimately passed into Switzerland and resided there for some time; but the accuracy of this statement, which is unsupported by any other authority, may be questioned.

While she was lurking in concealment, the royalists, currying favour with the new government, and pandering to the fickle taste of the popular mind, now almost frantic with loyalty, as well as moved with hatred towards the objects of their vituperation, vilified or ridiculed her as well as Cromwell in various coarse satirical pieces. It was of course an article in the creed of the royalists that Cromwell at death went

¹ *Parliamentary Intelligencer*, May 7 to 14, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 185.

² *Mercurius Publicus*, May 10 to 17, quoted in *ibid.*

direct to hell. Well then, in one of these pieces,¹ which exhibits the taste and spirit of his maligners, his ghost appears to Mrs. Cromwell, and the following dialogue takes place between them:—

Joan.—"What, Oliver, my dear friend, in the name of the twelve grand jury traitors, what comes thou here for?"

Noll.—"Why, truly, I come about several accounts. Now the first was to know what strange alterations have been here since I departed my late reprobate vale of tyranny; and another thing was to know what was become of my dear imps, the two princes, Richard and Henry."

Joan.—"As for the two princes I shall relate their fall, proceeding of their misfortune by and by, but the product will prove as sad a story as the fall of Jehu or Belshazzar; but, pray, tell me first what is the reason of this your solitary walking."

Noll.—"Why, truly, part is in regard of dissensions, which are always rising between the devil and me, whereupon I do intend for to strike out and appoint a place where Haslerig's bones, Scot, and Vane's should be interred, for absolutely if they would despatch and come away, with their advice and my own, we could usurp a power from the devil, and live in a corner by ourselves, without interruption."

Joan having told him that she had incurred the odium of the new government by saying that her son, "King Richard the Fourth, had most right to wear the crown of these three kingdoms," Noll rejoins—"Wear a crown! wear a halter! I knew he was never capable of it."

¹ Entitled, "The Case is altered, or Dreadful News from Hell. In a Discourse between the Ghost of this grand traitor and tyrant Oliver Cromwell, and Sir Reverence my Lady Joan his wife, at their late meeting near the scaffold on Tower-hill. With his Epitaph written in Hell on all the grand traitors now in the Tower. London: printed by John Andrews, at the White Lion, near Pie-Corner." There is no date; but on the copy in the British Museum "August 6, 1660," is written on the title-page. The "grand traitors" for whom the epitaph was written are, Argyle, a Scot; the Earl of Antrim; Haslerig; and Henry Vane.

Joan.—"Why did you think so? Had not he a great many of your devilish parts in him?"

Noll.—"No, no, nor devilish brains neither; for if he'd had he might, . . . as well as I did, have lived like a tyrant, though he had died like a dog."

Joan.—"Aye, truly Noll, had he but took your course, we had all lived in a brave, sweet, diabolical condition, so long as we had three captivated kingdoms to rob and impoverish, whom you left him heir of, and general of all the armies, though I must confess, he knew no more how to govern them than did a dog."

Noll.—"Aye, thou sayest true, Jug; he had more mind to his dogs and his hawks than he had to be a tyrannical protector like me."

Joan then relates to Noll what had taken place in public affairs since his death; how, among other particulars, the Rump again came into power, how it was dispersed by the army, how a committee of safety was then appointed by the officers of the army to exercise the supreme power; and she tells him that she had continued all that time at her jointure at the Cockpit.

Noll.—"And why did you not continue there?"

Joan.—"Truly, so I would, Noll, but the secluded members came in, and they told me 'twas none of mine own, and turned me clearly out of doors at last; neither did they give me as much homage as they might have given to an ordinary duchess."

By the new government the Protectress herself was not interfered with; but they inaugurated the new reign by wreaking their vengeance on the mouldering remains of her husband, her mother-in-law, as has been already told, her son-in-law Henry Ireton, and John Bradshaw, president of the high court of justice, by which Charles I. was condemned to the block. Early in the month of December, 1660, a bill of attainder against these three regicides passed the House

of Commons, declaring their estates forfeited, and ordering that their bodies should be taken up and exposed on the common gallows at Tyburn. The bodies of Cromwell¹ and Ireton were exhumed on Saturday, January 26. On Monday night, the 28th, they were carried in separate carts from Westminster to the Red Lion Inn, Holborn. On the 30th, which was the anniversary of the execution of Charles I., they were drawn on sledges to Tyburn, where, being pulled out of their coffins, they were, together with Bradshaw's corpse, hung as traitors till sunset at the several angles of the triple tree. Then they were cut down, and after undergoing decapitation, the heads were fixed on poles on the top of Westminster Hall by the common hangman—Bradshaw's being placed over that part where the high court of justice sat—while the putrefying trunks were thrown into a deep pit dug at the foot of the gallows. An eye-witness testified that the Protector's corpse, which was wrapped in green cerecloth, was "very fresh embalmed." At the same time Ireton's tomb was demolished, and what remained of Cromwell's and Bradshaw's was so completely swept away that not a trace of them was left in the mausoleum of the Kings of England.²

This dastardly indignity offered by the government of Charles II. to those so dear to her would not remain long unknown to the Protectress. But under the mental agony it inflicted, she would, doubtless, at least take comfort in believing that, whatever were their errors or crimes, they were raised to a region far above the reach of the passions and power of men, and she might exclaim—

"Are they not with the dead—the quiet dead,
Where all is peace? Not e'en the impious wretch
Who tears the coffin from its earthly vault,
And strews the mouldering ashes to the wind
Can break their rest."

¹ Cromwell's magnificent coffin was found underneath the spot where the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham now stands.

² Papers of the day, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 186. Noble's *Memoirs*, &c. vol. i. p. 372-374.]

She remained in Wales till the excitement incident to the Restoration had in some measure subsided. Finding that her children and friends were treated with leniency, and that no inquiries were made after herself, she returned to England, and took up her abode in the house of her son-in-law Mr. Claypole, at Norborough, in Lincolnshire. Her elevation she had never sought, and she was now well-content to spend her remaining days in obscurity, unnoticed and forgotten by the gay courtiers who now occupied her old residence of Whitehall, and by the fickle world, who are ever worshipping whoever or whatever is for the moment glittering in the ascendant.

If we may credit the author of "The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell," published in 1664, she and her children, so far from having reason to deplore their lot as wretched, when now stripped of their former greatness, were in a condition which would be thought by many to be enviable, residing in elegant manors, and surrounded by luxury, splendour, and embellishment. This he relates with his usual scurrility and rancour. He speaks of her children as those who were yet "wanton in the abundance of their spoil and rapine." Then, having similarly abused the Protectress, he adds, "her highness must be pleased to dispense with this frank and libertine manner of treating her, . . . and if she thinks she comes not very well off so, she is unreasonable in her reduction, and allowed recess (to be envied for its plenty and amplitude, far exceeding her former privacy, so that she is even yet a darling of fortune) as in her usurped estate and greatness."

There is indeed no evidence that Mrs. Cromwell after her fall lived in destitution. Her pecuniary resources were, however, now greatly reduced. She had, as we have already seen, given up the tithes of Hartford which had been settled upon her for her jointure. Oliver, some years later, granted her an allowance of £2000 per annum; but as this was de-

rived from the forfeited estates of royalists gifted to him by the parliament, she would receive nothing of this after the Restoration, when these estates were recovered by their original proprietors. Nor does it appear that the pension of £8000 annually, voted to her by the parliament, was ever paid, perhaps not even any part of it. Cromwell had left behind him no wealth, contrary to the belief of most people—a fact which surely redounds to his credit; and she had made little provision for a transition from Whitehall to a plain country house. Thus in the now fallen fortunes of her house she must have had but slender resources. Cromwell's estate having been declared to be forfeited, all that she could derive from it would be the profit that might arise from the sale of those valuable moveables which she might succeed in retaining after his death.¹

According to Noble, in the first edition of his *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, the Protectress survived Cromwell fourteen years, and died September 16, 1672, aged seventy-four. He farther asserts that her remains were interred within the communion rails in the chancel of the church of Wicken, in the county of Cambridge. These conclusions he rests upon the inscription on a grave-stone erected there, bearing the following Latin inscription:—

Elizabetha Cromwell, de Ely,
Obiit XVI. die Septembris,
Anno Christi MDCLXXII. annoq.
Ætatis LXXIII.

But in the third edition of his work, he states it as an incontrovertible fact that she was buried at Norborough. This statement he seems to found upon a passage in the will of Cromwell Claypole, the eldest son of her daughter Mrs. Claypole, by which he directs that his body should be interred at Norborough, as near his grandmother Cromwell as convenience would admit.

¹ Noble's *Memoirs*, &c. vol. i. p. 151-163.

MARY LOVE,

WIFE OF CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

MARY LOVE does not appear on the page of history until her husband became obnoxious to the parliament from his complicity in a plot for the restoration of Charles II. Hitherto she had quietly adorned the domestic circle by her unobtrusive piety; but now she was brought upon the stage, affording an eminent example of the tenderness and activity of her conjugal affection, and of the intelligence, and wisdom, and resignation, which distinguished her Christian piety.

Christopher Love was successively minister of St. Anne's, Aldersgate, and St. Laurence Jewry, in London. He was a man of fervent piety, eloquent and popular as a preacher, and respected and beloved for his excellent Christian character. He is the author of various works on practical divinity, which were long extensively read and much valued. Love had formerly supported the cause of the parliament, to which, according to Clarendon, he was so keen an adherent, that at the Uxbridge treaty, in the beginning of the year 1644-5, he proclaimed, in a sermon preached before a crowded auditory, that there was as great a distance between that treaty and peace, as between heaven and hell.¹ But being a Presbyterian, like the rest of that party, he was opposed to the execution of Charles I.; and, zealous for the solemn League and Covenant, and hostile to Independents and secta-

¹ *History of Rebellion*, folio edit. vol. ii. p. 446.

ries, who, after the execution of the sovereign, triumphed in England, he was an ardent partizan for the restoration of Charles II., under sufficient limitations—an event by which the Presbyterians hoped to obtain the establishment of their own ecclesiastical polity, and to be able to put down the sectaries. In an evil hour he got himself deeply involved, like several of the London Presbyterian ministers, in a plot formed in the spring of the year 1651, by the English royalists, to raise money and arms for the purpose of levying an army in Scotland, which, uniting with the royalist forces in England, might overthrow the Commonwealth, and establish in the throne Charles II., who was now in Scotland, and who had sworn the Covenant. The plot was discovered by Cromwell's vigilance, which nothing could escape. A small ship, bound for the Isle of Man, carrying full information to the Earl of Derby of the design, being driven by stress of weather into the harbour of Ayr, in the month of May, 1651, it was seized and searched by Cromwell's garrison there, and letters found written by Love and others to parties in Scotland, revealed the conspiracy.¹ On the 2d of May, Love and others of the conspirators were arrested.² He was tried before the high court of justice in Westminster Hall, June 20. The trial lasted six days. He had for his counsel the celebrated Sir Matthew Hales;³ but the defence was repelled. On the 5th of July, being convicted, he was adjudged to suffer the pains of death by having his head severed from his body.⁴ On the 15th of July, the tenth day after his condemnation, the sentence was to be carried into execution.

Mrs. Love was "a woman of a sorrowful spirit," as she describes herself, and this blow, so heavy and so sudden, fell upon her with crushing severity. Soon she was to be a desolate widow, left with the care of two children, and

¹ Bates, *Elenchus*, &c., English trans. part ii. p. 115, 116.

² Nickoll's *Milton's State Papers*, p. 66.

³ Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 469.

⁴ *State Trials*, vol. i. p. 660-728.

having the prospect of being confined of another. But could nothing be done to save a life in which her own was bound up? Was there no hope that the parliament would extend to her husband their clemency? Many of its members professed great zeal for religion. Did not this encourage the hope that they would not be deaf to her distressful pleadings? Her friends had expressed to her their readiness to give ample security that Mr. Love would henceforth conduct himself peaceably, and never act in any respect to the detriment of the government established by law. Did not this still more strengthen the hope that the parliament would commiserate his condition? Reasoning in this manner with herself, she resolved to petition the parliament for the remission of his sentence. The petition she presented was as follows:—

“To the Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England,

“The humble petition of Mary, the distressed wife of Christopher Love,

“**SHEWETH,**—That whereas the High Court of Justice hath lately sentenced to death her dear and tender husband, in whose life the life of your petitioner is bound up; in the execution of which sentence, your poor handmaid should become an unhappy widow, and the miserable mother of two young fatherless children, and, she being so near to her appointed hour, having sorrow upon sorrow, be forced, through inexpressible grief, to bow down in travail, and give up the ghost; and so, with one blow, there be destroyed both father, and mother, and babe in one day.

“Yet her spirit is somewhat revived with the thought that there is hope in Israel concerning this thing, when she considers that her humble petition is this day presented before so many professing godliness, who have tasted abundantly how gracious the Lord is, and who through mercy are called of God to inherit a blessing, and to be a blessing to the afflicted in the midst of the land.

“Therefore your distressed handmaid, throwing herself in all humility at your feet, beseecheth you, by the wombs that bare you, and the breasts that gave you suck, in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ, mercifully to interpose, that this fatal blow may be prevented: which act of compassion in you, will be to your poor handmaid as resurrection from the dead; and not only all the tender-hearted mothers of England, but even the babe yet unborn, shall rise up and call you blessed: and this will be to you a glory, and crown of rejoicing in the sight of the nation, when the blessing of them that are ready to perish shall come upon you. And your poor handmaid humbly conceives, that your mercy herein will be no danger to the state, for that your poor petitioner’s friends are willing to give all-sufficient security that her husband shall live peaceably and quietly for the time to come, and never act anything to the prejudice of this Commonwealth and present government. Now the God of heaven bow your hearts to show mercy. And your petitioner shall pray, &c.

MARY LOVE.”¹

This petition was read in parliament on Wednesday, the 9th of July, together with a petition from Love himself. But the debate upon these petitions was adjourned until the Friday following, by thirty-six votes against twenty-eight.² Whether anything was done on Friday in the matter is not recorded. But the parliament taking no action favourable to Love, Mrs. Love continued indefatigable in her efforts to

¹ *Love’s Name Lives*, p. 1. This work was printed at London in 1651. The name neither of printer nor publisher is given. The publisher in an address “To the Reader,” says, “There are several letters published entitled ‘Love’s Letters,’ pretended to have passed between Mr. Love and his wife; which letters are not printed by true and exact copies, having in them both more and less than they should have. Now to prevent the like inconvenience for the future, these letters and petitions are here published. . . . The petitions are some of those (and those very affectionate ones) which Mrs. Love presented to the parliament in behalf of that blessed saint and minister of Christ, her dear husband Mr. Love.”

² Journals of the House of Commons.

obtain for him a pardon or a commutation of his sentence. In these endeavours she was assisted by many friends, who sympathized with her and him, and who, though some of them might think him open to the charge of indiscretion by mixing himself up with secret societies and conspiracies, which often lead to acts of treachery, and by which men's lives are exposed to needless peril, would gladly have saved his life. Divers Presbyterian ministers in and around the capital joined in petitioning the parliament in his favour. Mrs. Love also purposed to make a renewed application for mercy. These petitions, as we shall shortly see, were read before the parliament on the 15th of July, the day appointed for his execution.

Mrs. Love had been endeavouring to prepare her mind for the worst, and as it was extremely doubtful whether these petitions would be of any avail in obtaining for him either a pardon or a reprieve, she wrote to him on the 14th of July, a farewell letter, full of Christian wisdom and consolation. The letter is as follows:—

“MY DEAR HEART,—Before I write a word further, I beseech thee, think not that it is thy wife, but a friend now that writes to thee. I hope thou hast freely given up thy wife and children to that God, who hath said, in Jer. xlix. 11: ‘Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widow trust in me.’ Thy Maker will be my husband, and a father to thy children. O that the Lord would keep thee from having one troubled thought for thy relations! I desire freely to give thee up into thy Father’s hands, and not only look upon it as a crown of glory for thee to die for Christ, but as an honour to me, that I should have an husband to leave for Christ. I dare not speak to thee, nor have a thought within my own heart, of my unspeakable loss, but wholly keep my eye fixed upon thy inexpressible and inconceivable gain. Thou leavest but a sinful, mortal wife, to be everlastingly married to the Lord of glory: thou

leavest but children, brothers and sisters, to go to the Lord Jesus, thy eldest brother: thou leavest friends on earth to go to the enjoyment of saints and angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect in glory: thou dost but leave earth for heaven, and changest a prison for a palae. And if natural affections should begin to arise, I hope that spirit of grace that is within thee will quell them; knowing that all things here below are but dung and dross in comparison of those things that are above. I know thou keepest thine eye fixed on the hope of glory, which makes thy feet trample on the loss of earth.

“My dear, I know God hath not only prepared glory for thee, and thee for it; but I am persuaded he will sweeten the way for thee to come to the enjoyment of it. When thou art putting on thy clothes that morning, O think, I am now putting on my wedding garments, to go to be everlastingly married to my Redeemer! And when the messenger of death comes to thee, let him not seem dreadful to thee; but look on him as a messenger that brings thee tidings of eternal life. When thou goest up the scaffold, think (as thou saidst to me) it is but thy fiery chariot, to carry thee up to thy Father’s house. And when thou layest down thy precious head to receive thy father’s stroke, remember what thou saidst to me, though thy head were severed from thy body, yet in a moment thy soul should be united to thy head, the Lord Jesus, in heaven. And though it may seem something bitter, that by the hands of men we are parted a little sooner than otherwise we might have been; yet let us consider, it is the decree and will of our Father; and it will not be long ere we shall enjoy one another in heaven again. Let us comfort one another with these sayings. Be comforted, my dear heart, it is but a little stroke, and thou shalt be there where the weary shall be at rest, and where the wicked shall cease from troubling. Remember, though thou mayst eat thy dinner with bitter herbs, yet thou shalt have a sweet

supper with Christ that night. My dear, by what I write unto thee, I do not hereby undertake to teach thee; for these comforts I have received from the Lord by thee. I will write no more, nor trouble thee any further, but commit thee into the arms of that God with whom, ere long, thou and I shall be. Farewell, my dear, I shall never see thy face more, till we both behold the face of the Lord Jesus at the great day.

MARY LOVE.

“July 14, 1651.”¹

How considerate is every part of this letter! How careful is she not to unman her beloved consort by indulging in any outburst of passionate feeling, or by dwelling on the forlorn condition of herself and her children! How closely does she adhere to the one object of endeavouring to sustain him for what was before him, by recalling his thoughts to such considerations as were fitted to inspire him with trust in God and tranquillity of mind! How admirable to see her so forgetful of herself, and solicitous only for his comfort, turning away her thoughts from her own loss, great beyond expression as it was, and fixing them upon his unspeakable and inconceivable gain! How delightful the thoughts she suggests for his reflection! and how well qualified does she prove herself to be for ministering refreshment and support to him from the living fountains of Christian consolation! This letter amply confirms the testimony he bears to her Christian intelligence in a letter he wrote to her on the 15th of July, the day after the date of hers, but before hers had reached him, as may be inferred from his making no allusion to it. After exhorting her to “lie under a soul-searching ministry,” he adds, “I know thou art not a spongy hearer, to suck in foul water as well as fair. God hath given thee a good understanding, to be able to discern things that differ; as the mouth tastes meat, thy ear trieth words.”²

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 11, 12.

² *Ibid.* p. 13.

The following letter written by Love to her, without date, was probably in answer to the preceding from her to him:—

“MORE DEAR TO ME THAN EVER,—It adds to my rejoicing that I have so good and gracious a wife to part with for the Lord Jesus. In thy grief I have been grieved, but in thy joy I have been comforted. Surely nature could never help thee to bear so heavy a stroke with so much silence and submission to the hand of God! Oh dearest! every line thou writest gladdeth my heart. I dare not think that there is such a creature as *Mary Love* in the world; for *Kit* and *Mall*, I can think of them without trouble, leaving them to so good a God, and so good a mother. Be comforted concerning thy husband, who may more honour God in his death than in his life: the will of the Lord be done; he is fully satisfied with the hand of God. Though there [be] but little between him and death, he knows there is but little between him and heaven, and that ravisheth his heart. The Lord bless and requite thee for thy wise and good counsel! Thou hast prevented me; the very things I thought to have written to thee thou hast written to me. I have had more comfort from thy gracious letter than from all the counsel I have had from any else in the world: well, be assured, we shall meet in heaven. I rest, till I rest in heaven, thy dying but comforted friend,

CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

“From the Tower, *the Lord's Day.*”

On the 15th of July, a petition from Love in his own behalf, and another from Mrs. Love in his behalf, both praying either for the remission of his sentence or for its commutation into banishment, were read before the parliament.

Mrs. Love's petition was as follows:—

“To the Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England.

“The humble petition of Mary, the wife of Christopher Love, condemned to die,

“SHEWETH,—That whereas your distressed handmaid hath in all humility, in the exceeding great bitterness of her spirit, poured out her very soul to this honourable house for the life of her condemned husband, which petition was mercifully received and read in parliament, as your petitioner is informed, for which high favour she desireth to bless God and be thankful to your honours; and although she hath great cause to be very sensible of your high displeasure against her husband, for which she is heartily sorry; nevertheless she, hoping that your bowels yearn towards her in this her sad condition, adventures once more to make her humble supplication, and doth pray,

“That if your poor petitioner’s husband hath provoked you so far as to render him utterly incapable of your full pardon, yet you would graciously be pleased to let your handmaid find so much favour in your eyes as that you will say of your petitioner’s dear husband as Solomon said of Abiathar, Though thou art worthy of death, we will not *at this time* put thee to death. O pardon your perplexed handmaid, if she again beseech you by the wombs that bare you and the breasts that gave you suck, in the bowels of the Lord Jesus Christ, to reprove him for a time, till she may recover her strength before he depart hence and be seen no more, lest at one terrible stroke in his execution the lives of him, her, and the tender babe in her womb be cut off, and two poor innocent orphans be left behind to begin and end their days in misery! And though he may not be thought worthy to breathe in English air (which God forbid), yet give him, O give him leave to sigh out his sorrows under your displeasure in the utmost parts of the earth, wheresoever you shall think fit to banish him! which, although it be a very great punishment in itself, yet your handmaid and her dying husband shall acknowledge even this to be a great mercy,

and shall thankfully receive it at your hands. And shall pray, &c. MARY LOVE." ¹

After this petition and that of Love were read, divers ministers in and about the city of London bearing a petition in his behalf being admitted to the bar of the house, Mr. Obadiah Sedgwick, after a few words by way of introduction, presented the petition, which had fifty-four signatures appended to it. In it they beseech the parliament "earnestly, and in the bowels of Jesus Christ, who when we were sinners died for us, if not totally to spare the life of our dear brother, that yet you would say of him as Solomon of Abiathar, that at this time he should not be put to death."²

This petition having been read, there followed much debate in the house upon the question whether Love's life should be spared or not, and the question was carried in the negative. The parliament however granted him a reprieve for a month;³ and, as if in hesitation how to act, consulted Cromwell, now at the head of the army and in Scotland, requesting to know what course he would have them to adopt in this affair.⁴

The joyful tidings of her husband's reprieve, for which she was grateful to God and the parliament, were to Mrs. Love like light springing up in the midst of thickest darkness, encouraging the hope that he might yet be pardoned. But still so long as his pardon was a matter of uncertainty, she was kept in a state of agonizing suspense, and the 15th of August, which would soon come, was to her a terrible day to look forward to.

Her friends were strenuous in their endeavours to preserve his life. As a letter from Cromwell to the parliament recommending lenity would be all-important, the decision of the case having been referred to him, they resolved to do what they could to render him propitious. "The ministers intend

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 1, 2.

² Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 471.

³ Whitelocke's *Memorials*, p. 471. *Journals of the House of Commons*.

⁴ Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 706.

to send to the army during the time of the month's reprieve," writes Captain George Bishop, in a letter from Whitehall, July 20, 1651, to whom, it is not said, but evidently to Cromwell.¹ Lieutenant-general Robert Hammond, in a letter to Cromwell, dated London, July 22, earnestly beseeches him to intercede with the parliament for the sparing of Love from the doom of death. "Probably," says he, "there seems no other way to effect it. . . . The hearts of many if not the most of the good men here of all parties are exceedingly set to save his life from this ground, that it may be a means to unite the hearts of all good men, the bent of whose spirits is set to walk in the ways of the Lord. . . . I shall say nothing more than this, that as there is none so highly concerned in the consequences of his crime as your excellency, and your army, so greater will be your honour and goodness to pass by his offence."²

Mrs. Love herself again approached the parliament as a suppliant. While thanking them that they had added a month to the life of her dear husband, she implored them to commiserate her pitiable condition, and to commute the penalty of death, whatever might be the part of the world in which they might be pleased to sentence him to pass the remainder of his days.

"To the Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England,

"The humble petition of Mary, the wife of Christopher Love,

"*SHEWETH*,—That your poor petitioner hath great cause to say, blessed be God, and blessed be you, for your merciful vote of the 15th of July (a day never to be forgotten), in adding a month to the life of her dear husband, which hath opened a door of hope to her in the midst of the valley of Achor, and made her glad, though she be a woman of sorrowful spirit; yet your distressed handmaid is overwhelmed

¹ Nickoll's *Milton's State Papers*, p. 75.

² *Ibid.* p. 75.

with grief and anguish of soul, and cannot be comforted; when she remembers the doleful day, the 15th¹ of August, so near approaching, her heart doth almost die within her, and she is as one giving up the ghost before she is delivered of the fruits of her womb.

“Wherefore your greatly distressed handmaid doth again pour out her soul with renewed and importunate requests, beseeching your honours to commiserate her deplorable condition, by putting on bowels of pity and compassion towards her dear condemned husband, that she may not grapple with the intolerable pains of travail and the insupportable thoughts of her husband’s death in one day. Oh that the life of your handmaid and her babe might be a ransom for the life of her condemned husband! she had rather choose out of love to die for him, than for sorrow of heart to die with him. Now the good Lord incline your hearts to give him his life for a prey, wheresoever it shall please your honours to cast him. And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.,

“MARY LOVE.”¹

All these efforts failed to procure a pardon for Love, or a mitigation of the penalty. Cromwell returned no answer to the parliament as to the manner in which he would have him to be treated.² He perhaps thought that it was neces-

¹ *Love’s Name Lives*, p. 2, 3.

² It has been affirmed by some historians that Cromwell, in answer to the parliament, despatched a letter recommending that Love should be reprieved for a considerable time, and, upon security of future good behaviour from him and his party, at last pardoned, lest the English Presbyterians should in this difficult juncture join with the Scottish kirk party, with whom he was now engaged in conflict. But the post, it is further said, being met by two or three Scottish cavaliers, formerly of the late king’s army, who were travelling on the northern road, and, upon their inquiring whether he had any Scottish letters, having thoughtlessly replied in the affirmative, they seized them, curious to know their contents, and finding this letter of reprieve and pardon for Love, they kept and destroyed it, in revenge for his still remembered Uxbridge sermon, and restored the others to the post, telling him, “There are your letters.”—Echard’s *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 706. But this story is probably unfounded. Had Cromwell’s

sary to select one or two of the conspirators as objects of punishment, to inspire the royalists with terror, and that, Love being a prominent character, it was politic to leave him to expiate his offence on the scaffold. His silence left the doom of death still suspended over the fated minister.

When, however, the 15th of August arrived, and no communication from Cromwell had been received by the parliament on the subject, the parliament granted Love a reprieve for another week, during which time their general might perhaps particularly signify how he would have him to be disposed of.

On the 16th of August a petition from Love, and a narrative under his hand of the whole design, were read before the parliament; as also "the Humble Petition of divers well-affected citizens of the city of London," and "the Humble Petition and acknowledgment of divers ministers of the Word, in the county of Worcester." But the question being put, whether the parliament do grant a further respite of the execution of Mr. Christopher Love, it was carried in the negative by 27 against 16.¹

Two days after, Love, in answer to a letter he had received from Mrs. Love, wrote the following short note to her, which testifies to her composure of mind as well as to his own:—

"MOST DEAREST DELIGHT ON EARTH,—I was fast asleep when thy note came. I bless God I break not an hour's sleep for all my sufferings; I know they work for me a more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. I slept this night from ten at night, till seven in the morning, and never waked. My dear, I am so comforted in the gracious supports God gives thee, that my burdens are the lighter on my shoulders, because they are not so heavy on thine; or if they

despatch so miscarried, the matter, we may be sure, from his energy and vigilance, would have been fully investigated, and have been heard of far and wide as if proclaimed with trumpet-sound.

¹ Journals of the House of Commons.

be heavy, yet that God helps thee to bear them. The Lord keep it in the purpose of our hearts for ever, to submit to the good pleasure of God! I bless God I do find my heart in as quiet and composed a temper as ever I did in all my life. I am, till I die, thy tender-hearted husband,

“CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

“From the Tower, August 18th, 1651.”¹

The heart is slow in renouncing hope, and from these repeated reprieves, Mrs. Love had not altogether lost it; but how difficult is it to bear that sickness of heart caused by hope deferred, that oppression of spirit which the uncertainty of what one's fate is to be produces, and to which the certain knowledge of what it is to be, however hard, is a relief! This state of miserable suspense Mrs. Love had however to bear, as best she could; yet not letting go her hold of hope altogether—though indeed she often despaired—she resolved, while the brief week of her husband's reprieve afforded opportunity, to make one effort more to save him from his impending doom. She again petitioned the parliament, beseeching them to commiserate the importunate cries and entreaties of herself and her children, and to change his sentence of death into a sentence of banishment—to banish him to New England, where he might usefully employ himself for the conversion of the Indians.

“To the Supreme Authority, the Parliament of the Commonwealth of England,

“The humble petition of Mary, the distressed wife of Christopher Love,

“HUMBLY SHEWETH,—That your sad and sorrowful petitioner, in the multitude of her fears wherewith her spirit is overwhelmed within her, after sundry applications and grievous disappointments, more bitter than death, cannot cease to follow your honours with strong cries and supplications, as the importunate Canaanitish woman did the Lord

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 14.

Christ. And O that now at last you would suffer yourselves to be entreated, and let your bowels yearn within you, that so root and branch may not be cut off in one day! The great God hears the cries of ravens. O that God would open your hearts to hear the cries and heart-breaking groans of the mother with the tender babes, that cannot keep silence whilst there is any hope!

“Your desolate handmaid waiteth with all humility and earnest expectation (at your doors), beseeching you not to forget to show mercy to your poor petitioner and her tender babes. O make not your handmaid a widow, and her children fatherless! but be graciously pleased to prevent this dreadful blow, which your petitioner trembleth to think upon, and earnestly beseeches you to change the sentence of death into a sentence of banishment; and whilst you are propagating the gospel in New England, let her dying husband, as a prophet from the dead, be sent to endeavour the conversion of the poor Indians, that so many souls may bless God in your behalf; and she shall receive it from your hands as a signal favour. And your petitioner shall pray, &c.

“MARY LOVE.”¹

This petition, the last which Mrs. Love presented to the parliament in behalf of her husband, like all the others presented by herself and others, was of no avail. During the course of this week's reprieve, Cromwell still remaining silent, the parliament, taking for granted that he meant them to understand by this silence that he declined to interfere, would neither save the life of Love, nor delay his execution beyond the day appointed.²

Mrs. Love was in some good measure prepared for what was now to take place. She had been long familiarizing herself with the scene, and strengthening her fortitude by meditation and prayer. Her interviews with Love in the prison,

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 3.

² Echard's *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 706.

to which she was admitted, had also a very happy influence in bringing her mind into a state of resignation for this great affliction. "Mr. Love," says the publisher of *Love's Name Lives*, "having his wife frequently with him in prison after his trial was ordered, had thereby opportunity, as to open his very heart unto her, in reference to his own estate and condition, and the apprehensions which he had, both of it and of his sufferings (which accordingly he did, to her exceeding great satisfaction and comfort), so also to speak that to her, that might be, and that afterwards did prove to be, a great means of her support, under those trying and pressing afflictions which she did encounter."

On the day before his execution she wrote to him the following very comforting, heavenly, and affectionate letter:—

"MY HEAVENLY DEAR,—I call thee so, because God hath put heaven into thee, before he hath taken thee to heaven. Thou now beholdest God, Christ, and glory as in a glass, but tomorrow heaven's gates will be opened, and thou shalt be in the full enjoyment of all those glories which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither can the heart of man understand. God hath now swallowed up thy heart in the thoughts of heaven, but ere long thou shalt be swallowed up in the enjoyment of heaven. And no marvel there should be such quietness and calmness in thy spirit, whilst thou art sailing in this tempestuous sea, because thou perceivest by the eye of faith a haven of rest, where thou shalt be richly laden with all the glories of heaven. O lift up thy heart with joy when thou layest thy dear head on the block, in the thought of this that thou art laying thy head to rest in thy Father's bosom, which, when thou dost awake, shall be crowned, not with an earthly fading crown, but with an heavenly, eternal crown of glory! And be not discouraged when thou shalt see a guard of soldiers triumphing with their trumpets about thee, but lift up thy head, and thou shalt behold God with a guard of his holy angels, triumphing to receive thee to glory. Be not

dismayed at the scoffs and reproaches that thou mayest meet with in thy short way to heaven, for, be assured, God will not only glorify thy body and soul in heaven, but he will also make the memory of thee to be glorious on the earth.

“O let not one troubled thought for thy wife and babes arise within thee! thy God will be our God and our portion. He will be a husband to thy widow, and a father to thy children; the grace of thy God will be so sufficient for us.

“Now, my dear, I desire willingly and cheerfully to resign my right in thee to thy Father and my Father, who hath the greatest interest in thee; and confident I am, though men have separated us for a time, yet our God will ere long bring us together again, where we shall eternally enjoy one another, never to part more.

“O let me hear how God bears up thy heart, and let me taste of those comforts that support thee, that they may be as pillars of marble to bear up my sinking spirit! I can write no more. Farewell, farewell, my dear, till we meet there where we shall never bid farewell more; till which time, I leave thee in the bosom of a loving, tender-hearted Father, and so I rest, till I shall for ever rest in heaven,

“August 21, 1651.¹

MARY LOVE.”

How admirable is this letter for its Christian sentiment, and how beautifully as well as touchingly is it expressed, indicating a mind of a refined and elevated character, as well as of deep enlightened piety! How does consolation gush from the soul of the writer as she points beyond all that is terrible to human view in a public execution, to heaven with its inconceivable and endless felicities! How steadfast her confidence in God! How resigned her spirit to his sovereign disposal! How does she triumph over the agony of the bitterest of separations, in the anticipation of an everlasting reunion!

On the morning of the day on which he suffered, Love

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 12, 13.

sent to her a farewell letter. In it there is no reference to the preceding, from which it is probable that it was written before he had received it.

“MY MOST GRACIOUS BELOVED,—I am now going from a prison to a palace. I have finished my work; I am now to receive my wages. I am going to heaven, where are two of my children, and leaving thee on earth, where are three of my babes; those two above need not my care, but the three below need thine. It comforts me to think two of my children are in the bosom of Abraham, and three of them will be in the arms and care of so tender and godly a mother. I know thou art a woman of a sorrowful spirit, yet be comforted. Though thy sorrow be great for thy husband’s going out of the world, yet thy pains shall be the less in bringing thy child into the world; thou shalt be a joyful mother, though thou art a sad widow. God hath many mercies in store for thee; the prayers of a dying husband for thee will not be lost. To my shame I speak it, I never prayed so much for thee at liberty, as I have done in prison. I cannot write more, but I have a few practical counsels to leave with thee.”

We shall quote only three of these.

“Though it is good to maintain a holy jealousy of the deceitfulness of thy heart, yet it is evil for thee to cherish fears and doubts about the truth of thy graces. If ever I had confidence touching the graces of another, I have confidence of grace in thee. I can say of thee as Peter did of Silvanus, ‘I am persuaded that this is the grace of God wherein thou standest’ (1 Peter v. 12). Oh, my dear soul, wherefore dost thou doubt, whose heart hath been upright, whose walkings have been holy! &c. I could venture my soul in thy soul’s stead. Such a confidence have I of thee.

“Swallow up thy will in the will of God. It is a bitter cup we are to drink, but it is the cup our Father hath put into our hands. When Paul was to go to suffer at Jerusalem,

the Christians could say, 'The will of the Lord be done.' O say thou, when I go to Tower-hill, 'The will of the Lord be done!'

"Rejoice in my joy. To mourn for me inordinately, argues that either thou enviest or suspectest my happiness. 'The joy of the Lord is my strength.' O let it be thine also! Dear wife, farewell! I will call thee *wife* no more; I shall see thy face no more; yet I am not much troubled, for now I am going to meet the bridegroom, the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom I shall be eternally married. Thy dying, yet most affectionate friend till death,

CHRISTOPHER LOVE.

"FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON,
"August 22, 1651, the day of my glorification."¹

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the 22d of August, Love was brought from the Tower to the scaffold on Tower-hill. He was accompanied by three of his brother ministers, Mr. Simon Ashe, Mr. Edmund Calamy, and Dr. Thomas Manton. On the scaffold, taking off his hat twice to the assembled multitude, he addressed them in a long and eloquent speech,² after which he prayed for some time aloud. Then kneeling down he laid his head on the block, stretching forth his hands, and the executioner performed his office by a single blow. "He died neither timorously nor proudly in any desperate bravado," says Baxter, "but with as great alacrity and fearless quietness and freedom of speech as if he had gone to bed, and had been as little concerned as the standers by."³ His body was afterwards carried to his own house, where it lay for some time.

On the day on which he suffered the sky was bright and unclouded, but soon after his execution, the sky began to overcast, the whole heaven was covered with blackness, and

¹ *Love's Name Lives*, p. 14, 15.

² *The Trial of Mr. Love*, printed at the time, p. 121-129. Brook's report of the speech in his *Lives of the Puritans*, vol. i. p. 132-134, is very incorrect.

³ *Reliquæ Baxterianæ*, part i. p. 67.

a tempest accompanied with thunder and lightning burst forth, and raged all that night and till the next morning with such violence that it seemed as if the world were about to be dissolved. This the Presbyterians interpreted as a sign that "God was angry at these things that had passed." Their adversaries, the Independents, Anabaptists, and others, put upon it an entirely opposite construction, pronouncing Love's execution "as a just judgment of God for his implacable apostasy and enmity," inasmuch as after having joined the cause of the parliament, he conspired for the restoration of the son of the "old tyrant," "whose interest, however disguised, was the same with his father's."¹ Thus differently do men often judge of the events of Providence, according to their partialities, prejudices, or interests.

On the 25th of August Love's mortal remains were interred on the north side of the chancel of the church of St. Laurence Jewry; on which occasion his funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Manton in that church, to a numerous congregation, from 1 Cor. xv. 57: "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The government had expressed some displeasure on hearing that he intended to preach on that occasion, and the soldiers threatened to shoot him; but no offence could be taken at the sermon, in which he said almost nothing about Love.²

In looking back upon the past scenes Mrs. Love, amidst all that was trying, had this consolation, that from the moment of her husband's condemnation, she had persevered to the last in doing everything in her power to obtain a remission or mitigation of his sentence. She had also the comfort of reflecting that no infamy rested on his memory, which, though a political offence against the government then exist-

¹ Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.*

² The sermon was published at the time under the title "The Saint's Triumph over Death." It is short, extending only to twelve not very closely printed pages.

ing brought him to the scaffold, was yet stained by no moral crime. He was generally considered very hardly dealt with, and the government by taking his life was by many considered pitiless, and regarded with aversion. "This blow," says Baxter, "sank deeper towards the root of the new Commonwealth than will easily be believed; and made them grow odious to almost [all] the religious party in the land, except the sectaries. . . . Men count him a vile and detestable creature, who in his passion, or for his interest, or any such low account, shall deprive the world of such lights and ornaments, and cut off so much excellency at a blow, and be the persecutors of such worthy and renowned men. . . . After this the most of the ministers and good people of the land, did look upon the new Commonwealth as tyranny, and were more alienated from them than before."¹

¹ *Reliquæ Baxterianæ*, part i. p. 67.

BRIDGET CROMWELL,

WIFE FIRST OF HENRY IRETON, AFTERWARDS OF CHARLES
FLEETWOOD.

BRIDGET CROMWELL was the sixth child and eldest daughter of Oliver Cromwell, by his wife Elizabeth Bourchier. She was baptized at St. John's church in Huntingdon, August 5, 1624. Like her sisters and brothers she was early taught by her parents the duty and importance of consecrating the best affections of her soul to God, and these lessons appear not to have been lost on her infant mind. In youth series thoughtfulness on the subject of religion engaged her mind, and her parents were gratified in observing her anxiety to secure a place in the divine favour, and the meltings of her heart in love to the divine Saviour.

During the course of the civil war between Charles I. and his parliament, Bridget was brought into acquaintance with Henry Ireton, the eldest son and heir of German Ireton of Attenton, in Nottinghamshire. Ireton had studied at Trinity College, Oxford, and had successfully cultivated common law at Middle Temple. He had entered at the same time with Bridget's father the parliamentary army, in which he became captain, afterwards colonel of a regiment of horse, and at length commissary general, upon the remodelling of the army in the beginning of the year 1645. Though eleven years her father's junior, yet from his unbending integrity, his stern virtue, and his great talents, he was on terms of intimate friendship with him, and being often at her father's

residence, had frequent opportunities of meeting with Bridget. Mutual affection sprang up between them, and they were united in marriage at Norton, near Oxford, on the 15th of January, 1646, Bridget being then in the 22d year of her age.

If the royalists of that period are to be credited, Bridget was unhappily married. She had got a husband in whom blood-thirsty cruelty was the predominant passion,¹ and who was a "thorough paced dissembler under the mask of religion."² That the man to whom Bridget was wedded was a person of a very different description from the portraiture drawn by the cavaliers, is attested by many contemporary witnesses to whom he was personally well known. Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson speaks of him in terms of high eulogium. "He was," says she, "a very grave, serious, religious person; there was a great league of kindness and good-will between him and Mr. Hutchinson, whose cousin he was. . . . Having had an education in the strictest way of godliness, and being a very grave and solid person, a man of good learning, great understanding, and other abilities, to which was joined a willing and zealous heart to the cause and his country, he was the chief promoter of the parliament's interest in the country" [county of Nottingham].³ Ludlow, the republican, who occupied the highest post next to him in Ireland, and who was in the habit of daily communicating with him, and observing his whole conduct in an office of great power and temptation, that of Lord-deputy of Ireland, was his ardent admirer, and is unable to find words adequate to do justice to his high moral, religious, and patriotic qualities, not less than to his great talents. Dr. Owen, in the funeral sermon preached on the occasion of his death, describes him as a "rare example,"

¹ Evelyn's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 49. Dr. Bates styles him "this most cruel pest of his country!" *Elenchus*, &c. p. 179.

² Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*

³ *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, vol. i. p. 148-150, 179.

“in courage and permanency in business, in ability for wisdom and counsel, in faithfulness to his trust and in his trust, in indefatigable industry in the pursuit of the work committed to him, in faith in the promises of God and acquaintance with his mind in his mighty works of providence, in love to the Lord Jesus and all his saints, in a tender regard to their interest, delight in their society, contempt of himself and all his for the gospel’s sake, with eminent self-denial in all his concernments, in impartiality and sincerity in the execution of justice.”

In the autumn of the year in which she was married, Bridget passed some time with her husband and Fairfax, the commander-in-chief of the parliamentary forces, at Cornbury in the West, near Devizes. In a letter she received while here from her father, who was then in London, while the other members of the family were in Ely, we are furnished with a specimen of the strain of paternal, affectionate, and religious counsel, under which she had been nurtured; for this was the strain in which he loved to indulge, and to unfold himself in his confidential correspondence with his children. Not to religious formalities alone had she been trained, but to give the warm affections of her heart to her God and Saviour; and these devout emotions he would have her to cultivate with increasing ardour.

“DEAR DAUGHTER,—I write not to thy husband, partly to avoid trouble, for one line of mine begets many of his, which I doubt makes him sit up too late; partly because I am myself indisposed at this time, having some other considerations. Your friends at Ely are well.” After some words in reference to her sister Mrs. Claypole, to be afterwards quoted, he adds, “Who ever tasted that the Lord is gracious, without some sense of self-vanity and badness? Who ever tasted that graciousness of His, and could go [*i.e.* become] less in desire, and less than pressing after full enjoyment? Dear heart, press on; let not husband, let not any-

thing cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he [your husband] will be an occasion to inflame them. That which is best worthy of love in thy husband is that of the image of Christ he bears. Look on that, and love it best, and all the rest for that. I pray for thee and him; do so for me. My service and dear affections to the general and generaless.¹ I hear she is very kind to thee; it adds to all other obligations. My love to all. I am thy dear father,

“October 25, 1646, LONDON.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

“For his beloved daughter Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the general's quarters: These.”²

Though he took the side of the parliament, Ireton exerted himself to procure the restitution of the king, who, he hoped, from the formidable resistance made to his claims to absolute power, might be brought to yield to the just demands of the parliament; but on discovering the insincerity of the monarch, a vice which was abhorred perhaps by no man living more than by Ireton, he relinquished all thoughts of restoring him, and even contracted an utter dislike to monarchy.³

Ireton had a powerful influence in moulding the political opinions of Bridget, who looked up to his superior intelligence, and admired the ingenuousness and integrity of his character. She had been accustomed to hear him declaim against the duplicity and tyranny of the king, against the doctrine of inalienable prerogative and passive obedience, and on the blessings of a republican government, borrowing his illustrations from the republics of ancient Greece and Rome, and Sparta, of whose heroes he professed the highest admiration. She thus became thoroughly imbued with republican principles, and altogether opposed to monarchical government, whether that government should be wielded by her father or by Charles Stuart. She therefore testified her repugnance,

¹ Lord and Lady Fairfax.

² Thomas Cromwell's *Cromwell and his Times*, p. 467.

³ Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson*, vol. ii. p. 110-112.

after all the blood that had been shed, and all the treasure that had been wasted, to the adoption of measures for the restitution of Charles I., the more especially as he was a monarch on whose promises, which he had so often broken, no reliance could be placed, and who, when again securely seated on the throne, would assuredly avenge himself on her father and Ireton, and their associates, by dooming them to undergo, on the scaffold, the ignominious death of rebels and traitors.¹

But Ireton carried matters farther against the sovereign than Bridget had anticipated. He was one of the judges in the high court of justice by which Charles I. was condemned to the block, and was a member of the committee by which the time and place of his execution were determined. If we may credit Bishop Burnet, he was the great impelling power by which all the actors, including even Cromwell, were hurried on to enact that terrible tragedy. "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."²

When Ireton, upon his appointment, in June, 1649, to be next in command to Cromwell, who was made Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, went out to take part in completing the reduction of that island, Bridget did not accompany him, but she followed him soon after. She prepared to go out with Edmund Ludlow, who had been appointed lieutenant-general of the horse in Ireland, and with the commissioners appointed by the parliament for the administration of the civil affairs of that kingdom. In the beginning of January, 1649-50, on Saturday, she, and the commissioners, and Ludlow met at Milford, with the design of embarking for Ireland. Three

¹ Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 166-169.

² Burnet's *Own Time*, vol. i. p. 54.

ships of war were lying ready for them in the harbour, with several ships for the transportation of Ludlow's troops with their goods and horses. On Monday she and the commissioners—Ludlow and his troops following three days after—set sail with a fair wind, and arrived safely on Thursday, under the fort of Duncannon, near Waterford. They then proceeded to Waterford, where Ireton had then fixed his head-quarters.¹ While she was staying in Ireland, Thomas Patient, an Anabaptist minister, in a letter to her father, dated Kilkenny, April 15, that year, bearing testimony to the piety of her spirit, says, "I am at the present, and have been, at the head-quarters ever since a little before my Lady Ireton came over. I do by good experience find, so far as I can discern, the power of God's grace in her soul; a woman acquainted with temptations and breathing after Christ."

How long she remained in Ireland with Ireton is uncertain. She perhaps accompanied her father when he returned to England in June, 1650, at which time he left Ireton, his deputy, to prosecute for the parliament the work of subjugation. She was residing in London, it would appear, in the autumn of that year, for in a letter her father wrote to Ireton, dated Dunbar, September 4, 1650, giving him an account of the defeat of the Scottish army, and congratulating him upon his successes in Ireland, there are no affectionate remembrances and Christian counsels to Bridget. Far away from her husband and her father, she was living with her children secure from the tumult and bloodshed of war, gratified, it might be, in hearing of their triumphs, but not without anxiety for their safety in the midst of perils so many and so great.

She was to see her brave and gallant husband no more. Before the close of the following year she was plunged into sorrow by the intelligence of his death. On the 15th of

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 288, 290.

² Nickoll's *Milton's State Papers*, p. 7.

November, in the flush and zenith of his martial renown, after the surrender of Limerick, when on an excursion with the view of placing garrisons in certain places, he was suddenly seized with illness, said to be the plague, brought on by his indefatigable Irish services. Upon this he was conveyed in haste to that town, where he died on the 27th, "universally lamented by all good men, more especially because the public was thereby deprived of a most faithful, able, and useful servant."¹ On the 8th of December the fatal tidings were brought to Bridget that she had lost the husband of her youth. "She is now Widow Ireton, a sorrowful and bereaved woman." The intrepid and active spirit, which had called forth her admiration and gained her love, had fled; the heart that had throbbed with affection towards her, and with noble aspirations for his country's welfare, had ceased to beat; the eye so lately animated with the lustre of genius, of patriotic enterprise, and of tenderness, had been shut in death; and the lips to whose free sentiments on government and religion she had been accustomed to listen with delight, had been closed for ever. Her parents and sisters addressed themselves to the tender office of endeavouring to assuage her grief. And on the very day after the news of his death had reached London, the House of Commons, in gratitude for his services, gave practical expression to their sympathy for Bridget and her fatherless children, by ordering a bill to be brought in for settling £2000 per annum upon them, out of the lands belonging to George, Duke of Buckingham.² This pension Ireton, with a rare disinterestedness, had refused to accept while living, when it was voted to him by the parliament, saying, that they had many just debts which he would have them to pay before they made such presents, that he had no need of their land and would not have it, and that it would afford him greater satisfaction to see them faithful and zealous in the public service than to witness their profusion

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 328-330.

² Journals.

in disposing of the public treasure.¹ But now that his life had been sacrificed in the service of the parliament, his widow and children might be fairly considered as entitled, in justice, to an annual pecuniary provision, though grave exceptions may be made as to the source from which it was derived.

Ireton's remains were brought to England for interment. On the 17th of December they were landed at Bristol, whence they were conducted with much pomp to Somerset House, in the Strand, London, where they lay in state in a chamber hung with black; and over the gate was placed an escutcheon bearing the arms of the deceased, with the motto, "Dulce est pro patriâ mori." On the 6th of February following he was interred with great magnificence in the chapel of King Henry VII., at Westminster, among the Kings of England,² on which occasion a sermon was preached in the Abbey Church, by the celebrated Dr. John Owen, dean of Christ's Church, Oxford, from Dan. xii. 13: "But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days."

The sermon, in which Owen pays the highest tribute to the eminent talents, patriotism, and Christian excellence of Ireton, was shortly after published, with a dedication "to the honourable, and my very worthy friend, Colonel Henry Cromwell," dated "Oxford, Christ Church, April 2." He intended to have dedicated it to Mrs. Ireton, but she had as

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 320.

² Evelyn, the ultra-royalist, in his *Memoirs* (vol. ii. p. 48), has given a full account of the solemnity, beginning thus: "March 6. Saw the magnificent funeral of that arch-rebel Ireton carried in pomp from Somerset House to Westminster." A magnificent tomb, adorned with the effigies of Ireton and his wife, was erected over his grave. The expenses of his funeral and monument were defrayed from the public purse, which, "if he could have foreseen," says Ludlow, "he would certainly have made it his desire that his body might have found a grave where his soul left it, so much did he despise those pompous and expensive vanities; having erected for himself a more glorious monument in the hearts of good men by his affection to his country, his abilities of mind, his impartial justice, his diligence in the public service, and his other virtues."—Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 331.

yet got so little above the almost overwhelming grief caused by her bereavement, that he was afraid lest he might thus deepen the still open and bleeding wounds of her heart by too vividly recalling, and too vividly fixing her thoughts on what she had lost. "The ensuing sermon," says he, "being come abroad, it was in my thoughts to have directed it immediately in the first place to her, who of any individual person was most nearly concerned in him. But having observed how near she hath been to be swallowed up of sorrow, and what slow progress He, who took care to seal up instruction to her soul by all dispensations, hath given her hitherto towards a conquest thereof, I was not willing to offer directly a new occasion unto the multitude of her perplexed thoughts about this thing. No doubt, her loss being as great as it could be upon the account of one subject to the law of mortality, as many grains of grief and sorrow are to be allowed her in the balance of the sanctuary, as God doth permit to be laid out and dispended about any of the sons of men. He who is able to make sweet the bitterest waters, and to give a gracious issue to the most grievous trial, will certainly, in due time, eminently bring forth that good upon her spirit, which he is causing all these things to work together for."

Bridget had to Ireton five children—one son, named Henry, and four daughters, Elizabeth, Jane, Bridget, and a fourth, whose name is unknown. Jane was married to Richard Lloyd, Esq. (of Norfolk); and the issue of this marriage was Jane, an only child, who married Nicholas or Henry Morse,¹ Esq., by whom she had four sons and three daughters.² Bridget, the fourth daughter of Mrs. Ireton, was a remarkable woman, and resembled her grandfather Cromwell, both in physiognomy and in character, more than any of his descendants.

Mrs. Ireton did not long remain a widow. She was mar-

¹ In Noble's *Memoirs*, &c. it is by mistake Moore.

² Noble, vol. ii. p. 322. *Notes and Queries*, vol. iii. p. 250.

ried secondly to Charles Fleetwood, who was descended of an ancient family, formerly of Lancashire, and who had eminently distinguished himself at the battle of Worcester, in which Charles II. was completely routed. The exact date of their marriage is unknown. Mrs. Hutchinson has recorded a story current at the time as to the origin of this second marriage, which had probably some foundation. After the death of Ireton, Lambert was appointed to succeed him as deputy of Ireland; an honour with which he was so greatly elated as to carry his pride and superciliousness beyond all bounds. Mrs. Lambert was equally proud and supercilious. While Mrs. Ireton was one day walking in mourning garb in St. James's Park, the wife of Lambert happened to meet her, and it being the etiquette of courts for the wife of a prince in possession to take precedence of a princess-dowager, Mrs. Lambert claimed the precedence of Ireton's widow, "who," says our narrator, "notwithstanding her piety and humility, was a little grieved at the affront."¹ Colonel Fleetwood, who held the second highest command in the army, being present in mourning for his wife, who died about the same time with Ireton, observed the circumstance, and taking occasion to introduce himself, he paid his respects to the slighted lady, whose agitated feelings he composed, and who was grateful for his attentions. Following up his advantage he made proposals of marriage to her, which were accepted, and Lambert being soon after supplanted by Fleetwood, she was speedily restored to precedence to the wife of Lambert. Bridget's second marriage met with her father's entire approval. The matrimonial alliances of his children he endeavoured to make subservient to the furtherance of his plans of ambition; and as Fleetwood was related to many wealthy and prosperous families, and had great influence with the army, then almost wholly puritan—more, however, from his praying gifts than from his military talents

¹ *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson*, vol. ii. p. 195, 196.

—Cromwell warmly seconded Fleetwood's addresses to Bridget, even while she had not yet put off her mourning weeds for Ireton. Though inferior to Ireton in military and political abilities, Fleetwood was yet, in respect of his religious character, entirely to her taste, and the union seems to have been the result of mutual attachment. It may not, therefore, be correct to affirm that in marrying him she sacrificed her affections to the state policy of her father, though she may have been induced by her father's persuasions to give her hand to Fleetwood sooner than she might have done, had she been left wholly to act according to her own inclinations.

Soon after the marriage¹ Fleetwood was invested with the dignity of "commander-in-chief of the forces in Ireland," which was now the highest post in Ireland.² His commission is dated July 10, 1652.³ In September following he embarked for Ireland, accompanied by Bridget. Not long after their arrival they received a letter from her father addressed to Fleetwood, but the most of which was intended for her.

The letter is without date, but it was probably written from the Cockpit towards the close of the year 1652, or the beginning of the year 1653. It begins in a strain of fervent

¹ Bates, *Elenchus*, &c. p. 181.

² Cromwell succeeded by a well-contrived *ruse* in divesting Lambert of his place as Lord-deputy of Ireland. His own commission as Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, dated June 23, 1649, which extended only to three years, being on the point of expiring, he opposed in parliament its renewal, declaring himself satisfied with the honours he already possessed. The renewal was therefore negatived; upon which it was argued that as there was now to be no lord-lieutenant, there could be no lord-deputy, and it was suggested that Lambert's commission should be limited to six months. Lambert in indignation resigned his place, and Cromwell, who had now got him to do exactly what he wanted, as commander-in-chief of all the forces, appointed Fleetwood the head of the army in Ireland.—Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iii. p. 324.

³ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. i. p. 212. Cromwell afterwards changed Fleetwood's title of Commander-in-chief to that of Deputy of Ireland.—Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 59.

cordiality of feeling towards Fleetwood, from which it appears that Cromwell had found in him a son-in-law to his heart's content. But the burden of the letter is an affectionate outpouring of Christian counsel to Bridget. This gives us a glimpse into her spiritual idiosyncrasy as well as into Cromwell's own heart. She was the subject of deep religious impressions, but her mind tended to dwell rather on the dark than on the bright aspects of divine truth. In thinking of her unworthiness and guilt she was more disposed to look at the justice of God than at his love and mercy, and consequently was often afflicted with apprehensions of his wrath. To meet this pensive disposition of mind he would have her, if she would be delivered from slavish fears and despondency and obtain tranquillity and peace of soul, not to seek this happy state of mind in any respect in her own good works or Christian graces, but to look *without herself* to the Saviour and to God as reconciled through him—to look *without herself* to the covenant of grace, in which all is secured between God and Christ for the sinner who believes.

“Salute your dear wife from me. Bid her beware of a *bondage* spirit.¹ Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit—the antidote is love. The voice of fear is: If I had done this, if I had avoided that, how well it had been with me! I know this hath been her vain reasoning: ‘poor Biddy!’ Love argueth in this wise: What a Christ have I; what a father in and through him! What a name hath my Father: *Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin.* What a nature hath my Father: *He is LOVE*—free in it, unchangeable, infinite! What a covenant between him and Christ—for all the seed, for every one; wherein He undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing. The new covenant is *grace*—to or upon the soul; to which it, ‘the soul,’ is passive and re-

¹ A secretary has written hitherto; Cromwell now begins himself with a new pen.

ceptive: *I'll do away their sins; I'll write my law, &c.; I'll put it in their hearts: they shall never depart from me, &c.*

“This commends the love of God: it's Christ dying for men *without* strength, for men whilst sinners, whilst enemies. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us? What God hath done, what He is to us in Christ, ‘this’ is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect grace. Faith, as an act, yields it not; but ‘only’ as it carries us into Him, who is our perfect rest and peace; in whom we are accounted of, and received by the Father—even as Christ himself! This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only.”¹

In another letter to Fleetwood, dated Cockpit, August 22, 1653, Cromwell, in sending Bridget his affectionate remembrances, alludes with satisfaction to her piety as drawing the closer around her the affections of his heart. “My love to thy dear wife—whom I indeed entirely love, both naturally and upon the best account—and my blessing, if it be worth anything, upon thy little babe.” He adds in a postscript, “All here love you, and are in health, your children and all.”² He refers to Fleetwood's children by his first marriage.

Almost the next news which Bridget heard from her father was that on the 16th of December, 1653, he had accepted the dignity and title of Lord-protector of the Commonwealth, and that he had removed with the whole family—including her paternal grandmother, her mother, her sister Elizabeth, whom, though married, her father wished to be at his side, and her other sisters, Mary and Frances, who were still unmarried—from their residence in the Cockpit to the royal apartments of Whitehall.

From her strong hostility to monarchy, and her equally.

¹ Carlyle, *Supplement to Cromwell's Letters*, p. 147-149.

² *Ibid.* p. 150-153.

strong predilection for a republican government, which she had imbibed from Ireton, Bridget disapproved of the assumption of the power and title of "Protector," even by a beloved father, by which, under a more humble name than that of king, the whole sovereignty of the state would come to be lodged in his single person.¹ Her father, however, was probably less concerned at her opposition than at that of Fleetwood and the other Baptists composing the Irish council, who were moved with indignation, which they could not conceal, and were with great difficulty got to proclaim him lord-protector. The Anabaptist principle was against placing the government in the hands of a single person, and "Fleetwood," says Adair, "was too much an Anabaptist to carry on Cromwell's designs, now when he was aspiring to settle the supreme government in himself and posterity after him."² Cromwell, for this reason, as well as on account of Fleetwood's incapacity, notwithstanding his personal excellence, to govern the army and kingdom of Ireland in such troublous times, resolved to recall him, and to appoint his own son Henry lord-deputy of that kingdom.

In the beginning of July, 1655, Henry arrived in Dublin with a commission as "major-general, and commander-in-chief of the army in Ireland." A letter written by Cromwell to Fleetwood, dated Whitehall, June 22, 1655, was probably brought over by Henry. The concluding part of this letter was especially intended for Bridget. Her father had received with delight affecting accounts of the working of the Spirit of God in her soul. She was still subject, it would seem, to dejection and discouragement, produced by the contemplation of the divine purity and the divine law, contrasted with her own corruption and guilt. He therefore proceeds as before in the strain of the good old puritan theology, to minister to her comfort, bidding her, if she would experience peace and

¹ Noble, vol. i. p. 166-169.

² Reid's *Hist. of the Presb. Church in Ireland*, vol. ii. p. 277, 296.

joy, look to Christ, and the covenant *without* her, not to anything *within* her. "Dear Charles, my dear love to thee [and] to my dear Biddy, who is a joy to my heart, for what I hear of the Lord in her. Bid her be cheerful and rejoice in the Lord once and again: if she knows the covenant she cannot but do [so]. For that transaction is without her; sure and steadfast, between the Father and the Mediator in his blood: therefore, leaning upon the Son, or looking to him, thirsting after him, and embracing him, we are his seed, and the covenant is sure to all the seed. The compact is for the seed: God is bound in faithfulness to Christ, and in him to us: the covenant is without *us*; a transaction between God and Christ. Look up to *it*. God engageth in it to pardon us; to write his law in our heart; to plant his fear [so] that we shall never depart from him. We, under all our sins and infirmities, can daily offer a perfect Christ; and thus we have peace and safety, and apprehension of love, from a Father in covenant, who cannot deny himself. And truly in this is all my salvation; and this helps me to bear my great burdens. If you have a mind to come over with your dear wife, &c., take the best opportunity for the good of the public and your own convenience."¹

In this last clause, in which Cromwell invites Fleetwood to come over, &c., more is meant than meets the eye—more than merely a friendly visit; his aim was wilily to draw him over to England, and by gentle arts induce him to consent to give up his place as lord-deputy, though in a preceding part of the letter he denies that there was any truth in a rumour which had got abroad that Henry was to be raised to that dignity. The invitation was accepted by Fleetwood, who left Dublin with Bridget and their children in the beginning of September. They were accompanied by her brother Henry, the council, the mayor and aldermen of Dublin, with most of the considerable persons then about the city, as far

¹ Thurloe, vol. iii. p. 572. Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 367.

as the house of Ludlow, lieutenant-general of the horse, which stood near the place of embarking; and after a short stay they went on board and departed for England.¹

Bridget, with Fleetwood and their children, arrived safely in London. Fleetwood, in a letter to her brother Henry, dated Wallingford House [London], September 25, 1655, thus notifies their safe arrival:—"Dear Brother, We were through the good hand of the Lord brought hither upon Saturday night last, and have great cause to own the goodness of the Lord to us in our journey, he being pleased, beyond expectation, to enable my dear wife and children to endure the journey. I desire all our praying friends may remember our condition before the Lord, and to seek his face that we may walk more worthy of such clemency as we have received."²

In the first-half of the following year Bridget was visited with domestic affliction. She partially suffered in her own health, though it would appear not seriously; but some of the children were dangerously ill. From Fleetwood's correspondence with her brother Henry we gather these facts, and observe how anxious she and her husband were to learn the divine lessons intended to be taught them by such dispensations. In a letter to Henry, without date, but probably written from London in the spring of the year 1656, Fleetwood says, "My dear wife is not very well at present. The Lord will give, I trust, that choice mercy of her health, which is the greatest blessing I have in this world."³ Then in reference to one of the children he thus writes to Henry about the same time:—"It having pleased God the Lord to visit my dear Nancy with a very sore distemper, not in the eye of man, I think, likely to recover, what such a trial is I need not tell you, when you remember how it was with you when

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 89. Fleetwood retained his dignity as lord-deputy for a short time longer, but he did not return to Ireland. He was succeeded by Henry Cromwell as lord-deputy of that kingdom.

² Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 169.

³ *Ibid.* 821, no. 126.

the Lord visited your sweet Betty. The Lord sanctify this trial to us; it is that which hath a voice in it, which, if we have hearts to hear and understand that, will be our mercy."¹ Again, writing to Henry, April 28 [1656], he says, "The Lord's hand is still upon us in the weakness of our dear Nancy, who hath been looked upon by the physicians and others these four or five days as a dying child. Our desires to the Lord have been that we might have wills to resign to his will, and to be thoroughly taught by this sore stroke. There is, it seems, a little abatement of one part of her distemper in the fever, which gives some reviving, but no more than to encourage still a waiting upon the Lord, who can raise from the grave, that is her case. I hope our praying friends with you are mindful of us, that the Lord may thoroughly sanctify this dispensation to us. There is something the Lord would have us particularly learn; if he please to teach us, that will be our mercy."²

Others of the children were taken ill, and also the servants. This was a trying time to Bridget, but it passed over without a breach. The news which Fleetwood sends to Henry, May 20, 1656, are more encouraging, though there is still cause for anxiety. "Through mercy our dear children and servants are in a hopeful way of recovery. Only poor Biddy Ireton hath still a dangerous feverish distemper upon her. The Lord sanctify this dispensation to us, that we may thoroughly understand his mind therein."³ In a few days, however, Biddy Ireton is also favourably convalescing. Dr. Stane in a letter to Henry, dated [London] May 27, writes:—"All your friends well. The children at Wallingford recovered, all but Biddy, and she is amending apace."⁴

The only letter of Bridget's which we have discovered is one to her brother Henry, without date, but written some

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 128.

² Ibid. 821, no. 130.

³ Ibid. 821, no. 131.

⁴ Ibid. 821, no. 168.

time after this. Henry perhaps had neglected to write to her, for which, from the almost overwhelming pressure of public business, he would find little leisure, and Bridget interpreted this, or some other things, probably of no great importance, as indicating his want of brotherly love—an incorrect interpretation, we have little doubt—and in some of her nervous desponding moods she writes to him some sisterly lines by way of complaint. She reminds him that “affection is very apt to decay;” she adverts to “others’ unkindnesses,” by which she probably means Henry’s; and she desires to nourish within her affection towards him, “though it may be not much cared for.” The letter, which is addressed on the back, “For my dear Brother the Lord-deputy,” is as follows:—

“DEAR BROTHER,—I am very unfit and unapt to write, and yet I would not altogether neglect to stir up that affection which ought to be betwixt so near relations, and is very apt to decay. I blame none but myself. I desire rather so to do than to lay it upon others, or be a judger of others. I could wish there had not been so much occasion of the contrary wherein my corrupt heart hath taken advantage. I desire to be humbled for it, and not to give way, whatever others’ unkindnesses may be, to weaken that love and affection which ought to be, and is the desire of my soul to defend and nourish in me, towards yourself, though it may be not much cared for; yet, however, I shall labour to be found in my duty, which is to be your dear and very affectionate sister, and servant,

B. FLEETWOOD.”¹

After her father’s elevation to the protectorate, Bridget, of all his daughters, carried herself with the most becoming lowliness of demeanour. The deceitful allurements of elevated rank, though they did not dissipate the early religious impressions produced on the minds of the others, yet operated

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 185.

with malign effect, by fostering vanity and a taste for frivolity and gaiety. The neglect or irregular performance of domestic worship, from the engrossment of the affairs of state or of ceremony, was also unfavourable to the religious interests of Cromwell's family, which had hitherto been accustomed to the regular observance of the devotions of the domestic altar. John Howe, who was chaplain in the Protector's family, thus writes on this subject in a letter to Richard Baxter:—"My call hither was to a work I thought very considerable, the setting up the worship and discipline of Christ in this family, wherein I was to be joined with another, called in upon the same account. But I now see the designed work here hopelessly laid aside. We affect here to live in so loose a way, that a man cannot fix upon any certain charge, to carry towards them as a minister of Christ should: so that it were as hopeful a course to preach in a market, or any other assembly met by chance, as here. The affected disorderliness of this family, as to the matters of God's worship, whence arises my despair of doing good in it, I desire as much as possible to conceal; and therefore resolve to others to insist upon the low condition of the place I left, as the reason of my removal, if I do remove. To you I state the case more fully, but desire you to be very sparing in making it known, as it is here represented."¹ But amidst the greatness, the prosperous fortune of her family, Bridget felt its emptiness, and her deportment was tempered with a graceful humility and piety. Her tastes and habits were simple, and she had no inclination for court life, from which she would gladly withdraw to her own retirement, where she might surrender herself to meditation and prayer.

¹ Baxter's MSS. quoted in Orme's *Life of Baxter*, p. 153. Yet too much ought not to be made of these censures. It must ever be kept in mind that the disorders and scandals, the licentiousness and impiety which have so often disgraced courts, had no place in the court of Cromwell. The standard of morality could not have been higher. Things sacred were never treated with ridicule and abuse, but always with respect. How different the court of Charles II.!

Of all Cromwell's daughters Bridget was the one of whom Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson entertained the highest opinion. While in her graphic picture of Cromwell's court she holds up the others to derision, sneering at their vanity engendered by their elevation, at their ambition to shine in gorgeous attire, and to equal in princely polished manners such as had been born and educated princesses in the palaces of Old England, but the attempt to imitate whom was, as she thought, only a grotesque mimicry, she speaks in commendation of the good sense, piety, and humility of Bridget. "His wife and children," says she, "were setting up for principality, which suited no better with any of them than scarlet on the ape; only to speak the truth of himself he had much natural greatness, and well became the place he had usurped. His daughter Fleetwood was humbled, and not exalted with these things; but the rest were insolent fools."¹

In times like those in which Mrs. Hutchinson lived, one could hardly expect to find in a writer, who took with ardent feelings a particular side, an altogether fair distribution of praise and blame uninfluenced by party leanings. In estimating the judgment she pronounced upon Cromwell's daughters, it is to be noted that Bridget, of whom she speaks so favourably, was, like herself, a rigid republican in politics, and a rigid independent in religion, while Cromwell's other daughters were more latitudinarian in politics and religion. It is farther to be taken into account that Mrs. Hutchinson was probably in some degree envious of women who had risen so conspicuously superior in rank to those of their own station. Perhaps in her intercourse with them they had assumed, or she thought they had assumed, in their looks, and manners, and language, a haughty expression of superiority at which she was piqued, and in retaliation she watched their every tone, and look, and motion, as if to mark their

¹ *Memoirs of Col. Hutchinson.*

slightest deviation from courtly manners and etiquette. A photograph likeness taken by the jaundiced light of prejudice, will not be a faithful picture. Republican as were Mrs. Hutchinson's sentiments in politics, she had no inconsiderable spice of a prudish and aristocratic spirit, which is by no means confined to those who occupy an aristocratic position in society. One smiles in finding that she herself seems to have been entirely ignorant of this conjunction; but a similar want of self-knowledge it is common enough to meet with.

Bridget, it would appear, was never reconciled to her father's assumption of the supreme authority to the overthrow of a democratic government. Dr. Bates, after mentioning that "the republicans created Cromwell in his latter years continual troubles and vexation," immediately adds, "especially because his son-in-law Fleetwood and his wife seemed to favour these men, excuse and intercede for them."¹

The next notice we have of Bridget is, that on the last day of August, 1658, a meeting for prayer was held by many of the officers of the army at her residence, Wallingford House, for the recovery of her father from a severe illness, which filled her and the whole family with sad apprehensions,² and which ended in his dissolution. Cromwell had been an affectionate father, and Bridget, as did her sisters and brothers, mourned his death with a sincere and pungent grief. Her sorrow was deepened from her profound veneration for the memory of a father, whose eminence as a statesman, a commander, and a ruler, as well as a Christian, was in her estimation so transcendent; and from an apprehension that this event would be followed by the downfall of her family from the pinnacle of power and glory to which they had been raised, and by the restoration of the eldest son of the late monarch to the throne, to which, unlike her other sisters, she was ever opposed.

¹ *Elenchus*, &c. p. 328.

² Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 369.

Subsequent events confirmed her in this apprehension. First, her brother Richard was deposed from the protectorate by the officers of the army. Then the Long Parliament, or rather the Rump of that parliament, which favoured a commonwealth, having been called together by the officers of the army, there soon followed a rupture between the officers and the parliament, the issue of which was that the officers dispersed the parliament. Bridget, who vigilantly watched the state of public affairs, had political sagacity enough to foresee that this measure would inevitably destroy all hopes of the re-establishment of the Commonwealth, and would in all probability end in restoring Charles II. to the throne, to the ruin of herself and her family. At this being much concerned, she had earnestly entreated Fleetwood to take no part with the officers in their opposition to the parliament, with which, indeed, he had no good cause of quarrel, as it had appointed him commander-in-chief of the forces in England and Scotland; and she sought relief to her mind by communicating her feelings of anxiety to her republican friend Ludlow, to whom she lamented her husband's situation with tears, and whom she entreated to remain in England, to compose the breach, if he possibly could. "When I waited on Lieutenant-general Fleetwood," says Ludlow, "which frequently happened, I never failed to exhort him, during this unhappy breach, that he would use his endeavours for the restitution of the parliament. About which being one day somewhat earnest with him, and having acquainted him, that finding my good offices between the parliament men and the army were likely to prove ineffectual, I was resolved to go to my station in Ireland; his lady overhearing these last words from her chamber, and being informed that I was alone with the lieutenant-general, she came into the room where we were, and with tears began to lament the present condition of her husband, who, she said, had been always unwilling to do anything in opposition to

the parliament; assuring me, that he was utterly ignorant of the contrivance of the officers at Derby, to petition the parliament in so insolent a manner,¹ and had not had any part in their proceedings upon it afterwards; that, as to herself, she had always solicited him to comply in all things with the orders of the parliament; and that, fearing the consequences of the petition from Derby, she had taken the original, and locked it up in her cabinet, where it still was. She desired me to defer my journey to Ireland, till differences should be composed between the parliament and the army; saying, that she knew I had an interest in both, which she hoped I would improve for the good of both, and not forget to do what good offices I could for her husband, who, she said, had always expressed a great friendship for me. I confess I was moved with the discourse of the lady, and could have been contented to put off my journey for Ireland some time longer, if I had not clearly seen it impossible to adjust the differences between our contending parties. For the army, instead of hearkening to an accommodation, had not only resolved to call a new parliament, but also published a proclamation to appoint the day and place of their meeting. Besides, I was under no small apprehensions

¹ The reference here is to a petition addressed to the parliament, signed by many officers of the army. It was agreed upon at London by the officers of that brigade commanded by Colonel Lambert, and then sent down to Derby to obtain signatures, after which it was to be returned to London, as if it had been signed at Derby. In this paper the officers among other things aspersed the parliament for want of vigour in repressing the recent conspiracy of Sir George Booth to restore Charles II., and for not rewarding the officers who had defeated the enemy; and they demanded that no officer of the army should be dismissed from his command unless by a court-martial, by which the power of dismissing the officers of the army was taken from the parliament. Fleetwood pretended his dislike of this petition, and his resolution to put a stop to it, though some suspected him to be in the plot. It was never presented to the parliament, but the House of Commons having got it into their hands, it was read privately before that house, which, however, simply passed upon it a vote of disapprobation.—Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 227, 244, 245.

that disorders might arise amongst the officers in Ireland, which was my peculiar province."¹

Mrs. Fleetwood did not long survive the reversal of the fortunes of her family by the restoration of Charles II., but the precise date of her death is uncertain.

She had to Fleetwood several children, of whom Mary Fleetwood, who was married to Nathaniel Carter of Yearmouth, February 21, 1677-8,² is supposed to have been one. Whether "dear Nancy" referred to in p. 361, was one of her daughters by Fleetwood, or a daughter of his by his first wife, we are unable to determine. It is thought highly probable that Mr. Charles Fleetwood, who was buried at Stoke Newington May 14, 1674, was a son of hers by Fleetwood. It is also supposed that Ellen Fleetwood, who was buried in the same place, in a velvet coffin, July 23, 1731, was a daughter of her second marriage. If so, that lady must have been, at the time of her death, upwards of 70 years of age.³ Fleetwood had a daughter named Elizabeth, married to Sir John Hartopp of Freathby, Leicestershire, Bart.; but this was probably a daughter of his first marriage. Sir John died in 1722, aged 85, and was buried at Stoke Newington, April 11, and his wife Elizabeth was interred there November 26, 1711.⁴

Fleetwood married a third time. He died in 1692, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.⁵

¹ *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 293, 294.

² "Mr. Nathaniel Carter of Yearmouth, and Mrs. Mary Fleetwood, married Feb. 21, 1677-8."—Register of parish of Newington, quoted in Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 299. Noble supposes that Mary Fleetwood was a daughter of Bridget Cromwell by her first husband, and that she went by the name of Fleetwood, because it was less obnoxious than that of Ireton. It is more probable that she was a daughter of hers by Fleetwood. At the time of her marriage she could not exceed twenty-five years of age.

³ *Notes and Queries*, vol. ix. p. 36.

⁴ Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iii. p. 298. ⁵ *Ibid.* vol. iii. p. 299.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL,

WIFE OF LORD CLAYPOLE.

ELIZABETH CROMWELL, the second daughter of Oliver Cromwell by his wife, Elizabeth Bourchier, was baptized July 2, 1629, at St. John's Church in Huntingdon. She was married in 1646 in the seventeenth year of her age, to John Claypole, of Norborough, in the county of Northampton. Claypole was afterwards made by Cromwell, on his becoming Protector, master of the horse, one of his house of lords, a knight and a baronet.¹ He was a mild and amiable man, elegant in his tastes and on friendly terms with many of the cavaliers. Elizabeth had to him at least two sons, Henry and Oliver, and a daughter.

In a satirical commemoration of the marriage in one of the pasquils of the period, Cromwell is represented as then indulging his peculiar taste for scenes of merriment. "All that was hymen-like in the celebration of it, was some freaks and pranks without the aid and company of a fiddler (which in those days was thought by their precise parents to be altogether unlawful, and savouring of carnality, as the ring and form of marriage were thought superstitious and antichristian), in Noll's military rude way of spoiling of the custard, and like Jack Pudding, throwing it upon one another; which was ended in the more manly game of buffeting with cushions, and flinging them up and down the room."² This quotation

¹ Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iv. p. 564.

² "Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell," p. 16, 17.

we give rather as an illustration of the sort of ridicule by which the royalists sought to turn the laugh against Cromwell and his family, than as affording a genuine picture of the character of the hilarity and enjoyment at the celebration of the nuptials. That the Puritans were the enemies of innocent enjoyment is simply the slanderous slang of their adversaries.

Her father had endeavoured to instil into her mind the lessons of piety, and he was hopeful that these lessons had not been lost upon a mind peculiarly docile and susceptible. In a letter to his daughter Mrs. Ireton, dated October 25, 1646, he thus writes:—"Your sister Claypole is, I trust, in mercy exercised with some perplexed thoughts. She sees her own vanity and carnal mind, bewailing it; she seeks after, as I hope also, that which will satisfy; and thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next a finder, and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder!"

Lady Claypole was a woman of admirable qualities; beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, cultivated in mind, noble and delicate in her sentiments, refined and dignified yet affable in her manners, faithful to her friends, generous to her enemies; and she gained the affection of all who knew her or who had any intercourse with her. "She was a lady of excellent parts," says Whitelocke, who must have known her well, "dear to her parents, and civil to all persons, and courteous and friendly to all gentlemen of her acquaintance."¹ She gave much away in charity, and her generosity towards the needy was one cause of the pecuniary embarrassments in

¹ *Memorials*, p. 675. "There is a medal in silver of Lady Claypole," says Noble; "it shows the profile of a very handsome woman, with a commanding, yet obliging countenance, such as bespeaks a great and affable person; it is highly relieved, and in a fine taste; the medal is become very scarce, and has for that reason been lately restored. Mr. Theobald in 1728 showed the Society of Antiquaries a medal in gold of hers, modelled by Abraham, and finished by Thomas Simons, whose initials were over it." Noble's *Memoirs of the Protectorate House of Cromwell*, vol. i. p. 180.

which she was sometimes involved.¹ The royalists were liberal in pouring contempt and ridicule upon their opponents, and Cromwell and his family had their full share of abuse; but it is worthy of notice, that Lady Claypole escaped the lash of their sarcasm, two writers only excepted. Neither in her person, nor in her character, nor in her manners, nor in her endowments, could the cavaliers find any infirmity by exaggerating which they might raise the laugh against her.

The two writers who are an exception to this remark, are Mrs. Colonel Hutchinson,² and the satirist Butler. This latter author, in a ballad upon the parliament, written in his usual hudibrastic style, has lampooned her and others of the family.

“As close as a goose
Sat the parliament-house
To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle
The egg proved addle,
And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
Will serve to be queen of a may-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun ales,
And her grace Maid-Marian Claypole.”³

Cromwell was attached to all his children with no common tenderness, but Lady Claypole took faster hold of the affec-

¹ Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 83.

² See p. 365.

³ The allusion here is to the now obsolete rustic customs of Whitsun ales and May games, once very popular in England. Whitsun ales were the feasts held upon the holidays at Whitsuntide, accompanied with athletic games, dances, minstrelsy, and such sports and diversions as were common in those times. Previously to the feast two young persons were chosen to be lord and lady of the ale. The company assembled in an empty barn, or some such building, and the lord and lady honoured them with their presence, attended by a steward, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, and sword-bearer. In the May-day games the may-pole was an important object. A young maid was chosen to represent Maid Marian, queen of May and of the may-pole, and she was gaily dressed, having a golden crown on her head, and in her left hand a red pink as emblem of summer. Around the may-pole

tions of his heart than any of the rest.¹ Endowed with so many admirable qualities, and “tenderly attached to her father, of whom she felt at once proud and anxious, she possessed in his mind great and peculiar attractions. When fatigued, as he often was, not only by the men who surrounded him, but by his own agitated thoughts, he took pleasure in seeking repose in the society of a person so entirely a stranger to the brutal conflicts and violent actions which had occupied his life.”²

Marvel, in his poem upon the death of Cromwell, than which it has been said that “the English language does not boast a more elegant elegiac poem,” thus commemorates Cromwell’s partiality for this daughter from her infancy to the close of her life :—

“ Her, when an infant, taken with her charms,
He oft would flourish in his mighty arms;
And lest their force the tender burthen wrong,
Slacken the vigour of his muscles strong.
Then to the mother’s breast her softly move,
Which, while she drain’d of milk, she fill’d with love.
But as with riper years her virtue grew,
And every minute adds a lustre new; †
When with meridian height her beauty shin’d,
And through that sparkl’d yet her fairer mind;
When she with smiles serene, in words discreet,
His hidden soul at every turn could meet;

was led the morris-dance—a dance derived from the Moors, in which bells were gingled, or staves or swords clashed—originally a custom of the heathen in the worship of their gods. At last the morris-dance degenerated into a piece of grotesque buffoonery, and the queen of may-pole came to be personated by a clown dressed up in woman’s clothes.—Brand’s *Antiquities of Great Britain*, vol. i. p. 234, 247, 253. The reader will now perceive the point of Butler’s satire. Cromwell rejected the crown offered him by the parliament, and the satirist contemptuously dignifies Cromwell’s wife, now that she could not be Queen of England, with the mock title of queen of may-pole, and his sons, now that they could not be princes of Wales, &c., with the mock titles of lords of Whitsun ales, and his daughter, Lady Claypole, with the mock title of Maid Marian. Butler falls somewhat into confusion by representing the Queen of May and Maid Marian as distinct personages, whereas they were identical.

¹ Ludlow’s *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 149.

² Guizot’s *Hist. of Oliver Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 394.

Then might y' ha' daily his affection spied,
 Doubling that knot which destiny had tied.

With her each day the pleasing hours he shares,
 And at her aspect calms his growing cares;
 Or with a grandsire's joy her children sees,
 Hanging about her neck, or at his knees."¹

Elizabeth's heart did not altogether escape being engrossed by earthly vanities. In the flush of youth, and with her constitutional susceptibilities of mind, combining the amiable, the elegant, the affectionate, the social, it was natural for her to look only at the bright side of life, as if it were to be a succession of gala-days, all summer, sunshine and clear sky, pleasure, beauty, sweet melodies, incense and perfumes on every side; and thirsting to enjoy life, eagerly to mingle with her youthful companions of her own rank and fortune, in scenes of enjoyment, in social amusements, and in brilliant assemblies, which promised felicity, but alas! never gave it. Her father had observed something of this, or he was afraid lest, amidst the snares and enchantments of elevated position, she might, to the jeopardy of her higher interests, forget herself and the lessons of wisdom he had often taught her; and when far away from her, this seems the burden of his parental care and anxiety about her, that when exposed to temptations so great, her heart might not be carried away from God to vanity and folly. He was in Scotland in the latter part of the year 1650, and in the beginning of the year 1651. In a letter which he wrote from Edinburgh to his "beloved wife," April 12, 1651, after he had somewhat recovered from a dangerous illness, he especially remembers Elizabeth, who was now living at Norborough, near Market Deeping, in Northamptonshire, where, as we have seen, her mother found a retreat after the Restoration; and his solicitude about her relates chiefly to her spiritual interests. "Mind," says he, "poor Betty of the

¹ Marvel's Works, vol. iii. p. 514.

Lord's great mercy. Oh! I desire her not only to seek the Lord in her necessity, but in deed and in truth to turn to the Lord, and to keep close to him; and to take heed of a departing heart, and of being cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company, which I doubt she is too subject to. I earnestly and frequently pray for her and for him [her husband]. Truly they are dear to me, very dear; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them—knowing how weak our hearts are, and how subtle the adversary is, and what way the deceitfulness of our hearts and the vain world make for his temptations. The Lord give them truth of heart to him! Let them seek him in truth, and they shall find him.”¹

The “Lord's great mercy,” which he bids Mrs. Cromwell “mind poor Betty of,” probably refers to Betty's recovery after the birth of one of her children.

The tendency to be “cozened with worldly vanities and worldly company” was, it seems, Elizabeth's besetting sin; and the lesson to beware of this tendency had need, we suspect, to be often repeated to her after this, though the time was fast coming when it would carry into her mind a deeper and fuller significance than it did at present. She and her husband made an elegant appearance in the world, especially after her father was elevated to be lord-protector. Their household establishment was upon a magnificent scale, betraying their fondness for glitter, and pomp, and style, and its expenses sometimes caused them temporary embarrassment, the large allowance her father settled upon her proving inadequate.² Claypole had in no respect distinguished himself as a statesman or a soldier; and the offices he obtained were important chiefly from their emoluments, and were of such a nature that high talents were not necessary to fill them. Besides his appointment as master of the

¹ Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 115.

² Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 82, 83.

horse, he was made lord of the bedchamber, and clerk of the hanaper, and ranger of Wittlebury Forest.

In the close of the year 1655 Lady Claypole was very ill, her life being almost despaired of, which caused her parents, and brothers, and sisters much distress. Dr. Stane, in a letter to her brother Henry, who was then in Ireland, dated London, December 4, says, "My Lady Elizabeth continues ill, but we hope mending. Her highness is recovered; 'twas much grief. His highness and she rest well."¹ A still more favourable change seemed to take place on Elizabeth, on the 10th of that month. The same correspondent in a letter of that date to Henry writes:—"Just now my Lady Elizabeth (we hope) is fallen into her labour. Truly, if the Lord had not been so kind to us we do not know what might have been the issue. Dr. Goddard and I have sat up again each night. I never saw two parents so affected (ere now) as my lord-protector and her highness."² Yet she again relapsed; for Fleetwood writing to Henry, Wallingford House, December 11, says, "The illness of my sister Claypole is so very great that both their highnesses are under a great trial. You know the dearness they have unto her, and though we know not how the Lord will deal with her, yet her recovery is much doubted. This afternoon hath given very great cause of fear." He, however, adds in postscript, "Since the writing hereof my sister Claypole is fallen into travail, and so her condition is very hopeful."³ Yet anxiety about her still continued, and from gloomy forebodings and heart-achings her mother's health was seriously affected so long as Elizabeth's condition seemed to hang in doubt. Dr. Stane, writing to Henry, London, January 8, 1655-6, says, "His highness is well, but my lady-protectress cannot be perfect in health, [unless] my Lady Elizabeth continues in health."⁴

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 400.

² *Ibid.* 823, no. 459.

³ *Ibid.* 821, no. 116.

⁴ *Ibid.* 823, no. 461.

Lady Claypole gradually rallied, to the great joy of the whole family, though it does not appear that she was ever afterwards restored to perfect health. Under this illness, when it seemed as if she had been to be cut off in the very midst of blooming youth by untimely death, she exhibited a very pious spirit, and it left a permanently deep impression of eternal things upon her mind. She now saw that in her fluttering pursuit after happiness in earthly objects, in the days of health, she had been grasping at fleeting phantoms, and what now supremely engaged her thoughts and desires, were the substantial and enduring realities which lie beyond the verge of time and sense, the favour and enjoyment of God in endless life. What was everything else to her now, compared with her making a safe exit out of this world into a better. Dr. Stane, in his letter last quoted to her brother Henry, written when she was under this affliction, says, "Truly my lady hath given a sweet testimony in this sickness. The Lord continue his love further!" And after she had recovered, John Reynolds, whom the council had despatched to London on important affairs of state, writing to Henry, London, February 26, 1655-6, while mentioning the blame Lady Claypole imputed to Henry for his negligence in not writing to her, bears testimony to the happy influence produced on her Christian character by the severe affliction with which she had so recently been struggling. "The Lady Elizabeth still complains of your forgetfulness, notwithstanding her late sickness, although I assured her excellency that publicly and privately your excellency did cause frequent prayers to be made for her recovery. Indeed, she desires more your excellency's value than ever, having seen much of God in this late visitation, whereby so much more religion shines with her wonted virtue and nobleness, as good men much rejoice, believing his highness hath comfort in all his children upon the best account."¹

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 823, no. 376.

In the autumn of the same year Lady Claypole was residing at Hampton Court. Her sisters Mary and Frances were with her. She had probably gone to pass some time there for the benefit of her health. Whitelocke records, August, 13, 1656, that the ambassador of Sweden having that day dined at the house of the celebrated naval officer, Sir George Ayscough, in Surrey, where the party had noble entertainment, "went in his return home into Hampton Court to take his leave of the Lady Elizabeth Claypole and her sisters, where he was received with much state."¹

From the kindness of her heart, and as she was very accessible, Lady Claypole's friendly assistance in various forms was often solicited, and often obtained. She was a ready intercessor with her father in behalf of many who applied to her, though differing from him in politics and religion. An instance of this is recorded in the life of Sir James Harrington, who was at one time a royalist, but who after the execution of Charles I. became a republican. When in 1656 his famous work, entitled *The Commonwealth of Oceana*—a political romance recommending a republican form of government—was in the press, it was represented to Cromwell by some of the courtiers who knew that it was printing, as casting reflections on his government. The manuscript was therefore seized by the orders of the Protector and brought to Whitehall. Alarmed for the safety of his work, which had cost him so much labour, Harrington earnestly solicited, but in vain, that it might be restored. At last remembering that Lady Claypole "acted the part of a princess very naturally, obliging all persons with her civility, and frequently interceding for the unhappy," he resolved personally to apply to her for her gracious interposition. He went to the palace where she was then residing, and being conducted into her ante-chamber, he sent his name with a humble request to be admitted into her presence. He had never been intro-

¹ *Memorials*, p. 639.

duced to her, but from the conspicuous part he had acted in the political transactions of his time, she was quite familiar with his name. Whilst he was waiting, some of her female servants coming into the room were followed by one of her children, a daughter named Martha about three years of age, who remained after the female servants had withdrawn. By his engaging talk he so amused the child that she allowed him to take her up in his arms, and Lady Claypole having entered, after making obeisance he stepped forward, and setting the child down at her feet, thus addressed her: "Madam, it is lucky you are come at this nick of time, else I should certainly have stolen this pretty little lady." "Stolen her!" replied the mother, "pray for what purpose? she is yet too young to become your mistress!" "Madam!" said he, "though her charms assure her of a more considerable conquest, yet I must confess, it is not love but revenge that prompted me to commit this theft." "Revenge!" returned Lady Claypole, "what injury have I done you, that you should steal my child?" "None at all," he replied, "but that you might be prevailed upon to induce your father to do me justice, by restoring *my* child that he has stolen." She urged that it was impossible for her father, who had children enough of his own, to have done any such thing. At last he told her in explanation, that it was the offspring of his brain, a manuscript literary performance of his, which the Protector, to whom its character had been misrepresented, had ordered to be seized when in the hands of the printers. She immediately promised to recover for him his work, provided it contained nothing injurious to her father's government. He assured her that it contained nothing of that description, being only a kind of political romance, which he intended to dedicate to her father; a purpose with which he hoped she would acquaint his highness. He also promised that she herself should be presented with one of the first copies. Lady Claypole, who was greatly pleased with his

manner of address, true to her word, used her influence, and that successfully, with her father, who rarely denied her request, and the whole of the captured manuscript was soon after restored to the author. Harrington dedicated his work to Cromwell. The dedication is simply this:—"The Commonwealth of Oceana. To his highness the Lord-protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland.

'Quid rides? mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.'—*Horat.*"

Having read the volume, Cromwell at once discovered that its drift was to demonstrate that a commonwealth was a government by laws and not by the sword, which his own government really was; but he took no offence, shrewdly guessing that it was not likely to do him any harm. "The gentleman," said he, "seeks to trepan me out of my power, but what I have acquired by the sword I will not quit for a little paper shot." He added, that he himself disapproved of the lodgment of the government in the hands of a single person, but that to preserve the public peace he was forced to take upon him the office of a high constable, otherwise the several parties of the nation, who would never agree to any form of government, would only devour one another.¹

Lady Claypole was ever touched with the spectacle or tale of suffering, and her generous sympathy brought relief or solace and encouragement to many of the wretched. This benevolence, sympathy, compassion, present her in a very estimable and interesting light. Carrington, in his history of her father, in which he enthusiastically commemorates her many virtues, lingers with fondness over these lovely traits of her character. "How many of the royalist prisoners got she not freed? How many did she not save from death whom the laws had condemned? How many persecuted Christians hath she not snatched out of the hands of the

¹ Life of Harrington, preface to his Works, p. xx.

tormentors, quite different from that Herodias who could do anything with her father. She employed her prayers even with tears, to spare such men whose ill fortune had designed them to suffer." "Cromwell," adds the same writer, "ravished to see his own image so lively described in those lovely and charming features of that winning sex, could refuse her nothing; insomuch, that when his clemency and justice did balance the pardon of a poor criminal, this most charming advocate knew so skilfully to disarm him, that his sword falling out of his hands, his arms only served to lift her up from those knees on which she had cast herself, to wipe off her tears, and to embrace her."¹

To parties hostile to her father or to his policy Lady Claypole in general was very prudent and inoffensive. But in one instance she is said to have strengthened the purpose to resist his supposed intention in a particular case, and to have excited prejudices against herself by her freedom of remark. The anecdote which was current at the time is told by Colonel Titus, under the assumed name of Jennings, in a letter to Sir Edward Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, dated Antwerp, February 11, 1656-7. "There was lately," says he, "a wedding of a kinswoman of Laurence's, whither all the grandees and their wives were invited, but most of the major-generals and their wives came not. The feast wanting much of its grace by the absence of those ladies, it was asked by one there where they were. Mrs. Claypole answered 'I'll warrant you washing their dishes at home, as they use to do.' This hath been extremely ill taken, and now the women do all they can with their husbands to hinder Mrs. Claypole from being a princess and her highness."² The absence of the major-generals and their wives, against whom Lady Claypole turned the laugh, was understood to have proceeded

¹ Carrington's *Hist. of the Life and Death of Oliver Cromwell*, p. 264.

² Clarendon's *State Papers*, vol. iii. p. 327.

from their disaffection to Cromwell, on account of his having, as was believed, meditated assuming the title of King, a step to which the officers of the army were so vehemently opposed that it is said they even conspired his assassination. A measure conferring upon him the title of King was carried by the House of Commons, April 9, 1657; but the army being his chief tower of strength, he hesitated in the face of their opposition to accept the title.¹

It has been asserted by cavalier writers that Lady Claypole was a warm partizan for Charles I., and that she had a sincere wish to see Charles II., the lawful heir to the crown, restored. They have even forged letters in her name to corroborate this.² The truth appears to have been simply this, that from her womanly sympathies she lamented the unhappy fate of a sovereign who had perished on the block; and that perceiving that her father's power was maintained only by the army, that nearly all parties in the state were malcontent, and that plots were constantly forming against his life, she was afraid that he could never securely and permanently establish his authority, and would have rejoiced could the restoration of Charles II. have been effected consistently with the safety of her father and of his family.

In the beginning of the year 1658 her father's power and life were threatened by conspiracies formed by almost every party in the state—by Levellers, Republicans, Anabaptists, Fifth-monarchy Men, and Cavaliers. The conspiracy organized by the Cavaliers was the most formidable and dangerous. Its object was the restoration of Charles II. by means of a foreign invasion. An army of Spaniards which was quartered at Brussels, Bruges, and Ostend, prepared for the enterprise, was to land on the shores of England, accompanied by Charles himself, and their landing was to be the signal of a simultaneous rising of the royalists in the metropolis, and in all parts of the kingdom. In this

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 133, 134.

² See Appendix, No. III.

great crisis Cromwell, unappalled by the perils which surrounded him, applied himself with his accustomed energy to defeat or suppress the projected invasion. Among other means he adopted for this purpose, to strike his enemies with terror, he resolved to bring some who were implicated in the conspiracy to condign punishment. The principal victims fixed upon were Dr. Hewett, Sir Henry Slingsby, and John Mordaunt, a youth of twenty years of age, next brother to the Earl of Peterborough. The charge against Hewett was his dispersing commissions from Charles II., and engaging parties to raise forces for the intended insurrection by virtue of these commissions. That against Slingsby was his intriguing with some of the officers of the garrison of Hull to surrender the town to Charles, who, it was supposed, would there effect his landing. And that against Mordaunt was his endeavouring to rally the gentlemen in the south, in Sussex, for the support of the cause of the exiled prince. For the trial of these conspirators a commission was issued by Cromwell, April 27, for erecting a high court of justice by virtue of an act of the last parliament passed for the security of the Protector's person, and the preservation of the peace of the kingdom. This court, which was of Cromwell's own selection, was composed of 130 members, presided over by Lord Lisle, one of the judges at the trial of Charles I. Slingsby was brought to trial, and convicted on the 25th of May. Hewett's trial took place on the 1st of June. He in vain demanded a trial by jury, and objected to the competency of the court. Persisting in his objections to its competency, and refusing to plead to the indictment, he was regarded as if he had pled guilty, and sentenced to capital punishment. Mordaunt's trial followed that of Hewett, and pleading not guilty, evidence was taken, and he was acquitted by the casting vote of the president, Lisle.¹

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 146-149. Godwin's *Hist. of the Commonwealth*, vol. iv. p. 501-522.

Lady Claypole espoused the interest of Dr. Hewett. When reduced to misfortune on account of their loyalty the royalists had often experienced her compassion. But she had special reasons for interposing in favour of Hewett. He appears to have been an accomplished and gifted man, and he had engaged her respect and esteem. She had frequently attended the religious services he conducted in his private house according to the forms of the English church; and now when he lay under the sentence of death, she felt a deep anxiety for his fate, and a sincere desire to save him from the ignominy of a public execution. Not that she was untrue to her father, or felt any sympathy with those involved in this conspiracy against him, the success of which would have proved his ruin and her own. But she perhaps thought that Hewett was innocent—that he could not, as had been alleged, have been guilty of participating in the conspiracy—and from her naturally humane and generous spirit, she listened more to the dictates of her heart than to the stern demands of state policy. She therefore earnestly importuned her father to grant him a pardon, and in the fervour of her feelings she is said to have even implored him upon her knees with tears. Why should clemency be withheld from Dr. Hewett when Mordaunt was acquitted, and when many others more guilty were permitted to escape?

In her intercessions she was joined by her sister Mary, who had not forgotten the office which Hewett had discharged at her marriage; for after the nuptial knot had been tied by one of her father's chaplains, he had privately performed the ceremony according to the forms of the Church of England. But touched though Cromwell's heart was by his daughters' pleadings, he resisted from state policy their urgent entreaties, insisting that as Hewett belonged to a more formidable party than such conspirators as Anabaptists and Fifth-monarchy Men, it was absolutely necessary to inspire a salutary terror by making an example. He would, he declared, have granted

Hewett a pardon had he confessed the part he had acted in the plot, and had he admitted the legality of the court before which he was tried; but by obstinately refusing to make any confession, and by denying the legality of the court, which was striking at the very vitals of the protectorate government, he had for ever barred the door against the exercise of mercy. Hewett and Slingsby were beheaded on Tower-hill on the 8th of June.¹

Ludlow affirms that it was reported that her father's denial of her prayers in behalf of Hewett "so affected Lady Claypole as to have been one cause of her death, which happened soon after." That she was impressed with sorrow at the death of Hewett there is no reason to doubt; but the degree of her grief on his account, as if it hastened her death, has probably been exaggerated from the circumstance that after his execution her health seemed to decline more rapidly. It is certain that she rejoiced in the discovery of the plot for which he died, as a signal mercy and deliverance vouchsafed by Providence to her father, his family, and the nation. This we learn from a letter she wrote only four days after Hewett had perished on the scaffold, to her sister-in-law, the wife of her brother Henry.²

"DEAR SISTER,—I must beg your pardon that I do not write to you so oft as I would do; but in earnest I have been so extremely sick of late that it has made me unfit for anything, though there is nothing that can please me more than wherein I may express my true love and respect to you; which I am sure none has more reason than myself [to do], both for your former favours and the sense you have of anything which arises to me of happiness. I will assure you,

¹ Ludlow's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 146-149. Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 82, 83. Noble's *Memoirs, &c.*, vol. i. p. 169-180. Guizot's *Hist. of Oliver Cromwell*, vol. ii. p. 372, 373.

² This was Elizabeth Russell, daughter of Sir Francis Russell, Bart., of Chippenham, who was one of Cromwell's House of Peers.

nothing of that can be to me, wherein I have not a power to express how really I love and honour you. Truly the Lord has been very gracious to us, in doing for us above what we could expect, and now has showed himself more extraordinary in delivering my father out of the hands of his enemies, which we have all reason to be sensible of in a very particular manner; for certainly not only his family would have been ruined, but in all probability the whole nation would have been involved in blood. The Lord grant it may never be forgot by us, but that it may cause us to depend upon Him from whom we have received all good, and that it may cause us to see the mutableness of these things, and to use them accordingly! I am sure we have need to beg that spirit from God. Harry is very well; I hope you will see him this summer. Truly there is nothing I desire more than to enjoy you with us. I wish you may lay your great belly here. I beg my true affection to your little ones. Dear sister, I am your most affectionate sister and servant,

E. CLAYPOLE.

“June 12 [1658].”¹

This, the only one of Lady Claypole's letters known to exist—which, by the way, presents her character in so amiable a light, which is written in a strain so modest, affectionate, intelligent, religious, that it is to be regretted that more of them have not been preserved—exhibits, beyond all dispute, her real feelings in regard to the conspiracy. Anxiety about the safety of her father, who was environed by so many dangers from the conspiracies formed to overthrow his government, and even to cut him off by assassination, no doubt, excited in the mind of Lady Claypole deeper emotions than even the fate of Hewett. This must have had an injurious effect on her delicate, sensitive, and sickly frame.

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 171.

On the day after the date of the above letter, Mr. Maylyn, in a letter to her brother Henry, Lord-deputy of Ireland, written from Whitehall, says, in reference to her illness, "I presume your lordship hath heard that the Lady Elizabeth hath been long exercised with extreme sharp pains, and hath still very sharp fits. His highness, and especially her highness, are much affected and afflicted therewith. I am persuaded God is dealing with her [Elizabeth's] spirit, and hath done her much good, and I trust will still go on until he hath perfected his good work in her."¹

Another aggravating cause of her illness was a domestic bereavement—the loss of a favourite child, named after his paternal grandfather Oliver, who died before he was a year old.² Fleetwood, her brother-in-law, in a letter to her brother Henry, dated June 18, 1658, says, "Elizabeth continues very ill, and as I fear, unless the Lord support her, will be much worse by the death of her youngest son Oliver: the Lord sanctify this sore dispensation!"³ This bereavement, as Fleetwood feared, added to the bitterness of the waters of Marah that were mingled in the cup of personal affliction; and giving a shock to her frame, from which, in its then delicate state, she never fully recovered, it loosened the cords of life, and brought her the faster to the grave.⁴

Her complaint is said by Ludlow to have been "an ulcer in her womb." Clarendon describes it as "of a nature the physicians knew not how to deal with;" and Dr. Bates, who attended her, as "an internal abscess in her loins, accompanied with agonizing pain."⁵ At times, the severity of the fever and the violence of the pain, which exhausted her

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 822, no. 305.

² Richard Cromwell, in a letter to his brother Henry, Whitehall, July 8, 1657, announces the birth of this child, "a very lusty boy," as dating on "Sunday was se'nnight."—Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 68.

³ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 177.

⁴ Granger, vol. iv. p. 82, 83. Noble, vol. ii. p. 357.

⁵ *Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia*, pars ii. p. 327.

strength and depressed her spirits, abated, holding out hopes of her recovery; but the unfavourable symptoms soon returned, confirming the worst apprehensions as to the issue.

That she might enjoy the benefit of country air, and be kept perfectly quiet, her father sent her to reside at Hampton Court. By the change of residence she did not much improve; and in July she suddenly suffered so dangerous a relapse that it was thought she was dying. On receiving the intelligence, her father hurried to Hampton Court, that he might watch by her bedside, and alleviate, if possible, her distress, or at least share her dying thoughts and sympathize with her sufferings. The affairs of state, personal dangers, his own numerous and severe bodily ailments, and every other care, were all forgotten in absorbing anxiety and sympathy for this beloved daughter. Her mother and sisters were also there, fearful of the issue of a sickness which seemed to be a sickness unto death. "Hampton Court," says Carlyle, "we can fancy once more, in those July days, a house of sorrow; pale death knocking there as at the door of the meanest hut. 'She had great sufferings, great exercises of spirit.' Yes; and in the depths of the old centuries we see a pale anxious mother, anxious husband, anxious weeping sisters, a poor young Frances 'who had just lost her husband after a short union,' weeping anew in her weeds."

Richard Cromwell, in a letter to his brother Henry, who was now in Ireland, dated July 29, 1658—place not mentioned—thus writes, when the dangerous symptoms had somewhat subsided:—"You have been (I suppose, by several hands and at several times) informed of my sister Elizabeth's illness, who began it some weeks before my leaving London, and at my return (which was some space of time) was found at Hampton Court, in a very ill state of body; but Saturday last she fell into high convulsion fits, such as made both physicians and friends to despair of life, there being nothing left but a poor low hope, for from Monday night until Friday

following, about four o'clock in the afternoon, there was not, as any could discover, so much as the closing of the eyelids. Such an amazement it struck amongst us, that we are, under the great mercy of God, in a still wonderment, and cannot put out of our eyes the sad spectacle she was unto us. And now we have some more hopes, and her physicians are somewhat revived, and begin again to renew their working, seeing that God began where they were at an end, both of their readings and practices—for nothing did operate; but now things begin to have a blessing put unto them, that our dark and disconsolate family may now again revive, and live, I hope, to the praise of God. This account (though unpolished) I thought good to send you, that you may have your hopes with those of your friends here refreshed."¹

Fleetwood, in a letter to Henry, dated July, 1658, thus writes on the same subject: "Dear Brother,—I have received yours, wherein you desire to understand the condition of my Lady Elizabeth, who was in a very hopeful condition till within these three or four days; she hath been exceedingly ill, and very much weakened and brought low, but I hope she is again upon the mending hand. She hath been troubled with great pains in her bowels, and vapours in the head. The truth is, it's believed the physicians do not understand thoroughly her case. She is now advised to take Tunbridge waters. It hath been a very sore and sharp trial; yet being a Father's hand, I hope we shall have all of us advantage by it, for sure it is a voice to all of the relations. I need not tell you the great sense both their highnesses have of this dispensation. There is nothing wanting of care or skill; but the blessing of the Lord must make all effectual. She hath many prayers going for her, a return of which will make the mercy double. Both their highnesses and family are at Hampton Court."²

¹ Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. 821, no. 73.

² Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 295.

After the mitigation of her trouble referred to in these letters, Elizabeth again became worse, and little hope now remained of her recovery. From day to day she continued gradually to sink. During the last fortnight of her life, her father, when not confined to bed by his own illness, often visited her apartment, and remained long at her bedside in deep affliction. He had always been anxious about her spiritual interests, and now, when she was apparently soon to enter another world, his anxiety was increased, and he applied himself to minister to her the consolations of religion, bidding her look without herself, to the covenant, to Christ, and to the Father in Him. "Be still, my child; trust thou yet in God: in the waves of the dark river, there too is he a God of help!"¹ What a spectacle this! That heart which had never quailed amidst the roughest and bloodiest scenes, how softened in tenderness, ready to burst over the agonizing pains of a beloved daughter! There is something here which calls forth the willing homage of our best affections. No parent ever sympathized more tenderly with the sufferings of a child than Cromwell now did. His distress of mind was so absorbing as entirely to unfit him for attending to the pressing affairs of state. Thurloe, in a letter to her brother Henry, dated Whitehall, July 27, 1658, says: "His highness's constant residence at Hampton Court, and the sickness of my Lady Elizabeth, which hath been, and is a great affliction to him, hath hindered the consideration of those matters which my former letters mentioned, that very little or nothing hath been done therein for fourteen days."² What a load would her recovery have removed from Cromwell's mind!

This sympathy with his daughter's affliction, and her sympathy with his sorrow, in return, has not escaped the graphic pen of Marvel. Equally true to human nature and to fact, he depicts the root as languishing, when the fairest

¹ Carlyle, *Cromwell's Letters*, &c. ii. 658.

² *State Papers*, vi. 294.

flower in the garden was fading away under the blight of disease—the father, as repeating his groans and sighs over his dying daughter to the restless night—each acted upon by the other, like a chord answering to the touch in notes of sadness—she hiding from him her pains, not to aggravate his sorrow, and he hiding from her his sorrow, not to aggravate her pains—and this vain attempt at concealment from the penetrating eye of affection as only intensifying the sufferings of each.

“A silent fire now wastes those limbs of wax,
 And him within his tortur'd image racks,
 So the flow'r with'ring which the garden crown'd,
 The sad root pines in secret under ground.
 Each groan he doubled, and each sigh he sigh'd,
 Repeated over to the restless night;
 No trembling string, composed to numbers new,
 Answers the touch in notes more sad, more true.
 She, lest he grieve, hides what she can, her pains;
 And he, to lessen hers, his sorrow feigns;
 Yet both perceiv'd, yet both conceal'd their skills,
 And so diminishing, increased their ills;
 That whether by each other's grief they fell,
 Or on their own redoubled, none can tell.”

Lady Claypole's illness was accompanied with frequent and violent convulsion fits, and as often happens in such cases the equilibrium of her mind became unsettled, and all sorts of fancies took possession of her imagination. During her mental aberrations she is said to have reproached her father for his ambition in assuming the supreme power, and for his cruelty in shedding blood. Our chief authorities for this statement are Clarendon and Dr. Bates, the physician who attended her. “In her sickness,” says the former, “she had several conferences with Cromwell, which exceedingly perplexed him. Though nobody was near enough to hear the particulars, yet her often mentioning in the pains she endured the blood her father had spilt, made people conclude that she had presented his worst actions to his considera-

tion."¹ "In her hysterical fits," says Dr. Bates, "she much disquieted her father by upbraiding him sometimes with one of his crimes, and sometimes with another, according to the frantic distractions of that disease."² Clarendon simply relates a report which had got abroad. Bates, from being her physician, had good opportunities of knowing the truth of what he affirms; and though, from the propensity he shows, after the restoration of Charles II., unscrupulously to vilify the memory of his late patron Cromwell, in order to recommend himself to the then ruling powers, his testimony ought not to be received with implicit trust, yet it is not at all unlikely that Elizabeth in the wild ravings of a burning fever might give utterance to vehement reproaches against her father. For, explain it as we may, it is not unusual for persons in delirium, when their lips, uncontrolled by reason, are under the absolute sway of the capricious and wayward impulses of a disordered imagination, to upbraid in their incoherent and foolish talk, those who love them tenderly, and who are the objects of their own most tender affections.³

Such upbraidings, observes Granger, "from a beloved child, in so affecting a situation, must have sunk deep into his mind." He adds, "It was strongly suspected that his conscience took the alarm, and was never afterwards at rest, from that moment." Such appears to have been the sus-

¹ *Hist. of the Rebellion*, vol. iii. p. 647.

² *Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum*, p. 327. Other historians have paraphrased or improved upon Clarendon and Bates's account. Heath's version in his *Flagellum* (p. 186), a work written in the bitterest spirit of hostility to Cromwell, is, that the execution of Slingsby and Dr. Hewett "so affected her mind that falling sick with the pains and torments of an ulcer in her intestines, and the stopping of her terms, which made her frantic, she never ceased roaring against that bloody man her father."

³ Whitlocke and Ludlow are entirely silent as to these alleged accusations of Cromwell by his daughter Lady Claypole when on her deathbed. From this some have concluded that the assertion that she uttered them has no foundation in truth (Oliver Cromwell's *Memoirs of the Protector*, p. 548-551); but the silence of these annalists on the point is hardly sufficient to warrant such a conclusion.

picion of Clarendon, who yet is annoyed that he died without any apparent remorse. And Heath asserts, "He was taken sick at Hampton Court, having not been well in mind some time before, troubled with the last frantic words of his beloved daughter Claypole, who threatened judgment like another mad Cassandra, and with the insinuations and encroachments of the republican party into the army." There is, however, no reason to think that his conscience was troubled by anything she had said, or that what the royalists imputed to him as great crimes, ever lay heavy on his soul. In the near prospect of eternity, when men are not disposed to play the hypocrite, he showed no signs of remorse for bringing his sovereign to the scaffold and for usurping the government. To these acts, as extenuated or vindicated by stern necessity, he had at the time reconciled his conscience; and at the dread period when approaching judgment and eternity absorbed his thoughts, he expressed his inward satisfaction, in looking back upon the past, with his political career, as patriotic, as his appointed course of duty, which he had now fulfilled as an hireling his day.

George Fox the Quaker, hearing of the illness of Lady Claypole, and of her mental trouble, addressed himself to the benevolent office of administering to her religious comfort. This he did in a long letter of rather an incoherent character, and pervaded by the leading principle of his sect as to the light within. Of this letter it will suffice to give a few extracts. "Friend," says he, "be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God, to turn thy mind to the Lord God, from whom life comes; whereby thou mayst receive his strength and power to allay all blustering storms and tempests. . . . Be still a while from thy own thoughts, searching, seeking, desires, and imaginations, and be stayed in the principle of God in thee, that it may raise thy mind up to God, and stay it upon God, and thou wilt find strength

from Him, and find him to be a God at hand, a present help in the time of trouble and of need. . . . Keep in the fear of the Lord God; that is the word of the Lord God unto thee; for all these things happen to thee for thy good, and for the good of those concerned for thee, to make you know yourselves, and your own weakness, that ye may know the Lord's strength and power, and may trust in him. Therefore let the time that is past be sufficient to every one, who in anything hath been lifted up in transgression, out of the power of the Lord; for He can bring down and abase the mighty, and lay them in the dust of the earth. Therefore, all keep low in his fear, that thereby ye may receive the secrets of God and his wisdom, and may know the shadow of the Almighty, and sit under it in all tempests, storms, and heats. For God is a God at hand, and the Most High rules in the children of men. . . . The same light which lets you see sin and transgression, will let you see the covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God. For looking down at sin, and corruption, and distraction, ye are swallowed up in it; but looking at the light which discovers them, ye will see over them,—that will give victory, and ye will find grace and strength; and there is the first step to peace. That will bring salvation, and by it ye may see to the beginning, and the 'glory that was with the Father before the world began.' . . . So in the name and power of the Lord Jesus Christ, God Almighty strengthen thee!

"G. F."¹

"This letter," says Sewel, "was read to Lady Claypole, and it stayed her mind somewhat, but she lived not long after." The letter might suggest to her sources of consolation, but its leading principle that we are to look to the light within as a guiding star to peace and comfort, was not an article of her faith. She had been taught a more excel-

¹ Sewel's *Hist. of the Quakers*, p. 175, 176.

lent way. It was not from the *light within*, but from the Word of God *without*, that she sought to be guided, by the help of the Spirit, to the sources of peace and comfort—to the atoning sacrifice of Christ *without*, to the love of God *without*, to the covenant of grace *without*. This she had learned from the instructions of her father, in whom she found a more enlightened counsellor and comforter than in Fox, with all his good intentions. And as her father was entirely opposed in sentiment to the peculiar tenets of the Quakers, there can be little doubt that when this letter was read to her, he would animadvert upon the pernicious character and tendency of the leading principle it announces and insists so much upon, which he repudiated, notwithstanding his belief in the false and dangerous opinion which went in the direction of Quakerism, that impressions produced on the mind in prayer were to be regarded as intimations of the mind of God.

A few days before her death, Elizabeth's disease, contrary to all expectation, seemed to have taken a favourable turn, and her friends were once more flattered with the hope that her life might yet be spared. Thurloe, in a letter to her brother Henry, written on the 3d of August, says, "It hath pleased the Lord, when all hopes were even at an end, and the doctors did believe her ladyship's condition was desperate and near expiring, beyond all expectation to give her a composure of spirits by sleep; and that since Friday last, she had been daily upon the recovery, and so continued in a very hopeful way." This change upon her to the better had the happy effect of abating the painful maladies of her father; for Thurloe adds, that "his highness had been for these four or five days very indisposed and ill; but that night had had a very good refreshment by sleep, and was much revived, his pains and distemper abated, and much amended."¹

Soon, however, all these promising appearances in the condition of Elizabeth passed away; the worst symptoms

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*.

returned, and on the 6th of August, 1658,¹ about three o'clock in the morning, she heaved her last sigh, surrounded by her mother and sisters, but her father, whose illness from gout and other dangerous complaints had increased as she had become worse, was then confined to bed in a separate apartment of Hampton Court. She was only about twenty-eight years of age. Her sun went down while it was yet day. "She died," says Carrington, "an Amazonian-like death, despising the pomps of the earth, and without any grief, save to leave an afflicted father, perplexed at her so sudden being taken away; she died with these good lessons in her mouth, which she had practised whilst she lived. And," adds he, "if there be any comfort left us in her death, it is in the hope we have, that her good example will raise up the like inclination in the remainder of her sisters, whom Heaven hath yet left us." He farther observes, after commending the generosity of her father: "Whereof that noble Lady Claypole, his daughter of worthy memory, did give so many evidences during her life, and even at the article of her death, as that she thereby did beget tears in the most obstinate and hardest enemies of this state. A worthy daughter of so famous a father; whom heaven too soon snatched away both from the virtuous and from the miserable, and whose soul did admirably correspond with her fortune, and the majesty of her comportment."

Her death is thus announced in the court journal of the period:—"Hampton Court, August 6. This day, about three o'clock in the morning, it pleased God to put a period to the life of the most illustrious lady, the Lady Elizabeth, second daughter of his highness the lord-protector, to the great grief of her lord and husband, their highnesses, the whole court, and of all that have had the honour to be witnesses of her virtue, being a lady of an excellent spirit and judgment, and of a most noble disposition, eminent in all princely

¹ Whitlocke's *Memorials*, p. 675.

qualities, which, being conjoined with the sincere resentments [love] of true religion and piety, had deservedly placed her nigh the hearts of her parents, her husband, and other near relations, and procured her an honourable mention in the mouths both of friends and enemies, as was observed in her lifetime, and hath already been abundantly testified since the time of her death.”¹

Claypole, who sincerely mourned his loss, thus writes in a letter without date to his brother-in-law, Henry Cromwell:—

“MY LORD,—I hope I need not doubt of having your pardon (that your commands have lain so long with me without any return), in regard that my late trials and exercise (wherein I confess you have not only had a share, but a deep sense) have been so sad and dismal to me, that I could almost wonder I have thus far outlived them, and the reflecting upon them is so amazing to me, that I am almost lost in darkness, when I would know the meaning and signification of this great stroke. I desire not to aggravate a thing of this kind too much, knowing well the greatness of your concern in it, as also my own weakness, but desire to submit to God as to a merciful father, who considers our frame, and that we are but dust. It is of his mercy that we are not consumed.”²

Lady Claypole's brother, Henry, had early in July undertaken a journey to Cork on affairs of state. Departing thence he had visited all the harbours upon the western coast as far as Bantry, whence passing by Limerick he came to Portumna. At this last-named place he received intelligence of his sister's death, at which he was so greatly afflicted that he made no entry of his letters at that time in his copy-book, as he usually did. “Having nothing of great emergency before him,” says a memorandum in one of the copy-books, “he gave the more way to melancholy thoughts and recess.

¹ *Mercurius Politicus*, August 5 to 12, quoted in *Cromwelliana*, p. 174.

² Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 489.

This is the reason of the intermission of entry of letters, till the news that his highness was dangerously sick gave fresh occasion."¹

But deep as was Henry's sorrow, like that of Lady Claypole's mother and sisters, and her other brother, her death was perhaps mourned by none of the family so bitterly as by her father. We have repeatedly adverted to his peculiar fondness for this daughter, and the greater the strength of parental affection, the more heart-rending are those sad and agonizing revulsions to which it is subject. The intensity of his grief was doubtless also aggravated from the complication of bodily complaints—of gout, fever, and ague, under which he was suffering, the harbingers of his own fast approaching dissolution.

Carrington, in recording her death, after having referred to the joy caused by the complete victory the English had gained at Dunkirk over the Spaniards, and by the surrender of that place, thus writes: "The laurels faded and the joys abated, by the interposing of the cypress tree, which death planted upon the tomb of the illustrious and most generous Lady Claypole. . . . During the declining age of his late highness, an ill season in which men usually do, as it were, reap all their consolation, from the youth and vigour of their children, . . . it unfortunately fell out, that this most illustrious daughter, the true representative and lively image of her father, the joy of his heart, the delight of his eyes, and the dispenser of his clemency and benignity, died in the flower of her age, which struck more to his heart than all the heavy burden of his affairs."

The groom of Cromwell's bed-chamber observes that his death was hastened, among other causes, by "the sympathy of his spirit with his sorely-afflicted and dying daughter."²

¹ Thurloe, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 243.

² "A Collection of Several Passages concerning his late Highness Oliver Cromwell in the Time of his Sickness."

Marvel, in his elegy on the death of Cromwell, in like manner, pathetically describes the fatal effects of Elizabeth's death upon the health and life of the bereaved father—the locks in which his strength lay now shorn, his life gushing out through intensity of grief, betokening affection far surpassing in depth and vigour that of the most affectionate of the lower creatures towards their young, and symbolized by the fruitful vine, when in sympathy with one of its lopped off branches, it bleeds through the wound its vital juice.

“And now Eliza's purple locks were shorn,
Where she so long her father's fate had worn;

And now his life, suspended by her breath,
Ran out impetuously to hast'ning death.
Like polish'd mirrors, so his steely breast
Had every figure of her woes exprest.

Fate could not either reach with single stroke,
But the dear image fled, the mirror broke.
Who now shall tell us more of mournful swans?
Of halcyons kind, or bleeding pelicans?

He, rather than in his Eliza's pain
Not love, nor grieve, would neither live nor reign;
And in himself so oft immortal tried,
Yet in compassion of another died.

So have I seen a vine, whose lasting age
Of many a winter hath surviv'd the rage,
Under whose shady tent men every year
At its rich blood's expense their sorrows cheer:
If some dear branch where it extends its life,
Chance to be prun'd by an untimely knife,
The parent tree unto the grief succeeds,
And through the wound its vital humour bleeds;
Trickling in wat'ry drops, whose flowing shape
Weeps that it falls ere fix'd into a grape.
So the dry stock, no more that spreading vine,
Frustrates the autumn, and the hopes of wine.”¹

Yet some rays of sunshine shone upon the father at that dark and mournful season, and happy as well as painful memories were recalled. Though he had anticipated Eliza-

¹ Marvel's Works, vol. iii. p. 514-516.

beth's death, some days elapsed before he recovered from the shock. But a few days after the event, while still confined to his bed at Hampton Court, he called for his Bible, and desired an honourable and devout person, who, with others, was present, to read to him that passage in Paul's epistle to the Philippians, iv. 11-13, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need. I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." These verses being read he thus proceeded: "This scripture once saved my life; when my eldest son, poor Oliver, died, which went as a dagger to my heart; indeed it did." Then reading himself the 11th and 12th verses, expressive of Paul's contentment and submission to the will of God in all conditions, he said, "'Tis true, Paul, *you* have learned this, and attained to this measure of grace; but what shall *I* do? Ah! poor creature, it is a hard lesson for *me* to take out! I find it so!" Reading on to the 13th verse, where Paul says, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me"—by these words his faith was invigorated, and his heart supported and comforted, and he said to himself, "He that was Paul's Christ is my Christ too!" "And so," says the narrator, "he drew waters out of the well of salvation, Christ in the covenant of grace."¹

Elizabeth was interred with all the magnificence and imposing ceremonial usually observed at the interment of the daughters of kings. By the orders of her father, whose affection found a melancholy pleasure in putting all possible honour on the remains of an object so tenderly beloved, her corpse was removed from Hampton Court where she died, and conveyed by water to Westminster, where it lay in state in the Painted Chamber for some time, and thence it was

¹ A Collection of Several Passages. &c., *ut supra*.

conducted with great funereal pomp on the night of the 10th of August, four days after her death, to Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, the last resting-place of the Kings of England, where it was deposited in a vault specially formed for its reception. A Latin inscription was put upon the coffin, of which the following is a translation:—"The body of the most illustrious lady, Lady Elizabeth, late wife of the most honourable lord, Lord John Claypole, master of the horse, and second daughter of the most serene and most noble prince, Oliver, by the grace of God, Protector of England, Scotland, and Ireland. She died at Hampton Court on the 6th of August, in the 28th year of her age, in the year of the Lord 1658."¹

After her funeral, Secretary Thurloe, in a letter to her brother Henry, dated Whitehall, August 17, thus writes:—"May it please your excellency, I was necessitated to omit the writing by the last post, being obliged to attend my Lady Elizabeth's funeral, she being this day se'nnight at night interred at Westminster, whither she was carried from Hampton Court. Your lordship is a very sensible judge how great an affliction this was to both their highnesses, and how sad a family she left behind her, which sadness was truly

¹ Dart, in his *Hist. of St. Peter's Westminster* (vol. ii. p. 144), asserts that after the restoration of Charles II., her remains were disinterred and removed from Henry VII.'s Chapel. Her name, however, does not appear in the list of the names of those buried in the Abbey during the interregnum, then doomed by the government to exhumation (*Collect. Top. Brit.* vol. viii. p. 152); and the following anecdote confirms the belief that her corpse was allowed to rest undisturbed:—"In the year 1725, when alterations were making in Henry VII.'s Chapel, previously to an installation of the Knights of the Bath, the workmen discovered, near the steps of the founder's tomb, the vault of this lady. Mr. Fidoe, clerk of the works, observing the workmen extremely busy, and in confusion, went to them, when he found that they had forced off the silver plate (with the above inscription), which was attached to the coffin, and were endeavouring to conceal it. He took it from them, and delivered it to Dr. Pearce, the dean, who said he would not take anything that had been deposited with the illustrious dead, and ordered it to be carefully replaced."—Granger's *Biog. Hist. of England*, vol. iv. p. 82, 83.

very much increased by the sickness of his highness, who at the same time lay very ill of the gout and other distempers, contracted by the long sickness of my Lady Elizabeth, which made great impressions upon him."¹

"In the retiring character and simple story of this amiable lady," says Jesse, "we take a far greater interest than in the annals of half the heroines and authoresses who have thrust themselves into publicity. The one, it is true, may command our attention; but the other obtains the homage of the heart."

Her husband had good reason to mourn her death. After this event and the death of his father-in-law he quickly sunk in importance, to which his improvidence of money contributed. He had carried himself complacently towards the royalists during Cromwell's government, and after the Restoration no attempt was made to molest him. He now took no part in public affairs, and no offer of preferment was made to him. Many years after the death of his amiable wife, he married Blanch Stanley, the widow of a London merchant, by whom he had at least one child.² His second marriage was unhappy, and it ended in a separation. The illicit connection he soon afterwards formed with one Anne Ottee, who acquired a great ascendancy over him, and whom he constituted his sole executrix, is not to his credit. He attached himself to the Presbyterian party, to which he continued to adhere to the last. He died June 26, 1688.

¹ Thurloc, *State Papers*, vol. vii. p. 320.

² Lysons' *Environs of London*, vol. iv. p. 224.

APPENDIX.

No. I.—(p. 6).

Letter of Lady Bacon to Lord Burghley, praying that the Puritans might be allowed to show their Reasons before her Majesty or the Lords of Council.

“Feb. 26, 1584.

“I KNOW well, mine especial good lord, it becomes me not to be troublesome unto your honour at any other time, but now chiefly in this season of your greatest affairs, and small or no leisure; but yet because yesterday morning's speech, as in that I was extraordinarily admitted, it was your lordship's favour, so fearing to stay too long I could not so plainly speak, nor so well receive your answer thereto as I would truly and gladly in that matter, I am bold by this writing to enlarge the same more plainly, and to what end I did mean. If it may like your good lordship, the report of the late conference at Lambeth hath been so handled to the discrediting of those learned that labour for right reformation in the ministry of the gospel, that it is no small grief of mind to the faithful preachers, because the matter is thus by the other side carried away, as though their cause could not sufficiently be warranted by the Word of God. For the which proof they have long been sad suitors, and would most humbly crave still both of God in heaven, whose cause it is, and of her majesty, their most excellent sovereign here on earth, that they might obtain quiet and convenient audience, either before her majesty herself, whose heart is in God's hand to touch and to turn, or before your honours of the council, whose wisdom they greatly reverence; and if they cannot strongly prove before you out of the Word of God that reformation which they so long have called and cried for to be according to Christ's own ordinance, then to let them be rejected with shame out of the church for ever. And that this may be the better done to the glory of God and true understanding of this great cause, they require first leave

to assemble and to consult together purposely, which they have forborne to do for avoiding suspicion of private conventicles. For hitherto, though in some writing they have declared the state of their, yea God's cause, yet were they never allowed to confer together, and so together be heard fully, but now some one and then some two called upon a sudden unprepared to four prepared to catch them, rather than gravely and moderately to be heard, to defend their right and good cause. And therefore for such weighty conference they appeal to her majesty and her honourable wise council, whom God hath placed in highest authority for the advancement of his kingdom, and refuse the bishops for judges, who are parties partial in their own defence, because they seek more worldly ambition than the glory of Christ Jesus.

“For mine own part, my good lord, I will not deny, but as I may I hear them in their public exercises, as a chief duty commanded by God to be done, and also I confess, as one that hath found mercy, that I have profited more in the inward feeling knowledge of God's holy will, though but in a small measure, by such sincere and sound opening of the Scriptures by an ordinary preaching within those seven or eight years, than I did by hearing odd sermons at St. Paul's well-nigh twenty years together. I mention this unfeignedly the rather to excuse this my boldness toward your lordship, humbly beseeching your lordship to think upon their suit, and as God shall move your understanding heart to further it. And if opportunity will not be had as they require, yet I once again in humble wise am a suitor unto your lordship, that you would be so good as to choose two or three of them which your honour liketh best; and license them before your own self, or rather at your pleasure, to declare and to prove the truth of the cause with a quiet and an attentive ear. I have heard them say ere now they will not come to dispute and argue to breed contention, which is the manner of the bishops' hearing, but to be suffered patiently to lay down before them that shall command (they then excepted), how well and certainly they can warrant, by the infallible touchstone of the Word, the substantial and main ground of their cause. Surely my lord I am persuaded you should do God acceptable service herein, and for the very entire affection I owe and do bear unto your honour, I wish from the very heart that to your other rare gifts sundry wise you were fully instructed and satisfied in this principal matter, so contemned of the great Rabblins, to the dishonouring of the gospel so long among us. I am so much bound to your lordship for your comfortable dealing towards me and mine, as I do incessantly desire that by your lordship's means God's glory may more and more be promoted, the grieved godly comforted, and you and your lordship's abundantly blessed. None is privy to this; and indeed though I hear them, yet I see them very

seldom. I trust your lordship will accept in best part my best meaning.
In the Lord dutifully and most heartily, A. BACON."¹

Lady Russell, Lady Bacon's sister, was equally ready to interpose with Lord Burghley in behalf of the Puritans. She generously offered to the famous Puritan minister, Mr. Thomas Cartwright, to further, as much as she could, any request that he wished to present. On receiving a long and touching letter from him, dated from Fleet Prison, August 13, 1591, she immediately sent it to Lord Burghley, after writing upon it these words:—"My good lord, read this through, and do what you can for the poor man." Cartwright obtained no redress, but this was solely owing to the queen and the bishops.²

No. II.—(p. 61).

Letter of Mr. John Davenport to Lady Vere, on the death of her son-in-law, Sir Roger Townshend, of Rainham, Baronet, who died January 1, 1636.

"MADAM,—The report of that great breach which it hath pleased the divine Providence to make in that family, wherein you are so much interested, did at first somewhat astonish me, but after some recollection of my thoughts it affected me with sorrow and pity—with sorrow for the public loss, wherein the whole land suffereth by the fall of such a pillar, whose wisdom and public spirit made him of singular use, not to Norfolk only, in his prudent managing of the government committed to him for the good of many, but to the whole realm, in his strong compliance with the best affected patriots in parliaments, for the promoting of any profitable proposals and motions for the good of the whole nation:³ with pity and compassion to his good lady, and the tender branches, whose loss I would rather veil than express. . . . I account it a mercy to your noble daughter that this great affliction fell at such a time, when your presence might be a comfort and support to her dejected spirit, which also is some help to yourself, who, I fear, would have been swallowed up of grief, if the affection of motherly care for your daughter did not somewhat prevail against your sorrow, and mitigate it by turning the stream of your love (at least in a great measure) into another channel. . . .

¹ Original. Lansdowne MSS. Brit. Mus. Plut. 74, D, no. 43.

² Brook's *Memoir of Cartwright*, p. 367-371.

³ Sir Roger for some time represented in parliament the county of Norfolk, of which he was also sheriff. Collins's *Peerage of England*, vol. ii. p. 462.

“Give me leave to add that the Lord hath more plentifully provided for your comfort, madam, after the death of your husband and son-in-law than for Naomi; for her own son died, and her daughter-in-law lived, but your own daughter is spared though your son-in-law be taken away. And for Ruth's one son you have two sons and four daughters added to your honourable family, and the life of your daughter spared both for their good and your comfort; which mercy I will express in the words of the Israelitish women to Naomi (only altering the number), ‘Blessed be the Lord which hath not left thee this day without kinsmen, and their name shall be continued in Israel. And these shall bring thy life again and nourish thine old age; for thine own daughter which loveth thee hath born them, and she is better to thee than seven sons.’ . . . Your honourable ladyship's in the Lord, JOHN DAVENPORT.”¹

No. III.—(p. 382).

Letter of Lady Claypole to her sister Mary, Lady Falconbridge (Forged).

“OH! my dear sister, were it possible for me to hope for any alleviation to my grief, from any appearance of a repentant temper in my father, whose way of living, and whose usurpation of his lawful sovereign's throne, must cause my death, I should make it my endeavour to survive mine and my dear country's present calamities; but as this is not to be expected, I can only thank you for your kind advice, and send you my reasons for giving all over to be lost, during the little space of life which is seemingly allotted me.

“You have heard of my importunities with this monster of mankind, whom I must yet to my extreme sorrow call father, to save the precious life of the late king, and the promise he made me of *not suffering so much as one of the hairs of that good man's head to perish*, when at the same time to keep his word to me in one sense, and be true to his ambitious principles in another, he most barbarously, and most hypocritically,

¹ MSS. Brit. Mus. Bibl. Birch, 4275, no. 69.

² This letter, which bears internal evidence of being a forgery, and which we give nearly entire, is printed in a tract, entitled *A True and Faithful Narrative of Oliver Cromwell's compact with the Devil*, &c., p. 9-12; and it is said to be “faithfully copied from the original found in the Lord Falconbridge's study [this was Lady Mary Cromwell's husband's nephew] soon after his death, a year and a half since, at Brussels, the place of his lordship's decease, never before printed.”

caused him to be beheaded. . . . You have heard of my solicitations with him at divers times to resign the government of these kingdoms to the presumptive heir of the crown, and my endeavours to recover him to his ancient loyalty from treason and rebellion, for which it is but too visible that sudden and very dreadful judgments hang over his head. But you may not have heard, perhaps, how he behaves under all these impending dangers.

"Sometimes, as the fit takes him, to divert the melancholy, that through the guilt of his conscience (which is not yet so much seared as to be totally effaced) [comes upon him], he dines with the officers of the army at Hampton Court, and shows a hundred antic tricks, as throwing of cushions at them, and putting burning hot coals into their pockets and boots. At others, before he has half dined he gives order for a drum to beat, and calls in his foot-guards, like a kennel of hounds, to snatch off the meat from his table, and tear it in pieces, with many other unaccountable whimsies. . . . Now he calls for his guards, with whom he rides out, encompassed behind and before for the preservation of his mock highness, and at his return at night shifts from bed to bed for fear of surprise. . . .

"When I talk to him of restitution, he says he has entered into bonds not to do it (I pray God it be not with some infernal spirit!) during his life. When I urge the pains of eternal damnation to him, though he looks aghast and seems to be in terrible agonies, he cries, 'Dear child, do not add fuel to my flames; the third of September is near approaching, and then ——.' What he means by such incongruous and unconnected answers, it is not in my power to determine. When he and I are only sitting in his bed-chamber together, he seems very often talking with a third person, and cries, 'You have cheated me; the purchase was intended by me for *seven* years longer; I will not be so served;' and when Mr. Beeston, my mother's gentleman usher, no longer since than yesterday, came to tell him the Dutch ambassador's lady was in her apartment, the poor pageant of royalty made answer, That had he seven years longer to live, he would make those rebels choose him for their Stadtholder.¹ . . . Adieu, dear sister. Adieu. CLAYPOLE.

"Vera Copia, John Richards, Jan. 5, 1719."

¹ The reference here is to a story invented by the cavaliers, and told at length in the tract mentioned in the preceding foot-note, to the effect, that on September 3, 1651, Cromwell entered into compact with the devil for fourteen years, as he himself alleged, but only for seven years as the devil maintained, to serve him, if he would give him the supreme power in England for that period.

Mrs. Oliver Cromwell's Petition to Charles II. after the Restoration, and the Royal Jewels. (See p. 318).

IN this petition, in which she promises allegiance to the new government and prays for protection, Mrs. Cromwell denies having secreted jewels or other articles belonging to the king. The substance of the petition is given in *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, Charles II., 1660-1661*, p. 392. She designates herself simply Elizabeth Cromwell, widow. Among her many sorrows she is deeply sensible of the unjust imputation of detaining jewels, &c., belonging to the king, which, besides the disrepute, exposes her to loss and violence on pretence of searching for them; is willing to swear that she knows of none such, and can prove that she never intermeddled with any of those public transactions which have been prejudicial to his late or present majesty, and is ready to yield humble and faithful obedience to his government; prays therefore for a protection, without which she cannot expect in her old age a safe retirement in any place of his majesty's dominions. The petition is indorsed [by Nicholas] "Old Mrs. Cromwell, Noll's wife's petition."¹ It is without date, but is conjectured to have been written about November, 1660.

¹State Papers, in State Paper Office, vol. xxii. no. 144.

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