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CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES.
BY THOMAS CARLYLE.
VOL. I.—PART I.



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OLIVER CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—PART I.

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OLIVER CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES

VOL. I.

2



INTRODUCTION

CHAPTER I.

ANTI-DRY AS DUST.

WHAT and how great are the interests which connect themselves with the hope that England may yet attain to some practical belief and understanding of its History during the Seventeenth Century, need not be insisted on at present; such hope being still very distant, very uncertain. We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that Century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding Centuries, but of which that Century was the ultimate manifestation: we have wandered very far; and must endeavor to return, and connect ourselves therewith again! It is with other feelings than those of poor peddling Dilettantism, other aims than the writing of successful or unsuccessful Publications, that an earnest man occupies himself in those dreary provinces of the dead and buried. The last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formulism,—antique ‘Reign of God,’ which all true men in their several dialects and modes have always striven for, giving place to modern Reign of the No-God, whom men name Devil: this, in its multitudinous meanings and results, is a sight to create reflections in the earnest man! One wishes there were a History of English Puritanism, the last of all our Heroisms; but sees small prospect of such a thing at present.

‘Few nobler Heroisms,’ says a well-known Writer long occupied on this subject, ‘at bottom perhaps no nobler Heroism ever transacted itself on this Earth; and it lies as good as lost to us;

overwhelmed under such an avalanche of Human Stupidities as no Heroism before ever did. Intrinsically and extrinsically it may be considered inaccessible to these generations. Intrinsically, the spiritual purport of it has become inconceivable, incredible to the modern mind. Extrinsically, the documents and records of it, scattered waste as a shoreless chaos, are not legible. They lie there, printed, written, to the extent of tons and square miles, as shot-rubbish; unedited, unsorted, not so much as indexed; full of every conceivable confusion;—yielding light to very few; yielding darkness, in several sorts, to very many. Dull Pedantry, conceited idle Dilettantism,—prurient Stupidity in what shape soever,—is darkness and not light! There are from Thirty to Fifty Thousand unread Pamphlets of the Civil War in the British Museum alone: huge piles of mouldering wreck, wherein, at the rate of perhaps one pennyweight per ton, lie things memorable. They lie preserved there, waiting happier days; under present conditions they cannot, except for idle purposes, for dilettante excerpts and such like, be got examined. The Rushworths, Whitlockes, Nalsons, Thurloes; enormous folios, these and many others, they have been printed, and some of them again printed, but never yet edited,—edited as you edit wagonloads of broken bricks and dry mortar, simply by tumbling up the wagon! Not one of these monstrous old volumes has so much as an available Index. It is the general rule of editing on this matter. If your editor correct the press, it is an honorable distinction to him. Those dreary old records were compiled at first by Human Insight, in part; and in great part, by Human Stupidity withal;—but then it was by Stupidity in a laudable diligent state, and doing its best; which was something:—and, alas, they have been successively elaborated by Human Stupidity in the *idle* state, falling idler and idler, and only pretending to be diligent; whereby now, for us, in these late days, they have grown very dim indeed! To Dryasdust Printing-Societies, and such like, they afford a sorrowful kind of pabulum; but for all serious purposes, they are as if non-extant; might as well, if matters are to rest as they are, not have been written or printed at all. The sound of them is not a *voice*, conveying knowledge or memorial of any earthly or heavenly thing; it is a wide-spread inarticulate slumberous mumble-

ment, issuing as if from the lake of Eternal Sleep. *Craving* for oblivion, for abolition and honest silence, as a blessing in comparison!

‘This, then,’ continues our impatient friend, ‘is the Elysium we English have provided for our Heroes! The Rushworthian Elysium. Drearlest continent of shot-rubbish the eye ever saw. Confusion piled on confusion to your utmost horizon’s edge: obscure, in lurid twilight as of the Shadow of Death; trackless, without index, without finger-post, or mark of any human foregoer;—where your human footstep, if you are still human, echoes bodeful through the gaunt solitude, peopled only by somnambulant Pedants, Dilettants, and doleful creatures, by phantasms, errors, inconceivabilities, by Nightmares, pasteboard Norroys, griffins, wiverns, and chimeras dire! There, all vanquished, overwhelmed under such waste lumber-mountains, the wreck and dead ashes of some six unbelieving generations, does the Age of Cromwell and his Puritans lie hidden from us. This is what we, for our share, have been able to accomplish towards keeping our Heroic Ones in memory. By way of sacred poet they have found voluminous Dryasdust, and his Collections and Philosophical Histories.

‘To Dryasdust, who wishes merely to compile torpedo Histories of the philosophical or other sorts, and gain immortal laurels for himself by writing about it and about it, all this is sport; but to us who struggle piously, passionately, to behold, if but in glimpses, the faces of our vanished Fathers, it is death!—O Dryasdust, my voluminous friend, had Human Stupidity continued in the diligent state, think you it had ever come to this? Surely at least you might have made an Index for these huge books! Even your genius, had you been faithful, was adequate to that. Those thirty thousand or fifty thousand old Newspapers and Pamphlets of the King’s Library, it is you, my voluminous friend, that should have sifted them, many, long years ago. Instead of droning out these melancholy scepticisms, constitutional philosophies, torpedo narratives, you should have sifted those old stacks of pamphlet matter for us, and have had the metal grains lying here accessible, and the dross-heaps lying there avoidable; you

had done the human memory a service thereby; some human remembrance of this matter had been more possible!

Certainly this description does not want for emphasis: but all ingenuous inquirers into the Past will say there is too much truth in it. Nay, in addition to the sad state of our Historical Books, and what indeed is fundamentally the cause and origin of that, our common spiritual notions, if any notion of ours may still deserve to be called spiritual, are fatal to a right understanding of that Seventeenth Century. The Christian Doctrines which then dwelt alive in every heart, have now in a manner died out of all hearts,—very mournful to behold; and are not the guidance of this world any more. Nay, worse still, the Cant of them does yet dwell alive with us, little doubting that it is Cant;—in which fatal intermediate state the Eternal Sacredness of this Universe itself, of this Human Life itself, has fallen dark to the most of us, and we think that too a Cant and a Creed. Thus the old names suggest new things to us,—not august and divine, but hypocritical, pitiable, detestable. The old names and similitudes of belief still circulate from tongue to tongue, though now in such a ghastly condition: not as commandments of the Living God, which we must do, or perish eternally; alas, no, as something very different from that! Here properly lies the grand unintelligibility of the Seventeenth Century for us. From this source has proceeded our maltreatment of it, our miseditings, miswritings, and all the other ‘avalanche of Human Stupidity,’ wherewith, as our impatient friend complains, we have allowed it to be overwhelmed. We have allowed some other things to be overwhelmed! Would to Heaven that were the worst fruit we had gathered from our Unbelief and our Cant of Belief!—Our impatient friend continues:

‘I have known Nations altogether destitute of printer’s-types and learned appliances, with nothing better than old songs, monumental stone-heaps and Quipo-thrums to keep record by, who had truer memory of their memorable things than this! Truer memory, I say: for at least the voice of their Past Heroisms, if indistinct, and all awry as to dates and statistics, was still melodious to those Nations. The body of it might be dead enough; but the soul of it, partly harmonized, put in real accordance with

the "Eternal Melodies," was alive to all hearts, and could not die. The memory of their ancient Brave Ones did not rise like a hideous huge leaden vapor, an amorphous emanation of Chaos, like a petrifying Medusa Spectre, on those poor Nations: no, but like a Heaven's Apparition, which it *was*, it still stood radiant beneficent before all hearts, calling all hearts to emulate it, and the recognition of it was a Psalm and Song. These things will require to be practically meditated by and by. Is human Writing, then, the art of burying Heroisms, and highest Facts, in Chaos; so that no man shall henceforth contemplate them without horror and aversion, and danger of locked-jaw? What does Dryasdust consider that he was born for; that paper and ink were made for?

'It is very notable, and leads to endless reflections, how the Greeks had their living *Iliad* where we have such a deadly indescribable *Cromwelliad*. The old *Pantheon*, home of all the gods, has become a *Peerage-Book*,—with black and white surplice-controversies superadded, not unsuitably. The Greeks had their Homers, Hesiods, where we have our Rymers, Rushworths, our Norroys, Garter-Kings, and Bishops Cobweb. Very notable, I say. By the genius, wants and instincts and opportunities of the one People, striving to keep themselves in mind of what was memorable, there had fashioned itself, in the effort of successive centuries, a *Homer's Iliad*: by those of the other People, in successive centuries, a *Collins's Peerage* improved by Sir Egerton Brydges. By their Pantheons ye shall know them! Have not we English a talent for Silence? Our very Speech and Printed-Speech, such a force of torpor dwelling in it, is properly a higher power of silence. There is no Silence like the Speech you cannot listen to without danger of locked-jaw! Given a divine Heroism, to smother it well in human Dulness, to touch it with the mace of Death, so that no human soul shall henceforth recognize it for a Heroism, but all souls shall fly from it as from a chaotic Torpor, an Insanity and Horror,—I will back our English genius against the world in such a problem! Truly we have done great things in that sort; down from Norman William all the way, and earlier: and to the English mind at this hour, the past History of England is little other than a dull dismal labyrinth,

in which the English mind, if candid, will confess that it has found of knowable (meaning even *conceivable*), of loveable, or memorable—next to nothing. As if we had done no brave thing at all in this Earth;—as if not Men but Nightmares had written of our History! The English, one can discern withal, have been perhaps as brave a People as their neighbors; perhaps, for Valor of Action and true hard labor in this Earth, since brave Peoples were first made in it, there has been none braver anywhere or anywhen: but also, it must be owned, in Stupidity of Speech they have no fellow! What can poor English Heroisms do in such case, but fall torpid into the domain of the Nightmares? For of a truth, Stupidity is strong, most strong: as the poet Schiller sings, “Against Stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious:” there is in *it* a placid inexhaustibility, a calm viscous infinitude, which will baffle even the gods,—which will say calmly, “Try all your lightnings here; see whether I cannot quench them!”

“Mit der Dummheit kämpfen Götter selbst vergebens.”

Has our friend forgotten that it is Destiny withal as well as “Stupidity;” that such is the case more or less with Human History always! By very nature it is a labyrinth and chaos, this that we call Human History; an *abatis* of trees and brush-wood, a world-wide jungle, at once growing and dying. Under the green foliage and blossoming fruit-trees of Today, there lie, rotting slower or faster, the forests of all other Years and Days. Some have rotted fast, plants of annual growth, and are long since quite gone to inorganic mould; others are like the aloe, growths that last a thousand or three thousand years. You will find them in all stages of decay and preservation; down deep to the beginnings of the History of Man. Think where our Alphabetic Letters came from, where our Speech itself came from; the Cookeries we live by, the Masonries we lodge under! You will find fibrous roots of this day’s Occurrences among the dust of Cadmus and Trismegistus, of Tubalcain and Triptolemus; the tap-roots of them are with Father Adam himself and the cinders of Eve’s first fire! At bottom, there is no perfect History; there is none such conceivable.

All past Centuries have rotted down, and gone confusedly dumb and quiet, even as that Seventeenth is now threatening to do. Histories are *as* perfect as the Historian is wise, and is gifted with an eye and a soul! For the leafy blossoming Present Time springs from the whole Past, remembered and unrememberable, so confusedly as we say:—and truly the Art of History, the grand difference between a Dryasdust and a sacred Poet, is very much even this: To distinguish well what does still reach to the surface, and is alive and frondent for us; and what reaches no longer to the surface, but moulders safe underground, never to send forth leaves or fruit for mankind any more: of the former we shall rejoice to hear; to hear of the latter will be an affliction to us; of the latter only Pedants and Dullards, and disastrous *malefactors* to the world, will find good to speak. By wise memory and by wise oblivion: it lies all there! Without oblivion, there is no remembrance possible. When both oblivion and memory are wise, when the general soul of man is clear, melodious, true, there may come a modern *Iliad* as memorial of the Past: when both are foolish, and the general soul is overclouded with confusions, with unveracities and discords, there is a ‘Rushworthian chaos.’ Let Dryasdust be blamed, beaten with stripes if you will; but let it be with pity, with blame to Fate chiefly. Alas, when sacred Priests are arguing about ‘black and white surplices;’ and sacred Poets have long *professedly* deserted Truth, and gone a wool-gathering after ‘Ideals’ and such like, what can you expect of poor secular Pedants? The labyrinth of History must grow ever darker, more intricate and dismal; vacant cargoes of ‘Ideals’ will arrive yearly, to be cast into the oven; and noble Heroisms of Fact, given up to Dryasdust, will be buried in a very disastrous manner!—

But the thing we had to say and repeat was this, That Puritanism is not of the Nineteenth Century, but of the Seventeenth; that the grand unintelligibility for us lies *there*. The Fast-day Sermons of St. Margaret’s Church, Westminster, in spite of printers, are all grown dumb! In long rows of little dumpy quartos, gathered from the bookstalls, they indeed stand here bodily before us: by human volition they can be read, but not by any human memory remembered. We forget them as soon

as read; they have become a weariness to the soul of man. They are dead and gone, they and what they shadowed; the human soul, got into other latitudes, cannot now give harbor to them. Alas, and did not the honorable Houses of Parliament listen to them with rapt earnestness, as to an indisputable message from Heaven itself? Learned and painful Dr. Owen, learned and painful Dr. Burgess; Stephen Marshall, Mr. Spurstow, Adoniram Byfield, Hugh Peters, Philip Nye: the Printer has done for them what he could, and Mr. Speaker gave them the thanks of the House;—and no most astonishing Review-Article of our day can have half such ‘briliancy,’ such potency, half such virtue for producing *belief* as these their poor little dumpy quartos once had. And behold, they are become inarticulate men; spectral; and instead of speaking, do not screech and gibber! All Puritanism has grown inarticulate; its fervent preachings, prayings, pamphleteerings are sunk into one indiscriminate moaning hum, mournful as the voice of subterranean winds. So much falls silent: human Speech, unless by rare chance it touch on the ‘Eternal Melodies,’ and harmonize with them; human Action, Interest, if divorced from the Eternal Melodies, sinks all silent. The fashion of this world passeth away.

The Age of the Puritans is not extinct only and gone away from us, but it is as if fallen beyond the capabilities of Memory herself; it is grown unintelligible, what we may call incredible. Its earnest Purport awakens now no resonance in our frivolous hearts. We understand not even in imagination, one of a thousand of us, what it ever could have meant. It seems delirious, delusive; the sound of it has become tedious as a tale of past stupidities. Not the body of heroic Puritanism only, which was bound to die, but the soul of it also, which was and should have been, and yet shall be immortal, has for the present passed away. As Harrison said of his Banner and Lion of the ‘Tribe of Judah: “Who shall rouse him up?”—

‘For indisputably,’ exclaims the above-cited Author in his vehement way, ‘this too was a Heroism; and the soul of it remains part of the eternal soul of things! Here, of our own land and lineage, in practical English shape, were Heroes on the Earth

once more. Who knew in every fibre, and with heroic daring laid to heart, That an Almighty Justice does verily rule this world ; that it is good to fight on God's side, and bad to fight on the Devil's side ! The essence of all Heroisms and Veracities that have been, or that will be.—Perhaps it was among the nobler and noblest Human Heroisms, this Puritanism of ours : but English Dryasdust could not discern it for a Heroism at all ;—as the Heaven's lightning, born of its black tempest, and destructive to pestilential Mudgiants, is mere horror and terror to the Pedant species everywhere ; which, like the owl in any sudden brightness, has to shut its eyes,—or hastily procure smoked-spectacles on an improved principle. Heaven's brightness would be intolerable otherwise. Only your eagle dares look direct into the fire-radiance ; only your Schiller climbs aloft “to discover whence the lightning is coming.” “Godlike men love lightning,” says one. Our old Norse fathers called it a God ; the sunny blue-eyed Thor, with his all-conquering thunder-hammer,—who again, in calmer season, is beneficent Summer-heat. Godless men love it not ; shriek murder when they see it ; shutting their eyes, and hastily procuring smoked-spectacles. O Dryasdust, thou art great and thrice great !—

‘But alas,’ exclaims he elsewhere, getting his eye on the real nodus of the matter, ‘what is it, all this Rushworthian inarticulate rubbish-continent, in its ghastly dim twilight, with its haggard wrecks and pale shadows ; what is it, but the common Kingdom of Death ? This *is* what we call Death, this mouldering dumb wilderness of things once alive. Behold here the final evanescence of Formed human things ; they had form, but they are changing into sheer formlessness ;—ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the eclapse,—the etiolation of human features into mouldy blank ; *dissolution* ; progress towards utter silence and disappearance ; disastrous ever-deepening Dusk of Gods and Men !—Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and tartarean Phlegethons, onwards to these baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed Dog ? Some Destiny drives him. It is his sins, I suppose :—perhaps it is his love, strong as

that of Orpheus for the lost Eurydice, and likely to have no better issue!—

Well, it would seem the resuscitation of a Heroism from the Past Time is no easy enterprise. Our impatient friend seems really getting sad! We can well believe him, there needs pious love in any 'Orpheus' that will risk descending to the Gloomy Halls;—descending, it may be, and fronting Cerberus and Dis, to no purpose! For it oftenest proves so; nay, as the Mythologists would teach us, always. Here is another Mythus. Balder the white Sungod, say our Norse Skalds, Balder, beautiful as the summer-dawn, loved of gods and men, was dead. His Brother Hermoder, urged by his Mother's tears and the tears of the Universe, went forth to seek him. He rode through gloomy winding valleys, of a dismal leaden color, full of howling winds and subterranean torrents; nine days; ever deeper, down towards Hela's Deathrealm: at Lonesome Bridge, which, with its gold gate, spans the River of Moaning, he found the Portress, an ancient woman, called Modgudr, 'the Vexer of Minds,' keeping watch as usual: Modgudr answered him, "Yes, Balder passed this way; but he is not here; he is down yonder,—far, still far to the North, within Hela's Gates yonder." Hermoder rode on, still dauntless, on his horse, named 'Swiftmess' or 'Mane of Gold;' reached Hela's Gates; leapt sheer over them, mounted as he was; *saw* Balder, the very Balder, with his eyes:—but could not bring him back! The Normas were inexorable; Balder was never to come back. Balder beckoned him mournfully a still adieu; Nanna, Balder's Wife, sent 'a thimble' to her mother as a memorial: Balder never could return!—Is not this an emblem? Old Portress Modgudr, I take it, is Dryasdust in Norse petticoat and hood; a most unlovely beldame, the 'Vexer of Minds!'

We will here take final leave of our impatient friend, occupied in this almost desperate enterprise of his; we will wish him, which is very easy to do, more *patience*, and better success than he seems to hope. And now to our own small enterprise, and solid despatch of business in plain prose!

CHAPTER II.

OF THE BIOGRAPHIES OF OLIVER.

OURS is a very small enterprise, but seemingly a useful one ; preparatory perhaps to greater and more useful, on this same matter : The collecting of the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*, and presenting them in natural sequence, with the still possible elucidation, to ingenuous readers. This is a thing that can be done ; and after some reflection, it has appeared worth doing. No great thing : one other dull Book added to the thousand, dull every one of them, which have been issued on this subject ! But situated as we are, new Dulness is unhappily inevitable ; readers do not reascend out of deep confusions without some trouble as they climb.

These authentic utterances of the man Oliver himself—I have gathered them from far and near ; fished them up from the foul Lethæan quagmires where they lay buried ; I have washed, or endeavored to wash them clean from foreign stupidities (such a job of buck-washing as I do not long to repeat) ; and the world shall now see them in their own shape. Working for long years in those unspeakable Historic Provinces, of which the reader has already had account, it becomes more and more apparent to one, That this man Oliver Cromwell was, as the popular fancy represents him, the soul of the Puritan Revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an Epoch in the World's History ; that in fact he, more than is common in such cases, does deserve to give his name to the Period in question, and have the Puritan Revolt considered as a *Cromwellian*, which issue is already very visible for it. And then farther, altogether contrary to the popular fancy, it becomes apparent that this Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths ; whose words do carry a meaning with them, and above all others of that time, are worth considering. His words,—and still more

his *silences*, and unconscious instincts, when you have spelt and lovingly deciphered these also out of his words,—will in several ways reward the study of an earnest man. An earnest man, I apprehend, may gather from these words of Oliver's, were there even no other evidence, that the character of Oliver and of the Affairs he worked in is much the reverse of that mad jumble of 'hypocrisies,' &c. &c., which at present passes current as such.

But certainly, on any hypothesis as to that, such a set of Documents may hope to be elucidative in various respects. Oliver's Character, and that of Oliver's Performance in this world: here best of all may we expect to read it, whatsoever it was. Even if false, these words, authentically spoken and written by the chief actor in the business, must be of prime moment for understanding of it. These are the words this man found suitablest to represent the Things themselves, around him, and in him, of which we seek a History. The newborn Things and Events, as they bodied themselves forth to Oliver Cromwell from the Whirlwind of the passing Time,—this is the name and definition he saw good to give of them. To get at these direct utterances of his, is to get at the very heart of the business; were there once light for us in these, the business had begun again at the heart of it to be luminous!—On the whole, we will start with this small service, the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* washed into something of legibility again, as the preliminary of all. May it prosper with a few serious readers. The *heart* of that Grand Puritan Business once again becoming visible, even in faint twilight to mankind, what masses of brutish darkness will gradually vanish from all fibres of it, from the whole body and environment of it, and trouble no man any more! Masses of foul darkness, sordid confusions not a few, as I calculate, which now bury this matter very deep, may vanish: the heart of this matter and the heart of serious men once again brought into approximation, to write some 'History' of it may be a little easier,—for my impatient friend or another.

To dwell on or criticise the particular *Biographies* of Cromwell, after what was so emphatically said above on the general subject, would profit us but little. Criticism of these poor Books

cannot express itself except in language that is painful. They far surpass in 'stupidity' all the celebrations any Hero ever had in this world before. They are in fact worthy of oblivion,—of charitable Christian *burial*.

Mark Noble reckons up some half dozen 'Original Biographies of Cromwell;'^{*} all of which and some more I have examined; but cannot advise any other man to examine. There are several laudatory, worth nothing; which ceased to be read when Charles II. came back, and the tables were turned. The vituperative are many: but the origin of them all, the chief fountain indeed of all the foolish lies that have circulated about Oliver since, is the mournful brown little Book called *Flagellum, or the Life and Death of O. Cromwell, the late Usurper*, by James Heath; which was got ready so soon as possible on the back of the *Annus Mirabilis* or Glorious Restoration,† and is written in such spirit as we may fancy. When restored potentates and high dignitaries had dug up 'above a hundred buried corpses, and flung them in a heap in St. Margaret's Churchyard,' the corpse of Admiral Blake among them, and Oliver's old Mother's corpse; and were hanging on Tyburn gallows, as some small satisfaction to themselves, the dead clay of Oliver, of Ireton, and Bradshaw;—when high dignitaries and potentates were in such a humor, what could be expected of poor pamphleteers and garreteers? Heath's poor little brown lying *Flagellum* is described by one of the moderns as a '*Flagitium*;' and Heath himself is called '*Carrion Heath*,'—as being 'an unfortunate blasphemous dullard, and scandal to Humanity;—blasphemous; who when the image of God is shining through a man, reckons it in his sordid soul to be the image of the Devil, and acts accordingly; who in fact has no soul except what saves him the expense of salt; who intrinsically is Carrion and not Humanity:' which seems hard measure to poor James Heath. 'He was the son of the King's Cutler,' says Wood, 'and wrote pamphlets,' the best he was able, poor man. He has become a dreadfully dull individual, in addition to all!—Another wretched old Book of his, called *Chronicle*

* Noble's *Cromwell*, i., 294–300. His list is very inaccurate and incomplete, but not worth completing or rectifying.

† The First Edition seems to be of 1663.

of the *Civil Wars*, bears a high price in the Dilettante Sale-catalogues ; and has, as that *Flagellum* too has, here and there a credible trait not met with elsewhere : but in fact, to the ingenuous inquirer, this too is little other than a tenebrific Book ; cannot be read except with sorrow, with torpor and disgust,—and in fine, if you be of healthy memory, with *oblivion*. The latter end of Heath has been worse than the beginning was ! From him, and his *Flagellums* and scandalous Human Platitudes, let no rational soul seek knowledge.

Among modern Biographies, the great original is that of Mark Noble above cited ;* such ‘original’ as there is : a Book, if we must call it a Book, abounding in facts and pretended-facts more than any other on this subject. Poor Noble has gone into much research of old leases, marriage-contracts, deeds of sale and such like : he is learned in parish-registers and genealogies, has consulted pedigrees ‘measuring eight feet by two feet four ;’ goes much upon heraldry ;—in fact, has amassed a large heap of evidences and assertions, worthless and of worth, respecting Cromwell and his connexions ; from which the reader, by his own judgment, is to extract what he can. For Noble himself is a man of extreme imbecility ; his judgment, for most part, seeming to lie dead asleep ; and indeed it is worth little when broadest awake. He falls into manifold mistakes, commits and omits in all ways ; plods along contented, in an element of perennial dimness, purblindness ; has occasionally a helpless broad innocence of platitude which is almost interesting. A man indeed of extreme imbecility ; to whom nevertheless let due gratitude be borne.

His Book, in fact, is not properly a Book, but rather an Aggregate of bewildered jottings ; a kind of Cromwellian Biographical Dictionary, *wanting* the alphabetical, or any other arrangement or index : which latter want, much more remediable than the want of judgment, is itself a great sorrow to the reader. Such as it is, this same Dictionary without judgment and without arrangement, ‘bad Dictionary gone to pi,’ as we may call it, is the storehouse from which subsequent Biographies have all furnished themselves. The reader,

* *Memoirs of the Protectoral House of Cromwell*, by the Rev. Mark Noble. 2 vols., London, 1787.

with continual vigilance of suspicion, once knowing what man he has to do with, digs through it, and again through it; covers the margins of it with notes and contradictions, with references, deductions, rectifications, execrations,—in a sorrowful, but not entirely unprofitable manner. Another Book of Noble's, called *Lives of the Regicides*, written some years afterwards, during the French Jacobin time, is of much more stupid character; nearly meaningless indeed; mere water bewitched; which no man need buy or read: and it is said he has a third Book, on some other subject, stupider still, which latter point, however, may be considered questionable.

For the rest, this poor Noble is of very impartial mind respecting Cromwell; open to receive good of him, and to receive evil, even inconsistent evil: the helpless, incoherent, but placid and favorable notion he has of Cromwell in 1787, contrasts notably with that which Carrion Heath had gathered of him in 1663. For, in spite of the stupor of Histories, it is beautiful, once more, to see how the Memory of Cromwell, in its huge inarticulate significance, not able to *speak* a wise word for itself to any one, has nevertheless been steadily growing clearer and clearer in the popular English mind; how from the day when high dignitaries and pamphleteers of the Carrion species did their ever-memorable feat at Tyburn, onwards to this day, the progress does not stop. In 1698,* one of the earliest works expressly in favor of Cromwell was written by a Critic of *Ludlow's Memoirs*. The anonymous Critic explains to solid Ludlow that he, in that solid but somewhat wooden head of his, had not perhaps seen entirely into the centre of the Universe, and workshop of the Destinies; that, in fact, Oliver was a questionable uncommon man, and he Ludlow a common handfast, honest, dull and indeed partly wooden man,—in whom it might be wise to form no theory at all of Cromwell. By and by, a certain 'Mr. Banks,' a kind of Lawyer and Playwright, if I mistake not, produced a still more favorable view of Cromwell, but in a work otherwise of no moment; the exact

* So dated in *Semcrs' Tracts* (London, 1811), vi., 415,—but liable to correction if needful. Poor Noble (i. 297) gives the same date, and then placidly, in the next line, subjoins a fact inconsistent with it. As his manner is!

date, and indeed the whole substance of which is hardly worth remembering.* The *Letter* of 'John Maidston to Governor Winthrop,'—Winthrop Governor of Connecticut, a Suffolk man, of much American celebrity,—is dated 1659; but did not come into print till 1742, along with Thurloe's other Papers.† Maidston had been an officer in Oliver's Household, a Member of his Parliaments, and knew him well. An Essex man he; probably an old acquaintance of Winthrop's; visibly a man of honest affections, of piety, decorum, and good sense. Whose loyalty to Oliver is of a genuine and altogether manful nature,—mostly silent, as we can discern. He had already published a credible and still interesting little Pamphlet, *Passages concerning his late Highness's last Sickness*; to which, if space permit, we shall elsewhere refer. In these two little off-hand bits of writing there is a clear credibility for the reader; and more insight obtainable as to Oliver and his ways than in any of his express Biographies.

That anonymous *Life of Cromwell*, which Noble very ignorantly ascribes to Bishop Gibson, which is written in a neutral spirit, as an impartial statement of facts, but not without a secret decided leaning to Cromwell, came out in 1724. It is the *Life of Cromwell* found commonly in Libraries:‡ it went through several editions in a pure state; and I have seen a 'fifth edition' with foreign intermixtures, 'printed at Birmingham in 1778,' on grey paper, seemingly as a Book for Hawkers. The Author of it was by no means 'Bishop Gibson,' but one Kimber, a Dissenting Minister of London, known otherwise as a compiler of books. He has diligently gathered from old Newspapers and other such sources; narrates in a dull, steady, concise, but altogether unintelligent manner; can be read without offence, but hardly with any real instruction. Image of Cromwell's self there is none, express or implied, in this Book; for the man himself had none, and did not feel the want of any: nay in regard to external facts

* Short Critical Review of the Life of Oliver Cromwell: By a Gentleman of the Middle Temple. London, 1739.

† Thurloe, i., 763-8.

‡ The Life of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth. Impartially collected, &c. London, 1724. Distinguished also by a not intolerable Portrait.

also, there are inaccuracies enough,—here too, what is the general rule in these books, you can find as many inaccuracies as you like: dig where you please, water will come! As a crown to all the modern Biographies of Cromwell, let us note Mr. Forster's late one:* full of interesting original excerpts, and indications of what is notablest in the old books; gathered and set forth with real merit, with *energy* in abundance and superabundance; amounting in result, we may say, to a vigorous decisive tearing up of all the old hypotheses on the subject, and an opening of the general mind for new.

Of Cromwell's actual biography, from these and from all Books and sources, there is extremely little to be known. It is from his own words, as I have ventured to believe, from his own Letters and Speeches well read, that the world may first obtain some dim glimpse of the actual Cromwell, and see him darkly face to face. What little is otherwise ascertainable, cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity, may be stated in brief compass. So much as precedes the earliest still extant Letters, I subjoin here in the form most convenient.

* Statesmen of the Commonwealth, by John Forster (London, 1840), vols iv and v

CHAPTER III.

OF THE CROMWELL KINDRED.

OLIVER CROMWELL, afterwards Protector of the Commonwealth of England, was born at Huntingdon, in St. John's Parish there, on the 25th of April, 1599. Christened on the 29th of the same month; as the old Parish-registers of that Church still legibly testify.*

His Father was Robert Cromwell, younger son of Sir Henry Cromwell, and younger brother of Sir Oliver Cromwell, Knights both; who dwelt successively, in rather sumptuous fashion, at the Mansion of Hinchinbrook hard by. His Mother was Elizabeth Steward, daughter of William Steward, Esquire, in Ely; an opulent man, a kind of hereditary Farmer of the Cathedral Tithes and Church lands round that city; in which capacity his son, Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, in due time succeeded him, resident also at Ely. Elizabeth was a young widow when Robert Cromwell married her: the first marriage, to one 'William Lynne, Esquire, of Bassingbourne in Cambridgeshire,' had lasted but a year; husband and only child are buried in Ely Cathedral, where their monument still stands; the date of their deaths, which followed near on one another, is 1589.† The exact date of the young widow's marriage to Robert Cromwell is nowhere given; but seems to have been in 1591.‡ Our Oliver was their fifth child; their second boy; but the first soon died. They had ten children in all; of whom seven came to maturity, and Oliver was their only son. I may as well print the little Note, smelted long ago out of huge dross-heaps in Noble's Book, that the reader too may have his small benefit of it.§

* Noble, i., 92.

† Noble, ii., 198, and *ms. penes me.*

‡ Noble, i., 58.

§ OLIVER CROMWELL'S BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Oliver's mother had been a widow (Mrs. *Lynne* of Bassingbourne) before marrying Robert Cromwell; neither her age nor his is discoverable here

This Elizabeth Steward, who had now become Mrs. Robert Cromwell, was, say the genealogists, ‘indubitably descended from the Royal Stewart Family of Scotland;’ and could still count kindred with them. ‘From one Walter Steward, who had accompanied Prince James of Scotland,’ when our inhospitable politic Henry IV. detained the poor Prince, driven in by stress of weather to him here. Walter did not return with the Prince to Scotland; having ‘fought tournaments,’—having made an advantageous marriage-settlement here. One of his descendants, Robert Steward, happened to be Prior of Ely when Henry VIII. dissolved the monasteries; and, proving pliant on that occasion, Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, became the first Protestant Dean of Ely, and—‘was remarkably attentive to his family,’ says Noble. The profitable Farming of the Tithes at Ely, above mentioned; this, and other settlements, and good dotations of Church lands among his Nephews, were the fruits of Robert Steward’s pliancy on that occasion. The genealogists say, there is no doubt of this pedigree;—and explain in intricate tables, how Elizabeth Steward, Mother of Oliver Cromwell, was indubitably either the ninth, or the tenth, or some other fractional part of half a cousin to Charles Stuart King of England.

1. *First* child (seemingly), *Joan*, baptized 24th September, 1592; she died in 1609 (Noble, i., 88).

2. Elizabeth, 14th October, 1593; died unmarried, thinks Noble, in 1672, at Ely.

3. *Henry*, 31st August, 1595; died young, ‘before 1617.’

4. Catherine, 7th February, 1596-7; married to Whitstone, a Parliamentary Officer; then to Colonel Jones.

5. OLIVER, born 25th April, 1599.

6. Margaret, 22d February, 1600-1; she became Mrs. Wanton, or Walton, Huntingdonshire; her son was killed at Marston Moor,—as we shall see.

7. Anna, 2d January, 1602-3; Mrs. Sewster, Huntingdonshire; died 1st November, 1646:—her Brother Oliver had just ended the ‘first Civil War’ then.

8. Jane, 19th January, 1605-6; Mrs. Disbrowe, Cambridgeshire; died, *seemingly*, in 1656.

9. *Robert*, 18th January, 1608-9; died same April.

10. Robina, so named for the above Robert; uncertain date: became Mrs. Dr. French: then Mrs. Bishop Wilkins: her daughter by French, her one child, was married to Archbishop Tillotson.

Howsoever related to Charles Stuart or to other parties, Robert Cromwell, younger son of the Knight of Hinchinbrook, brought her home, we see, as his Wife, to Huntingdon, about 1591; and settled with her there, on such portion, with such prospects as a cadet of the House of Hinchinbrook might have. Portion consisting of certain lands and messuages round and in that Town of Huntingdon,—where, in the current name ‘Cromwell’s Acre,’ if not in other names applied to lands and messuages there, some feeble echo of him and his possessions still survives, or seems to survive. These lands he himself farmed; the income in all is guessed or computed to have been about 300*l.* a year; a tolerable fortune in those times; perhaps something like 1000*l.* now. Robert Cromwell’s Father, as we said, and then his elder Brother, dwelt successively in good style at Hinchinbrook near by. It was the Father Sir Henry Cromwell, who from his sumptuousness was called the ‘Golden Knight,’ that built, or that enlarged, remodelled and as good as built, the Mansion of Hinchinbrook, which had been a Nunnery, while Nunneries still were: it was the son, Sir Oliver, likewise an expensive man, that sold it to the Montagues, since Earls of Sandwich, whose seat it still is. A stately pleasant House, among its shady lawns and expanses, on the left bank of the Ouse river, a short half mile west of Huntingdon;—still stands pretty much as Oliver Cromwell’s Grandfather left it; rather kept good and defended from the inroads of Time and Accident, than substantially altered. Several Portraits of the Cromwells, and other interesting portraits and memorials of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, are still there. The Cromwell blazonry ‘on the great bay window,’ which Noble makes so much of, is now gone; has given place to Montague blazonry; and no dull man can bore us with that any more.

Huntingdon itself lies pleasantly along the left bank of the Ouse; sloping pleasantly upwards from Ouse Bridge, which connects it with the old village of Godmanchester; the Town itself consisting mainly of one fair street, which towards the north end of it opens into a kind of irregular market-place, and then contracting again soon terminates. The two churches of All-Saints, and St. John’s, as you walk up northward from the Bridge, ap-

pear successively on your left; the churchyards flanked with shops or other houses. The Ouse, which is of very circular course in this quarter, 'winding as if reluctant to enter the Fen-country,' says one Topographer, has still a respectable drab-color, gathered from the clays of Bedfordshire; has not yet the Stygian black which in a few miles farther it assumes for good. Huntingdon, as it were, looks over into the Fens; Godmanchester, just across the river, already stands on black bog. The country to the East is all Fen (mostly unreclaimed in Oliver's time, and still of a very dropsical character); to the West it is hard green ground, agreeably broken into little heights, duly fringed with wood, and bearing marks of comfortable long-continued cultivation. Here on the edge of the firm green land, and looking over into the black marshes with their alder-trees and willow-trees, did Oliver Cromwell pass his young years. Drunken Barnabee, who travelled, and drank, and made Latin rhymes, in that country about 1635, through whose glistening satyr-eyes one can still discern this and the other feature of the Past, represents to us on the height behind Godmanchester, as you approach the scene from Cambridge and the south, a big Oak Tree, which has now disappeared, leaving no notable successor.

*Veni Godmanchester, ubi
Ut Ivion captus nube,
Sic, &c.*

And he adds in a Note,

*Quercus anilis erat, tamen eminus oppida spectat;
Stirpe viam monstrat, plumea fronde tegit;—*

Or in his own English version,

An aged Oak takes of this Town survey,
Finds birds their nests, tells passengers their way.*

If Oliver Cromwell climbed that Oak-tree, in quest of bird-nests or boy-adventures, the Tree, or this poor ghost of it, may still have a kind of claim to memory.

* Barnabæ Itinerarium (London 1818), p. 96.

The House where Robert Cromwell dwelt, where his son Oliver and all his family were born, is still familiar to every inhabitant of Huntingdon: but it has been twice rebuilt since that date, and now bears no memorial whatever which even tradition can connect with him. It stands at the upper or northern extremity of the town,—beyond the Market-place we spoke of; on the left or riverward side of the street. It is at present a solid yellow brick house, with a walled court-yard; occupied by some townsman of the wealthier sort. The little Brook of Hinchin, making its way to the Ouse which is not far off, still flows through the courtyard of the place,—offering a convenience for malting or brewing, among other things. Some vague but confident tradition as to Brewing attaches itself to this locality; and traces of evidence, I understand, exist that *before* Robert Cromwell's time, it had been employed as a Brewery: but of this or even of Robert Cromwell's own brewing, there is, at such a distance, in such an element of distracted calumny, exaggeration and confusion, little or no certainty to be had. Tradition, 'the Rev. Dr. Lort's Manuscripts,' Carrion Heath, and such testimonies, are extremely insecure as guides! Thomas Harrison, for example, is always called 'the son of a Butcher;' which means only that his Father, as farmer or owner, had grazing-lands, down in Staffordshire, wherefrom naturally enough proceeded cattle, fat cattle as the case might be,—well fatted, I hope. Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex in Henry Eighth's time, is in like manner called always 'the son of a Blacksmith at Putney;' and whoever figures to himself a man in black apron and hammer in hand, and tries to rhyme this with the rest of Thomas Cromwell's history, will find that here too he has got into an insolubility. 'The splenetic credulity and incredulity, the calumnious opacity, the exaggerative ill-nature, and general flunkeyism and stupidity of mankind,' says my author, 'are ever to be largely allowed for in such circumstances.' We will leave Robert Cromwell's brewing in a very unilluminated state. Uncontradicted Tradition and old printed Royalist Lampoons do call him a Brewer; the Brook of Hinchin, running through his premises, offered clear convenience for malting or brewing;—in regard to which, and also to his Wife's assiduous management of

the same, one is very willing to believe Tradition. The essential trade of Robert Cromwell was that of managing those lands of his in the vicinity of Huntingdon: the grain of them would have to be duly harvested, thrashed, brought to market; whether it was as corn or as malt it came to market, can remain indifferent to us.

For the rest, as documents still testify, this Robert Cromwell did Burgh and Quarter-Session duties; was not slack but moderately active as a country-gentleman; sat once in Parliament in his younger years;* is found with his elder or other Brothers on various Public Commissions for Draining the Fens of that region, or more properly for inquiring into the possibility of such an operation; a thing much noised of then; which Robert Cromwell, among others, reported to be very feasible, very promising, but did not live to see accomplished, or even attempted. His social rank is sufficiently indicated;—and much flunkeyism, falsity, and other carrion ought to be buried! Better than all social rank, he is understood to have been a wise, devout, steadfast and worthy man, and to have lived a modest and manful life in his station there.

Besides the Knight of Hinchinbrook, he had other Brothers settled prosperously in the Fen regions, where this Cromwell Family had extensive possessions. One Brother Henry was 'seated at Upwood,' a fenny district near Ramsey Mere; one of his daughters came to be the wife, second wife, of Oliver St. John, the Shipmoney Lawyer, the political 'dark-lantern,' as men used to name him; of whom we shall hear farther. Another Brother 'was seated' at Biggin House between Ramsey and Upwood; a moated mansion, with ditch and painted paling round it. A third Brother was seated at—my informant knows not where! In fact I had better, as before, subjoin the little *smelted* Note which has already done its duty, and let the reader make of that what he can.† Of our Oliver's Aunts one was Mrs. Hampden of Great

* '35to Eliz.: Feb.—April, 1593 (Noble, i., 83; from Willis).

† OLIVER'S UNCLES.

1. Sir Oliver of Hinchinbrook: his eldest son John, born in 1589 (ten years older than our Oliver), went into the army, 'Colonel of an English regiment in the Dutch service:' this is the Colonel Cromwell who is said

Hampden, Bucks: an opulent, zealous person, not without ambitions; already a widow and mother of two Boys, one of whom proved very celebrated as JOHN HAMPDEN;—she was Robert

or fabled to have sought a midnight interview with Oliver, in the end of 1648, for the purpose of buying off Charles I.; to have ‘laid his hand on his sword,’ &c., &c. The story is in Noble, i, 51; with no authority but that of Carrion Heath. Other sons of his were soldiers, royalists these: there are various Cousin Cromwells that confusedly turn up on both sides of the quarrel.—Robert Cromwell, our Oliver’s Father, was the next Brother of the Hinchinbrook Knight. The Third Brother, second uncle, was

2. Henry Cromwell, of Upwood near Ramsey Mere: adventurer in the Virginia Company; sat in Parliament 1603–1611; one of his daughters Mrs St. John. Died 1630 (Noble, i., 28).

3. Richard: ‘buys in 1607’ a bit of ground in Huntingdon; died ‘at Ramsey,’ 1628; was Member for Huntingdon in Queen Elizabeth’s time:—*Lived in Ramsey?* Is buried at Upwood.

4. Sir Philip: Biggin House; knighted at Whitehall, 1601 (Noble, i., 31). His second son, Philip, was in Colonel Ingoldsby’s regiment;—wounded at the storm of Bristol, in 1645. Third son, Thomas, was in Ireland with Strafford (signs Montnorris’s death-warrant there, in 1639); lived afterwards in London: became Major, and then Colonel, in the *King’s* Army. Fourth son, Oliver, was in the Parliamentary Army; had watched the King in the Isle of Wight,—went with his cousin, our Oliver, to Ireland in 1649, and died or was killed there. Fifth son, Robert, ‘poisoned his Master, an Attorney, and was *hanged at London*,’—if there be truth in ‘Heath’s Flagellum’ (Noble, i., 35) ‘and some Pedigrees:’—year not given; say about 1635, when the lad, ‘born 1617,’ was in his 18th year? I have found no hint of this affair in any other quarter, not in the wildest Royalist-Birkenhead or Walker’s-Independency lampoon; and consider it very possible that *a* Robert Cromwell having suffered ‘for poisoning an Attorney,’ he may have been *called* the cousin of Cromwell by ‘Heath and some Pedigrees.’ But of course anybody *can* ‘poison an Attorney,’ and be hanged for it!

Oliver’s Aunt Elizabeth was married to William Hampden of Great Hampden, Bucks (year not given, Noble, i., 36, nor at p. 65 of vol. ii.; nor in Lord Nugent’s *Memorials of Hampden*): he died in 1597; she survived him 67 years, continuing a widow (Noble, ii., 69). Buried in Great Hampden Church, 1664, aged 90. She had two sons, John and Richard; John, born 1594,—Richard, an Oliverian too, died in 1659 (Noble, ii., 70).

Aunt Joan (elder than Elizabeth) was ‘Lady Barrington;’ Aunt Frances (younger) was Mrs. Whalley Richard Whalley of Kerton, Notts; a man of mark; sheriff, &c.; three wives, children only by this second, ‘Aunt

Cromwell's Sister. Another Cromwell Aunt of Oliver's was married to 'Whalley, heir of the Whalley family in Notts;' another to the 'heir of the Dunches of Pusey, in Berkshire;' another to — In short the stories of Oliver's 'poverty,' if they were otherwise of any moment, are all false; and should be mentioned here, if still here, for the *last* time. The family was of the rank of substantial gentry, and duly connected with such in the counties round, for three generations back. Of the numerous and now mostly forgettable cousinry we specify farther only the Mashams of Otes in Essex, as like to be of some cursory interest to us by and by.

There is no doubt at all but Oliver the Protector's family *was* related to that of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the Putney 'Blacksmith's' or Iron-master's son, transiently mentioned above; *the Malleus Monachorum*, or as old Fuller renders it, 'Mauler of Monasteries,' in Henry Eight's time. The same old Fuller, a perfectly veracious and most intelligent person, does indeed report as of 'his own knowledge,' that Oliver Protector, once upon a time when Bishop Goodman came dedicating to him some unreadable semi-popish jargon about the 'mystery of the Holy Trinity,' and some adulation about 'his Lordship's relationship to the former great purifier of the Church,' and Mauler of Monasteries,—answered impatiently, "My family has no relation to his!" This old Fuller reports, as of his own knowledge. I have consulted the unreadable semi-popish jargon, for the sake of that Dedication; I find that Oliver's relationship to Thomas Cromwell is in any case stated *wrong* there, not right: I reflect farther that Bishop Goodman, oftener called 'Bishop Badman' in those times, went over to Popery; had become a miserable impoverished old piece of confusion, and at this time could appear only in the character

Fanny. Thomas Whalley (no years given, Noble, ii., 111) died in his father's lifetime; left a son who was a kind of royalist, but yet had a certain acceptance with Oliver too. Edward Whalley, the famed 'Colonel,' and Henry Whalley, 'the Judge-Advocate' (wretched *biographies* of these two, Noble, pp. 111, 143-56). Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goff, after the Restoration, fled to New England, lived in 'caves' there, and had had a sore time of it.

Enough of the Cousinry!—

of begging *bore*,—when, at any rate, for it was in the year 1653, Oliver himself, having just turned out the Long Parliament,* was busy enough! I infer therefore that Oliver said to him impatiently, without untruth, “You are quite wrong as to all that: good morning!”—and that old Fuller, likewise without untruth, reports it as above.

But at any rate there is other very simple evidence entirely conclusive. Richard or Sir Richard Cromwell, great-grandfather of Oliver Protector, was a man well known in his day; had been very active in the work of suppressing monasteries; a right-hand man to Thomas the Mauler: and indeed it was on Monastic Property, chiefly or wholly, that he had made for himself a sumptuous estate in those Fen regions. Now, of this Richard Cromwell there are two Letters to Thomas Cromwell, ‘Vicar-General,’ Earl of Essex, which remain yet visible among the Manuscripts of the British Museum; in both of which he signs himself with his own hand, ‘your most bounden Nephew,’—an evidence sufficient to set the point at rest. Copies of the Letters are in my possession; but I grudge to inflict them on the reader. One of them, the longer of the two, stands printed, with all or more than all its original mis-spelling and confused obscurity, in Noble:† it is dated ‘Stamford,’ without day or year; but the context farther dates it as contemporary with the Lincolnshire Rebellion, or Anti-Reformation riot, which was directly followed by the more

* The date of Goodman’s Book is 25th June, 1653; here is the correct title of it (King’s Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 73, §1): ‘The two great Mysteries of Christian Religion; the Ineffable Trinity and Wonderful Incarnation: by G. G. G.’ (meaning Godfrey Goodman, Glocestrensis). Unfortunate persons who have read Laud’s writings are acquainted with this Bishop Goodman, or Badman; he died a declared Papist. Poor man, his speculations, now become jargon to us, were once very serious and eloquent to him! Such is the fate that soon overtakes all men who, quitting the ‘Eternal Melodies,’ take up their abode in the outer Temporary Discords, and seek their subsistence there! This is the part of the Dedication that concerns us:

‘To his Excellency my Lord Oliver Cromwell, Lord General. My Lord,—Fifty years since the name of Socinus, &c.—‘Knowing that the Lord Cromwell (your Lordship’s great uncle) was then in great favor;’ &c.—‘**God-free Goodman.**’

† i., 242.

formidable 'Pilgrimage of Grace' in Yorkshire to the like effect, in the autumn of 1536.* Richard, in company with other higher official persons, represents himself as straining every nerve to beat down and extinguish this traitorous fanatic flame, kindled against the King's Majesty and his Reform of the Church; has an eye in particular to a certain Sir John Thymbleby in Lincolnshire, whom he would fain capture as a ringleader; suggests that the use of arms should be prohibited to these treasonous populations, except under conditions;—and seems hastening on, with almost furious speed; towards Yorkshire and the Pilgrimage of Grace, we may conjecture. The second Letter, also without date except 'Saturday,' shadows to us an official man, again on business of hot haste; journeying from Monastery to Monastery; finding this Superior disposed to comply with the King's Majesty, and that other not disposed, but capable of being made so; intimates farther that he will be at his own House (presumably Hinchinbrook), and then straightway 'home,' and will report progress to my Lord in person. On the whole, as this is the earliest articulate utterance of the Oliver Family; and casts a faint glimmer of light, as from a single flint-spark, into the dead darkness of the foregone century; and touches withal on an acquaintance of ours the 'Prior of Ely,'—Robert Steward, last Popish Prior, first Protestant Dean of Ely, and brother of Mrs. Robert Cromwell's ancestor, which is curious to think of,—we will give the Letter, more especially as it is very short:

“ To my Lord Cromwell.

“ I have me most humbly commended unto your Lordship. I rode on Sunday to Cambridge to my bed;† and the next morning, was up betimes, purposing to have found at Ely Mr. Pollard and Mr. Williams. But they were departed before my coming: and so, 'they' being at dinner at Somersham, with the Bishop of Ely, I overtook them 'there.'‡ At which time, I opened your

* Herbert (in Kennet, ii. 294-5).

† From London, we suppose.

‡ The words within *single commas*, 'they' and 'there,' are added, for bringing out the sense; a plan we shall follow in all the Original Letters of this Collection.

pleasure unto them in everything. Your Lordship, I think, shall shortly perceivē the Prior of Ely to be of a froward sort, by evident tokens ;* as, at our coming home, shall be at large related unto you.

“ At the writing hereof we have done nothing at Ramsey ; saving that one night I communed with the Abbot ; whom I found conformable to everything, as shall be at this time put in act. † And then, as your Lordship’s will is, as soon as we have done at Ramsey, we go to Peterborough. And from thence to my House ; and so home. ‡ The which, I trust, shall be at the farthest on this day come seven days.

“ That the blessed Trinity preserve your Lordship’s health !

“ Your Lordship’s most bounden Nephew,

“ RICHARD CROMWELL.

“ From Ramsey, on Tuesday in the morning.” §

The other Letter is still more express as to the consanguinity ; it says, among other things, ‘ And longer than I may have heart so, as my most bounden duty is, to serve the King’s Grace with body, goods, and all that ever I am able to make ; and your Lordship, as Nature and also your manifold kindness bindeth,—I beseech God I no longer live.’ ‘ As Nature bindeth.’ Richard Cromwell then thanks him, with a bow to the very ground, for ‘ my poore wyf,’ who has had some kind remembrance from his Lordship ; thinks all ‘ his travail but a pastime ;’ and remains, ‘ at Stamford this Saturday at eleven of the clock,—your humble Nephew most bounden,’ as in the other case. A vehement, swift-riding man !—Nephew, it has been suggested, did not mean in Henry the Eighth’s time so strictly as it now does, brother’s or sister’s son ; it meant *nepos*, or rather kinsman of younger generation : but on all hypotheses of its meaning, the consanguinity of Oliver

* He proved tameable, Sir Richard,—and made *your* Great-grandson rich, for one consequence of that !

† Brought to legal black-on-white.

‡ To London.

§ *MSS. Cotton.* Cleopatra E. IV., p. 2046. The envelope and address are not here ; but this label of address, given in a sixteenth-century hand, and otherwise indicated by the text, is not doubtful. The signature alone, and line preceding that, are in Richard’s hand. In the Letter printed by Noble the address *remains*, in the hand of Richard’s clerk

Protector of England and Thomas Mauler of Monasteries is not henceforth to be doubted.

Another indubitable thing is, That this Richard, your Nephew most bounden, has signed himself in various Law-deeds and Notarial papers still extant, ‘Richard Cromwell *alias* Williams;’ also that his sons and grandsons continued to sign Cromwell *alias* Williams; and even that our Oliver himself in his youth has been known to sign so. And then a third indubitable thing on this matter is, That Leland, an exact man, sent out by Authority in those years to take cognizance and make report of the Church Establishments in England, and whose well-known *Itinerary* is the fruit of that survey, has written in that work these words; under the head, ‘Commotes* in Glamorganshire:’

‘Kibworth lieth† from the mouth of Remny up to an Hill in the same Commote, called Kevenon, a six miles from the mouth of Remny. This Hill goeth as a Wall overthwart betwixt the Rivers of Thave‡ and Remny. A two miles from this Hill by the south, and a two miles from Cardiff, be vestigia of a Pile or Manor Place decayed, at Egglis Newwith§ in the Parish of Landaff. On the south side of this Hill was born Richard William *alias* Cromwell, in the Parish of Llanilsen.”||

That Richard Cromwell, then, was of kindred to Thomas Cromwell; that he and his family after him signed ‘*alias* Williams;’ and that Leland, an accurate man, said and printed, in the official scene where Richard himself was living and conspicuous, he was born in Glamorganshire: these three facts are indubitable;—but to these three we must limit ourselves. For,

* Commote is the Welsh word *Cwmwd*, now obsolete as an official division, equivalent to *cantred*, *hundred*. Kibworth Commote is now Kibbor Hundred.

† Extendeth.

‡ Thave means Taff; the description of the wall-like Hill between these two streams is recognizably correct; Kevenon, spelt *Cevn-on*, ‘ash-tree ridge,’ is still the name of the Hill.

§ *Egglis Nwydd*, New Church, abolished now.

|| Noble, i., 238, collated with Leland (Oxford, 1769), iv., fol. 56, pp. 37, 8. Leland gathered his records ‘in six years’ between 1533 and 1540; he died, endeavoring to assort them, in 1552. They were long afterwards published by Hearne.

as to the origin of this same 'alias Williams,' whether it came from the general 'Williamses of Berkshire,'* or from 'Morgan Williams, a Glamorganshire gentleman married to the sister of Thomas Cromwell,' or from whom or what it came, we have to profess ourselves little able, and indeed not much concerned to decide. Williamses are many: there is Richard Cromwell, in that old Letter, hoping to breakfast with a Williams at Ely,—but finds both him and Pollard gone! Facts, even trifling facts, when indisputable may have significance; but Welsh Pedigrees, 'with seventy shields of arms,' 'Glothian Lord of Powys' (prior or posterior to the Deluge), though 'written on a parchment 8 feet by 2 feet 4, bearing date 1602, and belonging to the Miss Cromwells of Hampstead,'† are highly unsatisfactory to the ingenuous mind! We have to remark two things: First, that the Welsh Pedigree, with its seventy shields and ample extent of sheepskin, bears date London, 1602; was not put together, therefore, till about a hundred years after the birth of Richard, and at a great distance from the scene of that event: circumstances which affect the unheraldic mind with some misgivings. Secondly, that 'learned Dugdale,' upon whom mainly, apart from these uncertain Welsh sheepskins, the story of this Welsh descent of the Cromwells seems to rest, has unfortunately stated the matter in *two* different ways,—as being, and then also as not being,—in two places of his learned Lumber-Book.‡ Which circumstance affects the unheraldic mind with still fataller misgivings,—and in fact raises irrepressibly the question and admonition, "What boots it? Leave the vain region of blazonry, of rusty broken shields, and genealogical marine-stores; let it remain for ever doubtful! The Fates themselves have appointed it even so. Let the uncertain Simulacrum of a Glothian, prior or posterior to Noah's Deluge, hover between us and the utter Void; basing himself on a dust-chaos of ruined heraldries, lying genealogies, and saltires checky, the best he can!"

The small Hamlet and Parish Church of Cromwell, or Crumwell (the Well of Crum, whatever that may be), still stands or.

* Biographia Britannica (London, 1789), iv., 474.

† Noble, i., 1.

‡ Dugdale's Baronage, ii., 374, and ii., 393.

the Eastern edge of Nottinghamshire, not far from the left bank of the Trent; simple worshippers still doing in it some kind of divine service every Sunday. From this, without any ghost to teach us, we can understand that the Cromwell kindred all got their name,—in very old times indeed. From torpedo rubbish-records we learn also, without great difficulty, that the Barons Cromwell were summoned to Parliament from Edward Second's time and downward; that they had their chief seat at Tattershall in Lincolnshire; that there were Cromwells of distinction, and of no distinction, scattered in reasonable abundance over that Fen-country,—Cromwells Sheriffs of their Counties there in Richard's own time.* The Putney Blacksmith, Father of the *Malleus*, or Hammer that smote Monasteries on the head,—a Figure worthy to take his place beside Hephaistos, or Smith Mimer, if we ever get a Pantheon in this Nation,—was probably enough himself a Fen-country man; one of the junior branches, who came to live by metallurgy in London here. Richard, also sprung of the Fens, might have been his kinsman in many ways, have got the name of Williams in many ways, and even been born on the Hill behind Cardiff, independently of Glothian. Enough: Richard Cromwell, on a background of heraldic darkness, rises clearly visible to us; a man vehemently galloping to and fro, in that sixteenth century; tourneying successfully before King Harry, † who loved a man; quickening the death-agonies of Monasteries; growing great on their spoil;—and fated, he also, to produce another *Malleus* Cromwell that smote a thing or two. And so we will leave this matter of the Birth and Genealogy.

* Fuller's Worthies, § Cambridgeshire, &c.

† Stowe's Chronicle (London, 1631), p. 580; Stowe's Survey, Holinshed, &c.

CHAPTER IV.

EVENTS IN OLIVER'S BIOGRAPHY.

THE few ascertained, or clearly imaginable, Events in Oliver's Biography may as well be arranged, for our present purpose, in the form of annals.

1603.

Early in January of this year, the old Grandfather, Sir Henry, 'the Golden Knight,' at Hinchinbrook, died :* our Oliver, not quite four years old, saw funerals and crapes, saw Father and Uncles with grave faces, and understood not well what it meant, —understood only, or tried to understand, that the good old Grandfather was gone away, and would never pat his head any more. The maternal Grandfather, at Ely, was yet, and for above a dozen years more, living.

The same year, four months afterwards, King James, coming from the North to take possession of the English crown, lodged two nights at Hinchinbrook ; with royal retinue, with immense sumptuosities, addressings, knight-makings, ceremonial exhibitions ; which must have been a grand treat for little Oliver. His Majesty came from the Belvoir-Castle region, 'hunting all the way,' on the afternoon of Wednesday, 27th April, 1603 ; and set off, through Huntingdon and Godmanchester, towards Royston, on Friday forenoon.† The Cambridge Doctors brought him an Address while here ; Uncle Oliver, besides the ruinously splendid entertainments, gave him hounds, horses and astonishing gifts at his departure. In return there were Knights created,

* Poor Noble, unequal sometimes to the copying of a Parish-register, with his judgment *asleep*, dates this event 1603-4 (at p. 20, vol. 1), and then placidly (at p. 40) states a fact inconsistent therewith.

† Stowe's Chronicle, 812, &c.

Sir Oliver first of the batch, we may suppose ; King James had decided that there should be no reflection for the want of Knights at least. Among the large batches manufactured next year was Thomas Steward of Ely, henceforth Sir Thomas, Mrs. Robert Cromwell's Brother, our Oliver's Uncle. Hinchinbrook got great honor by this and other royal visits ; but found it, by and by, a dear-bought honor.

Oliver's Biographers, or rather Carrion Heath his first Biographer whom the others have copied, introduce various tales into these early years of Oliver : of his being run away with by an ape, along the leads of Hinchinbrook, and England being all but delivered from him, had the Fates so ordered it ; of his seeing prophetic spectres ; of his robbing orchards, and fighting tyrannously with boys ; of his acting in School Plays ; of his &c., &c. The whole of which, grounded on 'Human Stupidity' and Carrion Heath alone, begs us to give it Christian burial once for all. Oliver attended the Public School of Huntingdon, which was then conducted by a Dr. Beard, of whom we shall hear again ; he learned to appearance moderately well, what the sons of other gentlemen were taught in such places ; went through the universal destinies which conduct all men from childhood to youth, in a way not particularized in any one point by an authentic record. Readers of lively imagination can follow him on his bird-nesting expeditions, to the top of 'Barnabee's big Tree,' and elsewhere, if they choose ; on his fen-fowling expeditions, social sports and labors manifold ; vacation-visits to his Uncles, to Aunt Hampden and Cousin John among others : all these things must have been ; but how they specially were is for ever hidden from all men. He had kindred of the sort above specified : parents of the sort above specified, rigorous yet affectionate persons, and very religious, as all rational persons then were. He had two sisters elder, and gradually five younger ; the only boy among seven. Readers must fancy his growth there, in the North end of Huntingdon, in the beginning of the Seventeenth Century, as they can.

In January, 1603-4,* was held, at Hampton Court, a kind of

* Here, more fitly perhaps than afterwards, it may be brought to mind, that the English year in those times did not begin till March ; that New

Theological Convention, of intense interest all over England, and doubtless at Huntingdon too; now very dimly known if at all known, as the 'Hampton-Court Conference.' It was a meeting for the settlement of some dissentient humors in religion. The Millenary Petition,—what we should now call the 'Monster Petition,' for the like in number of signatures was never seen before,—signed by *near* a thousand Clergymen, of pious straitened consciences: this and various other Petitions to his Majesty, by persons of pious straitened consciences, had been presented; craving relief in some ceremonial points, which, as they found no warrant for them in the Bible, they suspected (with a very natural shudder in that case) to savor of Idol-worship and Mimetic Dramaturgy, instead of God-worship, and to be very dangerous indeed for a man to have concern with! Hampton-Court Conference was accordingly summoned. Four world-famous Doctors, from Oxford and Cambridge, represented the pious straitened

Year's Day was the 25th of March. So in England, at that time, in all records, writings and books; as indeed in official records it continued so till 1752. In Scotland it was already not so; the year began with January there ever since 1600;—as in all Catholic countries it had done ever since the Papal alteration of the *Style* in 1582; and as in the most Protestant countries, excepting England, it soon after that began to do. Scotland in respect of the *day of the month* still followed the Old Style.

'New Year's Day, the 25th March:' this is the whole compass of the fact; with which a reader in those old books has, not without more difficulty than he expects, to familiarize himself. It has occasioned more misdatings and consequent confusions to modern editorial persons, than any other as simple circumstance. So learned a man as Whitaker, Historian of *Whalley*, editing *Sir George Radcliffe's Correspondence* (London, 1810), with the lofty air which sits well on him on other occasions, has altogether forgotten the above small circumstance: in consequence of which we have Oxford Carriers dying in January, or the first half of March, and in our great amazement going on to forward butter-boxes in the May following;—and similar miracles not a few occurring; and in short the whole Correspondence is jumbled to pieces; a due bit of topsy-turvy being introduced into the Spring of every year; and the learned Editor sits, with his lofty air, presiding over mere Chaos come again!—In the text here, we of course translate into the modern year, but leaving the day of the month as we find it; and if for greater assurance both forms be written down, as for instance 1603-4, the *last* figure is always the modern one; 1603-4 means 1604 for our calendar.

class, now beginning to be generally nicknamed Puritans. The Archbishop, the Bishop of London, also world-famous men, with a considerable reserve of other bishops, deans, and dignitaries, appeared for the Church by itself Church. Lord Chancellor, the renowned Egerton, and the highest official persons, many lords and courtiers with a tincture of sacred science, in fact the flower of England, appeared as witnesses ; with breathless interest. The King himself presided ; having real gifts of speech, and being very learned in Theology,—which it was not then ridiculous but glorious for him to be. More glorious than the monarchy of what we now call Literature would be ; glorious as the faculty of a Goethe holding *visibly* of Heaven : supreme skill in Theology then meant that. To know God, *Θεός*, the MAKER,—to know the divine Laws and *inner* Harmonies of this Universe, must always be the highest glory for a man ! And not to know them, always the highest disgrace for a man, however common it be!—

Awful devout Puritanism, decent dignified Ceremonialism (both always of high moment in this world, but not of equally high) appeared here facing one another for the first time. The demands of the Puritans seem to modern minds very limited indeed : 'That there should be a new correct Translation of the Bible (*granted*), and increased zeal in teaching (*omitted*) ; 'That 'lay impropriations' (tithes snatched from the old Church by laymen) might be made to yield a 'seventh part' of their amount, towards maintaining ministers in dark regions which had none (*refused*) ; 'That the Clergy in districts might be allowed to meet together, and strengthen one another's hands as in old times (*passionately refused*) ;—on the whole (if such a thing durst be hinted at, for the tone is almost inaudibly low and humble), 'That pious straitened Preachers in terror of offending God by Idolatry, and useful to human souls, might not be cast out of their parishes for genuflexions, white surplices and such like, but allowed some Christian liberty in mere external things : these were the claims of the Puritans ; but his Majesty eloquently scouted them to the winds, applauded by all bishops and dignitaries lay and clerical ; said, 'If the Puritans would not conform, he would 'hurry them out of the country ;' and so sent Puritanism and the Four Doctors home again, cowed into silence, for the present. This was in January,

1604.* News of this, speech enough about it, could not fail in Robert Cromwell's house, among others. Oliver is in his fifth year,—always a year older than the Century.

In November, 1605, there likewise came to Robert Cromwell's house, no question of it, news of the thrice unutterable Gunpowder Plot. Whereby King, Parliament, and God's Gospel in England, were to have been, in one infernal moment, blown aloft; and the Devil's Gospel, and accursed incredibilities, idolatries, and poisonous confusions of the Romish Babylon, substituted in their room! The eternal Truth of the Living God to become an empty formula, a shamming grimace of the Three-batted Chimera! These things did fill Huntingdon and Robert Cromwell's house with talk enough in the winter of Oliver's sixth year. And again, in the summer of his eleventh year, in May, 1610, there doubtless failed not news and talk, How the Great Henry was stabbed in Paris streets: assassinated by the Jesuits;—black sons of the scarlet woman, murderous to soul and to body.

Other things, in other years, the diligent Historical Student will supply according to faculty. The History of Europe, at that epoch, meant essentially the struggle of Protestantism against Catholicism,—a broader form of that same struggle, of devout Puritanism against dignified Ceremonialism, which forms the History of England then. Henry the Fourth of France, so long as he lived, was still to be regarded as the head of Protestantism; Spain, bound up with the Austrian Empire, as that of Catholicism. Henry's 'Grand Scheme' naturally strove to carry Protestant England along with it; James, till Henry's death, held on, in a loose way, by Henry; and his Political History, so far as he has any, may be considered to lie there. After Henry's death, he fell off to 'Spanish Infantas,' to Spanish interests; and, as it were, ceased to have any History, nay began to have a *negative* one.

Among the events which Historical Students will supply for Robert Cromwell's house, and the spiritual pabulum of young Oliver, the Death of Prince Henry in 1612,† and the prospective

* Neal's History of the Puritans (London, 1754), i., 411.

† 6 Nov. (Camden's Annals).

accession of Prince Charles, fitter for a ceremonial Archbishop than a governing King, as some thought, will not be forgotten. Then how the Elector Palatine was married; and troubles began to brew in Germany; and little Dr. Laud was made Archdeacon of Huntingdon:—such news the Historical Student can supply. And on the whole, all students and persons can know always that Oliver's mind was kept *full* of news, and never wanted for pabulum! But from the day of his Birth, which is jotted down, as above, in the Parish-register of St. John's, Huntingdon, there is no other authentic jotting or direct record concerning Oliver himself to be met with anywhere, till in Sidney-Sussex College, Cambridge, we come to this,*

1616.

'*A Festo Annunciationis, 1616. Oliverius Cromwell Hunting, doniensis ad commectum Sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo tertio; Tutore Magistro Ricardo Howlet:*' Oliver Cromwell from Huntingdon admitted here, 23d April, 1616; Tutor Mr. Richard Howlet.—Between which and the next Entry some zealous individual of later date has crowded-in these lines: '*Hic fuit grandis ille Impostor, Carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo Rege Carolo Primo nefariâ cade sublato, ipsum usurpavit Thronum, et Tria Regna per quinque ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine, indomitè tyrannide rexarit.*' *Pientissimo*, which might as well be *piantissimo* if conjugation and declension were observed, is accredited barbarous-latin for *most pious*, but means properly *most expiative*; by which title the zealous individual of later date indicates his martyred Majesty; a most 'expiative' Majesty indeed.

Curious enough, of all days on this same day, Shakspeare, as his stone monument still testifies, at Stratford-on-Avon, died:

*Obiit Anno Domini 1616.
Ætatis 53. Die 23 Apr.**

While Oliver Cromwell was entering himself of Sidney-Sussex College, William Shakspeare was taking his farewell of this

* Noble, i., 254. † Collier's Life of Shakspeare (London, 1845), p. 253

world. Oliver's Father had, most likely, come with him ; it is but twelve miles from Huntingdon ; you can go and come in a day. Oliver's Father saw Oliver write in the Album at Cambridge : at Stratford, Shakspeare's Ann Hathaway was weeping over his bed. The first world-great thing that remains of English History, the Literature of Shakspeare, was ending ; the second world-great thing that remains of English History, the armed Appeal of Puritanism to the Invisible God of Heaven against many very Visible Devils, on Earth and Elsewhere, was, so to speak, beginning. They have their exits and their entrances. And one People in its time plays many parts.

Chevalier Florian, in his *Life of Cervantes*, has remarked that Shakspeare's death-day, 23d April, 1616, was likewise that of Cervantes at Madrid. 'Twenty-third of April' is, sure enough, the authentic Spanish date : but Chevalier Florian has omitted to notice that the English twenty-third is of *Old Style*. The brave Miguel died ten days before Shakspeare ; and already lay buried, smoothed right nobly into his long rest. The Historical Student can meditate on these things.—

In the foregoing winter, here in England, there was much trying of Ker Earl of Somerset, and my Lady once of Essex, and the poisoners of Overbury ; and before Christmas the inferior murderers and infamous persons were mostly got hanged ; and in these very days, while Oliver began his studies, my Lord of Somerset and my Lady were tried, and not hanged. And Chief Justice Coke, Coke upon Lyttleton, had got into difficulties by the business. And England generally was overspread with a very fetid atmosphere of Court-news, murders, and divorce-cases, in those months : which still a little affects even the History of England. Poor Somerset Ker, King's favorite, 'son of the Laird of Ferniehirst,' he and his extremely unedifying affairs,—except as they might transiently affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance,—do not much belong to the History of England ! Carrion ought at length to be *buried*. Alas, if 'wise memory' is ever to prevail, there is need of much 'wise oblivion' first.—

Oliver's Tutor in Cambridge, of whom legible History and I know nothing, was 'Magister Richard Howlet :?' whom readers must fancy a grave ancient Puritan and Scholar, in dark antiqua-

rian clothes and dark antiquarian ideas, according to their faculty. The indubitable fact is, that he, Richard Howlet, did, in Sidney-Sussex College, with his best ability, endeavor to infiltrate something that he called instruction into the soul of Oliver Cromwell and of other youths submitted to him: but how, of what quality, with what method, with what result, will remain extremely obscure to every one. In spite of mountains of books, so are books written, all grows very obscure. About this same date George Ratcliffe, Wentworth Strafford's George, at Oxford, finds his green-baize table-cover, which his mother had sent him, too small, has it cut into 'stockings,' and goes about with the same.* So unfashionable were young Gentlemen Commoners. Queen Elizabeth was the first person in this country who ever wore knit stockings.

1617.

In March of this year, 1617, there was another royal visit at Hinchinbrook.† But this time, I conceive, the royal entertainment would be much more moderate; Sir Oliver's purse growing lank. Over in Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell was lying sick, somewhat indifferent to royal progresses.

King James, this time, was returning northward to visit poor old Scotland again, to get his Pretended-Bishops set into activity, if he could. It is well known that he could not, to any satisfactory extent, neither now nor afterwards: his Pretended-Bishops, whom by cunning means he did get instituted, had the name of Bishops, but next to none of the authority, of the respect, or alas, even of the cash, suitable to the reality of that office. They were by the Scotch People derisively called *Tulchan* Bishops.—Did the reader

* "University College, Oxford, 4 Dec., 1610.

"Loving Mother,—* * Send also, I pray you, by Briggs" (this is Briggs the Carrier, who dies in January, and continues forwarding butter in May) "a green table-cloth of a yard and half a quarter, and two linen table-cloths. * * If the green table-cloth be too little, I will make a pair of warm stockings of it. * * —Thus remembering my humble duty, I take my leave.—Your loving Son,
"GEORGE RADCLIFFE."

Radcliffe's Letters (by Whitaker), p. 64-5.

† Camden's Annals; Nichols's Progresses.

ever see, or fancy in his mind, a Tulchan? Tulchan is, or rather was, for the thing is long since obsolete, a Calf-skin stuffed into the rude similitude of a Calf,—similar enough to deceive the imperfect perceptive organs of a Cow. At milking-time the Tulchan, with head duly bent, was set as if to suck; the fond cow looking round fancied that her calf was busy, and that all was right, and so gave her milk freely, which the cunning maid was straining in white abundance into her pail all the while! The Scotch milkmaids in those days cried, ‘Where is the Tulchan; is the Tulchan ready?’ So of the Bishops. Scotch Lairds were eager enough to milk the Church Lands and Tithes, to get the rents out of them freely, which was not always easy. They were glad to construct a *Form* of Bishops to please the King and Church, and make the ‘milk’ come without disturbance. The reader now knows what a Tulchan Bishop was. A piece of mechanism constructed not without difficulty, in Parliament and King’s Council, among the Scots; and torn asunder afterwards with dreadful clamor, and scattered to the four winds, so soon as the Cow became awake to it!—

Villiers Buckingham, the new favorite, of whom we say little, was of the royal party here. Dr. Laud, too, King’s Chaplain, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, attended the King on this occasion; had once more the pleasure of seeing Huntingdon, the cradle of his promotions, and the birth-place of Oliver. In Scotland, Dr. Laud, much to his regret, found “no religion at all,” no surplices, no altars in the east or anywhere; no bowing, no responding; not the smallest regularity of fuglemanship or devotional drill-exercise; in short “no religion at all that I could see,”—which grieved me much.*

What to us is greatly more momentous: while these royal things went on in Scotland, in the end of this same June at Huntingdon, Robert Cromwell died. His will is dated 6th June.† His burial-day is marked in the Church of All-Saints, 24th June, 1617. For Oliver, the chief mourner, one of the most pregnant epochs. The same year, died his old Grandfather Steward at Ely. Mrs. Robert Cromwell saw herself at once fatherless and

* Wharton’s Laud (London, 1695), pp. 97, 109, 138.

† Noble, i., 84

a second time widowed, in this year of bereavement. Left with six daughters and an only son; of whom three were come to years.

Oliver was now, therefore, a young heir; his age eighteen, last April. How many of his Sisters, or whether any of them, were yet settled, we do not learn from Noble's confused searching of records or otherwise. Of this Huntingdon household, and its new head, we learn next to nothing by direct evidence; but can decisively enough, by inference, discern several things. 'Oliver returned no more to Cambridge.' It was now fit that he should take his Father's place here at Huntingdon; that he should, by the swiftest method, qualify himself in some degree for that.

The universal very credible tradition is that he, 'soon after,' proceeded to London, to gain some knowledge of Law. 'Soon after' will mean certain months, we know not how many, after July, 1617. Noble says, he was entered 'of Lincoln's Inn.'" The Books of Lincoln's Inn, of Gray's Inn, of all the Inns of Court have been searched; and there is no Oliver Cromwell found in them. The Books of Gray's Inn contain these Cromwell names, which are perhaps worth transcribing:

Thomas Cromwell, 1524; Francis Cromwell, 1561;
 Gilbert Cromwell, 1609; Henry Cromwell, 1620;
 Henry Cromwell, 22d February, 1653.

The first of which seems to me probably or possibly to mean Thomas Cromwell *Malleus Monachorum*, at that time returned from his Italian adventures, and in the service of Cardinal Wolsey;—taking the opportunity of hearing the 'readers,' old Benchers who then actually read, and of learning Law. The Henry Cromwell of February, 1653, is expressly entered as 'Second sonne to his Highness Oliver, Lord Protector:' an interesting little fact, since it is an indisputable one. For the rest, Henry Cromwell was already a Colonel in the Army in 1651;* in 1654, during the spring months he was in Ireland; in the

* Old Newspaper, in Cromwelliana, p. 91.

month of June he was at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire with his father-in-law, being already married; and next year he went again on political business to Ireland, where he before long became Lord Deputy:* if for a while, in the end of 1654, he did attend in Gray's Inn, it can only have been, like his predecessor the *Malleus*, to gain some inkling of Law for general purposes; and not with any view towards Advocateship, which did not lie in his course at all, and was never very lovely either to his Father or himself. Oliver Cromwell's, as we said, is not a name found in any of the Books in that period.

Whence is to be inferred that Oliver was never of any Inn; that he never meant to be a professional Lawyer; that he had entered himself merely in the chambers of some learned gentleman, with an eye to obtain some tincture of Law, for doing County Magistracy, and the other duties of a gentleman citizen, in a reputable manner. The stories of his wild living while in Town, of his gambling and so forth, rest likewise exclusively on Carrion Heath; and solicit oblivion and Christian burial from all men. We cannot but believe he did go to Town to gain some knowledge of Law. But when he went, how long he stayed, cannot be known except approximately by years; under whom he studied, with what fruit, how he conducted himself as a young man and law-student, cannot be known at all. Of evidence that he ever lived a wild life about Town or elsewhere, there exists no particle. To assert the affirmative was then a great reproach to him; fit for Carrion Heath and others; it would be now, in our present strange condition of the Moral Law, one knows not what. With a Moral Law gone all to such a state of moonshine; with the hard Stone-tables, the God-given Precepts and eternal Penalties, dissolved all in cant and mealy-mouthed official flourishings,—it might perhaps, with certain parties, be a credit! The admirers and censurers of Cromwell have no word to record on the subject.

* Here are the successive dates: 4th March, 1653-4, he arrives at Dublin (Thurloe's *State Papers*, ii., 149); is at Chippenham, 15th June, 1654 (*ib.* ii., 351); arrives at Chester on his way to Ireland again, 22d June, 1655 (*ib.* iii., 551);—produces his commission as Lord Deputy, 24th or 25th November, 1657 (Noble, i., 202).

1618.

Thursday, 29th October, 1618. This morning, if Oliver, as is probable, were now in Town studying Law, he might be eye-witness of a great and very strange scene: the Last Scene in the Life of Sir Walter Raleigh.* Raleigh was beheaded in Old Palace Yard; he appeared on the scaffold there 'about 8 o'clock' that morning; 'an immense crowd,' all London, and in a sense all England, looking on. A cold hoarfrosty morning. Earl of Arundel, now known to us by his Greek Marbles; Earl of Doncaster ('Sardanapalus' Hay, ultimately Earl of Carlisle): these with other earls and dignitaries sat looking through windows near by; to whom Raleigh in his last brief manful speech appealed, with response from them. He had failed of finding Eldorados in the Indies lately; he had failed, and also succeeded, in many things in his time: he returned home with his brain and his heart 'broken,' as he said;—and the Spaniards, who found King James willing, now wished that he should die. A very tragic scene. Such a man, with his head grown grey; with his strong heart 'breaking,'—still strength enough in it to break with dignity. Somewhat proudly he laid his old grey head on the block; as if saying, in better than words, "There then!" The Sheriff offered to let him warm himself again, within doors again at a fire. "Nay, let us be swift," said Raleigh; "in few minutes my ague will return upon me, and if I be not dead before that, they will say I tremble for fear."—If Oliver, among 'the immense crowd,' saw this scene, as is conceivable enough, he would not want for reflections on it.

What is more apparent to us, Oliver in these days is a visitor in Sir James Bouchier's Town residence. Sir James Bouchier, Knight, a civic gentleman; not connected at all with the old Bouchiers Earls of Essex, says my heraldic friend; but seemingly come of City Merchants rather, who by some of their quarterings and cognizances appear to have been 'Furriers,' says he:—Like enough. Not less but more important, it appears this Sir James Bouchier was a man of some opulence, and had daugh-

* Camden; Biog. Britan.

ters; had a daughter Elizabeth, not without charms for the youthful heart. Moreover he had landed property near Felsted in Essex, where his usual residence was. Felsted, where there is still a kind of School or Free-School, which was of more note in those days than now. That Oliver visited in Sir James's in Town or elsewhere, we discover with great certainty by the next written record of him.

1620.

The Registers of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, are written by a third party as usual, and have no autograph signatures; but in the List of Marriages for 'August, 1620,' stand these words, still to be read *sic*:

'Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Bourcher. 22.'

Milton's burial-entry is in another Book of the same memorable Church, '12 Nov., 1674;' where Oliver on the 22d of August, 1620, was married.

Oliver is twenty-one years and four months old on this his wedding-day. He repaired, speedily or straightway we believe, to Huntingdon, to his Mother's house, which indeed was now his. His Law-studies, such as they were, had already ended, we infer: he had already set up house with his Mother; and was now bringing a Wife home; the due arrangements for that end having been completed, Mother and Wife were to live together: the Sisters had got or were getting married, Noble's researches and confused jottings do not say specially when: the Son, as new head of the house, an inexperienced head, but a teachable, ever-learning one, was to take his Father's place; and with a wise Mother and a good Wife, harmonising tolerably well we shall hope, was to manage as he best might. Here he continued, unnoticeable but easily imaginable by History, for almost ten years: farming lands; most probably attending quarter-sessions; doing the civic, industrial, and social duties, in the common way;—living as his Father before him had done. His first child was born here, in October, 1621; a son, Robert, baptized at St. John's Church on the 13th of the month, of whom nothing farther is

known. A second child, also a son, Oliver, followed, whose baptismal date is 6th February, 1623, of whom also we have almost no farther account,—except one that can be proved to be erroneous.* The List of his other children shall be given by and by.

1623.

In October, 1623, there was an illumination of tallow lights, a ringing of bells, and gratulation of human hearts in all Towns in England, and doubtless in Huntingdon too; on the safe return of Prince Charles from Spain *without* the Infanta.† A matter of endless joy to all true Englishmen of that day, though no Englishman of this day feels any interest in it one way or the other. But Spain, even more than Rome, was the chosen throne of Popery; which in that time meant temporal and eternal Damnability, Falsity to God's Gospel, love of prosperous Darkness rather than of suffering Light,—infinite baseness rushing short-sighted upon infinite peril for this world and for all worlds. King James, with his worldly-wise endeavors to marry his son into some first-rate family, never made a falser calculation than in this grand business of the Spanish Match. The soul of England abhorred to have any concern with Spain or things Spanish. Spain was as a black Domdaniel, which, had the floors of it been paved with diamonds, had the Infanta of it come riding in such a Gig of Respectability as was never driven since Phaëton's Sun-chariot took the road, no honest English soul could wish to have concern with. Hence England illuminated itself. The articulate tendency of this Solomon King had unfortunately parted company altogether with the inarticulate but ineradicable tendency of the Country he presided over. The Solomon King struggled one way; and the English Nation with its very life-fibres was compelled to struggle another way. The rent by degrees became wide enough!

For the present, England is all illuminated, a new Parliament

* Noble, i., 131.

† H. L. (Hamond l'Estrange): Reign of King Charles (London, 1656), p. 3. 'October 5th,' the Prince arrived.

is summoned; which welcomes the breaking of the Spanish Match, as one might welcome the breaking of a Dr. Faustus's Bargain, and a deliverance from the power of sorcerers. Uncle Oliver served in this parliament, as was his wont, for Huntingdonshire. They and the Nation with one voice impelled the poor old King to draw out his fighting tools at last, and beard this Spanish Apollyon, instead of making marriages with it. No Pitt's crusade against French Sansculottism in the end of the Eighteenth Century could be so welcomed by English Preservers of the Game, as this defiance of the Spanish Apollyon was by Englishmen in general in the end of the Seventeenth. The Palatinate was to be recovered, after all; Protestantism, the sacred cause of God's Light and Truth against the Devil's Falsity and Darkness, was to be fought for and secured. Supplies were voted; 'drums beat in the City' and elsewhere, as they had done three years ago,* to the joy of all men, when the Palatinate was first to be 'defended:' but now it was to be 'recovered;' now a decisive effort was to be made. The issue, as is well known, corresponded ill with these beginnings. Count Mansfeldt mustered his levies here, and set sail; but neither France nor any other power would so much as let him land. Count Mansfeldt's levies died of pestilence in their ships; 'their bodies, thrown ashore on the Dutch coast, were eaten by hogs,' till half the armament was dead on ship-board: nothing came of it, nothing could come. With a James Stewart for Generalissimo there is no good fighting possible. The poor King himself soon after died; † left the matter to develope itself in other still faller ways.

In those years it must be that Dr. Simcott, Physician in Huntingdon, had to do with Oliver's hypochondriac maladies. He told Sir Philip Warwick, unluckily specifying no date, or none that has survived, "he had often been sent for at midnight;" Mr. Cromwell for many years was very "splenetie" (spleen-struck), often thought he was just about to die, and also "had fancies about the Town Cross." ‡ Brief intimation; of which the re-

* 11th June, 1620 (Camden's Annals).

† Sunday, 27th March, 1625 (Wilson, in Kennet, ii., 790).

‡ Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs (London, 1701), p. 249.

flective reader may make a great deal. Samuel Johnson too had hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knit itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the wilderness, Choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of *sympathy* he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? ‘Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.’ The depth of our despair measures what capability, and height of claim we have, to hope. Black smoke as of Tophet filling all your universe, it can yet by true heart-energy become *flame*, and brilliancy of Heaven. Courage!

It is therefore in these years, undated by History, that we must place Oliver’s clear recognition of Calvinistic Christianity; what he, with unspeakable joy, would name his Conversion; his deliverance from the jaws of Eternal Death. Certainly a grand epoch for a man: properly the one epoch; the turning-point which guides upwards, or guides downwards, him and his activity forevermore. Wilt thou join with the Dragons; wilt thou join with the Gods? Of thee too the question is asked;—whether by a man in Geneva gown, by a man in ‘Four surplices at Allhallow-tide,’ with words very imperfect; or by no man and no words, but only by the Silences, by the Eternities, by the Life everlasting and the Death everlasting. That the ‘Sense of difference between Right and Wrong’ had filled all Time and all Space for man, and bodied itself forth into a Heaven and Hell for him: this constitutes the grand feature of those Puritan, Old-Christian Ages; this is the element which stamps them as Heroic, and has rendered their works great, manlike, fruitful to all generations. It is by far the memorablist achievement of our Species; without that element, in some form or other, nothing of Heroic had ever been among us.

For many centuries, Catholic Christianity, a fit embodiment of that divine Sense, had been current more or less, making the

generations noble : and here in England, in the Century called the Seventeenth, we see the last aspect of it hitherto,—not the last of all, it is to be hoped. Oliver was henceforth a Christian man ; believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases.

1624.

The grievance of Lay Improvements, complained of in the Hampton-Court Conference twenty years ago, having never been abated, and many parts of the country being still thought insufficiently supplied with Preachers, a plan was this year fallen upon to raise by subscription, among persons grieved at that state of matters, a Fund for *buying-in* such Improvements as might offer themselves ; for supporting good ministers therewith, in destitute places ; and for otherwise encouraging the ministerial work. The originator of this scheme was ‘ the famous Dr. Preston,’* a Puritan College Doctor of immense ‘ fame ’ in those and in prior years ; courted even by the Duke of Buckingham, and tempted with the gleam of bishopricks ; but mouldering now in great oblivion, not famous to any man. His scheme, however, was found good. The wealthy London Merchants, almost all of them Puritans, took it up ; and by degrees the wealthier Puritans over England at large. Considerable ever-increasing funds were subscribed for this pious object ; were vested in ‘ Peoffees,’—who afterwards made some noise in the world under that name. They gradually purchased some Advowsons or Improvements, such as came to market ; and hired, or assisted in hiring, a great many ‘ Lecturers,’ persons not generally in full ‘ Priest’s-orders ’ (having scruples about the ceremonies), but in ‘ Beacon’s ’ or some other orders, with permission to preach, to ‘ lecture,’ as it was called : whom accordingly we find ‘ lecturing ’ in various places, under various conditions, in the subsequent years ;—often in some market-town, ‘ on market-day ; ’ on ‘ Sunday-afternoon,’ as supplemental to the regular Priest when he might happen to be idle, or given to black and white surplices ; or as ‘ running Lecturers,’ now here, now there, over a certain dis-

* Heylin’s Life of Laud.

trict. They were greatly followed by the serious part of the community; and gave proportional offence in other quarters. In some years hence, they had risen to such a height, these Lecturers, that Dr. Laud, now come into authority, took them seriously in hand, and with patient detail hunted them mostly out; nay, brought the Feoffees themselves and their whole Enterprise into the Star-chamber, and there, with emphasis enough, and heavy damages, amid huge rumor from the public, suppressed them. This was in 1633; a somewhat strong measure. How would the Public take it now, if,—we say not the gate of Heaven, but the gate of the Opposition Hustings were suddenly shut against mankind,—if our Opposition Newspapers, and their morning Prophesyings, were suppressed!—That Cromwell was a contributor to this Feoffee Fund, and a zealous forwarder of it according to his opportunities, we might already guess; and by and by there will occur some vestige of direct evidence to that effect.

Oliver naturally consorted henceforth with the Puritan Clergy in preference to the other kind; zealously attended their ministry, when possible;—consorted with Puritans in general, many of whom were Gentry of his own rank, some of them Nobility of much higher rank. A modest devout man, solemnly intent 'to make his calling and his election sure,'—to whom, in credible dialect, the Voice of the Highest had spoken. Whose earnestness, sagacity and manful worth gradually made him conspicuous in his circle among such.—The Puritans were already numerous. John Hampden, Oliver's Cousin, was a devout Puritan, John Pym the like; Lord Brook, Lord Say, Lord Montague,—Puritans in the better ranks, and in every rank, abounded. Already either in conscious act, or in clear tendency, the far greater part of the serious Thought and Manhood of England had declared itself Puritan.

1625.

Mark Noble citing Willis's *Notitia*, reports that Oliver appeared this year as Member 'for Huntingdon' in King Charles's first Parliament.* It is a mistake; grounded on mere blunders

* Noble, i., 100.

and clerical errors. Browne Willis, in his *Notitia Parliamentaria*, does indeed specify as Member for Huntingdonshire an ‘Oliver Cromwell, Esq.,’ who might be our Oliver. But the usual member in former Parliaments is Sir Oliver, our Oliver’s Uncle. Browne Willis must have made, or have copied, some slip of the pen. Suppose him to have found in some of his multitudinous parchments, an ‘Oliver Cromwell, Knight of the Shire,’ and in place of putting in the ‘Sir,’ to have put in ‘Esq. ;’ it will solve the whole difficulty. Our Oliver, when he indisputably did afterwards enter Parliament, came in for Huntingdon *Town* ; so that, on this hypothesis, he must have first been Knight of the Shire, and then have sunk (an immense fall in those days) to be a Burgh Member ; which cannot without other ground be credited. What the original Chancery Parchments say of the business, whether the error is theirs or Browne Willis’s, I cannot decide ; on inquiry at the Rolls’ Office, it turns out that the Records, for some fifty years about this period, have vanished “a good while ago.” Whose error it may be, we know not ; but an error we may safely conclude it is. Sir Oliver was then still living at Hinchinbrook, in the vigor of his years, no reason whatever why he should not serve as formerly ; nay, if he had withdrawn, his young Nephew, of no fortune for a Knight of the Shire, was not the man to replace him. The Members for Huntingdon Town in this Parliament, as in the preceding one, are a Mr. Mainwaring, and a Mr. St. John. The County Members in the preceding Parliament, and in this too with the correction of the concluding syllable in this, are ‘Edward Montague, Esquire,’ and ‘Oliver Cromwell, *Knight*.’

1626.

At the Ashmole Museum at Oxford stands catalogued a ‘Letter from Oliver Cromwell to Mr. Henry Downhall, at St. John’s College, Cambridge ; dated Huntingdon, 14 October, 1626 :’* which might perhaps, in some very faint way, have elucidated Dr. Simcott and the hypochondrias for us. On applying to kind friends at Oxford for a copy of this Letter, I learn that there is

* Bodleian Library : *Codices MSS. Ashmoleani*, No. 8398.

now no Letter, only a mere selvage of paper, and a leaf wanting between two leaves. It was stolen, none knows when; but stolen it is;—which forces me to continue my Introduction some nine years farther, instead of ending it at this point. Did some zealous Oxford Doctor cut the Letter out, as one weeds a hemlock from a parsley-bed; that so the Ashmole Museum might be cleansed, and yield only pure nutriment to mankind? Or was it some collector of autographs zealous beyond law? Whoever the thief may be, he is probably dead long since; and has answered for this,—and also, we may fancy for heavier thefts, which were likely to be charged upon him. If any humane individual ever henceforth get his eye upon the Letter, let him be so kind as to send a copy of it to the Publishers of this Book, and no questions will be asked.

1627.

A Deed of Sale, dated 20 June, 1627, still testifies that Hinchinbrook this year passed out of the hands of the Cromwells into those of the Montagues.* The price was 3000*l.*; curiously divided into two parcels, down to shillings and pence,—one of the parcels being already a creditor's. The Purchaser is 'Sir Sidney Montague, Knight of Barnwell, one of his Majesty's Masters of the Requests.' Sir Oliver Cromwell, son of the Golden Knight, having now burnt out his splendor, disappeared in this way from Hinchinbrook; retired deeper into the Fens, to a place of his near Ramsey Mere, where he continued still thirty years longer to reside, in an eclipsed manner. It was to this house at Ramsey, that Oliver, our Oliver, then Captain Cromwell in the Parliament's service, paid the domiciliary visit much talked of in the old Books. The reduced Knight, his Uncle, was a Royalist or Malignant; and his house had to be searched for arms, for munitions, for furnishings of any sort, which he might be minded to send off to the King, now at York, and evidently intending war. Oliver's dragoons searched with due rigor for the arms; while the Captain respectfully conversed with his Uncle; and even 'insisted' through the interview, say the old Books, 'on standing

* Noble, i., 43.

uncovered ;' which latter circumstance may be taken as an astonishing hypocrisy in him, say the old blockhead Books. The arms, munitions, furnishings were with al. rigor of law, not with more rigor and not with less, carried away ; and Oliver parted with his Uncle, for that time, not 'craving his blessing,' I think, as the old blockhead Books say ; but hoping he might, one day, either get it or a *better* than it, for what he had now done. Oliver, while in military charge of that country, had probably repeated visits to pay to his Uncle ; and they know little of the man or of the circumstances, who suppose there was any likelihood or need of either insolence or hypocrisy in the course of these.

As for the old Knight, he seems to have been a man of easy temper ; given to sumptuosity or hospitality ; and averse to severer duties.* When his eldest son, who also showed a turn for expense, presented him a schedule of debts, craving aid towards the payment of them, Sir Oliver answered with a bland sigh, "I wish they were paid." Various Cromwells, sons of his, nephews of his, besides the great Oliver, took part in the civil war, some on this side, some on that, whose indistinct designations in the old Books are apt to occasion mistakes with modern readers. Sir Oliver vanishes now from Hinchinbrook, and all the public business records, into the darker places of the Fens. His name disappears from Willis :—in the next Parliament the Knight of the Shire for Huntingdon becomes, instead of him, 'Sir Capell Bedall, Baronet.' The purchaser of Hinchinbrook, Sir Sidney Montague, was brother of the first Earl of Manchester, brother of the third Lord Montague of Boughton ; and father of 'the valiant Colonel Montague,' valiant General Montague, Admiral Montague, who, in an altered state of circumstances, became first Earl of Sandwich, and perished, with a valor worthy of a better generalissimo than poor James Duke of York, in the Seafight of Solebay (Southwold Bay, on the coast of Suffolk) in 1672.†

In these same years, for the dates and all other circumstances of the matter hang dubious in the vague, there is record given by

* Fuller's Worthies, § Huntingdonshire.

† Collins's Peerage (London, 1741), ii., 286-9.

Dugdale, a man of very small authority on these Cromwell matters, of a certain suit instituted, in the King's Council, King's Court of Requests, or wherever it might be, by our Oliver and other relations interested, concerning the lunacy of his Uncle, Sir Thomas Steward of Ely. It seems they alleged, This Uncle Steward was incapable of managing his affairs, and ought to be restrained under guardians. Which allegation of theirs, and petition grounded on it, the King's Council saw good to deny: whereupon—Sir Thomas Steward continued to manage his affairs, in an incapable or semi-capable manner; and nothing followed upon it whatever. Which proceeding of Oliver's, if there ever was such a proceeding, we are, according to Dugdale, to consider an act of villany,—if we incline to take that trouble. What we know is, That poor Sir Thomas himself did not so consider it; for, by express testament some years afterwards, he declared Oliver his heir in chief, and left him considerable property, as if nothing had happened. So that there is this dilemma: If Sir Thomas was imbecile, then Oliver was right; and unless Sir Thomas was imbecile, Oliver was not wrong! Alas, all calumny and carrion, does it not incessantly cry, "Earth, O, for pity's sake, a little earth!"

1628.

Sir Oliver Cromwell has faded from the Parliamentary scene into the deep Fen-country, but Oliver Cromwell, Esq., appears there as Member for Huntingdon, at Westminster on 'Monday the 17th of March,' 1627-8. This was the Third Parliament of Charles: by much the most notable of all Parliaments till Charles's Long Parliament met, which proved his last.

Having sharply, with swift impetuosity and in indignation, dismissed two Parliaments, because they would not 'supply' him without taking 'grievances' along with them; and, meanwhile and afterwards, having failed in every operation foreign and domestic, at Cadiz, at Rhé, at Rochelle; and having failed, too, in getting supplies by unparliamentary methods, Charles 'consulted with Sir Robert Cotton what was to be done;' who answered, summon a Parliament again. So this celebrated Parliament was summoned. It met, as we said, in March, 1628, and continued

with one prorogation till March, 1629. The two former Parliaments had sat but a few weeks each, till they were indignantly hurled asunder again ; this one continued nearly a year. Wentworth (Strafford) was of this Parliament ; Hampden too, Selden, Pym, Holles, and others known to us : all these had been of former Parliaments as well ; Oliver Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, sat there for the first time.

It is very evident, King Charles, baffled in all his enterprises, and reduced really to a kind of crisis, wished much this Parliament should succeed ; and took what he must have thought incredible pains for that end. The poor King strives visibly throughout to control himself, to be soft and patient ; inwardly writhing and rustling with royal rage. Unfortunate King, we see him chafing, stamping,—a very fiery steed, but bridled, check-bitted, by innumerable straps and considerations ; struggling much to be composed. Alas, it would not do. This Parliament was more Puritanic, more intent on rigorous Law and divine Gospel, than any other had ever been. As indeed all these Parliaments grow strangely in Puritanism ; more and ever more earnest rises from the hearts of them all, “ O Sacred Majesty, lead us not to Antichrist, to Illegality, to temporal and eternal Perdition ! ” The Nobility and Gentry of England were then a very strange body of men. The English Squire of the Seventeenth Century clearly appears to have believed in God, not as a figure of speech, but as a very fact, very awful to the heart of the English Squire. ‘ He wore his Bible-doctrine round him,’ says one, ‘ as our Squire wears his shot-belt ; went abroad with it, nothing doubting.’ King Charles was going on his father’s course, only with frightful acceleration : he and his respectable Traditions and Notions, clothed in old sheepskin and respectable Church-tippets, were all pulling one way ; England and the Eternal Laws pulling another ;—the rent fast widening till no man could heal it.

This was the celebrated Parliament which framed the Petition of Right, and set London all astir with ‘ bells and bonfires’ at the passing thereof ; and did other feats not to be particularised here. Across the murkiest element in which any great Entity was ever shown to human creatures, it still rises, after much consideration to the modern man in a dim but undeniable manner as a most

brave and noble Parliament. The like of which were worth its weight in diamonds even now ;—but has grown very unattainable now, next door to incredible now.—We have to say that this Parliament chastised sycophant Priests, Mainwaring, Sibthorp, and other Arminian sycophants, a disgrace to God's Church ; that it had an eye to other still more elevated Church-Sycophants, as the mainspring of all ; but was cautious to give offence by naming them. That it carefully 'abstained from naming the Duke of Buckingham.' That it decided on giving ample subsidies, but not till there were reasonable discussion of grievances. That in manner it was most gentle, soft-spoken, cautious, reverential ; and in substance most resolute and valiant. Truly with valiant patient energy, in a slow teadfast English manner, it carried, across infinite confused opposition and discouragement, its Petition of Right, and what else it had to carry. Four hundred brave men,—brave men and true, after their sort ! One laments to find such a Parliament smothered under Dryasdust's shot-rubbish. The memory of it, could any real memory of it rise upon honorable gentlemen and us, might be admonitory,—would be astonishing at least. We must clip one extract from Rushworth's huge Rag-fair of a Book ; the mournfullest torpedo rubbish-heap, of jewels buried under sordid wreck and dust and dead ashes, one jewel to the wagon-load ;—and let the reader try to make a visual scene of it as he can. Here, we say, is an old Letter, which 'old Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards,' a gentleman entirely unknown to us, received fresh and new, before breakfast, on a June morning of the year 1628 ; of which old Letter we, by a good chance,* have obtained a copy for the reader. It is by Mr. Thomas Alured, a good Yorkshire friend, Member for Malton in that county ;—written in a hand which, if it were not naturally stout, would tremble with emotion. Worthy Mr. Alured, called also 'Al'red' or 'Aldred ;' uncle or father, we suppose, to a 'Colonel Alured,' well known afterwards to Oliver and us : he writes ; we abridge and present, as follows :

* Rushworth's Historical Collections (London, 1682), i., 609-10

Friday, 6th June, 1628.

“Sir,—Yesterday was a day of desolation among us in Parliament; and this day, we fear, will be the day of our dissolution.

“Upon Tuesday Sir John Eliot moved that as we intended to furnish his Majesty with Money, we should also supply him with Counsel.” Representing the doleful state of affairs, “he desired there might be a *Declaration* made to the King, of the danger wherein the Kingdom stood by the decay and contempt of religion, by the insufficiency of his Ministers, by the” &c., &c. Sir Humphrey May, “Chancellor of the Duchy, said, ‘It was a strange language;’ yet the House commanded Sir John Eliot to go on. Whereupon the Chancellor desired, ‘If he went on, *he* the Chancellor might go out.’ They all bade him ‘begone:’ yet he stayed, and heard Sir John out. The House generally inclined to such a *Declaration*,” which was accordingly resolved to be set about.

“But next day, Wednesday, we had a Message from his Majesty by the Speaker, That as the Session was positively to end in a week, we should husband the time, and despatch our old businesses without entertaining new. Intending” nevertheless “to pursue our *Declaration*, we had, yesterday, Thursday morning, a new Message brought us, which I have here enclosed. Which requiring us *not to cast or lay any aspersion upon any Minister of his Majesty*, the House was much affected thereby.” Did they not in former times proceed by fining and committing John of Gaunt, the King’s own son; had they not, in very late times, meddled with and sentenced the Lord Chancellor Bacon and others? What are we arriving at!—

Sir Robert Philips of Somersetshire spake, and “mingled his words with weeping. Mr. Pym did the like. Sir Edward Cook” (old Coke upon Lyttleton), “overcome with passion, seeing the desolation likely to ensue, was forced to sit down when he began to speak, by the abundance of tears.” O, Mr. Chamberlain of the Court of Wards, was the like ever witnessed? “Yea, the Speaker in his speech could not refrain from weeping and shedding of tears. Besides a great many whose grief made them dumb. But others bore up in that storm, and encouraged the rest.” We resolved ourselves into a Committee, to have freer

scope for speech ; and called Mr. Whithy to the chair. The Speaker, always in close communication with his Majesty, craves leave from us, with much humility, to withdraw “for half an hour ;” which, though we knew well whither he was going, was readily granted him. It is ordered, “No other man leave the House upon pain of going to the Tower.” And now the speaking commences, “freer and frequenter” being in Committee, and old Sir Edward Coke tries it again.

“Sir Edward Cook told us, ‘He now saw God had not accepted of our humble and moderate carriages and fair proceedings ; and he feared the reason was, We had not dealt sincerely with the King and Country, and made a *true* representation of the causes of all those miseries. Which he, for his part, repented that he had not done sooner. And therefore, not knowing whether he should ever again speak in this House, he would now do it freely ; and so did here protest, That the author and cause of all those miseries was—THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.’ Which was entertained and answered with a cheerful acclamation of the House.” (Yea, yea ! Well moved, well spoken ! Yea, yea !) “As, when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with full cry : so they (*we*) pursued it, and every one came home, and laid the blame where he thought the fault was,”—on the Duke of Buckingham, to wit. “And as we were putting it to the question, Whether he should be *named* in our intended Remonstrance as the chief cause of all our miseries at home and abroad.—the Speaker, having been, not half an hour, but three hours absent, and with the King, returned ; bringing this Message, That the House should then rise (being about eleven o’clock), adjourn till the morrow morning, and no Committees to sit, or other business to go on, in the interim.” They have been meditating it all night !

“What we shall expect this morning therefore, God of Heaven knows. We shall meet betimes this morning ; partly for the business’s sake : and partly because, two days ago, we made an order ; That whoever comes in after Prayers shall pay twelvenpence to the poor.

“Sir, excuse my haste :—and let us have your prayers ;

whereof both you and we have need. I rest,—affectionately at your service,
 “THOMAS ALURED.”

This scene Oliver saw, and formed part of; one of the memorablest he was ever in. Why did those old honorable gentlemen ‘weep?’ How came tough old Coke upon Lyttleton, one of the toughest men ever made, to melt into tears like a girl, and sit down unable to speak? The modern honorable gentleman cannot tell. Let him consider it, and try if he can tell! And then, putting off his Shot-belt, and striving to put on some Bible-doctrine, some earnest God’s Truth or other,—try if he can discover why he cannot tell!—

The Remonstrance against Buckingham was perfected; the hounds having got all upon the scent. Buckingham was expressly ‘named,’ a daring feat: and so loud were the hounds, and such a tune in their baying, his Majesty saw good to confirm, and ratify beyond shadow of cavil, the invaluable Petition of Right, and thereby produce ‘bonfires,’ and bob-majors upon all bells. Old London was sonorous; in a blaze with joy-fires. Soon after which, this Parliament, as London, and England, and it, all still continued somewhat too sonorous, was hastily, with visible royal anger, prorogued till October next,—till January as it proved. Oliver, of course, went-home to Huntingdon to his harvest-work; England continued simmering and sounding as it might.

The day of prorogation was the 26th of June.* One day in the latter end of August, John Felton, a short swart Suffolk gentleman of military air, in fact a retired lieutenant of grim serious disposition, went out to walk in the eastern parts of London. Walking on Tower Hill, full of black reflections on his own condition, and on the condition of England, and a Duke of Buckingham holding all England down into the jaws of ruin and disgrace, —John Felton saw, in evil hour, on some cutler’s stall there, a broad sharp hunting knife, price one shilling. John Felton, with a wild flash in the dark heart of him, bought the said knife; rode down to Portsmouth with it, where the great Duke then was; struck the said knife, with one fell plunge, into the great Duke’s

* Commons Journals, i., 920.

heart. This was on Saturday the 23d of August of this same year.*

Felton was tried; saw that his wild flashing inspiration had been not of God, but of Satan. It is known he repented: when the death-sentence was passed on him, he stretched out his right hand; craved that this too, as some small expiation, might first be stricken off; which was denied him, as against law. He died at Tyburn; his body was swinging in chains at Portsmouth;—and much else had gone awry, when the Parliament reassembled, in January following, and Oliver came up to Town again.

1629.

The Parliament Session proved very brief; but very energetic, very extraordinary. 'Tonnage and Poundage,' what we now call Customhouse Duties, a constant subject of quarrel between Charles and his Parliaments hitherto, had again been levied *without* Parliamentary consent; in the teeth of old *Tallagio non concedendo*, nay even of the late solemnly confirmed Petition of Right; and naturally gave rise to Parliamentary consideration. Merchants had been imprisoned for refusing to pay it; Members of Parliament themselves had been '*superna'd*:' there was a very ravelled coil to deal with in regard to Tonnage and Poundage. Nay the Petition of Right itself had been altered in the Printing; a very ugly business too.

In regard to Religion also, matters looked equally ill. Sycophant Mainwaring, just censured in Parliament, had been promoted to a fatter living. Sycophant Montague, in the like circumstances, to a Bishopric: Laud was in the act of consecrating him at Croydon, when the news of Buckingham's death came thither. There needed to be a Committee of Religion. The House resolved itself into a Grand Committee of Religion; and did not want for matter. Bishop Neile of Winchester, Bishop Laud now of London, were a frightfully ceremonial pair of Bishops; the fountain they of innumerable tendencies to Papistry and the old clothes of Babylon! It was in this Committee of Re-

* Clarendon (i., 68); Hamond L'Estrange (p. 90); D'Ewes (MS. Autobiography) &c.; all of whom report the minute circumstances of the assassination, not one of them agreeing completely with another.

ligion, on the 11th day of February, 1628-9, that Mr. Cromwell, Member for Huntingdon, stood up and made his first Speech, a fragment of which has found its way into History, and is now known to all mankind. He said, "He had heard by relation from one Dr. Beard" (his old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon), "that Dr. Alablaster had preached flat Popery at Paul's Cross; and that the Bishop of Winchester" (Dr. Neile) "had commanded him as his Diocesan, He should preach nothing to the contrary. Mainwaring, so justly censured in this House for his sermons, was by the same Bishop's means preferred to a rich living. If these are the steps to Church-preferment," added he, "what are we to expect!"*

Dr. Beard, as the reader knows, is Oliver's old Schoolmaster at Huntingdon; a grave, speculative theological old gentleman, seemingly,—and on a level with the latest news from Town. Of poor Dr. Alablaster there may be found some indistinct, and instantly forgettable, particulars in *Wood's Athenæ*. Paul's Cross, of which I have seen old Prints, was a kind of Stone Tent, 'with leaden roof,' at the north-east corner of Paul's Cathedral, where Sermons were still, and had long been, preached in the open air; crowded devout congregations gathering there; with forms to sit on, if you came early. Queen Elizabeth used to 'tune her pulpits,' she said, when there was any great thing on hand; as Governing Persons now strive to tune their Morning Newspapers. Paul's Cross, a kind of *Times* Newspaper, but edited partly by Heaven itself, was then a most important entity! Alablaster, to the horror of mankind, was heard preaching 'flat Popery' there,—'Prostituting our columns' in that scandalous manner! And Neile had forbidden him to preach against it: 'what are we to expect?'

The record of this world-famous utterance of Oliver still lies in manuscript in the British Museum, in Mr. Crewe's Notebook, or another's; it was first printed in a wretched old Book called the *Ephemeris Parliamentaria*, professing to be compiled by Thomas Fuller; and actually containing a Preface recognizable as his, but nothing else that we can so recognize: for 'quaint

* Parliamentary History (London, 1763), viii., 259.

old Fuller' is a man of talent; and this Book looks as if compiled by some spiritual Nightmare, rather than a rational Man. Probably some greedy Printer's compilation; to whom Thomas, in ill hour, had sold his name. In the Commons Journals, of that same day, we are farther to remark, there stands, in perennial preservation, this notice: 'Upon question, *Ordered*, Dr. Beard of Huntingdon to be written to by Mr. Speaker, to come up and testify against the Bishop; the order for Dr. Beard to be delivered to Mr. Cromwell.' The first mention of Mr. Cromwell's name in the Books of any Parliament.—

A new *Remonstrance* behoves to be resolved upon; Bishops Neile and Laud are even to be *named* there. Whereupon, before they could get well 'named,' perhaps before Dr. Beard had well got up from Huntingdon to testify against them, the King hastily interfered. This Parliament, in a fortnight more, was dissolved; and that under circumstances of the most unparalleled sort. For Speaker Finch, as we have seen, was a Courtier, in constant communication with the King: one day while these high matters were astir, Speaker Finch refused to 'put the question' when ordered by the House! He said he had orders to the contrary; persisted in that;—and at last took to weeping. What was the House to do? Adjourn for two days, and consider what to do! On the second day, which was Wednesday, Speaker Finch signified that by his Majesty's command they were again adjourned till Monday next. On Monday next, Speaker Finch, still recusant, would not put the former nor indeed any question, having the King's order to adjourn *again* instantly. He refused; was reprimanded, menaced; once more took to weeping; then started up to go his ways. But young Mr. Holles, Denzil Holles, the Earl of Clare's second son, he and certain other honorable members were prepared for that movement: they seized Speaker Finch, set him down in his chair, and by main force held him there! A scene of such agitation as was never seen in Parliament before. 'The House was much troubled.' "Let him go," cried certain Privy Councillors, Majesty's Ministers as we should now call them, who in those days sat in front of the Speaker, "Let Mr. Speaker go!" cried they imploringly. "No!" answered Holles; "God's wounds, he shall

sit there, till it please the House to rise!" The House in a decisive though almost distracted manner, with their Speaker thus held down for them, locked their doors; redacted Three emphatic Resolutions, their Protest against Arminianism, Papistry, and illegal Tonnage and Poundage; and passed the same by acclamation; letting no man out, refusing to let even the King's Usher in; then swiftly vanishing so soon as the resolutions were passed, for they understood the Soldiery was coming.* For which surprising procedure, vindicated by Necessity the mother of Invention, and supreme of Lawgivers, certain honorable gentlemen, Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, William Strode, John Selden, and others less known to us, suffered fine, imprisonment, and much legal tribulation: nay Sir John Eliot, refusing to submit, was kept in the Tower till he died.

This scene fell out on Monday, 2d of March, 1629. Directly on the back of which, we conclude, Mr. Cromwell quitted Town for Huntingdon again;—told Dr. Beard also that he was not wanted now. His Majesty dissolved the Parliament by Proclamation; saying something about 'vipers' that had been there. It was the last Parliament in England for above eleven years. The King had taken his course. The King went on raising supplies without Parliamentary law, by all conceivable devices,—of which Ship-money may be considered the most original, and sale of Monopolies the most universal. The monopoly of 'soap' itself was very grievous to men;† Your soap was dear, and it would not wash, but only blister. The ceremonial Bishops, Bishop or Archbishop Laud now chief of them,—they, on their side, went on diligently hunting out 'Lecturers,' erecting 'altars in the east end of churches;' charging all clergymen to have, in good repair and order, 'Four surplices at All-hallowtide.'‡ Vexations spiritual and fiscal, beyond what we can well fancy now, afflicted the souls of men. The English Nation was patient; it endured in silence, with prayer that God in justice and mercy would look upon it. The King of England with his chief-priests was going one way; the Nation of England by eternal laws was going

* Rushworth, i., 667-9.

† See many old Pamphlets.

‡ Laud's Diary, in Wharton's Laud.

another: the split became too wide for healing. Oliver and others seemed now to have done with Parliaments; a royal Proclamation forbade them so much as to speak of such a thing.

1630.

In the 'new charter' granted to the Corporation of Huntingdon, and dated 8th July, 1630, Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Thomas Beard, D.D., his old schoolmaster, and Robert Barnard, Esquire, of whom also we may hear again, are named Justices of the Peace for that Borough.* I suppose there was nothing new in this nomination; a mere confirming and continuing of what had already been. But the smallest authentic fact, any undoubted date or circumstance regarding Oliver and his affairs, is to be eagerly laid hold of.

1631.

In or soon after 1631, as we laboriously infer from the imbroglia records of poor Noble, Oliver decided on an enlarged sphere of action as a Farmer; sold his properties in Huntingdon, all or some of them; rented certain grazing-lands at St. Ives, five miles down the River, eastward of his native place, and removed thither. The Deed of Sale is dated 7th May, 1631;† the properties are specified as in the possession of himself or his Mother; the sum they yielded was 1,800*l*. With this sum Oliver stocked his Grazing-Farm at St. Ives. The Mother, we infer, continued to reside at Huntingdon, but withdrawn now from active occupation, into the retirement befitting a widow up in years. There is even some gleam of evidence to that effect: her properties are sold; but Oliver's children born to him at St. Ives are still christened at Huntingdon, in the church he was used to; which may mean also that their good Grandmother was still there.

Properly this was no change in Oliver's old activities; it was an enlargement of the sphere of them. His Mother still at Huntingdon, within few miles of him, he could still superintend and protect her existence there, while managing his new operations at St. Ives. He continued here till the summer or spring of

* Noble, i., 102.

† Ibid i, 103-4.

1636.* A studious imagination may sufficiently construct the figure of his equable life in those years. Diligent grass-farming; mowing, milking, cattle-marketing: add 'hypochondria,' fits of the blackness of darkness, with glances of the brightness of very Heaven; prayer, religious reading and meditation; household epochs, joys and cares:—we have a solid, substantial, inoffensive Farmer of St. Ives, hoping to walk with integrity, and humble, devout diligence through this world; and, by his Maker's infinite mercy, to escape destruction, and find eternal salvation, in wider Divine Worlds. This latter, this is the grand clause in his Life, which dwarfs all other clauses. Much wider destinies than he anticipated were appointed him on Earth; but that, in comparison to the alternative of Heaven or Hell to all Eternity, was a mighty small matter.

The lands he rented are still there, recognizable to the tourist; gross boggy lands, fringed with willow-trees, at the east end of the small Town of St. Ives, which is still noted as a cattle-market in those parts. The 'Cromwell Barn,' the pretended 'House of Cromwell,' the &c., &c., are, as is usual in these cases, when you come to try them by the documents, a mere jumble of incredibilities, and oblivious human platitudes, distressing to the mind.

But a Letter, one Letter signed Oliver Cromwell and dated St. Ives, does remain, still legible and indubitable to us. What more is to be said on St. Ives and the adjacent matters, will best arrange itself round that Document. One or two entries here, and we arrive at that, and bring these imperfect Introductory Chronicles to a close.

1632.

In January of this year Oliver's seventh child was born to him; a boy, James; who died the day after baptism. There remained six children, of whom one other died young; it is not known at what date. Here subjoined is the List of them, and of those subsequently born; in a Note, elaborated, as before, from the imbroglions of Noble.†

* Noble, i., 106.

† OLIVER CROMWELL'S CHILDREN.
(Married to Elizabeth Bourchier, 22d August, 1620.)

This same year, William Prynne first began to make a noise in England. A learned young gentleman 'from Painswick near Bath,' graduate of Oxford, now 'an Outer Barrister of Lincoln's

1. *Robert*; baptized 13th October, 1621. Named for his Grandfather. No farther account of him; he died before ripe years.

2. *Oliver*; baptized 6th February, 1622-3; went to Felsted School 'Captain in Harrison's Regiment,—no. At Peterborough in 1643 (Noble, i., 133-4). He died, or was killed during the war; date and place not yet discoverable. Noble says it was at Appleby; referring to Whitlocke. Whitlocke (p. 318 of 1st edition, 322 of 2d), on ransacking the old Pamphlets, turns out to be indisputably in error. The Protector on his death-bed alludes to this *Oliver's* death: "It went to my heart like a dagger, indeed it did."

3. *Bridget*; baptized 4th August, 1624. Married to Ireton, 15th January, 1646-7 (Noble, i., 131); widow, 26 November, 1651. Married to Fleetwood (exact date, after long search, remains undiscovered; Noble, ii., 355, says 'before' June, 1652, which is impossible). Died at Stoke Newington, near London, September, 1651.

4. *Richard*; born 4th October, 1626. At Felsted School. 'In Lincoln's Inn, 27th May, 1647:' an error? Married in 1648, Richard Mayor's daughter, of Hursley, Hants. First in Parliament, 1651. Protector, 1658. Dies, poor idle Triviality, at Cheshunt, 12th July, 1712.

5. *Henry*; baptized at All-Saints (the rest are at St. John's), Huntingdon, 20th January, 1627-8. Felsted School. In the army at sixteen. Captain in Fairfax's Lifeguard in 1647. Colonel, in 1649, and in Ireland with his Father. Lord Deputy there in 1657. In 1660, retired to Spinney Abbey, 'near Soham,' nearer Wicken, in Cambridgeshire. Foolish story of Charles II. and the 'stable-fork' there (Noble, i., 212). Died 23d March, 1673-4; buried in Wicken Church. A brave man and true: had *he* been named Protector, there had, most likely, been quite another History of England to write, at present!

6. *Elizabeth*; baptized 2d July, 1629. Mrs. Claypole, 1645-6. Died at 3 in the morning, Hampton-court, 6th August, 1658,—4 weeks before her Father. A graceful, brave, and amiable woman. The lamentation about Dr. Hewit and 'bloodshed (in Clarendon and others) is fudge.

At St. Ives and Ely:

7. *James*; baptized 5th January, 1631-2; died next day.

8. *Mary*; baptized (at Huntingdon still) 9th February, 1636-7. Lady Fauconberg, 18th November, 1657. Dean Swift knew her: 'handsome and like her Father.' Died 11th March, 1712 (1712-3? is not decided in Noble). Richard died within a few months of her.

9. *Frances*: baptized (at Ely now), 6th December, 1638. 'Charles II. was for marrying her:' not improbable. Married Mr. Rich, Earl of Warwick's grandson, 11th November, 1657: he died in three months, 16th

Inn;’ well read in English Law, and full of zeal for Gospel Doctrine and Morality. He, struck by certain flagrant scandals of the time, especially by that of Play-acting and Masking, saw good this year to set forth his *Histrionastix*, or Player’s Scourge; a Book still extant, but never more to be read by mortal. For which Mr. William Prynne himself, before long, paid rather dear. The Book was licensed by old Archbishop Abbot, a man of Puritan tendencies, but now verging towards his end. Peter Heylin, ‘lying Peter,’ as men sometimes call him, was already with hawk’s eye and the intensest interest reading this now unreadable Book, and, by Laud’s direction, taking excerpts from the same.

It carries our thought to extensive world-transactions over sea, to reflect that in the end of this same year, ‘6 November, 1632,’ the great Gustavus died on the field of Lützen; fighting against Wallenstein; victorious for the last time. While Oliver Cromwell walked peacefully intent on cattle husbandry, that winter-day, on the grassy banks of the Ouse at St. Ives, Gustavus Adolphus, shot through the back, was sinking from his horse in the battle-storm far off, with these words: “*Ich habe genug, Bruder; rette Dich.* Brother, I have got enough; save thyself!”*

On the 19th of the same month, November, 1632, died likewise Frederick Elector Palatine, titular King of Bohemia, husband of King Charles’s sister, and father of certain Princes, Rupert and others, who came to be well known in our History. Elizabeth, the Widow, was left with a large family of them in Holland, very bare of money, of resource, or immediate hope; but conducted herself, as she had all along done, in a way that gained much respect. ‘*Alles für Ruhm und Ihr,* All for Glory and Her,’ were the words Duke Bernhard of Weimar carried on his Flag, through many battles in that Thirty-Years War. She was

February, 1657-8. No child by Rich. Married Sir John Russel,—the Checquers Russels. Died 27th January, 1720-1.

In all 5 sons and four daughters; of whom 3 sons and all the daughters came to maturity.

The Protector’s Widow died at Norborough, her son-in-law Claypole’s place (now ruined, patched into a farm-house; near Market Deeping; it is itself in Northamptonshire), 8th October, 1672.

* Schiller: Geschichte des 30jährigen Krieges.

of Puritan tendency ; understood to care little about the Four surplices at Allhallowtide, and much for the root of the matter.

Attorney-General Noy, in these months, was busy tearing up the unfortunate old manufacturers of soap ; tormenting mankind very much about soap.* He tore them up irresistibly, reduced them to total ruin ; good soap became unattainable.

1633.

In May, 1633, the second year of Oliver's residence in this new Farn, The King's Majesty, with train enough, passed through Huntingdonshire, on his way to Scotland to be crowned. The loud rustle of him disturbing for a day the summer husbandries and operations of mankind. His ostensible business was to be crowned ; but his intrinsic errand was, what his Father's formerly had been, to get his Pretended-Bishops set on foot there ; his *Tulchans* converted into real Calves ;—in which, as we shall see, he succeeded still worse than his Father had done. Dr. Laud, Bishop Laud, now near upon Archbishophood, attended his Majesty thither as formerly ; still found 'no religion' there, but trusted now to introduce one. The Chapel at Holyrood-house was fitted up with every equipment textile and metallic ; and little Bishop Laud in person 'performed the service,' in a way to illuminate the benighted natives, as was hoped,—show them how an Artist could do it. He had also some dreadful travelling through certain of the savage districts of that country.—Crossing Huntingdonshire, in his way Northward, his Majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding on the western border of that county.† A surprising Establishment, now in full flower ; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties ; employed themselves in 'binding of Prayerbooks,' embroidering of hassocks, in almsgiving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region ; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual

* Rushworth, ii., 135, 252, &c.

† Rushworth, ii.

repetition of the English Liturgy ; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on ship-board ; and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Isaac Walton's *Lives* there is some drowsy notice of these people, not unknown to the modern reader. A far livelier notice ; record of an actual visit to the place, by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, perhaps returning from Circuit in that direction, at all events a most sharp distinct man, through whose clear eyes we also can still look ;—is preserved by Hearne in very unexpected neighborhood.* The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, “Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad times ?” Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, “I perceive you are a person who know the world !” They did not ask the Anonymous Person to stay dinner, which he considered would have been agreeable.— —

Note these other things, with which we are more immediately concerned. In this same year the Feoffees, with their Purchase of Advowsons, with their Lecturers and Running Lecturers, were fairly rooted out, and flung prostrate into total ruin ; Laud having set Attorney-General Noy upon them, and brought them into the Star-chamber. ‘God forgive *them*,’ writes Bishop Laud, ‘and grant me patience !’—on hearing that they spake harshly of him ; not gratefully, but ungratefully, for all this trouble he took ! In the same year, by procurement of the same Bishop hounding-on the same invincible Attorney-General, William Prynne our unreadable friend, Peter Heylin having read him, was brought to the Star-chamber ; to the Pillory, and had his ears cropt off, for the first time ;—who also, strange as it may look, manifested no gratitude, but the contrary, for all that trouble !†

* Thomæ Cali Vindicix Antiquitatis Academiae Oxoniensis (Oxf., 1730), ii, 702-94. There are two *Lives* of Ferrar ; considerable writings about him ; but, except this, nothing that much deserves to be read.

† Rushworth ; Wharton's Laud.

1634.

In the end of this the third year of Oliver's abode at St. Ives, came out the celebrated Writ of Shipmoney. It was the last feat of Attorney-General Noy: a morose, amorphous, cynical Law-Pedant, and invincible living heap of learned rubbish; once a Patriot in Parliament, till they made him Attorney-General, and enlightened his eyes: who had fished up from the dust-abyssees this and other old shadows of 'precedents,' promising to be of great use in the present distressed state of the Finance Department. Parliament being in abeyance, how to raise money was now the grand problem. Noy himself was dead before the Writ came out; a very mixed renown following him. The Vintners, says Wood, illuminated at his death, made bonfires and 'drank lusty carouses:' to them, as to every man, he had been a sore affliction. His heart, on dissection, adds old Anthony, was found all 'shrivelled up like a leather penny-purse,' which gave rise to comments among the Puritans.* His brain, said the pasquinades of the day, was found reduced to a mass of dust, his heart was a bundle of old sheepskin writs, and his belly consisted of a barrel of soap.† Some indistinct memory of him still survives, as of a grisly Law Pluto, and dark Law Monster, kind of Infernal King, Chief Enchanter in the Dondaniel of Attorneys; one of those frightful men, who, as his contemporaries passionately said and repeated, dare to 'decree injustice *by a law.*'

The Shipmoney Writ has come out then; and Cousin Hampden has decided not to pay it!—As the date of Oliver's St. Ives Letter is 1635-6, and we are now come in sight of that, we will here close our Chronology.

* Wood's Athenæ (Bliss's edition, London, 1815), ii., 583.

† Rushworth

CHAPTER V.

OF OLIVER'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

LETTERS and authentic Utterances of Oliver lie scattered, in print and manuscript in a hundred repositories, in all varieties of condition and environment. Most of them, all the important of them, have already long since been printed and again printed; but we cannot in general say, ever read: too often it is apparent that the very editor of these poor utterances had, if reading mean understanding, never *read* them. They stand in their old spelling; mispunctuated, misprinted, unelucidated, unintelligible,—defaced with the dark incrustations too well known to students of that Period. The Speeches above all, as hitherto set forth in *The Somers Tracts*, in *The Milton State-Papers*, in *Burton's Diary*, and other such Books, excel human belief: certainly no such agglomerate of opaque confusions, printed and reprinted; of darkness on the back of darkness, thick and three-fold; is known to me elsewhere in the history of things spoken or printed by human creatures. Of these Speeches, all except one, which was published by authority at the time, I have to believe myself, not very exultingly, to be the first actual reader for nearly two Centuries past.

Nevertheless these Documents do exist, authentic though defaced; and invite every one who would know that Period, to study them till they become intelligible again. The words of Oliver Cromwell,—the meaning *they* had, must be worth recovering in that point of view. To collect these Letters and authentic Utterances, as one's reading yielded them, was a comparatively grateful labor; to correct them, elucidate and make them legible again, was a good historical study. Surely 'a wise memory' would wish to preserve among men the written and spoken words of such a man;—and as for the 'wise oblivion,' that is already by Time and Accident, done to our hand. Enough is already

lost and destroyed ; we need not, in this particular case, omit farther.

Accordingly, whatever words authentically proceeding from Oliver himself I could anywhere find yet surviving, I have here gathered ; and will now, with such minimum of annotation as may suit that object, offer them to the reader. That is the purport of this Book. I have ventured to believe that, to certain patient earnest readers, these old dim Letters of a noble English Man might, as they had done to myself, become dimly legible again ; might dimly present, better than all other evidence, the noble figure of the Man himself again. Certainly there is Historical instruction in these Letters:—Historical, and perhaps other and better. At least, it is with Heroes and god-inspired men that I, for my part, would far rather converse, in what dialect soever they speak ! Great, ever fruitful ; profitable for reproof, for encouragement, for building up in manful purposes and works, are the words of those that in their day were men. I will advise serious persons, interested in England past or present, to try if they can read a little in these Letters of Oliver Cromwell, a man once deeply interested in the same object. Heavy as it is, and dim and obsolete, there may be worse reading, for such persons in our time.

For the rest, if each Letter look dim, and have little light, after all study ; yet let the Historical reader reflect, such light as it has cannot be disputed at all. These words, expository of that day and that hour, Oliver Cromwell did see fittest to be written down. The Letter hangs there in the dark abysses of the Past : if like a star almost extinct, yet like a real star ; fixed ; about which there is no cavilling possible. That autograph Letter, it was once all luminous as a burning beacon, every word of it a live coal, in its time ; it was once a piece of the general fire and light of Human Life, that Letter ! Neither is it yet entirely extinct ; well read, there is still in it light enough to exhibit its own *self* ; nay to diffuse a faint authentic twilight some distance round it. Heaped embers which in the daylight looked black, may still look *red* in the utter darkness. These letters of Oliver will convince any man that the Past did exist ! By degrees the combined small twilights may produce a kind of general feeble

twilight, rendering the Past credible, the Ghosts of the Past in some glimpses of them visible! Such is the effect of contemporary letters always; and I can very confidently recommend Oliver's as good of their kind. A man intent on forcing for himself some path through that gloomy chaos called History of the Seventeenth Century, and looking face to face upon the same, may perhaps try it by this method as hopefully as by another. Here is an irregular row of beacon-fires, once all luminous as suns; and with a certain inextinguishable erubescence still, in the abysses of the dead deep Night. Let us look here. In shadowy outlines, in dimmer and dimmer crowding forms, the very figure of the old dead Time itself may perhaps be faintly discernible here!—

I called these Letters good,—but withal only good of their kind. No eloquence, elegance, not always even clearness of expression, is to be looked for in them. They are written with far other than literary aims; written, most of them, in the very flame and conflagration of a revolutionary struggle, and with an eye to the despatch of indispensable pressing business alone: but it will be found, I conceive, that for such end they are well written. Superfluity, as if by a natural law of the case, the writer has had to discard; whatsoever quality *can* be dispensed with is indifferent to him. With unwieldy movement, yet with a great solid step he presses through, towards his object; has marked out very decisively what the real steps towards it are; discriminating well the essential from the extraneous;—forming to himself, in short, a true, not an untrue picture of the business that is to be done. There is in these letters, as I have said above, a *silence* still more significant of Oliver to us than any speech they have. Dimly we discover features of an Intelligence, and Soul of a Man, greater than any speech. The Intelligence that can, with full satisfaction to itself, come out in eloquent speaking, in musical singing, is, after all, a small Intelligence. He that works and *does* some Poem, not he that merely *says* one, is worthy of the name of Poet. Cromwell, emblem of the dumb English, is interesting to me by the very inadequacy of his speech. Heroic insight, valor and belief, without words,—how noble is it in comparison to eloquent words without heroic insight!—

I have corrected the spelling of these Letters; I have punctuated, and divided them into paragraphs, in the modern manner. The Originals, so far as I have seen such, have in general no paragraphs: if the Letter is short, it is usually found written on the first leaf of the sheet; often with the conclusion, or some post-script, subjoined crosswise on the margin,—indicating that there was no blotting paper in those days; that the hasty writer was loath to turn the leaf. Oliver's spelling and pointing are of the sort common to educated persons in his time; and readers that wish it may have specimens of him in abundance, and of all due dimness, in many printed Books: but to us, intent here to have the Letters read and understood, it seemed very proper at once and altogether to get rid of that encumbrance. Would the rest were all as easily got rid of! Here and there, to bring out the struggling sense, I have added or rectified a word,—but taken care to point out the same; what words in the Text of the Letters are mine, the reader will find marked off by single commas: it was of course my supreme duty to avoid altering, in any respect, not only the sense, but the smallest feature in the physiognomy, of the Original. And so 'a minimum of annotation' having been added, what minimum would serve the purpose,—here are the *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*; of which the reader, with my best wishes, but not with any very high immediate hope of mine in that particular, is to make what he can.

Surely it was far enough from probable that these Letters of Cromwell, written originally for quite other objects, and selected not by the Genius of History, but by blind Accident which has saved them hitherto and destroyed the rest,—can illuminate for a modern man this Period of our Annals, which for all moderns, we may say, has become a gulf of bottomless darkness! Not so easily will the modern man domesticate himself in a scene of things every way so foreign to him. Nor could any measurable exposition of mine, on this present occasion, do much to illuminate the dead dark world of the Seventeenth Century, into which the reader is about to enter. He will gradually get to understand, as I have said, that the Seventeenth Century did exist; that it was not a waste rubbish-continent of Rushworth-Nelson State-papers, of Philosophical Scepticisms, Dilettantisms, Dryasdust

Torpedoisms ;—but an actual flesh-and-blood Fact ; with color in its cheeks, with awful august heroic thoughts in its heart, and at last with steel sword in its hand ! Theoretically this is a most small postulate, conceded at once by everybody ; but practically it is a very large one, seldom or never conceded ; the due practical conceding of it amounts to much, indeed to the sure promise of all. I will venture to give the reader two little pieces of advice, which, if his experience resemble mine, may prove further-some to him in this inquiry : they include the essence of all that I have discovered respecting it.

The first is, By no means to credit the widespread report that these Seventeenth-Century Puritans were superstitious crack-brained persons ; given up to enthusiasm, the most part of them ; the minor ruling part being cunning men, who knew how to assume the dialect of the others, and thereby, as skilful Machiavels, to dupe them. This is a wide-spread report ; but an untrue one. I advise my reader to try precisely the opposite hypothesis. To consider that his Fathers, who had thought about this World very seriously indeed, and with very considerable thinking faculty indeed, were not quite so far behindhand in their conclusions respecting it. That actually their ‘enthusiasms,’ if well seen into, were not foolish but wise. That Machiavelism, Cant, Official Jargon, whereby a man speaks openly what he does *not* mean, were, surprising as it may seem, much rarer then than they have ever since been. Really and truly it may in a manner be said, Cant, Parliamentary and other Jargon, were still to invent in this world ! O Heavens, one could weep at the contrast ! Cant was not fashionable at all ; that stupendous invention of ‘Speech for the purpose of concealing Thought’ was not yet made. A man wagging the tongue of him, as if it were the clapper of a bell to be rung for economic purposes, and not so much as attempting to convey any inner thought, if thought he have, of the matter talked of,—would at that date have awakened all the horror in men’s minds, which at all dates, and at this date too, is due to him. The accursed thing ! No man as yet dared to do it ; all men believing that God would judge them. In the History of the Civil War far and wide, I have not fallen in with one such phenomenon. Even Archbishop Laud and Peter Hey

lin meant what they say ; through their words do you look direct into the scraggy conviction they have formed :—or if ‘lying Peter’ do lie, he at least *knows* that he is lying ! Lord Clarendon, a man of sufficient unvaracity of heart, to whom indeed whatsoever has direct veracity of heart is more or less horrible, speaks always in official language ; a clothed, nay sometimes even *quilted* dialect, yet always with some considerate body in the heart of it, never with none ! The use of the human tongue was then other than it now is. I counsel the reader to leave all that of Cant, Dupery, Machiavelism, and so forth, decisively lying at the threshold. He will be wise to believe that these Puritans do mean what they say, and to try unimpeded if he can discover what that is. Gradually a very stupendous phenomenon may rise on his astonished eye. A practical world based on Belief in God ;—such as many centuries had seen before, but as never any century since has been privileged to see. It was the last glimpse of it in our world, this of English Puritanism : very great, very glorious ; tragical enough to all thinking hearts that look on it from these days of ours.

My second advice is, Not to imagine that it was Constitution, ‘Liberty of the people to tax themselves,’ Privilege of Parliament, Triennial or Annual Parliaments, or any modification of these sublime Privileges now waxing somewhat faint in our admirations, that mainly animated our Cromwells, Pym, and Hampden to the heroic efforts we still admire in retrospect. Not these very measurable ‘Privileges,’ but a far other and deeper, which could not be measured ; of which these, and all grand social improvements whatsoever, are the corollary. Our ancient Puritan Reformers were, as all Reformers that will ever much benefit this earth are always, inspired by a Heavenly Purpose. To see God’s own Law, then universally acknowledged for complete as it stood in the holy Written Book, made good in this world ; to see this, or the true unwearied aim and struggle towards this : it was a thing worth living for and dying for ! Eternal Justice ; that God’s Will *be* done on Earth as it is in Heaven : corollaries enough will flow from that, if that be there ; if that be not there, no corollary good for much will flow. It was the general spirit of England in the Seventeenth Century. In other somewhat

sadly disfigured form, we have seen the same immortal hope take practical shape in the French Revolution, and once more astonish the world. That England should all become a Church, if you like to name it so: a Church, presided over not by sham-priests in 'Four surplices at Allhallowtide,' but by true good-consecrated ones, whose hearts the Most High had touched and hallowed with his fire:—this was the prayer of many, it was the godlike hope and effort of some.

Our modern methods of Reform differ somewhat,—as indeed the issue testifies. I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of Reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of Reformer, if he would understand what the old meaning of the word was. The Cromwells, Pym, Hampdens, who were understood on the Royalist side to be firebrands of the Devil, have had still worse measure from the Dryasdust Philosophies, and sceptical Histories, of later times. They really did resemble firebrands of the Devil, if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain color. For fire is always fire. But by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and *wooden-eyed* spectacles, can the flame-girt Heaven's messenger pass for a poor mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger, such as this would make him out to be!

On the whole, say not, good reader, as is often done, "It was then all one as now." Good reader, it was considerably different then from now. Men indolently say, "The Ages are all alike; ever the same sorry elements over again, in new vesture; the issue of it always a melancholy farce-tragedy, in one Age as in another!" Wherein lies very obviously a truth; but also in secret a very sad error withal. Sure enough, the highest Life touches always, by large sections of it, on the vulgar and universal: he that expects to see a Hero, or a Heroic Age, step forth into practice in yellow Drury-lane stage-boots, and speak in blank verse for itself, will look long in vain. Sure enough, in the Heroic Century as in the Unheroic, knaves and cowards, and cunning greedy persons were not wanting,—were, if you will, extremely abundant. But the question always remains, Did they lie chained, subordinate in this world's business; coerced by steel whips, or in whatever other effectual way, and sent whimpering

into their due subterranean abodes, to beat hemp and repent ; a true never-ending attempt going on to handcuff, to silence and suppress them ? Or did they walk openly abroad, the envy of a general valet-population, and bear sway ; professing, without universal anathema, almost with general assent, that they were the Orthodox Party ; that they, even they, were such men as you had right to look for ?—

Reader, the Ages differ greatly, even infinitely, from one another. Considerable tracts of Ages there have been, by far the majority indeed, wherein the men, unfortunate mortals, were a set of mimetic creatures rather than men ; without heart-insight as to this Universe, and its Heights and its Abysses ; without conviction or belief of their own regarding it, at all ;—who walked merely by hearsays, traditionary cants, black and white surplises, and inane confusions ;—whose whole Existence accordingly was a grimace ; nothing *original* in it, nothing genuine or sincere but this only,—their greediness of appetite and their faculty of digestion. Such unhappy ages, too numerous here below, the Genius of Mankind indignantly seizes, as disgraceful to the Family, and with Rhadamanthine ruthlessness—annihilates ; tumbles large masses of them swiftly into Eternal Night. These are the Unheroic ages ; which cannot serve, on the general field of Existence, except as *dust*, as inorganic manure. The memory of such Ages fades away for ever out of the minds of all men. Why should any memory of *them* continue ? The fashion of them has passed away ; and as for genuine substance, they never had any. To no heart of a man any more can these Ages become lovely. What melodious loving heart will search into *their* records, will sing of them, or celebrate them ? Even torpid Dryasdust is forced to give over at last, all creatures declining to hear him on that subject ; whereupon ensues composure and silence, and Oblivion has her own.

Good reader, if you be wise, search not for the secret of Heroic Ages, which have done great things in this Earth, among their falsities, their greedy quackeries and *unheroisms* ! It never lies and never will lie there. Knaves and quacks,—alas, we know they abounded : but the Age was Heroic even because it had

declared war to the death with these, and would have neither truce nor treaty with these; and went forth, flame-crowned, as with bared sword, and called the Most High to witness that it would not endure these!—But now for the Letters of Cromwell themselves

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES

PART I.

TO THE BEGINNING OF THE CIVIL WAR.

1636-1642.

LETTER I.

ST. IVES, a small Town of perhaps fifteen hundred souls, stands on the left or Northeastern bank of the River Ouse, in flat grassy country, and is still noted as a Cattle-market in those parts. Its chief historical fame is likely to rest on the following one remaining Letter of Cromwell's, written there on the 11th of January, 1635-6.

The little Town, of somewhat dingy aspect, and very quiescent except on market-days, runs from Northwest to Southeast, parallel to the shore of the Ouse, a short furlong in length: it probably, in Cromwell's time, consisted mainly of a *row* of houses fronting the River; the now opposite row, which has its back to the River, and still is shorter than the other, still defective at the upper end, was probably built since. In that case, the locality we hear of as the 'Green' of St. Ives would then be space which is now covered mainly with cattle-pens for market-business, and forms the middle of the *street*. A narrow steep old Bridge, probably the same which Cromwell travelled, leads you over, westward, towards Godmanchester, where you again cross the Ouse, and get into Huntingdon. Eastward out of St. Ives, your route is towards Earith, Ely and the heart of the Fens.

At the upper or Northwestern extremity of the place stands the Church; Cromwell's old fields being at the opposite extremity. The Church from its Churehyard looks down into the very River, which is fenced from it by a brick wall. The Ouse flows here, you cannot without study tell in which direction, fringed with gross reedy herbage and bushes; and is of the blackness of Acheron, streaked with foul metallic glitterings and plays of color. For a short space downwards here, the banks of it are fully visible; the western row of houses being somewhat the shorter, as already hinted: instead of houses here, you have a rough wooden balustrade, and the black Acheron of an Ouse River used as a washing-place or watering-place for cattle. The old

Church, suitable for such a population, stands yet as it did in Cromwell's time, except perhaps the steeple and pews; the flagstones in the interior are worn deep with the pacing of many generations. The steeple is visible from several miles distant; a sharp high spire, piercing far up from amid the willow-trees. The country hereabouts has all a clammy look, clayey and boggy; the produce of it, whether bushes and trees, or grass and crops, gives you the notion of something lazy, dropsical, gross.—This is St. Ives, a most ancient Cattle-market by the shores of the sable Ouse, on the edge of the Fen-country; where, among other things that happened, Oliver Cromwell passed five years of his existence as a Farmer and Grazier. Who the primitive *Ives* himself was, remains problematic; Camden says he was 'Ivo a Persian;'—surely far out of his road here. The better authorities designate him as Ives, or Yves, a worthy Frenchman, Bishop of Chartres in the time of our Henry Beauclerk.

Oliver, as we observed, has left hardly any memorial of himself at St. Ives. The ground he farmed is still partly capable of being specified, certain records or leases being still in existence. It lies at the lower or Southeast end of the Town; a stagnant flat tract of land, extending between the houses or rather kitchen-gardens of St. Ives in that quarter, and the banks of the River, which, very tortuous always, has made a new bend here. If well drained, this land looks as if it would produce abundant grass, but naturally it must be little other than a bog. Tall bushy ranges of willow-trees and the like, at present, divide it into fields; the River, not visible till you are close on it, bounding them all to the South. At the top of the fields next to the Town is an ancient massive Barn, still used as such; the people call it 'Cromwell's Barn':—and nobody can prove that it was not his! It was evidently some ancient man's or series of ancient men's.

Quitting St. Ives Fen-ward or Eastward, the last house of all, which stands on your right hand among gardens, seemingly the best house in the place, and called Slepe Hall, is confidently pointed out as 'Oliver's House.' It is indisputably Slepe-Hall House, and Oliver's Farm was rented from the estate of Slepe-Hall. It is at present used for a Boarding-school: the worthy inhabitants believe it to be Oliver's: and even point out his

‘Chapel’ or secret Puritan Sermon-room in the lower story of the house: no Sermon-room, as you may well discern, but to appearance some sort of scullery or wash-house or bake-house. “It was here he used to preach,” say they. Courtesy forbids you to answer, “Never!” But in fact there is no likelihood that this was Oliver’s House at all; in its present state it does not seem to be a century old;* and originally, as is like, it must have served as residence to the Proprietors of Slepe-Hall estate, not to the Farmer of a part thereof. Tradition makes a sad blur of Oliver’s memory in his native country! We know, and shall know, only this, for certain here, That Oliver farmed part or whole of these Slepe-Hall Lands, over which the human feet can still walk with assurance; past which the River Ouse still slumberously rolls, towards Earith Bulwark and the Fen-country. Here of a certainty Oliver did walk and look about him habitually, during those five years from 1631 to 1636; a man studious of many temporal and many eternal things. His cattle grazed here, his ploughs tilled here, the heavenly skies and infernal abysses over-arched and underarched him here.

In fact there is, as it were, nothing whatever that still decisively to every eye attests his existence at St. Ives, except the following old Letter, accidentally preserved among the Harley Manuscripts in the British Museum. Noble, writing in 1787, says the old branding-irons, ‘O. C.’ for marking sheep, were still used by some Farmer there; but these also, many years ago, are gone. In the Parish-records of St. Ives, Oliver appears twice among some other ten or twelve respectable rate-payers; appointing, in 1633 and 1634, for ‘St. Ives cum Slepe’ fit annual overseers for the ‘Highway and Green:’—one of the Oliver Signatures is now cut out. Fifty years ago, a vague old Townclerk had heard from very vague old persons, that Mr. Cromwell had been seen attending divine service in the Church with ‘a piece of red flannel round his neck, being subject to inflammation.’† Certain letters ‘written in a very kind style from Oliver Lord Protector to persons in St. Ives,’ do not now exist; probably never did. Swords ‘bearing

* Noble, i., 102, 106.

† See Noble: his confused gleanings and speculations concerning St. Ives are to be found, i., 105-6, and again, i., 258-61.

the initials of O. C.,² swords sent down in the beginning of 1642, when War was now imminent, and weapons were yet scarce,—do any such still exist? Noble says they were numerous in 1787; but nobody is bound to believe him. Walker* testifies that the Vicar of St. Ives, Rev. Henry Downet, was ejected with his curate in 1642; an act which Cromwell could have hindered, had he been willing to testify that they were fit clergymen. Alas, had he been able! He attended them in red flannel, but had not exceedingly rejoiced in them, it would seem.—There is, in short, nothing that renders Cromwell's existence completely visible to us, even through the smallest chink, but this Letter alone, which, copied from the Museum Manuscripts, worthy Mr. Harris† has printed for all people. We slightly rectify the spelling and re-print.

To my very loving friend Mr. Storie, at the Sign of the Dog in the Royal Exchange, London: Deliver these.

St. Ives, 11th January, 1635.

MR. STORIE,

Amongst the catalogue of those good works which your fellow-citizens and our countrymen have done, this will not be reckoned for the least, That they have provided for the feeding of souls. Building of hospitals provides for men's bodies; to build material temples is judged a work of piety; but they that procure spiritual food, they that build up spiritual temples, they are the men truly charitable, truly pious. Such a work as this was your erecting the Lecture in our Country; in the which you placed Dr. Wells, a man of goodness and industry, and ability to do good every way: not short of any I know in England: and I am persuaded that, sithence his coming, the Lord hath by him wrought much good among us.

It only remains now that He who first moved you to this, put you forward in the continuance thereof: it was the Lord; and therefore to Him lift we up our hearts that He would perfect it. And surely, Mr. Storie,

* Sufferings of the Clergy.

† Life of Cromwell: a blind farrago, published in 1761, 'after the manner of Mr. Bayle,'—a very bad 'manner,' more especially when a Harris presides over it! Yet poor Harris's Book, his three Books (on Cromwell, Charles and James I.) have worth: cartloads of Excerpts carefully transcribed,—and edited, in the way known to us, 'by shoving up the shafts.' The increasing interest of the subject brought even these to a second edition in 1814.

it were a piteous thing to see a Lecture fall, in the hands of so many able and godly men, as I am persuaded the founders of this are; in these times, wherein we see they are suppressed, with too much haste and violence, by the enemies of God's Truth. Far be it that so much guilt should stick to your hands, who live in a City so renowned for the clear shining light of the Gospel. You know, Mr. Storie, to withdraw the pay is to let fall the Lecture; for who goeth to warfare at his own cost? I beseech you therefore in the bowels of Jesus Christ, put it forward, and let the good man have his pay. The souls of God's children will bless you for it: and so shall I; and ever rest,

Your loving Friend in the Lord,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Commend my hearty love to Mr. Busse, Mr. Beadly, and my other good friends. I would have written to Mr. Busse: but I was loath to trouble him with a long letter, and I feared I should not receive an answer from him: from you I expect one so soon as conveniently you may. *Vale.**

Such is Oliver's first extant Letter. The Royal Exchange has been twice burned since this piece of writing was left at the Sign of the Dog there. The Dog Tavern, Dog Landlord, frequenters of the Dog, and all their business and concernment there, and the hardest stone masonry they had, have vanished irrecoverable. Like a dream of the Night; like that transient *Sign* or Effigies of the Talbot Dog, plastered on wood with oil pigments, which invited men to liquor and house-room in those days! The personages of Oliver's Letter may well be unknown to us.

Of Mr. Story, strangely enough, we have found one other notice: he is amongst the Trustees, pious and wealthy citizens of London for most part, to whom the sale of Bishops' Lands is, by act of Parliament, committed, with many instructions and conditions, on the 9th of October, 1646.† 'James Story' is one of these; their chief is Alderman Fowke. From Oliver's ex-

* Harris (London, 1814), p. 12. This Letter, for which Harris, in 1761, thanks 'the Trustees of the British Museum,' is not now to be found in that Establishment; 'a search of three hours through all the Catalogues, assisted by one of the Clerks,' reports itself to me as fruitless.

† Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658), p. 99.

pression, 'our Country,' it may be inferred or guessed that Story was of Huntingdonshire: a man who had gone up to London, and prospered in trade, and addicted himself to Puritanism;—much of him, it is like, will never be known! Of Busse and Beadly (unless Busse be a misprint for Bunse, Alderman Bunce, another of the above 'Trustees'), there remains no vestige.

Concerning the 'Lecture,' however, the reader will recall what was said above, of Lecturers, and of Laud's enmity to them; of the Fcoffees who supported Lecturers, and of Laud's final suppression and ruin of those Fcoffees in 1633. Mr. Story's name is not mentioned in the List of the specific Fcoffees; but it need not be doubted he was a contributor to their fund, and probably a leading man among the subscribers. By the light of this Letter we may dimly gather that they still continued to subscribe, and to forward Lectureships where possible, though now in a less ostentatious manner.

It appears there was a Lecture at Huntingdon: but his Grace of Lambeth, patiently assiduous in hunting down such objects, had managed to get that suppressed in 1633,* or at least to get the King's consent for suppressing it. This in 1633. So that 'Mr. Wells' could not, in 1636, as my imbecile friend supposes,† be 'the Lecturer in Huntingdon,' wherever else he might lecture. Besides Mr. Wells is not in danger of suppression by Laud, but by want of cash! Where Mr. Wells lectured, no mortal knows, or will ever know. Why not at St. Ives on the market-days? Or he might be a 'Running Lecturer,' not tied to one locality: that is as likely a guess as any.

Whether the call of this Wells Lectureship and Oliver's Letter got due return from Mr. Story we cannot now say; but judge that the Lectureship,—as Laud's star was rapidly on the ascendant, and Mr. Story and the Fcoffees had already lost 1,800*l.* by the work, and had a fine in the Starchamber still hanging over their heads,—did in fact come to the ground, and trouble no Archbishop or Market Cattle-dealer with God's Gospel any more. Mr. Wells, like the others, vanishes from History, or nearly so. In the chaos of the King's Pamphlets one seems to discern dimly

* Wharton's Laud (London, 1695), p. 527.

† Noble, i., 259.

that he sailed for New England, and that he returned in better times. Dimly once, in 1641 or 1642, you catch a momentary glimpse of a 'Mr. Wells' in such predicament, and hope it was this Wells,—preaching for a friend, 'in the afternoon,' in a Church in London.*

Reverend Mark Noble says, the above Letter is very curious, and a convincing proof how far gone Oliver was, at that time, in religious enthusiasm.† Yes, my reverend imbecile friend, he is clearly one of those singular Christian enthusiasts, who believe that they have a soul to be saved, even as you do, my reverend imbecile friend, that you have a stomach to be satisfied,—and who likewise, astonishing to say, actually take some trouble about that. Far gone indeed, my reverend imbecile friend!

This then is what we know of Oliver at St. Ives. He wrote the above Letter there. He had sold his Properties at Huntingdon for 1,800*l.*; with the whole or with part of which sum he stocked certain Grazing-Lands on the Estate of Slepe Hall, and farmed the same for a space of some five years. How he lived at St. Ives: how he saluted men on the streets; read Bibles; sold cattle; and walked, with heavy footfall and many thoughts, through the Market Green or old narrow lanes in St. Ives, by the shore of the black Ouse River,—shall be left to the reader's imagination. There is in this man talent for farming; there are thoughts enough, thoughts bounded by the Ouse River, thoughts that go beyond Eternity,—and a great black sea of things that he has never yet been able to *think*.

I count the children he had at the time; and find them six: Four boys and two girls; the eldest a boy of fourteen, the youngest a girl of six: Robert, Oliver, Bridget, Richard, Henry, Elizabeth. Robert and Oliver, I take it, are gone to Felsted School, near Bouchier their Grandfather's in Essex. Sir Thomas Bouchier the worshipful Knight, once of London, lives at Felsted; Sir William Masham, another of the same, lives at Otes, hard by, as we shall see.

Cromwell at the time of writing this Letter was, as he him-

* Old Pamphlet: Title mislaid and forgotten.

† Noble, i., 259.

self might partly think probable, about to quit St. Ives. His mother's brother, Sir Thomas Steward, Knight, lay sick at Ely, in those very days. Sir Thomas makes his will in this same month of January, leaving Oliver his principal heir; and on the 30th it was all over, and he lay in his last home: 'Buried in the Cathedral of Ely, 30 January, 1635-6.'

Worth noting, and curious to think of, since it is indisputable: On the very day while Oliver Cromwell was writing this Letter at St. Ives, two obscure individuals, 'Peter Aldridge and Thomas Lane, Assessors of Shipmoney,' over in Buckinghamshire, had assembled a Parish Meeting in the Church of Great Kimble, to assess and rate the Shipmoney of the said Parish: there, in the cold weather, at the foot of the Chiltern Hills, '11 January, 1635,' the Parish did attend, 'John Hampden, Esquire,' at the head of them, and by a return still extant,³ refused to pay the same or any portion thereof,—witness the above 'Assessors,' witness also two 'Parish Constables' whom we remit from such unexpected celebrity. John Hampden's share for this Parish is thirty-one shillings and sixpence; for another Parish it is twenty shillings; on which latter sum, not on the former, John Hampden was tried.

* Facsimile Engraving of it, in Lord Nugent's *Memorials of Hampden* (London, 1832), i., 231.

LETTER II.

OLIVER removed to Ely very soon after writing the foregoing Letter. There is a 'receipt for 10*l*.' signed by him, dated 'Ely, 10th June, 1636;* and other evidence that he was then resident there. He succeeded to his Uncle's Farming of the Tithes; the Leases of these, and new Leases of some other small lands or fields granted him, are still in existence. He continued here till the time of the Long Parliament; and his Family still after that, till some unascertained date, seemingly about 1647, when it became apparent that the Long Parliament was not like to rise for a great while yet, and it was judged expedient that the whole household should remove to London. His Mother appears to have joined him in Ely; she quitted Huntingdon, returned to her native place, an aged grandmother,—was not, however, to end her days there.

As Sir Thomas Steward, Oliver's Uncle, farmed the Tithes of Ely, it is reasonable to believe that he, and Oliver after him, occupied the House set apart for the Tithe-Farmer there; as Mark Noble, out of dim Tradition, confidently testifies. This is 'the house occupied by Mr. Page;† under which name, much better than under that of Cromwell, the inhabitants of Ely now know it. The House, though somewhat in a frail state, is still standing; close to St. Mary's Churchyard; at the corner of the great Tithe-barn of Ely, or great Square of tithe-barns and offices,—which 'is the biggest barn in England but one,' say the Ely people. Of this House, for Oliver's sake, some Painter will yet perhaps take a correct likeness:—it is needless to go to Stuntney, out on the Soham road, as Oliver's Painters usually do; Oliver never lived there, but only his Mother's cousins! Two years ago this House in Ely stood empty; closed finally up,

* Noble, i., 107.

† Noble, i., 106.

deserted by all the Pages, as 'the Commutation of Tithes' had rendered it superfluous: this year (1845), I find, it is an Ale-house, with still some chance of standing. It is by no means a sumptuous mansion; but may have conveniently held a man of three or four hundred a year, with his family, in those simple times. Some quaint air of gentility still looks through its ragged dilapidation. It is of two stories, more properly of one and a half; has many windows, irregular chimneys and gables. Likely enough Oliver lived here; likely his Grandfather may have lived here, his Mother have been born here. She was now again resident here. The tomb of her first husband and child, *Johannes Lynne* and poor little *Catharina Lynne*, is in the Cathedral hard by. 'Such are the changes which fleeting Time procureth.'—

This Second extant Letter of Cromwell's is dated Ely, October, 1638. It will be good to introduce, as briefly as possible, a few Historical Dates, to remind the reader what o'clock on the Great Horologe it is while this small Letter is a-writing. Last year in London there had been a very strange spectacle; and in three weeks after, another in Edinburgh, of still more significance in English History.

On the 30th of June, 1637, in Old Palaceyard, three men, gentlemen of education, of good quality, a Barrister, a Physician and a Parish Clergyman of London were set on three Pillories; stood openly, as the scum of malefactors, for certain hours there; and then had their ears cut off;—bare knives, hot branding-irons,—and their cheeks stamped 'S. L.' Seditious Libeller; in the sight of a great crowd, 'silent' mainly, and looking 'pale.*' The men were our old friend William Prynne,—poor Prynne, who had got into new trouble, and here lost his ears a *second* and final time, having had them 'sewed on again' before: William Prynne, Barrister; Dr. John Bastwick; and the Rev. Henry Burton, Minister of Friday-street Church. Their sin was against Laud and his surplices at Allhallow-tide, not against any other man or thing. Prynne, speaking to the people, defied all Lambeth, with

* State Trials (Cobbett's, London, 1809), iii., 746.

Rome at the back of it, to argue with him, William Prynne alone, and these practices were according to the Law of England; "and if I fail to prove it," said Prynne, "let them hang my body at the door of that Prison there," the Gate-house Prison. 'Whereat the people gave a great shout,'—somewhat of an ominous one, I think. Bastwick's wife, on the scaffold, received his ears in her lap, and kissed him.* Prynne's ears the executioner 'rather sawed than cut.' "Cut me, tear me," cried Prynne; "I fear thee not; I fear the fire of Hell, not thee!" The June sun had shone hot on their faces. Burton, who had discoursed eloquent religion all the while, said, when they carried him, near fainting, into a house in King-street, "It is too hot to last."

Too hot indeed. For at Edinburgh, on Sunday the 23d of July following, Archbishop Laud having now, with great effort and much manipulation, got his Scotch Liturgy and Scotch Pretended-Bishops ready,† brought them fairly out to action,—and Jenny Geddes hurled her stool at their head. "Let us read the Collect of the Day," said the Pretended-Bishop from amid his tippets;—"De'il *colic* the wame of thee!" answered Jenny, hurling her stool at his head. "Thou foul thief, wilt thou say *mass* at my lug?"‡ I thought we had got done with the mass some

* Towers's British Biography.

† Rushworth, ii., 321, 343; iii., Appendix, 153--5; &c.

‡ — — 'No sooner was the Book opened by the Dean of Edinburgh, but a number of the meaner sort, with clapping of their hands and outcries, made a great uproar; and one of them, called *Jane* or *Janet Gaddis* (yet living at the writing of this relation) flung a little folding-stool, whereon she sat, at the Dean's head, saying, "Out thou false thief! dost thou say the mass at my lug?" Which was followed with so great a noise,' &c. These words are in the Continuation of *Baker's Chronicle*, by Phillips (Milton's Nephew); fifth edition of *Baker* (London, 1670), p. 178. They are *not* in the fourth edition of *Baker*, 1665, which is the first that contains the Continuation; they follow as here in all the others. Thought to be the first grave mention of Jenny Geddes in Printed History; a heroine still familiar to Tradition everywhere in Scotland.

In a foolish Pamphlet, printed in 1661, entitled *Edinburgh's Joy*, &c.—*Joy for the Blessed Restoration and Annus Mirabilis*,—there is mention made of 'the immortal *Janet Geddis*,' whom the writer represents as rejoicing exceedingly in that miraculous event: she seems to be a well-known person keeping 'a cabbage-stall at the Tron Kirk,' at that date. Burns, in

time ago;—and here it is again! “A Pape, a Pape!” cried others: “Stane him!”*—In fact the service could not go on at all. This passed in St. Giles’s Kirk, Edinburgh, on Sunday 23d July, 1637. Scotland had endured much in the bishop-way for about thirty years bygone and endeavored to say nothing, bitterly feeling a great deal. But now, on small signal, the hour was come. All Edinburgh, all Scotland, and behind that all England and Ireland, rose into unappeasable commotion on the flight of this stool of Jenny’s; and his Grace of Canterbury, and King Charles himself, and many others had lost their heads before there could be peace again. The Scotch People had sworn their Covenant, not without ‘tears;’ and were in these very days of October, 1638, while Oliver is writing at Ely, busy with their whole might electing their General Assembly, to meet at Glasgow next month. I think the *Tulchan* Apparatus is likely to be somewhat sharply dealt with, the Cow having become awake to it! Great events are in the wind; out of Scotland vague news, of unappeasable commotion risen there.

In the end of that same year, too, there had risen all over England huge rumor concerning the Shipmoney Trial at London. On the 6th of November, 1637, this important Process of Mr. Hampden’s began. Learned Mr. St. John, a dark tough man, of the toughness of leather, spake with irrefragable law-eloquence, law-logic, for three days running, on Mr. Hampden’s side; and learned Mr. Holborn for three other days;—preserved yet by Rushworth in acres of typography, unreadable now to all mortals. For other learned gentlemen, tough as leather, spoke on the opposite side; and learned judges animadverted;—at endless length, amid the expectancy of men. With brief pauses, the Trial lasted for three weeks and three days. Mr. Hampden became the most famous man in England,†—by accident partly. The sentence was not delivered till April, 1638; and then it went

his Highland Tour, named his mare *Jenny Geddes*. Helen of Troy, for practical importance in Human History, is but a small Heroine to Jenny;—but she has been luckier in the recording!—For these bibliographical notices I am indebted to the friendliness of Mr. D. Laing of the Signet Library Edinburgh.

* Rushworth, Kennet, Balfour.

† Clarendon.

against Mr. Hampden : judgment in Exchequer ran to this effect, '*Consideratum est per eosdem Barones quod predictus Johannes Hampden de iisdem viginti solidis oneretur*, He must pay the Twenty shillings, *et inde satisfaciatur.*'* No hope in Law-Courts, then ; Petition of Right and *Tallagio non concedendo* have become an old song. If there be not hope in Jenny Geddes's stool and 'De'il colic the wame of thee,' we are in a bad way!—

During which great public Transactions, there had been in Cromwell's own Fen-country a work of immense local celebrity going on : the actual Drainage of the Fens, so long talked about ; the construction, namely, of the great *Bedford Level*, to carry the Ouse River direct into the sea ; holding it forcibly aloft in strong embankments, for twenty straight miles or so ; not leaving it to meander and stagnate, and in the wet season drown the country, as heretofore. This grand work began, Dryasdust in his bewildered manner knows not when ; but it 'went on rapidly,' and had ended in 1637.† Or rather had *appeared*, and strongly *endeavored*, to end in 1637 ; but was not yet by any means settled and ended ; the whole Fen-region clamoring that it could not and should not end so. In which wide clamor, against injustice done in high places, Oliver Cromwell, as is well known, though otherwise a most private quiet man, saw good to interfere ; to give the universal inarticulate clamor a voice, and gain a remedy for it. He approved himself, as Sir Philip Warwick will testify,‡ 'a man that would set well at the mark,' that took sure aim, and had a stroke of some weight in him. We cannot here afford room to disentangle that affair from the dark rubbish-abysse, old and new, in which it lies deep buried : suffice it to assure the reader that Oliver did by no means 'oppose' the Draining of the Fens, but was and had been, as his Father before him, highly favorable to it ; that he opposed the King in Council wishing to do a public injustice in regard to the Draining of the Fens ; and by a 'great meeting at Huntingdon,' and other good measures, contrived to put a stop to the same. At a time when, as Old

* Rusnworth, iii., Appendix, 159–216 ; ib. ii., 450.

† Dugdale's Hist. of Embankments ; Colson's, Wells's, &c. &c. History of the Fens.

‡ Warwick's Memoirs (London, 1701), p. 250.

Palaceyard might testify, that operation of going in the teeth of the royal will was somewhat more perilous than it would be now! This was in 1638, according to the good testimony of Warwick.* Cromwell acquired by it a great popularity in the Fen-country, acquired the name or nickname 'Lord of the Fens;' and what was much more valuable, had done the duty of a good citizen whatever he might acquire by it. The disastrous public Events which soon followed put a stop to all farther operations in the Fens for a good many years.

These clamors of local grievance near at hand, these rumors of universal grievance from the distance,—they were part of the Day's noises, they were sounding in Cromwell's mind, along with many others now silent, while the following Letter went off towards 'Sir William Masham's House called Otes in Essex,' in the year 1638. Of Otes and the Mashams in Essex, there must likewise, in spite of our strait limits, be a word said. The Mashams were distant Cousins of Oliver's; this Sir William Masham, or Massam as he is often written, proved a conspicuous busy man in the Politics of his time; on the Puritan side;—rose into Oliver's Council of State at last. The Mashams became Lords Masham in the next generation, and so continued for a while; one Lady Masham was a daughter of Philosopher Cudworth, and is still remembered as the friend of John Locke, whom she tended in his old days, who lies buried in the Church of Otes, his monument still shown there. Otes Church, near which stood Otes Mansion, is in the neighborhood of High Lavers, Essex, not far from Harton Station on the Northeastern Railway. The Mashams are all extinct, and their Mansion is swept away as if it had not been. 'Some forty years ago,' says my kind informant, 'a wealthy Maltster of Bishop's Stortford became the proprietor by purchase; and pulled the Manorhouse down; leaving the outhouses as cottages to some poor people.' The name Otes, the tomb of Locke, and this undestroyed and now indestructible fraction of Ragpaper alone preserve the memory of Mashamdon in this world. We modernise the spelling; let the reader, for it

* Warwick, *ubi supra*; poor Noble blunders, as he is apt to do.

may be worth his while, endeavor to modernise the sentiment and subject matter.

There is only this farther to be premised, That St. John, the celebrated Shipmoney Barrister, has married for his second wife a Cousin of Oliver Cromwell's, a Daughter of Uncle Henry's, whom we knew at Upwood long ago;* which Cousin, and perhaps her learned husband reposing from his arduous law-duties along with her, is now on a Summer or Autumn visit at Otes, and has lately seen Oliver there.

*To my beloved Cousin Mrs. St. John, at Sir William Masham
his House called Otes, in Essex: Present these.*

Ely, 13th October, 1638.

DEAR COUSIN,

I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas, you do too highly prize my lines, and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

Yet to honor my God by declaring what He hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly then, this I find: That He giveth springs in a dry barren wilderness where no water is. I live, you know where,—in Meshec, which they say signifies *Prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *Blackness*: yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though He do prolong, yet He will I trust bring me to His Tabernacle, to His resting-place. My soul is with the Congregation of the First-born, my body rests in hope: and if here I may honor my God either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad.

Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand; and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in His Son, and give me to walk in the light,—and give us to walk in the light, as He is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say, He hideth His face from me. He giveth me to see light in His light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it:—blessed be His Name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine! You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners. This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy

* Ante, p. 25.

on me. O the riches of His mercy! Praise Him for me;—pray for me, that He who hath begun a good work would perfect it in the day of Christ.

Salute all my friends in that Family whereof you are yet a member. I am much bound unto them for their love. I bless the Lord for them; and that my Son, by their procurement, is so well. Let him have your prayers, your counsel; let me have them.

Salute your Husband and Sister from me:—He is not a man of his word! He promised to write about Mr. Wrath of Epping; but as yet I receive no letters:—put him in mind to do what with conveniency may be done for the poor Cousin I did solicit him about.

Once more farewell. The Lord be with you: so prayeth
 Your truly loving cousin,
 OLIVER CROMWELL.*

There are two or perhaps three sons of Cromwell's at Felsted School by this time: a likely enough guess is that he might have been taking Dick over to Felsted on that occasion when he came round by Otes, and gave such comfort by his speech to the pious Mashams, and to the young Cousin, now on a summer visit at Otes. What glimpses of long-gone summers; of long-gone human beings in fringed trowser-breeches, in starched ruff, in hood and fardingale;—alive, they, within their antiquarian costumes, living men and women; instructive, very interesting to one another! Mrs. St. John came down to breakfast every morning in that summer visit of the year 1638, and Sir William said grave grace, and they spake polite devout things to one another; and they are vanished, they and their things and speeches—all silent, like the echoes of the old nightingales that sang that season, like the blossoms of the old roses. O Death, O Time!—

For the soul's furniture of these brave people is grown not less unintelligible, antiquarian, than their Spanish boots and lappet caps. Reverend Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend, discovers in this Letter clear evidence that Oliver was once a very dissolute man; that Carrion Heath spake truth in that *Flagellum Balderdash* of his. O my reverend imbecile friend, hadst thou thyself never any moral life, but only a sensitive and digestive? Thy soul never longed towards the serene heights, all hidden from

*Thurloe's State Papers (London 1742), i., 1.

thee ; and thirsted as the hart in dry places wherein no waters be ? It was never a sorrow for thee that the eternal pole-star had gone out, veiled itself in dark clouds ;—a sorrow only that this or the other noble Patron forgot thee when a living fell vacant ? I have known Christians, Moslems, Methodists,—and, alas, also reverend irreverent Apes by the Dead Sea !

O modern reader, dark as this Letter may seem, I will advise thee to make an attempt towards understanding it. There is in it a ‘tradition of humanity’ worth all the rest. Indisputable certificate that man once had a soul ; that man once walked with God,—his little Life a sacred island girdled with Eternities and Godhoods. Was it not a time for heroes ? Heroes were then possible. I say, thou shalt understand that Letter ; thou also, looking out into a too brutish world, wilt then exclaim with Oliver Cromwell,—with Hebrew David, as old Mr. Rouse of Truro, and the Presbyterian populations, still sing him in the Northern Kirks :

Wo's me that I in Meshec am
 A sojourner so long,
 Or that I in the tents do dwell
 To Kedar that belong !

Yes, there is a tone in the soul of this Oliver that holds of the Perennial. With a noble sorrow, with a noble patience, he longs towards the mark of the prize of the high calling. He, I think, has chosen the better part. The world and its wild tumults,—if they will but let him alone ! Yet he too will venture, will do and suffer for God's cause, if the call come. What man with better reason ? He hath had plentiful wages beforehand ; snatched out of darkness into marvellous light : he will never earn the least mite. Annihilation of self ; *Selbsttödtung*, as Novalis calls it ; casting yourself at the footstool of God's throne, “To live or to die for ever ; as Thou wilt, not as I will.” Brother, hadst thou never, in any form, such moments in thy history ? Thou knowest them not, even by credible rumor ? Well, thy earthly path was peaceabler, I suppose. But the Highest was never in thee, the Highest will never come out of thee. Thou shalt at best abide

by the stuff; as cherished housedog, guard the stuff,—perhaps with enormous gold-collars and provender: but the battle, and the hero-death, and victory's fire-chariot carrying men to the Immortals shall never be thine. I pity thee; brag not, or I shall have to despise thee.

TWO YEARS.

SUCH is Oliver's one Letter from Ely. To guide us a little through the void gulf towards his next Letter, we will here intercalate the following small fractions of Chronology.

1639.

May—July. The Scots at their Glasgow Assembly* had rent their *Tulchan* Apparatus in so rough a way, and otherwise so ill comported themselves, his Majesty saw good, in the beginning of this year, immense negotiation and messaging to and fro having proved so futile, to chastise them with an Army. By unheard-of exertions in the Extra-Parliamentary way, his Majesty got an Army ready; marched with it to Berwick,—is at Newcastle, 8th May, 1639.† But, alas, the Scots, with a much better Army, already lay encamped on Dunse Law; every nobleman with his tenants there, as a drilled regiment, round him; old Fieldmarshal Lesley for their generalissimo; at every Colonel's tent this pennon flying, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*: there was no fighting to be thought of.‡ Neither could the Pacification there patched up§ be of long continuance. The Scots disbanded their soldiers; but kept the best officers, mostly Gustavus-Adolphus men, still within sight.

1640.

His Majesty having burnt Scotch paper Declarations 'by the hands of the common hangman,' and almost cut the Scotch Chancellor Loudon's head off, and being again resolute to chastise the rebel Scots with an Army, decides on summoning a Parliament for that end, there being no money attainable otherwise. To the

* Nov., 1638; Baillie's Letters (Edinburgh, 1841), i., 118-176.

† Rushworth, iii., 930. ‡ *Ib.* iii., 926-49; Baillie, i., 214, 184-221

§ King's Army 'dismissed,' 24th June (Rushworth, iii., 946).

great and glad astonishment of England ; which, at one time, thought never to have seen another Parliament ! Oliver Cromwell sat in this Parliament for Cambridge ;* recommended by Hampden, say some ; not needing any recommendation in those Fen-countries, think others. Oliver's Colleague was a Thomas Meautys, Esq. This Parliament met, 13th April, 1640 : it was by no means prompt enough with supplies against the rebel Scots ; the King dismissed it in a huff, 5th May ; after a Session of three weeks : Historians call it the *Short Parliament*. His Majesty decides on raising money and an Army 'by other methods:' to which end, Wentworth, now Earl Strafford and Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, who had advised that course in the Council, did himself subscribe 20,000*l*. Archbishop Laud had long ago seen 'a cloud rising' against the Four surplices at Allhallowtide ; and now it is covering the whole sky in a most dismal and really thundery-looking manner.

His Majesty by 'other methods,' commission of array, benevolence, forced-loan, or how he could, got a kind of Army on foot, † and set it marching out of the several Counties in the South towards the Scotch Border : but it was a most hopeless Army. The soldiers called the affair a *Bishops' War* ; they mutinied against their officers, shot some of their officers : in various Towns on their march, if the Clergyman were reputed Puritan, they went and gave him three cheers ; if of Surplice-tendency, they sometimes threw his furniture out of the window. ‡ No fighting against poor Scotch Gospellers was to be hoped for from these men. Meanwhile the Scots, not to be behindhand, had raised a good Army of their own ; and decided on going *into* England with it, this time, 'to present their grievances to the King's Majesty.' On the 20th of August, 1640, they cross the Tweed at Coldstream ; Montrose wading in the van of them all. They wore uniform of hodden grey, § with blue caps ; and each man had a moderate haversack of oatmeal on his back.

August 28th. The Scots force their way across the Tyne, at Newburn, some miles above Newcastle ; the King's Army mak-

* Browne Willis, p. 229, 30 ; Rushworth, iii., 1105. † *Ib.* iii., 1241.

‡ Vickers's Parliamentary Chronicle (Lond., 1641), p. 20.

§ Old Pamphlets.

ing small fight, most of them no fight; hurrying from Newcastle, and all town and country quarters, towards York again, where his Majesty and Strafford were.* The *Bishops' War* was at an end. The Scots, striving to be gentle as doves in their behavior, and publishing boundless brotherly Declarations to all the brethren that loved Christ's Gospel and God's Justice in England,—took possession of Newcastle next day; took possession gradually of all Northumberland and Durham,—and stayed there, in various towns and villages, about a year. The whole body of English Puritans looked upon them as their saviors; some months afterwards, Robert Baillie heard the London balladsingers, on the streets, singing copiously with strong lungs, "Gramerey, good Master Scot" by way of burden.†

His Majesty and Strafford, in a fine frenzy at this turn of affairs, found no refuge, except to summon a 'Council of Peers,' to enter upon a 'Treaty' with the Scots; and alas, at last, summon a New Parliament. Not to be helped in any way. Twelve chief Peers of the summoned 'Council' petitioned for a Parliament; the City of London petitioned for a Parliament, and would not lend money otherwise. A Parliament was appointed for the 3d of November next;—whereupon London cheerfully lent 200,000*l.*; and the Treaty with the Scots at Ripon, 1st October, 1640,‡ by and by transferred to London, went peaceably on at a very leisurely pace. The Scotch Army lay quartered at Newcastle, and over Northumberland and Durham, on an allowance of 850*l.* a-day; an Army indispensable for Puritan objects; no haste in finishing its Treaty. The English army lay across in Yorkshire; without allowance except from the casualties of the King's Exchequer; in a dissatisfied manner, and occasionally getting into 'Army-Plots.'

This Parliament, which met on the 3d of November, 1640, has become very celebrated in History by the name of the *Long Parliament*. It accomplished and suffered very singular destinies; suffered a Pride's Purge, a Cromwell's Ejection; suffered Re-instatements, Re-ejections; and the *Rump* or Fag-end

* Rushworth, iii., 1236, &c.

† Baillie's Letters.

‡ Rushworth, iii., 1282.

of it did not finally vanish till 16th March, 1659-60. Oliver Cromwell sat again in this Parliament for Cambridge Town; Meautys, his old Colleague, is now changed for 'John Lowry, Esquire,'* probably a more Puritanic man. The Members for Cambridge University are the same in both Parliaments.

* Willis; Rushworth, iv., 3.

LETTER III.

*To my loving friend, Mr. Willingham, at his House in Swithin's Lane.
These.*

‘London, February, 1640.’*

SIR,

I desire you to send me the Reasons of the Scots to enforce their desire of Uniformity in Religion, expressed in their 8th Article; I mean that which I had before of you. I would peruse it against we fall upon that Debate, which will be speedily. Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

There is a great quantity of intricate investigation requisite to date this small undated Note, and make it entirely transparent! The Scotch Treaty, begun at Ripon, is going on,—never ended: the agitation about abolishing Bishops had just begun, in the House and out of it.

On Friday, 11th December, 1640, the Londoners present their celebrated ‘Petition,’ signed by 15,000 hands, craving to have Bishops and their Ceremonies radically reformed. Then on Saturday, 23d January, 1640–1, comes the still more celebrated ‘Petition and Remonstrance from 700 Ministers of the Church of England,’‡ to the like effect; upon which Documents, especially upon the latter, ensue strenuous debatings;§ ensues a ‘Committee of Twenty-four;’ a Bill to abolish Superstition and Idolatry; and, in a week or two, a Bill to take away the Bishops’ Votes in Parliament: Bills recommended by the said Committee. A diligent Committee, which heard much evidence,

* The words within single commas, here as always in the Text of Cromwell’s Letters, are mine, not his: the date in this instance is conjectural or inferential.

† Harris, p. 517.

‡ Commons Journals, ii., 72.

§ Commons Journals, ii., 81; 8 and 9 of February. See Baillie’s Letters, i., 302; and Rushworth, iv. 93 and 174.

and theological debating, from Dr. Burgess and others. Their Bishops-Bill, not without hot arguing, passed through the Commons; was rejected by the Lords;—took effect, however, in a much heavier shape, within year and day. Young Sir Ralph Varney, son of Edmund the Standard-bearer, has preserved very careful Notes of the theological revelations and profound arguments, heard in this Committee from Dr. Burgess and others; intensely interesting at that time to all ingenuous young gentlemen; a mere torpor now to all persons.

In fact, the whole world, as we perceive, in this Spring of 1641, is getting on fire with episcopal, anti-episcopal emotion; and the Scotch Commissioners, with their Desire of Uniformity, are naturally the centre of the latter. Bishop Hall, Smectymnuus, and one Mr. Milton ‘near St. Bride’s Church,’ are all getting their Pamphlets ready.—The assiduous contemporary individual who collected the huge stock of Loose Printing now known as *King’s Pamphlets* in the British Museum, usually writes the date on the title-page of each; but has, with a curious infelicity, omitted it in the case of Milton’s Pamphlets, which accordingly remain undatable except approximately.

The exact copy of the Scotch Demands towards a Treaty I have not yet met with, though doubtless it is in print amid the unsorted Rubbish-Mountains of the British Museum. Notices of it are to be seen in Baillie, also in Rushworth.* The first Seven Articles relate to secularities; payment of damages; punishment of incendiaries, and so forth; the Seventh is the ‘recalling’ of the King’s Proclamations against the Scots: ‘the Eighth, anent a solid peace betwixt the Nations,’ involves this matter of Uniformity in Religion, and therefore is of weightier moment. Baillie says, ‘For the Eighth great Demand some days were spent in preparation.’ The Lords would have made no difficulty about dismantling Berwick and Carlisle, or such like, but they found that the whole matter was to involve the *permanent* relations of England, therefore they delayed; ‘we expect it this very day,’ says Baillie (28th February, 1640–1). Oliver Cromwell also expects it this very day, or ‘speedily,’—and therefore writes to Mr. Willingham for a sight of the documents again.

* Baillie, i., 297 *et antea et postea*; Rushworth, iv., 166.

Whoever wishes to trace the emergence, re-emergence, slow ambiguous progress, and dim issue of this 'Eighth Article,' may consult the opaque but authentic Commons Journals, and strive to elucidate the same by poor old brown Pamphlets, in the places cited below.* It was not finally voted in the affirmative till the middle of May; and then still it was far from being ended. It *ended*, properly, in the Summoning of a 'Westminster Assembly of Divines,' To ascertain for us *how* 'the two Nations' may best attain to 'Uniformity of Religion.'

This 'Mr. Willingham my loving friend,' of whom I have found no other vestige anywhere in Nature, is presumably a London Puritan concerned in the London Petition and other such matters, to whom the Member for Cambridge, a man of known zeal, good connexion, and growing weight, is worth convincing.

Oliver St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, now member for Totness, has lately been made Solicitor-General; on the 2d of February, 1640-1, D'Ewes says of him, 'newly created;'[†] a date worth attending to. Strafford's Trial is coming on; to begin on the 22d of March; Strafford and Laud are safe in the Tower long since; Finch and Windebank, and other Delinquents in high places, have fled rapidly beyond seas.

* Commons Journals, ii., 84, 85; *Diurnal Occurrences in Parliament* (Printed for William Cooke, London, 1641,—often erroneous as to the day), 10 February, 7 March, 15 May.

[†] Sir Simond D'Ewes's Notes of the Long Parliament (*Harleian MSS.*, nos. 152-6), fol. 189 a; p. 156 of Transcript *penes me*.

IN THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THAT little Note, despatched by a servant to Swithin's Lane in the Spring of 1641, and still saved by capricious destiny while so much else has been destroyed,—is all of Autographic that Oliver Cromwell has left us concerning his proceedings in the first three-and-twenty months of the Long Parliament. Months distinguished, beyond most others in History, by anxieties and endeavors, by hope and fear and swift vicissitude, to all England as well as him: distinguished on his part by much Parliamentary activity withal; of which, unknown hitherto in History, but still capable of being known, let us wait some other opportunity of speaking. Two vague appearances of his in that scene, which are already known to most readers, we will set in their right date and place, making them faintly visible at last; and therewith leave this part of the subject.

In D'Ewes's Manuscript above cited* are these words, relating to *Monday, 9th November, 1640*, the sixth day of the Long Parliament: 'Mr. Cromwell delivered the Petition of John Lilburn,'—young Lilburn, who had once been Prynne's amanuensis, among other things, and whose 'whipping with 200 stripes from Westminster to the Fleet Prison,' had already rendered him conspicuous. This is the record of D'Ewes. To which let us now annex the following well-known passage of Sir Philip Warwick; and if the reader fancy the Speeches on the former Saturday,† and how the 'whole of this Monday was spent in hearing grievances' of the like sort, some dim image of a strange old scene may perhaps rise upon him.

'The first time I ever took notice of Mr. Cromwell,' says Warwick, 'was in the very beginning of the Parliament held 'in November, 1640; when I,' Member for Radnor, 'vainly, thought myself a courtly young gentleman,—for we courtiers valued our-

* D'Ewes, fol. 4.

† Rushworth, iv., 24, &c.

selves much upon our good clothes ! I came into the House one morning ' Monday morning, ' well clad ; and perceived a gentleman speaking, whom I knew not,—very ordinarily apparelled ; for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country-tailor ; his linen was plain, and not very clean ; and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar. His hat was without a hat-band. His stature was of a good size ; his sword stuck close to his side : his countenance swoln and reddish, his voice sharp and untuneable, and his eloquence full of fervor. For the subject matter would not bear much of *reason* ; it being on behalf of a servant of Mr. Prynne's who had dispersed Libels ;—yes, *Libels*, and had come to Palacyard for it, as we saw : ' I sincerely profess, it lessened much my reverence unto that Great Council, for this gentleman was very much hearkened unto,'*—which was strange, seeing he had no gold lace to his coat, nor frills to his band ; and otherwise, to me in my poor featherhead, seemed a somewhat unhandy gentleman !

The reader may take what of these Warwick traits he can along with him, and omit what he cannot take ; for though Warwick's veracity is undoubted, his memory after many years, in such an element as his had been, may be questioned. The ' band,' we may remind our readers, is a linen tippet, properly the shirt-collar of those days, which, when the hair was worn long, needed to fold itself with a good expanse of washable linen over the upperworks of the coat, and defend these and their velvets from harm. The 'specks of blood,' if not fabulous, we, not without general sympathy, attribute to bad razors : as for the ' hatband,' one remarks that men did not speak with their hats *on* ; and therefore will, with Sir Philip's leave, *omit* that. The ' untuneable voice,' or what a poor young gentleman in such circumstances would consider as such, is very significant to us.

Here is the other vague appearance ; from Clarendon's Life.† ' He,' Mr. Hyde, afterwards Lord Clarendon, ' was often heard to mention one private Committee, in which he was put accidentally into the chair ; upon an Enclosure which had been made of great

* Warwick, p. 247.

† i. 78 (Oxford, 1761).

wastes, belonging to the Queen's Manors, without the consent of the tenants, the benefit whereof had been given by the Queen to a servant of near trust, who forthwith sold the lands enclosed to the Earl of Manchester, Lord Privy Seal; who together with his Son Mandevil were now most concerned to maintain the Enclosure; against which, as well the inhabitants of other manors, who claimed Common in those wastes, as the Queen's tenants of the same, made loud complaints, as a great oppression, carried upon them with a very high hand, and supported by power.

'The Committee sat in the Queen's Court; and Oliver Cromwell being one of them, appeared much concerned to countenance the Petitioners, who were numerous together with their Witnesses; the Lord Mandevil being likewise present as a party, and by the direction of the Committee sitting covered. Cromwell, who had never before been heard to speak in the House of Commons,'—at least not by *me*, though he had often spoken, and was very well known there,—'ordered the Witnesses and the Petitioners in the method of the proceeding; and seconded, and enlarged upon what they said, with great passion; and the Witnesses and persons concerned, who were a very rude kind of people, interrupted the Counsel and Witnesses on the other side, with great clamor, when they said anything that did not please them; so that Mr. Hyde (whose office it was to oblige persons of all sorts to keep order) was compelled to use some sharp reproofs, and some threats, to reduce them to such a temper, that the business might be quietly heard. Cromwell, in great fury, reproached the Chairman for being partial, and that he discountenanced the Witnesses by threatening them: the other appealed to the Committee; which justified him, and declared, that he behaved himself as he ought to do; which more inflamed him,' Cromwell, 'who was already too much angry. When upon any mention of matter-of-fact, or of the proceeding before and at the Enclosure, the Lord Mandevil desired to be heard, and with great modesty related what had been done, or explained what had been said, Mr. Cromwell did answer, and reply upon him with so much indecency and rudeness, and in language so contrary and offensive, that every man would have thought, that as their natures and their manners were as opposite as it is possible, so their interests could never have been

the same. In the end, his whole carriage was so tempestuous, and his behavior so insolent, that the Chairman found himself obliged to reprehend him ; and to tell him, That if he,' Mr. Cromwell, 'proceeded in the same manner, he' Mr. Hyde 'would presently adjourn the Committee, and the next morning complain to the House of him. Which he never forgave ; and took all occasions afterwards to pursue him with the utmost malice and revenge, to *his* death,'—not Mr. Hyde's, happily, but Mr. Cromwell's, who at length did cease to cherish 'malice and revenge' against Mr. Hyde !

Tracking this matter, by faint indications, through various obscure sources, I conclude that it related to the 'Soke of Somersham'* near St. Ives ; and that the scene in the Queen's Court probably occurred in the beginning of July, 1641.† Cromwell knew this Soke of Somersham near St. Ives very well ; knew these poor rustics, and what treatment they had got ; and wished, not in the imperturbablest manner it would seem, to see justice done them. Here too, subtracting the due subtrahend from Mr. Hyde's Narrative, we have a pleasant visuality of an old summer afternoon 'in the Queen's Court' two hundred years ago.

Cromwell's next Letters present him to us, not debating, or about to debate, concerning Parliamentary Propositions and Scotch 'Eighth Articles,' but with his sword drawn to enforce them ; the whole Kingdom divided now into two armed conflicting masses, the argument to be by pike and bullet henceforth.

* Commons Journals, ii., 172.

† Ibid., 87 ; 150 ; 172 ; 192 ; 215 ; 218 ; 219,—the dates extend from 17th February to 21st July, 1641.



CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART II.

TO THE END OF THE FIRST CIVIL WAR.

1642-1646.



PRELIMINARY.

THERE is therefore a great dark void, from February, 1641, to January, 1643, through which the reader is to help himself from Letter III. over to Letter IV., as he best may. How has pacific England, the most solid pacific country in the world, got all into this armed attitude ; and decided itself to argue henceforth by pike and bullet till it get some solution ? Dryasdust, if there remained any shame in him, ought to look at those wagonloads of Printed Volumes, and blush ! We, in great haste, offer the necessitous reader the following hints and considerations.

It was mentioned above that Oliver St. John, the noted Puritan Lawyer, was already, in the end of January, 1641, made Solicitor-General. The reader may mark that as a small fraction of an event showing itself above ground, completed ; and indicating to him a grand subterranean attempt on the part of King Charles and the Puritan Leaders, which unfortunately never could become a fact or event. Charles, in January last or earlier (for there are no dates discoverable but this of St. John's), perceiving how the current of the Nation ran, and what a humor men were getting into, had decided on trying to adopt the Puritan leaders, Pym, Hampden, Holles and others, as what we should now call his ' Ministers : ' these Puritan men, under the Earl of Bedford as chief, might have hoped to become what we should now call a ' Majesty's Ministry,' and to execute peaceably, with their King presiding over them, what reforms had grown inevitable. A most desirable result, if a possible one ; for of all men these had the least notion of revolting, or rebelling against their King !

This negotiation had been entered into, and entertained as a possibility by both parties : so much is indubitable : so much and nothing more, except that it ended without result.* It would in

* Whitlocke, Clarendon ; see Forster's Statesmen, ii., 150-7.

our days be the easiest negotiation ; but it was then an impossible one. For it meant that the King should content himself with the Name of King, and see measures the reverse of what *he* wished, and meant, take effect by his sanction. Which, in sad truth, had become a necessity for Charles I. in the England of 1641. His tendency and effort has long been the reverse of England's ; he cannot govern England, whatever he may govern ! And yet to have admitted this necessity,—alas, was it not to have settled the whole Quarrel, *without* the eight-and-forty years of fighting, and confused bickering and oscillation, which proved to be needful first ? The negotiation dropped ; leaving for visible result only this appointment of St. John's. His Majesty on that side saw no course possible for him.

Accordingly he tried it in the opposite direction, which also, on failure by this other, was very natural for him. He entered into secret tamperings with the Officers of the English Army ; which, lying now in Yorkshire, ill-paid, defeated, and in neighborhood of a Scotch Army victoriously furnished with 850*l.* a-day, was very apt for discontent. There arose a 'first Army-Plot' for delivering Strafford from the Tower ; then a second Army-Plot for some equally wild achievement, tending to deliver Majesty from thralldom, and send this factious Parliament about its business. In which desperate schemes, though his Majesty strove not to commit himself beyond what was necessary, it became and still remains indubitable that he did participate ;—as indeed, the former course of listening to his Parliament having been abandoned, this other of coercing or awing it by armed force was the only remaining one.

These Army-Plots, detected one after another, and investigated and commented upon, with boundless interest, in Parliament and out of it, kept the Summer and Autumn of 1641 in continual alarm and agitation ; taught all Opposition persons, and a factious Parliament in general, what ground they were standing on ;—and in the factious Parliament, especially, could not but awaken the liveliest desire of having the Military Force put in such hands as would be safe for them. 'The Lord-Lieutenants of Counties,' this factious Parliament conceived an unappeaseable desire of knowing who these were to be :—this is what they mean by

‘ Power of the Militia ; ’ on which point, as his Majesty would not yield a jot, his Parliament and he,—the point becoming daily more important, new offences daily accumulating, and the split ever widening,—ultimately rent themselves asunder, and drew swords to decide it.

Such was the well-known consummation ; which in Cromwell’s next Letter we find to have arrived. Here are a few Dates which may assist the reader to grope his way thither. From ‘ Mr. Willingham in Swithin’s Lane ’ in February, 1641, to the Royal Standard at Nottingham in August, 1642, and ‘ Mr. Barnard at Huntingdon ’ in January, 1643, which is our next stage, there is a long vague road ; and the lights upon it are mostly a universal dance of will-o’-wisps, and distracted fire-flies in a state of excitement,—not good guidance for the traveller !

1641.

Monday, 3d May. Strafford’s Trial being ended, but no sentence yet given, Mr. Robert Baillie, Minister of Kilwinning, who was here among the Scotch Commissioners at present, saw in Palaceyard, Westminster, ‘ some thousands of Citizens and Apprentices ’ (Miscellaneous Persons and City Shopmen, as we should now call them), who rolled about there ‘ all day,’ bellowing to every Lord as he went in or came out, ‘ with a loud and hideous voice : ’ “ Justice on Strafford ! Justice on Traitors ! ”*—which seemed ominous to the Reverend Mr. Baillie.

Monday next, 10th May, his Majesty accordingly signed sentence on Strafford ; who was executed on the Wednesday following :—no help for it. A terrible example ; the one supremely able man the King had. On the same Monday, 10th May, his Majesty signed likewise another Bill, That this Parliament should not be dissolved without its own consent. A Bill signed in order that the City might lend him money on good Security of Parliament ; money being most pressingly wanted, for our couple of hungry Armies, Scotch and English, and other necessary occasions. A Bill which seemed of no great consequence except financial ; but which, to a People reverent of Law, and never in

* Baillie, i., 351.

the wildest clash of battle-swords giving up its religious respect for the constable's baton, proved of infinite consequence. His Majesty's hands are tied; he cannot dismiss this Parliament, as he has done the others;—no, not without its own consent.

August 10th. Army-Plotters having fled beyond seas; the Bill for Triennial Parliaments being passed; the Episcopacy-Bill being got to sleep, and by the use of royal *varnish* a kind of composure or hope of composure being introduced; above all things, money being now borrowed to pay the Armies and disband them,—his Majesty on the 10th of the month* set out for Scotland. To hold a Parliament, and compose matters there, as his Majesty gave out. To see what old or new elements of malign Royalism could still be awakened to life there, as the Parliament surmised, who greatly opposed his going.—Mr. Cromwell got home to Ely again, for six weeks, this autumn; there being a recess from 9th September when the business was got gathered up, till 20th October when his Majesty was expected back. An Interim Committee, and Pym from his 'Lodging at Chelsea,'† managed what of indispensable might turn up.

November 1st. News came to London, to the reassembled Parliament,‡ that an Irish Rebellion, already grown to be an Irish Massacre, had broken out. An Irish Catholic imitation of the late Scotch Presbyterian achievements in the way of 'religious liberty;'—one of the best models, and one of the worst imitations ever seen in this world. Erasmus's Ape, observing Erasmus shave himself, never doubted but it too could shave. One knows what a hand the creature made of itself, before the edgetool could be wrenched from it again! As this poor Irish Rebellion unfortunately began in lies and bluster, and proceeded in lies and bluster, hoping to make itself good that way, the ringleaders had started by pretending or even forging some warrant from the King; which brought much undeserved suspicion on his Majesty, and greatly complicated his affairs here for a long while.

November 22d. The Irish Rebellion blazing up more and

* Wharton's Laud, p 62.

† His Report, Commons Journals, ii., 259.

‡ Laud, 62; Commons Journals, *in die*.

more into an Irish Massacre, to the terror and horror of all Antipapist men ; and in England, or even in Scotland, except by the liberal use of *varnish*, nothing yet being satisfactorily mended, nay all things hanging now, as it seemed, in double and treble jeopardy,—the Commons had decided on a ‘Grand Petition and Remonstrance,’ to set forth what their griefs and necessities really were, and would require to have done for them. The Debate upon it, very celebrated in those times, came on this day, Monday, 22d November.* The longest Debate ever yet known in Parliament ; and the stormiest,—nay, had it not been for Mr. Hampden’s soft management, ‘we had like to have sheathed our swords in each other’s bowels,’ says Warwick ; which I find otherwise to be true. The Remonstrance passed by a small majority. It can be read still in Rushworth,† drawn up in precise business order ; the whole 206 Articles of it,—every line of which once thrilled electrically into all men’s hearts, as torpid as it has now grown. ‘The chimes of Margaret’s were striking two in the morning when we came out.’—It was on this occasion that Oliver, ‘coming down stairs,’ is reported to have said, He would have sold all and gone to New England, had the Remonstrance not passed ;‡—a vague report, gathered over dining-tables long after, to which the reader need not pay more heed than it merits. His Majesty returned from Scotland on the Thursday following ; and had from the City a thrice-glorious Civic Entertainment.§

December 10th. The Episcopal business, attempted last Spring in vain, has revived in December, kindled into life by the Remonstrance ; and is raging more fiercely than ever ; Crowds of Citizens petitioning, Corporation ‘going in sixty coaches’ to petition ;|| the Apprentices, or City Shopmen, and miscellaneous persons, petitioning :—Bishops ‘much insulted’ in Palaceyard, as they go in or out. Whereupon hasty Welsh Williams, Archbishop of York, once Bishop of Lincoln, he with Eleven too hasty Bishops, Smectymnuus Hall being one of them, give in a Protest, on this 10th of December,¶ That they cannot get to their place in Parlia-

* Commons Journals, *in die* ; D’Ewes’s mss. f. 179 b.

† *iv.*, 438–51 ; see also 436–7.

‡ Clarendon.

|| *Vicars*, p. 56.

§ Rushworth, *iv.*, 429.

¶ Rushworth, *iv.*, 467.

ment; that all shall be null and void till they do get there. A rash step; for which, on the 30th of the same month, they are, by the Commons, voted guilty of 'Treason; and 'in a cold evening,' with small ceremony, are bundled, the whole dozen of them, into the Tower. For there is again rioting, again are cries 'loud and hideous;'—Colonel Lunsford, a truculent one-eyed man, having 'drawn his sword' upon the Apprentices in Westminster Hall, and truculently slashed some of them; who of course responded in a loud and hideous manner, by tongue, by fist, and single-stick: nay, on the morrow, 28th December,* they came marching many thousands strong, with sword and pistol, out of the City, "Slash us now! while we wait on the Honorable House for an answer to our Petition!"—and insulted his Majesty's Guard at Whitehall. What a Christmas of that old London, of that old Year! On the 6th of February following, Episcopacy will be voted down, with blaze of 'bonfires' and 'ringing' of all the bells,—very audible to poor old Dr. Laud† over in the Tower yonder.

1642.

January 4th. His Majesty seeing these extremities arrive, and such a conflagration begin to blaze,—thought now the time had come for snatching the main livecoals away, and so quenching the same. Such coals of strife he counts to the number of Five in the Commons House, and One in the Lords: Pym, Hampden, Haselrig, with Holles and Strode (who held down the Speaker fourteen years ago), these are the Five Commons; Lord Kimbolton, better known to us as Mandevil, Oliver's friend, of the 'Soke of Somersham,' and Queen's-Court Committee, he is the Lord. His Majesty flatters himself he has gathered evidence concerning these individual firebrands, That they 'invited the Scots to invade us' in 1640: he sends, on Monday, 3d January,‡ to demand that they be given up to him as Traitors. Deliberate, slow, and as it were evasive reply. Whereupon, on the morrow, he rides down to St. Stephen's himself, with an armed very r iscellaneous force,

* Rushworth, iv., 464.

† Wharton's Laud, p. 62; see also p. 65

‡ Commons Journals, ii., 367.

of 500 or of 300 truculent braggadocio persons at his back ; enters the House of Commons, the truculent persons looking in after him from the lobby,—with intent to seize the said Five Members, five principal hot coals ; and trample *them* out, for one thing. It was the fatallest step this poor King ever took. The Five Members, timefully warned, were gone into the City ; the whole Parliament removed itself into the City, ‘to be safe from armed violence.’ From London City, and from all England, rose one loud voice of lamentation, condemnation : Clean against law ! Paint an inch thick, there is, was, or can be, no shadow of law in *this*. Will you grant us the Militia now ; we seem to need it now !—His Majesty’s subsequent stages may be dated with more brevity.

January 10th. The King with his Court quits Whitehall ; the Five Members and Parliament purposing to return to-morrow, with the whole City in arms round them.* He left Whitehall ; never saw it again till he came to lay down his head there.

March 9th. The King has sent away his Queen from Dover, ‘to be in a place of safety,’—and also to pawn the Crown-jewels in Holland, and get him arms. He returns Northward again, avoiding London. Many Messages between the Houses of Parliament and him : “Will your Majesty grant us Power of the Militia ; accept this list of Lord-Lieutenants ?” On the 9th of March, still advancing Northward without affirmative response, he has got to Newmarket ; where another Message overtakes him, earnestly urges itself upon him : Could not your Majesty please to grant us Power of the Militia for a limited time ? “No, by God !” answers his Majesty, “not for an hour !”†—On the 19th of March he is at York ; where his Hull Magazine, gathered for service against the Scots, is lying near ; where a great Earl of Newcastle, and other Northern potentates, will help him ; where at least London and its Puritanism, now grown so fierce, is far off.

There we will leave him ; attempting Hull Magazine, in vain ; exchanging messages with his Parliament ; messages, missives, printed and written Papers without limit :—Law-pleadings of both parties before the great tribunal of the English Nation, each

* Vicars, p. 64.

† Rushworth, iv., 533.

party striving to prove itself right, and within the verge of Law: preserved still in acres of typography, once thrillingly alive in every fibre of them; now a mere torpor, readable by few creatures, not rememberable by any. It is too clear his Majesty will have to get himself an army, by Commission of Array, by subscriptions of loyal plate, pawning of crown-jewels, or how he can. The Parliament by all methods is endeavoring to do the like. London subscribed 'Horses and Plate,' every kind of plate, even to women's thimbles, to an unheard-of amount;* and when it came to actual enlisting, in London alone 'there were 'Four thousand enlisted in a day.'† The reader may meditate that one fact. Royal messages, Parliamentary messages; acres of typography thrillingly alive in every fibre of them,—these go on slowly abating, and military preparations go on steadily increasing till the 23d of October next. 'The King's 'Commission of Array for Leicestershire' came out on the 12th of June, commissions for other counties following as convenient; the Parliament's 'Ordinance for the Militia,' rising cautiously pulse after pulse towards clear emergence, had attained completion the week before.‡ The questions puts itself to every English soul, Which of these will you obey?—and in all quarters of English ground, with swords getting out of their scabbards, and yet the constable's baton still struggling to rule supreme, there is a most confused solution of it going on.

Of Oliver in these months we find the following things noted; which the imaginative reader is to spread out into significance for himself the best he can.

February 7th. 'Mr. Cromwell,' among others, 'offers to lend Three hundred Pounds for the service of the Commonwealth,'§—towards reducing the Irish Rebellion, and relieving the afflicted Protestants there, or here. Rushworth, copying a List of such subscribers, of date 9th April, 1642, has Cromwell's name written down for '500*l.*,'||—seemingly the same transaction; Mr. Crom-

* Vickers, pp. 93, 109; see Commons Journals, 10th June, 1642.

† Wood's Athenæ, iii., 193.

‡ Husbands the Printer's *First* Collection (London, 1643), pp. 346, 331.

§ Commons Journals, ii., 408.

|| Rushworth, iv., 564.

well having now mended his offer; or else Mr. Rushworth, who uses the arithmetical cipher in this place, having misprinted. Hampden's subscription there is 1,000*l*. In Mr. Cromwell it is clear there is no backwardness, far from that; his activity in these months notably increases. In the *D'Ewes* MSS.* he appears and reappears; suggesting this and the other practical step, on behalf of Ireland oftenest; in all ways zealously urging the work.

July 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell moved that we might make an order to allow the Townsmen of Cambridge to raise two Companies of Volunteers and to appoint Captains over them.'† On which same day, 15th July, the Commons Clerk writes these words: 'Whereas Mr. Cromwell hath sent down arms into the County of Cambridge, for the defence of that County, it is this day ordered,‡—that he shall have the '100*l*.' expended on that service, repaid him by and by. Is Mr. Cromwell aware that there lies a color of high treason in all this; risk not of one's purse only, but of one's head? Mr. Cromwell is aware of it, and pauses not. The next entry is still stranger.

August 15th. 'Mr. Cromwell in Cambridgeshire has seized the Magazine in the Castle at Cambridge; and hath hindered the carrying of the Plate from that University; which, as some report, was to the value of 20,000*l*. or thereabouts.'§ So does Sir Philip Stapleton, member for Aldborough, member also of our new 'Committee for Defence of the Kingdom,' report this day. For which let Mr. Cromwell have indemnity.||—Mr. Cromwell has gone down into Cambridgeshire in person, since they began to train there, and assumed the chief management,—to some effect, it would appear.

The like was going on in all shires of England; wherever the Parliament had a zealous member, it sent him down to his shire in these critical months, to take what management he could or durst. The most confused months England ever saw. In every shire, in every parish; in courthouses, alehouses, churches, markets, wheresoever men were gathered together, England, with

* February—July, 1642.

† *D'Ewes's MSS.*, f. 658-661.

§ *Commons Journals*, ii., 720.

‡ *Commons Journals*, ii., 674.

|| *Ibid.*, 726.

sorrowful confusion in every fibre, is tearing itself into hostile halves, to carry on the voting by pike and bullet henceforth.

Brevity is very urgent on us, nevertheless we must give this other extract. Bramston the Shipmoney Judge, in trouble with the Parliament and sequestered from his place, is now likely to get into trouble with the King, who in the last days of July has ordered him to come to York on business of importance. Judge Bramston sends his two sons, John and Frank, fresh young men, to negotiate some excuse. They ride to York in three days; stay a day at York with his Majesty; then return, 'on the same horses,' in three days,—to Skreens in Essex; which was good riding. John, one of them, has left a most watery incoherent *Autobiography*, now printed, but not edited, nor worth editing, except by *fire* to ninety-nine hundredths of it; very distracting; in which, however, there is this notable sentence; date about the middle of August, not discoverable to a day. Having been at York, and riding back on the same horses in three days:

'In our return on Sunday, near Huntingdon, between that and Cambridge, certain musketeers start out of the corn, and command us to stand; telling us we must be searched, and to that end must go before Mr. Cromwell, and give account from whence we came and whither we were going. I asked, Where Mr. Cromwell was? A soldier told us, He was four miles off. I said, It was unreasonable to carry us out of our way; if Mr. Cromwell had been there, I should have willingly given him all the satisfaction he could desire;—and putting my hand into my pocket, I gave one of them Twelve-pence, who said we might pass. By this I saw plainly it would not be possible for my Father to get to the King with his coach;*'—neither did he go at all, but stayed at home till he died.

September 14th. Here is a new phasis of the business. In a List of the Army under the command of the 'Earl of Essex,'† we find that Robert Earl of Essex is 'Lord General for King and Parliament' (to deliver the poor beloved King from traitors, who

* *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston, Knight* (Camden Society, 1845), p. 86.

† *King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 73.*

have misled him, and clouded his fine understanding, and rendered him as it were a beloved Parent fallen *insane*) ; that Robert Earl of Essex, we say, is Lord General for King and Parliament ; that William the new Earl of Bedford is General of the Horse, and has, or is every hour getting to have, ‘seventy-five troops of 60 men each ;’ in every troop a Captain, a Lieutenant, a Cornet and Quartermaster, whose names are all given. In *Troop Sixty-seven*, the Captain is ‘Oliver Cromwel,’—honorable member for Cambridge ; many honorable members having now taken arms ; Mr. Hampden, for example, having become Colonel Hampden,—busy drilling his men in Chalgrove Field at this very time. But moreover, in *Troop Eight* of Earl Bedford’s Horse, we find another ‘Oliver Cromwell, Cornet ;’—and with real thankfulness for this poor flint-spark in the great darkness, recognize him for our honorable member’s Son. His eldest Son Oliver,* now a stout young man of twenty. “Thou too, Boy Oliver, thou art fit to swing a sword. If there ever was a battle worth fighting, and to be called God’s battle, it is this ; thou too wilt come !” How a staid, most pacific, solid Farmer of three-and-forty decides on girding himself with warlike iron, and fighting, he and his, against principalities and powers, let readers who have formed any notion of this man conceive for themselves.

On *Sunday, 23d October*, was Edgehill Battle, called also Keinton Fight, near Keinton on the south edge of Warwickshire. In which Battle Captain Cromwell *was* present, and did his duty, let angry Denzil say what he will.† The Fight was indecisive ; victory claimed by both sides. Captain Cromwell told Cousin Hampden, They never would get on with a set of poor tapsters and town apprentice-people fighting against men of honor. To cope with men of honor they must have men of religion. ‘Mr. Hampden answered me, It was a good notion, if it could be executed.’ Oliver himself set about executing a bit of it, his share of it, by and by.

‘We all thought one battle would decide it,’ says Richard Baxter ;‡—and we were all much mistaken ! This winter there

* See p. 67.

† Vicars, p. 198 ; Denzil Holles’s *Memoirs* (in Mazerés’s Tracts, vol. i.).

‡ *Life* (London, 1696), Part i., p. 43.

arise among certain Counties 'Associations' for mutual defence, against Royalism and plunderous Rupertism; a measure cherished by the Parliament, condemned as treasonable by the King. Of which 'Associations,' countable to the number of five or six, we name only one, that of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts; with Lord Gray of Wark for Commander; where, and under whom, Oliver was now serving. This 'Eastern Association' is alone worth naming. All the other Associations, no man of emphasis being in the midst of them, fell in few months to pieces; only this of Cromwell's subsisted, enlarged itself, grew famous;—and indeed kept its own borders clear of invasion during the whole course of the War. Oliver, in the beginning of 1643, is serving there, under the Lord Gray of Wark. Besides his military duties, Oliver, as natural, was nominated of the Committee for Cambridgeshire in this Association; he is also of the Committee for Huntingdonshire, which as yet belongs to another 'Association.' Member for the Committee of Huntingdonshire; to which also has been nominated a 'Robert Barnard, Esquire,'*—who, however, does not sit, as I have reason to surmise!

* Husbands, i., 892; see for the other particulars, ii., 183, 327, 804, 809; Commons Journals, &c.

LETTER IV.

THE reader recollects Mr. Robert Barnard, how, in 1630, he got a Commission of the Peace for Huntingdon, along with 'Dr. Beard and Mr. Oliver Cromwell,' to be fellow justices there. Probably they never sat much together, as Oliver went to St. Ives soon after, and the two men were of opposite politics, which in those times meant opposite religions. But here in twelve years space is a change of many things!

To my assured friend, Robert Barnard, Esquire: Present these.

'Huntingdon,' 23d January, 1642.

MR. BARNARD,

It's most true my Lieutenant, with some other soldiers of my troop, were at your House. I dealt 'so' freely 'as to inquire after you; the reason was, I had heard you reported active against the proceedings of Parliament, and for those that disturb the peace of this Country and the Kingdom,—with those of this Country who have had meetings not a few, to intents and purposes too too full of suspect.*

It's true, Sir, I know you have been wary in your carriages: be not too confident thereof. Subtilty may deceive you; integrity never will. With my heart I shall desire that your judgment may alter, and your practice. I come only to hinder men from increasing the rent,—from doing hurt; but not to hurt any man: nor shall I you; I hope you will give me no cause. If you do, I must be pardoned what my relation to the Public calls for.

If your good parts be disposed that way, know me for your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Be assured fair words from me shall neither deceive you of your houses nor your liberty.†

* *Country* is equivalent to *county* or *region*; *too-too*, in those days, means little more than *too*; *suspect* is *suspectability*, almost as proper as our modern *suspicion*.

† Original, in the possession of Lord Gosford at Worlingham, in Suffolk.

My Copy, two Copies, of this Letter I owe to kind friends, who have carefully transcribed it from the Original at Lord Gosford's. The present Lady Gosford is 'grand-daughter of Sir Robert Barnard,' to whose lineal ancestor the Letter is addressed. The date of time is given; there never was any date or address of place,—which probably means that it was written in Huntingdon and addressed to Huntingdon, where Robert Barnard, who became Recorder of the place, is known to have resided. Oliver, in the month of January, 1642-3, is present in the Fen-country, and all over the Eastern Association, with his troop or troops; looking after disaffected persons; ready to disperse royalist assemblages, to seize royalist plate, to keep down disturbance, and care in every way that the Parliament Cause suffer no damage. A Lieutenant and party have gone to take some survey of Robert Barnard, Esquire; Robert Barnard, standing on the right of injured innocence, innocent till he be proved guilty, 'protests: Oliver responds as here, in a very characteristic way.

It was precisely in these weeks, that Oliver from Captain became Colonel: Colonel of a regiment of horse, raised on his own principles so far as might be, in that 'Eastern Association:' and is henceforth known in the Newspapers as Colonel Cromwell. Whether on this 23d of January, he was still Captain, or had ceased to be so, no extant accessible record apprises us. On the 2d March, 1642-3, I have found him named as 'Col. Cromwell,'* and hitherto not earlier. He is getting 'men of religion' to serve in this cause,—or at least would fain get such if he might.

* Cromwelliana, p. 2.

LETTER V.

THE address of this Letter is lost ; but the label of the address remains, from which it can be with certainty enough restored. Unhappily the date too is missing, which can only be restored by probable conjecture. We are in the Eastern Association still, and indeed for above a year to come.

'To my assured friend, Thomas Knyvett, Esquire, at his House of Ashwellthorpe : These.'

' January, 1642, Norfolk.'

SIR,

I cannot pretend any interest in you for anything I have done, nor ask any favor for any service I may do you. But because I am conscious to myself of a readiness to serve any gentleman in all possible civilities, I am bold to be beforehand with you to ask your favor on behalf of your honest poor neighbors of Hapton, who, as I am informed, are in some trouble, and are likely to be put to more, by one Robert Browne your Tenant, who, not well pleased with the way of these men, seeks their disquiet all he may.

Truly nothing moves me to desire this, more than the pity I bear them in respect of their honesties, and the trouble I hear they are likely to suffer for their consciences, and humor as the world interprets it. I am not ashamed to solicit for such as are anywhere under pressure of this kind ; doing even as I would be done by. Sir, this is a quarrelsome age ; and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of opinion ;—which to cure, to hurt men in their houses, persons or estates, will not be found an apt remedy. Sir, it will not repent you to protect those poor men of Hapton from injury and oppression : which that you would is the effect of this Letter. Sir, you will not want the grateful acknowledgment, nor utmost endeavors of requital from

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Letter once in the possession of Lord Berners, at Didlington in Norfolk ; copied by or for Mr. Dawson Turner of Yarmouth, and by him com-

Knyvett was the ancestor of Lord Berners. 'The Knyvetts or Knivetts of Ashwellthorpe are an old family of large property in Norfolk ;' their seat, Ashwellthorpe, is still one of Lord Berners's.

Hapton is a Parish and Hamlet some seven or eight miles south of Norwich, in the Hundred of Depwade ; it is within a mile or two of this Ashwellthorpe ; which was Knyvett's residence at that time. What 'Robert Browne your Tenant' had in hand or view against these poor Parishioners of Hapton, must, as the adjoining circumstances are all obliterated, remain matter of conjecture only. He dimly shows himself in this Letter as an Unfriend to Puritans, who, however, have now found a Friend. They apply to Oliver ; who is in those parts, on Association business, with a company of devout troopers. This Letter, full of civility and backed by devout horsemen with petronels, would doubtless procure them relief. We can fancy the date of this Letter to be, both in time and place, adjacent to that of the former. We shall fall in with Mr. Knyvett, in still graver circumstances, speedily again.

municated to me : the original, it seems, is now lost or mislaid. There never was any date of time or place on the copy, nor is the address given as verbally exact, but only as substantially so.

LOWESTOFF.

IN the end of February, 1642-3, 'Colonel' Cromwell is at Cambridge; 'great forces from Essex, Norfolk and Suffolk' having joined him, and more still coming in.* There has been much alarm and running to and fro, over all those counties. Lord Capel hanging over them with an evident intent to plunder Cambridge, generally to plunder and ravage in this region; as Prince Rupert has cruelly done in Gloucestershire, and is now cruelly doing in Wilts and Hants. Colonel Cromwell, the soul of the whole business, must have had some bestirring of himself; some swift riding and resolving, now here, now there. Some '12,000 men,' however, or say even '800 men' (for rumor runs very high!) from the Associated Counties, are now at last got together about Cambridge; and Lord Capel has seen good to vanish again.†

On *Monday, 13th March, 1642-3*, Thomas Conisby, Esquire, High Sheriff of Herts, appears visibly before the House of Commons, to give account of a certain 'Pretended Commission of Array,' which he had been attempting to execute one Market-day not long since at St. Albans in that county.‡ Such King's Writ, or Pretended Commission of Array, the said High Sheriff had, with a great *Posse Comitatus* round him, been executing one Market-day at St. Albans (date irrecoverably lost),—when Cromwell's dragoons dashed suddenly in upon him; laid him fast,—not without difficulty: he was first seized by 'six troopers,' but rescued by his royalist multitude; then 'twenty troopers' again seized him; 'barricadoed the inn-yard;'§ conveyed him off to London to give what account of the matter he could. Here

* Cromwelliana, p. 2; Vicars, p. 273.

† Vicars; Newspapers, 6-15 March (in Cromwelliana, p. 2).

‡ Commons Journals, ii., 1000, 1.

§ Vicars, p. 246; May's History of the Long Parliament (Guizot's French Translation), ii., 196.

he is giving account of it,—a very lame and withal an ‘insolent’ one, as seems to the Honorable House; which accordingly sends him to the Tower, where he had to lie for several years. Commissions of Array are not handy to execute in the Eastern Association at present!

Here is another adventure of the same kind, with a similar result. The ‘Meeting at Laystoff,’ or Lowestoff in Suffolk, is mentioned in all the old Books; but John Cory, Merchant Burgess of Norwich, shall first bring us face to face with it. Assiduous Sir Symonds got a copy of Mr. Cory’s Letter,* one of the thousand Letters which Honorable Members listened to in those mornings; and here now is a copy of it for the reader,—news all fresh and fresh, after waiting two hundred and two years. Old Norwich becomes visible and audible, the vanished moments buzzing again with old life,—if the reader will read well. Potts, we should premise, and Palgrave, were lately appointed Deputy Lieutenants of Norwich City;† Cory I reckon to be almost a kind of Quasi-Mayor, the real Mayor having lately been seized for Royalism; Knyvett of Ashwellthorpe is transiently known to us. The other royalist gentlemen are also known to antiquaries of that region, and what their ‘seats’ and connexions were: but our reader here can without damage consider merely that they were Sons of Adam, not without due seats and equipments; and read the best he can:

“*To Sir John Potts, Knight Baronet, of Mannington, Norfolk:*
“*These.*

“*Laus Deo.*

“*Norwich, 17^o Martii, 1642.**

“Right honourable and worthy Sir,—I hope you came in due time to the end of your journey in health and safety; which I shall rejoice to hear. Sir, I might spare my labor in now writing; for I suppose you are better informed from other hands; only to testify my respects:

“Those sent out on Monday morning, the 13th, returned that night,

* D’Ewes’s mss, f. 1139; Transcript, p. 378.

† Commons Journals, 10th December, 1642.

‡ Means 1643 of our Style. There are yet seven days of the Old Year to run.

with old Mr. Castle of Raveningham, and some arms of his, and of Mr. Loudon's of Alby, and of Captain Hamond's, with his leading staff-ensign and drum. Mr. Castle is secured at Sheriff Greenwood's. That night letters from Yarmouth informed the Colonel,* That they had, that day, made stay of Sir John Wentworth, and of one Captain Allen from Lowestoff, who had come thither to change dollars; both of whom are yet secured;—and further, That the Town of Lowestoff had received-in divers strangers and was fortifying itself.

“The Colonel advised no man might enter in or out the gates ‘of Norwich,’ that night. And the next morning, between five and six, with his five troops, with Captain Fountain's, Captain Rich's, and eighty of our Norwich Volunteers, he marched towards Lowestoff; where he was to meet with the Yarmouth Volunteers, who brought four or five pieces of ordnance. The Town ‘of Lowestoff’ had blocked themselves up; all except where they had placed their ordnance, which were three pieces; before which a chain was drawn to keep off the horse.

“The Colonel summoned the Town, and demanded, If they would deliver up their strangers, the Town and their army?—promising them then favor, if so; if not, none. They yielded to deliver up their strangers, but not to the rest. Whereupon our Norwich dragoons crept under the chain before mentioned; and came within pistol-shot of their ordnance; proffering to fire upon their cannoneer,—who fled: so they gained the two pieces of ordnance, and broke the chain; and they and the horse entered the Town without more resistance. Where presently eighteen strangers yielded themselves; among whom were, of Suffolk men: Sir T. Barker, Sir John Pettus;—of Norfolk: Mr. Knyvett ‘our friend’ of Ashwellthorpe, Mr. Richard Catelyn's son,—some say his Father too was there in the morning; Mr. F. Cory, my unfortunate cousin, who I wish would have been better persuaded.

“Mr. Brooke, the sometime minister of Yarmouth, and some others, escaped, over the river. There was good store of pistols and other arms: I hear above fifty cases of pistols. The Colonel stayed there Tuesday and Wednesday night. I think Sir John Palgrave and Mr. Smith went yesterday to Berks. It is rumored Sir Robert Kemp hath yielded to Sir John Palgrave; how true it is I know not, for I spoke not Sir John yesterday as he came through Town. I did your message to Captain Shewood. Not to trouble you further, I crave leave; and am ever

“Your Worship's at command,

“JOHN CORY.

* ‘viz., Cromwell,’ adds D'Ewes.

“ *Postscriptum*, 20th March, 1643.—Right worthy^{er} Sir, The abovesaid on Friday was unhappily left behind ; for which I am sorry ; as also that I utterly forgot to send your plate. On Friday night the Colonel brought in hither with him the prisoners taken at Lowestoff, and Mr. Trott of Beccles. On Saturday night, with one troop, they sent all the prisoners to Cambridge ‘ Castle.’ Sir John Wentworth is come off with the payment of 1000*l*. On Saturday, Dr. Corbett of Norwich, and Mr. Henry Cooke* the Parliament man, and our old ‘ Alderman’ Daniell were taken in Suffolk. Last night, several troops went out ; some to Lynn-ward, it’s thought ; others to Thetford-ward, it’s supposed,—because they had a prisoner with them. Sir, I am in great haste, and remember nothing else at present.

“ JOHN CORY.

“ Sir Richard Berney sent to me, last night, and showed and gave me the Colonel’s Note to testify he had paid him the 50*l*.—a forced contribution levied by the Association Committee upon poor Berney, who had shown himself ‘ backward :’ let him be quiet henceforth, and study to conform.

This was the last attempt at Royalism in the Association where Cromwell served. The other ‘ Associations,’ no man duly forward to risk himself being present in them, had already fallen, or were fast falling, to ruin ; their Counties had to undergo the chance of War as it came. Huntingdon County soon joined itself with this Eastern Association.† Cromwell’s next operations, as we shall perceive, were to deliver Lincolnshire, and give it the power of joining, which in September next took effect.‡ Lincoln, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, Cambridge, Herts, Hunts : these are thenceforth the ‘ Seven Associated Counties,’ called often the ‘ Association’ simply, which make a great figure in the old Books, —and kept the War wholly out of their own borders, having had a man of due forwardness among them.

* Corbett is or was ‘ Chancellor of Norwich Diocese ;’ Henry Cooke is Son of Coke upon Lyttleton,—has left his place in Parliament, and got into dangerous courses.

† 26th May, *Husbands’ Second Collection* (London, 1646), p. 163.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 327.

LETTER VI.

LET the following Letter, the first of Cromwell's ever published in the Newspapers, testify what progress he is making towards delivering Lincolnshire; which is sadly overrun with the Marquis of Newcastle's Northern 'Popish' Army: an Army 'full of Papists,' as is currently reported; officered by renegade Scots, 'Sir John Hendersons,' and the like unclean creatures. The Marquis, in spite of the Fairfaxes, has overflowed Yorkshire; has fortified himself in Newark over Trent, and is a sore affliction to the well-affected of those parts. 'That valiant soldier Colonel Cromwell' has written on this occasion to an official Person of name not now discoverable:

'To — — — : These.'

'Grantham, 13 May, 1643.'

SIR,

God hath given us, this evening, a glorious victory over our enemies. They were, as we are informed, one-and-twenty colors of horse-troops, and three or four of dragoons.

It was late in the evening when we drew out; they came and faced us within two miles of the town. So soon as we had the alarm, we drew out our forces, consisting of about twelve troops,—whereof some of them so poor and broken, that you shall seldom see worse: with this handful it pleased God to cast the scale. For after we had stood a little, above musket-shot the one body from the other; and the dragoons had fired on both sides, for the space of half an hour or more; they not advancing towards us, we agreed to charge them. And, advancing the body after many shots on both sides, we came on with our troops a pretty round trot; they standing firm to receive us: and our men charging fiercely upon them, by God's providence they were immediately routed, and ran all away, and we had the execution of them two or three miles.

I believe some of our soldiers did kill two or three men apiece in the pursuit; but what the number of dead is we are not certain. We took

forty-five Prisoners, besides divers of their horse and arms, and rescued many Prisoners whom they had lately taken of ours; and we took four or five of their colors. 'I rest'

* * *
'OLIVER CROMWELL.'*

On inquiry at Grantham, there is no vestige of tradition as to the scene of this skirmish; which must have been some two miles out on the Newark road. There was in these weeks a combined plan, of which Cromwell was an element, for capturing Newark; there were several such; but this and all the rest proved abortive, one element or another of the combination a'ways failing. Newark did not surrender till the end of the War.

The King, at present, is in Oxford: Treaty, of very slow gestation, came to birth in March last, and was carried on there by Whitlocke and others till the beginning of April; but ended in absolute nothing.† The King still continues in Oxford,—his head-quarters for three years to come. The Lord General Essex is lying scattered about Thame, and Brickhill in Buckinghamshire, in a very dormant, discontented condition.‡ Colonel Hampden is with him. There is talk of making Colonel Hampden Lord General. The immediate hopes of the world, however, are turned on 'that valiant soldier and patriot of his country' Sir William Waller, who has marched to discomfit the Malignants of the West.

On the 9th of this May, Cheapside Cross, Charing Cross, and other Monuments of Papist Idolatry, were torn down by authority, 'troops of soldiers sounding their trumpets, and all the people shouting;' the Book of Sports also was burnt upon the ruins of the same.§ In which days, too, all the people are working at the Fortification of London.||

* Perfect Diurnal of the Passages in Parliament, 22-29 May, 1643; completed from Vicars, p. 332, whose copy, however, is not, except as to sense and facts, to be relied on.

† Whitlocke, 1st edition, pp. 63-5; Husbands, ii., 48-119.

‡ Rushworth, v., 290.

§ Vicars, p. 327

|| *Ib.*, p. 321.

LETTER VII.

CROMWELL'S next achievement was the raising of the Siege of Croyland (exact date not discoverable); concerning which there are large details in loud-spoken Vicars:* How the reverend godly Mr. Ram and godly Sergeant Horne, both of Spalding, were 'set upon the walls to be shot at,' when the Spalding people rose to deliver Croyland; how 'Colonel Sir Miles Høbart' and other Colonels rose also to deliver it,—and at last how 'the valiant active Colonel Cromwell' rose, and did actually deliver it.†

Again, on 'Tuesday, July 27th, news reach London,' that he has taken Stamford. Whereupon the Cavaliers from Newark and Belvoir Castle came hovering about him: he drove them into Burleigh House; and laid siege to 'the same: 'at three in the morning' battered it with all his shot, and stormed it at last.

The Queen in late months has landed in these Northern parts, with Dutch ammunition purchased by English Crown Jewels; is stirring up all manner of 'Northern Papists' to double animation; tempting Hothams and other waverers to meditate treachery, for which they will pay dear. She marches Southward, much agitating the skirts of the Eastern Association; joins the King 'on Keinton field' or Edgehill field, where he fought last autumn. She was impeached of treason by the Commons. She continued in England till the following summer;‡ then quitted it for long years.

Cromwell has been at Nottingham, he has been at Lynn, he has been here and then swiftly there, encountering many things,

* 'Thou that with ale, or viler liquors,
Didst inspire Withers, Pryne and *Vicars*.'

Hudibras, canto i., 615.

† Vicars, p. 322-5.

‡ From February, 1642-3 to July, 1644 (Clarendon, ii., 195; Rushworth v., 684.)

all summer ;—take this as a token, gathered still luminous from the authentic but mostly inane opacities of the *Commons Journals* :* ‘ 21 June, 1643, Mr. Pym reports from the Committee of the Safety of the Kingdom,’ our chief authority at present, to this effect, that Captain Hotham, son of the famed Hull Hotham, had, as appeared by Letters from Lord Gray and Colonel Cromwell, now at Nottingham, been behaving very ill ; had plundered divers persons without regard to the side they were of ; had, on one occasion, ‘ turned two pieces of ordnance *against* Colonel Cromwell ;’ nay once, when Lord Gray’s quartermaster was in some huff with Lord Gray ‘ about oats,’ had privily offered to the said quartermaster that they should draw out their men, and have a fight for it with Lord Gray ;—not to speak of frequent correspondences with Newark, with Newcastle, and the Queen now come back from Holland : wherefore he is arrested there in Nottingham, and locked up for trial.

This was on the Wednesday, this report of Pym’s : and, alas, while Pym reads it, John Hampden, mortally wounded four days ago in the skirmish at Chalgrove Field, lies dying at Thame ;—died on the Saturday following !—Here is Cromwell’s Letter : about Lord Willoughby of Parham, and of the relief of Gainsborough ‘ with powder and match :’

To the Committee of the Association sitting at Cambridge.

Huntingdon, 31st July, 1643.

GENTLEMEN,

It hath pleased the Lord to give your servant and soldiers a notable victory now at Gainsborough. I marched after the taking of Burleigh House upon Wednesday to Grantham, where I met about 300 horse and dragoons of Nottingham. With these, by agreement, we met the Lincolneers at North Scarle, which is about ten miles from Gainsborough, upon Thursday in the evening ; where we tarried until two of the clock in the morning ; and then with our whole body advanced towards Gainsborough.

About a mile and a half from the Town, we met a forlorn-hope of the enemy of near 100 horse. Our dragoons labored to beat them back ; but not alighting off their horses, the enemy charged them, and

made them retire under their main body. We advanced, and came to the bottom of a steep hill : we could not well get up but by some tracks ; which our men essaying to do, the body of the enemy endeavored to hinder ; wherein we prevailed, and got the top of the hill. This was done by the Lincolneers, who had the vanguard.

When we all recovered the top of the hill, we saw a great Body of the enemy's horse facing us, at about a musket-shot or less distance ; and a good Reserve of a full regiment of horse behind it. We endeavored to put our men into as good order as we could. The enemy in the meantime advanced towards us, to take us at disadvantage : but in such order as we were, we charged their great body, I having the right wing ; we came up horse to horse ; where we disputed it with our swords and pistols a pretty time ; all keeping close order, so that one could not break the other. At last, they a little shrinking, our men perceiving it, pressed in upon them, and immediately routed this whole body ; some flying on one side and others on the other of the enemy's Reserve ; and our men, pursuing them, had chase and execution about five or six miles.

I perceiving this body which was the Reserve standing still unbroken, kept back my Major, Whalley, from the chase ; and with my own troop and the other of my regiment, in all being three troops, we got into a body. In this Reserve stood General Cavendish ; who one while faced me, another while faced four of the Lincoln troops, which was all of ours that stood upon the place, the rest being engaged in the chase. At last General Cavendish charged the Lincolneers, and routed them. Immediately I fell on his rear with my three troops ; which did so astonish him, that he did give over the chase, and would fain have delivered himself from me. But I pressing on forced 'them' down a hill, having good execution of them ; and below the hill, drove the General with some of his soldiers into a quagmire ; where my Captain-lieutenant slew him with a thrust under his short ribs. The rest of the body was wholly routed, not one man staying upon the place.

After the defeat which was so total, we relieved the Town with such powder and provision as we brought with us. We had notice that there were six troops of horse and 300 foot on the other side of the Town, about a mile off us : we desired some foot of my Lord Willoughby's, about 400 ; and, with our horse and these foot, marched towards them : when we came towards the place where their horse stood, we went back with my troops to follow two or three troops of the enemy's who retired into a small village at the bottom of the hill. When we recovered the hill, we saw in the bottom, about a quarter of a mile from us, a regi-

ment of foot ; after that another ; after that the Marquis of Newcastle's own regiment ; consisting in all of about 50 foot colors, and a great body of horse ;—which indeed was Newcastle's Army. Which, coming so unexpectedly, put us to new consultations. My Lord Willoughby and I, being in the Town, agreed to call off our foot. I went to bring them off : but before I returned, divers of the foot were engaged ; the enemy advancing with his whole body. Our foot retreated in disorder ; and with some loss got the Town ; where now they are. Our horse also came off with some trouble ; being wearied with the long fight, and their horses tired ; yet faced the enemy's fresh horse, and by several removes got off without the loss of one man ; the enemy following the rear with a great body.

The honor of this retreat is due to God, as also all the rest. Major Whalley did in this carry himself with all the gallantry becoming a gentleman and a Christian. Thus you have this true relation, as short as I could. What you are to do upon it, is next to be considered. The Lord direct you what to do.

Gentlemen, I am,
Your faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

About two miles south of Gainsborough, on the North-Scarle road, stands the Hamlet and Church of Lea ; near which is a 'Hill,' or expanse of upland, of no great height, but sandy, covered with furze, and full of rabbit-holes, the ascent of which would be difficult for horsemen in the teeth of an enemy. This is understood to be the 'Hill' of the Fight referred to here. Good part of it is enclosed, and the ground much altered, since that time ; but one of the fields is still called 'Redcoats Field,' and another at some distance nearer Gainsborough 'Graves Field ;' beyond which latter, 'on the other or western face of the Hill, a little over the boundary of Lea Parish with Gainsborough Parish, on the left hand (as you go North) between the Road and the River,' is a morass or meadow still known by the name of 'Cavendish's Bog,' which points out the locality.†

Of the 'Hills' and 'Villages' rather confusedly alluded to in the second part of the Letter, which probably lay across Trent Bridge on the Newark side of the river, I could obtain no eluci-

* Rushworth, v., 278.

† MS. *penes me.*

dation,—and must leave them to the guess of local antiquaries interested in such things.

‘General Cavendish,’ whom some confound with the Earl of Newcastle’s brother, was his *Cousin*, ‘the Earl of Devonshire’s second son;’ an accomplished young man of three-and-twenty; for whom there was great lamenting;—indeed a general emotion about his death, of which we, in these radical times, very irreverent of human quality itself, and much more justly of the *dresses* of human quality, cannot even with effort form any adequate idea. This was the first action that made Cromwell to be universally talked of: He dared to kill this honorable person found in arms against him! ‘Colonel Cromwell gave assistance to the Lord Willoughby, and performed very gallant service against the Earl of Newcastle’s forces. This was the beginning of his great fortunes, and now he began to appear in the world.’*

Waller has an *Elegy*, not his best, upon ‘Charles Ca’ndish.’† It must have been written some time afterwards: poor Waller, in these weeks, very narrowly escapes death himself, on account of the ‘Waller Plot;’—makes an abject submission; pays £10,000 fine; and goes upon his travels into foreign parts!

Gainsborough was directly taken, after this relief of it; Lord Willoughby could not resist the Newarkers with Newcastle at their head. Sir William Waller, whom some called William the Conqueror, has been beaten all to pieces on Lansdown Heath, about a fortnight ago.

* Whitlocke (1st edition, London, 1682,—as always, unless the contrary be specified), p. 68.

† Fenton’s Waller, p. 209

WINCEBY FIGHT.

IN the very hours while Cromwell was storming the sand-hill near Gainsborough 'by some tracks,' honorable gentlemen at St. Stephen's were voting him Governor of the Isle of Ely. Ely in the heart of the Fens, a place of great military capabilities, is much troubled with 'corrupt ministers,' with 'corrupt trainbands,' and understood to be in a perilous state; wherefore they nominate Cromwell to take charge of it.* We understand his own Family to be still resident in Ely.

The Parliament affairs, this Summer, have taken a bad course; and except it be in the Eastern Association, look everywhere declining. They have lost Bristol; † Essex's Army has melted away, without any action of mark all Summer, except the loss of Hampden in a skirmish: in the beginning of August, the King breaks out from Oxford, very clearly superior in force; goes to settle Bristol; and might thence, it was supposed, have marched direct to London, if he had liked. He decides on taking Gloucester with him before he quit those parts. The Parliament, in much extremity, calls upon the Scots for help; who under conditions will consent.

In these circumstances, it was rather thought a piece of heroism in our old friend Lord Kimbolton, or Mandevil, now become Earl of Manchester, to accept the command of the Eastern Association: he is nominated 'Sergeant-Major of the Associated Counties,' 10th August, 1643; is to raise new force, infantry and cavalry; has four Colonels of horse under him; Colonel Cromwell, who soon became his second in command, is one of them; Colonel Norton, whom we shall meet afterwards, is another. ‡

* Commons Journals, iii, 156 (of 28 July, 1643); ib., 153, 167, 180, &c., to 637 (9 October, 1644).

† 22 July, Rushworth, v., 284.

‡ Husbands, ii., 286, 276-8.

‘The Associated Counties are busy listing,’ intimates the old Newspaper; ‘and so soon as their harvest is over, which for the present much retardeth them, the Earl of Manchester will have a very brave and considerable Army, to be a terror to Northern Papists,’ Newarkers and Newcastle, ‘if they advance Southward.’* When specially it was that Cromwell listed his celebrated body of *Ironsides* is of course not to be dated, though some do carelessly date it, as from the very ‘beginning of the War;’ and in Bates† and others are to be found various romantic details on the subject, which deserve no credit. Doubtless Cromwell, all along, in the many changes his body of men underwent, had his eye upon this object of getting good soldiers and dismissing bad; and managed this matter by common practical vigilance, not by theatrical claptraps as Dr. Bates represents. Some months ago, it was said in the Newspaper, of Colonel Cromwell’s soldiers, ‘not a man swears but he pays his twelve-pence;’ no plundering, no drinking, disorder, or impiety allowed.‡ We may fancy, in this new levy, as Manchester’s Lieutenant and Governor of Ely, when the whole force was again winnowed and sifted, he might complete the process, and see his Thousand Troopers ranked before him, worthy at last of the name of *Ironsides*. They were men that had the fear of God, and gradually lost all other fear. “Truly they were never beaten at all,” says he.—Meanwhile :

1643.

August 21st. The shops of London are all shut for certain days :§ Gloucester is in hot siege; nothing but the obdurate valor of a few men there prevents the King, with Prince Rupert, called also Prince Robert and Prince *Robber*, from riding roughshod over us.|| The City, with much emotion, ranks its Trained Bands under Essex; making up an Army for him, despatches him to relieve Gloucester. He marches on the 26th; steadily along, in spite of rainy weather and Prince Rupert; westward, westward;

* 29 August, 1643, Cromwelliana, p. 7.

† Elenchus Motuum.

‡ May, 1643, Cromwelliana, p. 5.

§ Rushworth, v., 291.

|| See Webb’s *Bibliotheca Gloucestrensis*, a Collection, &c. (Gloucester, 1825), or Corbet’s contemporary *Siege of Gloucester* (Somers Tracts, v. 296), which forms the main substance of Mr. Webb’s Book.

on the night of the tenth day, September 5th, the Gloucester people see his signal-fire flame up, amid the dark rain, 'on the top of Presbury Hill;'—and understand that they should live and not die. The King 'fired his huts,' and marched off without delay. He never again had any real chance of prevailing in this War. Essex having relieved the west, returns steadily home again, the King's forces hanging angrily on his rear; at Newbury in Berkshire, he had to turn round, and give them battle,—*First Newbury Battle*, 20th September, 1643, wherein he came off rather superior.* Poor Lord Falkland, in his 'clean shirt,' was killed here. This steady march, to Gloucester and back again, by Essex, was the chief feat he did during the War; a considerable feat, and very characteristic of him, the slow-going inarticulate, indignant, somewhat elephantine man.

September 22d. The House of Commons and the Assembly of Divines take the Covenant, the old Scotch Covenant, slightly modified now into a 'Solemn League and Covenant;' in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.† They lifted up their hands *seriatim*, and then 'stept into the chancel to sign.' Oliver Cromwell signs; and next after him young Sir Henry Vane. There sign in all about 220 honorable Members that day. The whole Parliamentary Party, down to the lowest constable or drummer in their pay, gradually signed. It was the condition of assistance from the Scotch; who are now calling out 'all fencible men from sixteen to sixty,' for a third expedition into England. A very solemn Covenant, and Vow of all the People; of the awfulness of which, we, in these days of Customhouse oaths and loose regardless talk, cannot form the smallest notion.—Duke Hamilton, seeing his painful Scotch diplomacy end all in this way, flies to the King at Oxford,—is there 'put under arrest,' sent to Pendennis Castle near the Land's End.‡

Lincolnshire, which has now become one of the Associated Seven,§ is still much infested with Newarkers: Earl Newcastle, or Marquis Newcastle, overflowing all the North, has besieged

* Clarendon, ii., 460; Whitlocke, p. 70.

† Rushworth, v. 475; the Covenant itself, i., p. 478.

‡ Burnet: Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton.

§ 20 September, 1643, *Husbands*, ii., 327.

the Lord Fairfax in Hull; who has been obliged to ship his brave Son Sir Thomas Fairfax, with all the horse, as useless here, across the Humber, to do service under the Earl of Manchester. Cromwell and this younger Fairfax have united about Boston: here, after much marching and skirmishing, is an account of Winceby Fight, their chief exploit in those parts, which cleared the country of the Newarkers and renegade Sir John Hendersons;—as recorded by loud-spoken Vicars. In spite of brevity we must copy the Narrative. Cromwell himself was nearer death in this action than ever in any other; the victory, too, made its due figure, and ‘appeared in the world.’

Winceby, a small upland Hamlet, in the Wolds, not among the Fens, of Lincolnshire, is some five miles west of Horncastle. The confused memory of this Fight is still fresh there; the Lane along which the chase went bears ever since the name of ‘*Slash Lane*,’ and poor Tradition maunders about it as she can. Hear Vicars, a poor human soul zealously prophesying as if through the organs of an ass,—in not a mendacious, yet loud-spoken, exaggerative, more or less asinine manner:*

* * * ‘All that night,’ Tuesday, 10th October, 1643, ‘we were drawing our horse to the appointed rendezvous; and the next morning, being Wednesday, my Lord’ Manchester ‘gave order that the whole force, both horse and foot, should be drawn up to Bolingbroke Hill, where he would expect the enemy, being the only convenient ground to fight with him. But Colonel Cromwell was no way satisfied that we should fight; our horse being extremely wearied with hard duty two or three days together.

‘The enemy also drew, that’ Wednesday ‘morning, their whole body of horse and dragoons into the field, being 74 colors of horse, and 21 colors of dragoons, in all 95 colors. We had not many more than half so many colors of horse and dragoons; but I believe we had as many men,—besides our foot, which in-

* Third form of *Vicars*: God’s Ark overtopping the World’s Waves, or the Third Part of the Parliamentary Chronicle: by John Vicars (London, Printed by M. Simons and J. Meacock, 1646), p. 45. There are three editions or successive forms of this Book of Vicars’s (See Bliss’s Wood, *in voce*): it is always, unless the contrary be expressed, the *second* (of 1644) that we refer to here.

deed could not be drawn up until it was very late. The enemy's word was "Cavendish;"—he that was killed in the Bog; 'and ours was "Religion." I believe that as we had no notice of the enemy's coming toward us, so they had as little of our preparation to fight with them. It was about twelve of the clock ere our horse and dragoons were drawn up. After that we marched about a mile nearer the enemy; and then we began to descry him, by little and little, coming toward us. Until this time we did not know we should fight; but so soon as our men had knowledge of the enemy's coming, they were very full of joy and resolution, thinking it a great mercy that they should now fight with him. Our men went on in several bodies, singing Psalms. Quartermaster-General Vermuyden with five troops had the forlorn-hope, and Colonel Cromwell the van, assisted with other of my Lord's troops, and seconded by Sir T. Fairfax. Both armies met about Ixbie, if I mistake not the Town's name,'—you do mistake, Mr. Vicars; it is Winceby, a mere hamlet and not a town.

Both they and we had drawn up our dragoons; who gave the first charge; and then the horse fell in. Colonel Cromwell fell with brave resolution upon the enemy, immediately after their dragoons had given him the first volley; yet they were so nimble, as that within half pistol-shot, they gave him another: his horse was killed under him at the first charge, and fell down upon him; and as he rose up, he was knocked down again by the Gentleman who charged him, who 'twas conceived was Sir Ingram Hopton: but afterwards he' the Colonel 'recovered a poor horse in a soldier's hands, and bravely mounted himself again. Truly this first charge was so home-given, and performed with so much admirable courage and resolution by our troops, that the enemy stood not another; but were driven back upon their own body, which was to have seconded them; and at last put these into a plain disorder; and thus in less than half an hour's fight, they were all quite routed, and'—driven along Slash Lane at a terrible rate, unnecessary to specify. Sir Ingram Hopton, who had been so near killing Cromwell, was himself killed. 'Above a hundred of their men were found drowned in ditches,' in quagmires that would not bear riding; the 'dragoons now left on foot' were taken prisoners; the chase lasted to Horncastle or be-

yond it,—and Henderson the renegade Scot was never heard of in those parts more. My Lord of Manchester's foot did not get up till the battle was over.

This will suffice for Winceby Fight, or Horncastle Fight, of 11th October, 1643; and leave the reader to imagine that Lincolnshire too was now cleared of the 'Papist Army,' as we violently nickname it,—all but a few Towns on the Western border, which will be successfully besieged when the Spring comes.

1644.

Friday, January 19th. The Scots enter England by Berwick, 21,000 strong; on Wednesday they left Dunbar 'up to the knees in snow;' such a heart of forwardness was in them.* Old Lesley, now Earl of Leven, was their General, as before; a Committee of Parliamenters went with him. They soon drove in Newcastle's 'Papist Army' within narrower quarters; in May, got Manchester with Cromwell and Fairfax brought across the Humber to join them, and besieged Newcastle himself in York. Which brings us to Marston Moor, and *Letter Eighth.*

Let us only remark first that Oliver in the early months of 1644 had been to Gloucester, successfully convoying Ammunition thither, and had taken various strong houses by the road.† After which the due Sieges and successes in the Western parts of Lincolnshire had followed, till Summer came, and the Cavaliers were all swept out of that county.

In these same weeks‡ there is going on a very famous Treaty once more, 'Treaty of Uxbridge;' with immense apparatus of King's Commissioners, and Parliament and Scotch Commissioners; of which, however, as it came to nothing, there need nothing here be said. Mr. Christopher Love, a young eloquent divine, of hot Welsh blood, of Presbyterian tendency, preaching by appointment in the place, said, He saw no prospect of an agreement, he for one; "Heaven might as well think of agreeing with Hell;"§ words which were remembered against Mr. Christopher. The

* Rushworth, v. 603-6.

† Newspapers, 5 March, Cromwelliana, p. 5; Whitlocke, p. 78.

‡ 29 January—5 March, Rushworth, v. 844-946; Whitlocke, p. 122-3.

§ Wood, iii., 281: Commons Journals, &c.

King will have nothing to do with Presbyterianism, will not stir a step without his Surplices at Allhallowtide; there remains only War; a supreme managing 'Committee of Both Kingdoms;' combined forces, and war. On the other hand, his Majesty, to counterbalance the Scots, had agreed to a 'Cessation in Ireland,' sent for his 'Irish Army' to assist him here,—and indeed already got them as good as ruined, or reduced to a mere marauding apparatus.* A new 'Papist' or partly 'Papist Army,' which gave great scandal in this country. By much the remarkablest man in it was Colonel George Monk; already taken at Nantwich, and lodged in the Tower.

More interesting to us; in this same month of January, 22d day of it, Colonel Cromwell had transiently appeared in his place in Parliament; complaining much of my Lord Willoughby, as of a backward General, with strangely dissolute people about him, a great sorrow to Lincolnshire; †—and craving that my Lord Manchester might be appointed there instead: which, as we see, was done; with good result.

In which same days indeed, end of January, 1644, Oliver, as Governor of Ely, had transiently appeared in Ely Cathedral itself: for the Four Surplices were put down by Act of Parliament; and the Reverend Mr. Hitch was somewhat too scrupulous about obeying. Whereupon Oliver ordered him, "Leave off your fooling, and come down, Sir!" ‡—in a voice, still audible to this Editor; which Mr. Hitch instantly gave ear to.

* Rushworth, v., 547 (Cessation, 15 September, 1643); v., 299-303 (Siege of Nantwich, 21 November).

† D'Ewe's mss, vol. iv., f. 280 b.

‡ Walker's Sufferings of the Clergy, Part ii., p. 23.

LETTER VIII.

IN the last days of June, 1644, Prince Rupert, with an army of some 20,000 fierce men, came pouring over the hills from Lancashire, where he had left harsh traces of himself, to relieve the Marquis of Newcastle, who was now with a force of 6,000 besieged in York, by the united forces of the Scots under Leven, the Yorkshiremen under Lord Fairfax, and the Associated Counties under Manchester and Cromwell. On hearing of his approach, the Parliament Generals raised the Siege; drew out on the Moor of Long Marston, some four miles off, to oppose his coming. He avoided them by crossing the river Ouse; relieved York, Monday, 1st July; and might have returned successful; but insisted on Newcastle's joining him, and going out to fight the Roundheads. The Battle of Marston Moor, fought on the morrow evening, Tuesday, 2d July, 1644, from 7 to 10 o'clock, was the result,—entirely disastrous for him.

Of this Battle, the bloodiest of the whole War, I must leave the reader to gather details in the sources indicated below; * or to imagine it in general as the most enormous hurlyburly, of fire and smoke, and steel-flashings and death-tumult, ever seen in those regions: the end of which, about ten at night, was 'Four thousand one hundred and fifty bodies' to be buried, and total ruin to the King's affairs in those Northern parts.

The Armies were not completely drawn up till after five in the evening; there was a ditch between them; they stood facing one another, motionless except the exchange of a few cannon-shots, for an hour-and-half. Newcastle thought there would be no fight-

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 161 (various accounts by eyewitnesses): no. 168, one by Simeon Ash, the Earl of Manchester's Chaplain; no. 167, &c.: Rushworth, v., 632: Carte's Ormond Papers (London, 1739), i., 56: Fairfax's Memorials (Somers Tracts, v., 359). Modern accounts are numerous, but of no value

ing till the morrow, and had retired to his carriage for the night. There is some shadow of surmise that the stray cannon-shot which, as the following Letter indicates, proved fatal to Oliver's Nephew, did also, rousing Oliver's humor to the charging point, bring on the general Battle. 'The Prince of Plunderers,' invincible hitherto, here first tasted the steel of Oliver's Ironsides, and did not in the least like it. 'The Scots delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire,'—in the summer gloaming there.

"To my loving Brother, Colonel Valentine Walton: These."

'Leaguer before York,' 5th July, 1644.

DEAR SIR,

It's our duty to sympathize in all mercies; and to praise the Lord together in chastisements or trials, so that we may sorrow together.

Truly England and the Church of God hath had a great favor from the Lord, in this great Victory given unto us, such as the like never was since this War began. It had all the evidences of an absolute Victory obtained by the Lord's blessing upon the Godly Party principally. We never charged but we routed the enemy. The Left Wing, which I commanded, being our own horse, saving a few Scots in our rear, beat all the Prince's horse. God made them as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. The particulars I cannot relate now; but I believe, of twenty thousand the Prince hath not four thousand left. Give glory, all the glory, to God.—

Sir, God hath taken away your eldest Son by a cannon-shot. It brake his leg. We were necessitated to have it cut off, whereof he died.

Sir, you know my own trials this way:* but the Lord supported me with this, That the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceedingly gracious. God give you His comfort. Before his death he was so full of comfort that to Frank Russel and myself he could not express it, "It was so great above his pain." This he said to us. Indeed it was admirable. A little after, he said, One thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him, What that was? he told me it was, That God had not suf-

* I conclude, the poor Boy Oliver has already fallen in these Wars,—none of us knows where, though his Father well knew!

ferred him to be any more the executioner of His enemies. At his fall, his horse being killed with the bullet, and as I am informed three horses more, I am told he bid them, Open to the right and left, that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the Army, of all that knew him. But few knew him; for he was a precious young man, fit for God. You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious Saint in Heaven; wherein you ought exceedingly to rejoice. Let this drink up your sorrow; seeing these are not feigned words to comfort you, but the thing is so real and undoubted a truth. You may do all things by the strength of Christ. Seek that, and you shall easily bear your trial. Let this public mercy to the Church of God make you to forget your private sorrow. The Lord be your strength: so prays

Your truly faithful and loving Brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

My love to your Daughter, and my Cousin Perceval, Sister Desbrow and all friends with you.*

Colonel Valentine Walton, already a conspicuous man, and more so afterwards, is of Great-Stoughton, Huntingdonshire, a neighbor of the Earl of Manchester's; Member for his County, and a Colonel since the beginning of the War. There had long been an intimacy between the Cromwell Family and his. His Wife, the Mother of this slain youth, is Margaret Cromwell, Oliver's younger Sister, next to him in the family series. 'Frank Russel' is of Chippenham, Cambridgeshire, eldest Son of the Baronet there; already a Colonel; soon afterwards Governor of Ely in Oliver's stead.† It was the daughter of this Frank that Henry Cromwell, some ten years hence, wedded.—Colonel Walton, to appearance, is at present in the Association, near his own home. The poor wounded youth would have to lie on the field at Marston while the Battle was fought; the whole Army had to bivouack there, next to no food, hardly even water to be had. That of 'Seeing the rogues run,' occurs more than once at subsequent dates in these Wars:‡ who first said it, or whether anybody ever said it, must remain uncertain.

* Ellis's *Original Letters* (First Series), iii., 299. 'Original once in the possession of Mr. Langton of Welbeck street.'

† See Noble, ii., 407, 8,—with vigilance against his blunders.

‡ Ludlow.

York was now captured in a few days : Prince Rupert had fled across into Lancashire, and so 'south to Shropshire, to recruit again ;' Marquis Newcastle with 'about eighty gentlemen,' disgusted at the turn of affairs, had withdrawn beyond seas. The Scots moved northward to attend the Siege of Newcastle,—ended it by storm in October next. On the 24th of which same month, 24th October, 1644, the Parliament promulgated its Rhadamanthine Ordinance, To 'hang any Irish Papist taken in arms in this country ;* a very severe Ordinance, but not uncalled for by the nature of the 'marauding apparatus' in question there.

* Rushworth, v., 783.

THREE FRAGMENTS OF SPEECHES.

SELF-DENYING ORDINANCE.

THE following Three small Fragments of Speeches will have to represent for us some six months of occasional loud debating, and continual anxious gestation and manipulation, in the 'Two Houses, in the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and in many other houses and places ;—the ultimate outcome of which was the celebrated 'Self-denying Ordinance,' and 'New Model' of the Parliament's Army ; which indeed brings on an entirely New Epoch in the Parliament's Affairs.

Essex and Waller had, for the third or even fourth time, chiefly by the exertions of ever-zealous London, been fitted out with Armies ; had marched forth together to subdue the West ;—and ended in quite other results than that. The two Generals differed in opinion : did not march long together : Essex, urged by a subordinate, Lord Roberts, who had estates in Cornwall and hoped to get some rents out of them,* turned down thitherwards to the left : Waller bending up to the right,—with small issue either way. Waller's last action was an indecisive, rather unsuccessful Fight, or day of skirmishing, with the King, at Cropredy Bridge on the border of Oxford and Northampton Shires,† three days before Marston Moor. After which both parties separated: the King to follow Essex, since there was now no hope in the North ; Waller to wander London-wards, and gradually 'lose his Army by desertion,' as the habit of him was. As for the King, he followed Essex into Cornwall with effect ; hemmed him in among the hills there, about Bodmin, Lestwithiel, Foy, with continual skirmishing, with ever-growing scarcity of victual ; forced

* Clarendon.

† 29th June, 1644, Clarendon, ii., 655.

poor Essex to escape to Plymouth by the Fleet,* and *leave* his Army to shift for itself as best might be: the horse under Balfour to cut their way through; the foot under Skippon to lay down their arms, cease to be soldiers, and march away 'with staves in their hands' into the wide world. This surrender was effected 1st September, 1644, two months after Marston Moor.

The Parliament made no complaint of Essex; with a kind of Roman dignity, they rather thanked him. They proceeded to recruit Waller and him, summoned Manchester with Cromwell his Lieutenant-General to join them; by which three bodies, making again a considerable army, under the command of Manchester and Waller (for Essex at London lay 'sick,' or seeming to be sick), the King, returning towards Oxford from his victory, was intercepted at Newbury; and there, on Sunday, 27th October, 1644, fell out the *Second* Battle of Newbury.† Wherein his Majesty, after four hours confused fighting, rather had the worse; yet contrived to march off, unmolested, 'by moonlight at 10 o'clock,' towards Wallingford, and got safe home. Manchester refused to pursue; though urged by Cromwell, and again urged. Nay twelve days after, when the King came back, and openly revictualled Dennington Castle, an important strongplace hard by,—Manchester, in spite of Cromwell's urgency, still refused to interfere.

They in fact came to a quarrel here, these two:—and much else that was represented by them came to a quarrel; Presbytery and Independency, to wit. Manchester was reported to have said, If they lost this Army pursuing the King, they had no other; the King 'might hang them all.' To Cromwell and the thorough-going party, it had become very clear that high Essexes and Manchesters, of limited notions and large estates and anxieties, who besides their fear of being themselves beaten utterly, and forfeited and 'hanged,' were afraid of beating the King too well, would never end this Cause in a good way. Whereupon ensue some six months of very complex manipulation, and public and

* His own distinct, downright, and somewhat sulky Narrative, Rushworth, v., 701.

† Clarendon, ii., 717.

private consultation, which these Three Fragments of Speeches are here to represent for us.

- I. *In the House of Commons, on Monday, 25th November, 1644, Lieutenant-General Cromwell did, as ordered on the Saturday before, exhibit a charge against the Earl of Manchester, to this effect :*

That the said Earl hath always been indisposed and backward to engagements, and the ending of the War by the sword; and ‘always’ for such a Peace as a ‘thorough’ victory would be a disadvantage to; —and hath declared this by principles express to that purpose, and ‘by’ a continued series of carriage and actions answerable.

That since the taking of York,* as if the Parliament had now advantage fully enough, he hath declined whatsoever tended to farther advantage upon the Enemy; ‘hath’ neglected and studiously shifted off opportunities to that purpose, as if he thought the King too low, and the Parliament too high,—especially at Dennington Castle.

That he hath drawn the army into, and detained them in, such a posture as to give the Enemy fresh advantages; and this, before his conjunction with the other Armies,† by his own absolute will, against or without his Council of War, against many commands of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, and with contempt and vilifying of those commands; —and, *since* the conjunction, sometimes against the Councils of War, and sometimes by persuading and deluding the Council to neglect one opportunity with pretence of another, and this again of a third, and at last by persuading ‘them’ that it was not fit to fight at all.‡

To these heavy charges, Manchester makes heavy answer, at great length; about a week after: of which we shall remember only this piece of counter-charge, How his Lordship had once in those very Newbury days, ordered Cromwell to proceed to some rendezvous with the horse, and Cromwell, very unsuitably for a Lieutenant-General, had answered, The horses were already worn off their feet; “if your Lordship want to have the *skins* of the horses, this is the way to get them!”—Through which small slit, one looks into large seas of general discrepancy in those old months! Lieutenant-General Cromwell is also reported to have said, in a moment of irritation surely, “There would never be a

* Directly after Marston Moor. † Waller’s and Essex’s at Newbury.

‡ Rushworth, v. 732; Common Journals, iii, 703, 5.

good time in England till we had done with Lords.”* But the most appalling report that now circulates in the world is this, of his saying once, “If he met the King in battle, he would fire his pistol at the King as at another;”—pistol, at our poor semi-divine misguided Father fallen insane : a thing hardly conceivable to the Presbyterian human mind ! †

II. *In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, 9th December, all sitting in Grand Committee, ‘there was a general silence for a good space of time,’ one looking upon the other to see who would break the ice, in regard to this delicate point of getting our Essexes and Manchesters softly ousted from the Army; a very delicate point indeed,—when Lieutenant-General Cromwell stood up, and spake shortly to this effect :*

It is now a time to speak, or for ever hold the tongue. The important occasion now, is no less than to save a Nation, out of a bleeding, nay almost dying condition; which the long continuance of this War hath already brought it into; so that without a more speedy, vigorous and effectual prosecution of the War,—casting off all lingering proceedings like ‘those of’ soldiers-of-fortune beyond sea, to spin out a war,—we shall make the kingdom weary of us, and hate the name of a Parliament.

For what do the enemy say? Nay, what do many say that were friends at the beginning of the Parliament? Even this, That the Members of both Houses have got great places and commands, and the sword into their hands; and, what by interest in Parliament, what by power in the Army, will perpetually continue themselves in grandeur, and not permit the War speedily to end, lest their own power should determine with it. This ‘that’ I speak here to our own faces, is but what others do utter abroad behind our backs. I am far from reflecting on any. I know the worth of those Commanders, Members of both Houses, who are yet in power: but if I may speak my conscience without reflection upon any, I do conceive if the Army be not put into another method, and the War more vigorously prosecuted, the People can bear the war no longer, and will enforce you to a dishonorable Peace.

But this I would recommend to your prudence, Not to insist upon any complaint or oversight of any Commander-in-chief upon any occasion whatsoever; for as I must acknowledge myself guilty of oversights, so I know they can rarely be avoided in military affairs. Therefore waving a strict inquiry into the causes of these things, let us apply ourselves to the remedy; which is most necessary. And I hope we have such true

* Rushworth, v., 734

† Old Pamphlets *sapius*, onwards to 1649.

English hearts, and zealous affections towards the general weal of our Mother Country, as no Members of either House will scruple to *deny* themselves, and their own private interests, for the public good ; nor account it to be a dishonor done to them, whatever the Parliament shall resolve upon in this weighty matter.*

III. *On the same day, seemingly at a subsequent part of the debate, Lieutenant-General Cromwell said likewise, as follows :*

Mr. Speaker,—I am not of the mind that the calling of the Members to sit in Parliament will break, or scatter our Armies. I can speak this for my own soldiers, that they look not upon me, but upon you ; and for you they will fight, and live and die in your Cause ; and if others be of that mind that they are of, you need not fear them. They do not idolise me, but look upon the Cause they fight for. You may lay upon them what commands you please, they will obey your commands in that Cause they fight for.†

To be brief, Mr. Zouch Tate, Member for Northampton, moved this day a Self-denying Ordinance ; which, in a few days more was passed in the Commons. It was not so easily got through the Lords ; but there too it had ultimately to pass. One of the most important clauses was this, introduced not without difficulty, That religious men might now serve *without* taking the Covenant as a *first* preliminary,—perhaps they might take it by and by. This was a great ease to tender consciences ; and indicates a deep split, which will grow wider and wider, in our religious affairs. The Scots Commissioners have sent for Whitlocke and Maynard to the Lord General's, to ask in judicious Scotch dialect, Whether there be not ground to prosecute Cromwell as an 'incendiary' ? "You ken varry weel !" —The two learned gentlemen shook their heads.‡

This Self-denying Ordinance had to pass ; it and the New Model wholly ; by the steps indicated below.§ Essex was grati-

* Rushworth, vi. 4.

† Cromwelliana, p. 12.

‡ Whitlocke, iii., p. 111 (December, 1644)

§ Rushworth, vi., 7, 8 : Self-denying Ordinance *passed* in the Commons 19th December, and is sent to the Lords ; Conference about it, 7th January ; *rejected* by the Lords 15th January,—because "we do not know what *shape* the Army will now suddenly take." Whereupon, 21st January, 'Fairfax is

fied by a splendid Pension,—very little of it ever actually paid ; for indeed he died some two years after : Manchester was put on the Committee of Both Kingdoms : the Parliament had its New Model Army, and soon saw an entirely new epoch in its affairs.

nominated General ;' and on the 19th February, the New Model is completed and passed : “ *This* is the shape the Army is to take.” A second Self-denying Ordinance, now introduced, got itself finally passed 3d April 1645.

LETTERS IX.—XII.

BEFORE the old Officers laid down their commissions, Waller with Cromwell and Massy were sent on an Expedition into the West against Goring and Company ; concerning which there is some echo in the old Books and Commons Journals, but no definite vestige of it, except the following Letter, read in the House of Commons, 9th April, 1644 ; which D'Ewes happily had given his Clerk to copy. The Expedition itself, which proved successful, is now coming towards an end. Fairfax the new General is at Windsor all April ; full of business, regimentering, discharging, enlisting, new-modelling.

LETTER IX.

*For the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Army :
Haste, Haste : These : At Windsor.*

‘Salisbury,’ 9th April (ten o'clock at night), 1645.

SIR,

Upon Sunday last we marched towards Bruton in Somersetshire, which was General Goring's head-quarter : but he would not stand us ; but marched away, upon our appearance, to Wells and Glastonbury. Whither we held it unsafe to follow him ; lest we should engage our Body of Horse too far into that enclosed country, not having foot enough to stand by them ; and partly because we doubted the advance of Prince Rupert with his force to join with Goring ; having some notice from Colonel Massey of the Prince his coming this way.

General Goring hath ‘Sir John’ Greenvil in a near posture to join with him. He hath all their Garrisons in Devon, Dorset and Somersetshire, to make an addition to him. Whereupon Sir William Waller having a very poor infantry of about 1600 men,—lest they, being so inconsiderable, should engage* our Horse,—we came from Shaftesbury to Salisbury to secure our foot ; to prevent our being necessitated to a

* Entangle or incumber.

too unequal engagement, and to be nearer a communication with our friends.

Since our coming hither, we hear Prince Rupert has come to Marshfield, a market-town not far from Trowbridge. If the enemy advance altogether, how far we may be endangered,—that I humbly offer to you; entreating you to take care of us, and to send us with all speed such an assistance, to Salisbury, as may enable us to keep the field and repel the enemy, if God assist us: at least to secure and countenance us so, as that we may not be put to the shame and hazard of a retreat; which will lose the Parliament many friends in these parts, who will think themselves abandoned on our departure from them. Sir, I beseech you send what Horse and Foot you can spare towards Salisbury, by way of Kingsleere, with what convenient expedition may be. Truly we look to be attempted upon every day.

These things being humbly represented to your knowledge and care, I subscribe myself,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In Carte's Ormond Papers (i., 79) is a Letter of the same date on the same subject, somewhat illustrative of this. See also Commons Journals *in die*.

LETTER X.

PRINCE RUPERT had withdrawn without fighting; was now at Worcester with a considerable force, and had sent 2000 men across to Oxford, to convoy his Majesty with the artillery thither to him. The Committee of Both Kingdoms order the said convoy to be attacked. 'The charge of this service they recommended particularly to General Cromwell, who looking on himself now as discharged of military employment by the New Ordinance, which was to take effect within few days, and to have no longer opportunity to serve his country in that way,—was, the night before, come to Windsor, from his service in the West, to kiss the General's hand and take leave of him: when, in the morning ere he was come forth of his chamber, those commands, than which he thought of

* D'Ewes's mss., vol. v., p. 189; p. 445 of Transcript.

nothing less in all the world, came to him from the Committee of Both Kingdoms.*

'The night before' must mean, to all appearance, the 22d of April. How Cromwell instantly took horse; plunged into Oxfordshire, and on the 24th, at Islip Bridge, attacked and routed this said convoy; and the same day, 'merely by dragoons' and fierce countenance, took Bletchington House, for which poor Colonel Windebank was shot, so angry were they; how Cromwell, sending off the guns and stores to Abingdon, shot across westward to 'Radcot Bridge' or 'Bampton-in-the-Bush;' and on the 26th gained a new victory there; and on the whole made a rather brilliant sally of it:—all this is known from Clarendon, or more authentically from Rushworth:† but only the concluding unsuccessful part of it has left any trace in autograph.

To the Governor of the Garrison in Farrington.

29th April, 1645.

SIR,

I summon you to deliver into my hands the House wherein you are, and your Ammunition, with all things else there; together with your persons, to be disposed of as the Parliament shall appoint. Which if you refuse to do, you are to expect the utmost extremity of war. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

This Governor, 'Roger Burgess,' is not to be terrified with

* Sprigge's *Anglia Rediviva* (London, 1647), p. 10. Sprigge was one of Fairfax's Chaplains; his Book, a rather ornate work, gives florid but authentic and sufficient account of this New-Model Army in all its features and operations, by which 'England' had 'come alive again.' A little sparing in dates; but correct where they are given. None of the old Books is better worth reprinting.—For some glimmer of notice concerning Joshua Sprigge himself, see Wood *in voce*,—and disbelieve altogether that 'Nat. Fiennes' had anything to do with this Book.

† vi., 23, 4.

‡ Rushworth, vi., 26.

fierce countenance and mere dragoons; he refuses. Cromwell withdrew into Farringdon Town, and again summons.

LETTER XI.

To the same; same date.

SIR,

I understand by forty or fifty poor men whom you forced into your House, that you have many there whom you cannot arm, and who are not serviceable to you. If these men should perish by your means, it were great inhumanity surely. Honor and honesty require this, That though you be prodigal of your own lives, yet not to be so of theirs. If God give you into my hands, I will not spare a man of you, if you put me to a storm.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Roger Burgess, still unawed, refuses; Cromwell waits for infantry from Abingdon 'till 3 next morning,' then storms; loses fourteen men, with a captain taken prisoner;—and draws away, leaving Burgess to crow over him. The Army, which rose from Windsor yesterday, gets to Reading this day, and he must hasten thither.

Yesterday, Wednesday, Monthly-fast day, all Preachers, by Ordinance of Parliament, were praying for 'God's merciful assistance to this New Army now on march, and his blessing upon their endeavors.'† Consider it; actually 'praying!' It was a capability old London and its Preachers and Populations had; to us the incrediblest.

LETTER XII.

By Letter Twelfth it will be seen that Lieutenant-General Cromwell has never yet resumed his Parliamentary duty. In fact, he

* Rushworth, *ibid.*

† Rushworth, vi., 25.

is in the Associated Counties, raising force ; ‘ for protection of the Isle of Ely,’ and other purposes. To Fairfax and his Officers, to the Parliament, to the Committee of Both Kingdoms, to all persons, it is clear that Cromwell cannot be dispensed with. Fairfax and the Officers petition Parliament* that he may be appointed their Lieutenant General, Commander-in-Chief of the Horse. There is a clear necessity in it. Parliament, the Commons somewhat more readily than the Lords, continue by instalments of ‘ forty days,’ of ‘ three months,’ his services in the Army, and at length grow to regard him as a constant element there. A few others got similar leave of absence, similar dispensation from the Self-denying Ordinance. Sprigge’s words, cited above, are no doubt veracious ; yet there is trace of evidence† that Cromwell’s continuance in the Army had, even by the framers of the Self-denying Ordinance, been considered a thing possible, a thing desirable. As it well might ! To Cromwell himself there was no overpowering felicity in getting out to be shot at, except where wanted ; he very probably, as Sprigge intimates, did let the matter in silence take its own course.

‘ To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament’s Army : These.’

Huntingdon, 4 June, 1645.

SIR,

I most humbly beseech you to pardon my long silence. I am conscious of the fault, considering the great obligations lying upon me. But since my coming into these parts, I have been busied to secure that part of the Isle of Ely where I conceived most danger to be.

Truly I found it in a very ill posture : and it is yet but weak ; without works, ammunition or men considerable,—and of money least : and then, I hope, you will easily conceive of the defence : and God has preserved us all this while to a miracle. The party under Vermuyden waits the King’s Army, and is about Deeping ; has a command to join with Sir John Gell, if he commands him. So ‘ too’ the Nottingham Horse. I shall be bold to present you with intelligence as it comes to me.

* Their Letter (Newspapers, 9-16 June) in Cromwelliana, p. 18.

† Godwin’s History of the Commonwealth (London, 1824), i, 405.

I am bold to present this as my humble suit: That you would be pleased to make Captain Rawlins, this Bearer, a Captain of Horse. He has been so before; was nominated to the Model; is a most honest man. Colonel Sidney leaving his regiment, if it please you to bestow *his* troop on him, I am confident he will serve you faithfully. So, by God's assistance, will

Your most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The 'Vermuyden' mentioned here, who became Colonel Vermuyden, is supposed to be a son of the Dutch Engineer who drained the Fens. 'Colonel Sidney' is the celebrated Algernon; he was nominated in the 'Model,' but is 'leaving his regiment.' Captain Rawlins does obtain a Company of Horse; under 'Colonel Sir Robert Pye.'†—Colonel Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, has a Foot-Regiment here. Hugh Peters is 'Chaplain to the Train.'

The King has got into the Midland Counties; 'hunting,' driving 'large herds of cattle' before him,—uncertain whitherward: and we are now within sight of Naseby Field.

* Rushworth, vi. (London, 1701), p. 37.

† Army-List, in Sprigge (p. 336).

LETTER XIII.

THE old Hamlet of Naseby stands yet, on its old hill-top, very much as it did in Saxon days, on the Northwestern border of Northamptonshire ; some seven or eight miles from Market-Harborough in Leicestershire ; nearly on a line, and nearly midway, between that Town and Daventry. A peaceable old Hamlet, of perhaps five hundred souls ; clay cottages for laborers, but neatly walled and swept ; smith's shop, saddler's shop, beer-shop, all in order ; forming a kind of square, which leads off, North and South, into two long streets : the old Church, with its graves, stands in the centre, the truncated spire finishing itself with a strange old Ball, held up by rods ; a ' hollow copper Ball, which came from Boulogne in Henry the Eighth's time,'—which has, like Hudibras's breeches, ' been at the Siege of Bullen.' The ground is upland, moorland, though now growing corn ; was not enclosed till the last generation, and is still somewhat bare of wood. It stands nearly in the heart of England ; gentle Dulness, making a turn at etymology, sometimes derives it from *Navel* ; Navesby, quasi *Navelsby*, from being,' &c. : Avon Well, the distinct source of Shakspeare's Avon, is on the Western slope of the high grounds ; Nen and Welland, streams leading towards Cromwell's Fen-country, begin to gather themselves from boggy places on the Eastern side. The grounds, as we say, lie high ; and are still, in their new subdivisions, known by the name of ' Hills,' ' Rutput Hill,' ' Mill Hill,' ' Dust Hill,' and the like, precisely as in Rushworth's time : but they are not properly hills at all ; they are broad blunt clayey masses, swelling towards and from each other, like indolent waves of a sea, sometimes of miles extent.

It was on this high moor-ground, in the centre of England, that King Charles, on the 14th of June, 1645, fought his last battle ; dashed fiercely against the New-Model Army, which he

had despised till then : and saw himself shivered utterly to ruin thereby. 'Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged *up* the hill, and carried all before him ;' but Lieutenant-General Cromwell charged downhill on the other wing, likewise carrying all before him,—and did *not* gallop off the field to plunder, he. Cromwell, ordered thither by the Parliament, had arrived from the Association two days before, 'amid shouts from the whole Army :' he had the ordering of the Horse this morning. Prince Rupert, on returning from his plunder, finds the King's Infantry a ruin ; prepares to charge again with the rallied Cavalry ; but the Cavalry too, when it came to the point, 'broke all asunder,'—never to reassemble more. The chase went through Harborough ; where the King had already been that morning, when in an evil hour he turned back, to revenge some 'surprise of an outpost at Naseby the night before,' and give the Roundheads battle.

Ample details of this Battle, and of the moments prior and posterior to it, are to be found in Sprigge, or copied with some abridgment into Rushworth ; who has also copied a strange old Plan of the Battle ; half plan, half picture, which the Sale-Catalogues are very chary of, in the case of Sprigge. By assiduous attention, aided by this Plan, as the old names yet stick to the localities, the Narrative can still be, and has lately been, pretty accurately verified, and the Figure of the old Battle dimly brought back again. The reader shall imagine it for the present.—On the crown of Naseby Height stands a modern Battle-monument ; but, by an untucky oversight, it is above a mile to the east of where the Battle really was. There are likewise two modern Books about Naseby and its Battle ; both of them without value.

The Parliamentary Army stood ranged on the Height still partly called 'Mill Hill,' as in Rushworth's time, a mile and half from Naseby ; the King's Army, on a parallel 'Hill,' its back to Harborough ;—with the wide table of upland now named *Broad Moor* between them ; where indeed the main brunt of the action still clearly enough shows itself to have been. There are hollow spots, of a rank vegetation, scattered over that Broad Moor ; which are understood to have once been burial *mounds* ;—some

of which have been (with more or less of sacrilege) verified as such. A friend of mine has in his cabinet two ancient grinder-teeth, dug lately from that ground,—and waits for an opportunity to rebury them there. Sound effectual grinders, one of them very large; which ate their breakfast on the fourteenth morning of June, two hundred years ago, and, except to be clenched once in grim battle, had never work to do more in this world!—‘A stack of dead bodies, perhaps about 100, had been buried in this Trench; piled as in a wall, a man’s length thick: the skeletons lay in courses, the heads of one course to the heels of the next;—one figure, by the strange position of the bones, gave us the hideous notion of its having been thrown in *before* death! We did not proceed far:—perhaps some half-dozen skeletons. The bones were treated with all piety; watched rigorously, over Sunday, till they could be covered in again.’* Sweet friends, for Jesus’ sake forbear!—

At this battle Mr. John Rushworth, our Historical Rushworth, had, unexpectedly, for some instants, sight of a very famous person. Mr. John is Secretary to Fairfax; and they have placed him to-day among the Baggage-wagons, near Naseby Hamlet, above a mile from the fighting, where he waits in an anxious manner. It is known how Prince Rupert broke our left wing, while Cromwell was breaking their left. ‘A Gentleman of Public Employment in the late Service near Naseby’ writes next day, ‘Harborough, 15th June, 2 in the morning,’ a rough graphic Letter in the Newspapers,† wherein is this sentence:

* * ‘A party of theirs that broke through the left wing of horse, came quite behind the rear to our Train; the Leader of them, being a person somewhat in habit like the General, in a red montero, as the General had. He came as a friend; our commander of the guard of the Train went with his hat in his hand, and asked him, How the day went? thinking it had been the General: the Cavalier, who we since heard was Rupert, asked

* *ms. penes me.*

† King’s Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 212, § 26, p. 2; the punctual contemporaneous Collector has named him with his pen: ‘Mr. Rushworth’s Letter, being the Secretary to his Excellency.’

him and the rest, If they would have quarter? They cried, No; gave fire, and instantly beat them off. It was a happy deliverance,—without doubt.

There were taken here a good few ‘ladies of quality in carriages;’—and above a hundred Irish ladies not of quality, tat’ery camp-followers ‘with long skean-knives about a foot in length,’ which they well knew how to use; upon whom I fear the Ordinance against Papists pressed hard this day.* The King’s Carriage was also taken, with a Cabinet and many Royal Autographs in it, which when printed made a sad impression against his Majesty,—gave in fact a most melancholy view of the veracity of his Majesty, “On the word of a King.”† All was lost!—

Here is Cromwell’s Letter, written from Harborough, or ‘Haverbrow’ as he calls it, that same night; after the hot Battle and hot chase were over. The original, printed long since in Rushworth, still lies in the British Museum,—with ‘a strong steady signature,’ which one could look at with interest. ‘The Letter consists of two leaves; much worn, and now supported by pasting; red seal much defaced; is addressed on the second leaf.’

*For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons
House of Parliament: These.*

Harborough, 14th June, 1645.

SIR,

Being commanded by you to this service, I think myself bound to acquaint you with the good hand of God towards you and us.

We marched yesterday after the King, who went before us from Daventry to Harborough; and quartered about six miles from him. This day we marched towards him. He drew out to meet us; both armies engaged. We, after three hours fight very doubtful, at last routed his army; killed and took about 5000,—very many officers, but of what quality we yet know not. We took also about 200 carriages, all he had; and all his guns, being 12 in number, whereof two were demi-cannon, two demi-culverins, and I think the rest sackers. We pursued

* Whitlocke.

† The King’s Cabinet opened; or Letters taken in the Cabinet at Naseby Field (London, 1645):—reprinted in Harleian Miscellany (London 1810), v., 514

the enemy from three miles short of Harborough to nine beyond, even to the sight of Leicester, whither the King fled.

Sir, this is none other but the hand of God ; and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General served you with all faithfulness and honor : and the best commendation I can give him is, That I daresay he attributes all to God, and would rather perish than assume to himself. Which is an honest and a thriving way :—and yet as much for bravery may be given to him, in this action as to a man. Honest men served you faithfully in this action. Sir, they are trusty : I beseech you, in the name of God, not to discourage them. I wish this action may beget thankfulness and humility in all that are concerned in it. He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience, and you for the liberty he fights for. In this he rests, who is

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

John Bunyan, I believe, is this night in Leicester,—not yet writing his *Pilgrim's Progress* on paper, but acting it on the face of the Earth, with a brown matchlock on his shoulder. Or rather, *without* the matchlock, just at present ; Leicester and he having been taken the other day. 'Harborough Church' is getting 'filled with prisoners' while Oliver writes,—and an immense contemporaneous tumult everywhere going on !

The 'honest men who served you faithfully on this occasion' are the considerable portion of the Army who have not yet succeeded in bringing themselves to take the Covenant. Whom the Presbyterian Party, rigorous for their own formula, call 'Schismatics,' 'Sectaries,' 'Anabaptists,' and other hard names ; whom Cromwell, here and elsewhere, earnestly pleads for. To Cromwell, perhaps as much as to another, order was lovely, and disorder hateful ; but he discerned better than some others what order and disorder really were. The forest-trees are not in 'order' because they are all clipt into the same shape of Dutch dragons, and forced to die or grow in that way ; but because in each of them there is the same genuine unity of life, from the inmost pith to the utmost leaf, and they do grow according to that !—Cromwell naturally became the head of this Schismatic Party,

* Harl MSS., no. 7502, art. 5, p. 7 ; Rushworth, vi., 45.

intent to grow not as Dutch dragons, but as real trees ; a Party which naturally increased with the increasing earnestness of events and of men.—

The King stayed but a few hours in Leicester ; he had taken Leicester, some days before, and it was retaken from him some days after :—he stayed but a few hours here ; rode on, that same night, to Ashby de la Zouch, which he reached ‘at daybreak,’—poor wearied King !—then again swiftly Westward, to Wales, to Ragland Castle, to this place and that ; in the hope of raising some force, and coming to fight again ; which however he could never do.* Some ten months more of roaming, and he, ‘disguised as a groom,’ will be riding with Parson Hudson towards the Scots at Newcastle.

The New-Model Army marched into the Southwest ; very soon ‘relieved Colonel Robert Blake’ (Admiral Blake), and many others ;—marched to ever new exploits and victories, which excite the pious admiration of Joshua Sprigge ; and very soon swept all its enemies from the field, and brought this War to a close.†

The following Letters exhibit part of Cromwell’s share in that business, and may be read with little commentary.

* *Iter Carolinum* ; being a succinct Relation of the necessitated Marches, Retreats and Sufferings of his Majesty Charles the First, from 10 January, 1641, till the time of his Death, 1648 : Collected by a daily Attendant upon his Sacred Majesty during all the said time. London, 1660.—It is reprinted in *Somers Tracts* (v., 263), but, as usual there, without any editing except a nominal one, though it somewhat needed more.

† A Journal of every day’s March of the Army under his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax (in Sprigge, p. 331).

LETTER XIV.

THE CLUBMEN.

THE victorious Army, driving all before it in the Southwest, where alone the King had still any considerable fighting force, found itself opposed by a very unexpected enemy, famed in the old Pamphlets by the name of *Clubmen*. The design was at bottom Royalist; but the country people in those regions had been worked upon by the Royalist Gentry and Clergy, on the somewhat plausible ground of taking up arms to defend themselves against the plunder and harassment of *both* Armies. The great mass of them were Neutrals; there even appeared by and by various transient bodies of 'Clubmen' on the Parliament side, whom Fairfax entertained occasionally to assist him in pioneering and other such services. They were called Clubmen, not, as M. Villemain supposes,* because they united in *Clubs*, but because they were armed with rough country weapons, mere bludgeons if no other could be had. Sufficient understanding of them may be gained from the following letter of Cromwell, prefaced by some Excerpts.

From Rushworth: 'Thursday, July 3d, Fairfax marched from Blandford to Dorchester, 12 miles; a very hot day. Where Colonel Sidenham, Governor of Weymouth, gave him information of the condition of those parts; and of the great danger from the Club-risers; a set of men 'who would not suffer either contribution or victuals to be carried to the Parliament's garrisons. And the same night Mr. Hollis of Dorsetshire, the chief leader of the Clubmen, with some others of their principal men, came to Fairfax: and Mr. Hollis owned himself to be one of their

* Our French friends ought to be informed that M. Villemain's Book on Cromwell is, unluckily, a rather ignorant and shallow one.—Of M. Guizot, on the other hand, we are to say that his Two Volumes, so far as they go, are the fruit of real ability and solid studies applied to those Transactions

Leaders ; affirming that it was fit the people should show their grievances and their strength. Fairfax treated them civilly, and promised they should have an answer the next morning. For they were so strong at that time, that it was held a point of prudence to be fair in demeanor towards them for a while ; for if he should engage with General Goring, and be put to the worst, these Clubmen would knock them on the head as they should fly for safety.—That which they desired from him was a safe-conduct for certain persons to go to the King and Parliament with petitions ;* which Fairfax in a very mild but resolute manner *refused*.

From Sprigge, † copied also into Rushworth with some inaccuracies : ‘ On Monday, August 4th, Lieutenant-General Cromwell having intelligence of some of their places of rendezvous for their several divisions, went forth ’ from Sherborne ‘ with a party of Horse to meet these Clubmen ; being well satisfied of the danger of their design. As he was marching towards Shaftesbury with the party, they discovered some colors upon the top of a high Hill, full of wood and almost inaccessible. A Lieutenant with a small party was sent to them to know their meaning, and to acquaint them that the Lieutenant-General of the Army was there ; whereupon Mr. Newman, one of their leaders, thought fit to come down, and told us, The intent was desire to know why the gentlemen were taken at Shaftesbury on Saturday ? The Lieutenant-General returned him this answer : That he held himself not bound to give him or them an account ; what was done was by authority ; and they that did it were not responsible to them that had none : but not to leave them wholly unsatisfied, he told him, Those persons so met had been the occasion and stirrers of many tumultuous and unlawful meetings ; for which they were to be tried by law ; which trial ought not by them to be questioned or interrupted. Mr. Newman desired to go up to return the answer ; the Lieutenant-General with a small party went with him ; and had some conference with the people ; to this purpose : That whereas they pretended to meet there to save their goods, they took a very ill course for that : to leave their

* Rushworth, vi., 52.

† pp. 78, 9.

houses was the way to *lose* their goods ; and it was offered them, That justice should be done upon any who offered them violence ; and as for the gentlemen taken at Shaftesbury, it was only to answer some things they were accused of, which they had done contrary to law and the peace of the Kingdom.—Herewith they seeming to be well satisfied, promised to return to their houses ; and accordingly did so.

‘ These being thus quietly sent home, the Lieutenant-General advanced further, to a meeting of a great number, of about 4,000, who betook themselves to Hambledon Hill, near Shrawton. At the bottom of the Hill ours met a man with a musket, and asked, Whither he was going ? he said, To the Club Army ; ours asked, What he meant to do ? he asked, What they had to do with that ? Being required to lay down his arms, he said he would first lose his life ; but was not so good as his word, for though he cocked, and presented his musket, he was prevented, disarmed, and wounded, but not’—Here however is Cromwell’s own narrative :

To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, Commander in Chief of the Parliament’s Forces, ‘ at Sherborne : These.’

‘ Shaftesbury,’ 4th August, 1645.

SIR,

I marched this morning towards Shaftesbury. In my way I found a party of Clubmen gathered together, about two miles on this side of the Town, towards you ; and one Mr. Newman in the head of them,—who was one of those that did attend you at Dorchester, with Mr. Hollis. I sent to them to know the cause of their meeting : Mr. Newman came to me ; and told me, That the Clubmen in Dorset and Wilts, to the number of ten thousand, were to meet about their men who were taken away at Shaftesbury, and that their intendment was to secure themselves from plundering. To the first I told them, That although no account was due to them, yet I knew the men were taken by your authority, to be tried judicially for raising a Third Party in the Kingdom ; and if they should be found guilty, they must suffer according to the nature of their offence ; if innocent, I assured them you would acquit them. Upon this they said, If they have deserved punishment, they would not have anything to do with them ; and so were quieted as to that point. For the other ‘ point,’ I assured them, That it was your great care, not to suffer them in the least to be plundered, and that they should

defend themselves from violence, and bring to your Army such as did them any wrong, where they should be punished with all severity: upon this, very quietly and peaceably they marched away to their houses, being very well satisfied and contented.

We marched on to Shaftesbury, where we heard a great body of them was drawn together about Hambledon Hill;—where indeed near two thousand were gathered. I sent ‘up’ a forlorn-hope of about fifty Horse; who coming very civilly to them, they fired upon them; and ours desiring some of them to come to me, were refused with disdain. They were drawn into one of the old Camps,* upon a very high Hill: I sent one Mr. Lee† to them, To certify the peaceableness of my intentions, and To desire them to peaceableness, and to submit to the Parliament. They refused, and fired at us. I sent him a second time, To let them know, that if they would lay down their arms, no wrong should be done them. They still (through the animation of their leaders, and especially two vile ministers) refused; I commanded your Captain-Lieutenant to draw up to them, to be in readiness to charge; and if, upon his falling-on, they would lay down arms, to accept them and spare them. When we came near, they refused this offer, and let fly at him; killed about two of his men, and at least four horses. The passage not being for above three a-breast, kept us out; whereupon Major Desbrow wheeled about; got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution upon them;—I believe killed not twelve of them, but cut very many, ‘and put them all to flight.’ We have taken about 300; many of which are poor silly creatures, whom if you please to let me send home, they promise to be very dutiful for time to come, and will be hanged before they come out again.

The ringleaders which we have, I intend to bring to you. They had taken divers of the Parliament soldiers prisoners, besides Colonel Fiennes his men: and used them most barbarously; bragging, they hoped to see my Lord Hopton, and that he is to command them. They expected from Wilts great store; and gave out they meant to raise the siege at Sherborne, when ‘once’ they were all met. We have gotten great store of their arms, and they carried few or none home. We quarter about ten miles off, and purpose to draw our quarters near to you to-morrow.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

* Roman Camps (Gough’s Camden, i., 52).

† ‘One Mr. Lee who, upon the approach of ours, had come from them (Sprigge, p. 79).

‡ Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 20). Also Sprigge, pp. 112, 118.

‘On Tuesday at night, August 5th, the Lieutenant-General’ Cromwell ‘with his party returned to Sherborne,’ where the General and the rest were very busy besieging the inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives.

‘This work,’ which the Lieutenant-General had now been upon, continues Sprigge, ‘though unhappy, was very necessary.’* No messenger could be sent out but he was picked up by these Clubmen : these once dispersed, ‘a man might ride very quietly from Sherborne to Salisbury.’ The inexpugnable Sir Lewis Dives (a thrasonical person known to the readers of Evelyn), after due battering, was now soon stormed : whereupon, by Letters found on him, it became apparent how deeply Royalist this scheme of Clubmen had been : ‘Commissions for raising Regiments of Clubmen ;’ the design to be extended over England at large, ‘yea into the Associated Counties :’ however, it has now come to nothing ; and the Army turns up to the Siege of Bristol, where Prince Rupert is doing all he can to entrench himself.

* Sprigge, p 51.

LETTER XV.

STORM OF BRISTOL.

ON the Lord's Day, September 21, according to Order of Parliament, Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter on the taking of Bristol was read in the 'several Congregations about London, and thanks returned to Almighty God for the admirable and wonderful reducing of that city. The Letter of the renowned Commander is well worth observation.* For the Siege itself and what preceded and followed it, see besides this Letter, Rupert's own account,† and the ample details of Sprigge copied with abridgment by Rushworth; Sayer's *History of Bristol* gives Plans, and all manner of local details, though in a rather vague way.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Bristol, 14th September, 1645.

SIR,

It has pleased the General to give me in charge to represent unto you a particular account of the taking of Bristol; the which I gladly undertake.

After the finishing of that service at Sherborne, it was disputed at a council of war, Whether we should march into the West or to Bristol? Amongst other arguments, the leaving so considerable an enemy at our backs, to march into the heart of the Kingdom, the undoing of the country about Bristol, which was 'already' exceedingly harassed by the Prince his being thereabouts but a fortnight; the correspondency he might hold in Wales; the possibility of uniting the Enemy's forces where they pleased, and especially of drawing to an head the disaffected Clubmen of Somerset, Wilts and Dorset, when once our backs were toward them: these considerations, together with 'the hope of' taking so important a place, so advantageous for the opening of trade to London,—did sway the balance, and beget that conclusion.

* Newspapers, Cromwelliana, p. 24.

† Rushworth, vi., 69, &c.

When we came within four miles of the City, we had a new debate, Whether we should endeavor to block it up, or make a regular siege? The latter being overruled, Colone. Welden with his brigade marched to Pile Hill, on the South side of the City, being within musket-shot thereof;—where in a few days they made a good quarter, overlooking the City. Upon our advance, the enemy fired Bedminster, Clifton, and some other villages lying near to the City; and would have fired more, if our unexpected coming had not hindered. The General caused some Horse and Dragoons under Commissary-General Ireton to advance over Avon, to keep in the enemy on the North side of the Town, till the foot could come up: and after a day, the General, with Colonel Montague's and Colonel Rainsborough's brigades, marched over at Kensham to Stapleton, where he quartered that night. The next day, Colonel Montague, having this post assigned with his brigade, To secure all between the Rivers Froom and Avon; he came up to Lawford's Gate,* within musket-shot thereof. Colonel Rainsborough's post was near to Durdam Down, whereof the Dragoons and three regiments of Horse made good a post upon the Down, between him and the River Avon, on his right hand. And from Colonel Rainsborough's quarters to Froom River on his left, a part of Colonel Birch's, and 'the whole of' General Skippon's regiment were to maintain that post.

These posts thus settled, our Horse were forced to be upon exceeding great duty; to stand by the Foot, lest the Foot, being so weak in all their posts, might receive an affront. And truly herein we were very happy, that we should receive so little loss by sallies; considering the paucity of our men to make good the posts, and strength of the enemy within. By sallies (which were three or four) I know not that we lost thirty men in all the time of our siege. Of officers of quality, only Colonel Okey was taken by mistake (going 'of himself' to the enemy, thinking they had been friends), and Captain Guilliams slain in a charge. We took Sir Bernard Astley; and killed Sir Richard Crane,—one very considerable with the Prince.

We had a council of war concerning the storming of the Town, about eight days before we took it; and in that there appeared great unwillingness to the work, through the unseasonableness of the weather, and other apparent difficulties. Some inducement to bring us thither had been the report of the good affection of the Townsmen to us; but that did not answer expectation. Upon a second consideration, it was overruled for a storm. And all things seemed to favor the design;—and truly there hath been seldom the like cheerfulness to any work like to

* One of the Bristol Gates.

this, after it was once resolved upon. The day and hour of our storm was appointed to be on Wednesday morning, the Tenth of September about one of the clock. We chose to act it so early because we hoped thereby to surprise the Enemy. With this resolution also, to avoid confusion and falling foul one upon another, That when 'once' we had recovered* the Line and Forts upon it, we should not advance further till day. The General's signal unto a storm was to be, The firing of straw, and discharging four pieces of cannon at Pryor's Hill Fort.

The signal was very well perceived of all; and truly the men went on with great resolution; and very presently recovered the Line, making way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Montague and Colonel Pickering, who stormed at Lawford's Gate, where was a double work, well filled with men and cannon, presently entered; and with great resolution beat the enemy from their works, and possessed their cannon. Their expedition was such that they forced the enemy from their advantages, without any considerable loss to themselves. They laid down the bridges for the Horse to enter;—Major Desbrow commanding the Horse; who very gallantly seconded the Foot. Then our Foot advanced to the City Walls; where they possessed the Gate against the Castle Street: whereinto were put 100 men; who made it good. Sir Hardress Waller with his own and the General's regiment, with no less resolution, entered on the other side of Lawford's Gate, towards Avon River; and put themselves into immediate conjunction with the rest of the brigade.

During this, Colonel Rainsborough and Colonel Hammond attempted Pryor's Hill Fort, and the Line downwards towards From; and the Major-General's regiment being to storm towards From River, Colonel Hammond possessed the Line immediately, and beating the enemy from it, made way for the Horse to enter. Colonel Rainsborough, who had the hardest task of all at Pryor's Hill Fort, attempted it; and fought near three hours for it. And indeed there was great despair of carrying the place; it being exceeding high, a ladder of thirty rounds scarcely reaching the top thereof; but his resolution was such that, notwithstanding the inaccessibleness and difficulty, he would not give it over. The enemy had four pieces of cannon upon it, which they plied with round and case shot upon our men: his Lieutenant-Colonel Bowen, and others, were two hours at push of pike, standing upon the palisadoes, but could not enter. 'But now' Colonel Hammond being entered the

* *Recovered* means 'taken,' 'got possession of:' *the Line* is a new earthen work outside the walls; very deficient in height according to Rupert's account.

Line (and 'here' Captain Ireton* with a forlorn of Colonel Rich's regiment interposing with his Horse between the Enemy's Horse and Colonel Hammond, received a shot with two pistol-bullets, which broke his arm),—by means of this entrance of Colonel Hammond they did storm the Fort on that part which was inward; 'and so' Colonel Rainsborough's and Colonel Hammond's men entered the Fort, and immediately put almost all the men in it to the sword.

And as this was the place of most difficulty, so 'it was' of most loss to us on that side,—and of very great honor to the undertaker. The Horse 'too' did second them with great resolution: both these Colonels do acknowledge that *their* interposition between the enemy's Horse and their Foot, was a great means of obtaining of this strong Fort. Without which all the rest of the line to From River would have done us little good; and indeed neither Horse nor Foot could have stood in all that way, in any manner of security, had not the Fort been taken.—Major Bethel's were the first Horse that entered the Line; who did behave himself gallantly; and was shot in the thigh, had one or two shot more, and had his horse shot under him. Colonel Birch with his men, and the Major-General's regiment, entered with very good resolution where their post was; possessing the enemy's guns, and turning them upon them.

By this, all the line from Pryor's Hill Fort to Avon (which was a full mile), with all the forts, ordnance and bulwarks, were possessed by us;—save one, wherein were about Two hundred and twenty men of the Enemy; which the General summoned, and all the men submitted.

The success on Colonel Welden's side did not answer with this. And although the Colonels, and other the officers and soldiers both Horse and Foot, testified as much resolution as could be expected,—Colonel Welden, Colonel Ingoldsby, Colonel Herbert, and the rest of the Colonels and officers, both of Horse and Foot, doing what could be well looked for from men of honor,—yet what by reason of the height of the works, which proved higher than report made them, and the shortness of the ladders, they were repulsed with the loss of about One hundred men. Colonel Fortescue's Lieutenant-Colonel was killed, and Major Cromwell† dangerously shot; and two of Colonel Ingoldsby's brothers hurt; with some officers.

Being possessed of thus much as hath been related, the Town was fired in three places by the Enemy; which we could not put out.

* This is not the famous Ireton; this is his Brother. 'Commissary-General Ireton,' as we have seen, is also here; he is not wedded yet.

† A cousin.

Which begat great trouble in the General, and us all; fearing to see so famous a City burnt to ashes before our faces. Whilst we were viewing so sad a spectacle, and consulting which way to make further advantage of our success, the Prince sent a trumpet to the General to desire a treaty for the surrender of the Town. To which the General agreed; and deputed Colonel Montague, Colonel Rainsborough, and Colonel Pickering for that service; authorizing them with instructions to treat and conclude the Articles,—which ‘accordingly’ are these enclosed. For performance whereof hostages were mutually given.

On Thursday about two of the clock in the afternoon, the Prince marched out; having a convoy of two regiments of Horse from us; and making election of Oxford for the place he would go to, which he had liberty to do by his Articles.

The cannon which we have taken are about One hundred and forty mounted; about One hundred barrels of powder already come to our hands, with a good quantity of shot, ammunition, and arms. We have found already between Two and Three thousand muskets. The Royal Fort had victual in it for One hundred and fifty men, for Three hundred and twenty days; the Castle victualled for nearly half so long. The Prince had in foot of the Garrison, as the Mayor of the City informed me, Two thousand five hundred, and about One thousand Horse, besides the Trained Bands of the Town, and Auxiliaries One thousand, some say One thousand five hundred.—I hear but of one man that hath died of the plague in all our Army, although we have quartered amongst and in the midst of infected persons and places. We had not killed of ours in the Storm, nor in all this Siege, Two hundred men.

Thus I have given you a true, but not a full account of this great business; wherein he that runs may read, That all this is none other than the work of God. He must be a very Atheist that doth not acknowledge it.

It may be thought that some praises are due to those gallant men, of whose valor so much mention is made:—their humble suit to you and all that have an interest in this blessing, is, That in the remembrance of God’s praises they be forgotten. It’s their joy that they are instruments of God’s glory, and their country’s good. It’s their honor that God vouchsafes to use them. Sir, they that have been employed in this service know, that faith and prayer obtained this City for you: I do not say ours only, but of the people of God with you and all England over, who have wrestled with God for a blessing in this very thing. Our desires are that God may be glorified by the same spirit of faith by which we ask all our sufficiency, and have received it. It is meet that

He have all the praise. Presbyterians, Independents, all have here the same spirit of faith and prayer; the same presence and answer; they agree here, have no names of difference: pity it is it should be otherwise anywhere! All that believe, have the real unity, which is most glorious; because inward, and spiritual, in the Body, and to the Head.* For being united in forms, commonly called Uniformity, every Christian will for peace-sake study and do, as far as conscience will permit. And for brethren, in things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason. In other things, God hath put the sword in the Parliament's hands,—for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them, that do well. If any plead exemption from that,—he knows not the Gospel: if any would wring that out of your hands, or steal it from you under what pretence soever, I hope they shall do it without effect. That God may maintain it in your hands, and direct you in the use thereof, is the prayer of

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

These last paragrapns are, as the old Newspapers say, 'very remarkable.' If modern readers suppose them to be 'cant,' it will turn out an entire mistake. I advise all modern readers not only to believe that Cromwell here means what he says; but even to try how *they*, each for himself in a new dialect, could mean the like or something better!—

Prince Rupert rode out of Bristol amid seas of angry human faces glooming unutterable things upon him; growling audibly, in spite of his escort, "Why not hang *him!*" For indeed the poor Prince had been necessitated to much plunder; commanding 'the elixir of the Blackguardism of the three Kingdoms,' with very insufficient funds for most part!—He begged a thousand muskets from Fairfax on this occasion, to assist his escort in protecting him across the country to Oxford; promising on his honor to return them after that service. Fairfax lent the muskets; the Prince did honorably return them, what he had of them,—honorably apologising that so many had 'deserted' on the road, of whom neither man nor musket were recoverable at present.

* 'Head' means *Christ*; 'Body' *True Church of Christ*.

† Rushworth, vi., 85.

LETTERS XVI.—XVIII.

FROM Bristol the Army turned Southward again, to deal with the yet remaining force of Royalism in that quarter. Sir Ralph Hopton, with Goring and others under him, made stubborn resistance ; but were constantly worsted, at Langport, at Tarrington, wheresoever they rallied and made a new attempt. The Parliament Army went steadily and rapidly on ; storming Bridgewater, storming all manner of Towns and Castles ; clearing the ground before them : till Sir Ralph was driven into Cornwall ; and, without resource or escape, saw himself obliged next spring* to surrender, and go beyond seas. A brave and honorable man ; respected on both sides ; and of all the King's Generals the most deserving respect. He lived in retirement abroad ; taking no part in Charles Second's businesses ; and died in honorable poverty before the Restoration.

The following Three Letters are what remain to us concerning Cromwell's share in that course of victories. He was present in various general or partial Fights from Langport to Bovey Tracey ; became especially renowned by his Sieges, and took many Strong Places besides those mentioned here.

LETTER XVI.

'To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament : These.'

Winchester, 6th October, 1645.'

SIR,

I came to Winchester on the Lord's day, the 28th of September ; with Colonel Pickering,—commanding his own, Colonel Montague's, and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments. After some dispute with the Governor, we entered the Town. I summoned the Castle ; was

* Truro, 14th March, 1646 (Rushworth, vi., 110).

denied; whereupon we fell to prepare batteries,—which we could not perfect (some of our guns being out of order) until Friday following. Our battery was six guns; which being finished,—after firing one round, I sent in a second summons for a treaty; which they refused. Whereupon we went on with our work, and made a breach in the wall near the Black Tower; which, after about 200 shot, we thought stormable; and purposed on Monday morning to attempt it. On Sunday night, about ten of the clock, the Governor beat a parley, desiring to treat. I agreed unto it; and sent Colonel Hammond and Major Harrison in to him, who agreed upon these enclosed Articles.

Sir, this is the addition of another mercy. You see God is not weary in doing you good: I confess, Sir, His favor to you is as visible, when He comes by His power upon the hearts of your enemies, making them quit places of strength to you, as when He gives courage to your soldiers to attempt hard things. His goodness in this is much to be acknowledged: for the Castle was well manned with 680 horse and foot, there being near 200 gentlemen, officers, and their servants; well victualled with 15,000 weight of cheese; very great store of wheat and beer; near twenty barrels of powder, seven pieces of cannon; the works were exceeding good and strong. It's very likely it would have cost much blood to have gained it by storm. We have not lost twelve men: this is repeated to you, that God may have all the praise, for it's all His due.

Sir, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Secretary,' who brings this Letter, gets 50*l.* for his good news.† By Sprigge's account,‡ he appears to have been 'Mr. Hugh Peters,' this 'Secretary.' Peters there makes a verbal Narrative of the affair, to Mr. Speaker and the Commons, which, were not room so scanty, we should be glad to insert.

It was at this surrender of Winchester that certain of the captive enemies having complained of being plundered contrary to Articles, Cromwell had the accused parties, six of his own soldiers, tried: being all found guilty, one of them by lot was hanged, and the other five were marched off to Oxford, to be there disposed of as the Governor saw fit. The Oxford Governor

* Sprigge, p. 128, and Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 25).

† Commons Journals, 7th October, 1645.

‡ P. 129

politely returned the five prisoners, 'with an acknowledgment of the Lieutenant-General's nobleness.'*

LETTER XVII.

BASING House, Pawlet Marquis of Winchester's Mansion, stood, as the ruined heaps still testify, at a small distance from Basingstoke in Hampshire. It had long infested the Parliament in those quarters; and been especially a great eyesorrow to the 'Trade of London with the Western Parts.' With Dennington Castle at Newbury, and this Basing House at Basingstoke, there was no travelling the western roads, except with escort, or on sufferance. The two places had often been attempted; but always in vain. Basing House especially had stood siege after siege, for four years; ruining poor Colonel This and then poor Colonel That: the jubilant Royalists had given it the name of *Basting* House; there was, on the Parliament side, a kind of passion to have Basing House taken. The Lieutenant-General, gathering all the artillery he can lay hold of; firing about 200 or 500 shot at some given point till he sees a hole made; and then storming like a fireflood:—he perhaps may manage it.

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Commons House of Parliament: These.

Basingstoke, 14th October, 1645.

SIR,

I thank God, I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries placed, we settled the several posts for the storm: Colonel Dalbier was to be on the north side of the House next the Grange; Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardress Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing four of our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness; we took the two Houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the New House, passed

* Sprigge, p. 133.

through, and got the gate of the Old House, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.

In the mean time Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardress Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the Enemy kept his Court of Guard;—which, with great resolution, they recovered; beating the Enemy from a whole culverin, and from that work: which having done, they drew their ladders after them, and got over another work, and the house-wall, before they could enter. In this Sir Hardress Waller performed his duty with honor and diligence; was shot on the arm, but not dangerously.

We have had little loss: many of the enemies our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst whom the Marquis 'of Winchester himself' and Sir Robert Peak, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, with much ammunition, and our soldiers a good encouragement.

I humbly offer to you, to have this place utterly slighted, for these following reasons: It will ask about eight hundred men to manage it; it is no frontier; the country is poor about it; the place exceedingly ruined by our batteries and mortar pieces, and by a fire which fell upon the place since our taking it. If you please to take the garrison at Farnham, some out of Chichester, and a good part of the foot which were here under Dalbier, and to make a strong quarter at Newbury with three or four troops of horse,—I dare be confident it would not only be a curb to Dennington, but a security and a frontier to all these parts; inasmuch as Newbury lies upon the River, and will prevent any incursion from Dennington, Wallingford, or Farringdon into these parts; and by lying there, will make the trade most secure between Bristol and London for all carriages. And I believe the gentlemen of Sussex and Hampshire will with more cheerfulness contribute to maintain a garrison on the frontier, than in their bowels, which will have less safety in it.

Sir, I hope not to delay, but to march towards the West tomorrow: and to be as diligent as I may in my expedition thither. I must speak my judgment to you, That if you intend to have your work carried on, recruits of Foot must be had, and a course taken to pay your army; else, believe me, Sir, it may not be able to answer the work you have for it to do.

I entrusted Colonel Hammond to wait upon you, who was taken by a mistake whilst we lay before this Garrison, whom God safely delivered to us, to our great joy; but to his loss of almost all he had, which the Enemy took from him. The Lord grant that these mercies may be

acknowledged with all thankfulness; God exceedingly abounds in His goodness to us, and will not be weary until righteousness and peace meet; and until He hath brought forth a glorious work for the happiness of this poor Kingdom. Wherein desires to serve God and you, with a faithful hand,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, whom we shall by and by see again, brought this good news to London, and had his reward; † Mr. Peters also, being requested 'to make a relation to the House of Commons, spake as follows.' The reader will like to hear Mr. Peters for once, a man concerning whom he has heard so many falsehoods, and to see an old grim scene through his eyes. Mr. Peters related:

"That he came into Basing House some time after the storm," on Tuesday, 14th of October, 1645;—"and took a view first of the works; which were many, the circumvallation being above a mile in compass. The Old House had stood (as it is reported) two or three hundred years, a nest of Idolatry; the New House surpassing that, in beauty and stateliness; and either of them fit to make an Emperor's court.

"The rooms before the storm (it seems), in both Houses, were all completely furnished; provisions for some years rather than months; 400 quarters of wheat; bacon divers rooms-full, containing hundreds of fitches; cheese proportionable; with oatmeal, beef, pork; beer divers cellars-full, and that very good,"—Mr. Peters having taken a draught of the same.

"A bed in one room, furnished, which cost 1,300*l*. Popish books many, with copes, and such utensils. In truth, the House stood in its full pride; and the Enemy was persuaded that it would be the last piece of ground that would be taken by the Parliament, because they had so often foiled our forces which had formerly appeared before it. In the several rooms and about the House, there were slain 74, and only one woman, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, who by her railing," poor lady, "provoked our soldiers (then in heat) into a further passion. There lay dead upon the

* Sprigge, p. 139; and the Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 27).

† Commons Journals, iv., 309.

ground, Major Cuffle ;—a man of great account amongst them, and a notorious Papist ; slain by the hands of Major Harrison, that godly, and gallant gentleman,”—all men know him ; “and Robinson the Player, who a little before the storm was known to be mocking and scorning the Parliament, and our Army. Eight or nine gentlewomen of rank, running forth together, were entertained by the common soldiers somewhat coarsely ; yet not uncivilly, considering the action in hand.

“The plunder of the soldiers continued till Tuesday night : one soldier had 120 Pieces in gold for his share ; others plate, others jewels ;—among the rest, one got three bags of silver, which (he being not able to keep his own counsel) grew to be common pillage amongst the rest, and the fellow had but one half-crown left for himself at last.—The soldiers sold the wheat to country people ; which they held up at good rates a while ; but afterwards the market fell, and there were some abatements for haste. After that, they sold the household stuff ; whereof there was good store, and the country loaded away many carts ; and they continued a great while, fetching out all manner of household stuff, till they had fetched out all the stools, chairs, and other lumber, all which they sold to the country people by piecemeal.

“In all these great buildings, there was not one iron bar left in all the windows (save only what were on fire), before night. And the last work of all was the lead ; and by Wednesday morning, they had hardly left one gutter about the House. And what the soldiers left, the fire took hold on ; which made more than ordinary haste ; leaving nothing but bare walls and chimneys in less than twenty hours ;—being occasioned by the neglect of the Enemy in quenching a fire-ball of ours at first.”—What a scene

“We know not how to give a just account of the number of persons that were within. For we have not quite three hundred prisoners ; and it may be, have found an hundred slain,—whose bodies, some being covered with rubbish, came not at once to our view. Only, riding to the House on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarters ; but our men could neither come to them, nor they to us. Amongst those that we saw slain, one of their Officers lying on the ground, seeming so exceeding

tall, was measured ; and from his great toe to his crown was nine feet in length ” (*sic*).

“ The Marquis being pressed, by Mr. Peters arguing with him,” urging him to yield before it came to storm, “ broke out and said, ‘ That if the King had no more ground in England but Basing House, he would adventure as he did, and so maintain it to the uttermost ;’—meaning with these Papists ; comforting himself in his disasters, That Basing House was called *Loyalty*. But he was soon silenced in the question concerning the King and Parliament ; and could only hope ‘ That the King might have a day again.’—And thus the Lord was pleased in a few hours to show us what mortal seed all earthly glory grows upon ; and how just and righteous the ways of God are, who takes sinners in their own snares, and lifteth up the hands of his despised people.

“ This is now the Twentieth garrison that hath been taken in this Summer by this Army :—and, I believe most of them the answers of the prayers, and trophies of the faith, of some of God’s servants. The Commander of this Brigade,” Lieutenant-General Cromwell, “ had spent much time with God in prayer the night before the storm ; and seldom fights without some Text of Scripture to support him. This time he rested upon that blessed word of God, written in the Hundred-and-fifteenth Psalm, eighth verse, *They that make them are like unto them ; so is every one that trusteth in them.* Which, with some verses going before, was now accomplished.”*

Mr. Peters presented the Marquis’s own Colors, which he brought from Basing ; the Motto of which was, *Donec pax redeat*

* ‘ Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy Name, give glory ; for thy mercy and for thy truth’s sake. Wherefore should the Heathen say, Where is now their God ? Our God is in the Heavens : he hath done whatsoever he hath pleased !—Their Idols are silver and gold ; the work of men’s hands. They have mouths, but they speak not ; eyes have they, but they see not : they have ears, but they hear not ; noses have they, but they smell not ; they have hands, but they handle not ; feet have they, but they walk not ; neither speak they through their throat ! They that make them are like unto them ; so is every one that trusteth in them.’—These words, awful as the words of very God, were in Oliver Cromwell’s heart that night.

terris ; the very same as King Charles gave upon his Coronation-money, when he came to the Crown.*—So Mr. Peters ; and then withdrew,—getting by and by 200*l.* a-year settled on him.†

This Letter was read in all Pulpits next Sunday, with thanks rendered to Heaven, by order of Parliament. Basing House is to be carted away ; ‘ whoever will come for brick or stone shall freely have the same for his pains.’‡

Among the names of the Prisoners taken here one reads that of *Inigo Jones*,—Unfortunate old Inigo. Vertue, on what evidence I know not, asserts farther that Wenceslaus Hollar, with his graving-tools, and unrivalled graving-talent, was taken here.§ The Marquis of Winchester had been addicted to the Arts,—to the Uphelsteries perhaps still more. A magnificent kind of man ; whose ‘ best bed,’ now laid bare to general inspection, excited the wonder of the world.

LETTER XVIII.

FAIRFAX with the Army is in Devonshire ; the following Letter will find him at Tiverton ; Cromwell marching that way, having now ended Basing. It is ordered in the Commons House that Cromwell be thanked ; moreover that he now attack Dennington Castle,|| of which we heard already at Newbury. These Messages overtake him on the road. This fraction of old Museum Manuscripts is now legible :

To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army : Haste :¶ These.

Wallop, 14 [error for 16th] October, 1645.

SIR,

In to-day's march I came to Wallop, twenty miles from Basing, towards you. That night I received this enclosed from the House of Commons ; which I thought fit to send you ; and to which I returned an answer, a copy whereof I have also sent enclosed to you.

* Sprigge, pp. 139–41. † Whitlocke. ‡ Commons Jour., iv., 309.

§ Life of Hollar.

|| Commons Journals, 15 October, 1645.

¶ Marching from Collumpton to Tiverton, while Cromwell writes (Sprigge, p. 334).

I perceive that it's their desire to have the place* taken in. But truly I could not do other than let them know what the condition of affairs in the West is, and submit the business to them and you. I shall be at Langford to-morrow night, if God please. I hope the work will not be long. If it should, I will rather leave a small part of the Foot (if Horse be not sufficient to take it in), than be detained from obeying such commands as I shall receive. I humbly beseech you to be confident that no man hath a more faithful heart to serve you than myself, nor shall be more stric. to obey your commands than

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Sir, I beseech you to let me know your resolution in this business with all the possible speed that may be; because whatsoever I be designed to, I wish I may speedily endeavor it, time being so precious for action in this season.†

The date '14th' is evidently an error. Basing, as we have just seen, was taken on the 14th; news of it are read in the House on Wednesday, the 15th, and 'a Letter ordered to be written,' which naturally arrives, on the Road from Basing to Langford, on the 16th; and is here forwarded from Wallop in haste that same evening. Langford House, whither Oliver is now bound, hoping to arrive next night, is near Salisbury. He did arrive accordingly; drew out part of his brigade, and summoned the place: place surrenders; 'to march forth to-morrow at twelve of the clock, being the 18th instant.‡

Colonel Dalbier, a man of Dutch birth, well known to readers of the old Books, is with Cromwell at present; his Second in command. It was from Dalbier that Cromwell first of all learned the mechanical part of soldiering; he had Dalbier to help him in drilling his Ironsides; so says Heath, credible on such a point. Dennington Castle was not besieged at present; it surrendered next Spring to Dalbier.§ Cromwell returned to Fairfax; served through Winter with him in the West, till all ended there.

* Dennington Castle.

† Sloane mss. 1519, fol. 61:—only the signature is in Oliver's hand.

‡ Sprigge, p. 145.

§ 1st April, 1646 (Rushworth, vi., 252).

About a month before the date of this Letter, the King had appeared again with some remnant of force, got together in Wales; with intent to relieve Chester, which was his key to Ireland: but this force too he saw shattered to pieces on Rowton Heath, near that city.* He had also had an eye towards the great Montrose in Scotland, who in these weeks was blazing at his highest there: but him too David Lesley with dragoons, emerging from the mist of the Autumn morning, on Philipsbaugh near Selkirk, had, in one fell hour, trampled utterly out. The King had to retire to Wales again; to Oxford and obscurity again.

On the 14th of next March, as we said, Sir Ralph Hopton surrendered himself in Cornwall.† On the 22d of the same month Sir Jacob Astley, another distinguished Royalist General, the last of them all,—coming towards Oxford with some small force he had gathered,—was beaten and captured at Stow among the Wolds of Gloucestershire:‡ surrendering himself, the brave veteran said, or is reported to have said, “You have now done your work, and may go to play,—unless you will fall out among yourselves.”

On Monday night, towards twelve of the clock, 27th April, 1646, the King in disguise rode out of Oxford, somewhat uncertain whitherward,—at length towards Newark and the Scots Army.§ On the Wednesday before, Oliver Cromwell had returned to his place in Parliament.|| Some detached Castles and Towns still held out, Ragland Castle even till the next August; but the First Civil War, we may say, has now ended.

The Parliament, in these circumstances, was now getting itself ‘recruited,’—its vacancies filled up again. The Royalist Members who had deserted three years ago, had been, without much difficulty, successively ‘disabled,’ as their crime came to light: but to issue new writs for new elections, while the quarrel with the King still lasted, was a matter of more delicacy; this too,

* 24th September, 1645 (Rushworth, vi., 117; Lord Digby’s Account of it, Ormond Papers, ii., 90).

† Hopton’s own account of it, Ormond Papers, ii., 109–26.

‡ Rushworth, vi., 139–41.

§ Rushworth, vi., 267; *Iter Carolinum*.

|| *Cromwelliana*.

however, was at length resolved upon, the Parliament Cause now looking so decidedly prosperous, in the autumn of 1645. Gradually, in the following months, the new Members were elected, above two hundred and thirty of them in all. These new Members, 'Recruiters,' as Anthony Wood and the Royalist world reproachfully call them, were by the very fact of their standing candidates in such circumstances, decided Puritans all,—Independents many of them. Colonel, afterwards Admiral Blake (for Taunton), Ludlow, Ireton (for Appleby), Algernon Sidney, Hutchinson known by his Wife's *Memoirs*, were among these new Members. Fairfax, on his Father's death some two years hence, likewise came in.*

* The Writ is issued 16th March, 1647-8 (Commons Journals).

CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART III.

BETWEEN THE TWO CIVIL WARS.

1646-1648



LETTERS XIX.—XXIV.

THE conquering of the King had been a difficult operation ; but to make a Treaty with him now when he was conquered, proved an impossible one. The Scots, to whom he had fled, entreated him, at last ‘with tears’ and ‘on their knees,’ to take the Covenant, and sanction the Presbyterian worship, if he could not adopt it : on that condition they would fight to the last man for him ; on no other condition durst or would a man of them fight for him. The English Presbyterians, as yet the dominant party, earnestly entreated to the same effect. In vain, both of them. The King had other schemes : the King writing privately to Digby, before quitting Oxford, when he had some mind to venture privately on London, as he ultimately did on the Scotch Camp, to raise Treaties and Caballings there, had said, “— endeavoring to get to London ; being not without hope that I shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or the Independents to side with me for extirpating one another, that I shall be really King again.”* Such a man is not easy to make a Treaty with,—on the word of a King ! In fact his Majesty, though a belligerent party who had not now one soldier on foot, considered himself a tower of strength ; as indeed he was ; all men having a to us inconceivable reverence for him, till bitter Necessity and he together drove them away from it. Equivocations, spasmodic obstinacies, and blindness to the real state of facts, must have an end.—

The following Six Letters, of little or no significance for illustrating public affairs, are to carry us over a period of most intricate negotiation : negotiation with the Scots, managed manfully on both sides, otherwise it had ended in quarrel ; negotiations with the King ; infinite public and private negotiations ;—which issue at last in the Scots marching home with 200,000*l.* as a

* Oxford, 26 March, 1646-7 ; Carte's *Life of Ormond*, iii. (London, 1735), p. 452.

fair instalment of their arrears,' in their pocket; and the King marching, under escort of Parliamentary Commissioners, to Holmby House in Northamptonshire, to continue in strict though very stately seclusion, 'on 50*l.* a-day,'* and await the destinies there.

LETTER XIX.

'To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: † These.'

'London,' 31st July, 1646.

SIR,

I was desired to write a Letter to you by Adjutant Flemming. The end of it is, To desire your Letter in his commendation. He will acquaint you with the sum thereof, more particularly what the business is. I most humbly submit to your better judgment when you have it from him.

Craving pardon for my boldness in putting you to this trouble,

I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. ‡

Adjutant Flemming is in Sprigge's Army-List. I suppose him to be the Flemming who, as Colonel Flemming, in Spring, 1648, had rough service in South Wales two years afterwards; and was finally defeated,—attempting to 'seize a Pass' near Pembroke Castle, then in revolt under Poyer; was driven into a Church, and there slain,—some say, slew himself.§

Of Flemming's present 'business' with Fairfax, whether it were to solicit promotion here, or continued employment in Ireland, nothing can be known. The War, which proved to be but the 'First War,' is now, as we said, to all real intents, ended: Ragland Castle, the last that held out for Charles, has been under siege for some weeks; and Fairfax, who had been 'at the Bath for his health,' was now come or coming into those parts for the pe-

* Whitlocke, p. 244.

† At Ragland, or about leaving Bath for the purpose of concluding Ragland Siege (Rushworth, vi., 293).

‡ Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 70.

§ Rushworth, vii., 1097, 38.—a little 'before' 27 March, 1648.

remptory reduction of it.* There have begun now to be discussions and speculations about sending men to Ireland; † about sending Massey (famed Governor of Gloucester) to Ireland with men, and then also about disbanding Massey's men.

Exactly a week before, 24th July, 1646, the united Scots and Parliamentary Commissioners have presented their 'Propositions' to his Majesty at Newcastle: ‡ Yes or No, is all the answer they can take. They are most zealous that he should say Yes. Chancellor Loudon implores and prophesies in a very remarkable manner: "All England will rise against you; they," these Sectarian Parties, "will process and depose you, and set up another Government," unless you close with the Propositions. His Majesty, on the 1st of August (writing at Newcastle, in the same hours while Cromwell writes this in London), answers in a haughty way, No.

LETTER XX.

August 10th. The Parliamentary Commissioners have returned, and three of the leading Scots with them,—to see what is now to be done. Fairfax is at Bath; and 'the Solicitor,' St. John the Shipmoney Lawyer, is there with him.

'To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army, at the Bath: These.'

SIR,

London, 10th August, 1646.

Hearing you were returned from Ragland to the Bath, I take the boldness to make this address to you.

Our Commissioners sent to the King came this night to London. § I have spoken with two of them, and can only learn these generals, That there appears a good inclination in the Scots to the rendition of our Towns, and to their march out of the Kingdom. When they bring in

* Rushworth, vi., 293;—Fairfax's first Letter from Ragland is of 7 August; 14 August he dates from Usk; and Ragland is surrendered on the 17th.

† Cromwelliana, April, 1646, p. 31.

‡ Rushworth vi., 319

§ Commons Journals.

their Papers we shall know more. Argyle, and the Chancellor,* and Dunfermline are come up. Duke of Hamilton is gone from the King into Scotland. I hear that Montrose's men are *not* disbanded. The King gave a very general answer: things are not well in Scotland;—would they were in England! We are full of faction and worse.

I hear for certain that Ormond has concluded a Peace with the Rebels. Sir, I beseech you command the Solicitor to come away to us. His help would be welcome.—Sir, I hope you have not cast me off. Truly I may say, none more affectionately honors nor loves you. You and yours are in my daily prayers. You have done enough to command the uttermost of

Your faithful and most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

‘P.S.’ I beseech you my humble service may be presented to your Lady.

‘P.S. 2d.’‡ The money for disbanding Massey's men is gotten, and you will speedily have directions about them from the Commons House.

The Commissioners to Charles at Newcastle were: Earls Pembroke and Suffolk, from the Peers; from the Commons, Sir Walter Earle (Weymouth), Sir John Hippesley (Cockermouth), Robert Goodwin (East Grimstead, Sussex), Luke Robinson (Scarborough).§

‘Duke of Hamilton:’ the Parliamentary Army found him in Pendennis Castle,—no, in St. Michael's Mount Castle,—when they took these places in Cornwall lately. The Parliament has let him loose again;—he has begun a course of new diplomacies, which will end still more tragically for him.

Ormond is, on application from the Parliament, ostensibly ordered by his Majesty not to make peace with the outlaw Irish rebels; detestable to all men;—but he of course follows his own judgment of the necessities of the case, being now nearly over with it himself, and the King under restraint unable to give any real ‘orders.’ The truth was, Ormond's Peace, odious to all English Protestants, had been signed and finished in March last; with this condition among others, That an Army of 10,000 Irish

* Loudon.

† Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 63.

‡ This second Postscript has been squeezed in *above* the other, and is evidently written *after* it.

§ Rushworth, vi., 309, where the proposals are also given

were to come over and help his Majesty : which truth is now beginning to ooze out. It would be a comfort to understand farther, what the fact soon proves, that this Peace will not hold ; the Irish Priests and Pope's Nuncios disapproving of it. Even while Oliver writes, an Excommunication or some such Document is coming out, signed "Frater O'Farrel," "Abbas O'Teague," and the like names : poor Ormond going to Kilkenny, to join forces with the Irish rebels, is treacherously set upon, and narrowly escapes death by them.*

Concerning 'the business of Massey's men,' there are some notices in Ludlow.† The Commons had ordered Fairfax to disband them, and sent the money, as we see here ; whereupon the Lords ordered him, Not. Fairfax obeyed the Commons ; apologised to the Lords,—who had to submit, as their habit was. Massey's Brigade was of no particular religion ; Massey's Miscellany,—'some of them will require passes to Æthiopia,' says ancient wit. But Massey himself was strong for Presbyterianism, for strict Drill-serjeantcy and Anti-heresy of every kind : the Lords thought his Miscellany and he might have been useful.

LETTER XXI.

His Excellency, in the following Letter, is Fairfax ; John Rushworth, worthy John, we already know ! Fairfax has returned to the Bath, still for his health ; Ragland being taken, and the War ended.

For John Rushworth, Esquire, Secretary to his Excellency, at the Bath : These.

'London,' 26th August, '1646.'

MR. RUSHWORTH,

I must needs entreat a favor on the behalf of Major Lilburn ; who has a long time wanted employment, and by reason good his necessities may grow upon him.

You should do very well to move the General to take him into

* Rushworth, vi., 416 ; Carte's Life of Ormond.

† Memoirs of Edmund Ludlow (London, 1722), ii., 181.

favorable thoughts. I know, a reasonable employment will content him. As for his honesty and courage, I need not speak much of 'that,' seeing he is so well known both to the General and yourself.

I desire you answer my expectation herein so far as you may. You shall very much oblige,

Sir,

Your real friend and Servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This is not 'Freeborn John;' not the Lilburn whom Cromwell spoke for, when Sir Philip Warwick took note of him; the John Lilburn 'who could not live without a quarrel; who if he were left alone in the world would have to divide himself in two, and set the John to fight with Lilburn, and the Lilburn with John!' Freeborn John is already a Lieutenant-Colonel by title; was not in the New Model at all; is already deep in quarrels,—lying in limbo since August last, for abuse of his old master Prynne.† He has quarrelled or is quarrelling with Cromwell too; calls the Assembly of Divines an Assembly of *Dry-vines*;—will have little else but quarrelling henceforth.—This is the Brother of Freeborn John; one of his two Brothers. Not Robert, who already is or soon becomes a Colonel in the New Model, and does not 'want employment.' This is Henry Lilburn: appointed, probably in consequence of this application, Governor of Tyne-mouth Castle: revolting to the Royalists, his own soldiers slew him there, in 1648. These Lilburns were from Durham County.

LETTER XXII.

'DELINQUENTS,' conquered Royalists, are now getting themselves fined, according to rigorous proportions, by a Parliament Committee, which sits, and will sit long, at Goldsmiths' Hall, making that locality very memorable to Royalist gentlemen.‡

•The Staffordshire Committee have sent a Deputation up to

* Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 71 :—Signature alone is Oliver's.

† Wood, iii., 353.

‡ The proceedings of it, all now in very superior order, still lie in the State-Paper Office.

Town. They bring a Petition ; very anxious to have 2,000*l.* out of their Staffordshire Delinquents from Goldsmiths' Hall, or even 4,000*l.*,—to pay off their forces, and send them to Ireland ; which lie heavy on the County at present.

‘ *To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army : These.*’

SIR,

‘ London, ’ 6th October, 1646.

I would be loath to trouble you with anything ; but indeed the Staffordshire Gentlemen came to me this day, and with more than ordinary impetuosity did press me to give their desires furtherance to you. Their Letter will show what they entreat of you. Truly, Sir, it may not be amiss to give them what ease may well be afforded, and the sooner the better, especially at this time.*

I have no more at present, but to let you know the business of your Army is like to come on to-morrow. You shall have account of that business so soon as I am able to give it. I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

The Commons cannot grant the prayer of this Petition ;‡ Staffordshire will have to rest as it is for some time. ‘ The business of your Army ’ did come on ‘ tomorrow ; ’ and assessments for a new six-months were duly voted for it, and other proper arrangements made.§

LETTER XXIII.

COLONEL IRETON, now Commissary-General Ireton, was wedded to Bridget Cromwell on the 15th of January last. A valiant man Once B. A. of Trinity College, Oxford, and Student of the Mid

* ‘ and the sooner, ’ &c. : these words are inserted above the line by way of *caret* and afterthought.

† Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 72 :—Oliver's own hand.—Note, his signature seems always to be *Oliver* Cromwell, not *O.* Cromwell ; to which practice we shall accordingly conform, when the copy may be doubtful

‡ 7 December, 1646, Commons Journals, iv., 3.

§ 7 October, 1646, Commons Journals, iv., 657.

dle Temple ; then a gentleman trooper in my Lord General Essex's Lifeguard ; now Colonel of Horse, soon Member of Parliament ; rapidly rising. A Nottinghamshire man ; has known the Lieutenant-General ever since the Eastern-Association times. Cornbury, not now conspicuous on the maps, is in the West, near the Devizes, at which latter Town Fairfax and Ireton have just been, disbanding Massey's Brigade. The following Letter will require no commentary.

For my beloved Daughter, Bridget Ireton, at Cornbury, the General's Quarters: These.

London, 25th October, 1646.

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 ; 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) what will satisfy. And thus to be a seeker is to be of the best sect next to a finder ; and such an one shall every faithful humble seeker be at the end. Happy seeker, happy finder ! 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 less† in desire,—less than pressing after full enjoyment ? Dear Heart, press on ; let not Husband, let not anything cool thy affections after Christ. I hope he‡ 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. I hear she is very kind to thee ; it adds to all other obligations. I am

Thy dear Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

* not in the mood at this time, having other matters in view.

† less is an adjective ; to go, in such case signifies to become.

‡ thy Husband.

§ 'A Copy of Oliver Cromwell's Letter to his Daughter Ireton, exactly taken from the Original.' Harleian MSS., no. 6988, fol. 224 (not mentioned in Harleian Catalogue).—In another Copy sent me, which exactly corre-

Bridget Ireton is now Twenty-two. Her Sister Claypole (Elizabeth Cromwell) is five years younger. They were both wedded last Spring. 'Your Friends at Ely' may indicate that the Cromwell Family was still resident in that City; though, I think, they not long afterwards removed to London. Their first residence here was King-street, Westminster;* Oliver for the present lodges in Drury Lane: fashionable quarters both, in those times.

General Fairfax had been in Town only three days before, attending poor Essex's Funeral: a mournful pageant, consisting of 'both the Houses, Fairfax and all the Civil and Military Officers then in Town, the Forces of the City, a very great number of coaches and multitudes of people;' with Mr. Vines to preach;—regardless of expense, 5,000*l.* being allowed for it.†

LETTER XXIV.

THE intricate Scotch negotiations have at last ended. The paying of the Scots their first instalment, and getting them to march away in peace, and leave the King to our disposal, is the great affair that has occupied Parliament ever since his Majesty refused the Propositions. Not till Monday the 21st December could it be got 'perfected' or 'almost perfected.' After a busy day spent in the Commons House on that affair,‡ Oliver writes the following Letter to Fairfax. The 'Major-General' is Skippon. Fairfax, 'since he left Town,' is most likely about Nottingham, the headquarters of his Army, which had been drawing rather Northward, ever since the King appeared among the Scots. Fairfax

sponds, is this Note: 'Memo.: The above Lett^r of Oliver Cromwell Jno Caswell Mercht of London had from his Mother Linington, who had it from old Mrs. Warner, who liv'd with Oliver Cromwell's Daughter. — And was Copied from the Original Letter, which is in the hands of John Warner Esq^r of Swanzey, by Chas Norris, 25th Mar.: 1749.'

* Cromwelliana, p. 60.

† Rushworth, vi., 239; Whitlocke, p. 230.

‡ Commons Journals, v., 22, 3.

came to Town 12th November, with great splendor of reception ; left it again ' 18th December.'

On the morrow after that, 19th December, 1646, the Londoners presented their Petition, not without tumult ; complaining of heavy expenses and other great grievances from the Army ; and craving that the same might be, so soon as possible, disbanded, and a good Peace with his Majesty made.* The first note of a very loud controversy which arose between the City and the Army, between the Presbyterians and the Independents, on that matter. Indeed the humor of the City seems to be getting high ; impatient for ' a just peace' now that the King is reduced. On Saturday, 6th December, it was ordered that the Lord Mayor be apprised of tumultuous assemblages which there are, ' to the disturbance of the peace ;' and be desired to quench them,—if he can.

' *To the Right Honorable Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.*

' London,' 21st December, 1646.

SIR,

Having this opportunity by the Major-General to present a few lines unto you, I take the boldness to let you know how our affairs go on since you left Town.

We have had a very long Petition from the City : how it strikes at the Army, and what other aims it has you will see by the contents of it ; as also what is the prevailing temper at this present, and what is to be expected from men. But this is our comfort, God is in Heaven, and He doth what pleaseth Him ; His and only His counsel shall stand, whatsoever the designs of men, and the fury of the people be.

We have now, I believe, almost† perfected all our business for Scotland. I believe Commissioners will speedily be sent down to see agreements performed ; it's intended that Major-General Skippon have authority and instructions from your Excellency to command the Northern Forces, as occasion shall be, and that he have a Commission of Martial Law. Truly I hope that the having the Major-General to command† this Party will appear to be a good thing, every day more and more.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 290 (cited by Godwin, ii., 209).

† 'almost,' is inserted with a *caret*.

‡ At this point, the bottom of the page being reached, Oliver takes to the broad margin, and writes the remainder there lengthwise, continuing till

Here has been a design to steal away the Duke of York from my Lord of Northumberland: one of his own servants, whom he preferred to wait on the Duke, is guilty of it; the Duke himself confessed so. I believe you will suddenly hear more of it.

I have no more to trouble you 'with;' but praying for you, rest,

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Skippon, as is well known, carried up the cash 200,000*l.* to Newcastle, successfully in a proper number of wagons; got it all counted there, 'bags of 100*l.*, chests of 1,000*l.* (5-16th January, 1646-7), after which the Scots marched peaceably away.

The little Duke of York, entertained in a pet-captive fashion at St. James's, did not get away at this time; but managed it, by and by, with help of a certain diligent intriguer and turncoat, called Colonel Bamfield†—of whom we may hear farther.

On Thursday, 11th February, 1646-7, on the road between Mansfield and Nottingham,—road between Newcastle and Holnby House,—'Sir Thomas Fairfax went and met the King; who stopped his horse: Sir Thomas alighted, and kissed the King's hand; and afterwards mounted, and discoursed with the King as they passed towards Nottingham.'‡ The King had left Newcastle on the 3d of the month; got to Holmby, or Holdenby, on the 13th;—and 'there,' says the poor *Iter Carolinum*, 'during pleasure.'

there is barely room for his signature, on the outmost verge of the sheet; which, as we remarked already, is a common practice with him in writing Letters:—he is loath always to turn the page; having *no blotting-paper* at that epoch; having only sand to dry his ink with, and a natural indisposition to pause till he finish!

* Sloane MSS., 1519, fol. 78, p. 147.

† Clarendon, iii., 188.

‡ Whitlocke, p. 212; *Iter Carolinum* (in Somers Tracts, vi., 274): Whitlocke's date, as usual, is inexact.

LETTERS XXV, XXVI.

BEFORE reading these two following Letters, read this Extract from a work still in Manuscript, and not very sure of ever getting printed :

‘The Presbyterian “Platform” of Church Government, as recommended by the Assembly of Divines or “Dry-Vines,” has at length, after unspeakable debates, passings and re-passings through both Houses, and soul’s-travail not a little, about “ruling-elders,” “power of the keys,” and such like, —been got *finally* passed, though not without some melancholy shades of Erastianism, or “the Voluntary Principle,” as the new phrase runs. The Presbyterian Platform is passed by Law ; and London and other places, busy “electing their ruling-elders,” are just about ready to set it actually on foot. And now it is hoped there will be some “uniformity” as to that high matter.

‘Uniformity of free-growing healthy forest-trees is good ; uniformity of clipt Dutch dragons is not so good ! The question, Which of the two ? is by no means settled,—though the Assembly of Divines, and majorities of both Houses, would fain think it so. The general English mind, which, loving good order in all things, loves regularity even at a high price, could be content with this Presbyterian scheme, which we call the Dutch-dragon one ; but a deeper portion of the English mind inclines decisively to growing in the forest-tree way,—and indeed will shoot out into very singular excrescences, Quakerisms and what not, in the coming years. Nay already we have Anabaptists, Brownists, Sectaries and Schismatics springing up very rife : already there is a Paul Best, brought before the House of Commons for Socinianism ; nay we hear of another distracted individual who seemed to maintain, in confidential argument, that “God was mere Reason.”* There is like to be need of garden-

* Whitlocke.

shears, at this rate! The devout House of Commons, viewing these things with a horror inconceivable in our loose days, knows not well what to do. London City cries, "Apply the shears!"—the Army answers, "Apply them *gently*; cut off nothing that is sound!" The question of garden-shears, and how far you are to apply them, is really difficult:—the settling of *it* will lead to very unexpected results. London City knows with pain, that there are "many persons in the Army who have never yet taken the Covenant;" the Army begins to consider it unlikely that certain of them will ever take it!—

These things premised, we have only to remark farther, that the House of Commons, meanwhile, struck with devout horror, has, with the world generally, spent Wednesday, the 10th of March, 1646–7, as a Day of Fasting and Humiliation for Blasphemies and Heresies.* Cromwell's Letter, somewhat remarkable for the grieved mind it indicates, was written next day. Fairfax with the Army is at Saffron Walden in Essex; there is an Order this day† that he is to quarter where he sees best. There are many Officers about Town; soliciting payments, attending private businesses: their tendency to Schism, to Anabaptistry and Heresy, or at least to undue tolerance for all that, is well known. This Fast-day, it would seem, is regarded as a kind of covert rebuke to them. Fast-day was Wednesday; this is Thursday evening:

LETTER XXV.

For his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliamentary Army, 'at Saffron Walden.' These.

'London, 11th March, 1646.'

SIR,

Your Letters about your head-quarters, directed to the Houses,‡ came seasonably, and were to very good purpose. There want not in all places men who have so much malice against the Army as besots them: the late Petition, which suggested a dangerous design against the Parliament in 'your' coming to those quarters} doth suffi-

* Whitlocke, p. 243.

† Commons Journals, v., 110.

‡ Ibid., 11 March, 1646 (Letter is dated Saffron Walden, 9 March).

§ Saffron Walden, Eastern Association; Manchester's deliverance about it is in Commons Journals.

ciently evidence the same: but they got nothing by it, for the Houses did assoil the Army from all suspicion, and have left you to quarter where you please.*

Never were the spirits of men more embittered than now. Surely the Devil hath but a short time. Sir, it's good the heart be fixed against all this. The naked simplicity of Christ, with that wisdom He is pleased to give, and patience, will overcome all this. That God would keep your heart as He has done hitherto, is the prayer of

Your Excellency's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.† Adjutant Allen desires Colonel Baxter, sometime Governor of Reading, may be remembered. I humbly desire Colonel Overton may not be out of your remembrance. He is a deserving man, and presents his humble service to you. — Upon the Fast-day, divers soldiers were raised (as I heard), both horse and foot, near 200 in Covent Garden, To prevent us soldiers from cutting the Presbyterians' throats! These are fine tricks to mock God with.‡

This flagrant insult to 'us soldiers,' in Covent Garden and doubtless elsewhere, as if the zealous Presbyterian Preacher were not safe from violence in bewailing Schism,—is very significant. The Lieutenant-General might himself have seen as well as 'heard' it,—for he lived hard by, in Drury Lane I think; but was of course at his own Church, bewailing Schism too, though not in so strait-laced a manner.

Oliver's Sister Anna, Mrs. Sewster, of Wistow, Huntingdonshire, had died in these months, 1st November, 1646.§ This Letter lies contiguous to Letter XVIII. in the Sloane Volume; Letter XVIII. is sealed conspicuously with red wax; Letter XXV. with black. The Cromwell crest, 'lion with ring on his foregamb,'—the same big seal,—is on both.

* Commons Journals, v., 110, 11 March, 1646.

† Written across on the margin, according to custom

‡ Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 62.

§ See *antea*, p. 21; and Noble, i., 89.

LETTER XXVI.

COMMONS JOURNALS, 17th March, 1646: ‘*Ordered*, That the Committee of the Army do write unto the General and acquaint him that this House takes notice of his care in ordering that none of the Forces under his Command should quarter nearer than Five-and-twenty Miles of this City: That notwithstanding his care and directions therein, the House is informed that some of his Forces are quartered much nearer than that; and To desire him to take course that his former Orders, touching the quartering of his Forces no nearer than Twenty-five Miles, may be observed.’

‘*To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament’s Army: These.*’

‘London,’ 19th March, 1646.

SIR,

This enclosed Order I received; but, I suppose, Letters from the Committee of the Army to the effect of this^s are come to your hands before this time. I think it were very good that the distance of Twenty-five Miles be very strictly observed; and they are to blame that have exceeded the distance, contrary to your former appointment. This Letter I received this evening from Sir William Massam,* a Member of the House of Commons; which I thought fit to send you; his House being much within that distance of Twenty-five Miles of London. I have sent the Officers down, as many as I could well light of.

Not having more at present, I rest,

Your Excellency’s most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

The troubles of the Parliament and Army are just beginning. The order for quartering beyond twenty-five miles from London, and many other ‘orders’ were sadly violated in the course of this season!—‘Sir W. Massam’s House,’ ‘Otes in Essex,’ is a place known to us since the beginning of these *Letters*.

The Officers ought really to go down to their quarters in the Eastern Counties; Oliver has sent them off, as many of them as he ‘could well light of.’

* Masham.

† Sloane MSS., 1519, fol. 74.

The Presbyterian System is now fast getting into action : on the 20th of May, 1647, the Synod of London, with due Prolocutor or Moderator, met in St. Paul's.* In Lancashire too the System is fairly on foot ; but I think in other English Counties it was somewhat lazy to move, and never came rightly into action, owing to impediments. Poor old Laud is condemned of treason, and beheaded, years ago ; the Scots, after Marston Fight, pressing heavy on him ; Prynne too being very ungrateful. That 'performance' of the Service to the Hyperborean populations in so exquisite a way, has cost the Artist dear ! He died very gently ; his last scene much the best, for himself and for us. The two Hothams also, and other traitors, have died.

* Rushworth, vi., 489 ; Whitlocke (p. 249), dates wrong.

ARMY MANIFESTO.

Our next entirely authentic Letter is at six months distance: a hiatus not unfrequent in this Series; but here most especially to be regretted; such a crisis in the affairs of Oliver and of England transacting itself in the interim. The Quarrel between City and Army, which we here see begun; the split of the Parliament into two clearly hostile Parties of Presbyterians and Independents, represented by City and Army; the deadly wrestle of these two Parties, with victory to the latter, and the former flung on its back, and its 'Eleven Members' sent beyond Seas: all this transacts itself in the interim, without autograph note or indisputably authentic utterance of Oliver's to elucidate it for us. We part with him laboring to get the Officers sent down to Saffron Walden; sorrowful on the Spring Fast-day in Covent Garden: we find him again at Putney in Autumn; the insulted Party now dominant, and he the most important man in it. One Paper which I find among the many published on that occasion, and judge pretty confidently, by internal evidence, to be of his writing, is here introduced; and there is no other that I know of.

How this Quarrel between City and Army, no agreement with the King for the present being possible, went on waxing; developing itself more and more visibly into a Quarrel between Presbyterianism and Independency; attracting to the respective sides of it the two great Parties in Parliament and in England generally: all this the reader must endeavor to imagine for himself,—very dimly, as matters yet stand. In books, in Narratives old or new, he will find little satisfaction in regard to it. The old Narratives, written all by baffled enemies of Cromwell,* are full of mere blind rage, distraction and darkness; the new Narratives, believing only in 'Machiavelism,' &c., disfigure the matter still

* Holles's Memoirs; Waller's Vindication of his Character; Clement Walker's History of Independency, &c., &c.

more. Common History, old and new, represents Cromwell as waving underhand,—in a most skilful and indeed prophetic manner,—fomented or originated all this commotion of the elements; steered his way through it by ‘hypocrisy,’ by ‘master-strokes of duplicity,’ and such like. As is the habit hitherto of History.

‘The fact is,’ says a Manuscript already cited from, ‘poor History, contemporaneous and subsequent, has treated this matter in a very sad way. Mistakes, misdates; exaggerations, unveracities, distractions; all manner of misseeings and misnotings in regard to it, abound. How many grave historical statements still circulate in the world, accredited by Bishop Burnet and the like, which on examination you will find melt away into after-dinner rumors,—gathered from ancient red-nosed Presbyterian gentlemen, Harbottle Grimston and Company, sitting over claret under a Blessed Restoration, and talking to the loosely recipient Bishop in a very loose way! Statements generally with some grain of harmless truth, misinterpreted by those red-nosed honorable persons; frothed up into huge bulk by the loquacious Bishop above mentioned, and so set floating on Time’s Stream. Not very lovely to us, they, nor the red-noses they proceeded from! I do not cite them here; I have examined most of them; found not one of them fairly believable;—wondered to see how already, in one generation, earnest Puritanism being hung on the gallows or thrown out into St. Margaret’s Churchyard, the whole History of it had grown *mythical*, and men were ready to swallow all manner of nonsense concerning it. Ask for dates, ask for proofs: Who saw it, heard it; when was it, where? A misdate, of itself, will do much. So accurate a man as Mr. Godwin, generally very accurate in such matters, makes “a master-stroke of duplicity” merely by mistake of dating:* the thing when Oliver did say it, was a creditable truth, and no master-stroke or stroke of any kind!

“Master-strokes of duplicity;” “false protestations;” “fomenting of the Army discontents:” alas, alas! It was not Cromwell that raised these discontents; not he, but the elemental Powers! Neither was it, I think, “by master-strokes of duplici-

* Godwin, ii., 300; citing Walker, p. 31 (should be p. 33)

ty" that Cromwell steered himself victoriously across such a devouring chaos; no, but by *continuances* of noble manful simplicity I rather think,—by meaning one thing before God, and meaning the same before men as a strong man does. By conscientious resolution; by sagacity and silent wariness and promptitude; by religious valor and veracity,—which, however it may fare with *foxes*, are really after all the grand source of clearness for a *man* in this world! — — We here close our Manuscript.

Modern readers ought to believe that there was a real impulse of heavenly Faith at work in this Controversy; that on both sides, more especially on the Army's side, here lay the central element of all; modifying all other elements and passions;—that this Controversy was, in several respects, very different from the common wrestling of Greek with Greek for what are called 'Political objects!'—Modern readers, mindful of the French Revolution, will perhaps compare these Presbyterians and Independents to the Gironde and the Mountain. And there is an analogy; yet with differences. With a great difference in the situations; with the difference, too, between Englishmen and Frenchmen, which is always considerable; and then with the difference between believers in Jesus Christ and believers in Jean Jaeques, which is still more considerable!

A few dates, and chief summits of events, are all that can be indicated here, to make our 'Manifesto' legible.

From the beginnings of this year, 1647, and earlier, there had often been question as to what should be done with the Army. The expense of such an Army, between twenty and thirty thousand men, was great; the need of it, Royalism being now subdued, seemed small; besides it was known that there were many in it who 'had never taken the Covenant,' and were never likely to take it. This latter point, at a time when Heresy seemed rising like a hydra,* and the Spiritualism of England was developing itself in really strange ways, became very important too,—became gradually most of all important, and the soul of the whole Controversy.

* See Edwards's *Gangrana* (London, 1646) for many furious details of it

Early in March, after much debating, it had been got settled that there should be Twelve thousand men employed in Ireland,* which was now in sad need of soldiers. The rest were in some good way to be disbanded. The 'way,' however, and whether it might really be a good way, gave rise to considerations. Without entering into a sea of troubles, we may state here in general that the things this Army demanded were strictly their just right: arrears of pay, 'three-and-forty weeks' of hard-earned pay; indemnity for acts done in War; and clear discharge according to contract, not service in Ireland except under known Commanders and conditions,—'our old Commanders,' for example. It is also apparent that the Presbyterian party in Parliament, the leaders of whom were, several of them, Colonels of the *Old Model*, did not love this victorious army; that indeed they disliked and grew to hate it, useful as it had been to them. Denzil Holles, Sir William Waller, Harley, Stapleton, these men, all strong for Presbyterianism, were old unsuccessful Colonels or Generals under Essex; and for very obvious reasons looked askance on this Army, and wished to be so soon as possible rid of it. The first rumor of a demur or desire on the part of the Army, rumor of some Petition to Fairfax by his Officers as to the 'way' of their disbanding, was by these Old-Military Parliament men very angrily repressed; nay, in a moment of fervor, they proceeded to decree that whoever had, or might have, a hand in promoting such Petition in the Army was an 'Enemy to the State, and a Disturber of the Public Peace,'—and sent forth the same in a 'Declaration of the 30th of March,' which became very celebrated afterwards. This unlucky 'Declaration,' Waller says, was due to Holles, who smuggled it one evening through a thin House. "Enemies to the State, Disturbers of the Peace:" it was a severe and too proud rebuke; felt to be unjust, and looked upon as 'a blot of ignominy;' not to be forgotten nor easily forgiven, by the parties it was addressed to. So stood matters at the end of March.

At the end of April they stand somewhat thus. Two Parliament Deputations, Sir William Waller at the head of them, have been at Saffron Walden, producing no agreement:† five digni-

* 6 March, Commons Journals, v., 107.

† Waller, pp. 42-55.

taries of the Army, 'Lieutenant-General Hammond, Colonel Hammond, Lieutenant-Colonel Pride,' and two others, have been summoned to the bar;* some subalterns given into custody; Ireton himself 'ordered to be examined;'—and no 'satisfaction to the just desires of the Army;' on the contrary, the 'blot of ignominy' fixed deeper on it than before. We can conceive a universal sorrow and anger, and all manner of dim schemes and consultations going on at Saffron Walden, and the other Army-quarters, in those days. Here is a scene from Whitlocke, worth looking at, which takes place in the Honorable House itself; date 30th April, 1647:†

'Debate upon the Petition and Vindication of the Army. Major-General Skippon, in the House, produced a Letter presented to him the day before by some troopers, in behalf of Eight Regiments of the Army of Horse. Wherein they expressed some reasons, Why they could not engage in the service of Ireland under the present Conduct,' under the proposed Commandership, by Skippon and Massey; 'and complained, Of the many scandals and false suggestions which were of late raised against the Army and their proceedings; That they were taken as enemies; That they saw designs upon them, and upon many of the Godly Party in the Kingdom; That they could not engage for Ireland till they were satisfied in their expectations, and their just desires granted.—Three Troopers, Edward Sexby, William Allen, Thomas Sheppard, who brought this Letter, were examined in the House, touching the drawing and subscribing of it; and, Whether their Officers were engaged in it or not? They affirmed, That it was drawn up at a Rendezvous of several of those Eight Regiments; and afterwards at several meetings by Agents or Agitators, for each Regiment; and that few of their Officers knew or took notice of it.

'Those Troopers being demanded, Whether they had not been Cavaliers?—it was attested by Skippon, that they had constantly served the Parliament, and some of them from the beginning of the War. Being asked concerning the meaning of some ex-

* Commons Journals, v., 129.

† Whitlocke, p. 249; Commons Journals *in die*; and a fuller account in Rushworth, vi., 474.

pressions in the Petition,' especially concerning "certain men aiming at a *Sovereignty*,"—'they answered, that the Letter being a joint act of those Regiments, they could not give a punctual answer, being only Agents; but if they might liave the queries in writing, they would send or carry them to those Regiments, and return their own and their answers.—They were ordered to attend the House upon summons.'

Three sturdy fellows, fit for management of business; let the reader note them. They are 'Agents' to the Army: a class of functionaries called likewise 'Adjutors' and misspelt 'Agitators;' elected by the common men of the Army, to keep the ranks in unison with the Officers in the present crisis of their affairs. This is their first distinct appearance in the eye of History; in which, during these months, they play a great part. Evidently the settlement with the Army will be a harder task than was supposed.

During these same months some languid negotiation with the King is going on; Scots Commissioners come up to help in treating with him; but as he will not hear of Covenant or Presbytery, there can no result follow. It was an ugly aggravation of the blot of ignominy which the Army smarts under,—the report raised against it, That some of the Leaders had said, "If the King would come to *them*, they would put the crown on his head again."—Cromwell, from his place in Parliament, earnestly watches these occurrences; waits what the great 'birth of Providence' in them may be;—'carries himself with much wariness;' is more and more looked up to by the Independent Party for his interest with the Soldiers. One day, noticing the 'high carriages' of Holles and Company, he whispers Edmund Ludlow who sat by him, "These men will never leave till the Army pull them out by the ears!"* Holles and Company, who at present rule in Parliament, pass a New Militia-Ordinance for London; put the Armèd Force of London into hands more strictly Presbyterian.† There have been two London Petitions against the

* Ludlow, i., 189; see Whitlocke, p. 252.

† 4 May, 1647, Commons Journals, v., 160,—'Thirty-one Persons,' their names given.

Army, and two London Petitions covertly in favor of it; the Managers of the latter, we observe, have been put in prison.

May 8th. A new and more promising Deputation, Cromwell at the head of it. ‘Cromwell, Ireton, Fleetwood, Skippon,’ proceed again to Saffron Walden; investigate the claims and grievances of the Army: engage, as they had authority to do, that real justice shall be done them; and in a fortnight return with what seems an agreement and settlement; for which Lieutenant-General Cromwell receives the thanks of the House.* The House votes what *it* conceives to be justice, ‘eight weeks of pay’ in ready money, bonds for the rest,—and so forth. Congratulations hereupon; a Committee of Lords and Commons are ordered to go down to Saffron Walden to see the Army disbanded.

May 28th. On arriving at Saffron Walden, they find that their notions of what is justice and the Army’s notions differ widely. “Eight weeks of pay,” say the Army; “we want nearer eight times eight!” Disturbances in several of the quarters:—at Oxford the men seize the disbanding-money as *part* of payment, and will not disband till they get the whole. A meeting of Adjutors, by authority of Fairfax, convenes at Bury St. Edmund’s,—a regular Parliament of soldiers, ‘each common man paying fourpence to meet the expense:’ it is agreed that the Army’s quarters shall be ‘contracted,’ brought closer together; that on Friday next, 4th of June, there shall be a Rendezvous, or General Assembly of all the Soldiers, there to decide on what they will do.†

June 4th and 5th. The Newmarket Rendezvous, ‘on Kentforth Heath,’ a little east of Newmarket, is held; a kind of Covenant is entered into and other important things are done:—but elsewhere in the interim a thing still more important had been done. On Wednesday, June 2d, Cornet Joyce,—once a London tailor they say, evidently a very handy active man,—he, and five hundred common troopers, a volunteer Party, not expressly commanded by anybody, but doing what they know the whole Army wishes to be done, sally out of Oxford, where things are still somewhat disturbed; proceed to Holmby House; and, after two

* May 21, Commons Journals, v., 181.

† Rushworth, pp. 496-510.

days of talking, bring 'the King's Person' off with them. To the horror and despair of the Parliament Commissioners in attendance there; but clearly to the satisfaction of his Majesty,—who hopes, in this new shuffle and deal, some good card will turn up for him; hopes, with some ground, 'the Presbyterians and Independents may now be got to extirpate one another.' His Majesty rides willingly; the Parliament Commissioners accompany, wringing their hands:—to Hinchinbrook, that same Friday night; where Colonel Montague receives them with all hospitality, entertains them for two days. Colonel Whalley with a strong party, deputed by Fairfax, had met his Majesty; offered to deliver him from Joyce, back to Holmby and the Parliament; but his Majesty positively declined.—Captain Titus, *quasi* Tighthose, very well known afterwards, arrives at St. Stephen's with the news; has 50*l.* voted him 'to buy a horse,' for his great service; and fills all men with terror and amazement. The Honorable Houses agree to 'sit on the Lord's day;' have Stephen Marshall to pray for them; never were in such a plight before. The Controversy, at this point, has risen from Economical into Political: Army Parliament in the Eastern Counties, against Civil Parliament in Westminster; and, How 'the Nation shall be settled' between them; whether its growth shall be in the forest-tree fashion, or in the clipt Dutch-dragon fashion?—

Monday, June 7th. All Officers in the House are ordered forthwith to go down to their regiments. Cromwell, without order, not without danger of detention, say some,—has already gone: this same day, 'General Fairfax, Lieutenant-General Cromwell and the chief men of the Army,' have an interview with the King, 'at Childerly House between Huntingdon and Cambridge:' his Majesty will not go back to Holmby; much prefers 'the air' of these parts, the air of Newmarket for instance; and will continue with the Army.* Parliament Commissioners, with new Votes of Parliament, are coming down; the Army must have a new Rendezvous, to meet them. New Rendezvous at Royston, more properly on Triploe Heath near Cambridge, is appointed for Thursday; and in the interim a 'Day of Fasting and Humiliation'

* Rushworth, vi., 549.

is held,—a real Day of Prayer (very inconceivable in these days), For God's enlightenment as to what should now be done.

Here is Whitlocke's account of the celebrated Rendezvous itself,—somewhat abridged from Rushworth, and dim enough; wherein, however, by good eyes a strange old Historical Scene may be discerned. The new Votes of Parliament do not appear still to meet 'the just' desires of the Army; meanwhile, let all things be done decently and in order.

'The General had ordered a Rendezvous at Royston;' properly on Triploe Heath, as we said; on Thursday, 10th June, 1647: the Force assembled was about Twenty-one thousand men, the remarkablest Army that ever wore steel in this world. 'The General and the Commissioners rode to each Regiment. They first acquainted the General's Regiment with the Votes of the Parliament; and Skippon,' one of the Commissioners, 'spake to them to persuade a compliance. An Officer of the Regiment made answer, That the Regiment did desire that their answer might be returned *after* perusal of the Votes by some select Officers and Agitators, whom the Regiment had chosen; and said, This was the motion of the Regiment.

'He desired the General and Commissioners to give him leave to ask the whole Regiment if this *was* their answer. Leave being given, they cried, "All." Then he put the question, if any man were of a contrary opinion he should say, No:—and not one man gave his "No."—The Agitators in behalf of the soldiers pressed to have the question put' at once, 'whether the Regiment did acquiesce and were satisfied with the votes?' The Agitators knew well what the answer would have been!—'But in regard the other way was more orderly, and they might after perusal proceed more deliberately, that question was laid aside.

'The like was done in the other Regiments: and all were very unanimous; and' always 'after the Commissioners had done reading the Votes, and speaking to each Regiment, and had received their answer, all of them cried out, "Justice, Justice!"—not a very musical sound to the Commissioners.

'A Petition was delivered in the field to the General, in the name of "many well-afflicted people in Essex;" desiring, That the Army might *not* be disbanded; in regard the Commonwealth

had many enemies, who watched for such an occasion to destroy the good people.*

Such, and still dimmer, is the jotting of dull authentic Bulstrode, drowning in official oil, and somnolent natural pedantry and fat, one of the remarkablest scenes our History ever had: An Armed Parliament, extra-official, yet not without a kind of sacredness, and an Oliver Cromwell at the head of it; demanding with one voice, as deep as ever spake in England "Justice, Justice!" under the vault of Heaven.

That same afternoon, the Army moved on to St. Albans, nearer to London; and from the Rendezvous itself, a joint Letter was despatched to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, which the reader is now at last to see. I judge it, pretty confidently, by evidence of style alone, to be of Cromwell's own writing. It differs totally in this respect from any other of those multitudinous Army-Papers; which were understood, says Whitlocke, to be drawn up mostly by Ireton, 'who had a subtle working brain;' or by Lambert, who also had got some tincture of Law and other learning, and did not want for brain. They are very able Papers, though now very dull ones. This is in a far different style; in Oliver's worst style; his style when he writes in haste,—and not in haste of the pen merely, for that seems always to have been a most rapid business with him; but in haste, before the matter had matured itself for him, and the real kernels of it got parted from the husks. A style of composition like the structure of a block of oak-root,—as tortuous, unwedgeable, and as strong! Read attentively, this Letter can be understood, can be believed; the tone of it, the 'voice' of it, reminds us of what Sir Philip Warwick heard; the voice of a man risen justly into a kind of *chant*,—very dangerous, for the City of London at present.

To the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London: These.

Royston, 10th June, 1647.

RIGHT HONORABLE AND WORTHY FRIENDS,

Having, by our Letters and other Addresses presented by our General to the Honorable House of Commons, endeavored to

* Whitlocke, p. 255.

give satisfaction of the clearness of our just Demands; and 'having also, in Papers published by us, remonstrated the grounds of our proceedings in prosecution thereof;—all which being published in print, we are confident 'they' have come to your hands, and received at least a charitable construction from you.

The sum of all these our Desires as Soldiers is no other than this; Satisfaction to our undoubted Claims as Soldiers; and reparation upon those who have, to the utmost, improved all opportunities and advantages, by false suggestions, misrepresentations and otherwise, for the destruction of this Army with a perpetual blot of ignominy upon it. Which 'injury' we should not value, if it singly concerned our own particular 'persons;' being ready to deny ourselves in this, as we have done in other cases, for the Kingdom's good: but under this pretence, we find, no less is involved than the overthrow of the privileges both of Parliament and People;—and that rather than they* shall fail in their designs, or we receive what in the eyes of all good men is 'our' just right, the Kingdom is endeavored to be engaged in a new War. 'In a new War,' and this singly by those who, when the truth of these things shall be made to appear, will be found to be the authors of those 'said' evils that are feared;—and who have no other way to protect *themselves* from question and punishment but by putting the Kingdom into blood, under the pretence of their honor of and their love to the Parliament. As if that were dearer to them than to us; or as if they had given greater proof of their faithfulness to it than we.

But we perceive that, under these veils and pretences, they seek to interest in their design the City of London:—as if that City ought to make good their miscarriages, and should prefer a few self-seeking men before the welfare of the Public. And indeed we have found these men so active to accomplish their designs, and to have such apt instruments for their turn in that City, that we have cause to suspect they may engage many therein upon mistakes,—which are easily swallowed, in times of such prejudice against them† that have given (we may speak it without vanity) the most public testimony of their good affections to the Public, and to that City in particular.

'As' for the thing we insist upon as Englishmen,—and surely our being Soldiers hath not stript us of that interest, although our malicious enemies would have it so,—we desire a Settlement of the Peace of the Kingdom and of the Liberties of the Subject, according to the Votes and Declarations of Parliament, which, *before* we took arms, were, by

* The Presbyterian leaders in Parliament, Holles, Stapleton, Harley, Waller, &c.

† Oblique for 'us.'

the Parliament, used as arguments and inducements to invite us and divers of our dear friends out: some of whom have lost their lives in this War. Which being now, by God's blessing, finished,—we think we have as much right to demand, and desire to see, a happy Settlement, as we have to our money and 'to' the other common interest of Soldiers which we have insisted upon. We find also the ingenuous and honest people, in almost all parts of the Kingdom where we come, full of the sense of ruin and misery if the Army should be disbanded *before* the Peace of the Kingdom, and those other things before mentioned, have a full and perfect Settlement.

We have said before, and profess it now, We desire no alteration of the Civil Government. As little do we desire to interrupt, or in the least to intermeddle with, the settling of the Presbyterial Government. Nor did we seek to open a way for licentious liberty, under pretence of obtaining ease for tender consciences. We profess, as ever in these things, When once the State has made a Settlement, we have nothing to say but to submit or suffer. Only we could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in a blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the Commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement; this being according to the true policy of all States, and even to justice itself.

These in brief are our Desires, and the things for which we stand; beyond which we shall not go. And for the obtaining of these things,* we are drawing near your City;—professing sincerely from our hearts, 'That' we intend not evil towards you; declaring, with all confidence and assurance, That if you appear not against us in these our just desires, to assist that wicked Party which would embroil us and the Kingdom, neither we nor our Soldiers shall give you the least offence. We come not to do any act to prejudice the being of Parliaments, or to the hurt of this 'Parliament' in order to the present Settlement of the Kingdom. We seek the good of all. And we shall wait here, or remove to a farther distance to abide there, if once we be assured that a speedy Settlement of things is in hand,—until it be accomplished. Which done, we shall be most ready, either all of us, or so many of the Army as the Parliament shall think fit,—to disband, or to go for Ireland.

And although you may suppose that a rich City may seem an enticing bait to poor hungry Soldiers to venture far to gain the wealth thereof,—yet, if not provoked by you, we do profess, Rather than any

* Here is the remarkable point!

such evi' should fall out, the soldiers shall make their way through our blood to effect it. And we can say this for most of them, for your better assurance, That they so little value their pay in comparison of higher concernments to a Public Good, that rather than they will be unrighted in the matter of their honesty and integrity (which hath suffered by the Men they aim at and desire justice upon), or want the settlement of the Kingdom's Peace, and their 'own' and their fellow-subjects' Liberties,—they will lose all. Which may be a strong assurance to you that it's not your wealth they seek, but the things tending in common to your and their welfare. That they may obtain 'these,' you shall do like Fellow-Subjects and Brethren if you solicit the Parliament for them, on their behalf.

If after all this, you, or a considerable part of you, be seduced to take up arms in opposition to, or hindrance of, these our just undertakings,—we hope we have, by this brotherly premonition, to the sincerity of which we call God to witness, freed ourselves from all that ruin which may befall that great and populous City; having thereby washed our hands thereof. We rest,

Your affectionate Friends to serve you,

THOMAS FAIRFAX.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

ROBERT HAMMOND.

THOMAS HAMMOND.

HARDRESS WALLER.

NATHANIEL RICH.

THOMAS PRIDE.

HENRY IRETON.

ROBERT LILBURN.

JOHN DESBOROW.

THOMAS RAINSEOROW.

JOHN LAMBERT.

THOMAS HARRISON.*

This Letter was read next day in the Commons House,†—not without emotion. Most respectful answer went from the Guildhall 'in three coaches with the due number of outriders.'

On June 16th, the Army, still at St. Albans, accuses of treason Eleven Members of the Commons House by name, as chief authors of all these troubles; whom the Honourable House is respectfully required to put upon their trial, and prevent from voting in the interim. These are the famed Eleven Members; Holles, Waller, Stapleton, Massey are known to us; the whole List, for benefit of historical readers, we subjoin in a Note.‡

* Rushworth, vi., 554.

† Commons Journals, v., 208

‡ Denzil Holles (Member for Dorchester), Sir Philip Stapleton (Boroughbridge), Sir William Waller (Andover), Sir William Lewis (Peters-

They demurred; withdrew; again returned; in fine, had to 'ask leave to retire for six months,' on account of their health, we suppose. They retired swiftly in the end; to France; to deep concealment,—to the Tower otherwise.

The history of these six weeks, till they did retire and the Army had its way, we must request the reader to imagine for himself. Long able Papers, drawn by men of subtle brain and strong sincere heart: the Army retiring always to a safe distance when their Demands are agreed to; straightway advancing if otherwise,—which rapidly produces an agreement. A most remarkable Negotiation; conducted with a method, a gravity and decorous regularity beyond example in such cases. The 'shops' of London were more than once 'shut;' tremor occupying all hearts:—but no harm was done. The Parliament regularly paid the Army; the Army lay coiled round London and the Parliament, now advancing, now receding; saying in the most respectful emblematic way, "Settlement with us and the Godly People, or ——!"—The King, still with the Army, and treated like a King, endeavored to play his game, 'in meetings at Woburn' and elsewhere; but the two Parties could not be brought to extirpate one another for his benefit.

Towards the end of July, matters seem as good as settled: the Holles 'Declaration,' that 'blot of ignominy,' being now expunged from the Journals;* the Eleven being out; and now at last, the New Militia Ordinance for London (Presbyterian Ordinance brought in by Holles on the 4th of May) being revoked, and matters in that quarter set on their old footing again. The two Parties in Parliament seem pretty equal in numbers; the Presbyterian Party, shorn of its Eleven, is cowed down to the due pitch; and there is now prospect of fair treatment for all the

field), Sir John Clotworthy (Malden), Recorder Glynn (Westminster), Mr. Anthony Nichols (Bodmin); these seven are old Members, from the beginning of the Parliament: the other Four are 'recruiters,' elected since 1645: Major-General Massey (Wootton Bassett), Colonel Walter Long (Ludgershall), Colonel Edward Harely (Herefordshire), Sir John Maynard (Lestwithiel).

* Asterisks still in the place of it, Commons Journals, 29th March, 1646-7.

Godly Interest, and such a Settlement with his Majesty as may be the best for that. Towards the end of July, however, London City, torn by factions, but Presbyterian by the great majority, rallies again in a very extraordinary way. Take these glimpses from contemporaneous Whitlocke : and rouse them from their fat somnolency a little.

July 26th. Many young men and Apprentices of London came to the House, in a most rude and tumultuous manner; and presented some particular Desires. Desires, That the Eleven may come back; that the Presbyterian Militia Ordinance be *not* revoked,—that the Revocation of it be revoked. Desire, in short, That there be no peace made with Sectaries, but that the London Militia may have a fair chance to fight them!—Drowsy Whitlocke continues; almost as if he were in Paris in the eighteenth century: ‘The Apprentices, and many other rude boys and mean fellows among them, came into the House of Commons; and kept the Door open and their hats on; and called out as they stood, “Vote, Vote!”—and in this arrogant posture, stood till the votes passed in that way, To repeal the Ordinance for change of the Militia, to’ &c. ‘In the evening about 7 o’clock, some of the Common Council came down to the House;’ but finding the Parliament and Speaker already *had* been forced, they, astute Common Council-men, ordered their Apprentices to go home again, the work they had set them upon being now finished.* This disastrous scene fell out on Monday, 26th July, 1647: the Houses on the morrow morning, without farther sitting, adjourn till Friday next.

On Friday next,—behold, the ‘Two Speakers, ‘with the Mace,’ and many members of both Houses, have withdrawn; and the Army, lately at Bedford, is on quick march towards London! Alarming pause. ‘About noon,’ however, the Remainers of the Two Houses, reinforced by the Eleven who reappear for the last time, proceed to elect new Speakers, ‘get the City Mace;’ order, above all, that there be a vigorous enlistment of forces, under General Massey, General Poyntz, and others. ‘St. James’s Fields’ were most busy all Saturday, all Monday; shops all shut;

* Whitlocke, p. 263.

drums beating in all quarters; a most vigorous enlistment going on. Presbyterianism will die with harness on its back. Alas, news come that the Army is at Colnebrook, advancing towards Hounslow: news come that they have rendezvoused at Hounslow, and received the Speakers and fugitive Lords and Commons with shouts. Tuesday, 3d August, 1647, was such a day as London and the Guildhall never saw before or since! Southwark declares that it will not fight; sends to Fairfax for Peace and a 'sweet composure;' comes to the Guildhall in great crowds petitioning for Peace;—at which sight, General Poyutz, pressing through for orders about his enlistments, loses his last drop of human patience; 'draws his sword' on the whining multitudes, 'slashes several persons, whereof some died.' The game is nearly up. Look into the old Guildhall on that old Tuesday night; the palpitation, tremulous expectation; wooden Gog and Magog themselves almost sweating cold with terror:

'General Massey sent out scouts to Brentford: but Ten men of the Army beat Thirty of his; and took a flag from a Party of the City. The City Militia and Common Council sat late; and a great number of people attended at Guildhall. When a scout came in and brought news, That the Army made a halt; or other good intelligence,—they cry, "One and all!" But if the scouts reported that the Army was advancing nearer them, then they would cry as loud, "Treat, treat, treat!" So they spent most part of the night. At last they resolved to send the General an humble Letter, beseeching him that there might be a way of composure.*

On Friday morning, was 'a meeting at the Earl of Holland's House in Kensington' (the Holland House that yet stands), and prostrate submission by the Civic Authorities and Parliamentary Remainers; after which the Army marched 'three deep by Hyde Park' into the heart of the City, 'with boughs of laurel in their hats;'—and it was all ended. Fair treatment for all the Honest Party; and the Spiritualism of England shall not be forced to grow in the Presbyterian fashion, however it may grow. Here is another entry from somnolent Bulstrode. The Army soon

* Whitlocke, p. 265.

changes its head-quarters to Putney ;* one of its outer posts is Hampton Court, where his Majesty, obstinate still, but somewhat despondent now of getting the two Parties to extirpate one another, is lodged.

Saturday, 'September 18th. After a Sermon in Putney Church, the General, many great Officers, Field-Officers, inferior Officers and Adjutators, met in the Church ; debated the Proposals of the Army ' towards the Settlement of this bleeding Nation ; ' altered some things in them ;—and were very full of the Sermon, which had been preached by Mr. Peters.†

* 25 August, Rushworth, vii., 791.

† Whitlocke, p. 272.

LETTERS XXVII.—XXXVII.

THESE Eleven Letters, touching slightly on public affairs, with one or two glimpses into private, must carry us, without commentary, in a very dim way, across to the next stage in Oliver's History and England's: the Flight of the King from Hampton Court and the Army, soon followed by the actual breaking out of the Second Civil War.

LETTER XXVII.

THE Marquis of Ormond, a man of distinguished integrity, patience, activity and talent, had done his utmost for the King in Ireland, so long as there remained any shadow of hope there. His last service, as we saw, was to venture secretly on a Peace with the Irish Catholics,—Papists, men of the massacre of 1641, men of many other massacres, falsities, mad blusterings and confusions,—whom all parties considered as sanguinary Rebels, and regarded with abhorrence. Which Peace, we saw farther, Abbas O'Teague and others threatening to produce excommunication on it, the 'Council of Kilkenny' broke away from,—not in the handsomest manner. Ormond, in this Spring of 1647, finding himself reduced to 'seven barrels of gunpowder' and other extremities, without prospect of help or trustworthy bargain on the Irish side, —agreed to surrender Dublin, and what else he had left, rather to the Parliament than to the Rebels; his Majesty, from England, secretly and publicly advising that course. The Treaty was completed: 'Colonel Michael Jones,' lately Governor of Chester, arrived with some Parliamentary Regiments, with certain Parliamentary Commissioners, on the 7th of June:* the surrender was duly effected, and Ormond withdrew to England.

* Carte's Ormond, i., 603

A great English force had been anticipated; but the late quarrel with the Army had rendered that impossible. Jones, with such inadequate forces as he had, made head against the Rebels; gained 'a great victory' over them on the 8th of August, at a place called Dungan Hill, not far from Trim:* 'the most signal victory we had yet gained;' for which there was thankfulness enough.—Four days before that Sermon by Hugh Peters, followed by the military conclave in Putney Church, Cromwell had addressed this small Letter of Congratulation to Jones, whom, by the tone of it, he does not seem to have personally known:

For the Honorable Col. Jones, Governor of Dublin, and Commander-in-Chief of all the Forces in Leinster: These.

'Putney,' 14th September, 1647.

SIR,

The mutual interest and agreement we have in the same Cause† give me occasion, as to congratulate, so 'likewise' abundantly to rejoice in God's gracious Dispensation unto you and by you. We have, both in England and Ireland, found the immediate presence and assistance of God, in guiding and succeeding our endeavors hitherto; and therefore ought, as I doubt not both you and we desire, to ascribe the glories of all to Him, and to improve all we receive from Him unto Him alone.

Though, it may be, for the present a cloud may lie over our actions to those who are not acquainted with the grounds of them; yet we doubt not but God will clear‡ our integrity and innocency from any other ends we aim at but His glory and the Public Good. And as you are an instrument herein, so we shall, as becometh us, upon all occasions, give you your due honor. For my own particular,—wherein I may have your commands to serve you, you shall find none more ready than he that sincerely desires to approve himself,

Your affectionate friend and humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

Michael Jones is the name of this Colonel; there are several

* Rushworth, vii., 779; Carte, ii., v.

† Words uncertain to the Copyist; sense not doubtful.

‡ Ms. Volume of Letters in Trinity-College Library, Dublin (marked: F. 3. 18), fol. 62. Autograph; docketed by Jones himself, of whom the Volume contains other memorials

Colonel Joneses ; difficult to distinguish. One of them, Colonel *John Jones*, Member for Merionethshire, and known too in Ireland, became afterwards the Brother-in-law of Cromwell ; and ended tragically as a Regicide in 1661. Colonel Michael gained other signal successes in Ireland ; welcomed Oliver into it in 1649 ; and died there soon after of a fever.

One of the remarkablest circumstances of this new Irish Campaign is, that Colonel Monk, George Monk, is again in it. He was taken prisoner, fresh from Ireland, at Nantwich, three years ago. After lying three years in the Tower, seeing his Majesty's affairs now desperate, he has consented to take the Covenant, embark with the Parliament ; and is now doing good service in Ulster.

LETTER XXVIII.

'To His Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

Putney, 13th October, 1647.

SIR,

The case concerning Captain Middleton bears* ill ; inasmuch as it is delayed, upon pretences, from coming to a trial. It is not, I humbly conceive, fit that it should stay any longer. The Soldiers complain thereof, and their witnesses have been examined. Captain Middleton, and some others for him, have made stay thereof hitherto.

I beseech your Excellency to give order it may be tried on Friday, or Saturday at farthest, if you please ; and that so much may be signified to the Advocate.

Sir, I pray excuse my not attendance upon you. I feared 'to' miss the House a day, where it's very necessary for me to be. I hope your Excellency will be at the Head-quarter to-morrow, where, if God be pleased, I shall wait upon you.

I rest,

Your Excellency's humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Captain Middleton and his case have vanished completely out

* sounds.

† Sloane mss., 1519, fol. 80.

of the records ; whether it was tried on Saturday, and how decided, will never now be known. Doubtless Fairfax ‘ signified ’ somewhat to the Advocate about it, but let us not ask what. ‘ The Advocate ’ is called ‘ John Mills, Esquire, Judge-Advocate ; ’* whose military Law-labors have mostly become silent now. The former Advocate was Dr. Dorislaus ; of whom also a word. Dr. Dorislaus, by birth Dutch ; appointed Judge-Advocate at the beginning of Essex’s campaignings ; known afterwards on the King’s Trial ; and finally, for that latter service, assassinated at the Hague, one evening, by certain highflying Royalist cutthroats, Scotch several of them. The Portraits represent him as a man of heavy, deep-wrinkled, elephantine countenance, pressed down with the labors of life and law ; the good ugly man here found his quietus.

The business in the House, ‘ where it’s necessary for me to be ’ without miss of a sitting, is really important, or at least critical, in these October days ; Settlement of Army arrears, duties and arrangements ; Tonnage and Poundage ; business of the London Violence upon the Parliament (pardoned for the most part) ; business of Lieutenant-Colonel John Lilburn, now growing very noisy ;—above all things, final Settlement with the King, if that by any method could be possible. The Army-Parliament too still sits ; ‘ Council of War ’ with its Adjutator meeting frequently at Putney.† In the House, and out of the House, Lieutenant General Cromwell is busy enough.

This very day, ‘ Wednesday, 13th October, 1647,’ we find him deep in debate ‘ On the farther establishment of the Presbyterian Government ’ (for the law is still loose, the Platform except in London never fairly on foot) ; and Teller on no fewer than three divisions. *First*, Shall the Presbyterian Government be limited to three years ? Cromwell answers *Yea*, in a House of 73 ; is beaten by a majority of 3. *Second*, Shall there be a limit of time to it ? Cromwell again answers *Yea* ; beats, this time, by a majority of 14, in a House now of 74 (some individual having dropt in). *Third*, Shall the limit be seven years ? Crom-

* Sprigge, p. 326.

† Rushworth, vii., 849, &c.

well answers *Yea* ; and in a House still of 74 is beaten by 8. It is finally got settled that the limit of time shall be 'to the end of the next Session of Parliament after the end of this Present Session,'—a very vague Period, 'this present session' having itself already proved rather long ! Note, too, this is not yet a Law ; it is only a Proposal to be made to the King, if his Majesty will concur, which seems doubtful. Debating enough !—Saturday last there was a call of the House, and great quantities of absent Members ; '*agrotantes*,' a good many of them,—sickness being somewhat prevalent in those days of waiting upon Providence.*

LETTER XXIX.

To His Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army: These.

Putney, 22d October, 1647.

SIR,

Hearing the Garrison of Hull is most distracted in the present government, and that the most faithful and honest Officers have no disposition to serve there any longer under the present Governor ; and that it is their earnest desires, with all the trusty and faithful inhabitants of the Town, to have Colonel Overton sent to them to be your Excellency's Deputy over them,—I do humbly offer to your Excellency, Whether it might not be convenient that 'Colonel Overton be speedily sent down ; that so that Garrison may be settled in safe hands. And that your Excellency would be pleased to send for Colonel Overton, and confer with him about it. That either the Regiment 'now' in the Town may be so regulated as your Excellency may be confident that the Garrison may be secured by them ; or otherwise it may be drawn out, and his own Regiment in the Army be sent down thither with him.—But I conceive, if the Regiment in Hull can be made serviceable to your Excellency, and included in the Establishment, it will be better to continue it there, than to bury a Regiment of your Army in the Garrison.

Sir, the expedient will be very necessary, in regard of the present dis-

* Commons Journals, v., 329 ; *ib.*, 332.

tractions here. This I thought fit to offer to your Excellency's consideration. I shall humbly take leave to subscribe myself

Your Excellency's

Humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

After Hotham's defection and execution, the Lord Ferdinando Fairfax, who had valiantly defended the place, was appointed Governor of Hull; which office had subsequently been conferred on the Generalissimo Sir Thomas, his Son; and was continued to him, on the readjustment of all Garrisons in the spring of this same year.† Sir Thomas therefore was express Governor of Hull at this time. Who the substitute or Deputy under him was, I do not know. Some Presbyterian man; unfit for the stringent times that had arrived, when no algebraic formula, but only direct vision of the relations of things would suffice a man.

Colonel Overton was actually appointed Governor of Hull: there is a long Letter from the Hull people about Colonel Overton's laying free billet upon them, a Complaint to Fairfax on the subject, next year.‡ He continued long in that capacity; zealously loyal to Cromwell and his cause,§ till the Protectorship came on. His troubles afterwards, and confused destinies, may again concern us a little.

This Letter is written only three weeks before the King took his flight from Hampton Court. One spark illuminating (very faintly) that huge dark world, big with such results, in the Army's quarters about Putney, and elsewhere!

* Sloane MSS., 1519, fol. 52:—Signature, and all after 'humble,' is torn off. The Letter is not an autograph; it has been dictated, apparently in great haste.

† 13 March, 1646-7 (Commons Journals, v. 111).

‡ 4 March, 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii., 1020).

§ Sir James Turner's Memoirs. Milton State-Papers (London, 1743), pp. 10, 24, 161,—where the Editor calls him Colonel *Richard* Overton: his name was Robert: 'Richard Overton' is a 'Leveller,' unconnected with him; *Colonel* Richard Overton is a non-existence.

LETTER XXX.

THE immeasurable Negotiations with the King, 'Proposals of the Army,' 'Proposals of the Adjutors of the Army,' still occupying tons of printed paper, the subject of intense debates and considerations in Westminster, in Putney Church, and in every house and hut of England, for many months past,—suddenly contract themselves for us, like a universe of gaseous vapor, into one small point: the issue of them all is failure. The Army Council, the Army Adjutors, and serious England at large, were in earnest about one thing; the King was not in earnest, except about another thing: there could be no bargain with the King.

Cromwell and the Chief Officers have for some time past ceased frequenting his Majesty at Hampton Court; such visits being looked upon askance by a party in the Army: they have left the matter to Parliament; only Colonel Whalley, with due guard, and Parliament Commissioners, keep watch 'for the security of his Majesty.' In the Army, his Majesty's real purpose becoming now apparent, there has arisen a very terrible 'Leveling Party;' a class of men demanding punishment not only of Delinquents, and Deceptive Persons who have involved this Nation in blood, but of the 'Chief Delinquent:' minor Delinquents getting punished, how should the Chief Delinquent go free? A class of men dreadfully in earnest;—to whom a King's Cloak is no impenetrable screen; who within the King's Cloak discern that there is a man accountable to a God! The Chief Officers, except when officially called, keep distant: hints have fallen that his Majesty is not out of danger.—In the Commons Journals this is what we read:

'Friday, 12th November, 1647. A Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, of 11th November, twelve at night, was read; signifying the escape of the King; who went away about 9 o'clock yesterday.' *

Cromwell, we suppose, lodging in head-quarters about Putney, had been roused on Thursday Night by express That the King

* Commons Journals, v., 356.

was gone ; had hastened off to Hampton Court ; and there about ‘ twelve at night ’ despatched a Letter to Speaker Lenthall. The Letter, which I have some confused recollection of having, somewhere in the Pamphletary Chaos, seen in full, refuses to disclose itself at present except as a Fragment :

‘ For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons : These.’

‘ Hampton Court, Twelve at night,
11th November, 1647.’

‘ SIR,’

* * * * Majesty * * withdrawn himself * *

at nine o’clock.

The manner is variously reported ; and we will say little of it at present, but, That his Majesty was expected at supper, when the Commissioners and Colonel Whalley missed him : upon which they entered the Room : —they found his majesty had left his cloak behind him in the Gallery in the Private Way. He passed by the back-stairs and vault towards the Water-side.

He left some Letters upon the table in his withdrawing-room of his own handwriting ; whereof one was to the Commissioners of Parliament attending him, to be communicated to both Houses, ‘ and is here enclosed.’

* * *

‘ OLIVER CROMWELL.’*

We do not give his Majesty’s Letter ‘ here enclosed : ’ it is that well-known one where he speaks, in very royal style, still every inch a King, Of the restraints and slights put upon him,—men’s obedience to their King seeming much abated of late. So soon as *they* return to a just temper, “ I shall instantly break through this cloud of retirement, and show myself ready to be *Pater Patrie*,”—as I have hitherto done.

The Ports are all ordered to be shut ; embargo laid on ships. Read in the Commons Journals again : ‘ Saturday, 13th November. Colonel Whalley was called in ; and made a particular Relation of the circumstances concerning the King’s going away from Hampton Court. He did likewise deliver—in a letter directed unto him from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, concerning some rumors

* Rushworth, vii., 571.

and reports of some design of danger to the person and life of the King : 'The which was read. *Ordered*, That Colonel Whalley do put in writing the said Relation, and set his hand to it; and That he do leave a Copy of the said Letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell.*

Colonel Whalley's Relation exists; and a much fuller Relation and pair of Relations concerning this Flight, and what preceded and followed it, as viewed from the Royalist side, by two parties to the business, exist; † none of which shall concern us here. Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to Whalley also exists; a short insignificant note: here it is, fished from the Dust Abysses, which refuse to disclose the other. Whalley is 'Cousin Whalley,' as we may remember; Aunt Frances's and the Squire of Kerton's Son,—a Nottinghamshire man. ‡

LETTER XXXI.

'For my beloved Cousin, Colonel Whalley, at Hampton Court:
These.'

'Putney, November, 1647.'

DEAR COS. WHALLEY,

There are rumors abroad of some intended attempt on his Majesty's person. Therefore I pray have a care of your guards. If any such thing should be done, it would be accounted a most horrid act. * * *

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

See, among the Old Pamphlets, Letters to the like effect from Royalist Parties: also a letter of thanks from the King to Whalley:—ending with a desire, 'to send the black-grey bitch to the

* Commons Journals, v., 358.

† Berkley's Memoirs, (printed, London, 1699), Ashburnham's Narrative (printed, London, 1830);—which require to be sifted, and contrasted with each other and with third parties, by whoever is still curious on this matter; each of these Narratives being properly a Pleading, intended to clear the Writer of all blame, in the first place.

‡ See *antea*, p. 26, Note.

§ King's Pamphlets, small 4to, no. 337, § 15, p. 7.

Duke of Richmond,' on the part of his Majesty : Letters from &c., Letters to &c., in great quantities.* For us here this brief notice of one Letter shall suffice :

' *Monday, 15th November, 1647.* Letter from Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, *Cowes, 13^o Novebris*, signifying that the King is come into the Isle of Wight.† The King, after a night and a day of riding, saw not well whither else to go. He delivered himself to Robert Hammond ;‡ came into the Isle of Wight. Robert Hammond is ordered to keep him strictly within Carisbrook Castle and the adjoining grounds, in a vigilant though altogether respectful manner.

This same 'Monday,' when Hammond's Letter arrives in London, is the day of the mutinous Rendezvous 'in Corkbush Field, between Hertford and Ware ;'§ where Cromwell and the General Officers had to front the Levelling Principle, in a most dangerous manner, and trample it out or be trampled out by it on the spot. Eleven Mutineers are ordered from the ranks ; tried by Court Martial on the Field : three of them condemned to be shot ;—throw dice for their life, and one *is* shot, there and then. The name of him is Aruald ; long memorable among the Levellers. A very dangerous Review service !—Head-quarters now change to Windsor.

LETTER XXXII.

ROBERT HAMMOND, Governor of the Isle of Wight, who has for the present become so important to England, is a young man 'of good parts and principles : ' a Colonel of Foot ; served formerly as Captain under Massey in Gloucester,—where, in October, 1644, he had the misfortune to kill a brother Officer, one Major Gray, in sudden duel, 'for giving him the lie ;' he was tried, but acquitted, the provocation being great. He has since risen to be Colonel, and become well known. Originally of Chertsey, Surrey ; his Grandfather, and perhaps his Father, a Physician there. His

* Parliamentary History, xvi., 324-30.

† Commons Journals, *in die*.

‡ Berkeley's and Ashburnham's Narratives. § Rushworth, vii., 875.

Uncle, Thomas Hammond, is now Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance; a man whom, with this Robert, we saw busy in the Army 'Troubles last year. The Lieutenant-General, Thomas Hammond, persists in his democratic course; patron at this time of the Adjutant speculations; sits afterwards as a King's-Judge.

In strong contrast with whom is another Uncle, Dr. Henry Hammond, a pattern-flower of loyalty, one of his Majesty's favorite Chaplains. It was Uncle Thomas that first got this young Robert a Commission in the Army; but Uncle Henry had, in late months, introduced him to his Majesty at Hampton Court, as an ingenuous youth, repentant, or at least sympathetic and not without loyalty. Which circumstance, it is supposed, had turned the King's thoughts in that bewildered Flight of his, towards Colonel Robert and the Isle of Wight.

Colonel Robert, it would seem, had rather disliked the high course things were sometimes threatening to take, in the Putney Council of War; and had been glad to get out of it for a quiet Governorship at a distance. But it now turns out, he has got into still deeper difficulties thereby. His 'temptation' when the King announced himself as in the neighborhood, had been great: Shall he obey the King in this crisis; conduct the King whitherward his Majesty wishes? Or be true to his trust and the Parliament? He 'grew suddenly pale;'—he decided as we saw.

The Isle of Wight, holding so important a deposit, is put under the Derby-house Committee, old 'Committee of Both Kingdoms,' some additions being made thereto, and some exclusions. Oliver is of it, and Philip Lord Wharton, among others. Lord Wharton, a conspicuous Puritan and intimate of Oliver's; of whom we shall afterwards have occasion to say somewhat.

This Committee of Derby House was, of course, in continual communication with Robert Hammond. Certain of their Letters to him had, after various fortune, come into the hands of the Honorable Mr. Yorke (Lord Hardwicke); and were lying in his house, when it and they were, in 1752, accidentally burnt. A Dr. Joseph Litherland had, by good luck, taken copies; Thomas Birch, lest fire should again intervene, printed the Collection,—a very thin Octavo, London, 1764. He has given some introductory Account of Robert Hammond; copying, as we do mainly

here, from Wood's *Athene* :* and has committed—as who does not!—several errors. His Annotations are sedulous but inefficual. What of the Letters are from Oliver we extract with thanks.

A former Letter, of which Oliver was 'the penner,' is now lost. 'Our brethren' in the following letter are the Scots, now all *excluded* from Derby-House Committee of Both Kingdoms. The 'Recorder' is Glyn, one of the vanished Eleven, Stapleton being another; for both of whom it has been necessary to appoint substitutes in the said Committee.

For Colonel Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight: These, for the Service of the Kingdom. Haste: Post Haste.

'London,' 3d January, 1647.

(My Lord Wharton's, near ten at night.)

DEAR ROBIN,

Now, blessed be God, I can write and thou receive freely. I never in my life saw more deep sense, and less will to show it unchristianly, than in that which thou didst write to us when we were at Windsor, and thou in the midst of thy temptation,—which indeed, by what we understood of it, was a great one, and occasioned † the greater by the Letter the General sent thee; of which thou wast not mistaken when thou didst challenge me to be the penner.

How good has God been to dispose all to mercy! And although it was trouble for the present, yet glory has come out of it; for which we praise the Lord with thee and for thee. And truly thy carriage has been such as occasions much honor to the name of God and to religion. Go on in the strength of the Lord; and the Lord be still with thee.

But, dear Robin, this business hath been, I trust, a mighty providence to this poor Kingdom and to us all. The House of Commons is very sensible of the King's dealings, and of our brethren's, ‡ in this late transaction. You should do well, if you have anything that may discover juggling, to search it out, and let us know it. It may be of admirable use at this time; because we shall, I hope, instantly go upon business in relation to them, § tending to prevent danger.

The House of Commons has this day voted as follows; 1st, They will make no more addresses to the King; 2d, None shall apply to him without leave of the Two Houses, upon pain of being guilty of high treason; 3d, They will receive nothing from the King, nor shall any

* iii., 500.

† rendered.

‡ the Scots.

§ the Scots.

other bring anything to them from him, nor receive anything from the King; *lastly*, the Members of both Houses who were of the Committee of Both Kingdoms are established in all that power in themselves, for England and Ireland, which they 'formerly' had to act with England and Scotland; and Sir John Evelyn of Wilts is added in the room of Mr. Recorder; and Nathaniel Fiennes in the room of Sir Philip Stapleton, and my Lord of Kent in the room of the Earl of Essex.* I think it good you take notice of this, the sooner the better.

Let us know how it is with you in point of strength, and what you need from us. Some of us think the King well with you, and that it concerns us to keep that Island in great security, because of the French, &c. : and if so, † where can the King be better? If you have more force 'sent,' you will be sure of full provision for them.

The Lord bless thee. Pray for

Thy dear friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. ‡

In these same days noisy Lilburn has accused Cromwell of meaning or having meant to make his own bargain with the King, and be Earl of Essex and a great man. Noisy John thinks all great men, especially all Lords, ought to be brought low. The Commons have him at their bar in this month. §

LETTER XXXIII.

HERE, by will of the Destinies preserving certain bits of paper and destroying others, there introduces itself a little piece of Domesticity; a small family-transaction, curiously enough peering through by its own peculiar rent, amid these great world-transactions: Marriage-treaty for Richard Cromwell the Lieutenant-General's eldest son.

What Richard has been doing hitherto no Biographer knows.

* Essex is dead; Stapleton, one of the Eleven who went to France, is dead; Recorder Glyn, another of them, is in the Tower. For the 'Votes,' see Commons Journals, v., 415 (3 January, 1647-S).

† if we do secure and fortify it.

‡ Birch's Hammond Letters, p. 23. Given also in Harris, p. 497.

§ 19 January, Commons Journals, v., 437.

In spite of Noble, I incline to think he too had been in the Army ; in October last there are two sons mentioned expressly as being officers there : ‘ One of his Sons, Captain of the General’s Lifeguard ; his other Son, Captain of a troop in Colonel Harrison’s Regiment,’—so greedy is he of the Public Money to his own family !* Richard is now heir-apparent ; our poor Boy Oliver therefore, ‘ Cornet Oliver,’ we know not in the least where, must have died. “ It went to my heart like a dagger ; indeed it did !” The phrase of the Pamphlet itself, we observe, is ‘ his other Son,’ not ‘ one of his other Sons,’ as if there were now but two left. If Richard was ever in the Army, which these probabilities may dimly intimate, the Lifeguard, a place for persons of consequence, was the likeliest for him. The Captain in Harrison’s Regiment will in that case be Henry.—The Cromwell family, as we laboriously guess and gather, has about this time removed to London. Richard, if ever in the Lifeguard, has now quitted it : an idle fellow, who could never relish soldiering in such an Army ; he now wishes to retire to Arcadian felicity and wedded life in the country.

The ‘ Mr. M.’ of this Letter is Richard Mayor, Esquire, of Hursley, Hants,† the young lady’s father. Hursley, not far from Winchester, is still a manorhouse, but no representative of Richard Mayor’s has now place there or elsewhere. The treaty, after difficulties, did take effect. Mayor, written also Major and Major, a pious prudent man, becomes better known to Oliver, to the world and to us in the sequel. Richard Norton, Member for Hants since 1645, is his neighbor ; an old fellow-soldier under Manchester, Fellow-Colonel in the Eastern Association, seemingly very familiar with Oliver, he is applied to on this delicate occasion.

For my noble Friend, Colonel Richard Norton : These.

‘ London,’ 25th February, 1647.

DEAF NORTON

I have sent my Son over to thee, being willing to answer Providence ; and although I had an offer of a very

* 5 October, 1647 (Royalist Newspaper, citing a Pamphlet of Lilburn’s), Cromwelliana, p. 36.

† Noble, ii., 436-42.

great proposition, from a father, of his daughter, yet I rather incline to this in my thoughts; because, though the other be very far greater, yet I see different ties, and not that assurance of godliness,—though indeed of fairness. I confess that which is told me concerning the estate of Mr. M. is more than I can look for, as things now stand.

If God please to bring it about, the consideration of piety in the Parents, and such hopes of the Gentlewoman in that respect, make the business to me a great mercy; concerning which I desire to wait upon God.

I am confident of thy love; and desire things may be carried with privacy. The Lord do His will; that's best;—to which submitting, I rest,

Your humble Servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What other Father it was that made 'the offer of a very great proposition to Oliver,' in the shape of his Daughter as Wife to Oliver's Son, must remain totally uncertain. There were 'other ties' which Oliver did not entirely like; there was not an assurance of 'godliness' in the house, though there was of 'fairness' and natural integrity; in short, Oliver will prefer Mayor, at least will try him,—and wishes it carried with privacy.

The Commons, now dealing with Delinquents, do not forget to reward good Servants, to 'conciliate the Grandees,' as splenic Walker calls it. For above two years past, ever since the War ended, there has been talk and debate about settling 2,500*l.* a-year on Lieutenant-General Cromwell; but difficulties have arisen. First they tried Basing-House Lands, the Marquis of Winchester's, whom Cromwell had demolished; but the Marquis's affairs were in disorder; it was gradually found the Marquis had for most part only a Life-rent there:—only 'Abbotston and Itchin' in that quarter could be realized. Order thereupon to settle 'Lands of Papists and Delinquents' to the requisite amount, wheresoever convenient. To settle especially what Lands the Marquis of Worcester had in that 'County of Southampton;' which was done,—though still with insufficient result.† Then

* Harris, p. 501.

† Commons Journals, iv., 416 (23 January, 1645-6, the Marquis of Worcester's Hampshire Lands). *Ib.*, 426, a week afterwards ('Abberston and

came the Army Quarrels, and an end of such business. But now in the Commons Journals, 7th March, the very date of Oliver's next Letter, this is what we read:* 'An Ordinance for passing unto Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, Lieutenant-General, certain Lands and Manors in the Counties of Gloucester, Monmouth, and Glamorgan, late the Earl of Worcester's, was this day read the third time and upon the question, passed; and ordered to be sent unto the Lords for their concurrence.' Oliver himself, as we shall find, has been dangerously sick. This is what Clement Walker, the splenic Presbyterian, 'an elderly gentleman of low stature, in a grey suit, with a little stick in his hand,' reports upon the matter of the Grant:

'The 7th of March, an Ordinance to settle 2,500*l.* a-year of Land, out of the Marquis of Worcester's Estate,'—old Marquis of Worcester at Ragland, father of my Lord Glamorgan, who in his turn became Marquis of Worcester and wrote the *Century of Inventions*,—2,500*l.* a-year out of this old Marquis's Estate upon Lieutenant-General Cromwell! I have heard some gentlemen that know the Manor of Chepstow and the other Lands affirm' that in reality they are worth 5,000*l.* or even 6,000*l.* a-year;—which is far from the fact, my little elderly friend! 'You see,' continues he, 'though they have not made King Charles "a Glorious King,"' as they sometimes undertook, they have settled a Crown-Revenue upon Oliver, and have made *him* as glorious a King as ever John of Leyden was!†——A very splenic old gentleman in grey;—verging towards Pride's Purge, and lodgment in the Tower, I think! He is from the West; known long since in Gloucester Siege; Member now for Wells;—but terminates in the Tower, with ink, and abundant *gall* in it, to write the History of Independency there.

Itcheil, meaning Abbotston and Itchin, Marquis of *Winchester's* there). Commons Journals, v., 36, about a year afterwards, 7 January, 1646-7 ('remainder of the 2,500*l.* from Marquis of Winchester's Lands in general: which in a fortnight more is found to be impossible: whereupon 'Lands of Delinquents and Papists,' as in the Text). None of these Hampshire Lands, except Abbotston and Itchin, are named. Noble says, 'Fawley Park' in the same County; which is possible enough.

* v., 482.

† History of Independency (London, 1648), Part i., 83 and 55.

LETTER XXXIV.

'To his Excellency Sir Thomas Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army, at Windsor: These.'

'London, 7th March, 1647.'

SIR,

It hath pleased God to raise me out of a dangerous sickness; and I do most willingly acknowledge that the Lord hath, in this visitation, exercised the bowels of a father towards me. I received in myself the sentence of death, that I might learn to trust in Him that raiseth from the dead, and have no confidence in the flesh. It's a blessed thing to die daily. For what is there in this world to be accounted of! The best men according to the flesh, and things, are lighter than vanity. I find this only good, To love the Lord and His poor despised people, to do for them, and to be ready to suffer with them:—and he that is found worthy of this hath obtained great favor from the Lord; and he that is established in this shall (being confirmed to Christ and the rest of the Body*) participate in the glory of a Resurrection which will answer all.†

Sir, I must thankfully confess your favor in your last Letter. I see I am not forgotten; and truly, to be kept in your remembrance is very great satisfaction to me; for I can say in the simplicity of my heart, I put a high and true value upon your love,—which when I forget I shall cease to be a grateful and an honest man.

I most humbly beg my service may be presented to your Lady, to whom I wish all happiness, and establishment in the truth. Sir, my prayers are for you, as becomes

Your Excellency's

Most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' Sir, Mr. Rushworth will write to you about the Quartering, and the Letter lately sent; and therefore I forbear.‡

FREE OFFER.

From the Committee of the Lords and Commons sitting at Derby House, Sir John Evelyn reports a certain offer from Lieutenant-General Cromwell; which is read in the words following:

* Christ's Body, his Church.

† Turns now to the margin of the sheet, lengthwise.

‡ Sloane's MSS., 1519, fol. 79.

‘To the Honorable the Committee of Lords and Commons for the Affairs of Ireland, sitting at Derby House: The Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell for the Service of Ireland.’

21^o Martii, 1647.

The two Houses of Parliament having lately bestowed 1,680*l.* per annum upon me and my heirs, out of the Earl of Worcester’s Estate; the necessity of affairs requiring assistance, I do hereby offer one thousand pounds annually to be paid out of the rents of the said lands; that is to say, 500*l.* out of the next Michaelmas rent, and so on, by the half year, for the space of five years, if the War in Ireland shall so long continue, or that I live so long; to be employed for the service of Ireland, as the Parliament shall please to appoint; provided the said yearly rent of 1,680*l.* become not to be suspended by war or other accident.

And whereas there is an arrear of Pay due unto me whilst I was Lieutenant-General unto the Earl of Manchester, of about 1,500*l.*, audited and stated; as also a great arrear due for about Two Years’ being Governor of the Isle of Ely: I do hereby discharge the State from all or any claim to be made by me thereunto.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

‘Ordered, That the House doth accept the Free Offer of Lieutenant-General Cromwell, testifying his zeal and good affection.’ My splenetic little gentleman in grey, with the little stick in his hand, takes no notice of this; which modifies materially what the Chepstow Connoisseurs and ‘their five or six thousand a-year’ reported lately!

LETTER XXXV.

HERE is Norton and the Marriage again. Here are news out of Scotland that the Malignant Party, the Duke of Hamilton’s Faction, are taking the lead there; and about getting up an Army to attack us, and deliver the King from Sectaries:† Reverend Stephen Marshall reports the news. Let us read:

* Commons Journals, v., 513.

† Rushworth, vii., 1040, &c

For my noble friend Colonel Richard Norton: These.

Farnham, 23th March, 1648.

DEAR DICK,

It had been a favor indeed to have met you here at Farnham. But I hear you are a man of great business; therefore I say no more:—if it be a favor to the House of Commons to enjoy you, what is it to me! But, in good earnest, when will you and your Brother Russel be a little honest, and attend your charge there? Surely some expect it; especially the good fellows who chose you!—

I have met with Mr. Mayor; we spent two or three hours together last night. I perceive the gentleman is very wise and honest; and indeed much to be valued. Some things of common fame * did a little stick: I gladly heard his doubts, and gave such answer as was next at hand,—I believe, to some satisfaction. Nevertheless I exceedingly liked the gentleman's plainness and free dealing with me. I know God has been above all ill reports, and will in His own time vindicate me; I have no cause to complain. I see nothing but that this particular business between him and me may go on. The Lord's will be done.

For news out of the North there is little; only the Malignant Party is prevailing in the Parliament of Scotland. They are earnest for a war; the Ministers † oppose as yet. Mr. Marshall is returned, who says so. And so do many of our Letters. Their great Committee of Danger have two Malignants for one right. It's said they have voted an Army of 40,000 in Parliament; so say some of Yesterday's Letters. But I account my news ill bestowed, because upon an idle person.

I shall take speedy course in the business concerning my Tenants; for which, thanks. My service to your Lady. I am really

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. ‡

Had Cromwell come out to Farnham on military business? Kent is in a ticklish state; it broke out some weeks hence in open insurrection, §—as did many other places, when once the 'Scotch Army of 40,000' became a certainty.

'The business concerning my Tenants' will indicate that in Hampshire, within ken of Norton, in Fawley Park, in Itchin, Abbotston, or elsewhere, 'my Tenants' are felling wood, cutting

* against myself.

† Clergy.

‡ Harris, p. 502.

§ 24 or 25 May, 1648 (Rushworth, vii., 1125).

copses, or otherwise not behaving to perfection: but they shall be looked to.

For the rest, Norton really ought to attend his duties in Parliament! In earnest 'an idle fellow,' as Oliver in sport calls him. Given to Presbyterian notions; was purged out by Pride; dwindled subsequently into Royalism. 'Brother Russel' means only brother Member. He is the Frank Russel of the Letter on Marston Moor. Now Sir Francis; and sits for Cambridgeshire. A comrade of Norton's; seemingly now in his neighborhood, possibly on a visit to him.

The attendance on the House in these months is extremely thin; the divisions range from 200 to as low as 70. Nothing going on but Delinquents' fines, and abstruse negotiations with the Isle of Wight, languid Members prefer the country till some result arrive.

LETTER XXXVI.

HERE is a new phasis of the Wedding-treaty; which, as seems, 'doth now a little stick.' Prudent Mr. Mayor insists on his advantages; nor is the Lieutenant-General behindhand. What 'lands' all these of Oliver's are in Cambridgeshire, Norfolk, Hampshire, no Biographer now knows. Portions of the Parliamentary Grants above alluded to; perhaps 'Purchases by Debentures,' some of them. Soldiers could seldom get their Pay in money; with their 'Debentures' they had to purchase Forfeited Lands;—a somewhat uncertain investment of an uncertain currency.

The Mr. Robinson mentioned in this Letter is a pious Preacher at Southampton.* 'My two little Wenches' are Mary and Frances: Mary aged now near twelve; Frances ten.†

* *For my noble friend, Colonel Richard Norton: These.*

* London, 4th April, 1648.

DEAR NORTON,

I could not in my last give you a perfect account of what passed between me and Mr. Mayor; because we were to have

* Harris, p. 501.

† See *antea*, pp. 67, 8.

a conclusion of our speed that morning after I wrote my Letter to you.* Which we had; and having had a full view of one another's minds, we parted with this: That both would consider with our relations, and according to satisfactions given there, acquaint one another with our minds.

I cannot tell better how to do, 'in order' to give or receive satisfaction, than by you; who, as I remember, in your last, said That, if things did stick between us, you would use your endeavor towards a close.

The things insisted upon were these, as I take it: Mr. Mayor desired 400*l. per annum* of Inheritance, lying in Cambridgeshire and Norfolk, to be presently settled,† and to be for maintenance; wherein I desired to be advised by my Wife. I offered the Land in Hampshire for present maintenance; which I dare say, with copses and ordinary fells,‡ will be, *communibus annis*, 500*l. per annum*: 'and' besides 'this,' 500*l. per annum* in Tenants' hands holding but for one life; and about 300*l. per annum*, some for two lives, some for three lives. But as to this, if the latter offer be not liked of, I shall be willing a farther conference be held in 'regard to' the first.

In point of jointure I shall give satisfaction. And as to the settlement of lands given me by the Parliament, satisfaction to be given in like manner, according as we discoursed. 'And' in what else was demanded of me, I am willing, so far as I remember any demand was, to give satisfaction. Only, I having been informed by Mr. Robinson that Mr. Mayor did, upon a former match, offer to settle the Manor wherein he lived, and to give 2,000*l.* in money, I did insist upon that; and do desire it may not be with difficulty. The money I shall need for my two little Wenches; and thereby I shall free my Son from being charged with them. Mr. Mayor parts with nothing at present but that money: except the board 'of the young Pair,' which I should not be unwilling to give them, to enjoy the comforts of their society;—which it's reason he smart for, if he will rob me altogether of them.

Truly the land to be settled,—both what the Parliament gives me, and my own,—is very little less than 3,000*l. per annum*, all things considered, if I be rightly informed. And a Lawyer of Lincoln's Inn, having searched all the Marquis of Worcester's writings, which were taken at Ragland and sent for by the Parliament, and this Gentleman appointed by the Committee to search the said writings,—assures me there is no scruple concerning the title. And it so fell out that this Gentleman who searched was my own Lawyer, a very godly able man, and my dear

* Letter XXXIII.

† on the Future Pair.

‡ fellings.

friend ; which I reckon no small mercy. He is also possessed of the writings for me.*

I thought fit to give you this account ; desiring you to make such use of it as God shall direct you ; and I doubt not but you will do the part of a friend between two friends. I account myself one ; and I have heard you say Mr. Mayor was entirely so to you. What the good pleasure of God is I shall wait ; there 'alone' is rest. Present my service to your Lady, to Mr. Mayor, &c. I rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I desire you to carry this business with all privacy. I beseech you to do so, as you love me. Let me entreat you not to lose a day herein, that I may know Mr. Mayor's mind ; for I think I may be at leisure for a week to attend this business, to give and take satisfaction ; from which perhaps I may be shut up afterwards by employment.† I know thou art an idle fellow : but prithee neglect me not now ; delay may be very inconvenient to me ; I much rely upon you. Let me hear from you in two or three days. I confess the principal consideration as to me, is the absolute settlement 'by Mr. Mayor' of the Manor where he lives ; which he would not do but conditionally, in case they have a son, and but 3,000*l.* in case they have no son. But as to this, I hope farther reason may work him to more.‡

Of 'my two little Wenchcs,' Mary, we may repeat, became Lady Fauconberg ; Frances was wedded to the Honorable Mr. Rich ; then to Sir John Russell. Elizabeth and Bridget are already Mrs. Claypole and Mrs. Ireton. Elizabeth, the younger, was first married. They were all married very young ; Elizabeth, at her wedding, was little turned of sixteen.

LETTER XXXVII.

For Colonel R. Hammond.

'London,' 6th April, 1648

DEAR ROBIN,

Your business is done in the House : your 10*l.* by the week is made 20*l.* ; 1000*l.* given you ; and Order to Mr. Lisle to

* Holds these Ragland Documents on my behalf.

† Went to Wales in May.

‡ Harris, p. 502.

draw up an Ordinance for 500*l.* per annum to be settled upon you and your heirs. This was done with smoothness; your friends were not wanting to you. I know thy burden; this is an addition to it: the Lord direct and sustain thee.

Intelligence came to the hands of a very considerable Person, That the King attempted to get out of his window; and that he had a cord of silk with him whereby to slip down, but his breast was so big the bar would not give him passage. This was done in one of the dark nights about a fortnight ago. A Gentleman with you led him the way, and slipped down. The Guard, that night had some quantity of wine with them. The same party assures that there is aquafortis gone down from London, to remove that obstacle which hindered; and that the same design is to be put in execution in the next dark nights. He saith that Captain Titus, and some others about the King are not to be trusted. He is a very considerable Person of the Parliament who gave this intelligence, and desired it should be speeded to you.

The Gentleman who came out of the window was Master Firebrace; the Gentlemen doubted are Cresset, Burrowes, and Titus; the time when this attempt of escape was, the 20th of March.

Your servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Henry Firebrace is known to Birch, and his *Narrative* is known. 'He became Clerk of the Kitchen to Charles II.'—The old Books are full of King's Plots for escape, by aquafortis and otherwise.† His Majesty could make no agreement with the Parliament, and began now to smell War in the wind. His presence in this or the other locality might have been of clear advantage. But Hammond was too watchful. Titus, with or without his new horse, attends upon his Majesty; James Harrington also (afterwards author of *Oceana*); and 'the Honorable Thomas Herbert,' who has left a pleasing *Narrative* concerning that affair. These, though appointed by the Parliament, are all somewhat in favor with the King. Hammond's Uncle the Chaplain, as too favorable, was ordered out of the Island about Christmas last.

* Birch, p. 41. The Original in cipher.

† Lilly's Life; Wood § Hammond, &c., &c.

PRAYER-MEETING.

THE Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, 'to deliver the King from Seetaries,' is not a fable but a fact. Scotland is distracted by dim disastrous factions, very uncertain what it will do with the King when he *is* delivered; but in the meanwhile Hamilton has got a majority in the Scotch Parliament; and drums are beating in that country: the 'Army of Forty-thousand, certainly coming,' hangs over England like a flaming comet, England itself being all very combustible too. In few weeks hence, discontented Wales, the Presbyterian Colonels declaring now for Royalism, will be in a blaze; large sections of England, all England very ready to follow, will shortly after be in a blaze.

The small Governing Party in England, during those early months of 1648, are in a position which might fill the bravest mind with misgivings. Elements of destruction everywhere under and around them; their lot either to conquer, or ignominiously to die. A King not to be bargained with; kept in Carisbrook, the centre of all factious hopes, of world-wide intrigues: that is one element. A great Royalist Party, subdued with difficulty, and ready at all moments to rise again: that is another. A great Presbyterian Party, at the head of which is London City, 'the Purse-bearer of the Cause,' highly dissatisfied at the course things had taken, and looking desperately round for new combinations and a new struggle: reckon that for a third element. Add lastly a headlong Mutineer, Republican, or Levelling Party; and consider that there is a working House of Commons which counts about Seventy, divided in pretty equal halves too,—the rest waiting what will come of it. Come of *it*, and of the Scotch Army advancing towards it!—

Cromwell, it appears, deeply sensible of all this, does in these weeks make strenuous repeated attempts towards at least a union among the friends of the Cause themselves, whose aim is one,

whose peril is one. But to little effect. Ludlow, with visible satisfaction, reports how ill the Lieutenant-General sped, when he brought the Army Grandees and Parliament Grandees 'to a Dinner' at his own house 'in King Street,' and urged a cordial agreement: they would not draw together at all.* Parliament would not agree with Army; hardly Parliament with itself: as little, still less, would Parliament and City agree. At a Common Council in the City, prior or posterior to this Dinner, his success, as angry little Walker intimates, was the same. 'Saturday, 8th April, 1648,' having prepared the ground beforehand, Cromwell, with another leader or two, attended a Common Council; spake, as we may fancy, of the common dangers, of the gulfs now yawning on every side: 'but the City,' chuckles my little gentleman in grey, with a very shrill kind of laughter in the throat of him, 'were now wiser than our First Parents; and rejected the 'Serpent and his subtleties.'† In fact, the City wishes well to Hamilton and his Forty-thousand Scots; the City has, for some time, needed regiments quartered in it, to keep down open Royalist-Presbyterian insurrection. It was precisely on the morrow after this visit of Cromwell's that there rose, from small cause, huge Apprentice-riot in the City: discomfiture of Trainbands, seizure of arms, seizure of City Gates, Ludgate, Newgate, loud wide cry of "God and King Charles!"—riot not to be appeased but by 'desperate charge of cavalry,' after it had lasted forty hours.‡ Such are the aspects of affairs, near and far.

Before quitting Part Third, I will request the reader to undertake a small piece of very dull reading; in which, however, if he look till it become credible and intelligible to him, a strange thing, much elucidative of the heart of this matter, will disclose itself. At Windsor, one of these days, unknown now which, there is a Meeting of Army Leaders. Adjutant-General Allen, a most authentic earnest man, whom we shall know better afterwards, reports what they did. Entirely amazing to us. These are the longest heads and the strongest hearts in England; and this is the thing they are doing; this is the way they, for their part, begin despatch of business. The reader, if he is an earnest man, may

* Ludlow, i., 238.

† History of Independency, part i., 85.

‡ Rushworth, vii., 1051.

look at it with very many thoughts, for which there is no word at present.

‘In the year Forty-seven, you may remember,’ says Adjutant Allen, ‘we in the Army were engaged in actions of a very high nature; leading us to very untrodden paths,—both in our Contests with the then Parliament, as also Conferences with the King. In which great works,—wanting a spirit of faith, and also the fear of the Lord, and also being unduly surprised with the fear of man, which always brings a snare, we, to make haste, as we thought, out of such perplexities, measuring our way by a wisdom of our own, fell into Treaties with the King and his Party: which proved such a snare to us, and led into such labyrinths by the end of that year, that the very things we thought to avoid, by the means we used of our own devising, were all, with many more of a far worse and more perplexing nature, brought back upon us. To the overwhelming of our spirits, weakening of our hands and hearts; filling us with divisions, confusions, tumults, and every evil work; and thereby endangering the ruin of that blessed Cause we had, with such success, been prospered in till that time.

‘For now the King and his Party, seeing us not answer their ends, began to provide for themselves, by a Treaty with the then Parliament, set on foot about the beginning of Forty-eight. The Parliament also was, at the same time, highly displeased with us for what we had done, both as to the King and themselves. The good people likewise, even our most cordial friends in the Nation, beholding our turning aside from that path of *simplicity* we had formerly walked in, and been blessed in, and thereby much endeared to their hearts,—began now to fear, and withdraw their affections from us, in this *politic* path which we had stepped into, and walked in to our hurt, the year before. And as a farther fruit of the wages of our backsliding hearts, we were also filled with a spirit of great jealousy and divisions amongst ourselves; having left that Wisdom of the Word, which is first pure and then peaceable; so that we were now fit for little but to tear and rend one another, and thereby prepare ourselves, and the work in our hands, to be ruined by our common enemies. Enemies that were

ready to say, as many others of like spirit in this day do,* of the like sad occasions amongst us, "Lo! this is the day we looked for." The King and his Party prepare accordingly to ruin all; by sudden Insurrections in most parts of the Nation: the Scot, concurring with the same designs, comes in with a potent Army under Duke Hamilton. We in the Army, in a low, weak, divided, perplexed condition in all respects, as aforesaid:—some of us judging it a duty to lay down our arms, to quit our stations, and put ourselves into the capacities of private men,—since what we had done, and what was yet in our hearts to do, tending as we judged to the good of these poor Nations, was not accepted by them.

‘Some also even encouraged themselves and us to such a thing by urging for such a practice the example of our Lord Jesus; who, when he had borne an eminent testimony to the pleasure of his Father in an active way, sealed it at last by his sufferings; which was presented to us as our pattern for imitation. Others of us, however, were different-minded; thinking something of another nature might yet be farther our duty;—and these therefore were, by joint advice, by a good hand of the Lord, led to this result; viz., To go solemnly to search out our own iniquities, and humble our souls before the Lord in the sense of the same; which, we were persuaded, had provoked the Lord against us, to bring such sad perplexities upon us at that day. Out of which we saw no way else to extricate ourselves.

‘Accordingly we did agree to meet at Windsor Castle about the beginning of Forty-eight. And there we spent one day together in prayer; inquiring into the causes of that sad dispensation,—let all men consider it; ‘coming to no farther result that day; but that it was still our duty to seek. And on the morrow we met again in the morning; where many spake from the Word, and prayed; and the then Lieutenant-General Cromwell,—unintelligible to Posterity, but extremely intelligible to himself, to these men, and to the Maker of him and them,—‘did press very earnestly on all there present, to a thorough consider-

* 1659; Allen's Pamphlet is written as a Monition and Example to Fleetwood and the others, now in a similar peril, but with no Oliver now among them.

ation of our actions as an Army, and of our ways particularly as private Christians: to see if any iniquity could be found in them; and what it was; that if possible we might find it out, and so remove the cause of such sad rebukes as were upon us (by *reason* of our iniquities, as we judged) at that time. And the way more particularly the Lord led us to herein was this: To look back and consider what time it was when with joint satisfaction we could last say to the best of our judgment, The presence of the Lord *was* amongst us, and rebukes and judgments were not as then upon us. Which time the Lord led us jointly to find out and agree in; and having done so, to proceed, as we then judged it our duty, to search into all our public actions as an Army, afterwards. Duly weighing (as the Lord helped us) each of them, with their grounds, rules, and ends, as near as we could. And so we concluded this second day, with agreeing to meet again on the morrow. Which accordingly we did upon the same occasion, reassuming the consideration of our debates the day before, and reviewing our actions again.

‘By which means we were, by a gracious hand of the Lord, led to find out the very steps (as we were all then jointly convinced) by which we had departed from the Lord, and provoked Him to depart from us. Which we found to be those cursed carnal Conferences our own conceited wisdom, our fears, and want of faith had prompted us, the year before, to entertain with the King and his Party. At this time, and on this occasion, did the then Major Goffe (as I remember was his title) make use of that good Word, *Proverbs* First and Twenty-third, *Turn you at my reproof: behold I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you.* Which, we having found out our sin, he urged as our duty from those words. And the Lord so accompanied by His Spirit, that it had a kindly effect, like a word of His, upon most of our hearts that were then present; which begot in us a great sense, a shame and loathing of ourselves for our iniquities, and a justifying of the Lord as righteous in His proceedings against us.

‘And in this path the Lord led us, not only to see our sin, but also our duty; and this so unanimously set with weight upon

each heart, that none was hardly able to speak a word to each other for bitter weeping,'—does the modern reader mark it ; this weeping, and who they are that wept ! Weeping ' partly in the sense and shame of our iniquities ; of our unbelief, base fear of men, and carnal consultations (as the fruit thereof) with our own wisdom, and not with the Word of the Lord,—which only is a way of wisdom, strength, and safety, and all beside it are ways of snares. And yet we were also helped, with fear and trembling, to rejoice in the Lord ; whose faithfulness and loving-kindness, we were made to see, yet failed us not ;—who remembered us still, even in our low estate, because His mercy endures for ever. Who no sooner brought us to His feet, acknowledging Him in that way of His (viz. searching for, being ashamed of, and willing to turn from, our iniquities), but He did direct our steps ; and presently we were led and helped to a clear agreement amongst ourselves, not any dissenting, That it was the duty of our day, with the forces we had, to go out and fight against those potent enemies, which that year in all places appeared against us.' Courage ! ' With an humble confidence, in the name of the Lord only, that we should destroy them. And we were also enabled then, after serious seeking His face, to come to a very clear and joint resolution, on many grounds at large there debated amongst us, That it was our duty, if ever the Lord brought us back again in peace, to call Charles Stuart, that man of blood, to an account for that blood he had shed, and mischief he had done to his utmost, against the Lord's Cause and People in these poor Nations.' Mark that also !

' And how the Lord led and prospered us in all our undertakings that year, in this way ; cutting His work short, in righteousness ; making it a year of mercy, equal if not transcendent to any since these Wars began ; and making it worthy of remembrance by every gracious soul, who was wise to observe the Lord, and the operations of His hands,—I wish may never be forgotten.' Let Flectwood, if he have the same heart, go and do likewise.*

* A faithful Memorial of that remarkable Meeting of many Officers of the Army in England at Windsor Castle, in the Year 1648, &c., &c. (in Somers Tracts, vi., 499-501).

Abyesses, black chaotic whirlwinds:—does the reader look upon it all as Madness? Madness lies close by; as Madness does to the Highest Wisdom, in man's life always: but this is not mad! This dark element, it is the mother of the lightnings and the splendors; it is very sane this!—

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CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

VOL. I.—PART II.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S
LETTERS AND SPEECHES:

WITH ELUCIDATIONS.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.—PART II.

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CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART IV.

SECOND CIVIL WAR.

1648.

LETTERS XXXVIII., XXXIX.

ABOUT the beginning of May, 1648, the general Presbyterian-Royalist discontent announces itself by tumults in Kent, tumults at Colchester, tumults and rumors of tumult far and near; portending on all sides, that a new Civil War is at hand. The Scotch Army of Forty-thousand is certainly voted; certainly the King is still prisoner at Carisbrook; factious men have yet made no bargain with him; certainly there will and should be a new War! So reasons Presbyterian Royalism everywhere. Headlong discontented Wales in this matter took the lead.

Wales has been full of confused discontent all Spring; this or the other confused Colonel Poyer, full of brandy and Presbyterian texts of Scripture, refusing to disband till his arrears be better paid, or indeed till the King be better treated. To whom other confused Welsh Colonels, as Colonel Powel, Major-General Laughern, join themselves. There have been tumults at Cardiff, tumults here and also there; open shooting and fighting. Drunken Colonel Poyer, a good while ago, in March last, seized Pembroke; flatly refuses to obey the Parliament's Order when Colonel Flemming presents the same.—Poor Flemming, whom we saw some time ago soliciting promotion: * he here, attempting to defeat some insurrectionary party of this Poyer's 'at a Pass' (name of the Pass not given), is himself defeated, forced into a Church, and killed.† Drunken Poyer, in Pembroke strong Castle, defies the Parliament and the world; new Colonels, Parliamentary and Presbyterian-Royalist, are hastening towards him, for and against. Wales, smoking with confused discontent all Spring, has now, by influence of the flaming Scotch comet or Army of Forty-thousand, burst into a general blaze. 'The gentry are all for the King; the common people understand nothing, and follow the gentry.' Chepstow Castle too has been taken 'by a stratagem.' The

* Letter XIX., p 196.

† Rushworth, vii., 1097

country is all up or rising : ' the smiths have all fled, cutting their bellows before they went ; ' impossible to get a horse shod,—never saw such a country !* On the whole, Cromwell will have to go. Cromwell, leave being asked of Fairfax, is on the 1st of May ordered to go ; marches on Wednesday the 3d. Let him march swiftly !

Horton, one of the Parliamentary Colonels, has already, while Cromwell is on march, somewhat tamed the Welsh humor, by a good beating at St. Fagan's : St. Fagan's Fight, near Cardiff, on the 8th of May, where Laughern, hastening towards Poyer and Pembroke, is broken in pieces. Cromwell marches by Monmouth, by Chepstow (11th May) ; takes Chepstow Town ; attacks the Castle, Castle will not surrender,—he leaves Colonel Ewer to do the Castle : who, after four weeks, does it. Cromwell, by Swansea and Carmarthen, advances towards Pembroke ; quelling disturbance, rallying force, as he goes ; arrives at Pembroke in some ten days more ; and, for want of artillery, was like to have a tedious siege of it.† He has been before Pembroke some three weeks, when the following Letter to Major Saunders goes off.

Of this Major, afterwards Colonel, Thomas Saunders, now lying at Pembroke, there need little be said beyond what the Letter itself says. He is of ' Derbyshire,' it seems ; sat afterwards as a King's-Judge, or at least was nominated to sit, continued true to the Cause, in a dim way, till the very Restoration ; and withdrew then into total darkness.

This Letter is endorsed in Saunders's own hand, ' The Lord General's order for taking Sir Trevor Williams, and Mr. Morgan Sheriff of Monmouthshire.' Of which two Welsh individuals, except that Williams had been appointed Commander-in-chief of the Parliament's forces in Monmouthshire some time ago, and Morgan High Sheriff there,‡ both of whom had now revolted, we know nothing, and need know nothing. The Letter has come

* Rushworth, vii., 1097.

† Abundant details lie scattered in Rushworth, vii. : Poyer and Pembroke Castle, in March, p. 1033 ; Flenning killed (1 May), p. 1097 ; Chepstow surprised ('beginning of May'), p. 1109,—retaken (29 May), p. 1130 ; St. Fagan's Fight (8 May), p. 1110 ; Cromwell's march, pp. 1121-8.

‡ 10 January, 1645-6, Williams ; 17 November, 1617, Morgan : Commons Journals, *in diebus*.

under cover enclosing another Letter of an official sort, to one 'Mr. Rumsey' (a total stranger to me); and is superscribed *For Yourself*.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Major Thomas Saunders, at Brecknock: These.'

'Before Pembroke,' 17th June, 1648.

SIR,

I send you this enclosed by itself, because it's of greater moment. The other you may communicate to Mr. Rumsey, as far as you think fit and I have written. I would not have him or other honest men be discouraged that I think it not fit, at present, to enter into contests; it will be good to yield a little, for public advantage: and truly that is my end; wherein I desire you to satisfy them.

I have sent, as my Letter mentions, to have you remove out of Brecknockshire; indeed, into that part of Glamorganshire which lieth next Monmouthshire. For this end: We have plain discoveries that Sir Trevor Williams, of Llangibby,* about two miles from Usk in the County of Monmouth, was very deep in the plot of betraying Chepstow Castle; so that we are out of doubt of his guiltiness thereof. I do hereby authorize you to seize him; as also the High Sheriff of Monmouth, Mr. Morgan, who was in the same plot.

But, because Sir Trevor Williams is the more dangerous man by far, I would have you seize him first, and the other will easily be had. To the end you may not be frustrated and that you be not deceived, I think fit to give you some characters of the man, and some intimations how things stand. He is a man, as I am informed, full of craft and subtlety; very bold and resolute; hath a House at Llangibby well stored with arms, and very strong; his neighbors about him very Malignant, and much for him,—who are apt to rescue him if apprehended, much more to discover anything which may prevent it. He is full of jealousy; partly out of guilt, but much more because he doubts some that were in the business have discovered him, which indeed they have,—and also because he knows that his Servant is brought hither, and a Minister to be examined here, who are able to discover the whole plot.

If you should march directly into that Country and near him, it's odds he either fortify his House, or give you the slip: so also, if you should go to his House, and not find him there; or if you attempt to

* He writes 'Langevie;' 'Munmouth' too.

take him, and miss to effect it; or if you make any known inquiry after him,—it will be discovered.

Wherefore, 'as' to the first, you have a fair pretence of going out of Brecknockshire to quarter about Newport and Caerleon, which is not above four or five miles from his House. You may send to Colonel Herbert, whose House lieth in Monmouthshire; who will certainly acquaint you where he is. You are also to send to Captain Nicholas, who is at Chepstow, to require him to assist you, if he 'Williams' should get into his House and stand upon his guard. Samuel Jones, who is Quartermaster to Colonel Herbert's troop, will be very assisting to you, if you send to him to meet you at your quarters; both by letting you know where he is, and also in all matters of intelligence. If there shall be need, Captain Burge's troop, now quartered in Glamorganshire, shall be directed to receive orders from you.

You perceive by all this that we are, it may be, a little too much solicitous in this business;—it's our fault; and indeed such a temper causeth us often to overact business. Wherefore, without more ado, we leave it to you; and you to the guidance of God herein; and rest,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Saunders, by his manner of endorsing this Letter, seems to intimate that he took his two men; that he keeps the Letter by way of voucher. Sir Trevor Williams by and by* compounds as a Delinquent,—retires then into 'Langevie House' in a diminished state, and disappears from History. Of Sheriff Morgan, except that a new Sheriff is soon appointed, we have no farther notice whatever.

LETTER XXXIX.

SINCE Cromwell quitted London, there have arisen wide commotions in that central region too; the hope of the Scotch Army and the certainty of this War in Wales excite all unruly things and persons.

May 16th. Came a celebrated 'Surrey Petition': highflying armed cavalcade of Freeholders from Surrey, with a Petition craving in very high language that Peace be made with his

* Harris, p. 495.

† Commons Journals.

Majesty : they quarrelled with the Parliament's Guard in Westminster Hall, drew swords, had swords drawn upon them ; ' the Miller of Wandsworth was run through with a halbert,' he and others ; and the Petitioners went home in a slashed and highly indignant condition. Thereupon, *May 24th*, armed meeting of Kentishmen on Blackheath ; armed meeting of Essex-men ; several armed meetings, all in communication with the City Presbyterians : Fairfax, ill of the gout, has to mount,—in extremity of haste, as a man that will quench fire among smoking flax.

June 1st. Fairfax, at his utmost speed, smites fiercely against the centre of this insurrection ; drives it from post to post ; drives it into Maidstone ' about 7 in the evening,' ' with as hard fighting as I ever saw ; tramples it out there. The centre-flame once trampled out, the other flames, or armed meetings, hover hither and thither ; gather at length, in few days, all at Colchester in Essex ; where Fairfax is now besieging them, with a very obstinate and fierce resistance from them. These are the ' glorious successes God has vouchsafed you,' which Oliver alludes to in this Letter.

We are only to notice farther that Lambert is in the North ; waiting, in very inadequate strength, to see the Scots arrive. Oliver in this Letter signifies that he has reinforced him with some ' horse and dragoons,' sent by ' West Chester,' which we now call Chester, where ' Colonel Dukinfield' is Governor. ' The Scots are indubitably coming ; Sir Marmaduke Langdale (whom Oliver, we may remark, encountered in the King's left wing at *Naseby Fight*) has raised new Yorkshiremen, has seized Berwick, seized Carlisle, and joined the Scots ; it is becoming an openly Royalist affair.

Very desirable, of course, that Oliver had done with Pembroke, and were fairly joined with Lambert. But Pembroke is strong ; Poyer is stubborn, hopes to surrender ' on conditions ;' Oliver, equally stubborn, though sadly short of artillery and means, will have him ' at mercy of the Parliament,' so signal a rebel as him. Fairfax's Father, the Lord Ferdinando, died in March last ;* so that the General's title is now changed :

* 13 March, 1647-8 (Rushworth, vii., 1030).

*To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of the Parliament's Army:
These.*

Before Pembroke, 28th June, 1648.

MY LORD,

I have some few days since despatched horse and dragoons for the North. I sent them by the way of West Chester; thinking it fit to do so in regard of this enclosed Letter which I received from Colonel Dukinfield;—requiring them to give him assistance in the way. And if it should prove that a present help would not serve the turn, then I ordered Captain Pennyfeather's troop to remain with the Governor 'Dukinfield;' and the rest immediately to march towards Leeds,—and to send to the Committee of York, or to him that commands the forces in those parts, for directions whither they should come, and how they shall be disposed of.

The number I sent are six troops: four of horse, and two of dragoons; whereof three are Colonel Scroop's—and Captain Pennyfeather's troop, and the other two dragoons. I could not, by the judgment of the Colonels here, spare more, nor send them sooner without manifest hazard to these parts. Here is, as I have formerly acquainted your Excellency, a very desperate Enemy; who, being put out of all hope of mercy, are resolved to endure to the uttermost extremity; being very many 'of them' gentlemen of quality, and men thoroughly resolved. They have made some notable sallies upon Lieutenant-Colonel Reade's quarter,* to his loss. We are forced to keep divers posts, or else they would have relief, or their horse break away. Our foot about them are Four-and-twenty hundred; we always necessitated to have some in garrisons.

The Country, since we sat down before this place, have made two or three insurrections; and are ready to do it every day; so that,—what with looking to them, and disposing our horse to that end, and to get us in provisions, without which we should starve, this country being so miserably exhausted and so poor, and we no money to buy victuals,—indeed, whatever may be thought, it's a mercy we have been able to keep our men together in the midst of such necessity, the sustenance of the foot for most part being but bread and water. Our guns, through the unhappy accident at Berkley, not yet come to us;—and indeed it was a very unhappy thing they were brought thither; the wind having been always so cross, that since they were recovered from sinking, they

* Reade had been entrusted with the Siege of Tenby; that had ended June 2 (Commons Journals, v., 588); and Reade is now assisting at Pembroke.

could not come to us;’ and this place not being to be had without fit instruments for battering, except by starving.* And truly I believe the Enemy’s straits do increase upon them very fast, and that within a few days an end will be put to this business;—which surely might have been before, if we had received things wherewith to have done it. But it will be done in the best time.†

I rejoice much to hear of the blessing of God upon your Excellency’s endeavors. I pray God that this Nation, and those that are over us, and your Excellency and all we that are under you, ‘may discern’ what the mind of God may be in all this, and what our duty is. Surely it is not that the poor Godly People of this Kingdom should still be made the object of wrath and anger; nor that our God would have our necks under a yoke of bondage. For these things that have lately come to pass have been the wonderful works of God; breaking the rod of the oppressor, as in the day of Midian,—not with garments much rolled in blood, but by the terror of the Lord; who will yet save His people and confound His enemies, as on that day. The Lord multiply His grace upon you, and bless you, and keep your heart upright; and then, though you be not conformable to the men of this world, nor to their wisdom, yet you shall be precious in the eyes of God, and He will be to you a horn and a shield.—

My Lord, I do not know that I have had a Letter from any of your Army, of the glorious successes God has vouchsafed you. I pray pardon the complaint made. I long to ‘be’ with you. I take leave, and rest,

My Lord,
Your most humble and faithful servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.

‘P.S.’ Sir, I desire you that Colonel Lehunt may have a Commission to command a Troop of horse, the greatest part whereof came from the Enemy to us; and that you would be pleased to send blank Commissions for his inferior officers,—with what speed may be.‡

In Rushworth, under date March 24th, is announced that ‘Sir W. Constable has taken care to send ordnance and ammunition from Gloucester, for the service before Pembroke.’§ ‘The unhappy accident at Berkley,’ I believe, is the stranding of the ‘Frigate,’ or Shallop, that carried them. Guns are not to be

* ‘Without *either* fit instruments for battering *except* by starving.’ Great haste, and considerable stumbling in the grammar of this last sentence! After ‘starving,’ a mere comma; and so on.

† God’s time is the best. ‡ Sloane MSS., 1519 f. 90. § vii., 1036.

had of due quality for battering Pembroke. In the beginning of June,* 'Hugh Peters' went across to Milford Haven, and from the *Lion*, a Parliament Ship riding there, got 'two drakes, two demi-culverins, and two whole culverins,' and safely conveyed them to the Leaguer; with which new implements an instantaneous essay was made, and a 'storming' thereupon followed, but without success.

Several bodies of 'horse' are mentioned as deserting, or taking quarter and service on the Parliament side.† It is over these that Lehunt is to be appointed Colonel; and to Fairfax as General-in-chief 'of all the Parliament's Forces raised or to be raised,' it belongs to give him and his subordinates the due commissions.

July 5th. Young Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, son of the assassinated Duke; he with his Brother Francis, with the Earl of Holland, and others who will pay dear for it, started up about Kingston on Thames with another open Insurrectionary Armament; guided chiefly by Dutch Dalbier, once Cromwell's instructor, but now gone over to the other side. Fairfax and the Army being all about Colchester in busy Siege, there seemed a good opportunity here. They rode towards Riegate, these Kingston Insurgents, several hundreds strong: but a Parliament Party 'under Major Gibbons' drives them back; following close, comes to action with them between 'Nonsuch Park and Kingston,' where the poor Lord Francis, Brother of the Duke, fell mortally wounded;—drives them across the river 'into Hertfordshire;' into the lion's jaws. For Fairfax sent a Party out from Colchester; overtook them at St. Neot's; and captured, killed, or entirely dissipated them.‡ Dutch Dalbier was hacked in pieces, 'so angry were the soldiers at him.' The Earl of Holland stood his trial afterwards; and lost his head. The Duke of Buckingham got off;—might almost as well have died with poor Brother Francis here, for any good he afterwards did. Two pretty youths, as their Vandyke Portraits in Hampton Court still testify; one of whom lived to become much uglier!

* Cromwelliana, p. 40.

· Rushworth, Cromwelliana.

‡ Rushworth, vii., 1178, 82.

July 8th. Duke Hamilton, with the actual Scotch Army, is 'at Annan' on the Western Border, ready to step across to England. Not quite Forty thousand; yet really about half that number, tolerably effective. Langdale, with a vanguard of Three thousand Yorkshiremen, is to be guide: Monro, with a body of horse that had long served in Ulster, is to bring up the rear. The great Duke dates from Annan, 8th July, 1648.* Poor old Annan;—never such an Army gathered, since the Scotch James went to wreck in Solway Moss, above a hundred years ago!† Scotland is in a disastrous, distracted condition; overridden by a Hamilton majority in Parliament. Poor Scotland will, with exertion, deliver its 'King from the power of Sectaries;' and is dreadfully uncertain what it will do with him when delivered! Perhaps Oliver will save it the trouble.

July 11th. Oliver at last is loose from Pembroke; drunken Colonel Poyer, Major-General Laughern and some others surrender 'at mercy;' a great many more on terms; and the Welsh War is ended. Cromwell hurries northward: by Gloucester, Warwick; gets '3,000 pairs of shoes' at Leicester; leaves his prisoners at Nottingham (with Mrs. Hutchinson and her Colonel, in the Castle there); joins Lambert among the Hills of Yorkshire,‡ where his presence is much needed now.

July 27th. In these tumultuous months the Fleet too has partially revolted; 'set Colonel Admiral Rainsborough ashore,' in the end of May last. The Earl of Warwick, hastily sent thither, has brought part of it to order again; other part of it has fled to Holland, to the Young Prince of Wales. The Young Prince goes hopefully on board, steers for the coast of England; emits his summons and manifesto from Yarmouth roads, on the 27th of this month. Getting nothing at Yarmouth, he appears next week in the Downs; orders London to join him, or at least to lend him 20,000l.§

* Rushworth, vii., 1181.

† James V., A.D. 1542.

‡ At Barnard Castle, on the 27th July, 'his horse' joined (Rushworth, vii., 1211); he himself not till a fortnight after, at Wetherby farther south

§ Rushworth, vii.; 29 May, p. 1131; 8 June, 1 June, pp. 1145, 1151 27 July, pp. 1207, 1215, &c.

It all depends on Hamilton and Cromwell now. His Majesty from Carisbrook Castle, the revolted Mariners, the London Presbyterians, the Besieged in Colchester, and all men, are waiting anxiously what they now will make of it when they meet.

LETTERS XL., XLI.

PRESTON BATTLE.

THE Battle of Preston or Battle-and-Rout of Preston lasts three days ; and extends over many miles of wet Lancashire country, —from ‘Langridge Chapel a little on the east of Preston,’ southward to Warrington Bridge, and northward also as far as you like to follow. A wide-spread, most confused transaction ; the essence of which is, That Cromwell, descending the valley of the Ribble, with a much smaller but prompt and compact force, finds Hamilton flowing southward at Preston in very loose order ; dashes in upon him, cuts him in two, drives him north *and* south, into as miserable ruin as his worst enemy could wish.

There are four accounts of this Affair by eye-witnesses, still accessible ; Cromwell’s account in these Two Letters ; a Captain Hodgson’s rough brief recollections written afterwards ; and on the other side, Sir Marmaduke Langdale’s Letter in vindication of his conduct there ; and lastly the deliberate Narrative of Sir James Turner (‘alias Dugald Dalgetty,’ say some). As the Affair was so momentous, one of the most critical in all these Wars, and as the details of it are still so accessible, we will illustrate Cromwell’s own account by some excerpts from the others. Combining all which, and considering well, some image of this rude old tragedy and triumph may rise upon the reader.

Captain Hodgson, an honest-hearted, pudding-headed Yorkshire Puritan, now with Lambert in the Hill Country, hovering on the left flank of Hamilton and his Scots, saw Cromwell’s face at Ripon, much to the Captain’s satisfaction. ‘The Scots,’ says he, ‘marched towards Kendal ; we towards Ripon, where Oliver met us with horse and foot. We were then between Eight and Nine thousand : a fine smart Army, fit for action. We marched

up to Skipton ; the Forlorn of the Enemy's horse,' Sir Marmaduke's, ' was come to Gargrave ; having made havoc of the country,—it seems, intending never to come there again.' 'Stout Henry Cromwell,' he gave them a check at Gargrave ;*—and better still is coming.

Here, however, let us introduce Sir James Turner, a stout pedant and soldier-of-fortune, original *Dugald Dalgetty* of the Novels, who is now marching with the Scots, and happily has a turn for taking Notes. The reader will then have a certain ubiquity, and approach Preston on both sides. Of the Scotch Officers, we may remark, Middleton and the Earl of Calendar have already fought in England for the Parliament ; Baillie, once beaten by Montrose, has been in many wars, foreign and domestic ; he is lefthand cousin to the Reverend Mr. Robert, who heard the Apprentices in Palaceyard bellowing "Justice on Strafford!" long since, in a loud and hideous manner. Neither of the Lesleys is here, on this occasion ; they abide at home with the oppressed minority. The Duke, it will be seen, marches in extremely loose order ; vanguard and rearguard very far apart,—and a Cromwell attending him on flank !

'At Hornby,' says the learned Sir James alias Dugald, 'a day's march beyond Kendal, it was advised, Whether we should march to Lancashire, Cheshire, and the Western Counties ; or if we should go into Yorkshire, and so put ourselves in the straight road to London, with a resolution to fight all who would oppose us? Calendar was indifferent ; Middleton was for Yorkshire ; Baillie for Lancashire. When my opinion was asked, I was for Yorkshire ; and for this reason only, That I understood Lancashire was a close country, full of ditches and hedges ; which was a great advantage the English would have over our raw and undisciplined musketeers ; the Parliament's Army consisting of disciplined and well-trained soldiers, and excellent firemen ; while on the other hand, Yorkshire was a more open country and full of heaths, where we might both make use of our horse, and come sooner to push of pike' with our foot. 'My Lord Duke was for

* Hodgson's Memoirs (with Slingsby's Memoirs, Edinburgh, 1808 ; a dull authentic Book, left full of blunders, of darkness natural and adscititious, by the Editor), pp. 114, 5.

Lancashire way ; and it seems that he had hopes that some forces would join with him in his march that way. I have indeed heard him say, that he thought Manchester his own if he came near it. Whatever the matter was, I never saw him tenacious in anything during the time of his command but in that. We chose to go that way which led us to our ruin.

‘Our march was much retarded by most rainy and tempestuous weather, the elements fighting against us ; and by staying for country horses to carry our little ammunition. The vanguard is constantly given to Sir Marmaduke, upon condition that he should constantly furnish guides ; pioneers for clearing the ways ; and, which was more than both these, have good and certain intelligence of all the Enemy’s motions. But whether it was by our fault or his neglect, want of intelligence helped to ruin us ; for,—in fact we were marching in extremely loose order ; left hand not aware what the right was doing ; van and rear some twenty or thirty miles apart ;—far too loose for men that had a Cromwell on their flank !

On the night of Wednesday, 16th August, 1648, my Lord Duke has got to Preston with the main body of his foot ; his horse lying very wide,—ahead of him at Wigan, a rear of him, one knows not where, he himself hardly knows where. Sir Marmaduke guards him on the left, ‘on Preston Moor, about Langridge Chapel,’ some four miles up the Ribble,—and knows not, in the least what storm is coming. For Cromwell, this same night, has got across the hills to Clitheroe and farther ; this same Wednesday night he lies ‘at Stonyhurst,’ where now the College of Stonyhurst is,—‘a Papist’s house, one Sherburne’s ;’ and tomorrow morning there will be news of Cromwell.

‘That night,’ says Hodgson, ‘we pitched our camp at Stan-yares Hall, a Papist’s house, one Sherburne’s ; and the next morning a Forlorn of horse and foot was drawn out. And at Langridge Chapel our horse’ came upon Sir Marmaduke ; ‘drawn up very formidably. One Major Poundall’ (Pownell, you pudding-head !) ‘and myself commanded the Forlorn of foot. And here being drawn up by the Moorside (a mere scantling of us, as yet, not half the number we should have been), the General’ Cromwell ‘comes to us, orders us To march. We not having

half of our men come up, desired a little patience ; he gives out the word, " March ! " —not having any patience, he, at this moment ! And so the Battle of Preston, the first day of it, is begun. Here is the General's own Report of the business at night. Poor Langdale did not know at first, and poor Hamilton did not know all day, that it was Cromwell who was now upon them.* Sir Marmaduke complains bitterly that he was not supported ; that they did not even send him powder,—marched away the body of their force as if this matter had been nothing ; ' merely some flying party, Ashton and the Lancashire Presbyterians.' Cromwell writes in haste, late at night.

LETTER XL.

For the Honorable Committee of Lancashire, sitting at Manchester. (I desire the Commander of the Forces there to open this Letter if it come not to their hands.)

' Preston,' 17th August, 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

It hath pleased God, this day, to show His great power by making the Army successful against the common Enemy.

We lay last night at Mr. Sherburn's of Stonyhurst, nine miles from Preston, which was within three miles of the Scots quarters. We advanced betimes next morning towards Preston, with a desire to engage the Enemy : and by that time our Forlorn had engaged the Enemy, we were about four miles from Preston, and thereupon we advanced with the whole Army : and the Enemy being drawn out on a Moor betwixt us and the Town, the Armies on both sides engaged ; and after a very sharp dispute, continuing for three or four hours, it pleased God to enable us to give them a defeat ; which I hope we shall improve, by God's assistance, to their utter ruin : and in this service your countrymen have not the least † share.

We cannot be particular, having not time to take account of the slain and prisoners ; but we can assure you we have many prisoners, and many of those of quality ; and many slain ; and the Army so dissipated ' as I say.' The principal part whereof, with Duke Hamilton,

* Sir Marmaduke's Letter.

† Means ' the not least.'

is on south side Ribble and Darwen Bridge, and we lying with the greatest part of the Army close to them; nothing hindering the ruin of that part of the Enemy's Army but the night. It shall be our care, that they shall not pass over any ford beneath the Bridge,* to go Northward, or to come betwixt us and Whalley.

We understand Colonel-General Ashton's are at Whalley; we have seven troops of horse or dragoons that we believe lie at Clithroe. This night I have sent order to them expressly to march to Whalley, to join to those companies; that so we may endeavor the ruin of this Enemy. You perceive by this letter how things stand. By this means the Enemy is broken; and most of their Horse having gone Northwards, and we having sent a considerable party at the very heel of them; and the Enemy having lost almost all his ammunition, and near four thousand arms, so that the greatest part of the Foot are naked;—therefore, in order to perfecting this work, we desire you to raise your County; and to improve your forces to the total ruin of that Enemy, which way soever they go; and if† you shall accordingly do your part, doubt not of their total ruin.‡

We thought fit to speed this to you; to the end you may not be troubled if they shall march towards you, but improve your interest as aforesaid, that you may give glory to God for this unspeakable mercy. This is all at present from

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Commons Journals, Monday, 21^o Augusti, 1648: 'The Copy of a letter from Lieutenant-General Cromwell, from Preston of 17^o Augusti, 1648, to the Committee of Lancashire sitting at Manchester, enclosed in a Letter from a Member of this House from Manchester, of 19^o Augusti, 1648, were this day read. *Ordered*, that it is referred to the Committee at Derby House to send away a copy of Lieutenant-General Cromwell's Letter to the

* There is such a ford, rideable if tide and rain permit.

† 'that' in the Original.

‡ The punctuation and grammar of these sentences might have been improved; but their breathless impetuosity, directness, sincere singleness of purpose, intent on the despatch of business only, would have been obscured in the process.

§ Lancashire during the Civil War (a Collection of Tracts republished by the *Chetham Society*, Manchester, 1844), p. 257. The Letter is in many old Pamphlets of the time. Langdale's Letter is also given in this Chetham Book, p. 267.

General and the Lord Admiral.'—The enclosing 'Letter from the Member of this House at Manchester,' short and insignificant, about 'dispensations,' 'providences,' &c., is also given in the old Pamphlets, and in this Chetham Book now before us. He signs himself 'W. L. ;' probably William Langton, the new Member for Preston.

LETTER XLI.

CROMWELL, on this Thursday Night, does not yet know all the havoc he has made. Listen to stout Sir James from the other side ; and pity poor men embarked in a hollow Cause, with a Duke of Hamilton for General !

'Beside Preston in Lancashire,' says the stout Knight, 'Cromwell falls on Sir Marmaduke's flank. 'The English' of Sir Marmaduke 'imagined it was one Colonel Ashton, a powerful Presbyterian, who had got together 3,000 men to oppose us, because we came out of Scotland without the General Assembly's permission. Mark the quarrel. While Sir Marmaduke disputes the matter, Baillie, by the Duke's order, marches to Ribble Bridge, and passes it with all the foot except two brigades.' Never dreaming that Cromwell is upon us ! 'This was two miles from Preston. By my Lord Duke's command, I had sent some ammunition and commanded-men to Sir Marmaduke's assistance : but to no purpose ; for Cromwell prevailed ; so that our English first retired, and then fled. It must be remembered that, the night before this sad encounter, Earl Calendar and Middleton were gone to Wigan, eight miles from thence, with a considerable part of the cavalry. Calendar was come back, and was with the Duke,' while the action took place ; 'and so was I : but upon the rout of Sir Marmaduke's people, Calendar got away to Ribble, where he arrived safely by a miracle, as I think ; for the Enemy was between the Bridge and us, and had killed or taken most part of our two brigades of foot,' which was all that Baillie had left there.

'The Duke with his guard of horse, Sir Marmaduke with

many officers, among others myself, got into Preston Town; with intention to pass a ford below it, though at that time not rideable. At the entry of the Town, the enemy pursued us hard. The Duke faced about, and put two troops of them to a retreat; but so soon as we turned from them, they again turned upon us. The Duke facing the second time, charged them, which succeeded well. Being pursued the third time, my Lord Duke cried To charge once more for King Charles! One trooper refusing, he beat him with his sword. At that charge we put the enemy so far behind us, that he could not so soon overtake us again. Then Sir Marmaduke and I entreated the Duke to hasten to his Army:—and truly here he showed as much personal valor as any man could be capable of. We swam the Ribble River: and so got to the place where Lieutenant-General Baillie had advantageously lodged the foot, on the top of a Hill, among very feasible enclosures.

‘After Calendar came to the infantry, he had sent 600 musketeers to defend Ribble Bridge. Very unadvisedly; for the way Cromwell had to it was a descent from a hill that commanded all the champaign; which was about an English quarter of a mile in length between the Bridge and that Hill where *our* foot were lodged. So that our musketeers, having no shelter, were forced to receive all the musket-shot of Cromwell’s infantry, which was secure within thick hedges; and after the loss of many men, were forced to run back to our foot. Here Claud Hamilton, the Duke’s Lieutenant-Colonel, had his arm broke with a musket-bullet.

‘The Bridge of Ribble being lost, the Duke called all the Colonels together on horseback to advise what was next to be done. We had no choice but one of two: Either stay, and maintain our ground till Middleton (who was sent for) came back with his cavalry; Or else march away that night, and find him out. Calendar would needs speak first; whereas by the custom of war he should have told his opinion last,—and it was, To march away that night so soon as it was dark. This was seconded by all the rest, except by Lieutenant-General Baillie and myself. But all the arguments we used,—as the impossibility of a safe retreat, from an enemy so powerful of horse; in so very

foul weather, and extremely deep ways; our soldiers exceedingly wet, weary, and hungry; the inevitable loss of all our ammunition,—could not move my Lord Duke by his authority to contradict the shameful resolution taken by the major part of his officers.

‘After that drumless march was resolved upon, and but few horse appointed to stay in rear of the foot, I inquired, What should become of our unfortunate Ammunition, since forward with us we could not get it? It was not thought fit to blow it up that night, lest thereby the enemy should know of our retreat, or rather flight. I was of that opinion too; but for another reason: for we could not have blown it up, then, without a visible mischief to ourselves, being so near it. It was ordered it should be done, three hours after our departure, by a train: but that being neglected, Cromwell got it all.

‘Next morning we appeared at Wigan Moor; half our number less than we were;—most of the faint and weary soldiers having lagged behind; whom we never saw again. Lieutenant-General Middleton had missed us,’ such excellent order was in this Army; ‘for he came by *another* way to Ribble Bridge. It was to be wished he had still stayed with us. He, not finding us there, followed our track: but was himself hotly pursued by Cromwell’s horse; with whom he skirmished the whole way till he came within a mile of us. He lost some men, and several were hurt, among others Colonel Urrey* got a dangerous shot on the left side of his head; whereof, though he was afterwards taken prisoner, he recovered. In this retreat of Middleton’s, which he managed well, Cromwell lost one of the gallantest officers he had, Major Thornhaugh; who was run into the breast with a lance, whereof he died.

‘After Lieutenant-General Middleton’s coming, we began to think of fighting in that Moor: but that was found impossible,—in regard it was nothing large, and was environed with enclosures which commanded it, and these we could not maintain long, for want of that ammunition we had left behind us. And therefore we marched forward with intention to gain Warrington

* Sir John Hurry, the famous Turncoat, of whom afterwards.

ten miles from the Moor we were in; and there we conceived we might face about, having the command of a Town, a River, and a Bridge. Yet I conceive there were but few of us could have foreseen we might be beaten, *before* we were masters of any of them.

‘It was towards evening, and in the latter end of August,’ Friday, 18th of the month, ‘when our horse began to march. Some regiments of them were left with the rear of the foot: Middleton stayed with these; my Lord Duke and Calendar were before.—As I marched with the last brigade of foot through the Town of Wigan, I was alarmed, That our horse behind me were beaten, and running several ways, and that the enemy was in my rear. I faced about with that brigade; and in the Market-place, serried the pikes together, shoulder to shoulder, to entertain any that might charge: and sent orders to the rest of the brigades before, To continue their march, and follow Lieutenant-General Baillie who was before them. It was then night, but the moon shone bright. A regiment of horse of our own appeared first, riding very disorderly. I got them to stop, till I commanded my pikes to open, and give way for them to ride or run away, since they would not stay. But now my pikemen, being demented (as I think we were all), would not hear me: and two of them ran full tilt at me,—poor Dalgetty! ‘One of their pikes, which was intended for my belly, I griped with my left hand; the other ran me nearly two inches into the inner side of my right thigh; all of them crying, of me and those horse, “They are Cromwell’s men!” This was an unseasonable wound; for it made me, after that night, unserviceable. This made me forget all rules of modesty, prudence, and discretion,—my choler being up, and my blood flowing! ‘I rode to the horse, and desired them to charge through these foot. They fearing the hazard of the pikes, stood: I then made a cry come from behind them, That the enemy was upon them. This encouraged them to charge my foot, so fiercely that the pikemen threw down their pikes, and got into houses. All the horse galloped away, and as I was told afterwards, rode not through but *over* our whole foot; treading them down;—and in this confusion Colonel Lockhart was trod down from his horse, with great danger of his life.

‘Though the Enemy was near, yet I beat drums to gather my men together. Shortly after came Middleton with some horse. I told him what a disaster I had met with, and what a greater I expected. He told me he would ride before, and make the horse halt. I marched however all that night till it was fair day ; and then Baillie, who had rested a little, entreated me to go into some house and repose on a chair ; for I had slept none in two nights, and eaten as little. I alighted ; but the constant alarms of the Enemy’s approach made me resolve to ride forward to Warrington, which was but a mile ; and indeed I may say I slept all that way, notwithstanding my wound.’

While the wounded Dalgetty rides forward, let us borrow another glimpse from a different source ;* of bitter struggle still going on a little to the rear of him. ‘At a place called Redbank,’ near Winwick Church, two miles from Warrington, ‘the Scots made a stand with a body of pikes, and lined the hedges with muskets ; who so rudely entertained the pursuing Enemy, that they were compelled to stop until the coming up of Colonel Pride’s regiment of foot, who after a sharp dispute put those same brave fellows to the run. They were commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot.’ Does any one know this little spark in the blue bonnet ? No one. His very mother has long ceased to weep for him now. Let him have burial, and a passing sigh from us!—Dugald Turner continues :

‘I expected to have found either the Duke or Calendar, or both of them, at Warrington : but I did not : and indeed I have often been told that Calendar carried away the Duke with him, much against his mind. Here did the Lieutenant-General of the foot meet with an Order, whereby he is required “To make as good conditions for himself and those under him as he could ; for the horse would not come back to him, being resolved to preserve themselves for a better time.” Baillie was surprised with this : and looking upon that action which he was ordered to do, as full of dishonor, he lost much of that patience of which naturally he was master ; and beseeched any that would to shoot him through the head,’—poor Baillie ! ‘At length having something

* Heath’s Chronicle, p. 323.

composed himself, and being much solicited by the officers that were by him, he wrote to Cromwell. I then told him, That so long as there was a resolution to fight, I would not go a foot from him ; but now that they were to deliver themselves prisoners, I would preserve my liberty as long as I could : and so took my leave of him, carrying my wounded thigh away with me. I met immediately with Middleton ; who sadly condoled the irrecoverable losses of the last two days. Within two hours after, Baillie and all the officers and soldiers that were left of the foot were Cromwell's prisoners. I got my wound dressed that morning by my own surgeon ; and took from him those things I thought necessary for me ; not knowing when I might see him again ;—as indeed I never saw him after.*

This was now the Saturday morning when Turner rode away, ' carrying his wounded thigh with him ;' and got up to Hamilton and the vanguard of horse ; who rode, aimless or as good as aimless henceforth, till he and they were captured at Uttoxeter, or in the neighborhood. Monro with the *rearguard* of horse, ' always a day's march behind,' hearing now what had befallen, instantly drew bridle ; paused uncertain ; then, in a marauding manner, rode back towards their own country.

Of which disastrous doings let us now read Cromwell's victorious account drawn up with more deliberation on the morrow after. ' This Gentleman,' who brings up the Letter, is Major Berry ; ' once a Clerk in the Shropshire Iron-works ;' now a very rising man. ' He had lived with me,' says Richard Baxter, ' as guest in my own house ;' he has now high destinies before him, —which at last sink lower than ever.†

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the House of Commons : These.

' Warrington,' 20th August, 1648.

SIR,

I have sent up this Gentleman to give you an account of the great and good hand of God towards you, in the late victory obtained against the Enemy in these parts.

* Memoirs of his own Life and Times, by Sir James Turner (Edinburgh, 1829), pp. 63-7.

† Baxter's Life, pp. 57, 97, 58, 72.

After the conjunction of that Party which I brought with me out of Wales with the Northern Forces about Knaresborough and Wetherby,—hearing that the Enemy was advanced with their Army into Lancashire, we marched the next day, being the 13th of this instant August, to Otley (having cast off our Train, and sent it to Knaresborough, because of the difficulty of marching therewith through Craven, and to the end we might with more expedition attend the Enemy's motion): and on the 14th to Skipton; the 15th to Gisburne; the 16th to Hodder Bridge over Ribble;* where we held a council of war. At which we had in consideration, Whether we should march to Whalley that night, and so on, to interpose between the Enemy and his further progress into Lancashire and so southward,—which we had some advertisement the Enemy intended, and 'we are' since confirmed that they intended for London itself: Or whether to march immediately over the said Bridge, there being no other betwixt that and Preston, and there engage the Enemy,—who we did believe would stand his ground, because we had information that the Irish Forces under Monro lately come out of Ireland, which consisted of twelve hundred horse and fifteen hundred foot, were on their march towards Lancashire to join them.

It was thought that to engage the Enemy to fight was our business; and the reason aforesaid giving us hopes that our marching on the North side of Ribble would effect it, it was resolved we should march over the Bridge, which accordingly we did; and that night quartered the whole Army in the field by Stoneyhurst Hall, being Mr. Sherburn's house, a place nine miles distant from Preston. Very early the next morning we marched towards Preston: having intelligence that the Enemy was drawing together thereabouts from all his out-quarters, we drew out a Forlorn of about two hundred horse and four hundred foot, the horse commanded by Major Smithson, the foot by Major Pownel. Our Forlorn of horse marched, within a mile, 'to' where the Enemy was drawn up,—in the inclosed grounds by Preston, on that side next us; and there, upon a Moor, about half a mile distant from the Enemy's Army, met their Scouts and Outguard; and did behave themselves with that valor and courage as made their guards (which consisted both of horse and foot) to quit their ground; and took divers prisoners; holding this dispute with

* Over Hodder rather, which is the chief tributary of the Ribble in those upland parts, and little inferior to the main stream in size. Ribble from the Northeast, Hodder from the North, then a few miles farther, Calder from the South; after which Ribble pursues its old direction; draining an extensive hill-tract by means of frequent inconsiderable brooks, and receiving no notable stream on either side till, far down, the Darwen from the East and South falls in near Preston, and the united waters, now a respectable River, rush swiftly into the Irish Sea.

them until our Forlorn of foot came up for their justification; and by these we had opportunity to bring up our whole Army.

So soon as our foot and horse were come up, we resolved that night to engage them if we could; and therefore advancing with our Forlorn, and putting the rest of our Army into as good a posture as the ground would bear (which was totally inconvenient for our horse, being all enclosure and miry ground), we pressed upon them. The regiments of foot were ordered as followeth. There being a Lane, very deep and ill, up to the Enemy's Army, and leading to the Town, we commanded two regiments of horse, the first whereof was Colonel Harrison's and next was my own, to charge up that Lane; and on either side of them advanced the 'Main' battle,—which were Lieutenant-Colonel Read's, Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's on the right; Colonel Bright's and my Lord General's on the left; and Colonel Ashton with the Lancashire regiments in reserve. We ordered Colonel Thornhaugh's and Colonel Twistleton's regiments of horse on the right; and one regiment in reserve for the Lane; and the remaining horse on the left:—so that, at last, we came to a Hedge-dispute; the greatest of the impression from the Enemy being upon our left wing, and upon the 'Main'-battle on both sides the Lane, and upon our horse in the Lane: in all which places the Enemy were forced from their ground, after four hours dispute;—until we came to the Town: into which four troops of my own regiment first entered, and, being well seconded by Colonel Harrison's regiment, charged the Enemy in the Town, and cleared the streets.

There came no band of your foot to fight that day but did it with incredible valor and resolution; among which Colonel Bright's, my Lord General's, Lieutenant-Colonel Read's and Colonel Ashton's had the greatest work; they often coming to push of pike and to close firing, and always making the Enemy to recoil. And indeed I must needs say God was as much seen in the valor of the officers and soldiers of these before-mentioned as in any action that hath been performed; the Enemy making, though he was still worsted, very stiff and sturdy resistance. Colonel Dean's and Colonel Pride's, outwinging the Enemy, could not come to so much share of the action; the Enemy shogging* down towards the Bridge: and keeping almost all in reserve, that so he might bring fresh hands often to fight. Which we not knowing, and lest we should be outwinged, 'we' placed those two regiments to enlarge our right wing;

* *Shog* is from the same root as *shock*; 'shogging,' a word of Oliver's in such cases, signifies moving by pulses, intermittently. Ribble Bridge lay on the Scotch right: Dean and Pride, therefore, who fought on the English right, got gradually less and less to do.

this was the cause they had not at that time so great a share in that action.

At the last the Enemy was put into disorder ; many men slain, many prisoners taken: the Duke, with most of the Scots horse and foot, retreated over the Bridge ; where,—after a very hot dispute betwixt the Lancashire regiments, part of my Lord General's, and them, being often at push of pike,—they were beaten from the Bridge ; and our horse and foot, following them, killed many and took divers prisoners ; and we possessed the Bridge over Darwen 'also,' and a few houses there ; the Enemy being driven up within musket-shot of us where we lay that night,*—we not being able to attempt farther upon the Enemy, the night preventing us. In this posture did the Enemy and we lie most part of that night. Upon entering the Town, many of the Enemy's horse fled towards Lancaster ; in the chase of whom went divers of our horse, who pursued them near ten miles and had execution of them, and took about five hundred horse and many prisoners. We possessed in this Fight very much of the Enemy's ammunition ; I believe they lost four or five thousand arms. The number of slain we judge to be about a thousand ; the prisoners we took about four thousand.

In the night the Duke was drawing off his Army towards Wigan ; we were so wearied with the dispute that we did not so well attend the Enemy's going off as might have been ; by means whereof the Enemy was gotten at least three miles with his rear, before ours got to them. I ordered Colonel Thornhaugh to command two or three regiments of horse to follow the Enemy, if it were possible to make him stand till we could bring up the Army. The Enemy marched away seven or eight thousand foot and about four thousand horse ; we followed him with about three thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse and dragoons : and, in this prosecution, that worthy Gentleman, Colonel Thornhaugh, pressing too boldly, was slain, being run into the body and thigh and head by the Enemy's lancers.† And give me leave to say, he was a man as faithful and gallant in your service as any ; and one who often heretofore lost blood in your quarrel, and now his last. He hath left some behind him to inherit a Father's honor ; and a sad Widow ;—both now the interest of the Commonwealth.

Our horse still prosecuted the Enemy ; killing and taking divers all the

* The Darwen between us and them.

† 'Run through with a lancier in Chorley, he wanting his arms,' says Hodgson. For 'arms' read 'armor,' corslet, &c. This is the Colonel Thornhaugh so often mentioned, praised and mourned for, by Mrs Hutchin-son.

way. At last the Enemy drew up within three miles of Wigan; and by that time our Army was come up, they drew off again, and recovered Wigan before we could attempt anything upon them. We lay that night in the field close by the Enemy; being very dirty and weary, and having marched twelve miles of such ground as I never rode in all my life, the day being very wet. We had some skirmishing, that night, with the Enemy, near the Town; where we took General Van Druske and a Colonel, and killed some principal Officers, and took about a hundred prisoners; where I also received a letter from Duke Hamilton for civil usage towards his kinsman Colonel Hamilton,* whom he left wounded there. We took also Colonel Hurry and Lieutenant-Colonel Innes sometimes in your service. The next morning the Enemy marched towards Warrington, and we at the heels of them. The Town of Wigan, a great and poor Town, and very Malignant, were plundered almost to their skins by them.

We could not engage the Enemy until we came within three miles of Warrington; and there the Enemy made a stand, at a place near Winwick. We held them in some dispute till our Army came up; they maintaining the Pass with great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges,—which forced us to give ground; but our men, by the blessing of God, quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing; where we killed about a thousand of them, and took, as we believe, about two thousand prisoners; and prosecuted them home to Warrington Town; where they possessed the Bridge, which had a strong barricado and a work upon it, formerly made very defensive. As soon as we came thither, I received a message from General Baillie, desiring some capitulation. To which I yielded. Considering the strength of the Pass, and that I could not go over the River ‘Mersey’ within ten miles of Warrington with the Army, I gave him these terms: That he should surrender himself and all his officers and soldiers prisoners of war, with all his arms and ammunition and horses, to me: I giving quarter for life, and promising civil usage. Which accordingly is done: and the

* Claud Hamilton; see Turner *supra*. Who ‘Van Druske’ is, none knows. ‘Colonel Hurry’ is the ever-changing Sir John Hurry, sometimes called Urry and Hurrey, who whisks like a most rapid actor of all work, ever on a new side, ever charging in the van, through this Civil-War Drama. The notablest feat he ever did was leading Prince Rupert on that marauding party, from Oxford to High Wycombe, on the return from which Haupden met his death (Clarendon, ii., 351). Hurry had been on the Parliament-side before. He was taken, at last, when Montrose was taken; and hanged out of the way. Of Innes (‘Ennis’) I know nothing at present.

Commissioners deputed by me have received, and are receiving, all the arms and ammunition ; which will be, as they tell me, about Four thousand complete arms ; and as many prisoners : and thus you have their infantry totally ruined. What Colonels and Officers are with General Baillie, I have not yet received the list.

The Duke is marching with his remaining Horse, which are about three thousand, towards Nantwich ; where the Gentlemen of the County have taken about five hundred of them ; of which they sent me word this day. The country will scarce suffer any of my men to pass, except they have my hand-‘ writing ;’ telling them They are Scots. They bring in and kill divers of them, as they light upon them. Most of the Nobility of Scotland are with the Duke. If I had a thousand horse that could but trot thirty miles, I should not doubt but to give a very good account of them : but truly we are so harassed and haggled out in this business, that we are not able to do more than walk ‘ at ’ an easy pace after them.—I have sent post to my Lord Grey, to Sir Henry Cholmely and Sir Edward Rhodes to gather all together, with speed to their prosecution : as likewise to acquaint the Governor of Stafford therewith.

I hear Monro is about Cumberland with the horse that ran away,* and his ‘ own ’ Irish horse and foot, which are a considerable body. I have left Colonel Ashton’s three regiments of foot, with seven troops of horse (six of Lancashire and one of Cumberland), at Preston ; and ordered Colonel Scroop with five troops of horse and two troops of dragoons, ‘ and ’ with two regiments of foot (Colonel Lascelles’s and Colonel Wastell’s), to embody with them ; and have ordered them to put their prisoners to the sword if the Scots shall presume to advance upon them, because they cannot bring them off with security.†

Thus you have a Narrative of the particulars of the success which God hath given you ; which I could hardly at this time have done, considering the multiplicity of business ; but truly, when I was once engaged in it, I could hardly tell how to say less, there being so much of God in it ; and I am not willing to say more, lest there should seem to be any of man. Only give me leave to add one word showing the disparity of forces on both sides : that so you may see, and all the world acknow-

* Northward from Preston on the evening of the 17th, the Battle-day.

† It is to be hoped the Scots under Monro will not presume to advance, for the prisoners here in Preston are about four thousand ! These are not Baillie’s Warrington men ‘ who surrendered on quarter for life.’ These are ‘ at discretion.’

ledge, the great hand of God in this business. The Scots Army could not be less than twelve thousand effective foot, well armed, and five thousand horse; Langdale not less than two thousand five hundred foot, and fifteen hundred horse; in all Twenty-one Thousand;—and truly very few of their foot but were as well armed if not better than yours, and at divers disputes did fight two or three hours before they would quit their ground. Yours were about two thousand five hundred horse and dragoons of your old Army; about four thousand foot of your old Army; also about sixteen hundred Lancashire foot and about five hundred Lancashire horse; in all about Eight Thousand Six Hundred. You see by computation about two thousand of the Enemy were slain; betwixt eight and nine thousand prisoners; besides what are lurking in hedges and private places, which the Country daily bring in or destroy. Where Langdale and his broken forces are, I know not; but they are exceedingly shattered.

Surely, Sir, this is nothing but the hand of God; and wherever anything in this world is exalted, or exalts itself, God will pull it down; for this is the day wherein He alone will be exalted. It is not fit for me to give advice, nor to say a word what use you should make of this;—more than to pray you, and all that acknowledge God, That they would exalt Him,—and not hate His people, who are as the apple of His eye, and for whom even Kings shall be reprov'd; and that you would take courage to do the work of the Lord, in fulfilling the end of your Magistracy, in seeking the peace and welfare of this Land,—that all that will live peaceably may have countenance from you, and they that are incapable and will not leave troubling the Land may speedily be destroyed out of the Land. And if you take courage in this, God will bless you; and good men will stand by you; and God will have glory, and the Land will have happiness by you in despite of all your enemies. Which shall be the prayer of

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Postscript. We have not, in all this, lost a considerable Officer but Colonel Thornhaugh; and not many soldiers, considering the service: but many are wounded, and our horse much wearied. I humbly crave that some course may be taken to dispose of the Prisoners. The trouble, and extreme charge of the Country where they lie, is more than the danger of their escape. I think they would not go home if they might, without a convoy; they are so fearful of the Country, from whom they have deserved so ill. Ten men will keep a thousand from running away.*

* Chetham-Society Book, *ut supra*, p. 259-267.

Commons Journals, Wednesday, 23^d August, 1648: 'Ordered, That the sum of Two-hundred Pounds be bestowed upon Major Berry, and the sum of One-hundred Pounds upon Edward Sexby, who brought the very good news of the very great Success obtained, by the great mercy of God, against the whole Scots Army in Lancashire, and That the said respective sums shall be'—in short, paid directly. Of Major Berry, Richard Baxter's friend, we have already heard. Captain Edward Sexby, here known to us for the first time, will again turn up, little to his advantage, by and by. A Day of universal Thanksgiving for this 'wonderful great Success' is likewise ordered; and a printed schedule of items to be thankful for, is despatched, 'to the number of 10,000,' into all places.*

Colchester Siege, one of the most desperate defences, being now plainly without object, terminates, on Monday next.† Surrender, 'on quarter' for the inferior parties, 'at discretion' for the superior. Two of the latter, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, gallant Officers both, are sentenced and shot on the place. 'By Ireton's instigation,' say some: yes, or without any special instigation; merely by the nature of the case! They, who, contrary to Law and Treaty, have again involved this Nation in blood, do they deserve nothing?—Two more, Goring and Lord Capel, stood trial at Westminster; of whom Lord Capel lost his head. He was 'the first man that rose to complain of Grievances' in November, 1640; being then Mr. Capel, and Member for Hertfordshire.

The Prince with his Fleet in the Downs, too, so soon as these Lancashire tidings reached him, made off for Holland; 'entered the Hague in thirty coaches,' and gave up his military pursuits. The Second Civil War, its back once broken here at Preston, rapidly dies everywhere; is already as good as dead.

On Friday, 25th, at Uttoxeter in Staffordshire, the poor Duke of Hamilton, begirt with enemies, distracted with mutinies and internal discords, surrenders and ceases; 'very ill, and unable to march.' 'My Lord Duke and Calendar,' says Dalgetty, 'fell out and were at very high words at supper, where I was,' the

* Commons Journals, v., 655.

† 28 Aug., Rushworth, vii., 1242.

night before; 'each blaming the other for the misfortune and miscarriage of our affairs:' a sad employment! Dalgetty himself went prisoner to Hull; lay long with Colonel Robert Overton, an acquaintance of ours there. 'As we rode from Uttoxeter, we made a stand at the Duke's window; and he looking out with some kind words, we took our eternal farewell of him,'—never saw him more. He died on the scaffold for this business; being Earl of Cambridge, and an *English* Peer as well as Scotch:—the unhappiest of men; one of those 'very able men' who, with all their 'ability,' have never succeeded in any enterprise whatever!—

In Scotland itself there is no farther resistance. The oppressed Kirk Party rise rather, and almost thank the conquerors. 'Sir George Monro,' says Turner, 'following constantly a whole day's march in the rear of us,' finding himself, by this unhappy Battle, cut asunder from my Lord Duke, and brought into contact with Cromwell instead,—'marched straight back to Scotland and joined with Earl Lanark's forces,' my Lord Duke's Brother. '*Straight* back,' as we shall find, is not the word for this march.

'But so soon as the news of our Defeat came to Scotland, continues Turner, 'Argyle and the Kirk Party rose in arms; every mother's son; and this was called the "*Whiggamore* Raid:"' 1648,—first appearance of the Whig Party on the page of History, I think! 'David Leslie was at their head, and old Leven,' the Fieldmarshal of 1639, 'in the Castle of Edinburgh; who *cannonaded* the Royal' Hamilton 'troops whenever they came in view of him!'

Cromwell proceeds northward, goes at last to Edinburgh itself, to compose this strange state of matters.

* Turner, *ubi supra*; Guthry's Memoirs (Glasgow, 1748), p. 285

LETTERS XLII.—LI.

MONRO with the rearward of Hamilton's beaten Army did not march '*straight* back' to Scotland as Turner told us, but very obliquely back; lingering for several weeks on the South side of the Border; collecting remnants of English, Scotch, and even Irish Malignants, not without hopes of making a new Army from them,—cruelly spoiling those Northern Counties in the interim. Cromwell, waiting first till Lambert with the force sent in pursuit of Hamilton can rejoin the main Army, moves Northward, to deal with these broken parties, and with broken Scotland generally. The following Ten Letters bring him as far as Edinburgh: whither let us now attend him with such lights as they yield.

LETTER XLII.

A PRIVATE Letter to my Lord Wharton; to congratulate him on some 'particular mercy,' seemingly the birth of an heir, and to pour out his sense of these great general mercies. This Philip Lord Wharton is of the Committee of Derby House, the Executive in those months; it is probable* Cromwell had been sending despatches to them, and had hastily enclosed this in the Packet.

Philip Lord Wharton seems to have been a zealous Puritan, much concerned with Preachers, Chaplains, &c., in his domestic establishment; and full of Parliamentary and Politico-religious business in public. He had a regiment of his own raising at Edgehill fight; but it was one of those that ran away; whereupon the unhappy Colonel took refuge 'in a sawpit,'—says Royalism confidently, crowing over it without end.† A quarrel between him and Sir Henry Midmay, Member for Malden, about Sir

* Commons Journals, vi., 6, 5 September

† Wood's Athenæ, iii., 177, and in all manner of Pamphlets elsewhere.

Henry's saying, "He, Wharton, had made his peace at Oxford," in November, 1643, is noted in the Commons Journals, iii., 300. It was to him, about the time of this Cromwell Letter, that one Osborne, a distracted King's flunkey, had written, accusing Major Rolf, a soldier under Hammond, of attempting to poison Charles in the Isle of Wight!*—This Philip's patrimonial estate, *Wharton*, still a Manorhouse of somebody, lies among the Hills on the south-west side of Westmoreland; near the sources of the Eden, the Swale rising on the other watershed not far off. He seems however to have dwelt at Upper Winchington, Bucks, 'a seat near Great Wycomb.' He lived to be a Privy Councillor to William of Orange.† He died in 1696. Take this other anecdote, once a very famous one.

'James Stewart of Blantyre in Scotland, son of a Treasurer Stewart, and himself a great favorite of King James, was a gallant youth; came up to London with great hopes: but a discord falling out between him and the young Lord Wharton, they went out to single combat each against the other; and at the first thrust each of them killed the other, and they fell dead in one another's arms on the place.‡ The 'place' was Islington fields; the date 8th November, 1609. The tragedy gave rise to much balladsinging and other rumor.§ Our Philip is that slain Wharton's Son.

This Letter has been preserved by Thurloe: four blank spaces ornamented with due asterisks occur in it,—Editor Birch does not inform us whether from tearing off the Seal, or why. In these blank spaces the conjectural sense, which I distinguish here as usual by commas, is occasionally somewhat questionable.

For the Right Honorable the Lord Wharton: These.

'Near Knaresborough,' 2d September, 1648

MY LORD,

You know how untoward I am at this business of writing; yet a word. I beseech the Lord make us sensible of this

* Wood, iii., 501; Pamphlets; Commons Journals, &c.

† Wood, iv., 407, 542; Fasti, i., 335; Nicolas's Synopsis of the Peerage.

‡ Scotstarvet's Staggering State (Edinburgh, 1754, a very curious little Book), p. 32.

§ Bibliotheca Topographica, no. xlix.

great mercy here, which surely was much more than 'the sense of it' the House expresseth.* I trust 'to have, through' the goodness of our God, time and opportunity to speak of it to you face to face. When we think of our God, what are we? Oh, His mercy to the whole society of saints,—despised, jeered saints! Let them mock on. Would we were all saints! The best of us are, God knows, poor weak saints;—yet saints; if not sheep, yet lambs; and must be fed. We have daily bread,† and shall have it, in despite of all enemies. There's enough in our Father's house, and He dispenseth it.‡ I think, through these outward mercies, as we call them, Faith, Patience, Love, Hope are exercised and perfected,—yea, Christ formed, and grows to a perfect man within us. I know not well how to distinguish: the difference is only in the subject, 'not in the object;' to a worldly man they are outward, to a saint Christian; but I dispute not.

My Lord, I rejoice in your particular mercy. I hope that it is so to you. If so, it shall not hurt you; not make you plot or shift for the young Baron to make him great. You will say, "He is God's to dispose of, and guide for," and there you will leave him.

My love to the dear little Lady, better 'to me' than the child. The Lord bless you both. My love and service to all Friends high and low; if you will, to my Lord and Lady Mulgravè and Will Hill. I am truly,

Your faithful friend and humblest servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

During these very days, perhaps it was exactly two days after, 'on Monday last,' if that mean 4th September,||—Monro, lying about Appleby, has a party of horse 'sent into the Bishoprick;' firing 'divers houses' thereabouts, and not forgetting to plunder the Lord Wharton's tenants' by the road: Cromwell penetrating towards Berwick, yet still at a good distance, scatters this and

* The House calls it 'a wonderful great mercy and success,' this Preston victory (Commons Journals, v., 650);—and then passes on to other matters, not quite adequately conscious that its life had been saved hereby! What fire was blazing, and how high in Wales, and then in Lancashire, is known only in perfection to those that trampled it out.

† Spiritual food, encouragement of merciful Providence, from day to day.

‡ There follows here in the Birch edition: 'As our eyes' [seven stars] 'behinde, then wee can' [seven stars] 'we for him:' words totally unintelligible; and not worth guessing at, the original not being here, but only Birch's questionable reading of it.

§ Thurloe, i., 99.

|| Cromwelliana, p. 45.

other predatory parties rapidly enough to Appleby,—as it were by the very wind of him ; like a coming mastiff smelt in the gale by vermin. They are swifter than he, and get to Scotland, by their dexterity and quick scent, unscathed. ‘ Across to Kelso ’ about September 8th.*

Mulgrave in those years is a young Edmund Sheffield, of whom I as yet know nothing more whatever.—‘ Will Hill ’ is perhaps William Hill, a Puritan Merchant in London, ruined out of ‘ a large estate ’ by lending for the public service ; who, this Summer, and still in this very month, is dunning the Lords and Commons, the Lords with rather more effect, to try if they cannot give him some kind of payment, or shadow of an attempt at payment,—he having long lain in jail for want of his money. A zealous religious, and now destitute and insolvent man ; known to Oliver ;—and suggests himself along with the Mulgraves by the contrast of ‘ Friends high and low.’ Poor Hill did, after infinite struggling, get some kind of snack at the Bishops’ Lands by and by.†

The ‘ young Baron ’ now born is father (I suppose) ; he or his brother is father, of the far-famed, high-gifted, half-delirious Duke of Wharton.

On the 8th of September, Cromwell is at Durham,‡ scaring the Monro fraternity before him ; and publishes the following

DECLARATION.

WHEREAS the Scottish Army, under the command of James Duke of Hamilton, which lately invaded this Nation of England, is, by the blessing of God upon the Parliament’s Forces, defeated and overthrown, and some thousands of their soldiers and officers are now prisoners in our hands ; so that, by reason of their great number, and want of sufficient guards and watches to keep them so carefully as need requires (the Army being employed upon other duty and service of the Kingdom), divers may escape away ; and many, both since and upon the pursuit, do lie in private places in the country.

I thought it very just and necessary to give notice to all, and accord-

* Rushworth, vii., 1250, 3, 9, 60.

† Commons Journals, vi., 29, 243. ‡ Ibid., vii., 1260.

ingly do declare, That if any Scottishmen, officers or soldiers, lately members of the said Scottish Army, and taken or escaped in or since the late Fight and pursuit, shall be found straggling in the countries, or running away from the places assigned them to remain in till the pleasure of the Parliament, or of his Excellency the Lord General be known,—It will be accounted a very good and acceptable service to the Country and Kingdom of England, for any person or persons to take and apprehend all such Scottishmen; and to carry them to any Officer having the charge of such prisoners; or, in defect of such Officer, to the Committee or Governor of the next Garrison for the Parliament within the County where they shall be so taken; there to be secured and kept in prison, as shall be found most convenient.

And the said Committee, Officer, or Governor respectively, are desired to secure such of the said prisoners as shall be so apprehended and brought unto them, accordingly. And if any of the said Scottish officers or soldiers shall make any resistance, and refuse to be taken or render themselves, all such persons well-affected to the service of the Parliament and Kingdom of England, may and are desired to fall upon, fight with, and slay such refusers: but if the said prisoners shall continue and remain within the places and guards assigned for the keeping of them, That then no violence, wrong, nor injury be offered to them by any means.

Provided also, and special care is to be taken, That no Scottishman residing within this Kingdom, and not having been a member of the said Army, and also, That none such of the said Scottish prisoners as shall have liberty given them, and sufficient passes to go to any place appointed, may be interrupted or troubled hereby.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

‘Durham,’ 5th September, 1648.

LETTER XLIII.

FAIRFAX is still at Colchester, arranging the ‘ransoms,’ and confused wrecks of the Siege there; Cromwell has now reached Berwick,† all the Monroes now fairly across the Tweed. ‘Lieutenant Colonel Cowell,’ I conclude, was mortally wounded at Preston Battle; and here has the poor Widow been soliciting and lamenting.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 46).

† Rushworth, vii., 1256.

For his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, General of all the Parliament's Armies: These.

'Berwick,' 11th September, 1648.

MY LORD

Since we lost Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, his Wife came to me near Northallerton, much lamenting her loss, and the sad condition she and her children were left in.

He was an honest worthy man. He spent himself in your and the Kingdom's service. He being a great Trader in London, deserted it to serve the Kingdom. He lost much monies to the State; and I believe few outdid him. He hath a great arrear due to him. He left a Wife and three small children but meanly provided for. Upon his deathbed he commended this desire to me, That I should befriend his to the Parliament or to your Excellency. His Wife will attend you for Letters to the Parliament; which I beseech you to take into a tender consideration.

I beseech you to pardon this boldness to

Your Excellency's most humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On the 19th June, 1649, 'Widow Cowell' is ordered to be paid her Husband's Arrears by the Committee at Haberdashers' Hall.† One hopes she received payment, poor woman! 'Upon his death-bed her Husband commended this desire to me.'

In the very hours while this Letter is a writing, 'Monday, 11th September, 1648,' Monro, now joined with the Earl of Lanark, presents himself at Edinburgh: but the Whiggamore Raid, all the force of the West Country, 6000 strong, is already there; 'draws out on the crags be-east the Town,' old Leven in the Castle ready to fire withal; and will not let him enter. Lanark and Monro move west to Stirling; meet Argyle and the Whiggamores, make some Treaty or Armistice, and admit *them* to be the real 'Committee of Estates,' the Hamilton Faction having ended.‡ Here are two Letters of one date, directly on the back of these occurrences.

* Lansdowne mss., 1236, fol. 85.

† Commons Journals, vi., 237.

‡ Guthry, pp. 288-97.

LETTER XLIV.

For the Right Honorable the Lord Marquis of Argyle, and the rest of the well-affected Lords, Gentlemen, Ministers, and People now in arms in the Kingdom of Scotland: Present.

‘Near Berwick,’ 16th September, 1643.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

Being (in prosecution of the common Enemy) advanced, with the Army under my command, to the borders of Scotland, I thought fit, to prevent any misapprehension or prejudice that might be raised thereupon, to send your Lordships these Gentlemen, Colonel Bright, Scoutmaster-General Rowe, and Mr. Stapylton, to acquaint you with the reasons thereof: concerning which I desire your Lordships to give them credence. I remain,

My Lords,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Bright and Scoutmaster Rowe are persons that often occur, though somewhat undistinguishably in the Old Pamphlets. Bright, in the end of this month, ‘was sent over, ‘from Berwick’ apparently, to take possession of Carlisle now ready to surrender to us.† ‘Scoutmaster’ is the Chief of the Corps of ‘Guides,’ as soldiers now call them. As to Stapylton or Stapleton, we have to remark that, besides Sir Philip Stapleton, the noted Member for Boroughbridge, and one of the Eleven, who is now banished and dead, there is a Bryan Stapleton now Member for Aldborough: he in January last‡ was Commissioner to Scotland; but this present Stapylton is still another. Apparently, one Robert Stapylton; a favorite Chaplain of Cromwell’s; an Army-Precacher, a man of weight and eminence in that character. From his following in the rear of the Colonel and the Scoutmaster, instead of taking precedence in the Lieutenant-General’s Letter as an M.P. would have done, we may infer that this Reverend Robert Stapylton is the Cromwell Messenger,—sent to speak a word to the Clergy in particular.

* Thurloe, i., 100.

† Cromwelliana, p. 48.

‡ Commons Journals, v., 442; Whitlocke, p. 290.

Scoutmaster Rowe, William Rowe, appears with an enlarged sphere of influence, presiding over the Cromwell spy-world, in a very diligent, expert and almost respectable manner, some years afterwards, in the *Milton State-Papers*. His counsel might be useful with Argyle; his experienced eye, at any rate, might take a glance of the Scottish Country, with advantage to an invading General.

Of the Reverend Mr. Stapylton's proceedings on this occasion we have no notice: but he will occur afterwards in these Letters; and two years hence, on Cromwell's second visit to those Northern parts, we find this recorded: 'Last Lord's Day,' 29th September, 1650, 'Mr. Stapylton preached in the High Church,' of Edinburgh, while we were mining the Castle!—'forenoon and afternoon, before his Excellency with his Officers; where was a great concourse of people; many Scots expressing much affection at the doctrine, in their usual way of groans.* In their usual way of groans, while Mr. Stapylton held forth: consider that!—Mr. Robert, 'at 10 o'clock at night on the 3d September' next year, writes, 'from the other side of Severn,' a copious despatch concerning the Battle of Worcester,† and then disappears from History.

The following Letter, of the same date, was brought by the same Messengers for the Committee of Estates.

LETTER XLV.

For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

'Near Berwick,' 16th September, 1648.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

Being upon my approach to the borders of the Kingdom of Scotland, I thought fit to acquaint you of the reason thereof.

It is well known how injuriously the Kingdom of England was lately invaded by the Army under Duke Hamilton; contrary to the Covenant and 'to' our leagues of amity, and against all the engagements of love

* Cromwelliana, p. 92.

† Ibid., p. 113.

and brotherhood between the two Nations. And notwithstanding the pretence of your late Declaration,* published to take with the people of this Kingdom, the Commons of England in Parliament Assembled declared the said Army so entering, Enemies to the Kingdom; and those of England who should adhere to them, Traitors. And having† received command to march with a considerable part of their Army, to oppose so great a violation of faith and justice,—what a witness God, being appealed to,‡ hath borne, upon the engagement of the two Armies, against the unrighteousness of man, not only yourselves, but this Kingdom, yea and a great part of the known world will, I trust, acknowledge. How dangerous a thing it is to wage an unjust war; much more, to appeal to God the Righteous Judge therein! We trust He will persuade you better by this manifest token of His displeasure; lest His hand be stretched out yet more against you, and your poor People also, if they will be deceived.

That which I am to demand of you is, The restitution of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle into my hands, for the use of the Parliament and Kingdom of England. If you deny me herein, I must make our appeal to God; and call upon him for assistance, in what way He shall direct us;—wherein we are, and shall be, so far from seeking the harm of the well-affected people of the Kingdom of Scotland, that we profess as before the Lord, That (what difference an Army, necessitated in a hostile way to recover the ancient rights and inheritance of the Kingdom under which they serve, can make§) we shall use our endeavor to the utmost that the trouble may fall upon the contrivers and authors of this breach, and not upon the poor innocent people, who have been led and compelled into this action, as many poor souls now prisoners to us confess.

We thought ourselves bound in duty thus to expostulate with you, and thus to profess; to the end we may bear our integrity out before the world, and may have comfort in God, whatever the event be. Desiring your answer, I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.||

* To be found in Rushworth; read it not!

† The grammar requires 'I having,' but the physiognomy of the sentence requires nothing.

‡ on Preston Moor.

§ Means: 'so far as an Army, necessitated to vindicate its country by War, can make a discrimination.' The 'ancient rights and inheritance' are the right to choose our own King or No-King, and so forth.

|| Thurloe, i., 100.

The troubles of Scotland are coming thick. The 'Engagers,' those that 'engaged' with Hamilton are to be condemned; then, before long, come 'Resolutioners' and 'Protesters;' and in the wreck of the Hamilton-Argyle discussions, and general eunetations,—all men desiring to say Yes *and* No instead of Yes *or* No,—Royalism and Presbyterianism alike are disastrously sinking.

The Lordships, for the present, send most conciliatory congratulatory response; have indeed already written in that strain 'from Falkirk,' where the Whiggamore Raid and Lanark were making their Armistice or Treaty. Whereupon follows

LETTER XLVI.

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Loudon, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Scotland:

To be communicated to the Noblemen, Gentlemen, and Burgesses now in arms, who dissented in Parliament from the late Engagement against the Kingdom of England.*

Cheswick, † 15th September, 1648.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

We received yours from Falkirk on the 15th September instant. We have had also a sight of your Instructions given to the Laird of Greenhead and Major Strahan; as also other two Papers concerning the Treaty between your Lordships and the Enemy; wherein your care of the interest of the Kingdom of England, for the delivery of the Towns ‡ unjustly taken from them, and 'your' desire to preserve the unity of both Nations, appears. By which also we understand the posture you are in to oppose the enemies of the welfare and the peace of both Kingdoms; for which we bless God for His goodness to you; and rejoice to see the power of the Kingdom of Scotland in a hopeful way to be invested in the hands of those who, we trust, are taught of God to seek His honor, and the comfort of His people.

* 'The Whiggamore Raid,' as Turner calls it, now making a Treaty with Lanark, Monro, and the other Assignees of the bankrupt Hamilton concern.

† Cheswick, still a Manorhouse 'of the Family of Strangeways,' lies three or four miles south of Berwick, on the great road to Newcastle and London.

‡ Berwick and Carlisle, which by agreement in 1646-7 were not to be garrisoned except by consent of *both* Kingdoms.

And give us leave to say, as before the Lord, who knows the secrets of all hearts, That, as we think one especial end of Providence in permitting the enemies of God and Goodness in both Kingdoms to rise to that height, and exercise such tyranny over His people, was to show the necessity of Unity amongst those of both Nations, so we hope and pray that the late glorious dispensation, in giving so happy success against your and our Enemies in our victories, may be the foundation of Union of the People of God in love and amity. Unto that end we shall, God assisting, to the utmost of our power endeavor to perform what may be behind on our part: and when we shall, through any wilfulness, fail therein, let this profession rise up in judgment against us, as having been made in hypocrisy,—a severe avenger of which God hath lately appeared, in His most righteous witnessing against the Army under Duke Hamilton, invading us under specious pretences of piety and justice. We may humbly say, we rejoice with more trembling* than to dare to do such a wicked thing.

Upon our advance to Alnwick, we thought fit to send a good body of our horse to the borders of Scotland, and thereby a summons to the Garrison of Berwick: to which having received a dilatory answer, I desired a safe-convoy for Colonel Bright and the Scoutmaster-General of this Army to go to the Committee of Estates in Scotland; who, I hope, will have the opportunity to be with your Lordships before this come to your hands,—and, according as they are instructed, will let your Lordships in some measure, as well as we could in so much ignorance of your condition, know our affections to you. And understanding things more fully by yours, we now thought fit to make you this ‘present’ return.

The command we received, upon the defeat of Duke Hamilton, was, To prosecute this business until the Enemy were put out of a condition or hope of growing into a new Army, and the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle were reduced. Four regiments of our horse and some dragoons, who had followed the Enemy into the south parts, † being now come up; and this country not able to bear us, the cattle and old corn thereof having been wasted by Monro and the forces with him; the Governor of Berwick also daily victualling his Garrison from Scotland side; and the Enemy yet in so considerable a posture as by these Gentlemen and your Papers we understand,—still prosecuting their former design, having gotten the advantage of Stirling Bridge, and so much of Scotland at their backs to enable them thereunto; and your Lordships’ condition not being such, at present, as may compel them to submit to

* ‘Join trembling with your mirth’ (Second Psalm).

† Uttoxeter and thereabouts.

the honest and necessary things you have proposed to them for the good of both Kingdoms: we have thought fit, out of the sense of duty to the commands laid upon us by those who have sent us, and to the end we might be in a posture more ready to give you assistance, and not be wanting to what we have made so large professions of,—to advance into Scotland with the Army.* And we trust, by the blessing of God, the common Enemy will thereby the sooner be brought to a submission to you. And we thereby shall do what becomes us in order to the obtaining of our Garrisons; engaging ourselves that, so soon as we shall know from you that the Enemy will yield to the things you have proposed to them, and we have our Garrisons delivered to us, we shall forthwith depart out of your Kingdom; and in the meantime be ‘even’ more tender towards the Kingdom of Scotland, in the point of charge, than if we were in our own Kingdom.

If we shall receive from you any desire of a more speedy advance, we shall readily yield compliance therewith;—desiring also to hear from you how affairs stand. This being the result of a Council of War, I present it to you as the expression of their affections and of my own; who am,

My Lords,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Cheswick, where Oliver now has his head-quarter, lies, as we said, some three or four miles south of Berwick, on the English side of Tweed. Part of his forces crossed the River, I think, this same day; a stray regiment had without order gone across the day before.—The ‘Laird of Greenhead,’ Sir William Ker, is known in the old Scotch Books; still better, Major Strahan, who makes a figure on his own footing by and by. The Anti-Hamilton or Whiggamore Party are all inclined to Cromwell; inclined, and yet averse; wishing to say “Yes *and* No;” if that were possible!—

The answer to this Letter immediately follows in *Thurloe*; but it is not worth giving. The intricate longwindedness of mere Loudons, Argyles and the like, on such subjects at this time of day, is not tolerable to either Gods or men. “We, Loudon, Argyle, and Company, are very sensible how righteously ‘God

* Neither does the sentence end even here! It is dreadfully bad composition; yet contains a vigorous clear sense in it.

† *Thurloe*, i., 101.

who judgeth the Earth' has dealt with Hamilton and his followers; an intolerable, unconseionable race of men, tending towards mere ruin of religion, and 'grievously oppressive' to us. We hope all things from you, respectable Lieutenant-General. We have sent influential persons to order the giving up of Berwick and Carlisle instantly; and hope these Garrisons will obey them. We rest,—Humbly devoted,—Argyle, Loudon, and Company."

Influential Persons: 'Friday last, the 22d September, the Marquis of Argyle, the Lord Eleho, Sir John Scot and others came as Commissioners from the Honest Party in Scotland to the Laird of Mordington's House at Mordington, to the Lieutenant-General's quarters, two miles within Scotland. That night the Marquis of Argyle sent a trumpet to Berwick,*—Berwick made delays, needed to send to the Earl of Lanark first. Lanark, it is to be hoped, will consent. Meanwhile the Lieutenant-General opens his parallels, diligently prepares to besiege, if necessary. Among these influential Persons, a quick reader notices 'Sir John Scot,'—and rejoices to recognize him, in that dim transient way, for the 'Director of the Chancery,' and Laird of *Scotstarvet* in Fife, himself in rather a *staggering state*† at present, worthy old gentleman!

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS we are marching with the Parliament's Army into the Kingdom of Scotland, in pursuance of the remaining part of the Enemy who lately invaded the Kingdom of England, and for the recovery of the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle:

These are to declare, That if any Officer or Soldier under my command shall take or demand any money; or shall violently take any horses, goods or victual, without order; or shall abuse the people in any sort,—he shall be tried by a Council of War; and the said person so

* Rushworth, vii., 1252.

† *Scott of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen* is the strange Title of his strange little Book: not a Satire at all, but a Homily on Life's Nothingness, enforced by examples; gives in brief compass, not without a rude Laconic geniality, the cream of Scotch Biographic History in that age, and unconsciously a curious self-portrait of the Writer withal.

offending shall be punished, according to the Articles of War made for the government of the Army in the Kingdom of England, which punishment is death.

Each Colonel, or other chief Officer in every regiment, is to transcribe a copy of this; and to cause the same to be delivered to each Captain in his regiment: and every said Captain of each respective troop and company is to publish the same to his troop or company; and to take a strict course that nothing be done contrary hereunto.

Given under my hand, this 20th September, 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XLVII.

For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland, at Edinburgh: These.

Norham, 21st September, 1648.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

We perceive that there was, upon our advance to the Borders, the last Lord's Day, † a very disorderly carriage by some horse; who, without order, did steal over the Tweed, and plundered some places in the Kingdom of Scotland: and since that, some stragglers have been alike faulty; to the wrong of the inhabitants, and to our very great grief of heart.

I have been as diligent as I can to find out the men that have done the wrong, and I am still in the discovery thereof; and I trust there shall be nothing wanting on my part that may testify how much we abhor such things: and to the best of my information I cannot find the least guilt of the fact ‡ to lie upon the regiments of this Army, but upon some of the Northern horse, who have not been under our discipline and government, until just that we came into these parts.

I have commanded those forces away back again into England; and I hope the exemplarity of justice will testify for us our great detestation of the fact. † For the remaining regiments, which are of our old forces, we may engage for them their officers will keep them from doing any such things: and we are confident that, saving victual, they shall not take anything from the inhabitants; and in that also they shall be so far from being their own carvers, as that they shall submit to have pro-

* Newspapers in Cromwelliana, p.46.

† 21 September, 1648, is Thursday; last Sunday is 17th.

‡ 'fait.'

visions ordered and proportioned by the consent, and with the direction, of the Committees and Gentlemen of the Country, and not otherwise, if they* please to be assisting to us therein.

I thought fit, for the preventing of misunderstanding, to give your Lordships this account; and rest,

My Lords,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

‘Upon our entrance into Scotland, a Regiment lately raised in the Bishoprick of Durham, under Colonel Wren, behaved themselves rudely; which as soon as the Lieutenant-General of this Army’ Cromwell ‘had notice of, he caused it to rendezvous on Tweed banks; and the Scottish people having challenged several horses taken from them by that Regiment, the Lieutenant-General caused the said horses to be restored back, and the plunderers to be cashiered. A Lieutenant that countenanced such deeds was delivered into the Marshal’s hands, and the Colonel himself, conniving at them, and not doing justice upon the offenders when complaints were brought in to him, was taken from the head of his Regiment, and suspended from executing his place, until he had answered at a Council of War for his negligence in the performance of his duty. This notable and impartial piece of justice did take very much with the people; and the Regiment is ordered back into Northumberland’ ‡—as we see.

The answer of ‘Loudon *Cancellarius*’ to this Letter from Northam is given in the old Newspapers.§ The date is Edinburgh, 28th September, 1648. Loudon of course is very thankful for such tenderness and kind civilities; thankful especially that the Honorable Lieutenant-General has come so near, and by the dread of him forced the Malignants at Stirling Bridge to come to terms, and leave the Well-affected at peace. A very great blessing to us ‘the near distance of your forces at this time,’—though once (*you ken varry weel*, and Whitlocke kens) we considered

* These Committees.

† Thurloe, i. 103 (From the Public Records of Scotland, in the Laigh Parliament-House at Edinburgh).

‡ Perfect Diurnal, October 2 to 9 (in Cromwelliana, p. 47).

§ Cromwelliana, p. 47.

you an incendiary, and I, O honorable Lieutenant-General, would so fain have had you extinguished,—not knowing what I did!

Norham lies on the South shore of the Tweed, some seven miles above Berwick:

‘Day set on Norham’s castled steep.’*

Cromwell went across to Mordington, and met the ‘Influential Persons,’ on the morrow.

LETTER XLVIII.

‘To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons:
These.

Berwick, 2d October, 1648.

‘SIR,’

* * * Upon Friday, 29th September, came an Order from the Earl of Lanark, and divers Lords of his Party, requiring the Governor of Berwick to march out of the Town; which accordingly he did on Saturday, September 30th;—at which time I entered; and have placed a Garrison there for your use. The Governor would fain have capitulated for the English ‘who were with him;’ but we, having this advantage upon him, would not hear it: so that they are submitted to your mercy, and are under the consideration of Sir Arthur Haselrig; who, I believe, will give you a good account of them; and who hath already turned out the Malignant Mayor, and put an honest man in his room.

I have also received an Order for Carlisle; and have sent Colonel Bright, with horse and foot, to receive it; Sir Andrew Car and Colonel Scot being gone with him to require observance of the Order; there having been a Treaty and an agreement betwixt the two parties in Scotland, To disband all forces, except fifteen hundred horse and foot, under the Earl of Leven, which are to be kept to see all remaining forces disbanded.

Having some other things to desire from the Committee of Estates at Edinburgh for your service, I am myself going thitherward this day; and so soon as I shall be able to give you a further account thereof, I shall

* Scott’s *Marmion*.

do it. In the meantime, I make it my desire that the Garrison of Berwick (into which I have placed a regiment of foot, which shall be attended also by a regiment of horse) may be provided for; and that Sir Arthur Haselrig may receive commands to supply it with guns and ammunition from Newcastle; and be otherwise enabled by you to furnish this Garrison with all other necessaries, according as a place of that importance will require. Desiring that these mercies may beget trust and thankfulness to God the only author of them, and an improvement of them to His glory and the good of this poor Kingdom, I rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XLIX.

FOLLOWS here a small Note, enclosing a duplicate of the above Letter, for Fairfax; written chiefly to enforce the request as to Haselrig and Berwick,—‘Haselridge’ and ‘Barwick,’ as Oliver here spells. Haselrig is Governor of Newcastle, a man of chief authority in those Northern regions.—Fairfax, who has been surveying, regulating, and extensively dining in Townhalls, through the Eastern Counties, is now at St. Albans,†—the Army’s headquarters for some time to come.

‘To his Excellency the Lord Fairfax, at St. Albans: These.’

Berwick, 2d October, 1648.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY,

I received your late Commissions, with your directions how they shall be disposed; which I hope I shall pursue to your satisfaction.

I having sent an account to the House of Commons, am bold (being straitened in time) to present you with a Duplicate thereof, which I trust will give you satisfaction. I hope there is a very good understanding between the Honest Party of Scotland and us here; better than some would have.—Sir, I beg of your Excellency to write to Sir A. Haselrig to take care of Berwick; he having at Newcastle all things necessary for the Garrison ‘here,’ which is left destitute of all, and may be lost if

* Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 45).

† Since 16th September, Rushworth, vii., 1271.

this be not 'done.' I beg of your Lordship a Commission to be speeded to him. I have no more at present; but rest,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

In these weeks, once more, there is an intensely interesting Treaty going on in the Isle of Wight; Treaty of Forty Days with the King; solemn Parliamentary Commissioners on one hand, Majesty with due assistants on the other, very solemnly debating and negotiating day after day, for forty days and longer, in the town of Newport there.† The last hope of Presbyterian Royalism in this world. Not yet the last hope of his Majesty; who still, after all the sanguinary ruin of this year, feels himself a tower of strength; inexpugnable in his divine right, which no sane man can question; settlement of the Nation impossible without him. Happily, at any rate, it is the last of the Treaties with Charles Stuart,—for History begins to be weary of them. Treaty which came to nothing, as all the others had done. Which indeed could come only to nothing; his Majesty not having the smallest design to abide by it; his Majesty eagerly consulting about 'escape' all the while,—escape to Ormond who is now in Ireland again, escape somewhither, anywhither;—and considering the Treaty mainly as a piece of Dramaturgy, which must be handsomely done in the interim, and leave a good impression on the Public.‡ Such is the Treaty of Forty Days; a mere torpor on the page of History; which the reader shall conceive for himself *ad libitum*. The Army, from head-quarters at St. Albans, regards him and it with a sternly watchful eye; not participating in the hopes of Presbyterian Royalism at all;—and there begin to be Army Councils held again.

As for Cromwell, he is gone forward to Edinburgh; reaches Seaton, the Earl of Winton's House, which is the head-quarters

* Sloane mss., 1519, f. 92.

† Warwick, pp. 321-9; Rushworth, vii., &c., &c. Began 18th September; was lengthened out by successive permissions to the 18th, 25th, and even 27th of November.

‡ His own Letters (in Wagstaff's *Vindication of the Royal Martyr*, in *Carle's Ormond*, &c.); see Godwin, ii., 608-23.

of the horse, a few miles east of Edinburgh, on Tuesday evening. Next day, Wednesday, 4th October, 1648, come certain Dignitaries of the Argyle or Whiggamore Party, and escort him honorably into Edinburgh; 'to the Earl of Murrie's House in the Canongate' (so, in good Edinburgh Scotch, do the old Pamphlets spell it); 'where a strong guard,' an English guard, 'is appointed to keep constant watch at the Gate;' and all manner of Earls and persons of Whiggamore quality come to visit the Lieutenant-General; and even certain Clergy come, who have a leaning that way.*—The Earl of Moray's House, Moray House, still stands in the Canongate of Edinburgh, well known to the inhabitants there. A solid spacious mansion, which, when all bright and new two hundred years ago, must have been a very adequate lodging. There are remains of noble gardens; one of the noble state-rooms, when I last saw it, was an extensive Paper Warehouse. There is no doubt but the Lieutenant-General did lodge here; Guthry seeming to contradict this old Pamphlet, turns out to confirm it.†

The Lieutenant-General has received certain Votes of Parliament,‡ sanctioning what he has done in reference to these Scotch Parties, and encouraging and authorizing him to do more. Of which circumstance, in the following official Document, he fails not to avail himself, on the morrow after his arrival.

LETTER L.

For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates for the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

Edinburgh, 5th October, 1648.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

I shall ever be ready to bear witness of your Lordships' forwardness to do right to the Kingdom of England, in

* True Account of the great Expressions of Love from the Noblemen, &c., of Scotland, unto Lieutenant-General Cromwell and his Officers; In a Letter to a Friend (London, 1648; King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 392, § 26, dated with the pen 23d October): Abridged in Rushworth, vii., 1295.

† Guthry's Memoirs, p. 297. For a description of the place, see Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, 21st January, 1837.

‡ Commons Journals, 28 September, 1648.

restoring the Garrisons of Berwick and Carlisle: and having received so good a pledge of your resolutions to maintain amity and a good understanding between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, it makes me not to doubt but that your Lordships will further grant what in justice and reason may be demanded.

I can assure your Lordships, That the Kingdom of England did fore see that wicked design of the Malignants in Scotland to break all engagements of faith and honesty between the Nations, and to take from the Kingdom of England the Towns of Berwick and Carlisle. And although they could have prevented the loss of those considerable Towns, without breach of the Treaty, by laying forces near unto them; yet such was the tenderness of the Parliament of England not to give the least suspicion of a breach with the Kingdom of Scotland, that they did forbear to do anything therein. And it is not unknown to your Lordships, when the Malignants had gotten the power of your Kingdom, how they protected and employed our English Malignants, though demanded by our Parliament; and possessed themselves of those Towns;—and with what violence and unheard-of cruelties they raised an Army, and began a War, and invaded the Kingdom of England; and endeavored to the uttermost of their power, to engage both Kingdoms in a perpetual Quarrel; and what blood they have spilt in our Kingdom, and what great loss and prejudice was brought upon our Nation, even to the endangering the total ruin thereof.

And although God did, by a most mighty and strong hand, and that in a wonderful manner, destroy their designs; yet it is apparent that the same ill-affected spirit still remains; and that divers Persons of great quality and power, who were either the Contrivers, Actors, or Abettors of the late unjust War made upon the Kingdom of England, are now in Scotland; who undoubtedly do watch for all advantages and opportunities to raise dissensions and divisions between the Nations.

Now forasmuch as I am commanded, To prosecute the remaining part of the Army that invaded the Kingdom of England, wheresoever it should go, to prevent the like miseries: And considering that divers of that Army are retired into Scotland, and that some of the heads of those Malignants were raising new forces in Scotland to carry on the same design; and that they will certainly be ready to do the like upon all occasions of advantage: And forasmuch as the Kingdom of England hath lately received so great damage by the failing of the Kingdom of Scotland in not suppressing Malignants and Incendiaries as they ought to have done; and in suffering Persons to be put in places of great trust in the Kingdom, who by their interest in the Parliament and the

Countries, brought the Kingdom of Scotland so far as they could, by an unjust Engagement, to invade and make War upon their Brethren of England :

‘Therefore,’ my Lords, I hold myself obliged, in prosecution of my Duty and Instructions, to demand, That your Lordships will give assurance in the name of the Kingdom of Scotland, that you will not admit or suffer any that have been active in, or consenting to, the said Engagement against England, or have lately been in arms at Stirling or elsewhere in the maintenance of that Engagement, to be employed in any public Place or Trust whatsoever. And this is the least security I can demand. I have received an Order from both Houses of the Parliament of England,* which I hold fit to communicate to your Lordships ; whereby you will understand the readiness of the Kingdom of England to assist you who were dissenters from that Invasion : and I doubt not but your Lordships will be as ready to give such further satisfaction as they in their wisdoms shall find cause to desire.

Your Lordships’ most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

This was presented on Thursday, to the Dignitaries sitting in the Laigh Parliament-House in the City of Edinburgh. During which same day came ‘the Lord Provost to pay his respects’ at Moray House ; came ‘old Sir William Dick,’ an old Provost nearly ruined by his well-affected Loans of Money in these Wars, ‘and made an oration in name of the rest ;’—came many persons, and quality carriages, making Moray House a busy place that day ; ‘of which I hope a good fruit will appear.’

Loudon Cancellarius and Company, from the Laigh Parliament-House, respond with the amplest assent next day ‡ and on the morrow, Saturday, all business being adjusted, and Lambert left with two horse-regiments to protect the Laigh Parliament-House from Lanarks and Malignants,—‘when we were about to come away, several coaches were sent to bring up the Lieutenant-General, the Earl of Leven’ Governor of the Castle and Scotch Commander-in-chief, ‘with Sir Arthur Haselrig and the rest of

* Votes of September 25th ; Commons Journals, vi., 37 : ‘received the day we entered Edinburgh’ (Rushworth, *ubi supra*).

† King’s Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 392, § 19 : Printed by Order of Parliament.

‡ Ibid.

the Officers, to Edinburgh Castle; where was provided a very sumptuous Banquet, old Leven doing the honors, 'my Lord Marquis of Argyle and divers other Lords being present to grace the entertainment. At our departure, many pieces of ordnance and a volley of small shot was given us from the Castle; and some Lords convoying us out of the City, we there parted.' The Lord Provost had defrayed us, all the while, in the handsomest manner. We proceeded to Dalhousie, the Seat of the Ramsays, near Dalkeith; on the road towards Carlisle and home,—by Selkirk and Hawick, I conclude. Here we stay till Monday morning, and leave orders, and write Letters.

LETTER LI.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire, Speaker of the Honorable House of Commons: These.

Dalhousie, 9th October, 1648.

SIR,

In my last, wherein I gave you an account of my despatch of Colonel Bright to Carlisle, after the rendition of Berwick, I acquainted you with my intentions to go to the head-quarters of my horse at the Earl of Winton's, within six miles of Edinburgh; that from thence I might represent to the Committee of Estates, what I had further to desire in your behalf.

The next day after I came thither, I received an invitation from the Committee of Estates to come to Edinburgh; they sending to me the Lord Kircudbright and Major-General Holborn for that purpose; with whom I went the same day, being Wednesday, 4th of this instant October. We fell into consideration, What was fit further to insist upon. And being sensible that the late agreement between the Committee of Estates, and the Earls of Crawford, Glencairn, and Lanark, did not sufficiently answer my instructions, which were, To disenable them from being in power to raise new troubles to England:—therefore I held it my duty, Not to be satisfied with the mere disbanding of them; but considering their power and interest, I thought it necessary to demand concerning them and all their abettors, according to the contents of the Paper* here enclosed.

Wherein,—having received that very day your Votes for giving fur-

* Letter L.

ther assistance 'to the Well-affected in Scotland,' I did in the close thereof acquaint them with the same; reserving such further satisfaction to be given by the Kingdom of Scotland, as the Parliament of England should in their wisdom see cause to desire. The Committee of Estates 'had' sent the Earl of Cassilis, Lord Warriston, and two Gentlemen more to me, 'To receive what I had to offer unto them;—which upon Thursday I delivered. Upon Friday I received by the said persons this enclosed Answer, which is the Original itself.

Having proceeded thus far as a Soldier, and I trust, by the blessing of God, not to your disservice; and having laid the business before you, I pray God direct you to do further as may be for His glory, the good of the Nation wherewith you are intrusted, and the comfort and encouragement of the Saints of God in both Kingdoms and all the World over. I do think the affairs of Scotland are in a thriving posture, as to the interest of honest men: and 'Scotland is' like to be a better neighbor to you now than when the great pretenders to the Covenant and Religion and Treaties,—I mean Duke Hamilton, the Earls of Lauderdale, Traquair, Carnegy, and their confederates,—had the power in their hands. I dare 'be bold to' say that that Party, with their pretences, had not only, through the treachery of some in England (who have cause to blush), endangered the whole State and Kingdom of England; but also 'had' brought Scotland into such a condition, as that no honest man who had the fear of God, or a conscience of Religion, 'and' the *just* ends of the Covenant and Treaties, could have a being in that Kingdom. But God, who is not to be mocked or deceived, and is very jealous when His Name and Religion are made use of to carry on impious designs, hath taken vengeance of such profanity,—even to astonishment and admiration. And I wish from the bottom of my heart, it may cause all to tremble and repent, who have practised the like, to the blasphemy of His Name, and the destruction of His People; so as they may never presume to do the like again! And I think it is not unseasonable for me to take the humble boldness to say thus much at this time.

All the enemy's Forces in Scotland are now disbanded. The Committee of Estates have declared against all of that Party's sitting in Parliament.* Good Elections are 'already' made in divers places; of such as dissented from and opposed the late wicked Engagement: and they are now raising a force of about 4,000 Horse and Foot;—which until they can complete, they have desired me to leave them two Regiments of Horse, and two Troops of Dragoons. Which accordingly I have resolved, conceiving I had warrant by your late Votes so to do; and have left Major-General Lambert to command them.

* The Scotch Parliament, which is now getting itself elected.

I have received, and so have the officers with me, many honors and civilities, from the Committee of Estates, the City of Edinburgh, and Ministers; with a noble entertainment;—which we may not own as done to us, but as ‘done to’ your servants. I am now marching towards Carlisle; and I shall give you such further accounts of your affairs as there shall be occasion. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Cromwell, at Carlisle on the 14th, has received delivery of the Castle there, for which good news let the Messenger have 100l.† Leaving all in tolerable order in those regions, the Lieutenant-General hastens into Yorkshire to Pontefract or Pomfret Castle; a strong place which had been surprised in the beginning of the year, and is stubbornly defended; surrender being a very serious matter now; the War itself being contrary to Law and Treaty, and as good as Treason, think some.

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 392, § 19; see Commons Journals, vi., 54.

† Commons Journals, 20 October, 1648.

LETTERS LII.—LV.

THE Governor of Pontefract Castle is one Morris, once the Earl of Strafford's servant ; a desperate man : this is the Lieutenant-General's summons to him.

LETTER LII.

For the Governor of Pontefract Castle.

'Pontefract,' 9th November, 1648.

SIR,

Being come hither for the reduction of this place I thought fit to summon you to deliver your garrison to me, for the use of the Parliament. Those gentlemen and soldiers with you may have better terms than if you should hold it to extremity. I expect your answer this day, and rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Governor Morris stiffly refuses ; holds out yet a good while,—and at last loses his head at York assizes by the business.† Royalism is getting desperate ; has taken to highway robbery ; is assassinating, and extensively attempting to assassinate.‡ Two weeks ago, Sunday, 29th October, a Party sallied from this very Castle of Pontefract ; rode into Doncaster in disguise, and there, about five in the afternoon, getting into Colonel Rainsborough's lodging, stabbed him dead :—murder, or a very questionable kind of homicide !

Meanwhile, the Royal Treaty in Newport comes to no good issue, and the Forty Days are now done ; the Parliament by small and smaller instalments prolongs it, still hoping beyond hope for a good issue. The Army, sternly watchful of it from St. Albans,

* Newspapers (Cromwelliana, p. 45) ; Rushworth, vii., 1325.

† State Trials.

‡ Rushworth, vii., 1279, &c., 1315.

is presenting a Remonstrance, That a good issue lies not in it; that a good issue must be sought elsewhere than in *it*. By bringing Delinquents to justice; and the CHIEF DELINQUENT, who has again involved this Nation in blood! To which doctrine, various petitioning Counties and Parties, and a definite minority in Parliament and England generally, testify their stern adherence, at all risks and hazards whatsoever.

LETTER LIII.

JENNER, Member for Cricklade, and Ashe, Member for Westbury; these too, sitting I think in the Delinquents' Committee at Goldsmiths' Hall,—seem inclined for a milder course. Wherein the Lieutenant-General does by no means agree with the said Jenner and Ashe; having had a somewhat closer experience of the matter than they!

· ‘Colonel Owen’ seems to be a Welsh Delinquent; I suppose, the ‘Sir John Owen’ of whom there arises life-and-death question by and by. ‘The Governor of Nottingham’ is Colonel Hutchinson, whom we know. Sir Marmaduke Langdale we also know,—and ‘presume you have heard what is become of him?’ Sir Marmaduke, it was rigorously voted on the 6th of this month, is one of the ‘Seven that shall be excepted from pardon;’ whom the King himself, if he bargain with us, shall never forgive.* He escaped afterwards from Nottingham Castle, by industry of his own.

To the Honorable my honored Friends Robert Jenner and John Ashe, Esquires, ‘at London:’ These.

Knottingley, near Pontefract,
20th November, 1648.

GENTLEMEN,

I received an Order from the Governor of Nottingham, directed to him from you, to bring up Colonel Owen, or take bail for his coming up to make his composition, he having made an humble Petition to the Parliament for the same.

* Commons Journals, vi., 70.

If I be not mistaken, the House of Commons did vote all those ‘persons’ Traitors that did adhere to, or bring in, the Scots in their late Invading of this Kingdom under Duke Hamilton. And not without very clear justice ; this being a more prodigious Treason than any that had been perfected before ; because the former quarrel was that Englishmen might rule over one another ; this to vassalise us to a foreign Nation. And their fault who have appeared in this Summer’s business is certainly double to theirs who were in the first, because it is the repetition of the same offence against all the witnesses that God has borne,* by making and abetting a Second war.

And if this be their justice,† and upon so good grounds, I wonder how it comes to pass that so eminent actors should so easily be received to compound. You will pardon me if I tell you how contrary this is to some of your judgments at the rendition of Oxford : though we had the Town in consideration,‡ and ‘our’ blood saved to boot ; yet Two Years perhaps was thought too little to expiate their offence.§ But now, when you have such men in your hands, and it will cost you nothing to do justice ; now after all this trouble and the hazard of a Second War,—for a little more money¶ all offences shall be pardoned !

This Gentleman was taken with Sir Marmaduke Langdale, in their flight together:—I presume you have heard what is become of *him*. Let me remember you that out of the ‘same’ Garrison was fetched not long since (I believe while we were in heat of action) Colonel Humphrey Mathews, than whom this Cause we have fought for has not had a more dangerous enemy ;—and he not guilty only of being an enemy, out he apostatised from your Cause and Quarrel ; having been a Colonel, if not more, under you, and ‘then’ the desperatest promoter of the Welsh

* From Naseby downwards, God, in the battle-whirlwind, seemed to speak and witness very audibly.

† House of Commons’s.

‡ Town as some recompense.

§ Sentence unintelligible to the careless reader, so hasty is it, and overcrowded with meaning in the original. ‘Give me leave to tell you that, if it were contrary to some of your judgments, that at the rendition of Oxford, though we had the Town in consideration, and blood saved to boot ; yet Two Years perhaps,’ &c —Oxford was surrendered 20-24 June, 1646 ; the Malignants found there were to have a composition, not exceeding Two Years revenue for estates of inheritance (Rushworth vi., 250, 5),—which the victorious Presbyterian Party, belike Jenner and Ashe among the rest, had exclaimed against as too lenient a procedure. Very different now when the new Malignants, though a *doubly* criminal set, are bone of their own bone !

§ Goldsmiths’ Hall has a true feeling for Money ; a dimmer one for Justice, it seems

Rebellion amongst them all! And how near you were brought to ruin thereby, all men that know anything can tell;* and this man was taken away by composition, by what order I know not.

Gentlemen, though my sense does appear more severe than perhaps you would have it, yet give me leave to tell you I find a sense among the Officers concerning such things as 'the treatment of' those men to amazement;—which truly is not so much to see their blood made so cheap, as to see such manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just, no more revered.

I have directed the Governor to acquaint the Lord-General herewith; and rest,

Gentlemen,
Your most obedient servant,
OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Here is a sour morsel for Jenner and Ashe; different from what they were expecting! It is to be hoped they will digest this piece of admonition, and come forth on the morrow two sadder and two wiser men. For Colonel Owen, at all events, there is clearly no outlook, at present, but sitting reflective in the strong-room of Nottingham Castle, whither his bad Genius has led him. Who Colonel Owen was, what he had specially done, or what became of him afterwards, except that he escaped beheading on this occasion, is not known to me. His name indicates a Welsh habit; 'he was taken with Sir Marmaduke in their flight together' probably one of the Presbyterian Welshmen discomfited in June and July last, who had fled to join Hamilton, and be worse discomfited a second time. The House some days ago had voted that 'Sir John Owen,' our 'Colonel Owen' I conclude, should get off with 'banishment;' likewise that Lord Capel, the Earl of Holland, and other capital Delinquents should be 'banished;' and even that James Earl of Cambridge (James Duke of Hamilton) should be '*fined* 100,000*l.*' Such votes are not unlikely to produce 'a sense amongst the Officers,' who had to grapple with these men, as with devouring dragons lately, life to life. Such votes—will need to be rescinded.‡ Such, and some others! For

* Witness Chepstow, St. Fagan's, Pembroke:—'this man' is Mathews.

† Sloane MSS., 1519, fol. 94

‡ Passed, 10 November, 1648 (Commons Journals, vi., 3); repealed, 13 December (with a Declaration; Somers Tracts, v., 167).

indeed the Presbyterian Party has rallied in the House during the late high blaze of Royalism ; and got a Treaty set on foot as we saw, and even got the Eleven brought back again.—

Jenner and Ashe are old stagers, having entered Parliament at the beginning. They are frequently seen in public business ; assiduous subalterns. Ashe sat afterwards in Oliver's Parliaments.* Of this Ashe I will remember another thing : once, some years ago, when the House was about thanking some Monthly-fast Preacher, Ashe said pertinently, "What is the use of thanking a preacher who spoke so low that nobody could hear him?"†

Colonel Humphrey Mathews, we are glad to discover,‡ was one of the persons taken in Pembroke Castle by Oliver himself in July last : brought along with him, on the march towards Preston, and left, as the other Welsh Prisoners were, at Nottingham ;—out of which most just duranee some pragmatial official, Ashe, Jenner, or another, 'by what order I know not,' has seen good to deliver him ; him, 'the desperatest promoter of the Welsh Rebellion amongst them all.' Such is red-tape even in a Heroic Puritanic Age ! No wonder 'the Officers have a sense of it,' amounting even 'to amazement.' Our blood that we have shed in the Quarrel, this you shall account as nothing, since you so please ; but these 'manifest witnessings of God, so terrible and so just,'—are they not witnessings of God ; are they mere sports of chance ? Ye wretched infidel red-tape mortals, what will or can become of you ? By and by, if this course hold, it will appear that 'You are no Parliament ;' that you are a nameless unbelieving rabble, with the mere title of Parliament, who must go about your business elsewhither, with soldiers' pikes in your rearward !—

* Parliamentary History, xxi., 3.

† D'Ewes's ms., p 414.

‡ Cromwelliana, pp. 41, 42.

LETTER LIV.

‘All the Regiments here have petitioned my Lord General against the ‘Treaty’ at Newport, ‘and for Justice and a Settlement of the Kingdom. They desired the Lieutenant-General to recommend their Petition ; which he hath done in the Letter following ;’—which is of the same date, and goes in the same bag with tna: to Jenner and Ashe, just given.

For his Excellency the Lord General Fairfax, ‘at St. Albans : These.

Knottingley, 20th November, 1648.

MY LORD,

I find in the Officers of the Regiments a very great sense of the sufferings of this poor Kingdom ; and in them all a very great zeal to have impartial Justice done upon offenders. And I must confess I do in all, from my heart, concur with them ; and I verily think and am persuaded they are things which God puts into our hearts.

I shall not need to offer anything to your Excellency : I know, God teaches you ; and that He hath manifested His presence so to you as that you will give glory to Him in the eyes of all the world. I held it my duty, having received these Petitions and Letters, and being ‘so’ desired by the framers thereof,—to present them to you. The good Lord work His will upon your heart enabling you to *it* ; and the presence of Almighty God go along with you. Thus prays,

My Lord,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This same day, Monday, 20th November, 1648, the Army from St. Albans, by Colonel Ewer and a Deputation, presents its humble unanimous ‘Remonstrance’ to the House ; craving that the same be taken ‘into speedy and serious consideration.† It is indeed a most serious Document ; tending to the dread Unknown ! Whereupon ensue ‘high debates,’ Whether we shall take it into consideration ? Debates to be resumed this day week. The Army, before this day week, moves up to Windsor ;

* Rushworth, vii., 1339.

† Commons Journals, vi., S1 ; Remonstrance itself in Rushworth, vii., 1330.

will see a little what consideration there is. Newport Treaty is just expiring; Presbyterian Royalism, on the brink of desperate crises, adds still two days of life to it.

LETTER IV.

THE Army came to Windsor on Saturday, the 25th; on which same day Oliver, from Knottingley, is writing a remarkable Letter, the last of the series, to Hammond in the Isle of Wight, who seems to be in much strait about 'that Person' and futile Treaty now under his keeping there.

To Colonel Robert Hammond: These.

'Knottingley, near Pontefract,'
25th November, 1648.

DEAR ROBIN,

No man rejoiceth more to see a line from thee than myself. I know thou hast long been under trial. Thou shalt be no loser by it. All 'things' must work for the best.

Thou desirest to hear of my experiences. I can tell thee: I am such a one as thou didst formerly know, having a body of sin and death; but I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord there is no condemnation, though much infirmity; and I wait for the redemption. And in this poor condition I obtain mercy, and sweet consolation through the Spirit. And find abundant cause every day to exalt the Lord, and abase flesh,—and herein* I have some exercise.

As to outward dispensations, if we may so call them: we have not been without our share of beholding some remarkable providences, and appearances of the Lord. His presence hath been amongst us, and by the light of His countenance we have prevailed.† We are sure, the good will of Him who dwelt in the Bush has shined upon us; and we can humbly say, We know in whom we have believed; who can and will perfect what remaineth, and us also in doing what is well-pleasing in his eyesight.

I find some trouble in your spirit; occasioned first, not only by the continuance of your sad and heavy burden, as you call it, but 'also' by the dissatisfaction you take at the ways of some good men whom you

* 'And in the latter respect at least.'

† At Preston, &c.

love with your heart, who through this principle, That it is lawful for a lesser part, if in the right, to force 'a numerical majority,' &c.

To the first: Call not your burden sad or heavy. If your Father laid it upon you, He intended neither. He is the Father of lights, from whom comes every good and perfect gift; who of His own will begot us, and bade us count it all joy when such things befall us; they being for the exercise of faith and patience, *whereby in the end* (James i.) *we shall be made perfect.*

Dear Robin, our fleshly reasonings ensnare us. These make us say, "heavy," "sad," "pleasant," "easy." Was there not a little of this when Robert Hammond, through dissatisfaction too, desired retirement from the Army, and thought of quiet in the Isle of Wight? * Did not God find him out there? I believe he will never forget this.—And now I perceive he is to seek again; partly through his sad and heavy burden, and partly through his dissatisfaction with friends' actings.

Dear Robin, thou and I were never worthy to be door-keepers in this Service. If thou wilt seek, seek to know the mind of God in all that chain of Providence, whereby God brought thee thither, and that Person to thee; how, before and since, God has ordered him, and affairs concerning him: and then tell me, Whether there be not some glorious and high meaning in all this, above what thou hast yet attained? And, laying aside thy fleshly reason, seek of the Lord to teach thee what that is; and he will do it. I dare be positive to say, It is not that the wicked should be exalted that God should so appear as indeed He hath done. † For there is no peace to *them*. No, it is set upon the hearts of such as fear the Lord, and we have witness upon witness, That it shall go ill with them and their partakers. I say again, seek that spirit to teach thee; which is the spirit of knowledge and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, of wisdom and of the fear of the Lord. That spirit will close thine eyes and stop thine ears, so that thou shalt not judge by them; but thou shalt judge for the meek of the Earth, and thou shalt be made able to do accordingly. The Lord direct thee to that which is well-pleasing in His eyesight.

As to thy dissatisfaction with friends' actings upon that supposed principle, I wonder not at that. If a man take not his own burden well, he shall hardly others'; especially if involved by so near a relation of love and Christian brotherhood as thou art. I shall not take upon me to satisfy; but I hold myself bound to lay my thoughts before so dear a friend. The Lord do His own will.

* 6th September of the foregoing year.

† For other purposes that God has so manifested Himself as, in these transactions of ours, He has done.

You say: "God hath appointed authorities among the nations, to which active or passive obedience is to be yielded. This resides in England in the Parliament. Therefore active or passive resistance," &c.

Authorities and powers are the ordinance of God. This or that species is of human institution, and limited, some with larger, others with stricter bands, each one according to its constitution. 'But' I do not therefore think the Authorities may do *anything*,* and yet such obedience be due. All agree that there are cases in which it is lawful to resist. If so, your ground fails, and so likewise the inference. Indeed, dear Robin, not to multiply words, the query is, Whether ours be such a case? This ingenuously is the true question.

To this I shall say nothing, though I could say very much; but only desire thee to see what thou findest in thy own heart to two or three plain considerations: *First*, Whether *Salus Populi* be a sound position? † *Secondly*, Whether in the way in hand, ‡ really and before the Lord, before whom conscience has to stand, this be provided for;—or if the whole fruit of the War is not like to be frustrated, and all most like to turn to what it was, and worse? And this, contrary to Engagements, explicit Covenants with those§ who ventured their lives upon those Covenants and Engagements, without whom perhaps, in equity, relaxation ought not to be? *Thirdly*, Whether this Army be not a lawful Power, called by God to oppose and fight against the King upon some stated grounds; and being in power to such ends, may not oppose one Name of Authority, for those ends, as well as another Name,—since it was not the outward Authority summoning them that by *its* power made the quarrel lawful, but the quarrel was lawful in itself? If so, it may be, acting will be justified *in foro humano*.—But truly this kind of reasonings may be but fleshly either with or against: only it is good to try what truth may be in them. And the Lord teach us.

My dear Friend, let us look into providences; surely they mean somewhat. They hang so together; have been so constant, so clear, unclouded. Malice, sworn malice against God's people, now called "Saints," to root out their name;—and yet they, 'these poor Saints,' getting arms, and therein blessed with defence and more!—I desire, he that is for a principle of suffering|| would not too much slight this. I slight not him who is so minded: but let us beware lest fleshly reasoning see more

* Whatsoever they like

† 'The safety of the people (the supreme law) is that a true doctrine or a false one?'

‡ By this Parliamentary Treaty with the King.

§ Us soldiers.

|| Passive obedience.

safety in making use of this principle than in acting! Who acts, if he resolve not through God to be willing to part with all? Our hearts are very deceitful, on the right and on the left.

What think you of Providence disposing the hearts of so many of God's people this way,—especially in this poor Army, wherein the great God has vouchsafed to appear! I know not one Officer among us but is on the increasing hand.* And let me say, it is after much patience,—here in the North. We trust, the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And all contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts *our* hearts could wish to enjoy as well as others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies:—not few; even all that is glorious in this world. Appearance of united names, titles and authorities 'all against us;'—and yet not terrified 'we:' only desiring to fear our great God, that we do nothing against His will. Truly this is our condition.†

And to conclude. We in this Northern Army were in a waiting posture; desiring to see what the Lord would lead us to. And a Declaration‡ is put out, at which many are shaken:—although we could perhaps have wished the stay of it till after the Treaty, yet seeing it is come out, we trust to rejoice in the will of the Lord, waiting His farther pleasure.—Dear Robin, beware of men; look up to the Lord. Let Him be free to speak and command in thy heart. Take heed of the things I fear thou hast reasoned thyself into; and thou shalt be able through Him, without consulting flesh and blood, to do valiantly for Him and His people.

Thou mentionest somewhat as if, by acting against such opposition as is like to be, there will be a tempting of God. Dear Robin, tempting of God ordinarily is either by acting presumptuously in carnal confidence, or in unbelief through diffidence: both these ways Israel tempted God in the wilderness, and He was grieved by them. Not the

* Come or coming over to this opinion.

† The incorrect original, rushing on in an eager ungrammatical manner, were it not that common readers might miss the meaning of it, would please me better; at any rate I subjoin it here as somewhat characteristic: 'And let me say it is here in the North after much patience, we trust the same Lord who hath framed our minds in our actings is with us in this also. And this contrary to a natural tendency, and to those comforts our hearts could wish to enjoy with others. And the difficulties probably to be encountered with, and the enemies, not few, even all that is glorious in this world, with appearance of united names, titles and authorities, and yet not terrified, only,' &c.

‡ Remonstrance of the Army, presented by Ewer on Monday last.

encountering 'of' difficulties, therefore, makes us to tempt God; but the acting before and without faith.* If the Lord have in any measure persuaded His people, as generally He hath, of the lawfulness, nay of the *duty*—this persuasion prevailing upon the heart is faith and acting thereupon is acting in faith; and the more the difficulties are, the more the faith. And it is most sweet that he who is not persuaded have patience towards them that are, and judge not: and this will free thee from the trouble of others' actings, which, thou sayest, adds to thy grief. Only let me offer two or three things, and I have done.

Dost thou not think this fear of the Levellers (of whom there is no fear) "that they would destroy Nobility," '&c.' has caused some to take up corruption, and find it lawful to make this ruining hypocritical Agreement, on one part?† Hath not this biassed even some good men? I will not say, the thing they fear will come upon them; but if it do, they will bring it upon themselves. Have not some of our friends, by their passive principle (which I judge not, only I think it liable to temptation as well as the active, and neither of them good but as we are led into them of God, and neither of them to be reasoned into, because the heart is deceitful),—been occasioned to overlook what is just and honest, and to think the people of God may have as much or more good the one way than the other? Good by this Man,—against whom the Lord hath witnessed; and whom thou knowest! Is this so in their hearts; or is it reasoned, forced in?‡

Robin, I have done. Ask we our hearts, Whether we think that, after all, these dispensations, the like to which many generations cannot afford,—should end in so corrupt reasonings of good men: and should so hit the designings of bad? Thinkest thou in thy heart that the glorious dispensations of God point out to this? Or to teach His people to trust in Him, and to wait for better things,—when, it may be, better are sealed to many of their spirits?§ And I, as a poor looker-on, I had rather live in the hope of that spirit 'which believes that God doth so teach us,' and take my share with *them*, expecting a good issue, than be led away with the others.

* Very true, my Lord General,—then, now, and always!

† Hollow Treaty at Newport.

‡ I think it is 'reasoned' in, and by bad arguments too, my Lord General! The inner heart of the men in real contact with the inner heart of the matter had little to do with all that:—alas, *was* there ever any such 'contact' with the real truth of any matter, on the part of such men, your Excellency!

§ Already indubitably sure to many of them.

This trouble I have been at, because my soul loves thee, and I would not have thee swerve, or lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into thy hand The Lord be thy counsellor. Dear Robin, I rest thine,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Colonel Hammond, the ingenuous young man whom Oliver much loves, did not receive this Letter at the Isle of Wight whither it was directed; young Colonel Hammond is no longer there. On Monday the 27th, there came to him Colonel Ewer, he of the Remonstrance; Colonel Ewer with new force, with an Order from the Lord General and Army Council that Colonel Hammond do straightway repair to Windsor, being wanted at head-quarters there. A young Colonel, with dubitations such as those of Hammond's, will not suit in that Isle at present. Ewer, on the Tuesday night, a night of storm and pouring rain, besets his Majesty's lodgings in the Town of Newport (for his Majesty is still on parole there) with strange soldiers, in a strange state of readiness, the smoke of their gun-matches poisoning the air of his Majesty's apartment itself;—and on the morrow morning, at eight of the clock, calls out his Majesty's coach; moves off with his Majesty in grim reticence and rigorous military order, to Hurst Castle, a small solitary stronghold on the opposite beach yonder.†

For at London matters are coming rapidly to a crisis. The resumed Debate, "Shall the Army Remonstrance be taken into consideration?" does not come out affirmative; on the contrary, on Monday the 30th, it comes out negative by a Majority of Ninety: "No, we will not take it into consideration." No? The Army at Windsor, thereupon, spends again 'a Day in Prayer.'

The Army at Windsor has decided on the morrow that it will march to London;—marches, arrives, accordingly, on Saturday December 2d; quarters itself in Whitehall, in St. James's; 'and other great vacant Houses in the skirts of the City and Villages about, no offence being given anywhere.'‡ In the drama of Modern History one knows not any graver, more noteworthy

* Birch, p. 101; ends the Volume.

† Colonel Cook's Narrative, in Rushworth, vii., 1344.

‡ Rushworth, vii., 1350.

scene ;—earnest as very Death and Judgment. They have decided to have Justice, these men ; to see God's Justice done, and His judgments executed on this Earth. The abysses where the thunders and the splendors are bred,—the reader sees them again laid bare : and black Madness lying close to the Wisdom which is brightest and highest ;—and owls and godless men who hate the lightning and the light, and love the mephitic dusk and darkness, are no judges of the actions and heroes ! ‘Shedders of blood ?’ Yes, blood is occasionally shed. The healing Surgeon, the sacrificial Priest, the august Judge pronouncer of God's oracles to men, these and the atrocious Murderer are alike shedders of blood ; and it is an owl's eye that, except for the *dresses* they wear, discerns no difference in these !—Let us leave the owl to his hootings ; let us get on with our Chronology and swift course of events.

On *Monday, 4th December*, the House, for the last time, takes ‘into farther debate’ the desperate question, Whether his Majesty's concessions in that Treaty of Newport are a ground of settlement ?—debates it all Monday ; has debated it all Friday and Saturday before. Debates it all Monday, ‘till five o'clock next morning ;’ at five o'clock next morning, decides it, Yea. By a Majority of Forty-six, One-hundred and twenty-nine to Eighty-three, it is at five o'clock on Tuesday morning decided, Yea, they are a ground of settlement. The Army Chiefs and the Minority consult together, in deep and deepest deliberation, through the night ; not, I suppose, without Prayer ; and on the morrow morning this is what we see :

Wednesday, 6th December, 1648, ‘Colonel Rich's regiment of horses and Colonel Pride's regiment of foot were a guard to the Parliament ; and the City Trainbands were discharged’ from that employment.* Yes, they were ! Colonel's Rich's horse stand ranked in Palaceyard, Colonel Pride's foot in Westminster Hall and at all entrances to the Commons House, this day : and in Colonel Pride's hand is a written list of names, names of the chief among the Hundred and twenty-nine ; and at his side is my Lord Grey of Groby, who, as this Member after that comes

* Ruskworth, vii., 1353.

up, whispers or beckons, "He is one of them; he cannot enter!" And Pride gives the word, "To the Queen's Court;" and Member after Member is marched thither, Forty-one of them this day; and kept there in a state bordering on rabidity, asking, By what Law? and ever again, By what Law? Is there a color or faintest shadow of Law, to be found in any of the Books, Year-books, Rolls of Parliament, Bractons, Fletas, Cokes upon Lyttleton, for this? Hugh Peters visits them; has little comfort, no light as to the Law; confesses, "It is by the Law of Necessity; truly, by the Power of the Sword."

It must be owned the Constable's baton is fairly down, this day; overborne by the Power of the Sword, and a Law not to be found in any of the Books. At night the distracted Forty-one are marched to Mr. Duke's Tavern hard-by, a 'Tavern called Hell;' and very imperfectly accommodated for the night. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who has ceased taking notes long since; Mr. William Prynne, louder than any in the question of Law; Waller, Massey, Harley, and others of the old Eleven, are of this unlucky Forty-one; among whom too we count little Clement Walker 'in his grey suit with his little stick,'*—asking in the voice of the indomitablest terrier or Blenheim cocker, "By what Law? I ask again, By what Law?" Whom no mortal will ever be able to answer. Such is the far-famed Purging of the House by Colonel Pride.

This evening, while the Forty-one are getting lodged in Mr. Duke's, Lieutenant-General Cromwell came to Town. Pontefract Castle is not taken; he has left Lambert looking after that, and come up hither to look after more important things.

The Commons on Wednesday did send out to demand 'the Members of this House' from Colonel Pride; but Pride made respectful evasive answer;—could not for the moment comply with the desires of the honorable House. On the Thursday Lieutenant-General Cromwell is thanked; and *Pride's Purge* continues: new men of the Majority are seized; others scared away need no seizing;—above a Hundred in all;* who are sent into their countries, sent into the Tower; sent out of our way, and

* List in Rushworth, p. 1355.

† List in Somers Tracts, vi., 37;—very incorrect, as all the Lists are.

trouble us no farther. The Minority has now become Majority ; there is now clear course for it, clear resolution there has for some time back been in it. What its resolution was, and its action that it did in pursuance thereof, 'an action not done in a corner, but in sight of all the Nations,' and of God who made the Nations, we know, and the whole world knows !—

DEATH-WARRANT.

THE Trial of Charles Stuart falls not to be described in this place ; the deep meanings that lie in it cannot be so much as glanced at here. Oliver Cromwell attends in the High Court of Justice at every session except one ; Fairfax sits only in the first. Ludlow, Whalley, Walton, names known to us, are also constant attendants in that High Court, during that long-memorable Month of January, 1649. The King is thrice brought to the Bar ; refuses to plead, comports himself with royal dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right ; 'smiles' contemptuously, 'looks with an austere countenance ;'—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him. But they were men sufficiently provided with daring ; men, we are bound to see, who sat there as in the Presence of the Maker of all men, as executing the judgments of Heaven above, and had not the fear of any man or thing on the Earth below. Bradshaw said to the King, "Sir, you are not permitted to issue out in these discoursings. This Court is satisfied of its authority. No Court will bear to hear its authority questioned in that manner."—"Clerk, read the Sentence !"—

And so, under date 29th January, 1648-9, there is this stern Document to be introduced ; not specifically of Oliver's composition ; but expressing in every letter of it the conviction of Oliver's heart, in this, one of his most important appearances on the stage of earthly life.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks, and Lieutenant-Colonel Phayr, and to every of them.

At the High Court of Justice for the Trying and Judging of Charles Stuart, King of England, 29th January, 1648.

WHEREAS Charles Stuart, King of England, is and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of High Treason and other high Crimes; and Sentence upon Saturday last was pronounced against him by this Court, To be put to death by the severing of his head from his body; of which Sentence execution yet remaineth to be done:

These are therefore to will and require you to see the said Sentence executed, in the open Street before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the Thirtieth day of this instant month of January, between the hours of Ten in the morning and Five in the afternoon, with full effect. And for so doing, this shall be your warrant.

And these are to require all Officers and Soldiers, and others the good People of this Nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

Given under our hands and seals,

JOHN BRADSHAW.

THOMAS GREY, 'LORD GROBY.'

OLIVER CROMWELL.

(' and Fifty-six others. ')*

" *Ipsis molossis ferociores*, More savage than their own mastiffs!" shrieks Saumaise; † shrieks all the world, in unmelodious soul-confusing diapason of distraction,—happily at length grown very faint in our day. The truth is, no modern reader can conceive the then atrocity, ferocity, unspeakability of this fact. First, after long reading in the old dead Pamphlets does one see the magnitude of it. To be equalled, nay to be preferred think some, in point of horror, to ' the Crucifixion of Christ. ' Alas, in these irreverent times of ours, if all the Kings of Europe were to be cut in pieces at one swoop, and flung in heaps in St. Mar-

* Rushworth, vii., 1426: Nalson's Trial of King Charles (London, 1684): Phelps's Trial of, &c., &c.

† *Salmasii Clamor Regii Sanguinis.*

garet's Churchyard on the same day, the emotion would, in strict arithmetical truth, be small in comparison! We know it not, this atrocity of the English Regicides; shall never know it. I reckon it perhaps the most daring action any Body of Men to be met with in History ever, with clear consciousness, deliberately set themselves to do. Dread Phantoms, glaring supernal on you—when once they are quelled and their light snuffed out, none knows the terror of the Phantom! 'The Phantom is a poor paper-lantern with a candle-end in it, which any whipster dare now beard.

A certain Queen in some South-Sea Island, I have read in Missionary Books, had been converted to Christianity; did not any longer believe in the old gods. She assembled her people; said to them, 'My faithful People, the gods do *not* dwell in that burning-mountain in the centre of our Isle. That is not God; no, that is a common burning-mountain,—mere culinary fire burning under peculiar circumstances. See, I will walk before you to that burning-mountain; will empty my washbowl into it, cast my slipper over it, defy it to the uttermost, and stand the consequences!'—She walked accordingly, this South-Sea Heroine, nerved to the sticking-place; her people following in pale horror and expectancy: she did her experiment; and, I am told, they have truer notions of the gods in that Island ever since. Experiment which it is now very easy to *repeat*, and very needless. Honor to the Brave who deliver us from Phantom-dynasties, in South-Sea Islands and in North!

This action of the English Regicides did in effect strike a damp like death though the heart of Flunkeyism universally in this world. Whereof Flunkeyism, Cant, Cloth-worship, or whatever ugly name it have, has gone about incurably sick ever since; and is now at length, in these generations, very rapidly dying. The like of which action will not be needed for a thousand years again. Needed, alas—not till a new genuine Hero-worship has arisen, has perfected itself; and had time to degenerate into a Flunkeyism and Cloth-worship again! Which I take to be a very long date indeed.

Thus ends the Second Civil War. In Regicide, in a Common-

wealth and Keepers of the Liberties of England. In punishment of Delinquents, in abolition of Cobwebs;—if it be possible, in a Government of Heroism and Veracity; at lowest, of Anti-Flunkeyism, Anti-Cant, and the *endeavor* after Heroism and Veracity.



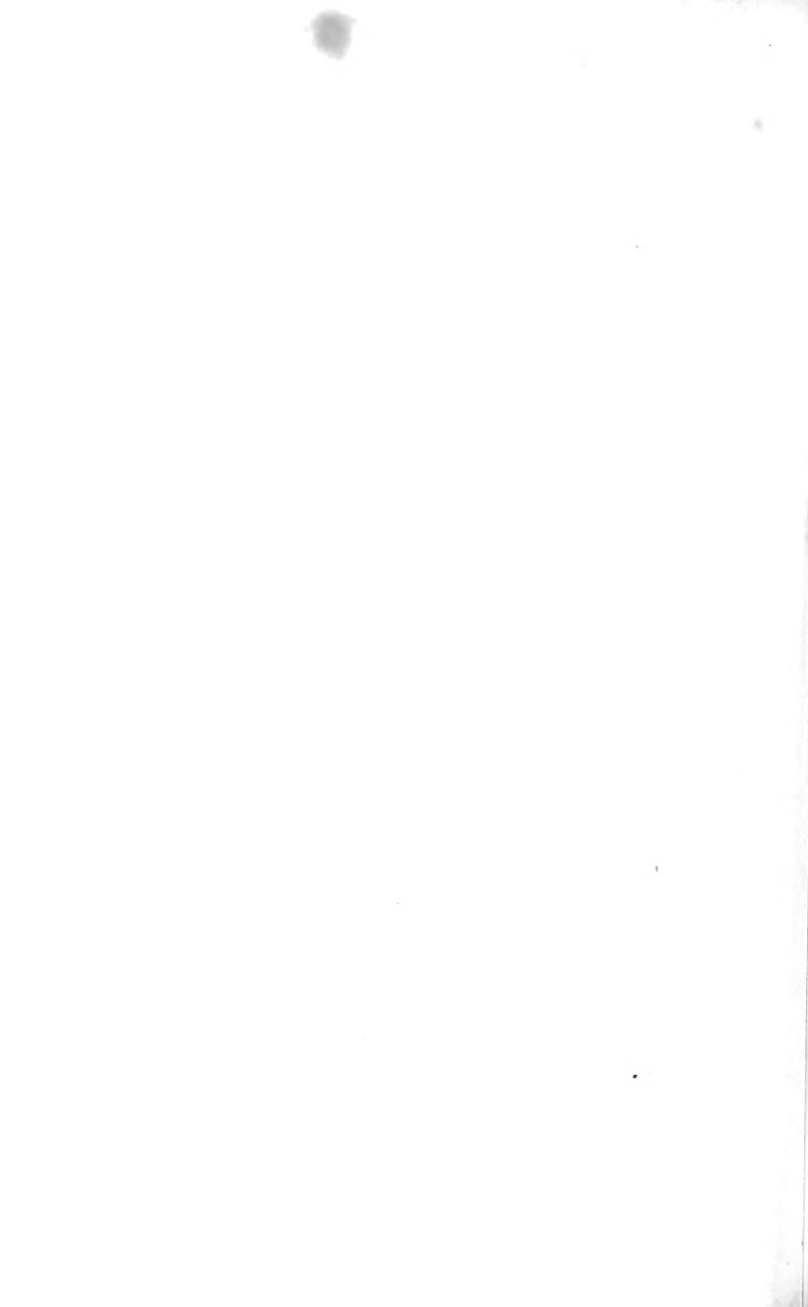
CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.



PART V.

CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

1649.



LETTERS LVI.—LXV.

On *Tuesday, 30th January, 1648-9*, it is ordered in the Commons House, 'That the Post be stayed until to-morrow morning, ten of the clock : ' and the same afternoon, the King's Execution having now taken place, Edward Dendy Sergeant at Arms, with due trumpeters, pursuivants and horse-troops, notifies, loud as he can blow, at Cheapside, and elsewhere, openly to all men, 'That who-soever shall proclaim a new King, Charles Second or another, without authority of Parliament, in this Nation of England, shall be a Traitor and suffer death. For which service, on the morrow, each trumpeter receives 'ten shillings' of the public money, and Sergeant Dendy himself—shall see what he will receive.* And all Sheriffs, Mayors of Towns and such like are to do the same in their respective localities, that the fact be known to every one.

After which follow, in Parliament and out of it, such debates, committee-ings, consultings towards a Settlement of this Nation, as the reader can in a dim way sufficiently fancy for himself on considering the two following facts. *First*, 'That on *February 13th*, Major Thomas Scot, an honorable Member whom we shall afterwards know better, brings in his Report or Ordinance for a COUNCIL OF STATE to be henceforth the Executive among us ; which Council, to the number of Forty-one Persons, is thereupon nominated by Parliament ; and begins its Sessions at Derby House on the 17th. Bradshaw, Fairfax, Cromwell, Whitlocke, Harry Marten, Ludlow, Vane the Younger, and others whom we know, are of this Council.

Second, 'That, after much adjustment and new-modelling, new Great Seals, new Judges, Sergeants' Maces, there comes out, on *May 19th*, an emphatic Act, brief as Sparta, in these words : ' Be it declared and enacted by this present Parliament, and by

* Commons Journals, vi., 126 ; Scobell's Acts and Ordinances (London, 1658, 1657), ii., 3.

the authority of the same: That the People of England, and of all the dominions and territories thereunto belonging, are and shall be, and are hereby constituted, made, established and confirmed to be, A Commonwealth or Free-State; and shall from henceforth be governed as a Commonwealth and Free-State,—by the Supreme Authority of this Nation the Representatives of the People in Parliament, and by such as they shall appoint and constitute officers and ministers under them for the good of the People; and that without any King or House of Lords.*—What modelling and consulting has been needed in the interim the reader shall conceive.

Strangely enough, among which great national transactions the following small family-matters again turn up; asserting that they too had right to happen in this world, and keep memory of themselves,—and show how a Lieutenant-General's mind, busy pulling down Idolatrous Kingships, and setting up Religious Commonwealths, has withal an idle eldest Son to marry!—

There occurred 'a stick,' as we saw some time ago,† in this Marriage-treaty: but now it gathers life again;—and, not to agitate the reader's sympathies overmuch, we will say at once that it took effect this time; that Richard Cromwell was actually wedded to Dorothy Mayor, at Hursley, on Mayday, 1649;‡ and one point fairly settled at last!—But now mark farther how Anne, second daughter of the House of Hursley, came to be married not long after to 'John Dunch of Pusey in Berkshire;' which Dunch of Pusey had a turn for collecting Letters. How Dunch, groping about Hursley in subsequent years, found 'Seventeen Letters of Cromwell,' and collected them, and laid them up at Pusey; how, after a century or so, Horace Walpole, likewise a collector of Letters, got his eye upon them; transcribed them, imparted them to dull Harris.§ From whom, accordingly, here they still are and continue. This present fascicle of Ten is drawn principally from the Pusey stock; the remainder will introduce themselves in due course.

* Scobell, ii., 30; Commons Journals, 19 May.

† Letter XXXVI., p. 247.

‡ Noble, i., 188.

§ Harris, p. 504

LETTER LVI.

Colonel Norton, 'dear Dick,' was purged out by Pride: lazy Dick and lazy Frank Russel were both purged out, or scared away, and are in the lists of the Excluded. Dick, we infer, is now somewhat estranged from Cromwell; probably both Dick and Frank; Frank returned, Dick never did. And so, there being now no 'dear Norton' on the spot, the Lieutenant-General applies to Mr. Robinson the pious Preacher at Southampton, of whom we transiently heard already;—a priest and counsellor, and acting as such, to all parties.

For my very loving Friend, Mr. Robinson, Preacher at Southampton: These.

'London,' 1st February, 1648.

SIR,

I thank you for your kind Letter. As to the business you mention, I desire to use this plainness with you.

When the last overture was, between me and Mr. Mayor, by the kindness of Colonel Norton,—after the meeting I had with Mr. Mayor at Farnham, I desired the Colonel (finding, as I thought, some scruples in Mr. Mayor), To know of him whether his mind was free to the thing or not. Col. Norton gave me this account, That Mr. Mayor, by reason of some matters as they then stood, was not very free thereunto. Whereupon I did acquiesce, submitting to the providence of God.

Upon your reviving of the business to me, and your Letter, I think fit to return you this answer, and to say in plainness of spirit to you: That, upon your testimony of the Gentlewoman's worth, and the common report of the piety of the family, I shall be willing to entertain the renewing of the motion, upon such conditions as may be to mutual satisfaction. Only I think that a speedy resolution will be very convenient to both parties. The Lord direct all to His glory.

I desire your prayers therein; and rest,

Your very affectionate friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'February 1st,'—it is Thursday; the King was executed on Tuesday: Robinson at Southampton, I think, must have been writing at the very time.

* Harris, p. 504; one of the seventeen Letters found at Pusev.

On Tuesday night last, a few hours after the King's Execution, Marquis Hamilton had escaped from Windsor, and been retaken in Southwark next morning, Wednesday morning. 'Knocking at a door,' he was noticed by three troopers; who questioned him, detected him;* and bringing him to the Parliament Authorities, made 40*l.* a-piece^e by him. He will be tried speedily, by a new High Court of Justice; he and others.

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers, and all Persons whom these may concern.

WHEREAS John Stanley of Dalegarth, in the County of Cumberland, Esquire, hath subscribed to his Composition, and paid and secured his Fine, according to the direction of Parliament:

These are to require you to permit and suffer him and his servants quietly to pass into Dalegarth above-said, with their horses and swords, and to forbear to molest or trouble him or any of his Family there: without seizing or taking away any of his horses, or other goods or estate whatsoever; and to permit and suffer him or any of his Family, at any time, to pass to any place, about his or their occasions; without offering any injury to him or any of his Family, either at Dalegarth, or in his or their travels: As you will answer your contempt at your utmost perils.

Given under my hand and seal this 2d of February, 1648.

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Oliver's seal of 'six quarterings' is at the top. Of course only the seal and signature are specially his: but this one Pass may stand here as the sample of many that were then circulating,—emblem of a time of war, distress, uncertainty and danger, which then was.

The 2d of February is Friday. Yesterday, Thursday, there was question in the House of 'many Gentlemen from the Northern Counties, who do attend about Town to make their composi-

* Cromwelliana, p. 51.

† Jefferson's History and Antiquities of Allerdale Ward, Cumberland (Carlisle, 1842), p. 254.

tions,' and of what is to be done with them.* The late business that ended in Preston Fight had made many new delinquents in those parts; whom now we see painfully with pale faces dancing attendance in Goldsmiths' Hall,—not to say knocking importunately at doors in the grey of the morning, in danger of their life! Stanley of Dalegarth has happily got his composition finished, his Pass signed by the Lieutenant-General; and may go home with subdued thankfulness in a whole skin. Dalegarth Hall is still an estate or farm, in the southern extremity of Cumberland; on the Esk river, in the Ravenglass district; not far from that small Lake which Tourists go to see under the name of *Derock Water*. Quiet life to Stanley there!

LETTER LVII.

For my very worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esq.: These.

'London,' 12th February, 1648.

SIR,

I received some intimations formerly, and by the last return from Southampton a Letter from Mr. Robinson, concerning the reviving of the last year's motion touching my Son and your Daughter. Mr. Robinson was also pleased to send enclosed in his a Letter from you, bearing date the 5th of this instant February, wherein I find your willingness to entertain any good means for the completing of that business.

From whence I take encouragement to send my Son to wait upon you; and by him to let you know, That my desires are, if Providence so dispose, very full and free to the thing,—if, upon an interview, there prove also a freedom in the young persons thereunto. What liberty you will give herein, I wholly submit to you.

I thought fit, in my Letter to Mr. Robinson, to mention somewhat of expedition; because indeed I know not how soon I may be called into the field, or other occasions may remove me from hence; having for the present some liberty of stay in London. The Lord direct all to His glory. I rest,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

* Commons Journals, *in die*.

† Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen.

Thomas Scott is big with a Council of State at present; he produces it in the House to-morrow morning, 13th February; and the List of actual Councillors, as we said, is voted the next day.

There is also frequent debate about Ireland* in these days, and what is to be done for relief of it: the Marquis of Ormond, furnished with a commission from the Prince, who now calls himself Charles II., reappeared there last year; has, with endless patience and difficulty, patched up some kind of alliance with the Papists, Nuncio Papists and Papists of the Pale; and so far as numbers go, looks very formidable. One does not know how soon one 'may be called into the field.' However, there will several things turn up to be settled first.

ORDER.

ON the Saturday 17th February 1648-9, more properly on Monday 19th, the Council of State first met, to constitute itself and begin despatch of business.† Cromwell seems to have been their first President. At first it had been decided that they should have no constant President; but after a time, the inconveniences of such a method were seen into, and Bradshaw was appointed to the office.

The Minute-book of this Council of State, written in the clear old hand of Walter Frost, still lies complete in the State-Paper Office: as do the whole Records of the Committee of Both Kingdoms, of the Committee of Sequestrations in Goldsmiths' Hall, and many other Committees and officialities of the Period. By the long labor of Mr. Lemon, these waste Documents, now gathered into volumes, classed, indexed, methodised, have become singularly accessible. Well read, the thousandth or perhaps ten-thousandth part of them well excerpted, and the nine hundred and ninety-nine parts well forgotten, much light for what is really English History might still be gathered there. Alas, if the 30,000*l.* wasted in mere stupidities upon the old-parchment Re-

* Cromwelliana, 14th February, &c.

† Commons Journals, vi., 146.

cord Commission, had been expended upon wise labors here!—
But to our ‘*Order.*’

Sir Oliver Fleming, a most gaseous but indisputable historical Figure, of uncertain genesis, uncertain habitat, glides through the old Books as ‘Master of the Ceremonies,’—master of one knows not well what. In the end of 1643 he clearly is nominated ‘Master of the Ceremonies’ by Parliament itself;* and glides out and in ever after, presiding over ‘Dutch Ambassadors,’ ‘Swedish Ambassadors’ and such like, to the very end of the Protectorate. A Blessed Restoration, of course, relieved him from his labors. He, for the present, wants to see some Books in the late Royal Library of St. James’s. This scrap of paper still lies in the British Museum.

To the Keeper of the Library of St. James’s.

22d February, 1648.

THESE are to will and require you, upon sight hereof, to deliver unto Sir Oliver Fleming, or to whom he shall appoint, two or three such Books as he shall choose, of which there is a double copy in the Library; to be by him disposed ‘of’ as there shall be direction given him by the Council. Of which you are not to fail, and for which this shall be your warrant.

Given at the Council of State, this 22d day of February, 1648.

In the name, and signed by Order of, the
Council of State appointed by Authority
of Parliament,

OLIVER CROMWELL,
(*Præses pro tempore.*)†

There is already question of selling the late King’s goods, crown-jewels, plate, and ‘hangings,’ under which latter title, we suppose, are included his Pictures, much regretted by the British connoisseur at present. They did not come actually to market till July next.‡

* 2 November, 1643, Commons Journals, iii., 299.

† Additional Ayscough mss., 12,098.

‡ Scobell, Part ii., 46, the immense Act of Parliament for sale of them

LETTER LVIII.

REVEREND Mr. Stapylton, of whom we heard once before in Edinburgh, has been down at Hursley with Mr. Richard; Miss Dorothy received them with her blushes, with her smiles; the elder Mayors 'with many civilities:' and the Marriage-treaty, as Mr. Stapylton reports, promises well.

For my very worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esq. : These.

'London,' 28th February, 1648.

SIR,

I received yours by Mr. Stapylton; together with an account of the kind reception and the many civilities afforded 'to' them,*—especially to my Son, in the liberty given him to wait upon your worthy Daughter. The report of whose virtue and godliness has so great a place in my heart, that I think fit not to neglect anything, on my part, which may consummate a close of the business, if God please to dispose the young ones' hearts thereunto, and other suitable ordering 'of' affairs towards mutual satisfaction appear in the dispensation of Providence.

For which purpose, and to the end matters may be brought to as near an issue as they are capable of,—not being at liberty, by reason of public occasions, to wait upon you, nor your health, as I understand, permitting it,—I thought fit to send this Gentleman, Mr. Stapylton, instructed with my mind, to see how near we may come to an understanding one of another therein. And although I could have wished the consideration of things had been between us two, it being of so near concernment,—yet Providence for the present not allowing, I desire you to give him credence on my behalf.

Sir, all things which yourself and I had in conference, at Farnham, do not occur to my memory, thorough multiplicity of business intervening. I hope I shall with a very free heart testify my readiness to that which may be expected from me.

I have no more at present: but desiring the Lord to order this affair to His glory and the comfort of His servants, I rest,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

* To Richard Cromwell and him.

† Harris, p. 505; one of the Pusey seventeen: Signature only is in Cromwell's hand.

LETTER LIX.

THIS Thursday, 8th March, 1648-9, they are voting and debating in a thin House, hardly above 60 there, Whether Duke Hamilton, Earl Holland, Lords Capel, Goring, and Sir John Owen,—our old friend ‘Colonel Owen’ of Nottingham Castle, Jenner and Ashe’s old friend,*—are to die or to live ?

They have been tried in a new High Court of Justice, and all found guilty of treason, of levying war against the Supreme Authority of this Nation. Shall they be executed ; shall they be respited ? The House by small Majorities decides *against* the first three ; decides in favor of the last ; and as to Goring, the votes are equal,—the balance-tongue trembles, “ Life or Death !” Speaker Lenthall says, Life.†

Meanwhile, small private matters also must be attended to.

For my very worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire : These.

‘ London, ’ 8th March, 1648.

SIR,

Yours I have received ; and have given farther instructions to this Bearer, Mr. Stapylton, to treat with you about the business in agitation between your Daughter and my Son.

I am engaged‡ to you for all your civilities and respects already manifested. I trust there will be a right understanding between us, and a good conclusion ; and though I cannot particularly remember the things spoken of at Farnham, to which your Letter seems to refer me, yet I doubt not but I have sent the offer of such things now as will give mutual satisfaction to us both. My attendance upon public affairs will not give me leave to come down unto you myself ; I have sent unto you this Gentleman with my mind.

I salute Mrs. Mayor, though unknown, with the rest of your Family. I commit you, with the progress of the Business, to the Lord ; and rest,

Sir,

Your assured friend to serve you,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

On the morrow morning, poor versatile Hamilton, poor versatile Holland, with the Lord Capel who the first of all in this Par-

* Letter LIII., p. 315.

† Commons Journals, vi., 159.

‡ obliged.

§ Harris, p. 596 ; one of the seventeen.

liament rose to complain of Grievances, meet their death in Palace-yard. The High Court was still sitting in Westminster Hall as they passed through ‘from Sir Robert Cotton’s house.’ Hamilton lingered a little, or seemed to linger, in the Hall; still hopeful of reprieve and fine of 100,000*l.*: but the Earl of Denbigh, his brother-in-law, a Member of the Council of State, stepped up to him; whispered in his ear; the poor Duke walked on. That is the end of all his diplomacies; his Scotch Army of Forty-thousand, his painful ridings to Uttoxeter, and to many other places, have all issued here. The Earl of Lanark will now be Duke of Hamilton in Scotland: may a better fate await him!

The once gay Earl of Holland has been ‘converted’ some days ago, as it were for the nonce,—poor Earl! With regard to my Lord Capel again, who followed last in order, he behaved, says Bulstrode, ‘much after the manner of a stout Roman. He ‘had no Minister with him, nor showed any sense of death approaching; but carried himself all the time he was upon the scaffold with that boldness and resolution as was to be admired. He wore a sad-colored suit, his hat cocked up, and his cloak thrown under one arm: he looked towards the people at his first coming up, and put off his hat in manner of a salute; he had a little discourse with some gentlemen, and passed up and down in a careless posture.’* Thus died Lord Capel, the first who complained of Grievances: in seven years time there are such changes for a man; and the first acts of his Drama little know what the last will be!—

This new High Court of Justice is one of some Seven or Eight that sat in those years, and were greatly complained of by Constitutional persons. Nobody ever said that they decided contrary to evidence; but they were not the regular Judges. They took the Parliament’s law as good, without consulting Fleta and Bracton about it. They consisted of learned Sergeants and other weighty persons nominated by the Parliament, usually in good numbers, for the occasion.

Some weeks hence, drunken Poyer of Pembroke and the confused Welsh Colonels are tried by Court Martial; Poyer, Powel,

* Whitlocke, p. 380 (the *first* of the *two* pages 380 which there are).

Laughern are found to merit death. Death however shall be executed only upon one of them ; let the other two be pardoned : let them draw lots which two. ‘ In two of the lots was written, *Life given by God* ; the third lot was a blank. The Prisoners were not willing to draw their own destiny ; but a child drew the lots, and gave them : and the lot fell to Colonel Poyer to die.* He was shot in Covent Garden ; died like a soldier, poor confused Welshman ; and so ended.

And with these executions, the chief Delinquents are now got punished. The Parliament lays up its axe again ; willing to pardon the smaller multitude, if they will keep quiet henceforth.

LETTER LX.

*For my worthy Friend, Dr. Love, Master of Benet College, ‘ Cambridge :’
These.*

‘ London,’ 14th March, 1648.

SIR,

I understand one Mrs. Nutting is a suitor unto you, on the right of her Son, about the renewing of a Lease which holds of your College. The old interest I have had makes me presume upon your favor. I desire nothing but what is just ; leaving that to your judgment ; and beyond which I neither now nor at any time shall move. If I do, denial shall be most welcome and accepted by,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

This is not the Christopher Love who preached at Uxbridge, during the Treaty there in 1644 ; who is now a minister in London, and may again come before us ; this is a Cambridge ‘ Dr. Love,’ of whom I know nothing. Oliver, as we may gather, had befriended him, during the reform of that University in 1644. Probably in Baker’s Manuscripts it might be ascertained in what year he graduated, where he was born, where buried ; but nothing substantial is ever likely to be known of him,—or is indeed

* Whitlocke, 21 April, 1649

† Lansdown MSS., 1236, fol. 83.

necessary to be known. 'Mrs. Nutting' and he were evidently children of Adam, breathing the vital air along with Oliver Cromwell; and Oliver, on occasion, endeavored to promote justice and kindness between them; and they remain two 'shadows of small Names.'

Yesterday, Tuesday, 13th March, there was question in the Council of State about 'modelling of the forces that are to go to Ireland;' and a suggestion was made, by Fairfax probably, who had the modelling to do, that they would model much better if they knew first under what Commander they were to go.* It is thought Lieutenant-General Cromwell will be the man.

On which same evening, furthermore, one discerns in a faint but an authentic manner, certain dim gentlemen of the highest authority, young Sir Harry Vane to appearance one of them, repairing to the lodging of one Mr. Milton, 'a small house in Holborn which opens backwards into Lincoln's Inn Field;' to put an official question to him there! Not a doubt of it they saw Mr. John this evening. In the official Book this yet stands legible:

'*Die Martis, 13^o Martii 1648.*' 'That it is referred to the 'same Committee,' Whitlocke, Vane, Lord Lisle, Earl of Denbigh, Harry Marten, Mr. Lisle, 'or any two of them, to speak with Mr. Milton, to know, Whether he will be employed as Secretary for the Foreign Languages? and to report to the Council.'† I have authority to say that Mr. Milton, thus unexpectedly applied to, consents; is formally appointed on Tuesday next; makes his proof-shot, 'to the Senate of Hamburgh,'‡ about a week hence;—and gives, and continues to give, great satisfaction to that Council, to me, and to the whole Nation now, and to all Nations! Such romance lies in the State-Paper Office.

Here, however, is another Letter on the Hursley Business, of the same date as Letter LX.; which must also be read. I do not expect many readers to take the trouble of representing before

* Order-Book of the Council of State (in the State-paper Office), i., 86.

† Ibid.; Todd's Life of Milton (London, 1826), pp. 96, 108-123.

‡ *Senatus Populusque Anglicanus Amplissimo Civitatis Hamburgensis Senatui, Salutem* (in Milton's *Littere Senatus Anglicani*, this first Letter to the Hamburgers is not given).

their minds the clear condition of 'Mr. Ludlow's lease,' of 'the 250*l.*' 'the 150*l.*' &c., in this abstruse affair: but such as please to do so will find it all very straight at last. We observe Mr. Mayor has a decided preference for 'my ould land;' land that I inherited, or bought by common contract, instead of getting it from Parliament for Public Services! In fact, Mr. Mayor seems somewhat of a sharp man: but neither has he a dull man to deal with—though a much *bigger* one.

LETTER LXI.

'For my worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These?'

'London,' 11th March, 1648.

SIR,

I received your Paper by the hands of Mr. Stapylton. I desire your leave to return my dissatisfaction therewith. I shall not need to premise how much I have desired (I hope upon the best grounds) to match with you. The same desire continues in me, if Providence see it fit. But I may not be so much wanting to myself nor family as not to have some equality of consideration towards it.*

I have two young Daughters to bestow, if God give them life and opportunity. According to your Offer, I have nothing for them; nothing at all in hand. If my son die, what consideration is there to me? And yet a jointure parted with 'on my side.' If she die, there is 'on your side' little 'money parted with;' 'even' if you have an heir male, 'there is' but 3,000*l.*, 'and' without time ascertained.†

As for these things, 'indeed,' I doubt not but, by one interview between you and myself, they might be accommodated to mutual satisfaction; and in relation to these, I think we should hardly part, or have many words, so much do I desire a closure with you. But to deal freely with you: the settling of the Manor of Hursley, as you propose it, sticks so much with me, that either I understand you not, or else it much fails my expectation. As you offer it, there is 400*l. per annum* charged upon it. For the 150*l.* to your Lady, for her life, as a jointure, I stick not at that: but the 250*l. per annum* until Mr. Ludlow's Lease expires, the tenor whereof I know not, and so much of the 250*l. per annum* as exceeds that Lease in annual value for some time also after the expiration

* 'it' is not the family, but the match. † See Letter XXXVI., p. 247.

of the said Lease,*—gives such a maim to the Manor of Hursley as indeed renders the rest of the Manor very inconsiderable.

Sir, if I concur to deny myself in point of present monies, as also in the other things mentioned, as aforesaid, I may and do expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled without any charge upon it, after your decease, saving your Lady's jointure of 150*l. per annum*,—which if you should think fit to increase, I should not stand upon it. Your own Estate is best known to you: but surely your personal estate, being free for you to dispose, will, with some small matter of addition, beget a nearness of equality,—if I hear well from others. And if the difference were not very considerable, I should not insist upon it.

What you demand of me is very high in all points. I am willing to settle as you desire in everything; saving for maintenance 400*l. per annum*, 300*l. per annum*.† I would have somewhat free, to be thanked by them for. The 300*l. per annum* of my old land‡ for a jointure, after my Wife's decease, I shall settle; and in the meantime 'a like sum' out of other lands at your election: and truly, Sir, if that be not good, neither will any lands, I doubt. I do not much distrust, your principles in other things have acted‡ you towards confidence.—You demand in case my Son have none issue male but only daughters, then the 'Cromwell' Lands in Hantsire, Monmouth, and Gloucester-shire to descend to these daughters, or else 3,000*l.* apiece. The first would be most unequal; the latter 'also' is too high. They will be well provided for by being inheritrixes of their Mother; and I am willing 'that' 2,000*l.* apiece be charged upon those lands 'for them.'

Sir, I cannot but with very many thanks acknowledge your good opinion of me and of my Son; as also your great civilities towards him; and your Daughter's good respects,—whose goodness, though known to me only at a distance and by the report of others, I much value. And indeed that causeth me so cheerfully to deny myself as I do in the point

* 'Ludlow's Lease,' &c., is not very plain. The 'tenor of Ludlow's Lease' is still less known to us than it was to the Lieutenant-General! Thus much is clear: 250+150=400 pounds are to be paid off Hursley Manor by Richard and his Wife, which gives a sad 'maim' to it. When Ludlow's Lease falls in, there will be some increment of benefit to the Manor; but we are to derive no advantage from that, we are still to pay the surplus 'for some time after.'

† Means, in its desperate haste: 'except that instead of 400*l. per annum* for maintenance, we must say 300*l.*'

‡ Better than Parliament-land, thinks Mayor! Oliver too prefers it for his Wife; but thinks all land will have a chance to go, if that go.

§ Actuated or impelled.

of monies, and so willingly to comply in other things. But if I should not insist as above, I should in a greater measure than were meet deny both my own reason and the advice of my friends; which I may not do. Indeed, Sir, I have not closed with a far greater Offer of estate; but chose rather to fix here: I hope I have not been wanting to Providence in this.

I have made myself plain to you. Desiring you will make my Son the messenger of your pleasure and resolution herein as speedily as with conveniency you may, I take leave,

And rest,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.*

On the morrow, which is Monday the 15th, day of John Milton's nomination to be Secretary, Lieutenant-General Cromwell was nominated Commander for Ireland; satisfactory appointments both.

LETTER LXII.

THE Lieutenant-General is in hot haste to-day; sends a brief Letter 'by your Kinsman,' consenting to almost everything.—Mayor, as we saw before, decidedly prefers 'my ould land' to uncertain Parliamentary land. Oliver (see last Letter) offered to settle the 300*l.* of jointure upon his old land, after his Wife's decease; he now agrees that half of it, 150*l.*, shall be settled directly out of the old land, and the other half out of what Parliamentary land Mayor may like best.—The Letter breathes haste in every line; but hits, with a firm knock, in Cromwell's way, the essential nails on their head, as it hurries on.

'Your Kinsman,' who carries this Letter, turns out by and by to be a Mr. Barton; a man somewhat particular in his ways of viewing matters: unknown otherwise to all men. The Lieutenant-General getting his Irish Appointment confirmed in Parliament, and the conditions of it settled,† is naturally very busy.

* Harris, p. 507; Dunch's Pusey seventeen.

† Cromwelliana, p. 54; Commons Journals, &c.

*For my worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at
Hursley : These.*

‘London,’ 25th March, 1649.

SIR,

You will pardon the brevity of these lines ; the haste I am in, by reason of business, occasions it. To testify the earnest desire I have to see a happy period to this Treaty between us, I give you to understand,

That I agree to 150*l.* per annum out of the 300*l.* per annum of my old land for your Daughter’s jointure, and the other 150*l.* where you please. ‘Also’ 400*l.* for present maintenance where you shall choose ; either in Hantsire, Gloucester- or Monmouth-shire. Those lands ‘to be’ settled upon my Son and his heirs male by your Daughter ; and in case of daughters, only 2,000*l.* apiece to be charged upon those lands.

‘On the other hand,’ 400*l.* per annum free* to raise portions for my two Daughters. I expect the Manor of Hursley to be settled upon your Daughter and her heirs, the heirs of her body. Your Lady a jointure of 150*l.* per annum out of it. For compensation to your younger Daughter, I agree to leave it in your power, after your decease, to charge it with as much as will buy in the Lease of the Farm at Allington† by a just computation. I expect, so long as they ‘the young couple’ live with you, their diet, as you expressed ; or in case of voluntary parting ‘from you,’ 150*l.* per annum. ‘You are to give’ 3,000*l.* in case you have a Son ;‡ to be paid in two years next following. In case your Daughter die without issue,—1,000*l.* within six months ‘of the marriage.’

Sir, if this satisfy, I desire a speedy resolution. I should the rather desire so because of what your Kinsman can satisfy you in. The Lord bless you, and your Family, to whom I desire my affections and service may be presented. I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

Your Kinsman can in part satisfy you what a multiplicity of business we are in : modelling the Army for Ireland ;—which

* Means, ‘shall be settled on Richard and his Wife, that I may be enabled’

† ‘Ludlow’s Lease,’ I fancy. Anne Mayor, ‘your younger Daughter,’ married Dunch of Pusey ; John Dunch, to whom we owe these seventeen Letters. See also Letter 27 August, 1657.

‡ Grandson, *i. e.* : ‘die,’ in the next sentence, means more properly *live*.

§ Harris, p. 508 ; one of the seventeen

indeed is a most delicate dangerous operation, full of difficulties perhaps but partly known to your Kinsman !

For, in these days, John Lilburn is again growing very noisy ; bringing out Pamphlets, *England's New Chains Discovered*, in several Parts. As likewise, *The Hunting of the Foxes from Triploe Heath to Whitehall by Five Small Beagles*,*—the tracking out of Oliver Cromwell and his Grandees, onward from their rendezvous at Royston or Triploe, all the way to their present lodgement in Whitehall and the seat of authority. ‘Five small Beagles,’ Five vociferous petitionary Troopers, of the Levelling species, who for their high carriage and mutinous ways have been set to ‘ride the wooden horse’ lately. Do military men of these times understand the wooden horse ? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded ; and you ride him bare-backed, in the face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet,—in a very uneasy manner ! To Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and these small Beagles it is manifest we are getting into *New Chains*, not a jot better than the old ; and certainly *Foxes* ought to be hunted and tracked. Three of the Beagles, the best-nosed and loudest-toned, by names Richard Overton, William Walwyn, Thomas Prince,—these, with Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn, huntsman of the pack, are shortly after this lodged in the Tower ; † ‘committed to the Lieutenant,’ to be in mild but safe keeping with that officer. There is, in fact, a very dangerous leaven in the Army, and in the Levelling Public at present, which thinks with itself : God’s enemies having been fought down, chief Delinquents all punished, and the Godly Party made triumphant, why does not some Millennium arrive ?

LETTER LXIII.

‘COMPENSATION,’ here touched upon, is the ‘compensation to your younger daughter’ mentioned in last Letter ; burden settled on Hursley Manor, ‘after your decease,’ ‘to buy in the Lease of

* Given in Somers Tracts, vi., 44-60.

† 27 March, 11 April, 1649 (Commons Journals, *in diebus*).

Allington Farm.' Mayor wants it another way ; which ' seems truly inconvenient,' and in brief cannot be.

*For my worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at
Hursley : These.*

' London,' 30th March, 1649.

SIR,

I received yours of the 28th instant. I desire the matter of compensation may be as in my last to you. You propose another way ; which seems to me truly inconvenient.

I have agreed to all other things, as you take me, and that rightly, repeating particulars in your Paper. The Lord dispose this great Business (great between you and me) for good.

You mention to send by the Post on Tuesday.* I shall speed things here as I may. I am designed for Ireland, which will be speedy. I should be very glad to see things settled before I go, if the Lord will. My service to all your Family. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

' OLIVER CROMWELL.†

LETTER LXIV.

WHO the Lawyer, or what the ' arrest ' of him is, which occasions new expense of time, I do not know. On the whole, one begins to wish Richard well wedded ; but the settlements do still a little stick, and we must have patience.

*For my worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at
Hursley : These.*

' London,' 6th April, 1649.

SIR,

I received your Papers enclosed in your Letter ; although I know not how to make so good use of them as otherwise might have been, to have saved expense of time, if the arrest of your Lawyer had not fallen out at this time.

I conceive a draught, to your satisfaction, by your own Lawyer, would

* The 30th of March is Friday ; Tuesday is the 3d of April.

† Harris, p. 508.

have saved much time ; which to me is precious. I hope you will send some 'one' up, perfectly instructed. I shall endeavor to speed what is to be done on my part ; not knowing how soon I may be sent down towards my charge for Ireland. And I hope to perform punctually with you.

Sir, my Son had a great desire to come down and wait upon your Daughter. I perceive he minds that more than to attend to business here.* I should be glad to see him settled, and all things finished before I go. I trust not to be wanting therein. The Lord direct all our hearts into His good pleasure. I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

My service to your Lady and Family.

There is much to be settled before I can 'be sent down to my charge for Ireland.' The money is not yet got ;—and the Army has ingredients difficult to model. Next week, a Parliamentary Committee, one of whom is the Lieutenant-General, and another is Sir Harry Vane, have to go to the City, and try if they will lend us 120,000*l.* for this business. Much speaking in the Guildhall there, in part by Cromwell.‡ The City will lend ; and now if the Army were once modelled, and ready to march—— ?—

LETTER LXV.

HERE, at any rate, is the end of the Marriage-treaty,—not even Mr. Barton, with his peculiar ways of viewing matters, shall now delay it long.

For my worthy Friend, Richard Mayor, Esquire : These.

'London,' 15th April, 1649.

SIR,

Your Kinsman Mr. Barton and myself, repairing to our Counsel, for the perfecting of this Business so much concerning us, did, upon Saturday this 15th of April, draw our Counsel to a meeting : where,

* The dog !

† Harris, p. 509.

‡ 12th April, 1649, Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 55).

upon consideration had of my Letter to yourself expressing my consent to particulars, which 'Letter' Mr. Barton brought to your Counsel Mr. Hales of Lincoln's Inn;*—upon the reading that which expresseth the way of your settling Hursley, your Kinsman expressed a sense of yours contrary to the Paper in my hand, as also to that under your hand, of the 28th of March, which was the same as mine as to that particular.

In† that which I myself am to do, I know nothing of doubt, but do agree it all to your Kinsman's satisfaction. Nor is there much material difference 'between us,' save in this,—wherein both my Paper sent by you to your Counsel, and yours of the 28th, do in all literal and all equitable construction agree, *viz.*: To settle an Estate in fee-simple upon your Daughter, after your decease; which Mr. Barton affirms *not* to be your meaning,—although he has not (as to me) formerly made this any objection; nor can the words bear it: nor have I anything more considerable in lieu of what I part with than this. And I have appealed to yours or any Counsel in England, whether it be not just and equal that I insist thereupon.

And this misunderstanding,—if it be yours, as it is your Kinsman's, —put a stop to the Business; so that our Counsel could not proceed, until your pleasure herein were known. Wherefore it was thought fit to desire Mr. Barton to have recourse to you to know your mind; he alleging he had no authority to understand that expression so, but the contrary;—which was thought not a little strange, even by your own Counsel.

I confess I did apprehend we should be incident to mistakes, treating at such a distance;—although I may take the boldness to say, there is nothing expected from me but I agree to it to your Kinsman's sense to a tittle.

Sir, I desired to know what commission your Kinsman had to help this doubt by an expedient;—who denied to have any; but did think it were better for you to part with some money, and keep the power in your own hand as to the land, to dispose thereof as you should see cause. Whereupon an overture was made, and himself and your Counsel desired to draw it up; the effect whereof this enclosed Paper contains. And although I should not like change of agreements, yet to show how much I desire the perfecting of this Business, if you like thereof (though this be far the worse bargain), I shall submit thereunto;

* This is the future Judge Hale.

† A mere *comma* here, instead of a new paragraph; greatly obscuring the sense:—'as to that particular, and I know nothing of doubt in that which I am to doe, but doe agree itt all,' &c

your Counsel thinking that things may be settled this way with more clearness and less intricacy. There is mention made of 900*l. per annum* to be reserved: but it comes to but about 800*l.*; my lands in Glamorganshire being but little above 400*l. per annum*: and the 'other' 400*l. per annum* out of my Manor in Gloucester- and Monmouth-shire. I wish a clear understanding may be between us; truly I would not willingly mistake. Desiring to wait upon Providence in this Business, I rest,

Sir,

Your affectionate friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

I desire my service may be presented to your Lady and Daughters.

This is the last of the Marriage-treaty. Mr. Barton, whom 'no Counsel in England' could back, was of course disowned in his over-zeal; the match was concluded; solemnised, 1st May, 1649.†

Richard died 12th July, 1712, at Cheshunt, age 66;‡ his Wife died 5th January, 1675-6, at Hursley, and is buried there,—where, ever after Richard's Deposition, and while he travelled on the Continent, she had continued to reside. In pulling down the old Hursley House, above a century since, when the Estate had passed into other hands, there was found in some crevice of the old walls a rusty lump of metal, evidently an antiquity; which was carried to the new proprietor at Winchester; who sold it as a 'Roman weight' for what it would bring. When scoured, it turned out,—or is said by vague Noble, quoting vague 'Vertue,' 'Hughes's Letters,' and 'Ant. Soc.' (Antiquarian Society), to have turned out,—to be the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.§ If the Antiquaries still have it, let them be chary of it.

* Harris, p. 509.

† Noble, i., 188.

‡ Ibid., i., 176, 188.

§ Noble, i., 195. Bewildered Biography of the Mayors, 'Majors or Majors,' *ibid.*, ii., 436-40.

THE LEVELLERS.

WHILE Miss Dorothy Mayor is choosing her wedding-dresses, and Richard Cromwell is looking forward to a life of Arcadian felicity now near at hand, there has turned up for Richard's Father and other parties interested, on the public side of things, a matter of very different complexion, requiring to be instantly dealt with in the interim. The matter of the class called Levellers; concerning which we must now say a few words.

In 1647, as we saw, there were Army Adjutators; and among some of them wild notions afloat, as to the swift attainability of Perfect Freedom civil and religious, and a practical Millennium on this Earth; notions which required, in the Rendezvous at Corkbushfield, 'Rendezvous of Ware' as they oftenest call it, to be very resolutely trodden out. Eleven chief mutineers were ordered from the ranks in that Rendezvous; were condemned by swift Court Martial to die; and Trooper Arnold, one of them, was accordingly shot there and then; which extinguished the mutiny for that time. War since, and Justice on Delinquents, England made a Free Commonwealth, and such like, have kept the Army busy: but a deep republican leaven, working all along among these men, breaks now again into very formidable development. As the following brief glimpses and excerpts may satisfy an attentive reader who will spread them out to the due expansion in his mind. Take first this glimpse into the civil province; and discern, with amazement, a whole submarine world of Calvinistic Sansculottism, Five-point Charter and the Rights of Man, threatening to emerge almost two centuries before its time!

'The Council of State,' says Whitlocke,* just while Mr. Barton is boggling about the Hursley Marriage-settlements, 'has intelligence of certain *Levellers* appearing at St. Margaret's Hill,

* 17 April, p. 384.

near Cobham in Surrey, and at St. George's Hill,' in the same quarter: 'that they were digging the ground, and sowing it with roots and beans. One Everard, once of the Army, who terms himself a Prophet, is the chief of them;' one Winstanley is another chief. 'They were Thirty men, and said that they should be shortly Four-thousand. They invited all to come in and help them; and promised them meat, drink, and clothes. They threaten to pull down Park-pales, and to lay all open; and threaten the neighbors that they will shortly make them all come up to the hills and work.' These infatuated persons, beginning a new era in this headlong manner on the chalk hills of Surrey, are laid hold of by certain Justices, 'by the country people,' and also by 'two troops of horse;' and complain loudly of such treatment; appealing to all men whether it be fair.* This is the account they give of themselves when brought before the General some days afterwards:

April 20th, 1649. Everard and Winstanley, the chief of those that digged at St. George's Hill, in Surrey, came to the General and made a large declaration, to justify their proceedings. Everard said, He was of the race of the Jews,' as most men, called Saxon and other, properly are; 'That all the Liberties of the People were lost by the coming in of William the Conqueror; and that, ever since, the People of God had lived under tyranny and oppression worse than that of our Forefathers under the Egyptians. But now the time of deliverance was at hand; and God would bring His people out of this slavery, and restore them to their freedom in enjoying the fruits and benefits of the Earth. And that there had lately appeared to him, Everard, a vision; which bade him, Arise and dig and plough the Earth, and receive the fruits thereof. That their intent is to restore the Creation to its former condition. That as God had promised to make the barren land fruitful, so now what they did, was to restore the ancient Community of enjoying the Fruits of the Earth, and to distribute the benefit thereof to the poor and needy, and to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. That they intend not to meddle with any

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 427, § 6 (Declaration of the bloody and unchristian Acting of William Star, &c., in opposition to those that dig upon George-Hill in Surrey); *ib.*, no. 418, § 5, &c.

man's property, nor to break down any pales or enclosures,' in spite of reports to the contrary; 'but only to meddle with what is common and untilled, and to make it fruitful for the use of man. That the time will suddenly be, when all men shall willingly come in and give up their lands and estates, and submit to this Community' of Goods.

These are the principles of Everard, Winstanley, and the poor Brotherhood, seemingly Saxon, but properly of the race of the Jews, who were found dibbling beans on St. George's Hill, under the clear April skies in 1649, and hastily bringing in a new era in that manner. 'And for all such as will come in and work with them, they shall have meat, drink, and clothes, which is all that is necessary to the life of man: and as for money, there was not any need of it; nor of clothes more than to cover nakedness.' For the rest, 'That they will not defend themselves by arms, but will submit unto authority, and wait till the promised opportunity be offered, which they conceive to be at hand. And that as their forefathers lived in tents, so it would be suitable to their condition, now to live in the same.

'While they were before the General they stood with their hats on; and being demanded the reason thereof, they said, Because he was but their fellow-creature. Being asked the meaning of that phrase, Give honor to whom honor is due,—they said, Your mouths shall be stopped that ask such a question.*

Dull Bulstrode hath 'set down this the more largely because it was the beginning of the appearance' of an extensive levelling doctrine, much to be 'avoided' by judicious persons, seeing it is 'weak persuasion.' The germ of Quakerism and much else is curiously visible here. But let us look now at the military phasis of the matter; where 'a weak persuasion' mounted on cavalry horses, with sabres and fire-arms in its hand, may become a very perilous one.

Friday, 20th April, 1649. The Lieutenant-General has consented to go to Ireland; the City also will lend money, and now this Friday the Council of the Army meets at Whitehall to decide what regiments shall go on that service. 'After a solemn seek-

* Whitlocke, p. 384.

ing of God by prayer,' they agree that it shall be by lot: tickets are put into a hat, a child draws them: the regiments, fourteen of foot and fourteen of horse, are decided on in this manner. 'The officers on whom the lot fell, in all the twenty-eight regiments, expressed much cheerfulness at the decision.' The officers did:—but the common men are by no means all of that humor. The common men, blown on by Lilburn and his five small Beagles, have notions about England's *new* Chains, about the Hunting of Foxes from Triploe Heath, and in fact ideas concerning the capability that lies in man and in a free Commonwealth, which are of the most alarming description.

Thursday, 26th April. This night at the Bull in Bishopsgate there has an alarming mutiny broken out in a troop of Whalley's regiment there. Whalley's men are not allotted for Ireland: but they refuse to quit London, as they are ordered; they want this and that first: they seize their colors from the Cornet, who is lodged at the Bull there:—the General and the Lieutenant-General have to hasten thither; quell them, pack them forth on their march; seizing fifteen of them first, to be tried by Court Martial. Tried by instant Court Martial, five of them are found guilty, doomed to die, but pardoned; and one of them, Trooper Lockyer, is doomed and not pardoned. Trooper Lockyer is shot, in Paul's Churchyard, on the morrow. A very brave young man, they say; though but three-and-twenty, 'he has served seven years in these Wars,' ever since the Wars began. 'Religious,' too, 'of excellent parts and much beloved:'—but with hot notions as to human Freedom, and the rate at which the millenniums are attainable, poor Lockyer! He falls shot in Paul's Church-yard on Friday, amid the tears of men and women. Paul's Cathedral, we remark, is now a Horseguard; horses stamp in the Canons' stalls there; and Paul's Cross itself, as smacking of Popery, where in fact Alabaster once preached flat Popery, is swept altogether away, and its leaden roof melted into bullets, or mixed with tin for culinary pewter. Lockyer's corpse is watched and wept over, not without prayer, in the eastern regions of the City, till a new week come; and on Monday this is what we see advancing westward by way of funeral to him.

'About one hundred went before the Corpse, five or six in a

file; the Corpse was then brought, with six trumpets sounding a soldier's knell; then the Trooper's Horse came, clothed all over in mourning, and led by a footman. The Corpse was adorned with bundles of Rosemary, one half stained in blood; and the Sword of the deceased along with them. Some thousands followed in rank and file: all had seagreen-and-black Ribbon tied on their hats, and to their breasts: and the women brought up the rear. At the new Churchyard in Westminster, some thousands more of the better sort met them, who thought not fit to march through the City. Many looked upon this funeral as an affront to the Parliament and Army; others called these people "Levellers," but they took no notice of any one's sayings.*

That was the end of Trooper Lockyer: six trumpets wailing stern music through London streets; Rosemaries and Sword half-dipt in blood; funeral of many thousands in seagreen ribbons and black: testimony of a weak persuasion now looking somewhat perilous. Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn and his five small Beagles, now in a kind of loose arrest under the Lieutenant of the Tower, make haste to profit by the general emotion; publish on the 1st of May † *their* 'Agreement of the People,'—their Bentham-Sieyes Constitution: Annual very exquisite Parliament, and other Lilburn apparatus; whereby the perfection of Human Nature will with a maximum of rapidity be secured, and a millennium straight-way arrive, sings the Lilburn Oracle.

May 9th. Richard Cromwell is safe wedded; Richard's Father is reviewing troops in Hyde Park, 'seagreen colors in some of their hats.' The Lieutenant-General speaks earnestly to them. Has not the Parliament been diligent, doing its best? It has punished Delinquents; it has voted in these very days, resolutions for dissolving itself and assembling future Parliaments.‡ It has protected trade; got a good Navy afloat. You soldiers, there is exact payment provided for you. Martial Law? Death, or other punishment, of Mutineers? Well! Whoever cannot stand Martial Law is not fit to be a soldier: *his* best plan will be to lay down his arms; he shall have his ticket and get his arrears as

* Whitlocke, p. 385.

† Whitlocke's date, p. 385.

‡ 15 April, 1649, Commons Journals.

we others do,—we that still mean to fight against the enemies of England and this Cause.*—One trooper showed signs of insolence; the Lieutenant-General suppressed him by rigor and by clemency; the seagreen ribbons were torn from such hats as had them. The humor of the men is not the most perfect. This Review was on Wednesday; Lilburn and his five small Beagles are, on Saturday, committed close Prisoners to the Tower, each rigorously to a cell of his own.

It is high time. For now the flame has caught the ranks of the Army itself, in Oxfordshire, in Gloucestershire, at Salisbury where head-quarters are; and rapidly there is, on all hands, a dangerous conflagration blazing out. In Oxfordshire, one Captain Thompson, not known to us before, has burst from his quarters at Banbury, with a Party of Two-hundred, in these same days; has sent forth his *England's Standard Advanced*; † insisting passionately on the *New Chains* we are fettered with; indignantly demanding swift perfection of Human Freedom, justice on the murderers of Lockyer and Arnald;—threatening that if a hair of Lilburn and the five small Beagles be hurt, he will avenge it 'seventy-and-seven fold.' This Thompson's Party, swiftly attacked by his Colonel, is broken within the week; he himself escapes with a few, and still roves up and down. To join whom, or to communicate with Gloucestershire where help lies, there has in the interim open mutiny 'above One-thousand strong,' with subalterns, with a Cornet Thompson, brother of the Captain, but without any leader of mark, broken out at Salisbury: the General and Lieutenant-General, with what force can be raised, are hastening thitherward in all speed. Now were the time for Lieutenant-Colonel Lilburn; now or never might noisy John do some considerable injury to the Cause he has at heart: but he sits, in these critical hours, fast within stone walls!

Monday, 14th May. All Sunday the General and Lieutenant-General marched in full speed by Alton, by Andover, towards Salisbury; the mutineers, hearing of them, start northward for Buckinghamshire, then for Berkshire; the General and Lieu-

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 56).

† Given in Walker's History of Independency, part ii., 168; dated 6 May.

tenant-General turning also northward after them in hot chase. The mutineers arrive at Wantage; make for Oxfordshire by New-bridge; find the Bridge already seized; cross higher up by swimming; got to Burford, very weary, and 'turn out their horses to grass;'—Fairfax and Cromwell still following in hot speed, 'a march of near fifty miles' that Monday. What boots it; there is no leader, noisy John is sitting fast within stone walls! The mutineers lie asleep in Burford, their horses out at grass; the Lieutenant-General, having rested at a safe distance since dark, bursts into Burford as the clocks are striking midnight. He has beset some hundreds of the mutineers, 'who could only fire some shots out of windows;'—has dissipated the mutiny, trodden down the Levelling Principle out of English affairs once more. Here is the last scene of the business; the rigorous Court Martial having now sat; the decimated doomed Mutineers being placed on the leads of the Church to see:

Thursday, 17th May. 'This day in Burford Churchyard, Cornet Thompson, brother to Thompson the chief leader, was brought to the place of execution; and expressed himself to this purpose, That it was just what did befall him; that God did not own the ways he went; that he had offended the General: he desired the prayers of the people; and told the soldiers who were appointed to shoot him, that when he held out his hands they should do their duty. And accordingly he was immediately, after the sign given, shot to death. Next after him was a Corporal, brought to the same place of execution; where, looking upon his fellow-mutineers, he set his back against the wall; and bade them who were appointed to shoot, "Shoot!" and died desperately. The third being also a Corporal, was brought to the same place; and without the least acknowledgment of error, or show of fear, he pulled off his doublet, standing a pretty distance from the wall; and bade the soldiers do their duty; looking them in the face till they gave fire, not showing the least kind of terror or fearfulness of spirit.'—So died the Leveller Corporals; strong they, after their sort, for the Liberties of England; resolute to the very death. Misguided Corporals! But History, which has wept for a misguided Charles Stuart, and blubbered, in the most copious helpless manner, near two cen-

turies now, whole floods of brine, enough to salt the Herring-fishery,—will not refuse these poor Corporals also her tributary sigh. With Arnald of the Rendezvous at Ware, with Lockyer of the Bull in Bishopsgate, and other misguided martyrs to the Liberties of England then and since, may they sleep well!

Cornet Dean who now came forward, as the next to be shot, ‘expressed penitence;’ got pardon from the General: and there was no more shooting. Lieutenant-General Cromwell went into the Church, called down the Decimated of the Mutineers; rebuked, admonished; said, the General in his mercy had forgiven them. Misguided men, would you ruin this Cause, which marvellous Providences have so confirmed to us to be the Cause of God? Go, repent; and rebel no more, lest a worse thing befall you! ‘They wept,’ says the old Newspaper; they retired to the Devizes for a time; were then restored to their regiments, and marched cheerfully for Ireland.—Captain Thompson, the Cornet’s brother, the first of all the Mutineers, he too, a few days afterwards, was fallen in with in Northamptonshire, still mutinous: his men took quarter; he himself ‘fled to a wood;’ fired and fenced there, and again desperately fired, declaring he would never yield alive;—whereupon ‘a Corporal with seven bullets in his carbine’ ended Captain Thompson too; and this formidable conflagration, to the last glimmer of it, was extinct.

Sansculottism, as we said above, has to lie submerged for almost two centuries yet. Levelling, in the practical, civil or military provinces of English things, is forbidden to be. In the spiritual provinces it cannot be forbidden; for there it everywhere already is. It ceases dibbling beans on St. George’s Hill near Cobham; ceases galloping in mutiny across the Isis to Burford;—takes into Quakerisms, and kingdoms which are not of this world. My poor friend Dryasdust lamentably tears his hair over the ‘intolerance’ of that old Time to Quakerism and such like: if Dryasdust had seen the dibbling on St. George’s Hill, the threatened fall of ‘Park-pales,’ and the gallop to Burford, he would reflect that Conviction in an earnest age means, not lengthy Spouting in Exeter-Hall, but rapid silent Practice on the face of the Earth; and would perhaps leave his poor hair alone.

On Thursday night, 17th of the month, the General, Lieu-

tenant-General, and chief Officers arrive at Oxford; lodge in All-Souls College; head-quarters are to be there for some days. Solemnly welcomed by the reformed University; bedinnered, bespeached; made Doctors, Masters, Bachelors, or what was suitable to their ranks, and to the faculties of this reformed University. Of which high doings, degrees and convocation-dinners, and eloquence by Proctor Zanchy, we say nothing,—being in haste for Ireland. This small benefit we have from the business: Anthony Wood, in his crabbed but authentic way, has given us biographical sketches of all these Graduates; biographies, very lean, very perverse, but better than are commonly going then, and in the fatal scarcity not quite without value.*

Neither do we speak of the thanking in the House of Commons; or of the general day of Thanksgiving for London, which is Thursday, 7th June (the day for England at large being Thursday 21st),†—and of the illustrious Dinner which the City gave the Parliament and Officers, and all the Dignitaries of England, when Sermon was done. It was at Grocers' Hall, this City dinner; really illustrious. Dull Bulstrode, Keeper, or one of the Keepers, of the Commonwealth Great Seal, was there,—Keeper of that lump of dignified metal, found since all rusty in the wall at Hursley: and my Lord of Pembroke, an Earl and Member of the Council of State, 'speaking very loud' as his manner was, insisted that illustrious Bulstrode should take place above him. I have given place to Bishop Williams when he was Keeper; and the Commonwealth Great Seal is as good as any King's ever was;—illustrious Bulstrode, take place above me; so!‡ 'On almost every dish was enamelled a bandrol with the word *Welcome*. No music but that of drum and trumpet;' no balderdash, or almost none, of speech without meaning; 'no

* Wood's *Athenæ*, iv. (Fasti, ii., 127-155); the Graduates of Saturday, 19th May, 1649, are, *Fairfax*, p. 148; *Cromwell*, p. 152; Coloneis *Scrope*, Grosvenor, *Sir Hardress Waller*, *Ingoldsby*, *Harrison*, *Gaff*, *Okey*; Adjutant-General Sedascue, Scoutmaster Rowe: and of Monday, 21st, Lieutenant-Colonel *Cobbet*, p. 140; John Rushworth, Cornet *Joyce*, p. 138:—of whom those marked here in Italics have biographies worth looking at for an instant.

† Commons Journals, 26 May, 1649.

‡ Whitlocke, p. 391.

drinking of healths or other incivility :—drinking of healths ; a kind of invocation or prayer, addressed surely not to God, in that humor ; probably therefore to the Devil, or to the Heathen gods : which is offensive to the well-constituted mind. Four-hundred pounds were given to the Poor of London, that they also might dine.—*

And now for Bristol and the Campaign in Ireland.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 59, 60)

LETTERS LXVI.—LXIX.

Tuesday, 10th July, 1649. ‘This evening about five of the clock, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland began his journey; by the way of Windsor, and so to Bristol. He went forth in that state and equipage as the like hath hardly been seen; himself in a coach with six gallant Flanders mares, whitish grey; divers coaches accompanying him; and very many great Officers of the Army; his Lifeguard consisting of eighty gallant men, the meanest whereof a Commander or Esquire, in stately habit;—with trumpets sounding, almost to the shaking of Charing Cross, had it been now standing. Of his Lifeguard many are Colonels; and believe me, it’s such a guard as is hardly to be paralleled in the world. And now have at you, my Lord of Ormond! You will have men of gallantry to encounter; whom to overcome will be honor sufficient, and to be beaten by them will be no great blemish to your reputation. If you say, Cæsar or Nothing: they say, A Republic or Nothing. ‘The Lord Lieutenant’s colors are white.’*’

Thus has Lord Lieutenant Cromwell gone to the Wars in Ireland. But before going, and while just in the act, he has had a Letter to write, on behalf of his ‘Partner’ or fellow Member for Cambridge, which the reader is now to glance at:

LETTER LXVI.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Esquire.

‘London,’ 10th July, 1649.

SIR,

I beseech you, upon that score of favor, if I be not too bold to call it friendship, which I have ever had from you, let me desire you

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 62).

to promote my Partner's humble suit to the House; and obtain, as far as possibly you may, some just satisfaction for him. I know his sufferings for the Public have been great, besides the loss of his calling by his attendance here. His affections^s have been true and constant; and, I believe, his decay great in his Estate. It will be justice and charity to him; and I shall acknowledge it as a favor to,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

John Lowry, Esq., is Oliver's fellow Member for Cambridge. What Lowry's 'losses,' 'estate,' 'calling,' or history in general were, remains undiscoverable. One might guess that he had been perhaps a lawyer, of Puritan principles, and fortune already easy. He did not sit in the short Parliament of 1640, as Oliver had done; Oliver's former 'Partner,' one Meautys as we mentioned already, gave place to Lowry when the new Election happened.

Lowry in 1645 was Mayor of Cambridge. Some controversy as to the Privileges of the University there, which was now reformed according to the Puritan scheme, had arisen with the Town of Cambridge: a deputation of Cambridge University men, with 'Mr. Vines' at their head, comes up with a Petition to the House of Commons, on the 4th of August, 1645; reporting that they are like to be aggrieved, that the 'new Mayor of Cambridge will not take the customary oaths,' in respect to certain privileges of the University; and praying the House, in a bland and flattering way, to protect them. The House answers: "Yours is the University which is under the protection of this House;" Oxford, still in the King's hands, being in a very unreformed state: "this House can see no learning now in the Kingdom but by your eyes;"—certainly you shall be protected!—Counter-Petitions come from Lowry and the Corporation; but we doubt not the University was protected in this controversy, and Gown made good against Town.† What the controversy specially was, or what became of it, let no living man inquire. Lowry here vanishes into thick night again; nowhere reappears till in this Letter of Cromwell's.

Letter written, as its date bears, on the very day when he set

* Harris, p. 516; Harleian mss., no. 6988—collated, and *exact*.

† See Commons Journals, vi., 229, 241.

out towards Bristol, to take the command in Ireland, '10th July, 1649, about five in the afternoon.' In some Committee-room, or other such locality, in the thick press of business, Lowry had contrived to make his way to the Lord Lieutenant, and to get this Letter out of him. Which indeed proved very helpful. For on that day week, 17th July, 1649, we find as follows: 'The humble Petition of John Lowry, Esq., was this day read. *Ordered*, That the sum of Three-hundred pounds be allowed unto the said Mr. John Lowry, for his losses in the said Petition mentioned: and that the same be charged upon the revenue: and the Committee of Revenue are authorized and appointed to pay the same: and the same is especially recommended to Sir Henry Vane, Senior, to take care the same be paid accordingly;'^{*}—which we can only hope it was, to the solace of poor Mr. Lowry and the ending of these discussions.

Ten years later, in Protector Richard's time, on Friday 22d July, 1659, a John Lowry, Esquire, now quite removed from Cambridge, turns up again; claiming to be continued 'Cheque in Ward in the Port of London,'—which dignity is accordingly assured him till 'the first day of October next.'[†] But whether this is our old friend the Mayor of Cambridge, and what kind of provision for his old age this same Chequeship in Ward might be, is unknown to the present Editor. Not the faintest echo or vestige henceforth of a John Lowry either real or even possible. The rest—gloomy Night compresses it, and we have no more to say.

LETTER LXVII.

MAYOR of Hursley, with whom are the young Couple, is connected now with an important man: he has written in behalf of 'Major Long;' for promotion as is likely. The important man does not promote on the score of connexion; and mildly signifies so much.

^{*} Commons Journals, vi., 263.

[†] Commons Journals, vii., 727.

*For my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at
Hursley : These.*

Bristol, 19th July, 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I received your Letter by Major Long; and do in answer thereunto according to my best understanding, with a due consideration to those gentlemen who have abid the brunt of the service.

I am very glad to hear of your welfare, and that our children have so good leisure to make a journey to eat cherries:—it's very excusable in my Daughter; I hope she may have a very good pretence for it. I assure you, Sir, I wish her very well; and I believe she knows it. I pray you tell her for me I expect she writes often to me; by which I shall understand how all your Family doth, and she will be kept in some exercise. I have delivered my Son up to you; and I hope you will counsel him: he will need it; and indeed I believe he likes well what you say, and will be advised by you. I wish he may be serious; the times require it.

I hope my Sister* is in health; to whom I desire my very hearty affections and service may be presented; as also to my Cousin Ann,† to whom I wish a good husband. I desire my affections may be presented to all your Family, to which I wish a blessing from the Lord. I hope I shall have your prayers in the Business to which I am called. My Wife, I trust, will be with you before it be long, in her way towards Bristol.—Sir, discompose not your thoughts or Estate for what you are to pay me. Let me know wherein I may comply with your occasions and mind, and be confident you will find me to you as your own heart.

Wishing your prosperity and contentment very sincerely, with the remembrance of my love, I rest,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

Mayor has endorsed this Letter: 'Received 27 July, 1649, per Messenger express from Newbury.' He has likewise, says Harris, jotted on it 'some shorthand,' and 'an account of his cattle and sheep.'—Who the 'Major Long' was, we know not: Cromwell undertakes to 'do' for him what may be right and reasonable, and nothing more.

* Mrs. Mayor. † Miss Mayor, afterwards Mrs. Dunch of Pusey.

‡ Harris, p. 510: no. 8 of the Pusey seventeen.

Cromwell, leaving London as we saw on Tuesday evening July 10th, had arrived at Bristol on Saturday evening, which was the 14th. He had to continue here, making his preparations, gathering his forces, for several weeks. Mrs. Cromwell means seemingly to pass a little more time with him before he go. In the end of July, he quits Bristol; moving westward by Tenby* and Pembroke, where certain forces were to be taken up,—towards Milford Haven; where he dates his next Letters, just in the act of sailing.

LETTER LXVIII.

THE new Lord Lieutenant had at first designed for Munster, where it seemed his best chance lay. Already he has some regiments over, to reinforce our old acquaintance Colonel, now Lieutenant-General Michael Jones, at present besieged in Dublin, and enable him to resist the Ormond Army there. But on the 2d of August an important Victory has turned up for Jones: surprisal, and striking into panic and total rout, of the said Ormond Army; † which fortunate event, warmly recognized in the following Letter, clears Dublin of siege, and opens new outlooks for the Lord Lieutenant there. He sails thitherward; from Milford Haven, Monday, August 13th. Ireton, who is Major-General, or third in command, Jones being second, follows with another division of the force, on Wednesday. Hugh Peters also went; and ‘Mr. Owen’ also, for another chaplain.

The good ship John is still lying in Milford waters, we suppose, waiting for a wind, for a turn of the tide. ‘My Son’ Richard Cromwell, and perhaps Richard’s Mother, we may dimly surmise, had attended the Lord Lieutenant thus far, to wish him speed on his perilous enterprise!

* At Tenby, 2d August, Commons Journals, vi., 277.

† Rout at Rathmines or Baginbun: Ormond’s own Account of it, in Carte’s Ormond Papers, ii., 103, 407-11.

‘For my loving Brothèr, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.’

‘Milford Haven,’ From Aboard the John,
13th Aug., 1649.

LOVING BROTHER,

I could not satisfy myself to omit this opportunity by my Son of writing to you; especially there being so late and great an occasion of acquainting you with the happy news I received from Lieutenant-General Jones yesterday.

The Marquis of Ormond besieged Dublin with 19,000 men or thereabouts; 7,000 Scots and 3,000 more were coming to ‘join him in’ that work. Jones issued out of Dublin with 4,000 foot and 1,200 horse; hath routed this whole army; killed about 4,000 upon the place; taken 2,517 prisoners, above 300 ‘of them’ officers, some of great quality.*

This is an astonishing mercy; so great and seasonable that indeed we are like them that dreamed. What can we say! The Lord fill our souls with thankfulness, that our mouths may be full of His praise,—and our lives too; and grant we may never forget His goodness to us. These things seem to strengthen our faith and love, against more difficult times. Sir, pray for me, That I may walk worthy of the Lord in all that He hath called me unto!—

I have committed my Son to you; pray give him advice. I envy him not his contents; but I fear he should be swallowed up in them. I would have him mind and understand Business, read a little History, study the Mathematics and Cosmography:—these are good, with subordination to the things of God. Better than Idleness, or mere outward worldly contents. These fit for Public services,† for which a man is born.

Pardon this trouble. I am thus bold because I know you love me; as indeed I do you, and yours. My love to my dear Sister and my Cousin Aun your Daughter, and all Friends. I rest,

Sir,

Your loving brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

‘P.S.’ Sir, I desire you not to discommodate yourself because of the money due to me. Your welfare is as mine: and therefore let me know from time to time what will convenience you in any forbearance; I shall

* The round numbers of this account have, as is usual, come over greatly exaggerated (Carte, *ubi supra*).

† Services useful to all men.

answer you in it, and be ready to accommodate you. And therefore do your other business ; let not this hinder.*

LETTER LXIX.

Same date, same conveyance.

To my beloved Daughter, Dorothy Cromwell, at Hursley : These.

From Aboard the John, 13th August, 1649.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,

Your Letter was very welcome to me. I like to see anything from your hand ; because indeed I stick not to say I do entirely love you. And therefore I hope a word of advice will not be unwelcome nor unacceptable to thee.

I desire you both to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord : to be frequently calling upon Him, that He would manifest Himself to you in His Son ; and be listening what returns he makes to you,—for He will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto. I desire you to provoke your Husband likewise thereunto. As for the pleasures of this Life, and outward Business, let that be upon the bye. Be above all these things, by Faith in Christ ; and then you shall have the true use and comfort of them,—and not otherwise.† I have much satisfaction in hope your spirit is this way set ; and I desire you may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ; and that I may hear thereof. The Lord is very near : which we see by His wonderful works : and therefore He looks that we of this generation draw near to Him. This late great Mercy of Ireland is a great manifestation thereof. Your Husband will acquaint you with it. We should be much stirred up in our spirits to thankfulness. We much need the spirit of Christ, to enable us to praise God for so admirable a mercy.

The Lord bless thee, my dear Daughter.

I rest,

Thy loving Father,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

* Forster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth, iv., 267 ; from certain mss. of Lord Nugent's.

† How true is this ; equal, in its obsolete dialect, to the highest that man has yet attained to, in any dialect, old or new !

‘P.S.’ I hear thou didst lately miscarry. Prithee take heed of a coach by all means; borrow thy Father’s nag when thou intendest to go abroad.*

Is the last phrase ironical; or had the ‘coach,’ in those ancient roads, overset, and produced the disaster? Perhaps ‘thy Father’s nag’ is really safer? Oliver is not given to irony; nor in a tone for it at this moment. These gentle domesticities and pieties are strangely contrasted with the fiery savagery and iron grimness, stern as Doom, which meets us in the next set of Letters we have from him!

On the second day following, on the 15th of August,† Cromwell with a prosperous wind arrived in Dublin; ‘where,’ say the old Newspapers,‡ ‘he was received with all possible demonstrations of joy; the great guns echoing forth their welcome, and the acclamations of the people resounding in every street. The Lord Lieutenant being come into the City,—where the concourse of the people was very great, they all flocking to see him of whom before they had heard so much,—at a convenient place he made a stand,’ rising in his carriage, we suppose, ‘and with his hat in his hand made a speech to them.’ Speech unfortunately lost; it is to this effect: “That as God had brought him thither in safety, so he doubted not but by Divine Providence to restore them all to their just liberties and properties,” much trodden down by those unblessed Papist-Royalist combinations, and the injuries of war; “and that all persons whose hearts’ affections were real for the carrying on of this great work against the barbarous and blood-thirsty Irish and their confederates and adherents, and for propagating of Christ’s Gospel and establishing of Truth and Peace, and restoring of this bleeding Nation of Ireland to its former happiness and tranquillity,—should find favor and protection from the Parliament of England and him, and withal receive such rewards and gratuities as might be answerable to their merits.” ‘This Speech,’ say the Old Newspapers, ‘was entertained with great applause by the people; who all cried out, “We will live and die with you!”’

* Forster, iv., 268. From certain mss. of Lord Nugent.

† Carte, ii., 83. ‡ In Kimber: Life of Cromwell (London, 1724), p. 126.

LETTERS LXX.—LXXXV.

IRISH WAR.

THE history of the Irish War is, and for the present must continue, very dark and indecipherable to us. Ireland, ever since the Irish Rebellion broke out and changed itself into an Irish Massacre, in the end of 1641, has been a scene of distracted controversies, plunderings, excommunications, treacheries, conflagrations, of universal misery and blood and bluster, such as the world before or since has never seen. The History of it does not form itself into a picture; but remains only as a huge blot, an indiscriminate blackness; which the human memory cannot willingly charge itself with! There are Parties on the back of Parties; at war with the world and with each other. There are Catholics of the Pale, demanding freedom of religion; under my Lord This and my Lord That. There are Old-Irish Catholics, under Pope's Nuncios, under Abbas O'Teague of the excommunications, and Owen Roe O'Neil;—demanding not religious freedom only, but what we now call 'Repeal of the Union;' and unable to agree with the Catholics of the English Pale. Then there are Ormond Royalists, of the Episcopalian and mixed creeds, strong for King without Covenant: Ulster and other Presbyterians, strong for King *and* Covenant: lastly, Michael Jones and the Commonwealth of England, who want neither King nor Covenant. All these plunging and tumbling, in huge discord, for the last eight years, have made of Ireland and its affairs the black unutterable blot we speak of.

At the date of Oliver's arrival, all Irish Parties are united in a combination very unusual with them; very dangerous for the incipient Commonwealth. Ormond, who had returned thither with new Commission, in hopes to co-operate with Scotch Hamilton during the Second Civil War, arrived too late for that object;

but has succeeded in rallying Ireland into one mass of declared opposition to the Powers that now rule. Catholics of the Pale, and Old-Irish Catholics of the Massacre, will at length act together : Protestant English Royalism, which has fled hither for shelter ; nay, now at last Royalist Presbyterianism, and the very Scots in Ulster,—have all joined with Ormond ‘ against the Regicides.’ They are eagerly inviting the young Charles Second to come thither, and be crowned and made victorious. He as yet hesitates between that and Scotland ;—may probably give Scotland the preference. But in all Ireland, when Cromwell sets foot on it, there remain only two Towns, Dublin and Derry, that hold for the Commonwealth ; Dublin lately besieged, Derry still besieged. A very formidable combination. All Ireland kneaded together, by favorable accident and the incredible patience of Ormond, stands up in one great combination, resolute to resist the Commonwealth. Combination great in bulk ; but made of iron and clay ;—in meaning not so great. Oliver has taken survey and measure of it ; Oliver descends on it like the Hammer of Thor ; smites it, as at one fell stroke, into dust and ruin, never to reunite against him more.

One could pity this poor Irish People ; their case is pitiable enough ! The claim they started with, in 1641, was for religious freedom. Their claim, we can now all see, was just : essentially just, though full of intricacy ; difficult to render clear and conceivable ;—nay, at that date of the World’s History, it was hardly recognizable to any Protestant man, for just ; and these frightful massacres and sanguinary blusterings have rendered it, for the present, entirely unrecognizable. A just, though very intricate claim : but entered upon, and prosecuted, by such methods as were never yet available for asserting any claim in this world ! Treachery and massacre : what could come of it ? Eight years of cruel fighting, of desperate violence and misery, have left matters worse a thousandfold than they were at first. No want of daring, or of patriotism so-called ; but a great want of other things ! Numerous large masses of armed men have been on foot ; full of fiery vehemence and audacity, but without worth as Armies ; savage hordes rather ; full of hatred and mutual hatred, of disobedience, falsity and noise. Undrilled, unpaid,—driving

herds of plundered cattle before them for subsistence ; rushing down from hillsides, from ambuscadoes, passes in the mountains ; taking shelter always ‘ in bogs whither the cavalry cannot follow them.’ Unveracious, violent, disobedient men. False in speech ; —alas, false in thought, first of all ; who have never let the Fact tell its own harsh story to them ; who have said always to the harsh Fact, “ Thou art not that way, thou art this way !” The Fact, of course, asserts that it *is* that way ; the Irish Projects end in perpetual discomfiture ; have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow ! There has been no scene seen under the sun like Ireland for these eight years. Murder, pillage, conflagration, excommunication ; wide-flowing blood, and bluster high as Heaven and St. Peter ;—as if wolves or rabid dogs were in fight here ; as if demons from the Pit had mounted up to deface this fair green piece of God’s Creation with *their* talkings and workings ! It is, and shall remain, very dark to us. Conceive Ireland wasted, torn in pieces ; black controversy as of demons and rabid wolves rushing over the face of it so long ; incurable, and very dim to us : till here at last, as in the torrent of Heaven’s lightning descending liquid on it, we have clear and terrible view of its affairs for a time !—

Oliver’s proceedings here have been the theme of much loud criticism, and sibylline execration ; into which it is not our plan to enter at present. We shall give these Fifteen Letters of his in a mass, and without any commentary whatever. To those who think that a land overrun with Sanguinary Quacks can be healed by sprinkling it with rose-water, these Letters must be very horrible. Terrible Surgery this : but *is* it Surgery and Judgment, or atrocious Murder merely ? That is a question which should be asked ; and answered. Oliver Cromwell did believe in God’s Judgments ; and did not believe in the rose-water plan of Surgery ;—which, in fact, is this Editor’s case too ! Every idle lie and piece of empty bluster this Editor hears, he too, like Oliver, has to shudder at it ; has to think : “ Thou, idle bluster, not true, thou also art shutting men’s minds against the God’s Fact ; thou wilt issue as a cleft crown to some poor man some day ; thou also wilt have to take shelter in bogs whither cavalry cannot follow !” —But in Oliver’s time, as I say, there was still

belief in the Judgments of God ; in Oliver's time, there was yet no distracted jargon of 'abolishing Capital Punishments,' of Jean-Jacques Philanthropy, and universal rose-water in this world still so full of sin. Men's notion was, not for abolishing punishments, but for making laws just : God the Maker's Laws, they considered, had not yet got the Punishment abolished from them ! Men had a notion, that the difference between Good and Evil was still considerable ;—equal to the difference between Heaven and Hell. It was a true notion. Which all men yet saw, and felt in all fibres of their existence, to be true. Only in late decadent generations, fast hastening towards radical change or final perdition, can such indiscriminate mashing-up of Good and Evil into one universal patent-treacle, and most unmedical electuary, of Rousseau Sentimentalism, universal Pardon and Benevolence, with dinner and drink and one cheer more, take effect in our Earth. Electuary very poisonous, as sweet as it is, and very nauseous ; of which Oliver, happier than we, had not yet heard the slightest intimation even in dreams.

The reader of these Letters, who has swept all that very ominous twaddle out of his head and heart, and still looks with a recognizing eye on the ways of the Supreme Powers with this world, will find here, in the rude Practical state, a Phenomenon which he will account noteworthy. An armed Soldier, solemnly conscious to himself that he is the Soldier of God the Just,—a consciousness which it well becoms all soldiers and all men to have always ;—armed Soldier, terrible as Death, relentless as Doom ; doing God's Judgments on the Enemies of God ! It is a Phenomenon not of joyful nature ; no, but of awful, to be looked at with pious terror and awe. Not a Phenomenon which you are called to recognize with bright smiles, and fall in love with at sight :—thou, art thou worthy to love such a thing ; worthy to do other than hate it, and shriek over it ? Darest thou wed the Heaven's lightning, then ; and say to it, Godlike One ? Is thy own life beautiful and terrible to thee ; steeped in the eternal depths, in the eternal splendors ? Thou also, art thou in thy sphere the minister of God's Justice ; feeling that thou art here to do it, and to see it done, at thy soul's peril ? Thou wilt then

judge Oliver with increasing clearness ; otherwise with increasing darkness, misjudge him.

In fact, Oliver's dialect is rude and obsolete ; the phrases of Oliver, to him solemn on the perilous battlefield as voices of God, have become to us most mournful when spouted as frothy cant from Exeter Hall. The reader has, all along, to make steady allowance for that. And on the whole, clear recognition will be difficult for him. To a poor slumberous Canting Age, mumbling to itself everywhere, Peace, Peace, where there is no peace,—such a Phenomenon as Oliver, in Ireland or elsewhere, is not the most recognizable in all its meanings. But it waits there for recognition ; and can wait an Age or two. The Memory of Oliver Cromwell, as I count, has a good many centuries in it yet ; and Ages of very varied complexion to apply to, before all end. My reader, in this passage and others, shall make of it what he can.

But certainly, at lowest, here is a set of Military Despatches of the most unexampled nature ! Most rough, unkempt ; shaggy as the Numidian lion. A style rugged as crags ; coarse, drossy : yet with a meaning in it, an energy, a depth ; pouring on like a fire-torrent ; perennial *fire* of it visible athwart all drosses and defacements : not uninteresting to see ! This man has come into distracted Ireland with a God's Truth in the heart of him, though an unexpected one ; the first such man they have seen for a great while indeed. He carries Acts of Parliament, Laws of Earth and Heaven, in one hand ; drawn sword in the other. He addresses the bewildered Irish populations, the black ravening coil of sanguinary blustering individuals at Tredah and elsewhere : “ Sanguinary blustering individuals, whose word is grown worthless as the barking of dogs ; whose very thought is false, representing no fact but the contrary of fact,—behold, I am come to speak and to do the truth among you. Here are Acts of Parliament, methods of regulation and veracity, emblems the nearest we poor Puritans could make them of God's Law-Book, to which it is and shall be our perpetual effort to make them correspond nearer and nearer. Obey them, help us to perfect them, be peaceable and true under them, it shall be well with you. Refuse to obey them, I will not let you continue living ! As articulate-speaking veracious orderly men, not as a bluster-

ing murderous kennel of dogs run rabid, shall you continue in this Earth. Choose!"—They chose to disbelieve him; could not understand that he, more than the others, meant any truth or justice to them. They rejected his summons and terms at Tredah: he stormed the place; and according to his promise, put every man of the Garrison to death. His own soldiers are forbidden to plunder, by paper Proclamation; and in ropes of authentic hemp they are hanged when they do it. To Wexford Garrison the like terms as at Tredah; and, failing these, the like storm. Here is a man whose word represents a thing! Not bluster this, and false jargon scattering itself to the winds: what this man speaks out of him comes to pass as a fact; speech with this man is accurately prophetic of deed. This is the first King's face poor Ireland ever saw; the first Friend's face, little as it recognizes him,—poor Ireland!

But let us take the Letters themselves; and read them with various emotions, in which wonder will not fail. What a rage, wide-sweeping inexorable as Death, dwells in that heart;—close neighbor to pity, to trembling affliction, and soft tears! Some readers know that softness *without* rigor, rigor as of adamant to rest upon, is but sloth and cowardly baseness; that without justice first, real pity is not possible, and only false pity and maudlin weakness is possible. Others, again, are not aware of that fact.—To our Irish friends we ought to say likewise that this Garrison of Tredah consisted mostly of Englishmen.* Perfectly certain this:—and therefore let "the bloody hoof of the Saxon," &c., forbear to continue itself on that matter. At its peril! Idle blustering, and untruth of every kind, lead to the like terrible results in these days as they did in those.

The following Two Letters on Tredah, or Drogheda as we now name it, contain in themselves, especially the Second and more deliberate of the two contains, materials for a pretty complete account of the Transaction there. It requires only to be added, what Cromwell himself has forborne to do, that on the repulse of the first attack, it was he, in person, who, 'witnessing

* Ludlow, i., 301.

it from the batteries,' hastened forward and led on the new attack: My pretty men, we must positively not be repulsed; we must enter here, we cannot do at all without entering!—The rest of these Irish Letters may, I hope, tell their own tale.

LETTER LXX.

' *To the Honorable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.*'

' Dublin,' 16th September, 1649.

SIR,

It hath pleased God to bless our endeavors at Drogheda.* After battery, we stormed it. The Enemy were about 3,000 strong in the Town. They made a stout resistance; and near 1,000 of our men being entered, the Enemy forced them out again. But God giving a new courage to our men, they attempted again, and entered; beating the Enemy from their defences.

The Enemy had made three retrenchments, both to the right and left 'of' where we entered; all which they were forced to quit. Being thus entered, we refused them quarter; having the day before summoned the Town. I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think Thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives. Those that did, are in safe custody for the Barbadoes. Since that time, the Enemy quitted to us Trim and Durdalk. In Trim they were in such haste that they left their guns behind them.

This hath been a marvellous great mercy. The Enemy, being not willing to put an issue upon a field-battle, had put into this Garrison almost all their prime soldiers, being about 3,000 horse and foot, under the command of their best officers; Sir Arthur Ashton being made Governor. There were some seven or eight regiments, Ormond's being one, under the command of Sir Edmund Varney. I do not believe, neither do I hear, that any officer escaped with his life, save only one Lieutenant, who, I hear, going to the Enemy said, That he was the only man that escaped of all the Garrison. The Enemy upon this were filled with much terror. And truly I believe this bitterness will save much effusion of blood, through the goodness of God.

* This is Oliver's spelling; contrary to what was then usual, almost universal.

I wish that all honest hearts may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom indeed the praise of this mercy belongs. 'As' for instruments, they were very inconsiderable the work throughout. * * *

Captain Brandly did with forty or fifty of his men very gallantly storm the *Tenalias*; for which he deserves the thanks of the State. 'I rest,'

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

'*Tenalia*,' I believe, is now called *Tenaille* by engineers; a kind of advanced defensive-work, which takes its name from resemblance, real or imaginary, to the lip of a pair of *pincers*.

The 'Sir Edmund Varney' who perished here was the son of the Standard-bearer at Edgell. For Sir Arthur Ashton see Clarendon. Poor Sir Arthur had a wooden leg which the soldiers were very eager for, understanding it to be full of gold coin; but it proved to be mere timber: all his gold, 200 broad pieces, was sewed into his belt, and scrambled for when that came to light.† There is in Wood's Life‡ an old-soldier's account of the Storm of Tredah, sufficiently emphatic, by 'Tom Wood, Anthony's brother, who had been there.

LETTER LXXI.

'For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.'

Dublin, 17th September, 1649.

SIR,

Your Army being safely arrived at Dublin; and the Enemy endeavoring to draw all his forces together about Trim and Tecroghan, as my intelligence gave me,—from whence endeavors were made by the Marquis of Ormond to draw Owen Roe O'Neil with his forces to his assistance, but with what success I cannot yet learn,—I resolved, after some refreshment taken for our weatherbeaten men and horses, and accommodations for a march, to take the field. And accordingly, upon Friday, the 30th of August; last, rendezvoused with eight regiments of

* Whitlocke, p. 412.

† Ibid.

‡ Prefixed to the *Athenæ Oxonienses*.

§ Friday is 31st; this error as to the day of the month continues through

foot, six of horse and some troops of dragoons, three miles on the north side of Dublin. The design was, To endeavor the regaining of Drogheda; or tempting the Enemy, upon his hazard of the loss of that place, to fight.

Your Army came before the Town upon Monday following.* Where having pitched, as speedy course was taken as could be to frame our batteries; which took up the more time because divers of the battering guns were on shipboard. Upon Monday, the 9th of this instant, the batteries began to play. Whereupon I sent Sir Arthur Ashton, the then Governor, a summons, To deliver the Town to the use of the Parliament of England. To the which receiving no satisfactory answer, I proceeded that day to beat down the Steeple of the Church on the south side of the Town, and to beat down a Tower not far from the same place, which you will discern by the Chart enclosed.

Our guns not being able to do much that day, it was resolved to endeavor to do our utmost the next day to make breaches assaultable, and by the help of God to storm them. The place pitched upon was that part of the Town-wall next a Church called St. Mary's; which was the rather chosen because we did hope that if we did enter and possess that Church, we should be the better able to keep it against their horse and foot until we could make way for the entrance of our horse; and we did not conceive that any part of the Town would afford the like advantage for that purpose with this. The batteries planted were two: one was for that part of the Wall against the east end of the said Church; the other against the Wall on the south side. Being somewhat long in battering, the Enemy made six retrenchments: three of them from the said Church to Duleek Gate; and three of them from the east end of the Church to the Town-wall and so backward. The guns, after some two or three hundred shot, beat down the corner Tower, and opened two reasonable good breaches in the east and south Wall.

Upon Tuesday, the 10th of this instant, about five o'clock in the evening, we began the Storm: and after some hot dispute we entered, about seven or eight hundred men; the Enemy disputing it very stiffly with us. And indeed, through the advantages of the place, and the courage God was pleased to give the defenders, our men were forced to retreat quite out of the breach, not without some considerable loss; Colonel Cassel being there shot in the head, whereof he presently died; and divers officers and soldiers doing their duty killed and wounded. There was a Tenalia to flanker the south Wall of the Town, between Duleek Gate and the corner Tower before mentioned;—which our men entered, wherein they found some forty or fifty of the Enemy, which

* 3d September.

† 10th

they put to the sword. And this 'Tenalia' they held: but it being without the Wall, and the sally-port through the Wall into that Tenalia being choked up with some of the Enemy which were killed in it, it proved of no use for an entrance into the Town that way.

Although our men that stormed the breaches were forced to recoil, as is before expressed; yet, being encouraged to recover their loss, they made a second attempt; wherein God was pleased so to animate them that they got ground of the Enemy, and by the goodness of God, forced him to quit his entrenchments. And after a very hot dispute, the Enemy having both horse and foot, and we only foot, within the Wall, —they gave ground, and our men became masters both of their retrenchments and 'of' the Church: which indeed, although they made our entrance the more difficult, yet they proved of excellent use to us; so that the Enemy could not 'now' annoy us with their horse, but thereby we had advantage to make good the ground, that so we might let in our own horse; which accordingly was done, though with much difficulty.

Divers of the Enemy retreated into the Mill-Mount; a place very strong and of difficult access; being exceedingly high, having a good graft, and strongly pallisadoed. The Governor, Sir Arthur Ashton, and divers considerable Officers being there, our men getting up to them, were ordered by me to put them all to the sword. And indeed, being in the heat of action, I forbade them to spare any that were in arms in the Town: and, I think, that night they put to the sword about 2,000 men;—divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the Bridge into the other part of the Town, where about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church-steeple, some the west Gate, and others a strong Round Tower next the Gate called St. Sunday's. These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames: "God damn me, God found me: I burn, I burn."

The next day, the other two Towers were summoned; in one of which was about six or seven score: but they refused to yield themselves: and we knowing that hunger must compel them, set only good guards to secure them from running away until their stomachs were come down. From one of the said Towers, notwithstanding their condition, they killed and wounded some of our men. When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; and every tenth man of the soldiers killed; and the rest shipped for the Barbadoes. The soldiers in the other Tower were all spared, as to their lives only; and shipped likewise for the Barbadoes.

I am persuaded that this is a righteous judgment of God upon

these barbarous wretches, who have imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood; and that it will tend to prevent the effusion of blood for the future. Which are the satisfactory grounds to such actions, which otherwise cannot but work remorse and regret. The officers and soldiers of this Garrison were the flower of their Army. And their great expectation was, that our attempting this place would put fair to ruin us: they being confident of the resolution of their men, and the advantage of the place. If we had divided our force into two quarters to have besieged the North Town and the South Town, we could not have had such a correspondency between the two parts of our Army, but that they might have chosen to have brought their Army, and have fought with which part 'of ours' they pleased,—and at the same time have made a sally with 2,000 men upon us, and have left their walls manned; they having in the Town the number hereafter specified, but some say near 4,000.

Since this great mercy vouchsafed to us, I sent a party of horse and dragoons to Dundalk; which the Enemy quitted, and we are possessed of,—as also 'of' another Castle they deserted, between Trim and Drogheda, upon the Boyne. I sent a party of horse and dragoons to a House within five miles of Trim, there being then in Trim some Scots Companies, which the Lord of Ardes brought to assist the Lord of Ormond. But upon the news of Drogheda, they ran away; leaving their great guns behind them, which also we have possessed.

And now give me leave to say how it comes to pass that this work is wrought. It was set upon some of our hearts, That a great thing should be done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God. And is it not so, clearly? That which caused your men to storm so courageously, it was the Spirit of God, who gave your men courage, and took it away again; and gave the Enemy courage, and took it away again; and gave your men courage again, and therewith, this happy success. And therefore it is good that God alone have all the glory.

It is remarkable that these people, at the first set up the Mass in some places of the Town that had been monasteries; but afterwards grew so insolent that, the last Lord's day before the storm, the Protestants were thrust out of the great Church called St. Peter's, and they had public Mass there: and in this very place near 1,000 of them were put to the sword, fleeing thither for safety. I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two: the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, brother to Lord Taaff, whom the soldiers took, the next day, and made an end of. The other was taken in the Round Tower, under the repute of a Lieutenant, and when he understood that the

officers in that Tower had no quarter, he confessed he was a Friar; but that did not save him.

A great deal of loss in this business fell upon Colonel Hewson's, Colonel Cassel's, and Colonel Ewer's regiments. Colonel Ewer having two Field-Officers in his regiment shot; Colonel Cassel and a Captain of his regiment slain: Colonel Hewson's Captain-Lieutenant slain. I do not think we lost 100 men upon the place, though many be wounded.

I must humbly pray the Parliament may be pleased 'that' this Army may be maintained; and that a consideration may be had of them, and of the carrying on affairs here, 'such' as may give a speedy issue to this work. To which there seems to be a marvellous fair opportunity offered by God. And although it may seem very chargeable to the State of England to maintain so great a force; yet surely to stretch a little for the present, in following God's providence, in hope the charge will not be long—I trust it will not be thought by any (that have not irreconcilable or malicious principles) unfit for me to move, For a constant supply: which, in human probability as to outward things, is most likely to hasten and perfect this work. And indeed if God please to finish it here as He hath done in England, the War is like to pay itself.

We keep the field much; our tents sheltering us from the wet and cold. But yet the Country-sickness overtakes many: and therefore we desire recruits, and some fresh regiments of foot, may be sent us. For it's easily conceived by what the Garrisons already drink up, what our Field-Army will come to, if God shall give more Garrisons into our hands. Craving pardon for this great trouble, I rest,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P. S. Since writing of my Letter, a Major who brought off forty-three horse from the Enemy told me that it's reported in their camp that Owen Roe and they are agreed.

The defendants in Drogheda consisted of: The Lord of Ormond's regiment; Sir Edmund Varney Lieutenant-Colonel's, of 400: Colonel Byrn's, Colonel Warren's, and Colonel Wall's of 2,000; the Lord of Westmeath's, of 200; Sir James Dillon's, of 200; and 200 horse.*

The report as to Owen Roe O'Neil is correct. Monk, who had lately in Ulster entered upon some negotiation with O'Neil and his Old-Irish Party, who, as often happened, were in quarrel

* Newspapers; in Parliamentary History (London, 1763), xix., 201.

with the others, found himself deserted by his very soldiers, and obliged to go to England; where this policy of his, very useful as Monk had thought, is indignantly disavowed by the Authorities, who will not hear of such a connexion.* Owen Roe O'Neil appears to have been a man of real ability; surely no able man, or son of Order, ever sank into a more dismal welter of confusions unconquerable by him! He did no more service or disservice henceforth; he died in some two months, of a disease in the foot, —poisoned, say some, by the gift of a 'pair of russet-leather boots' which some traitor had bestowed on him.†

Such was the Storm of Tredah. A thing which, if one *wanted* good assurance as to the essential meaning of it, might well 'work remorse and regret:' for indisputably the outer body of it is emphatic enough! Cromwell, not in a light or loose manner, but in a very solemn and deep one, takes charge for himself, at his own peril, 'That it *is* a Judgment of God: and that it did 'save much effusion of blood,' we and all spectators can very readily testify. 'The execrable policy of that Regicide,' says Jacobite Carte on the occasion, 'had the effect he proposed. It spread abroad the terror of his name; it cut'—In fact, it cut through the heart of the Irish War. Wexford Storm followed (not by forethought, it would seem, but by chance of war) in the same stern fashion; and there was no other storm or slaughter needed in that Country. Rose-water Surgeons might have tried it otherwise; but that was not Oliver's execrable policy, not the Rose-water one. And so we leave it, standing on such basis as it has.

Ormond had sent orders to 'burn' Dundalk and Trim before quitting them; but the Garrisons, looking at Tredah, were in too much haste to apply the coal. They marched away at double-quick time; the Lord Lieutenant got possession of both Towns unburnt. He has put Garrisons there, we see, which 'drink up' some of his forces. He has also despatched Colonel Venables, of whom we shall hear again, with a regiment or two to raise what Siege there may be at Derry, and assist in settling distracted Ulster; a service they rapidly accomplished, without much hurt,

* 10 August, 1649 (Commons Journals, vi., 277).

† Carte, ii., 83.

though not without one imminent peril—by a *camisado*, or surprisal in the night-time, which is afterwards alluded to in these Letters. The Lord Lieutenant himself, who dates from Dublin, rests but a few days there; then sets out Southward on a new series of operations.

LETTER LXXII.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Wexford, 14th October, 1649.

SIR,

The Army marched from Dublin, about the 23d of September, into the County of Wicklow, where the Enemy had a Garrison about fourteen miles from Dublin, called Killincarrick; which they quitting, a Company of the Army was put therein. From thence the Army marched through almost a desolated country, until it came to a passage over the River Doro,* about a mile above the Castle of Arcklow, which was the first seat and honor of the Marquis of Ormond's family. Which he had strongly fortified: but it was, upon the approach of the Army, quitted;—wherein we left another Company of Foot.

From thence the Army marched towards Wexford; where in the way was a strong and large Castle, at a town called Linbrick, the ancient seat of the Esmonds; where the Enemy had a strong Garrison; which they burnt and quitted, the day before our coming thither. From thence we marched towards Ferns, an episcopal seat, where was a Castle; to which I sent Colonel Reynolds with a party to summon it. Which accordingly he did, and it was surrendered to him; where he having put a company,—advanced the Army to a passage over the River Slaney, which runs down to Wexford; and that night, we marched into the fields of a Village called Enniscorthy, belonging to Mr. Robert Wallop;†

* River Dorrha it is now called Avoca: and well known to musical persons.

† Wallop is Member ('recruiter') for Andover; a King's-Judge; Member of the Council of State; now and afterwards a conspicuous rigorous republican man. He has advanced money, long since, we suppose, for the Public Service in Ireland; and obtained in payment this 'fair House,' and Superiority of Enniscorthy; properties the value or no-value of which will much depend on the Lord Lieutenant's success at present.—Wallop's representative, a Peer of the Realm, is still owner here, as it has proved

where was a strong Castle very well manned and provided for by the Enemy: and, close under it, a very fair House belonging to the same worthy person,—a Monastery of Franciscan Friars, the considerablest in all Ireland: they ran away the night before we came. We summoned the Castle; and they refused to yield at the first; but upon better consideration, they were willing to deliver the place to us; which accordingly they did; leaving their great guns, arms, ammunition and provisions behind them.

Upon Monday, the First of October, we came before Wexford. Into which the Enemy had put a Garrison, consisting of 'part of' their Army; this Town having, until then, been so confident of their own strength as that they would not, at any time, suffer a Garrison to be imposed upon them. The Commander that brought in those forces was Colonel David Synott; who took upon him the command of the place. To whom I sent a Summons; between whom and me there passed answers and replies:

“ For the Lord General Cromwell.

“ SIR,—I received your Letter of Summons for the delivery of this Town into your hands. Which standeth not with my honor to do of myself; neither will I take it upon me, without the advice of the rest of the Officers, and Mayor of this Corporation; this Town being of so great consequence to all Ireland. Whom I will call together, and confer with; and return my resolution to you, to-morrow by twelve of the clock.

“ In the meantime, if you be so pleased, I am content to forbear all acts of hostility, so you permit no approach to be made. Expecting your answer in that particular, I remain,—my Lord,—your Lordship's servant,

“ D. SYNOTT.”

“ To the Commander-in-chief of the Town of Wexford.

“ SIR,—I am contented to expect your resolution by twelve of the clock to-morrow morning. Because our tents are not so good a covering as your houses, and for other reasons, I cannot agree to a cessation. I rest,—your servant,

“ OLIVER CROMWELL.”

Whilst these papers were passing between us, I sent the Lieutenant-General* with a party of dragoons, horse and foot, to endeavor to reduce

* Michael Jones.

their Fort, which lay at the mouth of their harbor, about ten miles distant from us. To which he sent a troop of dragoons; but the Enemy quitted their Fort, leaving behind them about seven great guns; betock themselves, by the help of their boat, to a Frigate of twelve guns lying in the harbor, within cannon-shot of the Fort. The dragoons possessed the Fort: and some seamen belonging to your Fleet coming happily in at the same time, they bent their guns at the Frigate, and she immediately yielded to mercy,—both herself, the soldiers that had been in the Fort, and the seamen that manned her. And whilst our men were in her, the Town, not knowing what had happened, sent another vessel to her; which our men also took.

The Governor of the Town having obtained from me a safe-conduct for the four persons mentioned in one of the papers, to come and treat with me about the surrender of the Town, I expected they should have done so. But instead thereof, the Earl of Castlehaven brought to their relief, on the north side of the river,* about five hundred foot. Which occasioned their refusal to send out any to treat; and caused me to revoke my safe-conduct, not thinking it fit to leave it for them to make use of it when they pleased. Our cannon being landed,† and we having removed all our quarters to the south-east end of the Town, next the Castle, ‘which stands without the Walls,’—it was generally agreed that we should bend the whole strength of our artillery upon the Castle; being persuaded that if we got the Castle, the Town would easily follow.

Upon Thursday, the 11th instant (our batteries being finished the night before), we began to play betimes in the morning; and having spent near a hundred shot, the Governor’s stomach came down; and he sent to me to give leave for four persons, intrusted by him, to come unto me, and offer terms of surrender. Which I condescending to, two Field-Officers with an Alderman of the Town, and the Captain of the Castle, brought out the Propositions enclosed,—which for their abominableness, manifesting also the impudency of the men, I thought fit to present to your view. Together with my Answer;‡—which indeed had no effect. For whilst I was preparing of it; studying to preserve the Town from plunder, that it might be of the more use to you and your Army,—the Captain, who was one of the Commissioners, being fairly treated, yielded up the Castle to us. Upon the top of which our men no sooner appeared, but the Enemy quitted the Walls of the Town; which our men perceiving, ran violently upon the Town with their ladders, and stormed it. And when they were come into the market-place, the Enemy making a stiff resistance, our forces brake them; and then put all to the

* Carte, ii., 92.

† 6th October (ib.).

‡ Now lost

sword that came in their way. Two boatfuls of the Enemy attempting to escape, being overprest with numbers, sank; whereby were drowned near three hundred of them. I believe, in all, there was lost of the Enemy not many less than Two thousand; and I believe not Twenty of your's from first to last of the Siege. And indeed it hath, not without cause, been deeply set upon our hearts, That, we intending better to this place than so great a ruin, hoping the Town might be of more use to you and your Army, yet God would not have it so; but, by an unexpected providence, in His righteous justice, brought a just judgment upon them; causing *them* to become a prey to the soldier who in their piracies had made preys of so many families, and now with their bloods to answer the cruelties which they had exercised upon the lives of divers poor Protestants! Two 'instances' of which I have been lately acquainted with. About seven or eight score poor Protestants were by them put into an old vessel; which being, as some say, bulged by them, the vessel sunk, and they were all presently drowned in the Harbor. The other 'instance' was thus: They put divers poor Protestants into a Chapel (which, since, they have used for a Mass-House, and in which one or more of their priests were now killed), where they were famished to death.

The soldiers got a very good booty in this place; and had not they* had opportunity to carry their goods over the River, whilst we besieged it, it would have been much more:—I could have wished for their own good, and the good of the Garrison, they had been more moderate.† Some things which were not easily portable, we hope we shall make use of to your behoof. There are great quantities of iron, hides, tallow, salt, pipe, and barrel-staves; which are under commissioners' hands, to be secured. We believe there are near a hundred cannon in the Fort, and elsewhere in and about the Town. Here is likewise some very good shipping: here are three vessels, one of them of thirty-four guns, which a week's time would fit to sea; there is another of about twenty guns, very near ready likewise. And one other Frigate of twenty guns, upon the stocks; made for sailing; which is built up to the uppermost deck: for her handsomeness' sake, I have appointed the workmen to finish her, here being materials to do it, if you or the Council of State shall approve thereof. The Frigate, also, taken beside the Fort, is a most excellent vessel for sailing. Besides divers other ships and vessels in the Harbor.

This Town is now so in your power, that of the former inhabitants

* The Townsfolk.

† Not forced us to storm them. .

I believe scarce one in twenty can challenge any property in their houses. Most of them are run away, and many of them killed in this service. And it were to be wished, that an honest people would come and plant here;—where are very good houses, and other accommodations fitted to their hands, which may by your favor be made of encouragement to them. As also a seat of good trade, both inward and outward:—and of marvellous great advantage in the point of the herring and other fishing. The Town is pleasantly seated and strong, having a rampart of earth within the wall, near fifteen feet thick.

Thus it hath pleased God to give into your hands this other mercy. For which, as for all, we pray God may have all the glory. Indeed your instruments are poor and weak, and can do nothing but through believing,—and that is the gift of God also.

I humbly take leave, and rest,

Your most humble Servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

‘P. S.’ A day or two before our Battery was planted, Ormond, the Earl of Castlehaven, the Lord of Ardes and Clanneboyes were on the other side of the Water, with about 1,800 horse ‘and’ 1,500 foot; and offered to put in four or five hundred foot more into the Town; which the Town refusing, he marched away in all haste. I sent the Lieutenant-General after him, with about 1,400 horse; but the Enemy made from him.*

Young Charles II., who has got to the Isle of Jersey, decidedly inclining towards Ireland as yet, will probably be staggered by these occurrences, when the news of them reaches him. Not good quarters Ireland at present! The Scots have proclaimed him King; but clogged it with such conditions about the Covenant, about Malignants, and what not, as nothing but the throat of an ostrich could swallow. The poor young King is much at a loss; †—must go somewhither, and if possible take some Mrs. Barlow with him! Laird Winram, Senator of the College of Justice, is off to deal with him; ‡ to see if he cannot help him down with the Covenant: the Laird’s best ally, I think, will be Oliver in Ireland. At Edinburgh these are the news from that quarter:

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 65-7)

† Carte’s Ormond Papers, i., 316, &c.

‡ 11 October, 1649, Balfour’s Historical Works (Edinb., 1825), iii., 432.

‘ In October and November this year there ran and were spread frequent rumors that Lieutenant-General Oliver Cromwell was routed in Ireland, yea killed; and again that he bore all down before him like an impetuous torrent: how that he had taken ‘Tradaffe and Washford,’ Tredah and Wexford; ‘and there, neither sparing sex nor age, had exercised all the cruelties of a merciless inhuman and bloody butcher, even brutishly against Nature. On these rumors Will Douglas,’ no great shakes at metre, ‘did write these lines :

“ Cromwell is dead, and risen; and dead again,
 And risen the third time after he was slain:
 No wonder! For he’s messenger of Hell:—
 And now he buffets us, now posts to tell
 What’s past; and for more game new counsel takes
 Of his good friend the Devil, who keeps the stakes.”*

LETTER LXXIII.

UNDER date 5th November, 1649, we read in the old Newspapers ‘ Our affairs have made this progress: Wexford being settled under the command of Colonel Cooke, our Army stayed not long there: but hasted further unto Ross. Which is a walled Town, situated upon the river Barrow, a very pleasant and commodious river, bearing vessels of a very considerable burden. Upon Wednesday, the 17th of this instant October, we sat down before Ross; and my Lord Lieutenant, the same day, sent in this following Summons:’

For the Commander-in-chief in Ross. These.

17th October, 1649.

SIR,

Since my coming into Ireland, I have this witness for myself, That I have endeavored to avoid effusion of blood; having been before no place, to which such terms have not been first sent as might have turned to the good and preservation of those to whom they were of-

* Balfour’s Historical Works (Edinb., 1825), iii., p. 433.

ferred; this being my principle, that the people and places where I come may not suffer, except through their own wilfulness.

To the end I may observe the like course with this place and people therein, I do hereby summon you to deliver the Town of Ross into my hands, to the use of the Parliament of England. Expecting your speedy answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

‘The trumpeter that carried this summons was denied entrance into the Town. They received his paper at the gates; and told him that an answer should be returned thereunto by a drummer of their own. Hereupon we prepared our batteries, and made ready for a storm. Ormond himself, Ardes, and Castlehaven were on the other side of the River; and sent in supplies of 1,500 foot, the day before it was surrendered to us; 1,000 foot being in it before we came unto it. Castlehaven was in it that morning they delivered it, and Inchiquin too had been there not above two or three days before our advance thither. They boated over their men into the Town in our sight; and yet that did not discourage us in making ready all provisions fitting for a storm. On Friday, the 19th of this instant, our great pieces began to play, and early in the morning the Governor sent out his answer to my Lord Lieutenant’s Summons:

“For General Cromwell, or, in his absence, For the Commander-in-chief of the Army now encamped before Ross.”

“Ross, 19th October, 1649.

“SIR,—I received a Summons from you, the first day you appeared before this place; which should have been answered ere now, had not other occasions interrupted me. And although I am now in far better condition to defend this place than I was at that time, yet am I, upon the considerations offered in your Summons, content to entertain a Treaty; and to receive from you those conditions that may be safe and honorable for me to accept of. Which if you listen to, I desire that pledges on both sides may be sent, for performance of such Articles as shall be agreed upon; and that all acts of hostility may cease on both sides, and each party keep within their distance. To this your immediate resolution is expected by,—Sir, your servant,

“LUCAS TAAFF.”

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 67.)

‘Hereunto my Lord immediately returned this Answer,’—
which counts here as our Seventy-fourth Letter :

LETTER LXXIV.

For the Governor of Ross : These.

19th October, 1649.

SIR,

If you like to march away with those under your command, with their arms, bag and baggage, and with drums and colors, and shall deliver up the Town to me,—I shall give caution to perform these conditions ; expecting the like from you. As to the inhabitants, they shall be permitted to live peaceably, free from the injury and violence of the soldiers.

If you like hereof, you can tell how to let me know your mind, notwithstanding my *refusal* of a cessation. By these you will see the reality of my intentions to save blood, and to preserve the place from ruin. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

‘Our batteries still continued, and made a great breach in the Wall. Our men were drawn out in a readiness to storm, Lieutenant-Colonel Ingoldsby being by lot chosen to lead them ; but the Governor being willing to embrace conditions, sent out this his Reply :

“ For General Cromwell : These.

“ Ross, 19th October, 1649.

“ SIR,—There wants but little of what I would propose :—which is, That such Townsmen as have a desire to depart, may have liberty within a convenient time to carry away themselves and goods : and liberty of conscience to such as shall stay : and that I may carry away such artillery and ammunition as I have in my command. If you be inclined to this, I will send, upon your honor as a safe-conduct, an Officer to conclude with you. To which your immediate answer is expected by,—Sir, your servant,

“ LUCAS TAAFF.”

‘Hereunto my Lord gave this return,’—our Seventy-fifth Letter :

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 68).

LETTER LXXV.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

19th October, 1649.

SIR,

To what I formerly offered,* I shall make good. As for your carrying away any artillery or ammunition, that you brought not with you, or 'that' hath not come to you since you had the command of that place,—I must deny you that; expecting you to leave it as you found it.

'As' for that which you mention concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience. But if by liberty of conscience, you mean a liberty to exercise the Mass, I judge it best to use plain dealing, and to let you know, Where the Parliament of England have power, *that* will not be allowed of. As for such of the Townsmen who desire to depart, and carry away themselves and goods (as you express), I engage myself they shall have three months time so to do; and in the mean time shall be protected from violence in their persons and goods, as others under the obedience of the Parliament.

If you accept of this offer, I engage my honor for a punctual performance hereof. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

'The Governor returned this Answer:

"For General Cromwell: These.

October 19th, 1649.

"SIR,—I am content to yield up this place upon the Terms offered in your last and first Letters. And if you please to send your safe-conduct to such as I shall appoint to perfect these conditions, I shall on receipt thereof send them to you. In the interval,—To cease all acts of hostility, and that all parties keep their own ground, until matters receive a full end. And so remains, Sir, your servant,

"LUCAS TAAFF."

'Hereunto my Lord replied thus:—

* 'To,' *sic*.

† Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 65).

LETTER LXXVI.

For the Governor of Ross: These.

October 19th, 1649.

SIR,

You have my hand and honor engaged to perform what I offered in my first and last Letters; which I shall inviolably observe. I expect you to send me immediately four persons of such quality as may be hostages for your performance; for whom you have this safe-conduct enclosed, into which you may insert their names. Without which I shall not cease acts of hostility. If anything happen by your delay, to your prejudice, it will not be my fault. Those you send may see the conditions perfected. Whilst I forbear acts of hostility, I expect you forbear all actings within. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

‘This,’ says the old Newspaper, ‘was the last message between them: the Governor sending out his four hostages to compose and perfect the Agreement, our batteries ceased; and our intentions to storm the Town were disappointed. Thus within three days we had possession of this place without the effusion of blood. A very considerable place, and a very good quarter for the refreshment of our soldiers. The Enemy marched over to the other side of the River, and did not come out of that side of the Town where we had encamped,’—which I think was a judicious movement of theirs. What English were in the Garrison, some five or six hundred heré, do, as their common custom is, ‘join us.’ Munster Royalist Forces, poor Ormond men, they had rather live, than be slain in such a Cause as this has grown.

LETTER LXXVII.

HERE is Cromwell’s official account of the same business, in a Letter to Lenthall.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 69).

'For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Ross, 25th October, 1649.

SIR,

Since my last from Wexford, we marched to Ross; a walled Town, situated upon the Barrow; a port-town, up to which a ship of seven or eight hundred tons may come.

We came before it upon Wednesday, the 17th instant, with three pieces of cannon. That evening I sent a Summons; Major-General Taaff, being Governor, refused to admit my trumpet into the Town; but took the Summons in, returning me no answer. I did hear that near 1,000 foot had been put into this place some few days before my coming to it. The next day was spent in making preparations for our battery; and in our view there were boated over from the other side of the river, of English, Scots, and Irish, 1,500 more, Ormond, Castlehaven, and the Lord of Ardes, being on the other side of the water to cause it to be done.

That night we planted our battery; which began to play very early the next morning. The Governor immediately sent forth an Answer to my Summons; copies of all which I make bold herewith to trouble you 'with;* the rather because you may see how God pulls down proud stomachs. The Governor desired commissioners might treat, and that in the meantime there might be a ceasing of acts of hostility on both sides. Which I refused; sending in word, That if he would march away with arms, bag and baggage, and give me hostages for performance, he should. Indeed he might have done it without my leave, by the advantage of the River. He insisted upon having the cannon with him; which I would not yield unto, but required the leaving the artillery and ammunition; which he was content to do, and marched away, leaving the great artillery, and the ammunition in the stores to me.—When they marched away, at least 500 English, many of them of the Munster forces, came to us.

Ormond is at Kilkenny, Inchiquin in Munster, Henry O'Neil, Owen Roe's Son, is come up to Kilkenny, with near 2,000 horse and foot, with whom and Ormond there is now a perfect conjunction. So that now, I trust, some angry friends will think it high time to take off their jealousy † from those to whom they ought to exercise more charity.

The rendition of this Garrison was a reasonable mercy, as giving us

* We have just read them.

† Jealousy of the Parliament's having countenanced Monk in his negotiations with Owen Roe and the Old-Irish of the Massacre.

an opportunity towards Munster; and is for the present a very good refreshment for our men. We are able to say nothing as to all this, but that the Lord is still pleased to own a company of poor worthless creatures; for which we desire His name to be magnified, and 'that' the hearts of all concerned may be provoked to walk worthy of such condescended favors. This is the earnest desire of

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. Colonel Horton is lately dead of the Country-disease, leaving a Son behind him. He was a person of great integrity and courage. His former services, especially that of the last summer, I hope will be had in remembrance.*

Poor Horton; he beat the Welsh at St. Fagan's, and did good service 'last summer;' and now he is dead of the 'Country-disease,'—a pestilence, raging in the rear of Famine and the Spoil of War. Famine has long reigned. When the War ended, Ludlow tells us, it was found necessary to issue a Proclamation that 'no lambs or calves should be killed for one year,' the stock of cattle being exhausted. Such waste had there been, continues he, in burning the possessions of the English, many of the Natives themselves were driven to starvation; 'and I have been informed by persons deserving credit, that the same calamity fell upon them even in the first year of the Rebellion, through the depredations of the Irish; and that they roasted men, and ate them, to supply their necessities.'† Such a War is worth ending at some cost!—In the Lord Lieutenant's Army, we learn elsewhere, there was an abundant supply, the country crowding in as to a good market, where sure prices were given, and fair dealing enforced; all manner of depredators being, according to the paper Proclamation, hanged in very authentic hemp. 'Much better supplied than any of the Irish Armies had ever been.'‡

* Newspapers (in Parl. History, xix., 224-6).

† Ludlow, i., 338, 9.

‡ Carte, ii., 90.

LETTER LXXVIII.

HERE is a small glimpse of domesticity again, due to the Pusey Seventeen; very welcome to us in these wild scenes. Mayor has endorsed it at Hursley, 'Received 12th December, 1649.' 'Cousin Barton,' I suppose, is the Barton who boggled at some things in the Marriage-Contracts; a respectable man, though he has his erotichets now and then.

For my beloved Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley: These.

Ross, 13th November, 1649.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am not often at leisure, nor now, to salute my friends; yet unwilling to lose this opportunity. I take it, only to let you know that you and your Family are often in my prayers. As for Dick, I do not much expect it from him, knowing his idleness; but I am angry with my Daughter as a promise-breaker. Pray tell her so;—but I hope she will redeem herself.

It has pleased the Lord to give us (since the taking of Wexford and Ross) a good interest in Munster, by the accession* of Cork and Youghal, which are both submitted; their Commanders are now with me. Divers other lesser Garrisons are come in also. The Lord is wonderful in these things; it's His hand alone does them; O that all the praise might be ascribed to Him!

I have been crazy in my health; but the Lord is pleased to sustain me. I beg your prayers. I desire you to call upon my Son to mind the things of God more and more: alas, what profit there in the things of this world;—except they be enjoyed in Christ, they are snares. I wish he may enjoy his Wife so, and she him; I wish I may enjoy them both so.

My service to my dear Sister 'and' Cousin Ann; my blessing to my Children, and love to Cousin Barton and the rest.

Sir, I am,

Your affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

* 'access,' *orig.*

† Harri., p. 511; one of the Pusey set, preserved by Dunch, as intimated

LETTER LXXIX.

THE 'General Blake' of this Letter is Admiral Blake: he, co-operating with Oliver, now dominates these waters. Prince Rupert, with the residue of the Revolted Ships, is lying close, for shelter from him, under the guns of Kinsale;—verging, poor Prince, to a fugitive roaming sea-life, very like Piracy in some of its features. He abandoned it as desperate, before long. Poor Prince Maurice, sea-roving in like fashion, went to the bottom; sank, in the West Indies, mouse and man; and ended, none knows exactly where, when, or how. Rupert invented, or helped to invent, 'pinchbeck' in subsequent years, and did no other service to the public that I know of.

The defection of Cork and Youghal, full of English influences and complex distractions, followed naturally on Cromwell's successes. In *Lady Fanshawe's Memoirs* is a vivid account of the universal hurlyburly that took place at Cork, on the verge of this occurrence there: tremulous instant decision what you will do, which side you will join; swift packing in the dead of night; swift riding off, in any carriage, cart, or ass-cart you can bargain with for love or money! Poor Lady Fanshawe got to Galway, there to try it yet a little longer.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Ross, 14th November, 1649.

SIR,

About a fortnight since, I had some good assurance that Cork was returned to its obedience; and had refused Inchiquin, who did strongly endeavor to reintegrate himself there, but without any success.* I did hear also that Colonel Townshend was coming to me with their submission and desires, but was interrupted by a Fort at the mouth of Cork Harbor. But having sufficient grounds upon the former information, and other confirmation out of the Enemy's camp that it was true, I desired General Blake, who was here with me, that he would repair thither in Captain Mildmay's Frigate, called the *Nonsuch*

* See Carte, ii., 91.

Who, when they came thither, received such entertainment as these enclosed will let you see.

In the meantime the Garland, one of your third-rate Ships, coming happily into Waterford Bay, I ordered her, and a great Prize lately taken in that Bay, to transport Colonel Phayr* to Cork; whitherward he went, having along with him near Five-hundred foot, which I spared him out of this poor Army, and 1,500*l.* in money;—giving him such instructions as were proper for the promoting of your interest there. As they went with an intention for Cork, it pleased God the wind coming cross, they were forced to ride off from Dungarvan. Where they met Captain Mildmay *returning* with the Nonsuch Frigate, with Colonel Townsend aboard, coming to me; who advertised them that Youghal had also declared for the Parliament of England. Whereupon they steered their course thither; and sent for Colonel Gifford, Colonel Warden, Major Purden (who with Colonel Townsend have been very active instruments for the return both of Cork and Youghal to their obedience, having some of them adventured their lives twice or thrice to effect it), and the Mayor of Youghal aboard them; who accordingly immediately came and made tender of some propositions to be offered to me. But my Lord Broghil being on board the Ship, assuring them it would be more for their honor and advantage to desire no conditions, they said they would submit. Whereupon my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and Colonel Phayr, went to the Town; and were received,—I shall give you my Lord Broghil's own words,—“*with all the real demonstrations of gladness an overjoyed people were capable of.*”

Not long after, Colonel Phayr landed his foot. And by the endeavors of the noble person† afore mentioned, and the rest of the gentlemen, the Garrison is put in good order; and the Munster officers and soldiers in that Garrison in a way of settlement. Colonel Phayr intends, as I hear, to leave Two-hundred men there, and to march with the rest overland to Cork. I hear by Colonel Townsend, and the rest of the gentlemen that were employed to me, that Baltimore, Castlehaven, Cappoquin, and some other places of hard names, are come in; as also that there are hopes of other places.

From Sir Charles Coot, Lord President of Connaught, I had a Letter, about three or four days since, That he is come over the Bann, and ha'h

* He of the King's Death Warrant.

† Lord Broghil. The somewhat romantic story of Cromwell's first visit to him, and chivalrous conquest of him, at his lodgings in London, ‘in the dusk of the evening,’ is in Collins's *Peerage* (London, 1741), iv., 253; and in many other Books;—copied from Morrice's *Life of Orrery*.

taken Coleraine by storm: and that he is in conjunction with Colonel Venables,—who I hear hath besieged Carrickfergus; which if through the mercy of God it be taken, I know nothing considerable in the North of Ireland, but Charlemont, that is not in your hands.

We lie with the Army at Ross; where we have been making a bridge over the Barrow, and 'have' hardly yet accomplished 'it' as we could wish. The Enemy lies upon the Nore, on the land between the Barrow and it; having gathered together all the force they can get. Owen Roe's men, as they report them, are Six-thousand foot, and about Four-thousand horse, beside their own Army 'in this quarter:' and they give out they will have a day for it:—which we hope the Lord in His mercy will enable us to give them, in His own good time. In whom we desire our only trust and confidence may be.

Whilst we have lain here, we have not been without some sweet taste of the goodness of God. Your ships have taken some good prizes. The last was thus: There came-in a Dunkirk man-of-war with 32 guns; who brought in a Turkish man-of-war whom she had taken, and another ship of 10 guns laden with poor-john and oil. These two your ships took. But the man-of-war whose prizes these two were, put herself under the fort of Duncannon, so that your ships could not come near her. It pleased God we had two demi-cannon with the foot on the shore; which being planted, raked her through, killing and wounding her men: so that after ten shot she weighed anchor, and ran into your Fleet, with a flag of submission, surrendering herself. She was well-manned, the prisoners taken being Two-hundred and thirty.—I doubt the taking of prisoners of this sort will cause the wicked trade of Piracy to be endless. They were landed before I was aware: and a hundred of them, as I hear, are gotten into Duncannon, and have taken up arms there; and I doubt the rest, that are gone to Waterford, will do us no good. The seamen, being so full of prizes and unprovided of victual, knew not how otherwise to dispose of them.

Another 'mercy' was this. We, having left divers sick men, both horse and foot at Dublin,—hearing many of them were recovered, sent them orders to march up to us; which accordingly they did. Coming to Arklow, on Monday the first of this instant, being about 350 horse and about 800 foot,—the Enemy, hearing of them (through the great advantage they have in point of intelligence), drew together a body of horse and foot, near 3,000, which Inchiquin commanded. There went also, with this party, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Trevor, and most of their great ranters.* We sent fifteen or sixteen troops to their res-

* Braggarts, great guns. Trevor had given Venables, as above hinted, a

cue, near eight hours too late. It pleased God we sent them word by a nearer way, To march close, and be circumspect, and to make what haste they could to Wexford, by the sea-side. They had marched near eighteen miles, and were come within seven miles of Wexford (the foot being miserably wearied), when the Enemy gave the scouts of the rear-guard an alarm. Whereupon they immediately drew up in the best order they could upon the sands, the sea on the one hand, and the rocks on the other; where the Enemy made a very furious charge; 'and' overbearing our horse with their numbers, which, as some of their prisoners confess, were Fifteen hundred of their best horse, forced them in some disorder back to the foot. Our foot stood; forbearing their firing till the Enemy was come almost within pistol-shot, and then let fly very full in the faces of them: whereby some of them began to tumble; the rest running off in a very great disorder;—and 'they' faced not about until they got above musket-shot off. Upon this our horse took encouragement; drawing up again; bringing up some foot to flank them. And a gentleman of ours, that had charged through before, being amongst them undiscerned, having put his signal into his hat as they did,—took his opportunity and came off; letting our men know, That the Enemy was in great confusion and disorder, and that if they could attempt another charge, he was confident good might be done on them. It pleased God to give our men courage; they advanced; and, falling upon the Enemy, totally routed them; took two colors and divers prisoners, and killed divers upon the place and in the pursuit. I do not hear that we have two men killed; and but one mortally wounded, and not five that are taken prisoners.

The quick march of our party made Inchiquin that he could reach them with nothing but his horse, hoping to put them to a stand until his foot came up; which if he had done, there had probably been no saving of a man of this party. Without doubt Inchiquin, Trevor, and the rest of those people, who are very good at this work, had swallowed up this party! And indeed it was, in human probability, lost; but God, that defeated Trevor in his attempt upon Venables (which Trevor, as I hear this night from the Enemy's camp, was shot through the belly, in this service, and is carried to Kilkenny,—and Sir Thomas Armstrong is also

dangerous camisado in the North lately; and was not far from ruining him, had the end corresponded with the beginning (see Carte, ii., 89). To which Cromwell alludes, by and by, in this Letter. Lord Inchiquin, a man of Royalist-Presbyterian tendencies, has fought long on various sides. The name Armstrong is not yet much of a 'ranter; but a new Sir Thomas will become famous under Titus Oates. Ludlow gives a curious account of this same running-fight on the sea-beach of Arklow (i., 309).

wounded), hath disappointed them, and poured shame upon them in this defeat; giving us the lives of a company of our dear friends, which I hope will be improved to His glory and their Country's good.

Sir, having given you this account, I shall not trouble you much with particular desires. Those I shall humbly present to the Council of State. Only, in the general, give me leave humbly to offer what in my judgment I conceive to be for your service, with a full submission to you. We desire recruits. It is not good not to follow providences.* Your recruits, and the forces desired will not raise your charge, if your assignments already for the forces here do come to our hands in time. I should not doubt 'but' by the addition of assessments here, to have your charge in some reasonable measure borne; and the soldier upheld, without too much neglect or discouragement,—which sickness, in this country so ill agreeing with their bodies, puts upon them; and 'which' this Winter's-action, I believe not heretofore known by English in this country, subjects them to. To the praise of God I speak it, I scarce know one officer of forty amongst us that hath not been sick.

Wherefore I humbly beg, that the monies desired may be seasonably sent over; and those other necessaries, clothes, shoes, and stockings, formerly desired; that so poor creatures may be encouraged: and, through the same blessed Presence that has gone along with us, I hope, before it be long, to see Ireland no burden to England, but a profitable part of its Commonwealth. And certainly the extending your help in this way, at this time, is the most profitable means speedily to effect it.

Craving pardon for this trouble, I rest,

Your most humble and faithful servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

LETTER LXXX.

Commons Journals, 12^o *Decembris*, 1649: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was this day read. *Ordered*, That the said Letter be forthwith printed and published;—Lord Mayor to be sure and send it to all the Ministers next Lord's Day, who are to be, as they best may, the voice of our devout thankfulness for 'these great mercies.' Here is the Letter still extant for posterity,—with or without the thankfulness.

We cannot give the exact day of date. The Letter exists,

* Beckonings of Providence.

† Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 69-71).

separate, or combined, with other matter, in various old Pamphlets; but is nowhere dated; and in fact, as the Entry in the Commons Journals may indicate, was never dated either as to place or time. The place we learn by the context: the time was after Saturday, November 24th,* and before December had yet begun;—probably enough, Sunday, November 25th.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

‘ Before Waterford,—November, 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

The Enemy being quartered between the two rivers of Nore and Barrow, and masters of all the passages thereupon; and giving out their resolutions to fight us, thereby, as we conceived, laboring to get reputation in the countries, and occasion more strength,—it was thought fit our Army should march towards them. Which accordingly upon Thursday, the 15th instant, was done. The Major-General and Lieutenant-General† (leaving me very sick at Ross behind them), with two battering guns, advanced towards Inistioge; a little walled Town about five miles from Ross, upon the Nore, on the south side thereof, which was possessed by the Enemy. But a party of our men under the command of Colonel Abbot, the night before, approaching the gates, and attempting to fire the same, the Enemy ran away through the River, leaving good store of provisions behind them.

Our Commanders hoped by gaining this Town to have gained a pass.‡ But indeed there fell so much sudden wet as made the River unpassable, by that time the Army was come up. Whereupon, hearing that the Enemy lay about two miles off upon the River, near Thomastown, a pretty large walled Town upon the Nore, on the north side thereof, having a bridge over the River,—our Army marched thither. But the Enemy had broken the bridge, and garrisoned the town; and in the view of our Army, marched away to Kilkenny,—seeming, though I believe they were double our number, to *decline* an engagement. Which they had the power to have necessitated us unto; but ‘which it’ was noways in our power, if they would stand upon the advantage of the Passes, to engage them unto;—nor indeed ‘was it in our power’ to continue two days longer, having almost spent all the bread they‡ carried with them.

* See *postea*, pp. 406; and Whitlocke, 2d edition, p. 433.

† Ireton, and Jones.

‡ A ford over the River.

§ ‘They’ and ‘them’ mean *we* and *us*: the swift-rushing sentence here alters its personality from first person to third, and so goes on.

Whereupon, seeking God for direction, they resolved to send a good party of horse and dragoons under Colonel Reynolds to Carrick; and to march the residue of the Army back towards Ross,—to gain more bread for the prosecution of that design, if by the blessing of God it should take. Colonel Reynolds marching with twelve troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, came betimes in the morning to Carrick. Where, dividing himself into two parties,—whilst they were amazed with the one, he entered one of the Gates with the other. Which their soldiers perceiving, divers of them and their officers escaped over the River in boats: about an hundred officers and soldiers ‘were’ taken prisoners, without the loss of one man on our part. In this place is a very good Castle, and one of the ancientest seats belonging to the Lord of Ormond, in Ireland: the same * was rendered without any loss also, where were good store of provisions for the refreshing of our men.

The Colonel giving us speedy intelligence of God’s mercy in this, we agreed to march, with all convenient speed, the residue of the Army up thither. Which accordingly was done, upon Wednesday and Thursday the 21st and 22d of this instant; and, through God’s mercy, I was enabled to bear them company. Being come hither, we did look at it as an especial good hand of Providence to give us this place; inasmuch as it gives us a passage over the River Suir to the City of Waterford, and indeed into Munster to our shipping and provisions, which before were beaten from us out of Waterford Bay by the Enemy’s guns. It hath given us also opportunity to besiege or block up Waterford; and we hope our gracious God will therein direct us also. It hath given us also the opportunity of our guns, ammunition, and victual; and indeed quarter for our horse, which could not have subsisted much longer: so sweet a mercy was the giving of this little place unto us.

Having rested there a night, and by noon of the next day gotten our Army over the River;—leaving Colonel Reynolds with about One-hundred and fifty foot, his own six troops of horse, and one troop of dragoons, with a very little ammunition according to the smallness of our marching store;—we marched away towards Waterford, upon Friday, the 23d; and on Saturday about noon came before the City. The Enemy, being not a little troubled at this unsuspected business (which indeed was the mere guidance of God), marched down with great fury towards Carrick, with their whole Army, resolving to swallow it up; and upon Saturday the 24th, assault the place round, thinking to take it by storm. But God had otherwise determined. For the troopers and the rest of the soldiers, with stones did so pelt them, they ‘were forced to draw off;

* The Castle.

after' continuing near four hours under the walls ;* 'after' having burnt the Gates, which our men barricaded up with stones ; and likewise 'having' digged under the walls, and sprung a small mine, which flew in their own faces. But they left about forty or fifty men dead under the Walls ; and have drawn off, as some say, near 400 more, which they buried up and down the fields ; besides what are wounded. And, as Inchiquin himself confessed in the hearing of some of their soldiers lately come to us, 'this' hath lost him above a thousand men.—The Enemy was drawing off his dead a good part of the night. They were in such haste upon the assault, that they killed their own trumpeter as he was returning with an Answer to the Summons sent by them. Both in the taking and defending of this place Colonel Reynolds his carriage was such as deserves much honor.†

Upon our coming before Waterford, I sent the Lieutenant-General with a regiment of horse, and three troops of dragoons, to endeavor the reducing of the Passage Fort : a very large Fort with a Castle in the midst of it, having five guns planted in it, and commanding the River better than Duncannon ; it not being much above musket-shot over, where this Fort stands ; and we can bring up hither ships of three-hundred tons, without any danger from Duncannon. Upon the attempt, though our materials were not very apt for the business, yet the Enemy called for quarter,—and had it, and we the place. We also possessed the guns which the Enemy had planted to beat our ships out of the Bay, two miles below. By the taking of this Fort, we shall much straiten Duncannon from provisions by water, as we hope they are not in a condition to get much by land ; besides the advantage it is to us to have provisions to come up the River.

It hath pleased the Lord, whilst these things have been thus transacting here, to add to your interest in Munster, Bandon Bridge ; the Town (as we hear) upon the matter, thrusting out young Jephson,‡ who was their Governor ; or else he deserting it upon that jealousy. As also Kinsale, and the Fort there : out of which Fort Four-hundred men marched upon articles, when it was surrendered. So that now, by the good hand of the Lord, your interest in Munster is near as good already as ever it was since this War began. I sent a party about two days ago to my Lord of Broghil ; from whom I expect to have an account of all.

* Having only 'a very little ammunition' and small use of guns (see Whitlocke, p. 418 ; Ludlow, &c.).

† We shall hear of Reynolds again.

‡ 'Young Jephson,' I suppose, is the son of Jephson, Member for Stockbridge, Hants ; one of those whom Pride purged away ;—not without reason, as is here seen.

Sir, what can be said in these things? Is it an arm of flesh that hath done these things? Is it the wisdom, and counsel, or strength of men? It is the Lord only. God will curse that man and his house that dares to think otherwise! Sir, you see the work is done by a Divine leading. God gets into the hearts of men, and persnades them to come under you. I tell you, a considerable part of your Army is fitter for an hospital than the field: if the Enemy did not know it, I should have held it impolitic to have writ this. They know it, yet they know not what to do.

I humbly beg leave to offer a word or two. I beg of those that are faithful, that they give glory to God. I wish it may have influence upon the hearts and spirits of all those that are now in place of Government, in the greatest trust,—that they may all in heart draw near to God; giving Him glory by holiness of life and conversation; ‘and’ that these unspeakable mercies may teach dissenting brethren on all sides to agree, at least, in praising God. And if the Father of the family be so kind, why should there be such jarrings and heart-burnings amongst the children? And if it will not be received That these are the seals of God’s approbation of your great Change of Government,—which indeed was no more yours than these victories and successes are ours,—yet let them with us say, even the most unsatisfied heart amongst them, That both are the righteous judgments and mighty works of God. That He hath pulled the mighty from his seat, and calls to an account ‘for’ innocent blood. That He thus breaks the enemies of His Church in pieces. And let them not be sullen, but praise the Lord,—and think of us as they please; and we shall be satisfied, and pray for them, and wait upon our God. And we hope we shall seek the welfare and peace of our native Country: and the Lord give them hearts to do so too. Indeed, Sir, I was constrained in my bowels to write this much. I ask your pardon, and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

An Able Editor in the old Newspapers has been inexpressibly favored with the sight of a Letter to an ‘Honorable Member of the Council of State;’ Letter dated ‘Cork, 18th December, 1649;’ wherein this is what we still read: ‘Yesterday my Lord Lieutenant came, from Youghal the head-quarters, unto Cork; my Lord Broghil, Sir William Fenton, and divers other Gentlemen and Commanders attending his Excellency. Who hath received here very hearty and noble entertainment. Tomorrow the

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 71-73).

Major-General' Ireton 'is expected here :—both in good health, God be praised. This week, I believe, they will visit Kinsale, Bandon Bridge, and other places in this Province that have lately declared for us, and that expect a return of his affection and presence, which joys many. Some report here that the Enemy burns towns and provisions near our quarters : but the example may at length turn to their own greatest prejudice. Colonel Deane and Colonel Blake, our Sea-generals, are both riding in Cork Harbor.*

Dated on the morrow is this Letter :

LETTER LXXXI.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Cork, 19th December, 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Not long after my last to you from before Waterford,—by reason of the tempestuousness of the weather, we thought fit, and it was agreed, To march away to Winter-quarters, to refresh our men until God shall please to give further opportunity for action.

We marched off, the 2d of this instant ; it being so terrible a day as ever I marched in all my life. Just as we marched off in the morning,—unexpected to us, the Enemy had brought an addition of near Two-thousand horse and foot to the increase of their Garrison : which we plainly saw at the other side of the water. We marched that night some ten or twelve miles through a craggy country, to Kilmac Thomas ; a Castle some eight miles from Dungarvan. As we were marching off in the morning from thence, the Lord Broghil,—I having sent before to him to march up to me,—sent a party of horse, to let me know, He was, with about Twelve or Thirteen hundred of the Munster horse and foot, about ten miles off, near Dungarvan, which was newly rendered to him.

In the midst of these good successes, wherein the kindness and mercy of God hath appeared, the Lord, in wisdom, and for gracious ends best known to Himself, hath interlaced some things which may give us cause of serious consideration what His mind therein may be. And we hope we wait upon Him, desiring to know, and to submit to His good pleasure. The noble Lieutenant-General,†—whose finger, to our knowledge, never

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 73).

† Michael Jones : Ludlow (i., 304) is a little misinformed.

ached in all these expeditions,—fell sick; we doubt, upon a cold taken upon our late wet march, and ill accommodation: and went to Dungarvan, where struggling some four or five days with a fever, he died; having run his course with so much honor, courage, and fidelity, as his actions better speak than my pen. What England lost hereby, is above me to speak. I am sure, I lost a noble friend, and companion in labors. You see how God mingles out the cup unto us. Indeed we are at this time a crazy company:—yet we live in His sight; and shall work the time that is appointed us, and shall rest after that in peace.*

But yet there hath been some sweet at the bottom of the cup;—of which I shall now give you an account. Being informed that the Enemy intended to take in the Fort of Passage, and the Lieutenant-General Ferral with his Ulsters† was to march out of Waterford, with a considerable party of horse and foot, for that service,—I ordered Colonel Zanchy, who lay on the north side of the Blackwater, To march with his regiment of horse, and two pieces of two troops of dragoons to the relief of our friends. Which he accordingly did; his party consisting in all of about three hundred and twenty. When he came some few miles from the place, he took some of the Enemy's stragglers in the villages as he went; all which he put to the sword: seven troopers of his killed thirty of them in one house. When he came near the place, he found the Enemy had close begirt it, with about five hundred Ulster foot under Major O'Neil; Colonel Wogan also, the Governor of Duncannon, with a party of his, with two great battering guns and a mortar-piece, and Captain Browne, the Governor of Ballihac, was there. Our men furiously charged them; and beat them from the place. The Enemy got into a place where they might draw up; and the Ulsters, who bragged much of their pikes, made indeed for the time a good resistance; but the horse, pressing sorely upon them, broke them; killed near an Hundred upon the place; took Three hundred and fifty prisoners,—amongst whom, Major O'Neil, and the Officers of Five hundred Ulster foot, all but those which were killed. The renegado Wogan with twenty-four of Ormond's kurisees, and the Governor of Ballihac, &c. Concerning some of these, I hope I shall not trouble your justice.

This mercy was obtained without the loss of one on our part, only one shot in the shoulder. Lieutenant-General Ferral was come up very near, with a great party to their relief; but our handful of men marching towards him, he shamefully hasted away, and recovered Waterford. It is not unworthy taking notice, That having appointed a Day of public Thanksgiving throughout our territories in Ireland, as well as a week's

* Yes, my brave one; even so!

† Ulster-men.

warning would permit, for the recovery of Munster, which proves a sweet refreshment to us, even prepared by God for us, after our weary and hard labor,—That that very day, and that very time, while men were praising God, was this deliverance wrought.

Though the present state of affairs bespeaks a continuance of charge, yet the same good hand of Providence, which hath blessed your affairs hitherto, is worthy to be followed to the uttermost. And who knows, or rather who hath not cause to hope, that He may in His goodness, put a short period to your whole charge. Than which no worldly thing is more desired, and endeavored by

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Ormond witnessed this defeat at Passage, from some steeple, or ‘place of prospect’ in Waterford; and found the ‘Mayor,’ whom he sent for, a most unreasonable man.†

‘The Renegado Wogan?’ Captain Wogan, once in the Parliament service, joined himself to Hamilton and the Scots in 1648; ‘bringing a gallant troop along with him.’ His maraudings, pickeerings, onslaughts, and daring chivalries became very celebrated after that. He was not slain or hanged here at Passage; there remained for him yet, some four years hence, his grand feat which has rendered all the rest memorable: ‘that of riding right through England, having rendezvoused at Barnet, with a Party ‘of Two-hundred horse,’ to join Middleton’s new Scotch Insurrection in the Highland Hills; where he, soon after, died of consumption and some slight hurt.‡—What ‘kuriscees’ are, I do not know: some nickname for Ormond’s men,—whom few loved; whom the Mayor of Waterford, this very day, would not admit into his Town even for the saving of Passage Fort.§ With certain of these ‘*your justice*’ need not be troubled.

This Letter, with two others, one from Ireton and one from Broghil, all dated Cork, 19th December, were not received in the

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 73, 74).

† Carte, ii., 103; whose account is otherwise very deficient.

‡ Clarendon, iii., 679; Whitlocke, Heath’s Chronicles, &c.

§ Carte, *ibid.*

Commons House till Tuesday, 8th January ; such were then the delays of the winter post. On which same day it is resolved, That the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland be desired to come over, and give his attendance here in Parliament.* Speaker is ordered to write him a letter to that effect.

‘The ground of this resolution,’ says Whitlocke, ‘was That the news of the King’s coming to Scotland became more probable than formerly.’ Laird Winram’s dealings with him, and Cromwell’s successes, and the call of Necessity are proving effectual ! ‘And,’ continues Whitlocke, ‘the proceedings of the Scots in raising of new forces gave an alarm to the Parliament : and some of their Members who had discoursed with the Lord General Fairfax upon those matters, and argued how necessary it would be to send an Army into Scotland to divert the war from England, —had found the General wholly averse to any such thing ; and, by means of his Lady, who was a strict Presbyterian, to be more a friend to the Scots than they,’ those Members, ‘wished. Therefore they thought this a fit time to send for the Lieutenant of Ireland, the rather as his Army was now drawn into winter-quarters.’†

The Lord Lieutenant thought, or was supposed to think, of complying straightway, as the old Newspapers instruct us, but on better counsel, the Scotch peril not being very imminent as yet, decided ‘to settle Ireland in a safe posture’ first. Indeed the Letter itself is long in reaching him ; and the rumor of it, which arrives much sooner, has already set the Enemy on false schemes, whereof advantage might be taken.‡ The Lord Lieutenant has been rehabilitating Courts of Justice in Dublin, settling contributions, and doing much other work ; and now, the February or even January weather being unusually good, he takes the field again, in hopes of perhaps soon finishing. The unhappy Irish are again excommunicating one another ; the Supreme Council of Kilkenny is again one wide howl ; and Ormond is writing to the King to recall him. Now is the Lieutenant’s time ; the February weather being good !

* Commons Journals, vi., 343, 4.

† Whitlocke, p. 422

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 77).’

LETTER LXXXII.

HERE is another small excerpt from Bulstrode, which we may take along with us ; a small speck of dark Ireland and its affairs rendered luminous for an instant. To which there is reference in this Letter. We saw Enniscorthy taken on the last day of September, the ' Castle and Village of Enniscorthy,' ' which belongs to Mr. Robert Wallop ;' a Garrison was settled there ; and this in some three months time is what becomes of it.

January 9th, 1649, Letters reach Bulstrode, perhaps a fortnight after date, ' That the Enemy surprised Enniscorthy Castle in this manner : Some Irish Gentlemen feasted the Garrison Soldiers ; and sent-in women to sell them strong-water, of which they drank too much ; and then the Irish fell upon them, took the Garrison, and put all the Officers and Soldiers to the sword.' Sharp practice on the part of the Irish Gentlemen ; and not well-advised ! Which constrained the Lord Lieutenant, when he heard of it, to order ' that the Irish,' Papist suspected Irish, ' should be *put out* of such Garrisons as were in the power of Parliament,'*—ordered to seek quarters elsewhere.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Castletown, 15th February, 1649.

MR. SPEAKER,

Having refreshed our men for some short time in our Winter-quarters,† and health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to take the field ; and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the Enemy.

Our resolution was to fall into the Enemy's quarters two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops of horse and dragoons, and about two thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of Carrick into the County of Kilkenny under the command of Colonel Reynolds ; whom Major-General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go by the way of Mallow,‡ over the Blackwater, towards the County of Limerick and the County of Tipperary, with about twelve

* Whitlocke, p. 421. † Youghal has been the head-quarter.

‡ ' Muyallo ' he writes, and ' Mayallo.'

troops of horse, and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot.

I began my march upon Tuesday, the Nine-and-Twentieth of January, from Youghal: and upon Thursday, the One-and-Thirtieth, I possessed a Castle called Kilkenny, upon the edge of the County of Limerick: where I left thirty foot. From thence I marched to a Strong-house belonging to Sir Richard Everard (called Clogheen),* who is one of the Supreme Council; where I left a troop of horse and some dragoons. From thence I marched to Roghill Castle, which was possessed by some Ulster foot, and a party of the Enemy's horse; which upon summons (I having taken the Captain of horse prisoner before) was rendered to me. These places being thus possessed gave us much command (together with some other holds we have) of the White-Knights' and Roche's Country; and of all the land from Mallow to the Suir-side;—especially by 'help of' another Castle called Old Castletown, 'which,' since my march, 'was' taken by my Lord of Broghil. Which I had sent to his Lordship to endeavor; as also a Castle of Sir Edward Fitzharris, over the Mountains in the County of Limerick;—I having left his Lordship at Mallow, with six or seven hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, to protect those parts, and your interest in Munster; lest while we were abroad, Inchiquin, whose forces lay about Limerick and the County of Kerry, should fall in behind us. His Lordship drew two cannon to the foresaid Castle; which having summoned they refused. His Lordship, having bestowed about ten shot upon it, which made their stomachs come down,—he gave all the soldiers quarter for life; and shot all the Officers, being six in number, to death. Since the taking of these Garrisons, the Irish have sent their commissioners to compound for their contribution as far as the walls of Limerick.

I marched from Roghill Castle over the Suir, with very much difficulty; and from thence to Fethard, almost in the heart of the County of Tipperary; where was a Garrison of the Enemy. The Town is most pleasantly seated; having a very good Wall with round and square bulwarks, after the old manner of fortifications. We came thither in the night, and indeed were very much distressed by sore and tempestuous wind and rain. After a long march, we knew not well how to dispose of ourselves; but finding an old Abbey in the suburbs, and some cabins and poor houses,—we got into them, and had opportunity to send 'the Garrison' a summons. They shot at my trumpet; and would not listen to him, for an hour's space: but having some Officers in our party whom they knew, I sent them, To let them know I was there with a good part

* 'Cloghern' in the old Newspaper; but it seems to be misprinted, as almost all these names are. 'Roghill' I find nowhere now extant.

of the Army. We shot not a shot at them; but they were very angry, and fired very earnestly upon us; telling us, That it was not a time of night to send a summons. But yet in the end, the Governor was willing to send out two commissioners,—I think rather to see whether there was a force sufficient to force him, than to any other end. After almost a whole night spent in treaty, the Town was delivered to me the next morning, upon terms which we usually call honorable; which I was the willinger to give, because I had little above Two-hundred foot, and neither ladders nor guns, nor anything else to force them that night. There being about Seventeen companies of the Ulster foot in Cashel, above five miles from thence, they quit it in some disorder; and the Sovereign and the Aldermen sent to me a petition, desiring that I would protect them. Which I have also made a quarter.

From thence I marched towards Callan; hearing that Colonel Reynolds was there, with the Party before mentioned. When I came thither, I found he had fallen upon the Enemy's horse, and routed them (being about a hundred), with his forlorn; 'he' took my Lord of Ossory's Captain-Lieutenant, and another Lieutenant of horse, prisoners;—and one of those who betrayed our Garrison of Enniscorthy; whom we hanged. The Enemy had possessed three Castles in the Town; one of them belonging to one Butler, very considerable; the other two had about a hundred or hundred-and-twenty men in them,—which 'latter' he attempted; and they, refusing conditions seasonably offered, were put all to the sword. Indeed some of your soldiers did attempt very notably in this service:—I do not hear there were six men of ours lost. Butler's Castle was delivered up on conditions, for all to march away, leaving their arms behind them. Wherein I have placed a company of foot, and a troop of horse, under the command of my Lord Colvil; the place being six miles from Kilkenny. From hence Colonel Reynolds was sent with his regiment to remove a Garrison of the Enemy's from Knocktofer (being the way of our communication to Ross); which accordingly he did.

We marched back with the rest of the body to Fethard and Cashel: where we are now quartered,—having good plenty both of horse meat and man's meat for a time; and being indeed, we may say, even almost in the heart and bowels of the Enemy; ready to attempt what God shall next direct. And blessed be His name only for this good success; and for this 'also,' That we do not find our men are at all considerably sick upon this expedition, though indeed it hath been very blustering weather.—

I had almost forgotten one business: The Major-General was very

desirous to gain a Pass over the Suir ; where indeed we had none but by boat, or when the weather served. Wherefore, on Saturday in the evening, he marched with a party of horse and foot to Ardfinnan ; where was a Bridge, and at the foot of it a strong Castle. Which he, about four o'clock the next morning, attempted ;—killed about thirteen of the Enemy's outguard ; lost but two men, and eight or ten wounded ; the Enemy yielded the place to him, and we are possessed of it,—being a very considerable Pass, and the nearest to our Pass at Cappoquin over the Blackwater, whither we can bring guns, ammunition, or other things from Youghal by water, and 'then' over this Pass to the Army. The County of Tipperary have submitted to 1,500*l.* a-month contribution, although they have six or seven of the Enemy's Garrisons yet upon them.

Sir, I desire the charge of England as to this War may be abated as much as may be, and as we know you do desire, out of your care to the Commonwealth. But if you expect your work to be done, if the marching Army be not constantly paid, and the course taken that hath been humbly represented,—indeed it will not be for the thrift of England, as far as England is concerned in the speedy reduction of Ireland. The money we raise upon the Counties maintains the Garrison forces : and hardly that. If the active force be not maintained, and all contingencies defrayed, how can you expect to have but a lingering business of it ? Surely we desire not to spend a shilling of your treasury, wherein our consciences do not prompt us. We serve you ; we are willing to be out of* our trade of war ; and shall hasten, by God's assistance and grace, to the end of our work, as the laborer doth to be at his rest. This makes us bold to be earnest with you for necessary supplies :—that of money is one. And there be some other things,—which indeed I do not think for your service to speak of publicly, which I shall humbly represent to the Council of State,—where-with I desire we may be accommodated.

Sir, the Lord, who doth all these things, gives hopes of a speedy issue to this business ; and, I am persuaded, will graciously appear in it. And truly there is no fear of the strength and combination of enemies round about, nor of slanderous tongues at home. God' hath hitherto fenced you against all those, to wonder and amazement ; they are tokens of your prosperity and success :—only it will be good for you, and us that serve you, to fear the Lord ; to fear unbelief, self-seeking, confidence in an arm of flesh, and opinion of any instruments that they are other

* to have done with.

than as dry bones. That God be merciful in these things, and bless you, is the humble prayer of, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Commons Journals, 25th February, 1649-50: 'A Letter from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, from Castletown, 15^o *Februarii*, 1649, was this day read; and ordered to be forthwith printed and published. *Ordered*, That a Letter of Thanks be sent to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and that Mr. Scott do prepare the Letter; and that Mr. Speaker do sign the same. *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.'

This Letter of Thanks, and very handsome *Resolution* did, as we shall find, come duly to hand. The Cockpit was then and long afterwards a sumptuous Royal 'Lodging' in Whitehall; Henry the Eighth's place of cock-fighting:—stood till not very long ago, say the Topographers, where the present Privy-Council Office is. The Cromwell Family hereupon prepared to remove thither; not without reluctance on Mrs. Cromwell's part, as Ludlow intimates.

LETTER LXXXIII.

'For the Honorable John Bradshaw, Esquire, President of the Council of State: These.'

Cashel, 5th March, 1649.

'SIR,

* * * It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Cahir, very considerable, built upon a rock, and seated in an island in the midst of the Suir, was lately rendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about eight weeks siege with his army and artillery.† It is now yours without the loss of one

* Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, p. 77); see also *Commons Journals*, 25 February, 1649-50.

† In 1599 (*Camden*; in *Kennet*, ii., 614); but the 'eight weeks' are by no

man. So also in the Castle of Kiltinan; a very large and strong Castle of the Lord of Dunboyne's; this latter I took in with my cannon, without the loss of a man.

We have taken the Castle of Golden Bridge, another pass upon the Suir; as also the Castle of Dundrum, at which we lost about six men,—Colonel Zanchy, who commanded the party, being shot through the hand. We have placed another strong Garrison at Ballynakill, upon the edge of King's and Queen's Counties. We have divers Garrisons in the County of Limerick; and by these we take away the Enemy's subsistence, and diminish their contributions. By which in time I hope they will sink.

* * *

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER LXXXIV.

HENRY CROMWELL, 'Colonel Henry,' and the Lord Broghil are busy with Inchiquin in Limerick County, to good purpose; as other Colonels are with other rebels elsewhere, everywhere; and 'our Enemies will not stand, but have marched to Kilkenny.' Kilkenny once taken, 'it is not thought they will be able to recruit their Army, or take the field again this summer.'

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Carrick, 2d April, 1650.

MR. SPEAKER,

—I think the last Letter I troubled you with, was about the taking of Cahir, since which time there were taken, by beating up their quarters, two Colonels, a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and divers Captains, all of horse; Colonel Johnson, Lieutenant-Colonel Laughern, and Major Simes, were shot to death, as having served under the Parliament, but now taken up arms with the Enemy.

Hearing that Castlehaven and Lieutenant-General Ferral were about Kilkenny, with their Army lying there quartered, and about Carlow and

means mentioned in Camden! The ruins of the Castle now stand 'on a rock *overlooking*' the River: the 'island,' I conclude, had been artificial.

* Newspapers in Cromwelliana, p. 77: see also Commons Journals (vi., 381), 12 March, 1649–50.

Leighlin Bridge; and hearing also that Colonel Hewson, with a good Party from Dublin, was come as far as Ballysonan,* and had taken it,—we thought fit to send an express to him, To march up towards us for a conjunction. And because we doubted the sufficiency of his Party to march with that security that were to be wished, Colonel Shilbourn was ordered to go with some troops of horse out of the County of Wexford, which was his station, to meet him. And because the Enemy was possessed of the fittest places upon the Barrow for our conjunction, we sent a Party of seven or eight hundred horse and dragoons, and about five-hundred foot, to attempt upon Castlehaven in the rear, if he should have endeavored to defend the places against Colonel Hewson.

Our Party, being a light, nimble Party, was at the Barrow-side before Colonel Hewson could be heard of; and possessed a House, by the Craigue: they marched towards Laughlin, and faced Castlehaven at a pretty distance; but he showed no forwardness to engage. Our Party not being able to hear of Colonel Hewson, came back as far as Thomastown, a small walled Town, and a pass upon the Nore, between Kilkenny and Ross. Which our men attempting to take, the Enemy made no great resistance; but, by the advantage of the bridge, quitted the Town, and fled to a Castle about half a mile distant off, which they had formerly possessed. That night the President of Munster† and myself came up to the Party. We summoned the Castle; and, after two days, it was surrendered to us: the Enemy leaving their arms, drums, colors, and ammunition behind them, and engaging never to bear arms more against the Parliament of England.

We lay still after this about two or three days. The President went back to Fethard, to bring up some great guns, with a purpose to attempt upon the Grammy,‡ and some Castles thereabouts, for the better blocking up of Waterford; and to cause to advance up to us some more of our foot. In the end we had advertisement that Colonel Hewson was come to Leighlin; where was a very strong Castle and pass over the Barrow. I sent him word that he should attempt it: which he did; and, after some dispute, reduced it. By which means we have a good pass over the Barrow, and intercourse between Munster and Leinster. I sent Colonel Hewson word that he should march up to me; and we advancing likewise with our Party, met ‘him,’—near by Gowran; a populous Town, where the Enemy had a very strong Castle, under the command of Colonel Hammond; a Kentishman, who was a principal actor in the

* See Whitlocke p. 436; Carte, ii, 113.

† Ireton (Commons Journals, 4 December, 1649).

‡ Now a ruin near Waterford; he spells it ‘Granno.’

Kentish Insurrection,* and did manage the Lord Capel's business at his Trial. I sent him a civil invitation to deliver up the Castle unto me; to which he returned me a very resolute answer and full of height. We planted our artillery; and before we had made a breach considerable, the Enemy beat a parley for a treaty; which I, having offered so fairly to him, refused; but sent him in positive conditions, That the soldiers should have their lives, and the Commissioned Officers to be disposed of as should be thought fit; which in the end was submitted to. The next day, the Colonel, Major, and the rest of the Commissioned Officers were shot to death; all but one, who, being a very earnest instrument to have the Castle delivered, was pardoned. In the same Castle also we took a Popish Priest, who was chaplain to the Catholics in this regiment; who was caused to be hanged. I trouble you with this the rather, because this regiment was the Lord of Ormond's own regiment. In this Castle was good store of provisions for the Army.

After the taking of this Castle, it was agreed amongst us to march to the City of Kilkenny. Which we did upon Friday, the 22d of March: and coming with our body within a mile of the Town, we advanced with some horse very near unto it: and that evening I sent Sir Walter Butler and the Corporation a Letter. We took the best view we could where to plant our batteries; and upon Monday, the 25th, our batteries, consisting of three guns, began to play. After near a hundred shot, we made a breach, as we hoped stormable. Our men were drawn out ready for the attempt; and Colonel Ewer 'was' ordered, with about one thousand foot, to endeavor to possess the Irish-Town, much about the time of our storming;—which he accordingly did, with the loss of not above three or four men. Our men upon the signal fell on upon the breach, which indeed was not performed with usual courage nor success: for they were beaten off, with the loss of one Captain, and about twenty or thirty men killed and wounded. The Enemy had made two retrenchments or counter-works, which they had strongly palisadoed; and both of them did so command our breach, that indeed it was a mercy to us we did not farther contend for an entrance there; it being probable that, if we had, it would have cost us very dear.

Having possessed the Irish-Town; and there being another Walled Town on the other side of the River, eight companies of foot were sent over the river to possess that. Which accordingly was effected, and not above the like number lost that were in possessing the Irish-Town. The officer that commanded this party in chief, attempted to pass over

* In 1648. None of our Hammonds.

the Bridge into the City, and to fire the Gate; which indeed was done with good resolution;—but, lying too open to the Enemy's shot, he had forty or fifty men killed and wounded; which was a sore blow to us. We made our preparations for a second battery; which was well near perfected: 'but' the Enemy, seeing himself thus begirt, sent for a Treaty; and had it; and, in some hours, agreed to deliver up the Castle upon the Articles enclosed. Which, 'accordingly,' we received upon Thursday, the 28th of March.—We find the Castle exceeding well fortified by the industry of the Enemy; being also very capacious: so that if we had taken the Town, we must have had a new work for the Castle, which might have cost much blood and time. So that, we hope, the Lord hath provided better for us; and we look at it as a gracious mercy that we have the place for you upon these terms.*

Whilst these affairs were transacting, a Lieutenant-Colonel, three Majors, eight Captains, being English, Welsh and Scotch with others, possessed of Cantwell Castle,†—a very strong Castle, situated in a bog, well furnished with provisions of corn,—were ordered by Sir Walter Butler to come to strengthen the Garrison of Kilkenny. But they sent two Officers to me, to offer me the place, and their service,—that they might have passes to go beyond sea to serve foreign states, with some money to bear their charges: the last whereof 'likewise' I consented to; they promising to do nothing to the prejudice of the Parliament of England. Colonel Abbot also attempted Ennisnag; where were gotten a company of rogues which 'had' revolted from Colonel Jones.‡ The Soldiers capitulated for life, and their two Officers were hanged for revolting. Adjutant-General Sadler was commanded with two guns to attempt some Castles in the County of Tipperary and Kilkenny: which being reduced 'would' exceedingly tend to the blocking-up of two considerable Towns. He summoned Pulkerry, a Garrison under Clonmel: battered it; they refusing to come out, stormed it; put thirty or forty of them to the sword, and the rest remaining obstinate were fired in the Castle. He took Ballopoint; the Enemy marching away, leaving their arms behind them. He took also the Granny and Donkill, two very considerable places to Waterford, upon the same terms.—We have advanced our quarters towards the Enemy, a considerable way above Kilkenny; where we hope, by the gaining of ground, to get subsistence; and still to grow upon the Enemy, as the Lord shall bless us.

Sir, I may not be wanting to tell you, and renew it again, That our

* Carte, ii., 113.

† Of Cantwell, Pulkerry, Ballopoint and Denkill, in this paragraph, I can hear no tidings.

‡ The late Michael Jones.

hardships are not a few ; that I think in my conscience, if monies be not supplied, we shall not be able to carry on your work :—I would not say this to you, if I did not reckon it my duty so to do. But if it be supplied, and that speedily, I hope, through the good hand of the Lord, it will not be long before England will be at an end of this charge ;—for the saving of which, I beseech you help as soon as you can ! Sir, our horse have not had one month's pay of five. We strain what we can that the foot may be paid, or else they would starve. Those Towns that are to be reduced, especially one or two of them, if we should proceed by the rules of other states, would cost you more money than this Army hath had since we came over. I hope, through the blessing of God, they will come cheaper to you : but how we should be able to proceed in our attempts without reasonable supply, is humbly submitted and represented to you. I think I need not say, that a speedy period put to this work will break the expectation of all your enemies. And seeing the Lord is not wanting to you, I most humbly beg it, that you would not be wanting to yourselves.

In the last place, it cannot be thought but the taking of these places, and keeping but what is necessary of them, must needs swallow up our foot ; and I may humbly repeat it again, That I do not know of much above two-thousand of your five-thousand recruits come to us. Having given you this account concerning your affairs, I am now obliged to give you an account concerning myself, which I shall do with all clearness and honesty.

I have received divers private intimations of your pleasure to have me come in person to wait upon you in England ; as also copies of Votes of the Parliament to that purpose. But considering the way they came to me was but 'by' private intimations, and the Votes did refer to a Letter to be signed by the Speaker,—I thought it would have been too much forwardness in me to have left my charge here, until the said Letter came ; it being not fit for me to prophesy whether the Letter would be an absolute command, or having limitations with a liberty left by the Parliament to me, to consider in what way to yield my obedience. Your Letter came to my hands upon Friday, the 22d of March, the same day that I came before the City of Kilkenny, and when I was near the same. And I understood by Dr. Cartwright, who delivered it to me, that reason of cross winds, and the want of shipping in the West of England where he was, hindered him from coming with it sooner ; it bearing date the 8th of January, and not coming to my hands until the 22d of March.

The Letter supposed your Army in Winter-quarters, and the time of the year not suitable for present action ; making this as the reason of your command. And your Forces have been in action ever since the

29th of January; and your Letter, which was to be the rule of my obedience, coming to my hands after our having been so long in action,—with respect had to the reasons you were pleased to use therein, ‘I knew not what to do.’ And having received a Letter signed by yourself, of the 26th of February,* which mentions not a word of the continuance of your pleasure concerning my coming over, I did humbly conceive it much consisting with my duty, humbly to beg a positive signification what your will is; professing (as before the Lord) that I am most ready to obey your commands herein with all alacrity; rejoicing only to be about that work which I am called to by those whom God hath set over me, which I acknowledge you to be; and fearing only in obeying you, to disobey you.

I most humbly and earnestly beseech you to judge for me, Whether your Letter doth not naturally allow me the liberty of begging a more clear expression of your command and pleasure. Which, when vouchsafed unto me, will find most ready and cheerful obedience from,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

LETTER LXXXV.

HERE, of the same date, is a Letter to Mayor; which concludes what we have in Ireland.

For my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley in Hampshire: These.

Carrick, 2d April, 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

For me to write unto you the state of our affairs here were more indeed than I have leisure well to do; and therefore I hope you do not expect it from me; seeing when I write to the Parliament I usually am, as becomes me, very particular with them; and usually from hence the knowledge thereof is spread.

Only this let me say, which is the best intelligence to Friends that are truly Christian: The Lord is pleased still to vouchsafe us His presence, and to prosper His own work in our hands;—which to us is the more

* See Letter LXXXII † Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 78–81).

eminent because truly we are a company of poor weak worthless creatures. Truly our work is neither from our own brains nor from our courage and strength: but we follow the Lord who goeth before, and gather what He scattereth, that so all may appear to be from Him.

The taking of the City of Kilkenny hath been one of our last works; which indeed I believe hath been a great discomposing the Enemy,—it's so much in their bowels. We have taken many considerable places lately, without much loss. What can we say to these things! If God be for us, who can be against us? Who can fight against the Lord and prosper? Who can resist His will? The Lord keep us in His love.

I desire your prayers; your Family is often in mine. I rejoice to hear how it hath pleased the Lord to deal with my daughter.* The Lord bless her, and sanctify all His dispensations to them and us. I have committed my Son to you; I pray counsel him. Some Letters I have lately had from him have a good savor: the Lord treasure up grace there, that out of that treasury he may bring forth good things.

Sir, I desire my very entire affection may be presented to my dear Sister, my Cousin Ann and the rest of my Cousins,—and to idle Dick Norton when you see him. Sir, I rest,

Your most loving Brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

In the end of this month, 'the President Frigate,' President Bradshaw Frigate, sails from Milford Haven 'to attend his Excellency's pleasure,' and bring him home if he see good to come. He has still one storm to do there first; that of Clonmel, where 'Two-thousand foot, all Ulster men,' are gathered for a last struggle;—the death-agony of this War, after which it will fairly die, and be buried. A very fierce storm, and fire-whirlwind of last agony; whereof take this solid account by an eye-witness and hand-actor; and so leave this part of our subject. The date is 10th May, 1650; 'a Letter from Clonmel in Ireland:'

"Worthy Sir,—Yesterday," Thursday, 9th May, "we stormed Clonmel: in which work both officers and soldiers did as much and more than could be expected. We had, with our guns, made a breach in their works;—where, after an hot fight, we

* In a hopeful way, I conclude! Richard's first child, according to Noble's registers, was not born till 3d November, 1652 (Noble, i., 189); a boy, who died within three weeks. Noble's registers, as we shall soon see are very defective

† Harris, p. 512

gave back a while ; but presently charged up to the same ground again. But the Enemy had made themselves exceeding strong, by double-works and traverse, which were worse to enter than the breach ; when we came up to it, they had cross-works, and were strongly flanked from the houses within their works. The Enemy defended themselves against us that day, until towards the evening, our men all the while keeping up close to their breach ; and many on both sides were slain." The fierce death-wrestle, in the breaches here, lasted four hours : so many hours of hot storm and continuous tug of war, "and many men were slain." "At night, the Enemy drew out, on the other side, and marched away undiscovered to us ; and the Inhabitants of Clonmel sent out for a parley. Upon which, Articles were agreed on, before we knew the Enemy was gone. After signing of the Conditions, we discovered the Enemy to be gone ; and, very early this morning, pursued them ; and fell upon their rear of stragglers, and killed above 200,—besides those we slew in the storm. We entered Clonmel this morning, and have kept our Conditions with them. The place is considerable ; and very advantageous to the reducing of these parts wholly to the Parliament of England."* Whitlocke has heard by other Letters, 'That they found in Clonmel the stoutest Enemy this Army had ever met in Ireland ; and that there was never seen so hot a storm of so long continuance, and so gallantly defended, either in England or Ireland.†

The Irish Commander here was Hugh O'Neil, a kinsman of Owen Roe's:—vain he too, this new brave O'Neil ! It is a lost Cause. It is a Cause he has not yet seen into the secret of, and cannot prosper in. Fiery fighting cannot prosper in it ; no, there needs something other first, which has never yet been done ! Let the O'Neil go elsewhere, with his fighting talent ; here it avails nothing, and less. To the surrendered Irish Officers the Lord Lieutenant granted numerous permissions to embody regiments, and go abroad with them into any Country not at war with England. Some 'Five-and-forty Thousand' *Kuriscees*, or whatever name they had, went in this way to France, to Spain, and fought there far off ; and their own land had peace.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 81).

† Whitlocke, p. 441.

The Lord Lieutenant would fain have seen Waterford surrender before he went: but new Letters arrive from the Parliament; affairs in Scotland threaten to become pressing. He appoints Ireton his Deputy, to finish the business here; rapidly makes what survey of Munster, what adjustment of Ireland, military and civil, is possible;—steps on board the President Frigate, in the last days of May, and spreads sail for England. He has been some nine months in Ireland; leaves a very handsome spell of work done there.

At Bristol, after a rough passage, the Lord Lieutenant is received with all the honors and acclamations, ‘the great guns firing thrice;’ hastens up to London, where, on Friday, 31st May, all the world is out to welcome him. Fairfax, and chief Officers, and Members of Parliament, with solemn salutation, on Hounslow Heath: from Hounslow Heath to Hyde Park, where are Trainbands and Lord Mayors; to Whitehall and the Cockpit, which are better than these,—it is one wide tumult of salutation, congratulation, artillery-volleying, human shouting;—Hero-worship after a sort, not the best sort. It was on this occasion that Oliver said, or is reported to have said, when some sycophantic person observed, “What a crowd come out to see your Lordship’s triumph!”—“Yes, but if it were to see me hanged, how many would there be!”*—

Such is what the Irish common people still call the “Curse of Cromwell;” this is the summary of his work in that country. The remains of the War were finished out by Ireton, by Ludlow: Ireton died of fever at Limerick, in the end of the second year;† and solid Ludlow, who had been with him for some ten months, succeeded. The ulterior arrangements for Ireland were those of the Commonwealth Parliament and the proper Official Persons; not specially Oliver’s arrangements, though of course he remained a chief authority in that matter, and nothing could well be done that he with any emphasis deliberately condemned.

There goes a wild story, due first of all to Clarendon I think,

* Newspapers (in Kinaber, p. 148; Whitlocke, p. 441).

† 26 November, 1651 (Wood *in voce*); Ludlow had arrived in January of the same year (Memoirs, i., 322, 332, &c.).

who is the author of many such, How the Parliament at one time had decided to 'exterminate' all the Irish population; and then, finding this would not quite answer, had contented itself with packing them all off into the Province of Connaught, there to live upon the moorlands; and so had pacified the Sister Island.* Strange rumors no doubt were afloat in the Council of Kilkenny and other such quarters, and were kept up for very obvious purposes in those days; and my Lord of Clarendon at an after date, seeing Puritanism hung on the gallows and tumbled in heaps in St. Margaret's, thought it safe to write with considerable latitude respecting its procedure. My Lord had, in fact, the story all his own way for about a hundred and fifty years; and, during that time, has set afloat through vague heads a great many things. His authority is rapidly sinking; and will now probably sink deeper than even it deserves.

The real procedure of the Puritan Commonwealth towards Ireland is not a matter of conjecture, or of report by Lord Clarendon; the documentary basis and scheme of it still stands in black-on-white, and can be read by all persons.† In this Document the reader will find, set forth in authentic business-form, a Scheme of Settlement somewhat different from that of 'extermination;' which, if he be curious in that matter, he ought to consult. First, it appears by this Document, 'all husbandmen, ploughmen, laborers, artificers and others of the meaner sort' of the Irish Nation are to be,—not exterminated; no, but rendered exempt from punishment and question, as to these Eight Years of blood and misery now ended: which is a very considerable exception from the Clarendon Scheme! Next, as to the Ring-leaders, the rebellious Landlords, and Papist Aristocracy; as to these also, there is a carefully graduated scale of punishments established, that punishment and guilt may in some measure correspond. All that can be proved to have been concerned in the Massacre of Forty-one; for these, and for certain other persons of the turncoat species, whose names are given, there shall be no pardon:—'extermination,' 'actual death on the gallows, or per-

* Continuation of Clarendon's Life (Oxford, 1761), pp. 116, &c., &c.

† Scobell, Part ii., p. 197 (12 August, 1652); see also p. 317 (27 June, 656).

petual banishment and confiscation for these ; but not without legal inquiry and due trial first had, for these, or for any one. Then certain others, who have been in arms at certain dates against the Parliament, but not concerned in the Massacre : these are declared to have forfeited their estates ; but lands to the value of one-third of the same, as a modicum to live upon, shall be assigned them, where the Parliament thiaks safest,—in the moor lands of Connaught, as it turned out. Then another class, who are open Papists and have *not* manifested their good affection to the Parliament : these are to forfeit one-third of their estates ; and continue quiet at their peril. Such is the Document ; which was regularly acted on ; fulfilled with as much exactness as the case, now in the hands of very exact men, admitted of. The Catholic Aristocracy of Ireland have to undergo this fate, for their share in the late miseries ; this and no other : and as for all ‘ ploughmen, husbandmen, artificers and people of the meaner sort,’ they are to live quiet where they are, and have no questions asked.

In this way, not in the way of ‘ extermination,’ was Ireland settled by the Puritans. Five-and-forty thousand armed ‘ kurisees’ are fighting, not without utility we hope, far off in foreign parts. Incurably turbulent ringleaders of revolt are sent to the moorlands of Connaught. Men of the Massacre, where they can be convicted, of which some instances occur, are hanged. The mass of the Irish Nation lives quiet under a *new* Land Aristocracy ; new, and in several particulars very much improved indeed : under these lives now the mass of the Irish Nation ; ploughing, delving, hammering ; with their wages punctually paid them ; with the truth spoken to them, and the truth done to them, so as they had never before seen it since they were a Nation ! Clarendon himself admits that Ireland flourished, to an unexampled extent, under this arrangement. One can very well believe it. What is to hinder poor Ireland from flourishing, if you will do the truth to it and speak the truth, instead of doing the falsity and speaking the falsity ?

Ireland, under this arrangement, would have grown up gradually into a sober, diligent, drabcolored population ; developing itself, most probably, in some form of Calvinistic Protestantism.

For there was hereby a Protestant *Church* of Ireland, of the most irrefragable nature, preaching daily in all its actions and procedure a real Gospel of Veracity, of piety, of fair dealing and good order to all men; and certain other 'Protestant Churches of Ireland,' and unblessed real-imaginary Entities, of which the human soul is getting weary, had of a surety never found footing there! But the Ever-blessed Restoration came upon us. All that arrangement was torn up by the roots; and Ireland was appointed to develop itself as we have seen. Not in the drab-colored Puritan way;—in what other way is still a terrible dubiety, to itself and to us! It will be by some Gospel of Veracity, I think, when the Heavens are pleased to send such. This 'Curse of Cromwell,' so-called, is the only Gospel of that kind I can yet discover to have ever been fairly afoot there.



CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES.

PART VI.

WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

1650—1651.



WAR WITH SCOTLAND.

THE Scotch People, the first beginners of this grand Puritan Revolt, which we may define as an attempt to bring the Divine Law of the Bible into actual practice in men's affairs on the Earth, are still one and all resolute for that object; but they are getting into sad difficulties as to realizing it. Not easy to realize such a thing: besides true will, there need heroic gifts, the highest that Heaven gives, for realizing it! Gifts which have not been vouchsafed the Scotch People at present. The letter of their Covenant presses heavy on these men; traditions, formulas, dead letters of many things press heavy on them. On the whole, they too are but what we call Pedants in conduct, not Poets: the sheepskin record failing them, and old use-and-wont ending, they cannot farther; they look into a sea of troubles, shoreless, starless, on which there seems no navigation possible.

The faults or misfortunes of the Scotch People, in their Puritan business, are many: but properly their grand fault is this, That they have produced for it no sufficiently heroic man among them. No man that has an eye to see beyond the letter and the rubric; to discern, across many consecrated rubrics of the Past, the inarticulate divineness of the Present and the Future, and dare all perils in the faith of that! With Oliver Cromwell born a Scotchman; with a Hero King and a unanimous Hero Nation at his back, it might have been far otherwise. With Oliver born Scotch, one sees not but the whole world might have become Puritan; might have struggled, yet a long while, to fashion itself according to that divine Hebrew Gospel,—to the exclusion of other Gospels not Hebrew, which also are divine, and will have their share of fulfilment here!—But of such issue there is no danger. Instead of inspired Olivers, glowing with direct insight and noble daring, we have Argyles, Loudons, and narrow, more or less opaque persons of the Pedant species. Committees of Estates, Committees of Kirks, much tied up in formulas, both of them: a bigoted Theocracy *without* the Inspiration; which is a

very hopeless phenomenon indeed! The Scotch People are all willing, eager of heart; asking, Whitherward? But the Leaders stand aghast at the new forms of danger; and in a vehement discrepant manner some calling, Halt! others calling, Backward! others, Forward!—huge confusion ensues. Confusion which will need an Oliver to repress it; to bind it up in tight manacles, if not otherwise; and say, “There, sit there and consider thyself a little!”—

The meaning of the Scotch Covenant was, That God’s divine Law of the Bible should be put in practice in these Nations; verily *it*, and not the Four Surplices at Allhallowtide, or any Formula of cloth or sheepskin here or elsewhere which merely pretended to be it: but then the Covenant says expressly, there is to be a Stuart King in the business: we cannot do without our Stuart King! Given a divine Law of the Bible on one hand, and a Stuart King, Charles First or Charles Second, on the other: alas, did History ever present a more irreducible case of equations in this world? I pity the poor Scotch Pedant Governors; still more the poor Scotch People who had no other to follow! Nay, as for that, the People did get through, in the end; such was their indomitable pious constancy, and other worth and fortune; and Presbytery became a Fact among them, to the whole length possible for it; not without endless results. But for the poor Governors this irreducible case proved, as it were, fatal! They have never since, if we will look narrowly at it, governed Scotland, or even well known that they were there to attempt governing it. Once they lay on Dunse Hill, ‘each Earl with his Regiment of Tenants round him,’ *For Christ’s Crown and Covenant*; and never since had they any noble National act which it was given them to do. Growing desperate of Christ’s Crown and Covenant, they, in the next generation when our *Annus Mirabilis* arrived, hurried up to Court, looking out for other Crowns and Covenants; deserted Scotland and her Cause, somewhat basely; took to *booing* and *booing* for Causes of their own, unhappy mortals;—and Scotland and all Causes that were Scotland’s have had to go on very much without *them* ever since! Which is a very fatal issue indeed, as I reckon;—and the time for settlement of accounts about it, which could not fail always, and seems now

fast drawing nigh, looks very ominous to me. For in fact there is no creature more fatal than your Pedant; safe as he esteems himself, the terriblest issues spring from him. Human crimes are many: but the crime of being deaf to the God's Voice, of being blind to all but parchments and antiquarian rubrics when the Divine Handwriting is abroad on the sky,—certainly there is no crime which the Supreme Powers do more terribly avenge!

But leaving all that,—the poor Scotch Governors, we remark, in that old crisis of theirs, have come upon the desperate expedient of getting Charles Second to adopt the Covenant the best he can. Whereby our parchment formula is indeed saved; but the divine fact has gone terribly to the wall! The Scotch Governors hope otherwise. By treaties at Jersey, treaties at Breda, they and the hard Law of Want together have constrained this poor young Stuart to their detested Covenant; as the Frenchman said, they have 'compelled him to adopt it voluntarily.' A fearful crime, thinks Oliver, and think we. How dare you enact such mummerly under High Heaven! exclaims he. You will prosecute Malignants; and, with the aid of some poor varnish, transparent even to yourselves, you adopt into your bosom the Chief Malignant! My soul come not into your secret; mine honor be not united unto you!—

In fact, his new Sacred Majesty is actually under way for the Scotch court; will become a Covenanted King there. Of himself a likely enough young man;—very unfortunate he too. Satisfactorily descended from the Steward of Scotland and Catherine Muir of Caldwell (whom some have called an improper female);* satisfactory in this respect, but in others most unsatisfactory. A somewhat loose young man; has Buckingham, Wilmot and Company, at one hand of him, and painful Mr. Livingston and Presbyterian ruling-elders at the other; is hastening now, as a Covenanted King, towards such a Theocracy as we described. Perhaps the most anomalous phenomenon ever produced by Nature and Art working together in this World!—He had sent Montrose before him, poor young man, to try if war and force

* Horseloads of Jacobites, Anti-Jacobite Pamphlets; Goodall, Father Innes, &c., &c. How it was settled, I do not recollect.

could effect nothing ; whom instantly the Scotch Nation took, and tragically hanged.* They now, winking hard at that transaction, proffer the poor young man their Covenant ; compel him to sign it voluntarily, and be Covenanted King over them.

The result of all which for the English Commonwealth cannot be doubtful. What Declarations, Papers, Protocols, passed on the occasion,—numerous, flying thick between Edinburgh and London in late months,—shall remain unknown to us. The Commonwealth has brought Cromwell home from Ireland ; and got forces ready for him : that is the practical outcome of it. The Scotch also have got forces ready ; will either invade us, or (which we decide to be preferable) be invaded by us.† Cromwell must now take up the Scotch coil of troubles, as he did the Irish, and deal with that too. Fairfax, as we heard, was unwilling to go ; Cromwell, urging the Council of State to second him, would fain persuade Fairfax ; gets him still nominated Commander-in-chief ; but cannot persuade him ;—will himself have to be Commander-in-chief, and go.

In Whitlocke and Ludlow‡ there is record of earnest intercessions, solemn conference held with Fairfax in Whitehall, duly prefaced by prayer to Heaven ; intended on Cromwell's part to persuade Fairfax that it is his duty again to accept the chief command, and lead us into Scotland. Fairfax, urged by his Wife, a Vere of the fighting Veres, and given to Presbyterianism, dare not and will not go ;—sends ' Mr. Rushworth, his Secretary,' on the morrow, to give up his Commission,§ that Cromwell himself may be named General-in-chief. In this preliminary business, says Ludlow, ' Cromwell acted his part so to the life that I really thought he wished Fairfax to go.' Wooden-headed that I was, I had reason to alter that notion by and by !

Wooden Ludlow gives note of another very singular interview he himself had with Cromwell, ' a little after,' in those same days or hours. Cromwell whispered him in the House ; they agreed

* Details of the business, in Balfour, iv., 9–22.

† Commons Journals, 26 June, 1650.

‡ Whitlocke, pp. 444–6 (25 June, 1650) ; Ludlow, i., 317.

§ Commons Journals, *ubi supra*.

‘to meet that afternoon in the Council of State’ in Whitehall, and there withdraw into a private room to have a little talk together. Oliver had cast his eye on Ludlow as a fit man for Ireland, to go and second Ireton there; he took him, as by appointment, into a private room, ‘the Queen’s Guard-chamber’ to wit; and there very largely expressed himself. He testified the great value he had for me, Ludlow; combated my objections to Ireland; spake somewhat against Lawyers, what a tortuous ungodly jingle English Law was; spake of the good that might be done by a good and brave man;—spake of the great Providences of God now abroad on the Earth; in particular ‘talked for almost an hour upon the Hundred-and-tenth Psalm;’ which to me, in my solid wooden head, seemed extremely singular!*

Modern readers, not in the case of Ludlow, will find this fact illustrative of Oliver. Before setting out on the Scotch Expedition, and just on the eve of doing it, we too will read that Psalm of Hebrew David’s, which had become English Oliver’s: we will fancy in our minds, not without reflections and emotions, the largest soul in England looking at this God’s World with prophet’s earnestness through that Hebrew Word,—two Divine Phenomena accurately correspondent for Oliver; the one accurately the prophetic symbol, and articulate intèrpretation of the other. As if the Silences had at length found utterance, and this was their Voice from out of old Eternity:

‘The Lord said unto my Lord: Sit thou at my right hand until I make thine enemies thy footstool. The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion: rule thou in the midst of thine enemies. Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power; in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning: thou hast the dew of thy youth. The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent, Thou art a priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek. The Lord, at thy right hand, shall strike through Kings in the day of his wrath. He shall judge among the Heathen; he shall fill the places with the dead bodies; he shall wound the heads over many countries. He shall drink of the brook in the way: therefore shall he lift up the head.’

* Ludlow, i., 319

In such spirit goes Oliver Cromwell to the Wars. 'A god-intoxicated man,' as Novalis elsewhere phrases it. I have asked myself, If anywhere in Modern European History, or even in Ancient Asiatic, there was found a man practising this mean World's affairs with a heart more filled by the Idea of the Highest? Bathed in the Eternal Splendors,—it is so he walks our dim Earth : this man is one of few. He is projected with a terrible force out of the Eternities, and in the Times and their arenas there is nothing that can withstand him. It is great;—to us it is tragic ; a thing that should strike us dumb ! My brave one, thy old noble Prophecy *is* divine ; older than Hebrew David ; old as the Origin of Man ;—and shall, though in wider ways than thou supposest, be fulfilled !—

LETTERS LXXXVI.—XC.

ON *Wednesday, 26th June, 1650*, the Act appointing ‘That Oliver Cromwell, Esquire, be constituted Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of all the Forces raised or to be raised by authority of Parliament within the Commonwealth of England’* was passed. ‘Whereupon,’ says Whitlocke, ‘great ceremonies and congratulations of the new General were made to him from all sorts of people; and he went on roundly with his business.’ Roundly, rapidly; for in three days more, on Saturday, the 29th, ‘the Lord General Cromwell went out of London towards the North: and the news of him marching northward much startled the Scots.’†

He has Lambert for Major-General, Cousin Whalley for Commissary-General; and among his Colonels are Overton whom we knew at Hull, Pride whom we have seen in Westminster Hall; and a taciturn man, much given to chewing tobacco, whom we have transiently seen in various places, Colonel George Monk by name.‡ An excellent officer; listens to what you say, answers often by a splash of brown juice merely, but punctually does what is doable of it. Puddingheaded Hodgson the Yorkshire Captain is also there; from whom perhaps we may glean a rough lucent-point or two. The Army, as my Lord General attracts it gradually from the right and left on his march northward, amounts at Tweedside to some Sixteen-thousand horse and foot.§ Rushworth goes with him as Secretary; historical John; having now done with Fairfax:—but, alas, his Papers for this Period are all lost to us: it was not safe to print them with the others; and they are lost! The *Historical Collections*, with their infinite rub-

* Commons Journals, *in die*.

† Whitlocke, pp. 416, 7.

‡ *Life of Monk*, by Gumble, his Chaplain.

§ Train, 690; horse, 5,415; foot, 10,249; *in toto*, 16,354 (Cromwelliana, p. 85).

bish and their modicum of jewels, cease at the Trial of the King ; leaving us, fallen into far worse hands, to repent of our impatience, and regret the useful John !

The following Letters, without commentary, which stingy space will not permit, must note the Lord General's progress for us as they can ; and illuminate with here and there a rude gleam of direct light at first-hand, an old scene very obsolete, confused unexplored and dim for us.

LETTER LXXXVI.

DOROTHY CROMWELL, we are happy to find, has a ' little brat ;' —but the poor little thing must have died soon : in Noble's inexact lists there is no trace of its ever having lived. The Lord General has got into Northumberland. He has a good excuse for being ' silent this way,'—the way of Letters.

For my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at his House at Hursley : These.

Alnwick, 17th July, 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

The exceeding crowd of business I had at London is the best excuse I can make for my silence this way. Indeed, Sir, my heart beareth me witness I want no affection to you or yours ; you are all often in my poor prayers.

I should be glad to hear how the little Brat doth. I could chide both Father and Mother for their neglects of me : I know my Son is idle, but I had better thoughts of Doll. I doubt now her Husband hath spoiled her ; pray tell her so from me. If I had as good leisure as they, I should write sometimes. If my Daughter be breeding, I will excuse her ; but not for her nursery ! The Lord bless them. I hope you give my Son good counsel ; I believe he needs it. He is in the dangerous time of his age, and it's a very vain world. O how good it is to close with Christ betimes ; there is nothing else worth the looking after. I beseech you call upon him,—I hope you will discharge my duty and your own love : you see how I am employed. I need pity. I know what I feel. Great place and business in the world is not worth the looking after ; I should have no comfort in mine but that my hope is in

the Lord's presence. I have not sought these things; truly I have been called unto them by the Lord; and therefore am not without some assurance that He will enable His poor worm and weak servant to do His will, and to fulfil my generation. In this I desire your prayers. Desiring to be lovingly remembered to my dear Sister, to our Son and Daughter, to my Cousin Ann and the good Family, I rest,

Your very affectionate Brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

On *Monday, 22d July*, the Army, after due rendezvousing and reviewing, passed through Berwick; and encamped at Mordington across the Border, where a fresh stay of two days is still necessary. Scotland is bare of resources for us. That night, 'the Scotch beacons were all set on fire; the men fled, and drove away their cattle.' Mr. Bret his Excellency's Trumpeter returns from Edinburgh without symptoms of pacification. 'The Clergy represent us to the people as if we were monsters of the world.' "Army of Sectaries and Blasphemers," is the received term for us among the Scots.†

Already on the march hitherward, and now by Mr. Bret in an official way, have due manifestoes been promulgated: Declaration *To all that are Saints and Partakers of the Faith of God's Elect in Scotland*, and Proclamation *To the People of Scotland* in general. Asking of the mistaken *People*, in mild terms, Did you not see us, and try us, what kind of men we were, when we came among you two years ago? Did you find us plunderers, murderers, monsters of the world? 'Whose ox have we stolen?' To the mistaken *Saints of God in Scotland*, again, the Declaration testifies and argues, in a grand earnest way, That in Charles Stuart and his party there can be no salvation; that *we* seek the real substance of the Covenant, which it is perilous to desert for the mere outer form thereof;—on the whole that we are not sectaries and blasphemers; and that it goes against our heart to hurt a hair of any sincere servant of God.—Very earnest Documents; signed by John Rushworth in the name of General and Officers; often printed and reprinted.‡ They bear Oliver's sense in every

* Harris, 513: one of the Pusey stock.

† Balfour, iv., 97, 100, &c.: 'Cromwell the Blasphemer' (ib., 88).

‡ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 295, 310); Commons Journals, 19 July, 1650.

feature of them ; but are not distinctly of his composition : wherefore, as space grows more and more precious, and Oliver's sense will elsewhere sufficiently appear, we omit them.

'The Scots,' says Whitlocke,* 'are all gone with their goods towards Edinburgh, by command of the Estates of Scotland, upon penalty if they did not remove ; so that mostly all the men are gone. But the wives stay behind ; and some of them do bake and brew, to provide bread and drink for the English Army.' The public functionaries 'have told the people, "That the English Army intends to put all the men to the sword, and to thrust hot irons through the women's breasts ;"—which much terrified them, till once the General's Proclamations were published.' And now the wives do stay behind, and brew and bake, poor wives !

That Monday night while we lay at Mordington, with hard accommodation out of doors and in,—my puddingheaded friend informs me of a thing. The General has made a large Discourse to the Officers and Army, now that we are across ; speaks to them "as a Christian and a Soldier, To be doubly and trebly diligent, to be wary and worthy, for sure enough we have work before us ! But have we not had God's blessing hitherto ? Let us go on faithfully, and hope for the like still !"† The Army answered, 'with acclamations,' still audible to me.—Yorkshire Hodgson continues :

'Well ; that night we pitched at Mordington, about the House. Our Officers,' General and Staff Officers, 'hearing a great shout among the soldiers, looked out of window. They spied a soldier with a Scotch *kirn*' (churn) 'on his head. Some of them had been purveying abroad, and had found a vessel filled with Scotch cream : bringing the reversion of it to their tents, some got dishfuls, and some hatfuls ; and the cream being now low in the vessel, one fellow would have a modest drink, and so lifts the kirn to his mouth : but another canting it up, it falls over his head ; and the man is lost in it, all the cream trickles down his apparel, and his head fast in the tub ! This was a merriment to the Officers ; as Oliver loved an innocent jest.'

* p. 450.

† Hodgson, p. 130 ; Whitlocke, p. 450.

A week after, we find the General very serious ; writing thus to the Lord President Bradshaw.

LETTER LXXXVII.

‘COPPERSPATH,’ of which the General here speaks, is the country pronunciation of Cockburnspath ; name of a wild rock-and-river chasm, through which the great road goes, some miles to the eastward of Dunbar. Of which we shall hear again. A very wild road at that time, as may still be seen. The ravine is now spanned by a beautiful Bridge, called *Pease Bridge*, or Path’s Bridge, which pleasure parties go to visit.

To the Right Honorable the Lord President of the Council of State :
These.

MY LORD,

Musselburgh, 30th July, 1650.

We marched from Berwick upon Monday, being the 22d of July ; and lay at my Lord Mordington’s house, Monday night, Tuesday, and Wednesday. On Thursday we marched to Copperspath ; on Friday to Dunbar, where we got some small pittance from our ships ; from whence we marched to Haddington.

On the Lord’s day, hearing that the Scottish Army meant to meet us at Gladsmoor, we labored to possess the Moor before them ; and beat our drums very early in the morning. But when we came there, no considerable body of the Army appeared. Whereupon Fourteen-hundred horse, under the command of Major-General Lambert and Colonel Whalley, were sent as a vanguard to Musselburgh, to see likewise if they could find out and attempt anything upon the Enemy ; I marching in the heel of them with the residue of the Army. Our party encountered with some of their horse ; but they could not abide us. We lay at Musselburgh, encamped close, that night ; the Enemy’s Army lying between Edinburgh and Leith, about four miles from us, entrenched by a Line flankered from Edinburgh to Leith ; the guns also from Leith scouring most parts of the Line, so that they lay very strong.

Upon Monday, 29th instant, we were resolved to draw up to them, to see if they would fight with us. And when we came upon the place, we resolved to get our cannons as near them as we could ; hoping thereby to annoy them. We likewise perceived that they had some force upon a Hill that overlooks Edinburgh, from whence we might be annoyed ; ‘and’ did resolve to send up a party to possess the said Hill ; —which

prevailed: but, upon the whole, we did find that their Army were not easily to be attempted. Whereupon we lay still all the said day; which proved to be so sore a day and night of rain as I have seldom seen, and greatly to our disadvantage; the Enemy having enough to cover them, and we nothing at all considerable.* Our soldiers did abide this difficulty with great courage and resolution, hoping they should speedily come to fight. In the morning, the ground being very wet, 'and' our provisions scarce, we resolved to draw back to our quarters at Musselburgh, there to refresh and revictual.

The Enemy, when we drew off, fell upon our rear; and put them into some little disorder: but our bodies of horse being in some readiness, came to a grapple with them;—where indeed there was a gallant and hot dispute; the Major-General† and Colonel Whalley being in the rear; and the Enemy drawing out great bodies to second their first affront. Our men charged them up to the very trenches, and beat them in. The Major-General's horse was shot in the neck and head; himself run through the arm with a lance, and run into another place of his body,—was taken prisoner by the Enemy, but rescued immediately by Lieutenant Empson of my regiment. Colonel Whalley, who was then nearest to the Major-General, did charge very resolutely; and repulsed the Enemy, and killed divers of them upon the place, and took some prisoners, without any considerable loss. Which indeed did so amaze and quiet them, that we marched off to Musselburgh, but they dared not send out a man to trouble us. We hear their young King looked on upon this, but was very ill satisfied to see their men do no better.

We came to Musselburgh that night; so tired and wearied for want of sleep, and so dirty by reason of the wetness of the weather, that we expected the Enemy would make an infall upon us. Which accordingly they did, between three and four of the clock, this morning; with fifteen of their most select troops, under the command of Major-General Montgomery and Strahan, two champions of the Church:—upon which business there was great hope and expectation laid. The Enemy came on with a great deal of resolution; beat in our guards, and put a regiment of horse in some disorder: but our men, speedily taking the alarm, charged the Enemy; routed them, took many prisoners, killed a great many of them; did execution 'to' within a quarter of a mile of Edinburgh; and, I am informed, Strahan‡ was killed there, besides divers

* 'Near a little village named, I think, Lichnagarie,'—means, Lang Nidderly (Hodgson, p. 132).

† Lambert.

‡ We shall hear of Strahan again, not 'killed.' This Montgomery is the

other Officers of quality. We took the Major to Strahan's regiment, Major Hamilton; a Lieutenant-Colonel, and divers other Officers, and persons of quality, whom yet we know not. Indeed this is a sweet beginning of your business, or rather the Lord's; and I believe is not very satisfactory to the Enemy, especially to the Kirk party. We did not lose any in this business, so far as I hear, but a Cornet; I do not hear of four men more. The Major-General will, I believe, within few days be well to take the field. And I trust this work, which is the Lord's, will prosper in the hands of His servants.

I did not think advisable to attempt upon the Enemy, lying as he doth: but surely this would sufficiently provoke him to fight if he had a mind to it. I do not think he is less than Six or Seven thousand horse, and Fourteen or Fifteen thousand foot. The reason, I hear, that they give out to their people why they do not fight us, is, Because they expect many bodies of men more out of the North of Scotland; which when they come, they give out they will then engage. But I believe they would rather tempt us to attempt them in their fastness, within which they are entrenched; or else hoping we shall famish for want of provisions;—which is very likely to be, if we be not timely and fully supplied. I remain,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'P.S.' I understand since writing of this Letter, that Major-General Montgomery is slain.*

Cautious David Lesley lies thus within his Line 'flanked' from Leith shore to the Calton Hill, with guns to 'scour' it; with outposts or flying parties, as we see, stationed on the back slope of Salisbury Crags or Arthur's Seat; with all Edinburgh safe behind him, and indeed all Scotland safe behind him for supplies: and nothing can tempt him to come out. The factions and distractions of Scotland, and its Kirk Committees and State Committees, and poor Covenanted King and Courtiers, are many; but Lesley, standing steadily to his guns, persists here. His Army, it appears, is no great things of an Army: 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls an angry *Uncove-*

Earl of Eglington's son Robert, neither is he 'slain' (Douglas's Scotch Peerage, i., 503).

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 85, 6).

nanted Courtier, whom the said Committee has just ordered to take himself away again; 'altogether governed by the Committee of Estates and Kirk,' snarls he, 'and they took especial care in their levies not to admit any *Malignants* or *Engagers*' (who had been in Hamilton's Engagement); 'placing in command, for most part, Ministers' Sons, Clerks and other sanctified creatures, who hardly ever saw or heard of any sword but that of the spirit!'^{*} The more reason for Lesley to lie steadily within his Line here. Lodged in 'Bruchton Village,' which means Broughton, now a part of Edinburgh New Town; there in a cautious solid manner lies Lesley; and lets Cromwell attempt upon him. It is his history, the military history of these two, for a month to come.

Meanwhile the General Assembly have not been backward with their Answer to the Cromwell Manifesto, or 'Declaration of the English Army to all the Saints in Scotland,' spoken of above. Nay, already while he lay at Berwick, they had drawn up an eloquent Counter-Declaration, and sent it to him; which he, again, has got 'some godly Ministers' of his to declare against and reply to: the whole of which Declarations, Replies and Replies shall, like the primary Document itself, remain suppressed on the present occasion.† But along with this 'Reply by some godly Ministers,' the Lord General sends a Letter of his own, which is here:

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland; or, in case of their not sitting, To the Commissioners of the Kirk of Scotland: These.

Musselburgh, 3d August, 1650.

SIRS,

Your Answer to the Declaration of the Army we have seen. Some godly Ministers with us did, at Berwick, compose this Reply; which I thought fit to send you.

That you or we, in these great Transactions, answer the will and

^{*} Sir Edward Walker: *Historical Discourses* (London, 1705), p. 162.

† Titles of them, copies of several of them, in *Parliamentary History*, xix

mind of God, it is only from His grace and mercy to us. And therefore, having said as in our Papers, we commit the issue thereof to Him who disposeth all things, assuring you that we have light and comfort increasing upon us, day by day; and are persuaded that, before it be long, the Lord will manifest His good pleasure, so that all shall see Him; and His People shall say, *This is the Lord's work, and it is marvellous in our eyes: this is the day that the Lord hath made; we will be glad and rejoice therein.*—Only give me leave to say, in a word, ‘thus much:’

You take upon you to judge us in the things of our God, though you know us not,—though in the things we have said unto you, in that which is entitled the Army's Declaration, we have spoken our hearts as in the sight of the Lord who hath tried us. And by your hard and subtle words you have begotten prejudice in those who do too much, in matters of conscience,—wherein every soul is to answer for itself to God,—depend upon you. So that some have already followed you, to the breathing-out of their souls:* ‘and’ others continue still in the way wherein they are led by you,—we fear, to their own ruin.

And no marvel if you deal thus with us, when indeed you can find in your hearts to conceal from your own people the Papers we have sent you; who might thereby see and understand the bowels of our affections to them, especially to such among them as fear the Lord. Send as many of your Papers as you please amongst ours; † they have a free passage. I fear them not. What is of God in them, would it might be embraced and received!—One of them lately sent, directed *To the Under-officers and Soldiers in the English Army*, hath begotten from them this enclosed *Answer*; which they desired me to send to you: not a crafty politic one, but a plain simple spiritual one;—*what kind of one it is God knoweth, and God also will in due time make manifest.*

And do we multiply these things, † as men; or do we them for the Lord Christ and His People's sake? Indeed we are not, through the grace of God, afraid of your numbers, nor confident in ourselves. We could,—I pray God you do not think we boast,—meet your Army, or what you have to bring against us. We have given,—humbly we speak it before our God, in whom all our hope is,—some proof that thoughts of that kind prevail not upon us. The Lord hath not hid His face from us since our approach so near unto you.

Your own guilt is too much for you to bear: bring not therefore upon yourselves the blood of innocent men,—deceived with pretences of King and Covenant; from whose eyes you hide a better knowledge! I am persuaded that divers of you, who lead the People, have labored to build

* In the Musselburgh Skirmish, &c.

† Our people.

‡ Papers and Declarations.

yourselves in these things; wherein you have censured others, and established yourselves "upon the Word of God." Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken. Precept may be upon precept, line may be upon line, and yet the Word of the Lord may be to some a Word of Judgment; that they may fall backward and be broken, and be snared and be taken!* There may be a spiritual fulness, which the World may call drunkenness;† as in the second Chapter of the *Acts*. There may be, as well, a carnal confidence upon misunderstood and misapplied precepts, which may be called spiritual drunkenness. There may be a *Covenant* made with Death and Hell!* I will not say yours was so. But judge if such things have a political aim: To avoid the overflowing scourge;* or, To accomplish worldly interests? And if therein we † have confederated with wicked and carnal men, and have respect for them, or otherwise 'have' drawn them in to associate with us, Whether this be a Covenant of God, and spiritual? Bethink yourselves; we hope we do.

I pray you read the Twenty-eighth of Isaiah, from the fifth to the fifteenth verse. And do not scorn to know that it is the Spirit that quickens and giveth life.

The Lord give you and us understanding to do that which is well-pleasing in His sight. Committing you to the grace of God, I rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL. §

Here is the passage from Isaiah: I know not whether the General Assembly read it and laid it well to heart, or not, but it was worth their while,—and is worth our while too:

'In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people. And for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate.

'But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way! The Priest and the Prophet have erred through strong drink; they are swallowed up of wine; they are out of the way through strong drink. They err in vision, they

* Bible phrases.

† As you now do of us; while it is rather you that are "drunk."

‡ i. e. you.

§ Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 320-323.)

stumble in judgment. For all tables are full of vomit and filthiness; so that there is no place clean.

‘Whom shall He teach knowledge? Whom shall He make to understand doctrine? Them that are weaned from the milk, and drawn from the breasts. For precept must be upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line; here a little and there a little. For with stammering lips and another tongue will He speak to this people. To whom He said, This is the rest wherewith ye may cause the weary to rest, and this is the refreshment;—yet they would not hear.’ No. ‘The Word of the Lord was unto them precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little and there a little, That they might go, and fall backward, and be broken and snared and taken!—Wherefore hear ye the Word of the Lord, ye scornful men that rule this people which is in Jerusalem!’

Yes, hear it, and not with the outward ear only, ye Kirk Committees, and Prophesying and Governing Persons everywhere: it may be important to you! If God have said it, if the Eternal Truth of things have said it, will it not need to be done, think you? Or will the doing some distracted shadow of it, some Covenanted Charles Stuart of it, suffice?—The Kirk Committee seems in a bad way.

David Lesley, however, what as yet is in their favor, continues within his Line; stands steadily to his guns;—and the weather is wet; Oliver’s provision is failing. This Letter to the Kirk was written on Friday: on the Monday following,* ‘about the 6th of August,’ as Major Hodgson dates it, the tempestuous state of the weather not permitting ship-stores to be landed at Musselburgh, Cromwell has to march his Army back to Dunbar, and there provision it. Great joy in the Kirk-and-Estates Committee thereupon: Lesley steadily continues in his place.—

The famine among the Scots themselves, at Dunbar, is great; picking our horses’ beans, eating our soldiers’ leavings: ‘they are much enslaved to their Lords,’ poor creatures; almost destitute of private capital,—and ignorant of soap to a terrible extent!† Cromwell distributes among them ‘pease and wheat to the value

* Balfour, iv., 89.

† Whitlocke, p. 452.

of 240*l*.' On the 12th he returns to Musselburgh; finds, as heavy Bulstrode spells it in good Scotch, with a friskiness we hardly looked for in him, 'That Lesley has commanded 'The gude women should awe come away with their gear, and not stay to brew or bake, any of them, for the English;'—which makes it a place more forlorn than before.* Oliver decides to encamp on the Pentland Hills, which lie on the other side of Edinburgh, overlooking the Fife and Stirling roads; and to try whether he cannot force Lesley to fight by cutting off his supplies. Here, in the meantime, is a Letter from Lesley himself; written in 'Broughton Village,' precisely while Oliver is on march towards the Pentlands:

“*For his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell.*

“Bruchton, 13th August, 1650.

“My Lord,—I am commanded by the Committee of Estates of this Kingdom, and desired by the Commissioners of the General Assembly, to send unto your Excellency this enclosed *Declaration*, as that which containeth the State of the Quarrel; wherein we are resolved, by the Lord's assistance, to fight your Army, when the Lord shall be pleased to call us thereunto. And as you have professed you will not conceal any of our Papers, I do desire that this *Declaration* may be made known to all the Officers of your Army. And so I rest,—your Excellency's most humble servant,—DAVID LESLEY.”†

This Declaration, done by the Kirk, and endorsed by the Estates, we shall not on the present occasion make known, even though it is brief. The reader shall fancy it a brief emphatic disclaimer, on the part of Kirk and State, of their having anything to do with Malignants;—disclaimer in emphatic words, while the emphatic facts continue as they were. Distinct hope, however, is held out that the Covenanted King will testify openly his sorrow for his Father's Malignancies, and his own resolution for a quite other course. To which Oliver, from the slope of the Pentlands,‡ returns this answer:

* Whitlocke, p. 453.

† Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 330).

‡ 'About Colinton' (Balfour, iv., 90).

LETTER LXXXIX.

For the Right Honorable David Lesley, Lieutenant-General of the Scots Army: These.

From the Camp at Pentland Hills,
14th August, 1650.

SIR,

I received yours of the 13th instant; with the Paper you mentioned therein, enclosed,—which I caused to be read in the presence of so many Officers as could well be gotten together; to which your Trumpet can witness. We return you this answer. By which I hope, in the Lord, it will appear that we continue the same we have professed ourselves to the Honest People in Scotland; wishing to them as to our own souls; it being no part of our business to hinder any of them from worshipping God in that way they are satisfied in their consciences by the Word of God they ought, though different from us,—but shall therein be ready to perform what obligation lies upon us by the Covenant.*

But that under the pretence of the Covenant, mistaken, and wrested from the most native intent and equity thereof, a King should be taken in by you, to be imposed upon us; and this 'be' called "the Cause of God and the Kingdom;" and this done upon "the satisfaction of God's People in both Nations," as is alleged,—together with a disowning of Malignants; although he† who is the head of them, in whom all their hope and comfort lies, be received; who, at this very instant, hath a Popish Army fighting for and under him in Ireland; hath Prince Rupert, a man who hath had his hand deep in the blood of many innocent men of England, now in the head of our Ships, stolen from us upon a Malignant account; hath the French and Irish ships daily making depredations on our coasts; and strong combinations by the Malignants in England, to raise Armies in our bowels, by virtue of his commissions, who hath of late issued out very many to that purpose:—How the G'dly Interest you pretend you have received him upon, and the Malignant Interests in their ends and consequence 'all' centering in this man, can be secured, we cannot discern! And how we should believe that whilst known and notorious Malignants are fighting and plotting against us on the one hand, and you declaring for him on the other, it should not be an "espousing of a Malignant-Party's Quarrel or Inte-

* Ungrammatical, but intelligible and characteristic.

† Charles Stuart.

rest ;” but be a mere “ fighting upon former grounds and principles, and in defence of the Cause of God and the Kingdoms, as hath been these twelve years last past,” as you say: how this should be “ for the security and satisfaction of God’s People in both Nations ;” or ‘ how’ the opposing of this should render us enemies to the Godly with you, we cannot well understand. Especially considering that all these Malignants take their confidence and encouragement from the late transactions of your Kirk and State with your King. For as we have already said, so we tell you again, It is but ‘ some’ satisfying security to those who employ us, and ‘ who’ are concerned, that we seek. Which we conceive will not be by a few formal and feigned Submissions, from a Person that could not tell otherwise how to accomplish his Malignant ends, and ‘ is’ therefore counselled to this compliance, by them who assisted his Father, and have hitherto actuated himself in his most evil and desperate designs ; designs which are now again by them set on foot. Against which, How you will be able, in the way you are in, to secure us or yourselves ?—‘ this it now’ is (forasmuch as concerns ourselves) our duty to look after.

If the state of your Quarrel be thus, upon which, as you say, you resolve to fight our Army, you will have opportunity to do that ; else what means our abode here ? And if our hope be not in the Lord, it will be ill with us. We commit both you and ourselves to Him who knows the heart and tries the reins ; with whom are all our ways ; who is able to do for us and you above what we know : Which we desire may be in much mercy to His poor People, and to the glory of His great Name.

And having performed your desire, in making your Papers so public as is before expressed, I desire you to do the like, by letting the State, Kirk, and Army have the knowledge hereof. To which end I have sent you enclosed two Copies ‘ of this Letter ;’ and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The encampment on Pentland Hills, ‘ some of our tents within sight of Edinburgh Castle and City,’ threatens to cut off Lesley’s supplies ; but will not induce him to fight. ‘ The gude wives fly with their bairns and gear’ in great terror of us, poor gude wives ; and ‘ when we set fire to furze-bushes, report that we are burning their houses.† Great terror of us ; but no other result.

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 331-333).

† *Narrative of Farther Proceedings*, dated ‘ From the Camp of Musselburgh Fields, 16th August, 1650 ;’ read in the Parliament 22d August

Lesley brings over his guns to the western side of Edinburgh, and awaits, steady within his fastnesses there.

Hopes have arisen that the Godly Party in Scotland, seeing now by these Letters and Papers what our real meaning is, may perhaps quit a Malignant King's Interest, and make bloodless peace with us, 'which were the best of all.' The King boggles about signing that open Testimony, that Declaration against his Father's sins which was expected of him. 'A great Commander of the Enemy's, Colonel Gibby Carre' (Colonel Gilbert Ker, of whom we shall hear farther), solicits an interview with some of ours, and has it; and other interviews and free communings take place, upon the Burrow-Moor and open fields that lie between us. Gibby Ker, and also Colonel Strahan who was thought to be slain :* these and some minority of others are clear against Malignancy in every form; and if the Covenanted Stuart King will not sign this Declaration—!—Whereupon the Covenanted Stuart King does sign it; signs this too, †—what will he not sign?—and these hopes of accommodation vanish.

Neither still will they risk a Battle; though in their interviews upon the Burrow-Moor, they said they longed to do it. Vain that we draw out in battalia; they lie within their fastnesses. We march, with defiant circumstance of war, round all accessible sides of Edinburgh; encamp on the Pentlands, return to Musselburgh for provisions; go to the Pentlands again,—enjoy one of the beautifullest prospects, over deep-blue seas, over yellow corn-fields, dusky Highland mountains, from Ben Lomond round to the Bass again; but can get no Battle. And the weather is broken, and the season is advancing,—equinox within ten days, by the modern Almanac. Our men fall sick; the service is harassing;—and it depends on wind and tide whether even biscuit can be landed for us nearer than Dunbar. Here is the Lord General's

(Commons Journals); reprinted in Parliamentary History (xix., 327) as a 'Narrative by General Cromwell;' though it is clearly enough not General Cromwell's, but John Rushworth's.

* Letter LXXXVII., p. 443

† At our Court at Dunfermline this 16th day of August, 1650 (Sir Edward Walker, pp. 170-6; by whom the melancholy Document is, with due loyal indignation, given at large there).

own Letter 'to a Member of the Council of State,'—we might guess this or the other, but cannot with the least certainty know which.

LETTER XC.

‘To ——— Council of State in Whitehall: These.’

Musselburgh, 30th August, 1650.

SIR,

Since my last, we seeing the Enemy not willing to engage, —and yet very apt to take exceptions against speeches of that kind spoken in our Army; which occasioned some of them to come to parley with our Officers, To let them know that they would fight us,—they lying still in or near their fastnesses, on the west side of Edinburgh, we resolved, the Lord assisting, to draw near to them once more, to try if we could fight them. And indeed one hour's advantage gained might probably, we think, have given us an opportunity.*

To which purpose, upon Tuesday, the 27th instant, we marched westward of Edinburgh towards Stirling; which the Enemy perceiving, marched with as great expedition as was possible to prevent us; and the vanguards of both the Armies came to skirmish,—upon a place where bogs and passes made the access of each Army to the other difficult. We, being ignorant of the place, drew up, hoping to have engaged; but found no way feasible, by reason of the bogs and other difficulties.

We drew up our cannon, and did that day discharge two or three hundred great shot upon them; a considerable number they likewise returned to us: and this was all that passed from each to other. Wherein we had near twenty killed and wounded, but not one Commission Officer. The Enemy, as we are informed, had about eighty killed, and some considerable Officers. Seeing they would keep their ground, from which we could not remove them, and our bread being spent,—we were necessitated to go for a new supply:† and so marched off about ten or eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning. The Enemy perceiving it,—

* Had we come one hour sooner:—but we did not.

† We went to our Camp, or Bivouack, that night; and off to Musselburgh 'for a new supply' next morning. Camp or Bivouack 'on Pentland Hills,' says vague Hodgson (p. 142); 'within a mile of Edinburgh,' says Cromwell in this Letter, who of course knows well.

and, as we conceive, fearing we might interpose between them and Edinburgh, though it was not our intention, albeit it seemed so by our march,—retreated back again, with all haste; having a bog and passes between them and us: and there followed no considerable action, saying the skirmishing of the van of our horse with their's, near to Edinburgh, without any considerable loss to either party, saving that we got two or three of their horses.

That 'Tuesday' night we quartered within a mile of Edinburgh, and of the Enemy. It was a most tempestuous night and wet morning. The Enemy marched in the night between Leith and Edinburgh, to interpose between us and our victual, they knowing that it was spent;—but the Lord in mercy prevented it; and we, perceiving in the morning, got, time enough, through the goodness of the Lord, to the sea-side to re-victual; the Enemy being drawn up upon the Hill near Arthur's Seat, looking upon us, but not attempting anything.

And thus you have an account of the present occurrences.

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The scene of this 'Tuesday's' skirmish, and cannonade across bogs, has not been investigated; though an antiquarian Topographer might find worse work for himself. Rough Hodgson, very uncertain in his spellings, calls it Gawger Field, which will evidently take us to Gogar on the western road there. The Scotch Editor of Hodgson says farther, 'The Water of Leith lay between the two Armies;' which can be believed or not. Yorkshire Hodgson's troop received an ugly cannon-shot while they stood at prayers; just with the word *Amen*, came the ugly cannon-shot singing, but it hurt neither horse nor man. We also 'gave them an English shout' at one time, along the whole line, † making their Castle-rocks and Pentlands ring again; but could get no Battle out of them, for the bogs.

The Lord General writes this Letter at Musselburgh on Saturday the 30th: and directly on the heel of it there is a Council of War held, and an important resolution taken. With sickness, and the wild weather coming on us, rendering even victual uncertain, and no Battle to be had, we clearly cannot continue here. Dunbar, which has a harbor, we might fortify for a kind of

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 339). † Hodgson, p. 141.

citadel and winter-quarter ; let us retire at least to Dunbar, to be near our sole friends in this country, our Ships. That same Saturday evening the Lord General fired his huts, and marched towards Dunbar. At sight whereof Lesley rushes out upon him ; has his vanguard in Prestonpans before our rear got away. Saturday night through Haddington, and all Sunday to Dunbar, Lesley hangs, close and heavy, on Cromwell's rear ; on Sunday night bends southward to the hills that overlook Dunbar, and hems him in there. As will be more specially related in the next fascicle of Letters.

LETTERS XCI.—XC V.

BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

THE small Town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honey-combed,—on one of those projecting rock promontories with which that shore of the Frith of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land, too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep bay, and fishy little village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and fore-shadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look seaward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next sea-bight St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's Army, on Monday, 2d of September, 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the Earth no help.

Landward as you look from the Town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain-sheep can be at home. The crossing of *which*, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch Packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long Hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes for fashion's

sake the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of Twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief Dignitaries of the Country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the Twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable heath-continents behind him; embraces, as within outspread tiger claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill and the heath-continent of Lammormoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand,* in spirits as of men chasing; Oliver's about half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

LETTER XCI.

OLIVER on Monday writes this Note; sends it off, I suppose, by sea. Making no complaint for himself, the remarkable Oliver; doing, with grave brevity, in the hour the business of the hour. 'He was a strong man,' so intimates John Maidstone, who knew him: 'in the dark perils of war, in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire, when it had gone out in all the others.† A genuine King among men, Mr. Maidstone! The divinest sight this world sees,—when it is privileged to see such, and not be sickened with the unholy apery of such! He is just now upon an 'engagement,' or complicated concern, 'very difficult.'

* 27,000 say the English Pamphlets; 16,000 foot and 7,000 horse, says Sir Edward Walker (p. 152), who has access to know.

† *Passages in his Highness's last Sickness*, already referred to.

‘To Sir Arthur Haselrig, Governor of Newcastle: These.’

‘Dunbar, 2d September, 1650.’

DEAR SIR,

We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits* are comfortable, praised be the Lord,—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let II. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

The base of Oliver’s ‘Dunbar Peninsula,’ as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon ‘an entanglement very difficult’), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocksmonth House on his left; ‘about a mile and a half from sea to sea.’ Brocksmonth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh’s mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the *mouth* or issue of a small rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley’s Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The

* minds.

† Communicated by John Hare, Esquire, Rosemont Cottage, Clifton. The ms. at Clifton is a Copy, without date; but has this title in an old hand: ‘Copy of an original Letter of Oliver Cromwell, written with his own hand, the day before the Battle of Dunbar, to Sir A. Haselridge.’

reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday, 3d of September, 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the South-country Officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep *ditch*, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—*ditch* dug out by the little Brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position; his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his Officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday,' Lesley sent down his horse from the Hill-top, to occupy the other side of this Brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down, his whole Army gradually came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; corn-fields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday, 2d September, 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack, must get across this Brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents: sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula:' which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one Farm-house on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's Cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock Rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert

lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some, and 'taking three prisoners;'—and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it. Among the three prisoners was one musketeer, 'a very stout man, though he has but a wooden arm,' and some iron hook at the end of it, poor fellow. He 'fired thrice,' not without effect, with his wooden arm, and was not taken without difficulty: a handfast stubborn man; they carried him across to General Lesley, to give some account of himself. In several of the old Pamphlets, which agree in all the details of it, this is what we read:

'General *David* Lesley (old Leven,* the other Lesley, 'being in the Castle of Edinburgh, as they relate*), asked this man, If the Enemy did intend to fight? He replied, "What do you think we come here for? We come for nothing else!"—"Soldier," says Lesley, "how will you fight, when you have shipped half of your men, and all your great guns?" The Soldier replied, "Sir, if you please to draw down your men, you shall find both men and great guns too!"—A most dogged handfast man, this with the wooden arm, and iron hook on it! 'One of the Officers asked, How he durst answer the General so saucily? He said, "I only answer the question put to me!"' Lesley sent him across, free again, by a trumpet: he made his way to Cromwell; reported what had passed, and added doggedly, He for one had lost twenty shillings by the business,—plundered from him in this action. 'The Lord General gave him thereupon two pieces,' which I think are forty shillings; and sent him away rejoicing.†—This is the adventure at the 'pass' by the shepherd's hut in the bottom of the glen, close by the Brocksburn itself.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two

* Old Leven is *here*, if the Pamphlet knew; but only as a volunteer and without command, though nominally still General-in-chief.

† Cadwell the Army-Messenger's Narrative to the Parliament (in Carte's Ormond Papers, i., 352). Given also, with other details, in King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 478, §§ 9, 7, 10; no. 479, § 1; &c., &c.

gunshots west from Brocksmouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the Burn of Brock ; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope : passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lantermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago. Read in the extinct old Pamphlets, and ever again obstinately read, till some light rise in them, look even with unmilitary eyes at the ground as it now is, you do at last obtain small glimmerings of distinct features here and there,—which gradually coalesce into a kind of image for you ; and some spectrum of the Fact becomes visible ; rises veritable, face to face, on you, grim and sad in the depths of the old dead Time. Yes, my travelling friends, vehiculating in gigs or otherwise over that piece of London road, you may say to yourselves, Here without monument is the grave of a valiant thing which was done under the Sun ; the footprint of a hero, not yet quite undistinguishable, is here !—

'The Lord General about four o'clock,' say the old Pamphlets, 'went into the Town to take some refreshment,' a hasty late 'dinner,' or early 'supper,' whichever we may call it ; 'and very soon returned back,'—having sent off Sir Arthur's Letter, I think, in the interim. Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order ; walking at last with Lambert in the Park or Garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astrid on the Hill-side ; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley in fact is coming wholly down to the basis of the Hill, where his horse had been since sunrise : coming wholly down to edge of the Brook and glen, among the sloping harvest-fields there ; and also is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right ; edging himself, 'shogging,' as Oliver calls it, his whole line more and more to the right ! His meaning is, to get nold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the Brook there ;*

* Baillie's Letters, iii., 111.

after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley in fact considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. A vague story, due to Bishop Burnet, the watery source of many such, still circulates about the world, That it was the Kirk Committee who forced Lesley down against his will; that Oliver, at sight of it, exclaimed, “The Lord hath delivered,” &c. : which nobody is in the least bound to believe. It appears, from other quarters, that Lesley *was* advised or sanctioned in this attempt by the Committee of Estates and Kirk, but also that he was by no means hard to advise; that, in fact, lying on the top of Doon Hill shelterless in such weather, was no operation to spin out beyond necessity;—and that if anybody pressed too much upon him with advice to come down and fight, it was likeliest to be Royalist Civil Dignitaries, who had plagued him with their cavillings at his cunctations, at his ‘sacret fellow feeling for the Sectarians and Regicides,’ ever since this War began. The poor Scotch Clergy have enough of their own to answer for in this business; let every back bear the burden that belongs to it. In a word, Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and ‘shogs’ himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give *us* an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the Enemy’s right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brook, has no room to manœuvre or assist: * beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main-battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, “had meant to say the same thing.” Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other Officers do, when the

* Hodgson.

case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night ; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet ;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar : the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry ! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man !—Thus they pass the night ; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents ; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays ; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some,* extinguish their matches, all but two in a company : cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English ; watch, and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway ; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocksmouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there ; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, ' a Cornet praying in the night ; ' a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined ; Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother Officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them ; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no : this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful ; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think,

* ' Major-General Holburn ' (he that escorted Cromwell into Edinburgh in 1648), says Walker, p. 180.

have opened us a way of deliverance!—The Moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head, a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General is impatient;—behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangor Night's silence; the cannons awaken along all the Line: "The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!" On, my brave ones; on!—

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from field-pieces, snap-hances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock;—poor stiffened men, roused from the eorn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lances in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the Rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn; and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above Three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, "They run! I profess they run!" And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean just then burst the first gleam of the level Sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered,"'—or in Rous's metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
 Let all his enemies be;
 And let all those that do him hate
 Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin ; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither ; to Belhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar ; the chase goes as far as Haddington led by Hacker. ‘The Lord General made a halt,’ says Hodgson, ‘and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,’ till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of the Doon Hill ; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
 All nati-ons that be ;
 Likewise ye people all, accord
 His name to magnify !

For great to-us-ward ever are
 His lovingkindnesses ;
 His truth endures forevermore :
 The Lord O do ye bless !

And now, to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many Dignitaries are taken ; not a few are slain ; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain : a trooper’s sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence ; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner.* The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by ; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain ; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o’clock ; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January, 1644, when we marched out of this same

* Diary of Alexander Jaffray (London, 1834 ;—unhappily relating almost all to the inner man of Jaffray).

Dunbar up to the knees in snow ! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched ; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant ; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could ;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state !—Yes, my poor friends ;—and now be wise, be taught ! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world !

Such is Dunbar Battle ; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation ; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances ; by mismanagement, and the chance of war. My Lord General's next four Letters will now be intelligible to the reader.

LETTER XCII.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

SIR,

I hope it's not ill taken, that I make no more frequent addresses to the Parliament. Things that are in trouble, in point of provision for your Army, and of ordinary direction. I have, as I could, often presented to the Council of State, together with such occurrences as have happened ;—who, I am sure, as they have not been wanting in their extraordinary care and provision for us, so neither in what they judge fit and necessary to represent the same to you. And this I thought to be a sufficient discharge of my duty on that behalf.

It hath now pleased God to bestow a mercy upon you, worthy of your knowledge, and of the utmost praise and thanks of all that fear and love His name ; yea the mercy is far above all praise. Which that you may the better perceive, I shall take the boldness to tender unto you some circumstances accompanying this great business, which will manifest the greatness and seasonableness of this mercy.

We having tried what we could to engage the Enemy, three or four miles West of Edinburgh ; that proving ineffectual, and our victual fail

ing,—we marched towards our ships for a recruit of our want. The Enemy did not at all trouble us in our rear; but marched the direct way towards Edinburgh, and partly in the night and morning slips-through his whole Army; and quarters himself in a posture easy to interpose between us and our victual. But the Lord made him to lose the opportunity. And the morning proving exceeding wet and dark, we recovered, by that time it was light, a ground where they could not hinder us from our victual: which was an high act of the Lord's Providence to us. We being come into the said ground, the Enemy marched into the ground we were last upon; having no mind either to strive to interpose between us and our victuals, or to fight; being indeed upon this 'aim of reducing us to a' lock,—hoping that the sickness of your Army would render their work more easy by the gaining of time. Whereupon we marched to Musselburgh, to victual, and to ship away our sick men; where we sent aboard near five-hundred sick and wounded soldiers.

And upon serious consideration, finding our weakness so to increase, and the Enemy lying upon his advantage,—at a general council it was thought fit to march to Dunbar, and there to fortify the Town. Which (we thought), if anything, would provoke them to engage. As also, That the having of a Garrison there would furnish us with accommodation for our sick men, 'and' would be a good Magazine,—which we exceedingly wanted; being put to depend upon the uncertainty of weather for landing provisions, which many times cannot be done though the being of the whole Army lay upon it, all the coasts from Berwick to Leith having not one good harbor. As also, To lie more conveniently to receive our recruits of horse and foot from Berwick.

Having these considerations,—upon Saturday, the 30th of August, we marched from Musselburgh to Haddington. Where, by that time we had got the van-brigade of our horse, and our foot and train, into their quarters, the Enemy had marched with that exceeding expedition that they fell upon the rear-forlorn of our horse, and put it in some disorder; and indeed had like to have engaged our rear-brigade of horse with their whole Army,—had not the Lord by His providence put a cloud over the Moon, thereby giving us opportunity to draw off those horse to the rest of our Army. Which accordingly was done without any loss, save of three or four of our aforementioned forlorn; wherein the Enemy, as we believe, received more loss.

The Army being put into a reasonable secure posture,—towards midnight the Enemy attempted our quarters, on the west end of Haddington: but through the goodness of God we repulsed them. The next morning we drew into an open field, on the south side of Haddington; we not judging it safe for us to draw to the Enemy upon his own ground,

he being prepossessed thereof;—but rather drew back, to give him way to come to us, if he had so thought fit. And having waited about the space of four or five hours, to see if he would come to us; and not finding any inclination in the Enemy so to do,—we resolved to go, according to our first intendment, to Dunbar.

By that time we had marched three or four miles, we saw some bodies of the Enemy's horse draw out of their quarters; and by that time our carriages were gotten near Dunbar, their whole Army was upon their march after us. And indeed, our drawing back in this manner, with the addition of three new regiments added to them, did much heighten their confidence, if not presumption and arrogance.—The Enemy, that night, we perceived, gathered towards the Hills; laboring to make a perfect interposition between us and Berwick. And having in this posture a great advantage,—through his better knowledge of the country, he effected it: by sending a considerable party to the strait Pass at Copperspath; where ten men to hinder are better than forty to make their way. And truly this was an exigent to us,* wherewith the Enemy reproached us;—'as' with that condition the Parliament's Army was in† when it made its hard conditions with the King in Cornwall,—by some reports that have come to us. They had disposed of us, and of their business, in sufficient revenge and wrath towards our persons; and had swallowed up the poor Interest of England; believing that their Army and their King would have marched to London without any interruption;—it being told us (we know not how truly) by a prisoner we took the night before the fight, That their King was very suddenly to come amongst them, with those English they allowed to be about him. But in what they were thus lifted up, the Lord was above them.

The Enemy lying in the posture before mentioned, having those advantages; we lay very near him, being sensible of our disadvantages; having some weakness of flesh, but yet consolation and support from the Lord himself to our poor weak faith, wherein I believe not a few amongst us stand: That because of their numbers, because of their advantages, because of their confidence, because of our weakness, because of our strait, we were in the Mount, and in the Mount the Lord would be seen; and that He would find out a way of deliverance and salvation for us:—and indeed we had our consolations and our hopes.

* A disgraceful summons of caption to us: 'exigent' †; a law-suit issued against a fugitive,—such as we knew long since, in our young days, about Lincoln's Inn.

† Essex's Army seven years ago, in Autumn, 1614, when the King had impounded it among the Hills of Cornwall (see *antea*, p. 154).

Upon Monday evening,—the Enemy's whole numbers were very great; about-Six-thousand horse, as we heard, and Sixteen-thousand foot at least; ours drawn down, as to sound men, to about Seven-thousand five-hundred foot, and Three-thousand five-hundred horse,—'upon Monday evening,' the Enemy drew down to the right wing about two-thirds of their left wing of horse. To the right wing; shogging also their foot and train much to the right; causing their right wing of horse to edge down towards the sea. We could not well imagine but that the Enemy intended to attempt upon us, or to place themselves in a more exact condition of interposition. The Major-General and myself coming to the Earl Roxburgh's House, and observing this posture, I told him I thought it did give us an opportunity and advantage to attempt upon the Enemy. To which he immediately replied, That he had thought to have said the same thing to me. So that it pleased the Lord to set this apprehension upon both of our hearts, at the same instant. We called for Colonel Monk, and showed him the thing: and coming to our quarters at night, and demonstrating our apprehensions to some of the Colonels, they also cheerfully concurred.

We resolved therefore to put our business into this posture: That six regiments of horse, and three regiments and an half of foot should march in the van; and that the Major-General, the Lieutenant-General of the horse, and the Commissary-General,* and Colonel Monk to command the brigade of foot, should lead on the business; and that Colonel Pride's brigade, Colonel Overton's brigade, and the remaining two regiments of horse should bring up the cannon and rear. The time of falling on to be by break of day:—but through some delays it proved not to be so; 'not' till six o'clock in the morning.

The Enemy's word was, *The Covenant*: which it had been for divers days. Ours, *The Lord of Hosts*. The Major-General, Lieutenant-General Fleetwood, and Commissary-General Whalley, and Colonel Twistleton, gave the onset; the Enemy being in a very good posture to receive them, having the advantage of their cannon and foot against our horse. Before our foot could come up, the Enemy made a gallant resistance, and there was a very hot dispute at sword's point between our horse and theirs. Our first foot, after they had discharged their duty (being overpowered with the Enemy), received some repulse, which they soon recovered. For my own regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Goffè and my Major, White, did come seasonably in; and, at the push of pike, did repel the stoutest regiment the Enemy had there, merely with the courage the Lord was pleased to give. Which proved a great amazement to the residue of their foot; this being the first action

* Lambert, Fleetwood, Whalley.

between the foot. The horse in the meantime did, with a great deal of courage and spirit, beat back all oppositions; charging through the bodies of the Enemy's horse, and of their foot; who were, after the first repulse given, made by the Lord of Hosts as stubble to their swords.—Indeed, I believe I may speak it without partiality: both your chief Commanders and others in their several places, and soldiers also, were acted* with as much courage as ever hath been seen in any action since this War. I know they look not to be named; and therefore I forbear particulars.

The best of the Enemy's horse being brokeⁿ through and through in less than an hour's dispute, their whole Army being put into confusion, it became a total rout: our men having the chase and execution of them near eight miles. We believe that upon the place and near about it were about Three-thousand slain. Prisoners taken: of their officers, you have this enclosed List; of private soldiers near Ten-thousand. The whole baggage and train taken, wherein was good store of match, powder and bullet; all their artillery, great and small.—thirty guns. We are confident they have left behind them not less than Fifteen-thousand arms. I have already brought in to me near Two-hundred colors, which I herewith send you.† What officers of theirs of quality are killed, we yet cannot learn; but yet surely divers are: and many men of quality are mortally wounded, as Colonel Lamsden, the Lord Libberton and others. And, that which is no small addition, I do not believe we have lost twenty men. Not one Commissioned Officer slain as I hear of, save one Cornet; and Major Rooksby, since dead of his wounds; and not many mortally wounded:—Colonel Whalley, only cut in the handwrist, and his horse (twice shot) killed under him; but he well recovered another horse, and went on in the chase.

Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and His people, this War:—and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, Sir, it's in

* 'Actuated,' as we now write it.

† They hung long in Westminster Hall; beside the Preston ones, and still others that came. Colonel Pride has been heard to wish, and almost to hope, That the Lawyers' gowns might all be hung up beside the Scots colors yet,—and the Lawyers' selves, except some very small and most select needful remnant, be ordered peremptorily to disappear from those localities, and seek an honest trade elsewhere! (Walker's *History of Independency*.)

your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts it more into your hands, To give glory to Him; to improve your power, and His blessings, to His praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us,—but God alone. We pray you own His people more and more; for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves;—but own your Authority; and improve it to curb the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretences soever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions:—and if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich,* that suits not a Commonwealth. If He that strengthens your servants to fight, please to give your hearts to set upon these things, in order to His glory, and the glory of your Commonwealth,—‘then’ besides the benefit England shall feel thereby, you shall shine forth to other Nations, who shall emulate the glory of such a pattern, and through the power of God turn in to the like!

These are our desires. And that you may have liberty and opportunity to do these things, and not be hindered, we have been and shall be (by God’s assistance) willing to venture our lives:—and ‘will’ not desire you should be precipitated by importunities, from your care of safety and preservation; but that the doing of these good things may have their place amongst those which concern wellbeing;† and so be wrought in their time and order.

Since we came in Scotland, it hath been our desire and longing to have avoided blood in this business; by reason that God hath a people here fearing His name, though deceived. And to that end have we offered much love unto such, in the bowels of Christ; and concerning the truth of our hearts therein, have we appealed unto the Lord. The Ministers of Scotland have hindered the passage of these things to the hearts of those to whom we intended them. And now we hear, that not only the deceived people, but some of the Ministers are also fallen in this Battle. This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to the Word of God; the

* ‘Many of them had a *peek* at Lawyers generally’ (says learned Bulstrode in these months,—appealing to posterity, almost with tears in his big dull eyes!).

† We as yet struggle for *being*; which is preliminary, and still more essential.

sword of the Spirit; which is alone powerful and able for the setting up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able to that end, and will also do it! This is humbly offered for their sakes who have lately too much turned aside: that they might return again to preach Jesus Christ, according to the simplicity of the Gospel;—and then no doubt they will discern and find your protection and encouragement.

Beseeching you to pardon this length, I humbly take leave; and rest,
Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER XCIII.

To the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

MY LORD,

I have sent the Major-General, with six regiments of horse, and one of foot, towards Edinburgh; purposing (God willing) to follow after, to-morrow, with what convenience I may.

We are put to exceeding trouble, though it be an effect of abundant mercy, with the numerousness of our Prisoners; having so few hands, so many of our men sick; so little conveniency of disposing of them; † and not, by attendance thereupon, to omit the seasonableness of the prosecution of this mercy as Providence shall direct. We have been constrained, even out of Christianity, humanity, and the beforementioned necessity, to dismiss between four and five thousand Prisoners, almost starved, sick and wounded: the remainder, which are the like, or a greater number, I am fain to send by a convoy of four troops of Colonel Hacker's, to Berwick, and so on to Newcastle southwards. ‡

I think fit to acquaint your Lordship with two or three observations. Some of the honestest in the Army amongst the Scots did profess before

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 57–91).

† The Prisoners:—sentence ungrammatical, but intelligible.

‡ A frightful account of what became of them 'southwards;' how, for sheer hunger, they ate raw cabbages in the 'walled garden at Morpeth,' and lay in unspeakable imprisonment in Durham Cathedral, and died as of swift pestilence there: In *Sir Arthur Haselrig's Letter to the Council of State* (reprinted from the old Pamphlets, in Parliamentary History, xix., 417).

the fight, That they did not believe their King in his Declaration;* and it's most evident he did sign it with as much reluctance, and so much against his heart as could be: and yet they venture their lives for him upon this account; and publish this 'Declaration' to the world, to be believed as the act of a person converted, when in their hearts they know he abhorred the doing of it, and meant it not.

I hear when the Enemy marched last up to us, the Ministers pressed their Army to interpose between us and home; the chief Officers desiring rather that we might have way made, though it were by a golden bridge. But the Clergy's counsel prevailed,—to their no great comfort, through the goodness of God.

The Enemy took a gentleman of Major Brown's troop prisoner, that night we came to Haddington; and he had quarter through Lieutenant-General David Leslie's means; who, finding him a man of courage and parts, labored with him to take up arms. But the man expressing constancy and resolution to this side, the Lieutenant-General caused him to be mounted, and with two troopers to ride about to view their gallant Army; using that as an argument to persuade him to their side; and, when this was done, dismissed him to us in a bravery. And indeed the day before we fought, they did express so much insolency and contempt of us to some soldiers they took, as was beyond apprehension.

Your Lordship's most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

WHICH high officialities being ended, here are two glad domestic Letters of the same date.

LETTER XCIV.

For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.

Dunbar, 4th September, 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

* Open Testimony against the sins of his Father, see p 451.

† Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 91).

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 infirmitics 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.*

LETTER XCV.

*For my loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley:
These.*

Dunbar, 4th September, 1650.

DEAR BROTHER,

Having so good an occasion as the imparting so great a mercy as the Lord has vouchsafed us in Scotland, I would not omit the imparting thereof to you, though I be full of business.

Upon Wednesday † we fought the Scottish Armies. They were in number, according to all computation, above Twenty-thousand; we hardly Eleven-thousand, having great sickness upon our Army. After much appealing to God, the Fight lasted above an hour. We killed (as most think) Three-thousand; took near Ten-thousand prisoners, all their train, about thirty guns great and small, besides bullet, match and powder, very considerable Officers, about two-hundred colors, above ten-thousand arms;—lost not thirty men. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes. Good Sir, give God all the glory; stir up all yours, and all about you, to do so. Pray for

Your affectionate brother,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I desire my love may be presented to my dear Sister, and to all your

* Copied from the Original by John Hare, Esq., Rosemount Cottage, Clifton. Collated with the old Copy in British Museum, Cole mss., no. 5831, p. 38. 'The Original was purchased at Strawberry-Hill Sale' (Horace Walpole's), '30th April, 1842, for Twenty-one guineas.'

† 'Wedensd.' in the Original. A curious proof of the haste and confusion Cromwell was in. The Battle was on *Tuesday*,—yesterday, 3d September, 1650; indisputably Tuesday; and he is now writing on Wednesday!—

Family. I pray tell Doll I do not forget her nor her little Brat. She writes very cunningly and complimentary to me; I expect a Letter of plain dealing from her. She is too modest to tell me whether she breeds or not. I wish a blessing upon her and her Husband. The Lord make them fruitful in all that's good. They are at leisure to write often;—but indeed they are both idle, and worthy of blame.*

* Harris, p. 513; one of the Pusey stock, the last now but three.

LETTERS XCVI.—XCVIII.

OF these Letters, the first Two, with their Replies and Adjuncts, Six Missives in all, form a Pamphlet published at Edinburgh in 1650, with the Title : *Several Letters and Passages between his Excellency the Lord General Cromwell and the Governor of Edinburgh Castle*. They have been reprinted in various quarters : we copy the Cromwell part of them from *Thurloe* ; and fancy they will not much need any preface. Here are some words, written elsewhere on the occasion, some time ago.

‘ These Letters of Cromwell to the Edinburgh Clergy, treating of obsolete theologies and politics, are very dull to modern men : but they deserve a steady perusal by all such as will understand the strange meaning (for the present, alas, as good as obsolete in all forms of it) that possessed the mind of Cromwell in these hazardous operations of his. Dryasdust, carrying his learned eye over these and the like Letters, finds them, of course, full of “ hypocrisy,” &c., &c.—Unfortunate Dryasdust, they are coruseations, terrible as lightning, and beautiful as lightning, from the innermost temple of the Human Soul ;—intimations, still credible, of what a Human Soul does mean when it *believes* in the Highest ; a thing poor Dryasdust never did nor will do. The hapless generation that now reads these words ought to hold its peace when it has read them, and sink into unutterable reflection,—not unmingled with tears, and some substitute for “ sackcloth and ashes,” if it liked. In its poor canting sniffing flimsy vocabulary there is no word that can make any response to them. This man has a living god-inspired soul in him, not an enchanted artificial “ substitute for salt,” as our fashion is. They that have human eyes can look upon him ; they that have only owl-eyes need not.’

Here also are some sentences on a favorite topic, *lightning* and *light*. ‘ As lightning is to light, so is a Cromwell to a Shakspeare. The light is beautifuller. Ah, yes ; but until, by lightning and

other fierce labor, your foul Chaos has become a World, you cannot have any light, or the smallest chance for any! Honor the Amphion whose music makes the stones, rocks, and big blocks, dance into figures, and domed cities, with temples and habitations:—yet know him too; how, as Volker's in the old *Nibelungen*, oftentimes his "fiddlebow" has to be of "sharp steel," and to play a tune very rough to rebellious ears! The melodious Speaker is great, but the melodious Worker is greater than he. "Our Time," says a certain author, "cannot speak at all, but only cant and sneer, and argumentatively jargon, and recite the multiplication-table. Neither as yet can it work, except at mere railroads and cotton-spinning. It will, apparently, return to Chaos soon; and then more lightnings will be needed, lightning enough, to which Cromwell's was but a mild matter;—to be followed by light, we may hope!"—

The following Letter from Whalley, with the Answer to it, will introduce this series. The date is Monday; the Lord General observing yesterday that the poor Edinburgh people were sadly short of Sermon, has ordered the Lieutenant-General to communicate as follows:

"For the Honorable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.

"Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

"SIR,—I received command from my Lord General to desire you to let the Ministers of Edinburgh, now in the Castle with you, know, That they have free liberty granted them, if they please to take the pains, to preach in their several Churches; and that my Lord hath given special command both to officers and soldiers that they shall not in the least be molested. Sir, I am your most humble servant,

"EDWARD WHALLEY."

To which straightway there is this Answer from Governor Dundas:

"To Commissary-General Whalley."

"Edinburgh Castle, 9th September, 1650.

"SIR,—I have communicated the desire of your Letter to such of the Ministers of Edinburgh as are with me; who have desired me to return this for Answer:

“That though they are ready to be spent in their Master’s service and to refuse no suffering so they may fulfil their ministry with joy ; ye’ perceiving the persecution to be personal, by the practice of your Party* upon the Ministers of Christ in England and Ireland, and in the Kingdom of Scotland since your unjust Invasion thereof ; and finding nothing expressed in yours whereupon to build any security for their persons while they are there, and for their return hither ;—they are resolved to reserve themselves for better times, and to wait upon Him who hath hidden His face for a while from the sons of Jacob.

“This is all I have to say, but that I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

“ W. DUNDAS.”

To which somewhat sulky response, Oliver makes Answer in this notable manner :

LETTER XCVI.

*For the Honorable the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh :
These.*

Edinburgh, 9th September, 1650.

SIR,

The kindness offered to the Ministers with you was done with ingenuity ; † thinking it might have met with the like ; but I am satisfied to tell those with you, That if their Master’s service (as they call it) were chiefly in their eye, imagination of suffering ‡ would not have caused such a return ; much less ‘ would’ the practice of our Party, as they are pleased to say, upon the Ministers of Christ in England, have been an argument of personal persecution.

The Ministers in England are supported, and have liberty to preach the Gospel ; though not to rail, nor under pretence thereof § to overtop the Civil Power, or debase it as they please. No man hath been troubled in England or Ireland for preaching the Gospel ; nor has any Minister been molested in Scotland since the coming of the Army hither. The speaking truth becomes the Ministers of Christ.

When Ministers pretend to a glorious Reformation ; and lay the foundations thereof in getting to themselves worldly power ; and can make worldly mixtures to accomplish the same, such as their late

* Sectarian Party, of Independents.

† Fear of personal danger.

‡ Means always *ingenuously*.

§ Of preaching the Gospel.

Agreement with their King ; and hope by him to carry on their design, 'they' may know that the Sion promised will not be built of such untempered mortar.

As for the unjust Invasion they mention, time was* when an Army of Scotland came into England, not called by the Supreme Authority. We have said, in our Papers, with what hearts, and upon what account, we came ; and the Lord hath heard us,† though you would not, upon as solemn an appeal as any experience can parallel.

And although they seem to comfort themselves with being sons of Jacob, from whom (they say) Goth hath hid His face for a time ; yet it's no wonder when the Lord hath lifted up His hand so eminently against a Family as He hath done so often against this,‡ and men will not see His hand,—'it's no wonder' if the Lord hide His face from such ; putting them to shame both for it and their hatred of His people ; as it is this day. When they purely trust to the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, which is powerful to bring down strongholds and every imagination that exalts itself,—which alone is able to square and fit the stones for a new Jerusalem ;—then and not before, and by that means and no other, shall Jerusalem, the City of the Lord, which is to be the praise of the whole Earth, be built ; the Sion of the Holy One of Israel.

I have nothing to say to you but that I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.§

The Scotch Clergy never got such a reprimand since they first took ordination ! A very dangerous radiance blazes through these eyes of my Lord General's,—destructive to the owl-dominion, in Edinburgh Castle and elsewhere !

Let Dundas and Company reflect on it. Here is their ready Answer ; still of the same day.

' To the Right Honorable the Lord Cromwell, Commander-in-chief of the English Army.

' Edinburgh Castle, 9th September, 1650.

" MY LORD,—YOURS I have communicated to those with me whom it concerned ; who desire me to return this Answer :

* 1648, Duke Hamilton's time ; to say nothing of 1640 and other times

† At Dunbar, six days ago.

‡ Of the Stuarts.

§ Thurloe, i., 159 ; Pamphlet at Edinburgh.

“That their ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, according to their vocation and place, and in adhering to their first principles, is well known; and one of their greatest regrets is that they have not been met with the like. That when Ministers of the Gospel have been imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to flee from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring the will of God against the godless and wicked proceedings of men,—it cannot be accounted ‘an imaginary fear of suffering’ in such as are resolved to follow the like freedom and faithfulness in discharge of their Master’s message. That it savors not of ‘ingenuity’ to promise liberty of preaching the Gospel, and to limit the Preachers thereof, that they must not speak against the sins and enormities of Civil Powers; since their commission carrieth them to speak the Word of the Lord unto, and to reprove the sins of, persons of all ranks, from the highest to the lowest. That to impose the name of ‘railing’ upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants, against the Ministers of the Gospel, who laid open to people the wickedness of their ways, lest men should be ensnared thereby.

“That their consciences bear them record, and all their hearers do know, that they meddle not with Civil Affairs, farther than to hold forth the rule of the Word, by which the straightness and crookedness of men’s actions are made evident. But they are sorry they have such cause to regret that men of mere Civil place and employment should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry: to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks: and particularly in Scotland, contrary to the government and discipline therein established,—to the maintenance whereof you are bound, by the Solemn League and Covenant.

“Thus far they have thought fit to vindicate their return to the offer in Colonel Whalley’s Letter. The other part of yours, which concerns the public as well as them, they conceive hath all been answered sufficiently in the Public Papers of the State and Kirk. Only to that of the success upon your ‘solemn appeal,’ they say again, what was said to it before, That they have not so learned Christ as to hang the equity of their Cause upon events; but desire to have their hearts established in the love of the Truth, in all the tribulations that befall them.

“I only do add that I am, my Lord, your most humble servant,

“W. DUNDAS.”

On Thursday follows Oliver’s Answer,—‘very inferior in com-

* Certain of our Soldiers and Officers preach; very many of them can preach,—and greatly to the purpose too!

position,' says Dryasdust;—composition not being quite the trade of Oliver! In other respects, sufficiently superior.

LETTER XCVII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 12th September, 1650.

SIR,

Because I am at some reasonable good leisure, I cannot let such gross mistakes and inconsequential reasonings pass without some notice taken of them.

And first, their ingenuity in relation to the Covenant, for which they commend themselves, doth no more justify their want of ingenuity in answer to Colonel Whalley's Christian offer, concerning which my Letter charged them with guiltiness 'and' deficiency, than their bearing witness to themselves of their adhering to their first principles, and ingenuity in prosecuting the ends of the Covenant, justifies them so to have done merely because they say so. They must give more leave henceforwards; for Christ will have it so, nill they, will they. And they must have patience to have the truth of their doctrines and sayings tried by the sure touchstone of the Word of God. And if there be a liberty and duty of trial, there is a liberty of judgment also for them that may and ought to try; which being* so, they must give others leave to say and think that they can appeal to equal judges, Who have been the truest fulfillers of the most real and equitable ends of the Covenant?

But if these Gentlemen do† assume to themselves to be the infallible expositors of the Covenant, as they do too much to their auditories 'to be the infallible expositors' of the Scriptures 'also,' counting a different sense and judgment from theirs Breach of Covenant and Heresy,—no marvel they judge of others so authoritatively and severely. But we have not so learned Christ. We look at Ministers as helpers of, not lords over, God's people. I appeal to their consciences, whether any 'person' trying their doctrines, and dissenting, shall not incur the censure of Sectary? And what is this but to deny Christians their liberty, and assume the Infallible Chair? What doth he whom we would not be likened unto† do more than this?

In the second place, it is affirmed that the Ministers of the Gospel

* 'if' in the original. † 'which do' in the original; *dele* which.

‡ The Pope.

have been “imprisoned, deprived of their benefices, sequestered, forced to fly from their dwellings, and bitterly threatened, for their faithful declaring of the will of God;” that they have been limited that they might not speak against the “sins and enormities of the Civil Powers;” that to impose the name of railing upon such faithful freedom was the old practice of Malignants against the Preachers of the Gospel, &c.—‘Now,’ if the Civil Authority, or that part of it which continued faithful to their trust,* ‘and’ true to the ends of the Covenant, did, in answer to their consciences, turn out a Tyrant, in a way which the Christians in after-times will mention with honor, and all Tyrants in the world look at with fear; and ‘if’ while many thousands of saints in England rejoice to think of it, and have received from the hand of God a liberty from the fear of like usurpations, and have cast off him† who trod in his Father’s steps, doing mischief as far as he was able (whom you have received like fire into your bosom,—of which God will, I trust, in time make you sensible): if, ‘I say,’ Ministers railing at the Civil Power, and calling them murderers and the like for doing these things, have been dealt with as you mention,—will this be found a “personal persecution?” Or is sin so, because they say so?‡ They that acted this great Business§ have given a reason of their faith in the action; and some here|| are ready further to do it against all gainsayers.

But it will be found that these reprovers do not only make themselves the judges and determiners of sin, that so they may reprove; but they also took liberty¶ to stir up the people to blood and arms; and would have brought a war upon England, as hath been upon Scotland, had not God prevented it. And if such severity as hath been expressed toward them be worthy of the name of “personal persecution,” let all uninterested men judge, ‘and’ whether the calling of the practice “railing” be to be paralleled with the Malignants’ imputation upon the Ministers for speaking against the Popish Innovations in the Prelates’ times,** and the ‘other’ tyrannical and wicked practices then on foot! The Roman Emperors, in Christ’s and his Apostles’ times, were usurpers and intruders upon the Jewish State: yet what footsteps†† have ye either of our blessed Saviour’s so much as willingness to the dividing of an in-

* When Pride purged them.

† Because you call it so.

|| I for one.

** O Oliver, my Lord General, the Lindley-Murray composition here is dreadful: the meaning struggling, like a strong swimmer, in an element very viscous!

†† Vestige.

† Your Charles II., as you call him

§ Of judging Charles First.

¶ In 1648.

heritance, or their* 'ever' meddling in that kind? This was not practised by the Church since our Saviour's time, till Antichrist, assuming the Infallible Chair, and all that he called Church to be under him, practised this authoritatively over Civil Governors. The way to fulfil your Ministry with joy is to preach the Gospel; which I wish some who take pleasure in reproofs at a venture, do not forget too much to do!

Thirdly, you say, You have just cause to regret that men of Civil employments should usurp the calling and employment of the Ministry; to the scandal of the Reformed Kirks.—Are you troubled that Christ is preached? Is preaching so exclusively your function? † Doth it scandalize the Reformed Kirks, and Scotland in particular? Is it against the Covenant? Away with the Covenant, if this be so! I thought, the Covenant and these 'professors of it' could have been willing that any should speak good of the name of Christ: if not, it is no Covenant of God's approving: nor are these Kirks you mention in so much ‡ the Spouse of Christ. Where do you find in the Scripture a ground to warrant such an assertion, That Preaching is exclusively your function? † Though an Approbation from men hath order in it, and may do well; yet he that hath no better warrant than that, hath none at all. I hope He that ascended up on high may give His gifts to whom He pleases: and if those gifts be the seal of Mission, be not 'you' envious though Eldad and Medad prophesy. You know who bids us *covet earnestly the best gifts*, but chiefly *that we may prophesy*; which the Apostle explains there to be a speaking to instruction and edification and comfort,—which speaking the instructed, the edified and comforted can best tell the energy and effect of, 'and say whether it is genuine.' If such evidence be, I say again, Take heed you envy not for your own sakes; lest you be guilty of a greater fault than Moses reproved in Joshua for envying for his sake.

Indeed you err through mistaking of the Scriptures. Approbation § is an act of conveniency in respect of order; not of necessity, to give faculty to preach the Gospel. Your pretended fear lest Error should step in, is like the man who would keep all the wine out the country lest men should be drunk. It will be found an unjust and unwise jealousy, to deprive a man of his natural liberty upon a supposition he may abuse it. When he doth abuse it, judge. If a man speak foolishly, ye suffer him gladly || because ye are wise; if erroneously, the truth more

* The Apostles'.

† 'so inclusive in your function,' means that.

‡ So far as their notion of the Covenant goes.

§ Or say 'Ordination,' Solemn Approbation and Appointment by men.

|| With a patient victorious feeling.

appears by your conviction 'of him.' Stop such a man's mouth by sound words which cannot be gainsayed. If he speak blasphemously, or to the disturbance of the public peace, let the Civil Magistrate punish him; if truly, rejoice in the truth. And if you will call our speakings together since we came into Scotland,—to provoke one another to love and good works, to faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance from dead works; 'and' to charity and love towards you, to pray and mourn for you, and for your bitter returns to 'our love of you,' and your incredulity of our professions of love to you, of the truth of which we have made our solemn and humble appeals to the Lord our God, which He hath heard and borne witness to: if you will call things scandalous to the Kirk, and against the Covenant, because done by men of Civil callings,—we rejoice in them, notwithstanding what you say.

For a conclusion: In answer to the witness of God upon our solemn Appeal,* you say you have not so learned Christ 'as' to hang the equity of your cause upon events. We, 'for our part,' could wish blindness have not been upon your eyes to all those marvellous dispensations which God hath lately wrought in England. But did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the Great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an "event!"† Were not both your and our expectations renewed from time to time, whilst we waited upon God, to see which way He would manifest Himself upon our appeals? And shall we, after all these our prayers, fastings, tears, expectations and solemn appeals, call these bare "events?" The Lord pity you.

Surely we, 'for our part,' fear; because it hath been a merciful and gracious deliverance to us. I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, search after the mind of the Lord in it towards you; and we shall help you by our prayers; that you may find it out: for yet (if we know our hearts at all) our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland. We know there are stumbling-blocks which hinder you: the personal prejudices you have taken up against us‡ and our ways, wherein we cannot but think some occasion has been given,§ and for which we mourn: the apprehension you have that we have hindered the glorious Reformation you think you were upon:—I am persuaded these and such

* At Dunbar.

† 'but can slightly call it an event,' *in orig.*

‡ Me, Oliver Cromwell.

§ I have often, in Parliament and elsewhere, been crabbed towards your hidebound Presbyterian Formula; and given it many a fillip, not thinking sufficiently what good withal was in it.

like bind you up from an understanding, and yielding to, the mind of God, in this great day of His power and visitation. And, if I be rightly informed, the late Blow you received is attributed to profane counsels and conduct, and mixtures* in your Army, and such like. The natural man will not find out the cause. Look up to the Lord, that He may tell it you. Which that He would do, shall be the fervent prayer of,

Your loving friend and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

‘P. S.’ These ‘following’ Queries are sent not to reproach you, but in the love of Christ laying them before you; we being persuaded in the Lord that there is a truth in them. Which we earnestly desire may not be laid aside unsought after, from any prejudice either against the things themselves, or the unworthiness or weakness of the person that offers them. If you turn at the Lord’s reproofs, He will pour out His Spirit upon you; and you shall understand His words; and they will guide you to a blessed Reformation indeed,†—even to one according to the Word, and such as the people of God wait for: wherein you will find us and all saints ready to rejoice, and serve you to the utmost in our places and callings.‡

ENCLOSED is the Paper of Queries; to which this Editor, anxious to bring out my Lord General’s sense, will take the great liberty to intercalate a word or two of Commentary as we read.

QUERIES.

1. Whether the Lord’s controversy be not both against the Ministers in Scotland and in England, for their wresting and straining ‘of the Covenant,’ and employing‡ the Covenant against the Godly and Saints in England (of the same faith with them in every fundamental) even to a bitter persecution; and so making that which, in the main intention, was Spiritual, to serve Politics and Carnal ends,—even in that part especially which was Spiritual, and did look to the glory of God, and the comfort of His People?

* Admission of Engagers and ungodly people.

† ‘glorious Reformation,’ ‘blessed Reformation,’ &c., are phrases loud and current everywhere, especially among the Scotch, for ten years past.

‡ Thurloe, i., 158-162.

§ ‘improving’ in the original.

The meaning of your Covenant was that God's glory should be promoted : and yet how many zealous Preachers, unpresbyterian but real Promoters of God's glory, have you, by wresting and straining of the verbal phrases of the Covenant, found means to menace, eject, afflict and in every way discourage !—

2. Whether the Lord's controversy be not for your and the Ministers in England's sullenness at 'God's great providences,' and 'your' darkening and not beholding the glory of God's wonderful dispensations in this series of His providences in England, Scotland and Ireland, both now and formerly,—through envy at instruments, and because the things did not work forth your Platform, and the Great God did not come down to your minds and thoughts.

This is well worth your attention. Perhaps the Great God means something other and farther than you yet imagine. Perhaps, in His infinite Thought, and Scheme that reaches through Eternities, there may be elements which the Westminster Assembly has not jotted down ? Perhaps these reverend learned persons, debating at Four shillings and sixpence a day, did not get to the bottom of the Bottomless, after all ? Perhaps this Universe was not entirely built according to the Westminster Shorter Catechism, but by other groundplans withal, not yet entirely brought to paper anywhere, in Westminster or out of it, that I hear of ? O my reverend Scotch friends !—

3. Whether your carrying on a Reformation, so much by you spoken of, have not probably been subject to some mistakes in your own judgments about some parts of the same,—laying so much stress thereupon as hath been a temptation to you even to break the Law of Love, 'the greatest of all laws,' towards your brethrer, and those 'whom' Christ hath regenerated ; even to the reviling and persecuting of them, and to stirring up of wicked men to do the same, for your Form's sake, or but 'for' some parts of it.

A helpless lumbering sentence, but with a noble meaning in it.

4. Whether if your Reformation be so perfect and so spiritual, be indeed the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus, it will need such carnal policies, such fleshly mixtures, such unsincere actings as 'some of these are ?' To pretend to cry down all Malignants ; and yet to receive and set up

the Head of them ‘all,’ and to act for the Kingdom of Christ in his name,* and upon advantage thereof? And to publish so false a Paper,† so full of special pretences to piety, as the fruit and effect of his “repentance,”—to deceive the minds of all the Godly in England, Ireland and Scotland; you, in your own consciences, knowing with what regret he did it, and with what importunities and threats he was brought to do it, and how much to this very day he is against it? And whether this be not a high provocation of the Lord, in so grossly dissembling with Him and His people?‡

Yes, you can consider that, my Friends; and think, on the whole, what kind of course you are probably getting into; steering towards a Kingdom of Jesus Christ with Charles Stuart and Mrs. Barlow at the helm!

The Scotch Clergy reply, through Governor Dundas, still in a sulky unrepentant manner, that they stick by their old opinions; that the Lord General’s arguments, which would not be hard to answer a second time, have already been answered amply, by anticipation, in the public Manifestoes of the Scottish Nation and Kirk;—that, in short, he hath a longer sword than they for the present, and the Scripture says, “There is one event to the righteous and the wicked,” which may probably account for Dunbar, and some other phenomena. Here the correspondence closes; his Excellency on the morrow morning (Friday, 13th September, 1650) finding no ‘reasonable good leisure’ to unfold himself farther, in the way of paper and ink, to these men. There remain other ways; the way of cannon-batteries, and Derbyshire miners. It is likely his Excellency will subdue the bodies of these men; and the unconquerable mind will then follow if it can.

* Charles Stuart’s: a very questionable ‘name’ for any Kingdom of Christ to act upon!

† The *Declaration*, or testimony against his Father’s sins.

‡ Thurloe, i., 155-162.

LETTER XCVIII.

THE Lord General, leaving the Clergy to meditate these Queries in the seclusion of their Castle rock, sets off westward, on the second day after, to see whether he cannot at once dislodge the Governing Committee-men and Covenanted King; and get possession of Stirling, where they are busily endeavoring to rally. This, he finds, will not answer, for the moment.

*'To the Right Honorable the Lord President of the Council
of State: These.'*

Edinburgh, 25th September, 1650.

* * * On Saturday the 14th instant, we marched six miles towards Stirling; and, by reason of the badness of the ways, were forced to send back two pieces of our greatest artillery. The day following, we marched to Linlithgow, not being able to go farther by reason of much rain that fell that day. On the 16th, we marched to Falkirk, and the next day following, within cannon-shot of Stirling;—where, upon Wednesday the 18th, our Army was drawn forth, and all things in a readiness to storm the Town.

But finding the work very difficult; they having in the Town Two-thousand horse and more foot; and the place standing upon a river not navigable for shipping to relieve the same, 'so that' we could not, with safety, make it a Garrison, if God should have given it into our hands:—upon this, and other considerations, it was not thought a fit time to storm. But such was the unanimous resolution and courage both of our Officers and Soldiers, that greater could not be (as to outward appearance) in men.

On Thursday, the 19th, we returned from thence to Linlithgow; and at night we were informed that, at Stirling, they shot off their great guns for joy their King was come thither. On Friday, the 20th, three Irish soldiers came from them to us; to whom we gave entertainment in the Army; they say, Great fears possessed the soldiers when they expected us to storm. That they know not whether old Leven be their General or not, the report being various; but that Sir John Brown, a Colonel of their Army, was laid aside. That they are endeavoring to raise all the Forces they can, in the North; that many of the soldiers, since our victory, are offended with their Ministers; that Colonel Gilbert Ker and Colonel Strachan are gone with shattered forces to Glasgow, to levy soldiers

there. As yet we hear not of any of the old Cavaliers being entertained as Officers among them; 'the expectation of' which occasions differences betwixt their Ministers and the Officers of the Army.

The same day we came to Edinburgh 'again.' Where we abide without disturbance; saving that about ten at night, and before day in the morning, they sometimes fire three or four great guns at us; and if any of our men come within musket-shot, they fire at them from the Castle. But, blessed be God, they have done us no harm, except one soldier shot (but not to the danger of his life), that I can be informed of. There are some few of the inhabitants of Edinburgh returned home; who, perceiving our civility, and 'our' paying for what we receive of them, repent their departure; open their shops, and bring provisions to the market. It's reported they have in the Castle provisions for fifteen months; some say, for a longer time. Generally the poor acknowledge that our carriage to them is better than that of their own Army; and 'that' had they who are gone away known so much, they would have stayed at home. They say, one chief reason wherefore so many are gone was, They feared we would have imposed upon them some oath wherewith they could not have dispensed.

I am in great hopes, through God's mercy, we shall be able this Winter to give the People such an understanding of the justness of our Cause, and our desires for the just liberties of the People, that the better sort of them will be satisfied therewith; although, I must confess, hitherto they continue obstinate. I thought I should have found in Scotland a conscientious People, and a barren country: about Edinburgh, it is as fertile for corn as any part of England; but the People generally 'are so' given to the most impudent lying, and frequent swearing, as is incredible to be believed.

I rest,

'Your Lordship's most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

What to do with Scotland, in these mixed circumstances, is a question. We have friends among them, a distinct coincidence with them in the great heart of their National Purpose, could they understand us aright; and we have all degrees of enemies among them, up to the bitterest figure of Malignancy itself. What to do? For one thing, Edinburgh Castle ought to be reduced. 'We have put forces into Linlithgow, and our Train is 'lodged in Leith,' Lesley's old citadel there; 'the rest being so

* Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 404).

‘great that we cannot march with our Train.’ Do we try Edinburgh Castle with a few responsive shots from the Calton Hill ; or from what point ? My Scotch Antiquarian friends have not informed me. We decide on reducing it by mines.

‘*Sunday, 29th September, 1650.* Resolution being taken for the springing of mines in order to the reducing of Edinburgh Castle ; and our men beginning their galleries last night, the Enemy fired five pieces of ordnance, with several volleys of shot, from the Castle ; but did no execution. We hope this work will take effect ; notwithstanding the height, rockiness, and strength of the place.—His Excellency with his Officers met this day in the High Church of Edinburgh, forenoon and afternoon ; where was a great concourse of people.’ Mr. Stapylton, who did the Hursley Marriage-treaty, and is otherwise transiently known to mankind,—he, as was above intimated, occupies the pulpit there ; the Scots Clergy still sitting sulky in their Castle, with Derby miners now operating on them. ‘Many Scots expressed much affection at the Doctrine preached by Mr. Stapylton, in their usual way of groans,—Hum-m-mrrh !—‘and it’s hoped a good work is wrought in some of their hearts.’* I am sure I hope so. But to think of brother worshippers, partakers in a Gospel of this kind, cutting one another’s throats for a Covenanted Charles Stuart,—Hum-m-mrrh !

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 92).

LETTERS XCIX.—CVIII.

HASTE and other considerations forbid us to do more than glance, timidly from the brink, into that sea of confusions in which the poor Scotch People have involved themselves by soldering Christ's Crown to Charles Stuart's! Poor men, they have got a Covenanted King; but he is, so to speak, a Solecism Incarnate: good cannot come of him, or of those that follow him in this course; only inextricability, futility, disaster and discomfiture can come. There is nothing sadder than to see such a Purpose of a Nation led on by such a set of persons; staggering into ever deeper confusion, down, down, till it fall prostrate into utter wreck. Were not Oliver here to gather up the fragments of it, the Cause of Scotland might now die; Oliver, little as the Scots dream of it, is Scotland's Friend too, as he was Ireland's: what would become of Scotch Puritanism, the one great feat hitherto achieved by Scotland, if Oliver were not now there! Oliver's Letters out of Scotland, what will elucidate Oliver's footsteps and utterances there, shall alone concern us at present. For sufficing which object, the main features of these Scotch confusions may become conceivable without much detail of ours.

The first Scotch Army, now annihilated at Dunbar, had been sedulously cleared of all Hamilton *Engagers* and other Malignant or Quasi-Malignant Persons, according to a scheme painfully laid down in what was called the *Act of Classes*,—a General-Assembly Act, defining and *classifying* such men as shall not be allowed to fight on this occasion, lest a curse overtake the Cause on their account. Something other than a blessing has overtaken the Cause:—and now, on rallying at Stirling with unbroken purpose of struggle, there arise in the Committee of Estates and Kirk, and over the Nation generally, earnest considerations as to the methods of farther struggle; huge discrepancies as to the ground and figure it ought henceforth to take. As was natural to the

case, Three Parties now develop themselves: a middle one, and two extremes. The Official Party, Argyle and the Official Persons, especially the secular portion of them, think that the old ground should as much as possible be adhered to: Let us fill up our old ranks with new men, and fight and resist with the Covenanted Charles Stuart at the head of us, as we did before. This is the middle or Official opinion.

No, answers an extreme Party, Let us have no more to do with your covenanting pedantries; let us sign your Covenant one good time for all, and have done with it; but prosecute the King's Interest, and call on all men to join us in that. An almost openly declared Malignant Party this; at the head of which Lieutenant-General Middleton, the Marquis of Huntley and other Royalist Persons are raising forces, publishing manifestoes, in the Highlands near by. Against whom David Lesley himself at last has to march. This is the one extreme; the Malignant or Royalist extreme. The amount of whose exploits was this: They invited the poor King to run off from Perth and his Church-and-State Officials, and join them; which he did,—rode out as if to hawk, one afternoon, softly across the South Inch of Perth, then galloped some forty miles; found the appointed place; a villanous hut among the Grampian Hills, without soldiers, resources, or accommodations, 'with nothing but a turf pillow to sleep on:' and was easily persuaded back, the day after;* making his peace by a few more,—what shall we call them?—poetic figments; which the Official Persons, with an effort, swallowed. Shortly after, by official persuasion and military coercion, this first extreme Party was suppressed, reunited to the main body; and need not concern us farther.

And now, quite opposite to this, there is another extreme Party; which has its seat in 'the Western Shires,' from Renfrew down to Dumfries;—which is, in fact, I think, the old *Wiggamore Raid* of 1648 under a new figure; these Western Shires being always given that way. They have now got a 'Western Army,' with Colonel Ker and Colonel Strahan to command it; and most of the Earls, Lairds, and Ministers in those parts have

* 4-6 October, Balfour, iv., 113-15.

joined. Very strong for the Covenant; very strong against all shams of the Covenant. Colonel Ker is the 'famed Commander Gibby Carr,' who came to commune with us in the Burrow-moor, when we lay on Pentland Hills: Colonel Strahan is likewise a famed Commander, who was thought to be slain at Musselburgh once, but is alive here still; an old acquaintance of my Lord General Cromwell's, and always suspected of a leaning to Sec-tarian courses. These Colonels and Gentry having, by sanction of the Committee of Estates, raised a Western Army of some Five-thousand, and had much consideration with themselves; and seen, especially by the flight into the Grampians, what way his Majesty's real inclinations are tending,—decide, or threaten to decide, that they will not serve under his Majesty or his General Lesley with their Army, till they see new light; that in fact they dare not; being apprehensive he is no genuine Cove-nanted King, but only the sham of one, whom it is terribly dan-gerous to follow! On this Party Cromwell has his eye; and they on him. What becomes of them we shall, before long, learn.

Meanwhile here is a Letter to the Official Authorities; which, however, produces small effect upon them.

LETTER XCIX.

*For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates of Scotland, at
Stirling, or elsewhere: These.*

Linlithgow, 9th October, 1650.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

The grounds and ends of the Army's entering Scotland have been heretofore, often and clearly, made known unto you; and how much we have desired the same might be accomplished without blood. But, according to what returns we have received, it is evident your hearts had not that love to us as we can truly say we had towards you. And we are persuaded those difficulties in which you have involved yourselves,—by espousing your King's interest, and taking into your bosom that Person, in whom (notwithstanding what hath 'been' or may be said to the contrary) that which is really Malignancy and all Malignants do centre; against whose Family the Lord hath so eminent-ly witnessed for bloodguiltiness, not to be done away; by such hypocriti-cal and formal shows of repentance as are expressed in his late *Declara-*

tion; and your strange prejudices against us as men of heretical opinions (which, through the great goodness of God to us, have been *unjustly* charged upon us),—have occasioned your rejecting these Overtures which, with a Christian affection, were offered to you before any blood was spilt, or your People had suffered damage by us.

The daily sense we have of the calamity of War lying upon the poor People of this Nation, and the sad consequences of blood and famine likely to come upon them; the advantage given to the Malignant, Profane, and Popish party by this War; and that reality of affection which we have so often professed to you,—and concerning the truth of which we have so solemnly appealed,—do again constrain us to send unto you, to let you know, That if the contending for that Person be not by you preferred to the peace and welfare of your Country, the blood of your Peoples, the love of men of the same faith with you, and (in this above all) the honor of that God we serve,—Then give the State of England that satisfaction and security for their peaceable and quiet living by you, which may in justice be demanded from a Nation giving so just ground to ask the same,—from those who have, as you, taken their enemy into their bosom, whilst he was in hostility against them. And it will be made good to you, that you may have a lasting and durable Peace with them, and the wish of a blessing upon you in all religious and civil things.

If this be refused by you, we are persuaded that God, who hath once borne His testimony, will do it again on the behalf of us His poor servants, who do appeal to Him whether their desires flow from sincerity of heart or not. I rest,

Your Lordships' humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Committee of Estates at Stirling or elsewhere debated about an Answer to this Letter; but sent none, except of civility merely, and after considerable delays. A copy of the Letter was likewise forwarded to Colonels Ker and Strahan and their Western Army, by whom it was taken into consideration; and some Correspondence, Cromwell's part of which is now lost, followed upon it there; and indeed Cromwell, as we dimly discover in the old Books, set forth towards Glasgow directly on the back of it, in hopes of a closer communication with these Western Colonels and their Party.

While Ker and Strahan are busy 'at Dumfries,' says Baillie,

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 93).

‘Cromwell with the whole body of his Army and cannon comes peaceably by way of Kilsyth to Glasgow.’ It is Friday evening, 18th October, 1650. ‘The Ministers and Magistrates flee all away. I got to the Isle of Cunnbrae with my Lady Montgomery; but left all my family and goods to Cromwell’s courtesy, —which indeed was great; for he took such a course with his soldiers that they did less displeasure at Glasgow than if they had been in London; though Mr. Zachary Boyd, a fantastic old gentleman still known in Glasgow and Scotland, ‘railed on them all, to their very face, in the High Church;’* calling them Sectaries and Blasphemers, the fantastic old gentleman! ‘Glasgow, though not so big or rich as Edinburgh, is a much sweeter place; the completest town we have yet seen here, and one of their choicest Universities.’ The people were much afraid of us till they saw how we treated them. ‘Captain Covel of the Lord General’s regiment of horse was cashiered here, for holding some blasphemous opinions.†—This is Cromwell’s first visit to Glasgow: he made two others, of which on occasion notice shall be taken. In *Pinkerton’s Correspondence* are certain ‘anecdotes of Cromwell at Glasgow;’ which, like many others on Cromwell, need not be repeated anywhere except in the nursery.

Cromwell entered Glasgow on Friday evening; over Sunday, was patient with Zachary Boyd: but got no result out of Ker and Strahan. Ker and Strahan, at Dumfries on the Thursday, have perfected and signed their *Remonstrance* of the Western Army;‡ a Document of much fame in the old Scotch Books. ‘Expressing many sad truths,’ says the Kirk Committee. Expressing, in fact, the apprehension of Ker and Strahan that the Covenanted King may probably be a Solecism Incarnate, under whom it will not be good to fight longer for the Cause of Christ and Scotland;—expressing meanwhile considerable reluctance as to the English Sectaries; and deciding on the whole to fight them still, though on a footing of our own. Not a very hopeful enterprise! Of which we shall see the issue by and by. Meanwhile news come that this Western Army is aiming towards Ed-

* Baillie, iii., 119; Whitlocke, p. 459.

† Whitlocke, p. 459; Cromwelliana, pp. 92-3.

‡ Dated 17 October; given in Balfour, iv., 141.

inburgh, to get hold of the Castle there. Whereupon Cromwell, in all haste, on Monday, sets off thitherward; 'lodges the first night in a poor cottage fourteen miles from Glasgow;' arrives safe, to prevent all alarms. His first visit to Glasgow was but of two days.

Here is another trait of the old time; not without illumination for us. 'One Watt, a tenant of the Earl of Tweeddale's, being sore oppressed by the English, took to himself some of his own degree; and, by daily incursions and infalls on the English Garrisons and Parties in Lothian, killed and took of them above Four-hundred,' or say the half or quarter of so many, 'and enriched himself by their spoils.' The like did 'one Augustin, a High-German,' not a Dutchman, 'being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove,'—of whom we shall hear farther. In fact, the class called Mosstroopers begins to abound; the only class that can flourish in such a state of affairs. Whereupon comes out this

PROCLAMATION.

I FINDING that divers of the Army under my command are not only spoiled and robbed, but also sometimes barbarously and inhumanly butchered and slain, by a sort of Outlaws and Robbers, not under the discipline of any Army; and finding that all our tenderness to the Country produceth no other effect than their compliance with, and protection of, such persons; and considering that it is in the power of the Country to detect and discover them (many of them being inhabitants of those places where commonly the outrage is committed); and perceiving that their motion is ordinarily by the invitation, and according to intelligence given them by Countrymen:

I do therefore declare that wheresoever any under my command shall be hereafter robbed or spoiled by such parties, I will require life for life, and a plenary satisfaction for their goods, of those Parishes and Places where the fact shall be committed; unless they shall discover and produce the offender. And this I wish all persons to take notice of, that none may plead ignorance.

Given under my hand at Edinburgh, the 5th of November, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 94).

Colonels Ker and Strahan with their *Remonstrance* have filled all Scotland with a fresh figure of dissension. The Kirk finds 'many sad truths' in it; knows not what to do with it. In the Estates themselves there is division of opinion. Men of worship, the Minister in Kirkealdy among others, are heard to say strange things: "That a Hypocrite," or Solecism Incarnate, "ought not to reign over us; that we should treat with Cromwell, and give him assurance not to trouble England with a King; that whosoever mars such a Treaty, the blood of the slain shall be on his head!" 'Which are strange words,' says Baillie, 'if true.' Scotland is in a hopeful way. The extreme party of Malignants in the North is not yet quite extinct; and here is another extreme party of Remonstrants in the West,—to whom all the conscientious rash men of Scotland, in Kirkealdy and elsewhere, seem as if they would join themselves! Nothing but remonstrating, protesting, treatying and mistreatyng from sea to sea.

To have taken up such a Remonstrance at first, and stood by it, before the War began, had been very wise; but to take it up now, and attempt not to make a Peace by it, but to continue the War with it, looks mad enough! Such nevertheless is Colonel Gibby Ker's project,—not Strahan's, it would seem: men's projects strangely cross one another in this time of bewilderment; and only perhaps in doing *nothing* could a man in such a scene act wisely. Lambert, however, is gone into the West with Three-thousand horse to deal with Ker and his projects; the Lord General has himself been in the West: the end of Ker's projects is succinctly shadowed forth in the following Letter. From Baillie* we learn that Ker, with his Western Army, was lying at a place called Carmunnock, when he made this infall upon Lambert; that the time of it was 'four in the morning of Sunday, 1st December, 1650;' and the scene of it Hamilton Town, and the streets and ditches thereabouts; a dark sad business, of an ancient Winter morning;—sufficiently luminous for our purpose with *k* here.

* iii., 125.

LETTER C.

THE 'treaties among the Enemy' means Ker and Strahan's confused remonstratings and treatyings; the 'result,' or general upshot, of which is this scene in the ditches at four in the morning.*

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Edinburgh, 4th December, 1650.

SIR,

I have now sent you the results of some Treaties amongst the Enemy, which came to my hand this day.

The Major-General and Commissary-General Whalley marched a few days ago towards Glasgow. The Enemy attempted his quarters in Hamilton; were entered the Town: but by the blessing of God, by a very gracious hand of Providence, without the loss of six men as I hear of, he beat them out; killed about an Hundred; took also about the same number, amongst whom are some prisoners of quality; and near an Hundred horse,—as I am informed. The Major-General is still in the chase of them; to whom also I have since sent the addition of a fresh party. Colonel Ker (as my messenger, this night, tells me) is taken; his Lieutenant-Colonel; and one that was sometimes Major to Colonel Strahan; and Ker's Captain-Lieutenant. The whole Party is shattered. And give me leave to say it, If God had not brought them upon us, we might have marched Three-thousand horse to death, and not have lighted on them. And truly it was a strange Providence brought them upon him. For I marched from Edinburgh on the north side of Clyde; 'and had' appointed the Major-General to march from Peebles to Hamilton, on the south side of Clyde. I came thither by the time expected; tarried the remainder of the day, and until near seven o'clock the next morning,—apprehending 'then that' the Major-General would not come, by reason of the waters. I being retreated, the Enemy took encouragement; marched all that night; and came upon the Major-General's quarters about two hours before day; where it pleased the Lord to order as you have heard.

The Major-General and Commissary-General (as he sent me word) were still gone on in the prosecution of them; and 'he' saith that, except an Hundred-and-fifty horse in one body, he hears they are fled, by

* See also Whitlocke, 16 December, 1650.

sixteen or eighteen in a company, all the country over. Robin Montgomery was come out of Stirling, with four or five regiments of horse and dragoons,* but was put to a stand when he heard of the issue of this business. Strahan and some other Officers had quitted some three weeks or a month before this business; so that Ker commanded this whole party in chief.

It is given out that the Malignants will be almost all received, and rise unanimously and expeditiously. I can assure you, that those that serve you here find more satisfaction in having to deal with men of this stamp than 'with' others; and it is our comfort that the Lord hath hitherto made it the matter of our prayers, and of our endeavors (if it might have been the will of God), To have had a Christian understanding between those that fear God in this land and ourselves. And yet we hope it hath not been carried on with a willing failing of our duty to those that trust us:—and I am persuaded the Lord hath looked favorably upon our sincerity herein; and will still do so; and upon you also, whilst you make the Interest of God's People yours.

Those religious People of Scotland that fall in this Cause, we cannot but pity and mourn for them; and we pray that all good men may do so too. Indeed there is at this time a very great distraction, and mighty workings of God upon the hearts of divers, both Ministers and People; much of it tending to the justification of your Cause. And although some are as bitter and as bad as ever; making it their business to shuffle hypocritically with their consciences and the Covenant, to make it 'seem' lawful to join with Malignants, which now they do,—as well they might long before, having taken in the Head 'Malignant' of them: yet truly others are startled at it; and some have been constrained by the work of God upon their consciences, to make sad and solemn accusations of themselves, and lamentations in the face of their Supreme Authority; charging themselves as guilty of the blood shed in this War, by having a hand in the Treaty at Breda, and by bringing the King in amongst them. This lately did a Lord of the Session; and withdrew 'from the Committee of Estates.' And lately Mr. James Livingston, a man as highly esteemed as any for piety and learning, who was a Commissioner for the Kirk at the said Treaty,—charged himself with the guilt of the

* For the purpose of rallying to him these Western forces, or such of them as would follow the official Authorities and him; and leading them to Stirling, to the main Army (Baillie, *ubi supra*). Poor Ker thought it might be useful to do a feat on his own footing first: and here is the conclusion of him! Colonel 'Robin Montgomery' is the Earl of Eglinton's Son whom we saw before.

blood of this War, before their Assembly; and withdrew from them, and is retired to his own house.

It will be very necessary, 'to encourage victuallers to come to us, that you take off Customs and Excise from all things brought hither for the use of the Army.

I beg your prayers; and rest,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

This then is the end of Ker's fighting project; a very mad one, at this stage of the business. The *Remonstrance* continued long to be the symbol of the Extreme-Covenant or Whiggamore Party among the Scots; but its practical operation ceased here. Ker lies lamed, dangerously wounded; and, I think, will fight no more. Strahan and some others, voted traitorous by the native Authorities, went openly over to Cromwell;—Strahan soon after died. As for the Western Army, it straightway dispersed itself; part towards Stirling and the Authorities; the much greater part to their civil callings again, wishing they had never quitted them. 'This miscarriage of affairs in the West by a few unhappy men,' says Baillie, 'put us all under the foot of the Enemy. They presently ran over all the country; destroying cattle and crops; putting Glasgow and all other places under grievous contributions. This makes me,' for my part, 'stick at Perth; not daring to go where the Enemy is master, as he now is of all Scotland south of the Forth.' †

It only remains to be added, that the two Extreme Parties being broken, the Middle or Official one rose supreme, and widened its borders by the admission, as Oliver anticipated, 'of the Malig-nants almost all;' a set of 'Public Resolutions' so-called being passed in the Scotch Parliament to that end, and ultimately got carried through the Kirk Assembly too. Official majority of 'Resolutioners,' with a zealous party of 'Remonstrants,' who are also called 'Protesters:' in Kirk and State, these long continue to afflict and worry one another, sad fruit of a Covenanted Charles Stuart; but shall not farther concern us here. It is a great com-

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 94, 5).

† iii., 125 (date, 2 January, 1550-1)

fort to the Lord General that he has now mainly real Malignants for enemies in this country; and so can smite without reluctance. Unhappy 'Resolutioners,' if they *could* subdue Cromwell, what would become of them at the hands of their own Malignants! They have admitted the Chief Malignant, 'in whom all Malignity does centre,' in their bosom; and have an Incarnate Solecism presiding over them. Satisfactorily descended from Catherine Muir of Caldwell, but in all other respects most unsatisfactory!—

The 'Lord of the Session,' who felt startled at this condition of things, and 'withdrew' from it, I take to have been Sir James Hope of Craighall,* of whom, and whose scruples, and the censures they got, there is frequent mention in these months. But the Laird of Swinton, another of the same, went still farther in the same course; and indeed, soon after this defeat of Ker, went openly over to Cromwell. 'There is very great distraction, there are mighty workings upon the hearts of divers.' 'Mr. James Livingston,' the Minister of Ancrum, has left a curious *Life* of himself:—he is still represented by a distinguished family in America.

THE next affair is that of Edinburgh Castle. Our Derbyshire miners found the rock very hard, and made small way in it: but now the Lord General has got his batteries ready; and, on Thursday, 12th December, after three months' blockade, salutes the place with his 'guns and mortars,' and the following set of Summons; which prove effectual.

LETTER CI.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 12th December, 1656.

SIR,

We being now resolved, by God's assistance, to make use of such means as He hath put into our hands, towards the reducing of Edinburgh Castle, I thought fit to send you this Summons.

* Balfour, iv., 173, 235.

What the grounds of our proceedings have been, and what our desires and aims in relation to the glory of God and the common Interest of His People, we have often expressed in our Papers tendered to public view. To which though credit hitherto hath not been given by men, yet the Lord hath been pleased to bear a gracious and favorable testimony; and hath not only kept us constant to our profession, and in our affections to such as fear the Lord in this Nation, but hath unmasked others from their pretences,—as appears by the present transactions at St. Johnston.* Let the Lord dispose your resolutions as seemeth good to Him: my sense of duty presseth me, for the ends aforesaid, and to prevent the effusion of more blood, To demand the rendering of this place to me upon fit conditions.

To which expecting your answer this day, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Answer to my Lord General's Letter is this:

“For his Excellency the General of the English Forces.

“Edinburgh, 12th December, 1650.

“MY LORD,—I am intrusted by the Estates of Scotland with this place; and being sworn not to deliver it to any without their warrant, I have no power to dispose thereof by myself. I do therefore desire the space of ten days, wherein I may conveniently acquaint the said Estates, and receive their answer. And for this effect, your safe-conduct for them employed in the message. Upon the receipt of their answer, you shall have the resolution of,—my Lord, your most humble servant,

“W. DUNDAS.”

The Lord General's Reply to Governor Walter Dundas:

LETTER CII.

For the Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh.

Edinburgh, 12th December, 1650.

SIR,

It concerns not me to know your obligations to those that trust you. I make no question of the apprehensions you have of your

* Readmission of the Malignants almost all; Earl of Calendar, Duke of Hamilton, &c. (Balfour, iv., 179–203); by the Parliament at Perth.

abilities to resist those impressions which shall be made upon you,* are the natural and equitable rules of all men's judgments and consciences in your condition;—except you had taken an oath beyond a possibility. I leave that to your consideration; and shall not seek to contest with your thoughts: only I think it may become me to let you know, You may have honorable terms for yourself and those with you; and both yourself and soldiers have satisfaction to all your reasonable desires; and those that have other employments, liberty and protection in the exercise of them.

But to deal plainly with you, I will not give liberty to you to consult your Committee of Estates; because I hear, those that are honest amongst them enjoy not satisfaction, and the rest are now discovered to seek another Interest than they have formerly pretended to. And if you desire to be informed of this, you may, by them you dare trust, at a nearer distance than St. Johnston.

Expecting your present answer, I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The Governor's Reply No. 2 arrives on the morrow, Friday:

“*For his Excellency the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland.*

Edinburgh, 13th December, 1650.

“MY LORD,—It much concerneth me (considering my obligations) to be found faithful in the trust committed to me. And therefore, in the fear of the living God, and of His great Name called upon in the accepting of my trust, I do again press the liberty of acquainting the Estates. The time is but short; and I do expect it as answerable to your profession of affection to those that fear the Lord. In the meantime I am willing to hear information of late proceedings from such as he dare trust who is,—my Lord, your humble servant,

“W. DUNDAS.”

The Lord General's Reply, No. 2:

* By my cannons and mortars.

LETTER CIII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

SIR,

Edinburgh, 13th December, 1650.

Because of your strict and solemn adjuration of me, in the fear and Name of the living God, That I give you time to send to the Committee of Estates, to whom you undertook the keeping of this place under the obligation of an oath, as you affirm,—I cannot but hope that it is your conscience, and not policy, carrying you to that desire. The granting of which, if it be prejudicial to our affairs,—I am as much obliged in conscience not to do it, as you can pretend cause for your conscience' sake to desire it.

Now considering 'that' our merciful and wise God binds not His People to actions too cross one to another; but that our bands may be,* as I am persuaded they are, through our mistakes and darkness,—not only in the question about the surrendering this Castle, but also in all the present differences:—I have much reason to believe that, by a Conference, you may be well satisfied, in point of fact, of your Estates (to whom you say you are obliged) carrying on an Interest destructive and contrary to what they professed when they committed that trust to you,—having made to depart from them many honest men through fear of their own safety,† and making way for the reception of professed Malignants, both in their Parliament and Army;—and also 'that you' may have laid before you such grounds of our ends and aims to the preservation of the interest of honest men in Scotland as well as England, as will (if God vouchsafe to appear in them) give your conscience satisfaction. Which if you refuse, I hope you will not have cause to say that we are either unmindful of the great Name of the Lord which you have mentioned, nor that we are wanting to answer our profession of affection to those that fear the Lord.

I am willing to cease hostility, for some hours, or convenient time to so good an end as information of judgment, and satisfaction of conscience;—although I may not give liberty for the time desired, to send to the Committee of Estates; or at all stay the prosecution of my attempt.

Expecting your sudden answer, I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.‡

* our perplexities are caused.

† Swinton, Strahan, Hope of Craighall, &c.

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

The Governor's Reply, No. 3, comes out on Saturday :

“ For his Excellency, the Lord General of the English Forces in Scotland : These.

“ Edinburgh Castle, 14th December, 1650.

“ MY LORD,—What I pressed, in my last, proceeded from conscience and not from policy : and I conceived that the few days desired could not be of such prejudice to your affairs, as to bar the desired expressions of professed affliction towards those that fear the Lord. And I expected that a small delay of our own* affairs should not have preponderated the satisfaction of a desire pressed in so serious and solemn a manner for satisfying conscience.

“ But if you will needs persist in denial, I shall desire to hear the information of late proceedings from such as I dare trust, and ‘ as ’ have had occasion to know the certainty of things. Such I hope you will permit to come alongst at the first convenience ; and during that time all acts of hostility, and prosecution of attempts, be forborne on both sides. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,

“ W. DUNDAS.”

The Lord General's Reply, No. 3 :

LETTER CIV.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle : These.

Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

SIR,

You will give me leave to be sensible of delays out of conscience of duty ‘ too.’

If you please to name any you would speak with ‘ who are ’ now in Town, they shall have liberty to come and speak with you for one hour, if they will ; provided you send presently. I expect there be no loss of time. I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Governor Dundas applies hereupon for Mr. Alexander Jaffray and the Reverend John Carstairs to be sent to him : ‘ two official

* ‘ our own,’ *one's own.*

† Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 97).

persons, whom we saw made captive in Dunbar Drove, who have ever since been Prisoners-on-parole with his Excellency, much meditating on him and his ways. Who very naturally decline to be concerned with so delicate an operation as this now on hand,—in the following characteristic Note, in his Excellency's Reply, No. 4 :

LETTER CV.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle : These.

Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

SIR,

Having acquainted the Gentlemen with your desire to speak with them, and they making some difficulty of it, have desired me to send you this enclosed. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is ' this enclosed :'

"For the Right Honorable the Governor of Edinburgh Castle : These.

"Edinburgh, 14th December, 1650.

"RIGHT HONORABLE,—We now hearing that you was desirous to speak with us for your information of the posture of affairs, we would be glad, and we think you make no doubt of it, to be refreshing or useful to you in anything; but the matter is of so high concernment, especially since it may be you will lean somewhat upon our information in managing that important trust put upon you, that we dare not take upon us to meddle : ye may therefore do as ye find yourselves clear and in capacity; and the Lord be with you. We are, Sir, your honor's humble servants, wellwishers in the Lord,

"AL. JAFFRAY.

"JO. CARSTAIRS."

So that, for this Saturday, nothing can be done. On Sunday, we suppose, Mr. Stapylton, in black, teaches in St. Giles's; and other qualified persons, some of them in red with belts, teach in other Kirks; the Scots, much taken with the doctrine, 'answering in their usual way of groans,' Hum-m-m-rrh!—and

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

on Monday, it is like, the canons and mortar-pieces begin to teach again, or indicate that they can at once begin. Wherefore, on Wednesday, here is a new Note from Governor Dundas; which we shall call Reply No. 4, from that much-straitened Gentleman :

“Edinburgh Castle, 18th December, 1650.

“MY LORD,—I expected that conscience, which you pretended to be your motive that did induce you to summon this house before you did attempt anything against it, should also have moved you to have expected my Answer to your Demand of the house; which I could not, out of conscience, suddenly give, without mature deliberation; it being a business of such high importance. You having refused that little time, which I did demand to the effect I might receive the commands of them that did intrust me with this place; and ” I “yet not daring to fulfil your desire,—I do demand such a competent time as may be condescended upon betwixt us, within which if no relief come, I shall surrender this place upon such honorable conditions as can be agreed upon by capitulation; and during which time all acts of hostility and prosecution of attempts on both sides may be forborne. I am, my Lord, your humble servant,
“W. DUNDAS.”

The Lord General's Reply, No. 5 :

. LETTER CVI.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 18th December, 1650.

SIR,

All that I have to say is shortly this: That if you will send out Commissioners by eleven o'clock this night, thoroughly instructed and authorized to treat and conclude, you may have terms, honorable and safe to you, and 'to' those whose interests are concerned in the things that are with you. I shall give a safe-conduct to such whose names you shall send within the time limited, and order to forbear shooting at their coming forth, and going in.

To this I expect your answer within one hour, and rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 98).

The Governor's Reply, No. 5 :

“Edinburgh Castle, 18th December, 1650.

“MY LORD,—I have thought upon these Two Gentlemen whose names are here mentioned ; to wit, Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson ; whom I purpose to send out instructed, in order to the carrying on the Capitulation. Therefore expecting a safe-conduct for them with this bearer,—I rest, my Lord, your humble servant,

“W. DUNDAS.”

The Lord General's Reply, No. 6 :

LETTER CVII.

For the Governor of Edinburgh Castle: These.

Edinburgh, 18th December, 1650.

SIR,

I have, here enclosed, sent you a safe-conduct for the coming forth and return of the Gentlemen you desire ; and have appointed and authorized Colonel Monk and Lieutenant-Colonel White to meet with your Commissioners, at the house in the safe-conduct mentioned : there to treat and conclude of the Capitulation, on my part. I rest,

Sir, your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is his Excellency's Pass or safe-conduct for them :

PASS.

To all Officers and Soldiers under my Command.

You are on sight hereof to suffer Major Andrew Abernethy and Captain Robert Henderson to come forth of Edinburgh Castle, to the house of Mr. Wallace in Edinburgh, and to return back into the said Castle, without any trouble or molestation.

Given under my hand, this 18th December, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

By to-morrow morning, in Mr. Wallace's house, Colonel Monk and the other Three have agreed upon handsome terms ; of which,

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99).

† Ibid.

except what indicates itself in the following Proclamation, published by beat of drum the same day, we need say nothing. All was handsome, just and honorable, as the case permitted; my Lord General being extremely anxious to gain this place, and conciliate the Godly People of the Nation. By one of the conditions, the Public Registers, now deposited in the Castle, are to be accurately bundled up by authorized persons, and carried to Stirling, or whither the Authorities please; concerning which some question afterwards accidentally rises.

PROCLAMATION.

To be proclaimed by the Marshal-general, by beat of drum, in Edinburgh and Leith.

WHEREAS there is an agreement of articles by treaty concluded betwixt myself and Colonel Walter Dundas, Governor of the Castle of Edinburgh, which doth give free liberty to all Inhabitants adjacent, and all other persons who have any goods in the said Castle, to fetch forth the same from thence :

These are therefore to declare, That all such people before mentioned who have any goods in the Castle, as is before expressed, shall have free liberty between this present Thursday the 19th instant, and Tuesday the 24th, To repair to the Castle, and to fetch away their goods, without let or molestation. And I do hereby further declare and require all Officers and Soldiers of this Army, That they take strict care, that no violation be done to any person or persons fetching away their goods, and carrying them to such place or places as to them seemeth fit. And if it shall so fall out that any Soldier shall be found willingly or wilfully to do anything contrary hereunto, he shall suffer death for the same. And if it shall appear that any Officer shall, either through connivance or otherwise, do or suffer 'to be done' anything contrary to and against the said Proclamation, wherein it might lie in his power to prevent or hinder the same, he the said Officer shall likewise suffer death.

Given under my hand the 19th of December, 1650.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

It is now Thursday: we gain admittance to the Castle on the Tuesday following, and the Scotch forces march away,—in a somewhat confused manner, I conceive. For Governor Dundas

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99.)

and the other parties implicated are considered little better than traitors, at Stirling: in fact they are, openly or secretly, of the Remonstrant or Protester species; and may as well come over to Cromwell;—which at once or gradually the most of them do. What became of the Clergy, let us not inquire: Remonstrants or Resolutioners, confused times await them! Of which here and there a glimpse may turn up as we proceed. The Lord General has now done with Scotch Treaties: the Malignants and Quasi-Malignants are ranked in one definite body; and he may smite without reluctance. Here is his Letter to the Speaker on this business. After which, we may hope, the rest of his Scotch Letters may be given in a mass: sufficiently legible without commentary of ours.

LETTER CVIII.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Edinburgh, 24th December, 1650.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

It hath pleased God to cause this Castle of Edinburgh to be surrendered into our hands, this day, about eleven o'clock. I thought fit to give you such account thereof as I could, and 'as' the shortness of time would permit.

I sent a Summons to the Castle upon the 12th instant; which occasioned several Exchanges and Replies,—which, for their unusualness, I also thought fit humbly to present to you.* Indeed the mercy is very great, and seasonable. I think, I need to say little of the strength of the place; which, if it had not come in as it did, would have cost very much blood to have attained, if at all to be attained; and did tie up your Army to that inconvenience, That little or nothing could have been attempted whilst this was in design; or little fruit had of anything brought into your power by your Army hitherto, without it. I must needs say, not any skill or wisdom of ours, but the good hand of God hath given you this place.

I believe all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof,† and of the arms and

* We have already read them.

† Drakes, minions, murderers, monkes, of brass and iron,—not interest-

ammunition, so well as they could be taken on a sudden. Not having more at present to trouble you with, I take leave, and rest,

Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

ing to us, except it be 'the great iron murderer called *Muckle-Meg*,' already in existence, and still held in some confused remembrance in those Northern parts.

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 99)

LETTERS CIX.—CXXII.

THE Lord General is now settled at Edinburgh till the season for campaigning return. Tradition still reports him as lodged, as in 1648, in that same spacious and sumptuous ‘Earl of Murrie’s House in the Cannigate;’ credibly enough; though Tradition does not in this instance produce any written voucher hitherto. The Lord General, as we shall find by and by, falls dangerously sick here; worn down by over-work and the rugged climate.

The Scots lie entrenched at Stirling, diligently raising new levies; parliamenting and committee-ing diligently at Perth;—crown their King at Scone Kirk, on the First of January,* in token that they have now all ‘complied’ with him. The Lord General is virtually master of all Scotland south of the Forth;—fortifies, before long, a Garrison as far west as ‘Newark,’† which we now call Port Glasgow, on the Clyde. How his forces had to occupy themselves, reducing detached Castles; coercing Moss-troopers; and, in detail, bringing the Country to obedience, the old Books at great length say, and the reader here shall fancy in his mind. Take the following two little traits from Whitlocke, and spread them out to the due expansion and reduplication:

‘*February 3d*, 1650. Letters that Colonel Fenwick summoned Hume Castle to be surrendered to General Cromwell. The Governor answered, “I know not Cromwell; and as for my Castle, it is built on a rock.” Whereupon Colonel Fenwick played upon him’ a little ‘with the great guns.’ But the Governor still would not yield; nay sent a Letter couched in these singular terms:

“I, William of the Wastle,
Am now in my Castle;
And aw the dogs in the town
Shanna gar* me gang down.”

* Minute description of the ceremony, in Somers Tracts, vi., 117.

† Milton State-Papers, p. 84. † ‘Shand garre’ is Whitlocke’s reading.

So that there remained nothing but opening the mortars upon this William of the Wastle; which did gar him gang down,—more fool than he went up.

We also read how Colonel Hacker and others rooted out bodies of Mosstroopers from Strength after Strength; and ‘took much oatmeal,’ which must have been very useful there. But this little Entry, a few days subsequent to that of Willie Wastle, affected us most: ‘Letters that the Scots in a village called Ged-dard arose, and armed themselves; and set upon Captain Dawson as he returned from pursuing some Mosstroopers;—killed his guide and trumpet; and took Dawson and eight of his party, and after having given them quarter, killed them all in cold blood.’* In which ‘Village called Geddard,’ do not some readers recognize a known place, *Jeddart* or *Jedburgh*, friendly enough to Mosstroopers; and in the transaction itself, a notable example of what is called ‘Jeddart Justice,’—killing a man whom you have a pique at; killing him first, to make sure, and then judging him!—However there come Letters too, ‘That the English soldiers married divers of the Scots women;’ which was an excellent movement on their part:—and may serve as the concluding feature here.

LETTER CIX.

THE ‘Empson’ of this Letter, who is now to have a Company in Hacker’s regiment, was transiently visible to us once already, as ‘Lieutenant Empson of my regiment,’ in the Skirmish at Musselburgh, four months ago.† Hacker is the well-known Colonel Francis Hacker, who attended the King on the scaffold; having a signed Warrant, which we have read, addressed to him and two other Officers to that effect. The most conspicuous, but by no means the most approved of his military services to this Country! For which one indeed, in overbalance to many others, he was rewarded with death after the Restoration. A Rutlandshire man; a Captain from the beginning of the War; and rather favorably

* 14 Feb., 1650 (Whitlocke, p. 464).

† Letter LXXXVII., p. 443.

visible, from time to time, all along. Of whom a kind of continuous Outline of a Biography, considerably different from Caulfield's and other inane Accounts of him,* might still be gathered, did it much concern us here. To all appearance, a somewhat taciturn, somewhat indignant, very swift, resolute and valiant man. He died for his share in the Regicide; but did not profess to repent of it;—intimated, in his taciturn way, that he was willing to accept the results of it, and answer for it in a much higher Court than the Westminster one. We are indeed to understand generally, in spite of the light phrase which Cromwell reprimands in this Letter, that Hacker was a religious man; and in his regicides and other operations did not act without some warrant that was very satisfactory to him. For the present he has much to do with Mosstroopers; very active upon them;—for which 'Peebles' is a good locality. He continues visible as a Republican to the last; is appointed 'to raise a regiment' for the expiring Cause in 1659,—in which, what a little concerns us, this same 'Hubbert' here in question is to be his Major.†

To the Honorable Colonel Hacker, at Peebles or elsewhere: These.

'Edinburgh,' 25th December, 1650.

SIR,

I have 'used' the best consideration I can, for the present, in this business; and although I believe Captain Hubbert is a worthy man, and hear so much, yet, as the case stands, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself and some others, revoke the Commission I had given to Captain Empson, without offence to them, and reflection upon my own judgment.

I pray let Captain Hubbert know I shall not be unmindful of him, and that no disrespect is intended to him. But indeed I was not satisfied with your last speech to me about Empson, 'That he was a better preacher than fighter or soldier,—or words to that effect. Truly I think he that prays and preaches best will fight best. I know nothing 'that' will give like courage and confidence as the knowledge of God in Christ will; and I bless God to see any in this Army able and willing to impart

* Caulfield's High Court of Justice, pp. 83-7; Trials of the Regicides; &c

† Commons Journals, vii., 669, 675, 824.

the knowledge they have, for the good of others. And I expect it to be encouraged, by all the Chief Officers in this Army especially; and I hope you will do so. I pray receive Captain Empson lovingly; I dare assure you he is a good man and a good officer; I would we had no worse. I rest,

Your loving friend,
OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CX.

LETTER Hundred-and-tenth relates to the exchange of three Prisoners whom we saw taken in Dunbar Drove, and have had an occasional glimpse of since. Before reading it, let us read another Letter, which is quite unconnected with this; but which lies, as we may see, on the Lord General's table in Moray House in the Canongate while he writes this;—and indeed is a unique of its kind: A Letter from the Lord General's Wife.

'My Lord Chief Justice' is Oliver St. John, known to us this long while; 'President' is Bradshaw; 'Speaker' is Lenthall: high official persons; to whom it were better for the Lord General to take his Wife's advice, and write occasionally.

"The Lady Elizabeth Cromwell to her Husband the Lord General at Edinburgh.

"'Cockpit, London,' 27th December, 1650.

"MY DEAREST,—I wonder you should blame me for writing no oftener, when I have sent three for one: I cannot but think they are miscarried. Truly if I know my own heart, I should as soon neglect myself as to 'omit'† the least thought towards you, who in doing 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 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

* Harris, p. 516; Lansdowne MSS., 1236, fol. 99, contains the *address* which Harris has omitted.

† Word torn out.

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, 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, and sometimes to the Speaker. 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 on ;† and so rest,—yours in all faithfulness,

“ ELIZABETH CROMWELL.”‡

This Letter, in the original, is frightfully spelt ; but otherwise exactly as here : the only letter extant of this Heroine ; and not unworthy of a glance from us. It is given in *Harris* too, and in *Noble* very incorrectly.

And now for the Letter concerning Provost Jaffray and his two fellow prisoners from Dunbar Drove.

For the Right Honorable Lieutenant-General David Lesley : These.

Edinburgh, 17th January, 1650.

SIR,

I perceive by your last Letter you had not met with Mr. Carstairs and Mr. Waugh, who were to apply themselves to you about Provost Jaffray's and their release, 'in exchange' for the Seamen and Officers. But I understood, by a Paper since shown me by them under your hand, that you were contented to release the said Seamen and Officers for those three Persons,—who have had their discharges accordingly.

I am contented also to discharge the Lieutenant, 'in exchange' for the Four Troopers at Stirling, who hath solicited me to that purpose.

I have, here enclosed, sent you a Letter,|| which I desire you to

* The Grammar bad ; the meaning evident or discoverable,—and the bad grammar a part of that !

† 'think of' is the Lady's old phrase.

‡ Milton State-Papers, p. 40.

§ Custaires.

|| The next letter.

cause to be conveyed to the Committee of Estates; and that such return shall be sent back to me as they shall please to give.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Here is a notice from Balfour :† At Perth, ‘22d November, 1650 (*Rege præsentē*,’ the King being present, as usually after that Flight to the Grampian Hills he is allowed to be), ‘the Committee of Estates remits to the Committee of Quarterings the exchange of Prisoners anent Mr. Alexander Jaffray and Mr. John Carstairs, Minister, with some English Prisoners in the Castle of Dunbarton.’ Nevertheless at this date, six or seven weeks after, the business is not yet perfected.

Alexander Jaffray, as we know already, is Provost of Aberdeen; a leading man for the covenant from of old; and generally the Member for his Burgh in the Scotch Parliaments of these years. In particular, he sits as Commissioner for Aberdeen for the Parliament that met 4th January, 1649;‡ under which this disastrous Quarrel with the English began. He was famed afterwards (infamous, it then meant) as among the first of the Scotch Quakers; he, with Barelay of Urie, and other lesser Fallen-Stars. Personal intercourse with Cromwell, the Secretary and Blasphemer, had much altered the notions of Mr. Alexander Jaffray. Baillie says, He and Carstairs, then Prisoners on parole, were sent Westward, by Cromwell ‘to agent the Remonstrance,’—to guide towards some good issue the Ker-and-Strahan Negotiation: which, alas, could only be guided headlong into the ditches at Hamilton before daybreak, as we saw!—Jaffray sat afterwards in the Little Parliament; was an official person in Scotland,§ and one of Cromwell’s leading men there.

Carstairs, we have to say or repeat, is one of the Ministers of Glasgow: deep in the confused Remonstrant-Resolutioner Controversies of that day; though on which side precisely one does

* Thurloe, i., 172. Leigh Parliament House. † iv., 168.

‡ Balfour, iii., 382.

§ Ousted our friend Scotstarvet,—most unjustly, thinks he of the *Stag-gering State* (p. 181). There wanted only that to make the Homily on Life’s Nothingness complete!

not altogether know, perhaps he himself hardly altogether knew. From Baillie, who has frequent notices of him, it is clear he tends strongly towards the Cromwell view in many things; yet with repugnances, anti-sectary and other, difficult for frail human nature. How he managed his life-pilotage in these circumstances shall concern himself mainly. His Son, I believe, is the 'Principal Carstairs,'* who became very celebrated among the Scotch Whigs in King William's time. He gets home to Glasgow now, where perhaps we shall see some glimpses of him again.

John Waugh (whom they spell *Vauch*, and *Wauch*, and otherwise distort) was the painful Minister of Borrowstounness, in the Shire of Linlithgow. A man of many troubles, now and afterwards. Captive in the Dunbar Drove; still deaf he to the temptings of Sectary Cromwell; deafer than ever. In this month of January, 1651, we perceive he gets his delivrance; returns with painfully increased experience, but little change of view derived from it, to his painful Ministry; where new tribulations await him. From Baillie ‡ I gather that the painful Waugh's invincible tendency was to the Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side; and too strong withal;—no level sailing, or smooth pilotage, possible for poor Waugh! For as the Remonstrant or Ker-and Strahan Party, having joined itself to the Cromwellean, came ultimately to be dominant in Scotland, there ensued, for straitlaced clerical individuals who would cling too desperately to the opposite Resolutioner or Quasi-Malignant side, very bad times. There ensued in the first place, very naturally, this, That the straitlaced individual, who would not cease to pray publicly *against* the now Governing Powers, was put out of his living: this; and if he grew still more desperate, worse than this.

Of both which destinies our poor straitlaced Waugh may serve to us as an emblem here. Some three years hence we find that the Cromwellean Government has, in Waugh's, as in various other cases, ejected the straitlaced Resolutioner, and inducted a loose-laced Remonstrant into his Kirk;—leaving poor Waugh the straitlaced to preach 'in a barn hard by.' And though the loose-

* Biog. Britann. *in voce*; somewhat indistinct.

laced 'have but fifteen,' and the straitlaced 'all the Parish,' it matters not; the stipend and the Kirk go with him whose lacing is loose: one has nothing but one's barn left, and sad reflections. Nay in Waugh's case, the very-barn, proving as is likely an arena of too vehement discourse, was taken away from him; and he, Waugh, was lodged in Prison, in the Castle of Edinburgh.* For Waugh 'named the King in his prayers,' he and 'Mr. Robert Knox' even went that length! In Baillie, under date 11th November, 1653, is a most doleful inflexible Letter from Waugh's own hand: "brought to the top of this rock," as his ultimate lodgingplace; "having my habitation among the owls of the desert, because of my very great uselessness and fruitlessness among the sons of men." Yet he is right well satisfied, conscience yielding him a good, &c., &c.—Poor Waugh, I wish he would reconsider himself. Whether it be absolutely indispensable to Christ's Kirk to have a Nell-Gwynn Defender set over it even though descended from Catherine Muir; and if no other, not the bravest and devoutest of all British men, will do for that? O Waugh, it is a strange camera-obscura the head of man!—

LETTER CXI.

WE have heard of many Mosstroopers: we heard once of a certain Watt, a Tenant of the Earl of Tweeddale's, who being ruined out by the War, distinguished himself in this new course; and contemporary with him, of 'one Augustin a High-German.' To which latter some more special momentary notice now falls due.

Read Balfour's record, and then Cromwell's Letter. 'One Augustin, a High-German, being purged out of the Army before Dunbar Drove, but a stout and resolute young man, and lover of the Scots Nation,—imitating Watt,—in October or November this year, annoyed the Enemy very much; killing many of his stragglers; and made nightly infalls upon their quarters, taking and killing sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, and more or less of

* Baillie, iii., 248, 253, 228.

them: whereby he both enriched himself and his followers, and greatly damnified the Enemy. His chief abode was about and in the Mountains of Pentland and Soutra.²—And again, from Perth, 19th December, 1650: ‘*Memorandum*, That Augustin departed from Fife with a party of six-score horse; crossed at Blackness on Friday, 13th December; forced Cromwell’s guards; killed eighty men to the Enemy; put-in thirty-six men to Edinburgh Castle, with all sorts of spices, and some other things; took thirty-five horses and five prisoners, which he sent to Perth the 14th of this instant.’ Which feat, with the spices and thirty-six men, could not indeed save Edinburgh Castle from surrendering, as we saw, next week; but did procure Captain Augustin ‘thanks from the Lord Chancellor and Parliament in his Majesty’s name,’ and good outlooks for promotion in that quarter.*

For the Right Honorable the Committee of Estates of the Kingdom of Scotland: These.

Edinburgh, 17th January, 1650.

MY LORDS,

Having been informed of divers barbarous murders and inhuman acts, perpetrated upon our men by one Augustin a German in employ under you, and one Ross a Lieutenant, I did send to Lieutenant-General David Lesley, desiring justice against the said persons. And to the end I might make good the fact upon them, I was willing either by commissioners on both parts, or in any other equal way, to have the charge proved.

The Lieutenant-General was pleased to allege a want of power from Public Authority to enable him herein: which occasions me to desire your Lordships that this business may be put into such a way as may give satisfaction;—whereby I may understand what rules your Lordships will hold during this sad Contest between the two Nations; ‘rules’ which may evidence the War to stand upon other pretences a least than the allowing of such actions will suppose.

Desiring your Lordships’ answer, I rest,

My Lords,

Your humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

* Balfour, iv., 166, 210, 214.

† Thurloe, i., 173. Laigh Parliament House.

No effect whatever seems to have been produced by this Letter. The Scotch Quasi-Malignant Authorities have 'thanked' Augustin, and are determined to have all the benefit they can of him,—which cannot be much, one would think! In the following June accordingly we find him become '*Colonel Augustin*,' probably Major or Lieutenant-Colonel; quartered with Robin Montgomery 'at Dumfries;' giving 'an alarm to Carlisle,' but by no means taking it;—'falling in,' on another occasion, 'with two hundred picked men,' but very glad to fall out again, 'nearly all cut off.' In strong practical *Remonstrance* against which, the learned Bulstrode has Letters in November, vague but satisfactory. 'That the Scots themselves rose against Augustin, 'killed some of his men, and drove away the rest;' entirely disapproving of such courses and personages. And then finally in January following, 'Letters that Augustin the great robber in Scotland,—upon disbanding of the Marquis of Huntley's forces,' the last remnant of Scotch Malignancy for the present,—'went into the Orcades, and there took ship for Norway.'* Fair wind and full sea to him!—

LETTER CXII.

AN Official Medallist has arrived from London to take the Effigies of the Lord General, for a Medal commemorative of the Victory at Dunbar. The Effigies, Portrait, or 'Statue' as they sometimes call it, of the Lord General appears to be in a state of forwardness; but he would fain waive such a piece of vanity. The 'Gratuity to the Army' is a solid thing: but this of the Effigies, or Stamp of my poor transient unbeautiful Face—?—However, the Authorities, as we may surmise, have made up their mind.

For the Honorable the Committee of the Army 'at London:' These.

Edinburgh, 4th February, 1650.

GENTLEMEN,

It was not a little wonder to me to see that you should send Mr. Symonds so great a journey, about a business importing so

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 104); Whitlocke, 23 November, 1651; *ib.*, 14 January, 1651-2.

little, as far as it relates to me ; whereas, if my poor opinion may not be rejected by you, I have to offer to that * which I think the most noble end, to wit, The Commemoration of that great Mercy at Dunbar, and the Gratuity to the Army. Which might be better expressed upon the Medal, by engraving, as on the one side the Parliament, which I hear was intended and will do singularly well, so on the other side an Army with this Inscription over the head of it, *The Lord of Hosts*, which was our Word that day. Wherefore, if I may beg it as a favor from you, I most earnestly beseech you, if I may do it without offence, that it may be so. And if you think not fit to have it as I offer, you may alter it as you see cause ; only I do think I may truly say, it will be very thankfully acknowledged by me, if you will spare the having my Effigies in it.

The Gentleman's pains and trouble hither have been very great, and I shall make it my second suit unto you that you will please to confer upon him that Employment which Nicholas Briot had before him. indeed the man is ingenious, and worthy of encouragement. I may not presume much ; but if, at my request, and for my sake, he may obtain this favor, I shall put it upon the account of my obligations, which are not few ; and, I hope, shall be found ready to acknowledge it, and to approve myself,

Gentlemen.

Your most real servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

Of 'Nicholas Briot' and 'Mr. Symonds,' since they have the honor of a passing relation to the Lord General ; and still enjoy, or suffer, a kind of ghost-existence in the Dilettante memory, we may subjoin, rather than cancel, the following authentic particulars. In the Commons Journals of 20th August, 1642, it is :— '*Ordered*, That the Earl of Warwick,' now Admiral of our fleet, 'be desired that Monsieur Bryatt may have delivery of his wearing apparel ; and all his other goods stayed at Scarborough, not belonging to Mintage and Coining of Monies.'—This Nicholas Briot, or Bryatt, then, must have been Chief Engraver for the Mint at the beginning of the Civil Wars. We perceive, he has gone to the King northward ; but is here stopt at Scarborough, with all his baggage, by Warwick the Lord High Admiral : and is to get away. What became of him afterwards, or what was his history before, no man and hardly any Dilettante knows.

* I should vote exclusively for that.

† Harris, p. 519.

Symonds, Symons, or as the moderns call him, Simon, is still known as an improved Medal-maker. In the Commons Journals of 17th December, 1651, we find: '*Ordered*, That it be referred to the Council of State to take order that the sum of 300*l.* be paid unto Thomas Symons, which was agreed by the Committee appointed for that purpose to be paid unto him, for the Two Great Seals made by him, and the materials thereof: And that the said Council do take consideration of what farther recompense is fit to be given unto him for his extraordinary pains therein; and give order for the payment of such sum of money as they shall think fit in respect thereof.'

An earlier entry, which still more concerns us here, is an Order, in favor of one whose name has not reached the Clerk, and is now indicated only by stars, that the Council of State shall pay him for '*making the Statue of the General*,'—doubtless this Medal or Effigies of the General; the name indicated by stars being again that of Symonds. The Order, we observe, has the same date as the present Letter.* The Medal of Cromwell, executed on this occasion, still exists, and is said to be a good likeness.† The Committee-men had not taken my Lord General's advice about the Parliament, about the Army with the Lord of Hosts, and the total omitting of his own Effigies. Vertue published Engravings of all these Medals of Simon (as he spells him) in the year 1753.

The '*Two Great Seals*,' mentioned in the Excerpt above, are also worth a word from us. There had a good few Great Seals to be made in the course of this War; all by Symonds: of whom, with reference thereto, we find, in authentic quarters, various notices, of years long prior and posterior to this. The *first* of all the '*new Great Seals*' was the one made, after infinite debates and hesitations, in 1643, when Lord Keeper Lyttleton ran away with the original: Symonds was the maker of this, as other entries of the same Rhadamanthine Commons Journals instruct us: On the 11th July, 1643, Henry Marten is to bring '*the man*' that will make the new Great Seal, and let us see him '*to-morrow*;' which man it turns out, at sight of him, not '*to-*

* Commons Journals, 4 February, 1650-1.

† Harris, p. 518

morrow,' but a week after, on the 19th July, is 'Mr. Symonds,'* —who, we find farther, is to have 100*l.* for his work; 40*l.* in hand, 30*l.* so soon as his work is done, and the other 30*l.* one knows not when. Symonds made the Seal duly; but as for his payment, we fear it was not made very duly. Of course when the Commonwealth and Council of State began, a couple of new Great Seals were needed; and these too, as we see above, Symonds made; and is *to be* paid for them, and for the General's Statue;—which we hope he was, but are not sure!

Other new Seals, Great and Not-so-great, in the subsequent mutations, were needed; and assiduous Symonds made them all. Nevertheless, in 1659, when the Protectorate under Richard was staggering towards ruin, we find 'Mr. Thomas Symonds Chief Graver of the Mint and Seals,' repeatedly turning up with new Seals, new *order* for payment, and new indication that the order was but incompletely complied with.† May 14th, 1659, he has made a new and newest Great Seal; he is to be paid for that, and 'for the former, for which he yet remains unsatisfied.' Also on the 24th May, 1659,‡ the Council of State get a new Seal from him. Then on the 22d August, on the Rump Parliament's reassembling, he makes a 'new Parliament Seal;' and presents a modest Petition to have his money paid him: *order* is granted very promptly to that end; 'his debt to be paid for this Seal, and for all former work done by him;'—we *hope*, with complete effect.§

The Restoration soon followed, and Symonds continued still in the Mint under Charles II.; when it is not very likely his claims were much better attended to; the brave Hollar, and other brave Artists, having their own difficulties to get life kept-in, during those rare times, Mr. Rigmarole!—Symonds, we see, did get the place of Nicholas Briot; and found it, like other brave men's places, full of hard work and short rations. Enough now of Symonds and the Seals and Effigies.

On the same Tuesday, 4th February, 1650–1, while the Lord General is writing this Letter, his Army, issuing from its Leith

* Commons Journals, iii., 162-174.

† Ibid., vii., 663.

‡ Ibid., vii., 651.

§ Ibid., vii., 654, 663, 705.

Citadel and other winter-quarters, has marched westward towards Stirling; he himself follows on the morrow. His Army on Tuesday got to Linlithgow; the Lord General overtook them at Falkirk on Wednesday. Two such days of wind, hail, snow, and rain as made our soldiers very uncomfortable indeed. On Friday, the morning proving fair, we set out again; got to Kilsyth;—but the hail-reservoirs also opened on us again; we found it impossible to get along; and so returned, by the road we came; back to Edinburgh on Saturday,*—coated with white sleet, but endeavoring not to be discouraged. We hope we much terrified the Scots at Stirling; but the hail-reservoirs proved friendly to them.

LETTER CXIII.

By this tempestuous sleety expedition my Lord General caught a dangerous illness, which hung about him, reappearing in three successive relapses, till June next; and greatly alarmed the Commonwealth and the Authorities. As this to Bradshaw, and various other Letters still indicate.

To the Right Honorable the Lord President of the Council of State: These.

Edinburgh, 24th March, 1650.

MY LORD,

I do with all humble thankfulness acknowledge your high favor, and tender respect of me, expressed in your Letter, and the Express sent therewith to inquire after one so unworthy as myself.

Indeed, my Lord, your service needs not me: I am a poor creature; and have been a dry bone; and am still an unprofitable servant to my Master and you. I thought I should have died of this fit of sickness; but the Lord seemeth to dispose otherwise. But truly, my Lord, I desire not to live, unless I may obtain mercy from the Lord to approve my heart and life to Him in more faithfulness and thankfulness, and 'to' those I serve in more profitableness and diligence. And I pray God, your Lordship, and all in public trust, may improve all those unparalleled experiences of the Lord's wonderful Workings in your sight, with singleness of heart to His glory, and the refreshment of His People

* Perfect Diurnal (in Cromwelliana, p. 100).

who are to Him as the apple of His eye ; and upon whom your enemies, both former and latter, who have fallen before you, did split themselves.

This shall be the unfeigned prayer of,

My Lord,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

From Edinburgh, of date 18th March, by special Express we have this comfortable intelligence : ‘ The Lord General is now well recovered : he was in his dining-room to-day with his Officers, and was very cheerful and pleasant.’ And the symptoms, we see, continue and better on the 24th. ‘ So that there is not any fear, by the blessing of God, but our General will be enabled to take the field when the Provisions arrive.’ ‘ Dr. Goddard ’ is attending him.† Before the end of the month he is on foot again ; sieging Blackness, sieging the Island of Inchgarvie, or giving Colonel Monk directions to that end.

THE following Letter brings its own commentary :

LETTER CXIV.

For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit : These.

‘ Edinburgh,’ 12th April, 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 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.

Mind poor Betty of the 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. Truly they are dear to me, very dear ; and I am in fear lest Satan should deceive them,—knowing how

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 101).

† Ibid., pp 100, 1.

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.

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.*

'Betty' and 'he' are Elizabeth Claypole and her Husband; of whom, for the curious, there is a longwinded intricate account by Noble,† but very little discoverable in it. They lived at Norborough, near Market Deeping, but in Northamptonshire; where, as already intimated, the Lady Protectress, Widow Elizabeth Cromwell, after the Restoration, found a retreat. 'They had at least three sons and daughters.' Claypole became 'Master of the Horse' to Oliver; sat in Parliament; made an elegant appearance in the world:—but dwindled sadly after his widowhood; his second marriage ending in 'separation,' in a third *quasi-marriage*, and other confusions, poor man! But as yet the Lady Claypole lives; bright and brave. 'Truly they are dear to me, very dear.'

'Dick Cromwell and his Wife' seem to be up in Town on a visit;—living much at their ease in the Cockpit, they. Brother Henry, in these same days, is out 'in the King's County' in Ireland; doing hard duty at 'Ballybawn,' and elsewhere,‡—the distinguished Colonel Cromwell. And Deputy Ireton, with his labors, is wearing himself to death. In the same house, one works, another goes idle.

'The Lord Herbert' is Henry Somerset, eldest son of the now

* Cole MSS., xxxiii., 37: a copy; copies are frequent.

† ii., 375, &c.

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

Marquis of Worcester,—of the Lord Glamorgan whom we knew slightly at Ragland, in ‘*Irish Cessations*’ and such like; whose *Century of Inventions* is still slightly known to here and there a reader of Old Books. ‘This Lord Herbert,’ it seems, ‘became Duke of Beaufort after the Restoration.’ For obvious reasons, you are to ‘beware of his resort to your house at present.’ A Papist of the Papists; which may give rise to commentaries. One stupid Annotator on a certain Copy of this Letter says, ‘His Lordship had an intrigue with Mrs. Claypole;’—which is evidently downright stupor and falsehood, like so much else.

LETTER CXV.

UPON the Surrender of Edinburgh Castle due provision had been made for conveyance of the Public Writs and Registers to what quarter the Scotch Authorities might direct; and ‘*Passes*’ under the Lord General’s hand duly granted for that end. Archibald Johnston, Lord Register, we conclude, had superintended the operation; had, after much labor, bundled the Public Writs properly together into masses, packages; and put them on shipboard, considering this the eligiblest mode of transport towards Stirling and the Scotch head-quarters at present. But now it has fallen out, in the middle of last month, that the said ship has been taken, as many ships and shallops on both sides now are; and the Public Writs are in jeopardy: whereupon ensues correspondence; and this fair Answer from my Lord General.

*To the Honorable Archibald Johnson, Lord Register of Scotland: These.**

Edinburgh, 12th April, 1651.

MY LORD,

Upon the perusal of the *Passes* formerly given for the safe passing of the Public Writs and Registers of the Kingdom of Scotland, I do think they* ought to be restored: and they shall be so, to such persons as you shall appoint to receive them; with *passes* for persons and vessels, to carry them to such place as shall be appointed:—so that it be done within one month next following.

* The Writs and Registers.

I herewith send you a Pass for your Servant to go into Fife, and to return with the other Clerks ; I rest,

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Warriston's answer, written on Monday, the 12th being Saturday, is given also in *Thurloe*. The Lord General's phrase, 'perusal of the Passes,' we now find, means 'reperusal,' new sight of them ; which, Archibald earnestly urges, is impossible ; the original Passes being now far off in the hands of the Authorities, and the Writs in a state of imminent danger, lying in a ship at Leith, as Archibald obscurely intimates, which the English Governor has got his claws over, and keeps shut up in dock ; with a considerable leak in her too : very bad stowage for such goods.† Which obscure intimation of Archibald's becomes lucid to us, as to the Lord General it already was, when we read this sentence of Bulstrode's, under date 22d March, 1650-1 : 'Letters that the Books and Goods belonging to the Scotch King and Register were taken by the Parliament's ships ; and another ship, laden with oats, meal, and other provisions, going to Fife : twenty-two prisoners.'‡ For captures and small sea-surprisals abound in the Frith at present ; the Parliament-ships busy on one hand ; and the 'Captain of the Bass,' the 'Shippers of Wemyss,' and the like active persons doing their duty on the other,—whereby infinite 'biscuit,' and such small ware, is from time to time realized.§

Without doubt the Public Writs were all re-delivered, according to the justice of the case ; and the term of 'one month,' which Archibald pleads hard to get lengthened, was made into two, or the necessary time. Archibald's tone towards the Lord General is anxiously respectful, nay submissive and subject. In fact, Archibald belongs, if not by profession, yet by invincible tendency, to the Remonstrant Ker-and-Strahan Party ; and looks dimly forward to a time when there will be no refuge for him, and the like of him, but Cromwell. 'Strahan,' in the month of January last, is already 'excommunicated, and solemnly deliv-

* *Thurloe*, i., 117. Records of the Laigh Parliament House.

† *Thurloe*, *ibid*.

‡ Whitlocke, p. 490.

§ Balfour, iv., 204, 241, 251, &c.

ered to the Devil, in the Church of Perth.* This is what you have to look for, from a Quasi-Malignant set of men!

This Archibald, as is well known, sat afterwards in Cromwell's Parliaments; became 'one of Cromwell's Lords;'—and ultimately lost his life for these dangerous services. Archibald Johnston of Warriston; loose-flowing Bishop Burnet's uncle by the Mother's side: a Lord Register of whom all the world has heard. Redactor of the Covenanters' Protests, 1637 and onwards; redactor perhaps of the Covenant itself; canny lynx-eyed Lawyer, and austere Presbyterian Zealot; full of fire, of heavy energy and gloom: in fact, a very notable character;—of whom our Scotch friends might do well to give us farther elucidations. Certain of his Letters edited by Lord Hailes,† a man of fine intelligence, though at that time ignorant of this subject, have proved well worth their paper and ink. Many more, it appears, still lie in the Edinburgh Archives. A good selection and edition of them were desirable. But, alas, will any human soul ever again *love* poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him, in this world? Properly it turns all upon that; and the chance seems rather dubious!—

SECOND VISIT TO GLASGOW.

THAT Note to Warriston, and the Letter to Elizabeth Cromwell, as may have been observed, are written on the same day, Saturday, 12th April, 1651. Directly after which, on Wednesday, the 16th, there is a grand Muster of the Army on Musselburgh Links; preparatory to new operations. Blackness Fort has surrendered; Inchgarvie Island is beset by gunboats: Colonel Monk, we perceive, who has charge of these services, is to be made Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance: and now there is to be an attack on Burntisland with gunboats, which also, one hopes, may succeed. As for the Army, it is to go westward this same afternoon; try whether cautious Lesley, straitened or assaulted from

* Balfour, iv., 240.

† Memorials and Letters in the reign of Charles I. (Glasgow, 1766.)

both west and east, will not come out of his Stirling fastness, so that some good may be done upon him. The Muster is held on Musselburgh Links; whereat the Lord General, making his appearance, is received 'with shouts and acclamations,' the sight of him infinitely comfortable to us.* The Lord General's health is somewhat re-established, though he has had relapses, and still tends a little towards ague. 'About three in the afternoon' all is on march towards Hamilton; quarters 'mostly in the field there.' Where the Lord General himself arrives, on Friday night, late; and on the morrow afternoon we see Glasgow again.

Concerning which here are two notices from opposite points of compass, curiously corroborative of one another; which we must not withhold. Face-to-face glimpses into the old dead actualities; worth rescuing with a Cromwell in the centre of them.

The first is from Baillie; † shows us a glance of our old friend Carstairs withal. Read this fraction of a Letter: "Reverend and dear brother,—For preventing of mistakes," lest you should think us loose-laced Remonstrant sectarian individuals, "we have thought meet to advertise you that Cromwell having come to Hamilton on Friday late, and to Glasgow on Saturday with a body of his Army, sooner than we could well with safety have retired ourselves,"—there was nothing for it but to stay and abide him here! "On Sunday forenoon he came unexpectedly to the High Inner Kirk; where quietly he heard Mr. Robert Ramsay," unknown to common readers, "preach a very honest sermon, pertinent to his" Cromwell's "case. In the afternoon he came, as unexpectedly, to the High Outer Kirk; where he heard Mr. John Carstairs," our old friend, "lecture, and" a "Mr. James Durham preach,—graciously, and weel to the times as could have been desired." So that you see we are not of the loose-laced species, we! "And generally all who preached that day in the Town gave a fair enough testimony against the Sectaries."—Whereupon, next day, Cromwell sent for us to confer with him in a friendly manner. "All of us did meet to advise," for the case was grave: however, we have decided to go; nay are just go-

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

† (Glasgow, 22d April, 1651) iii., 165.

ing ; but, most unfortunately, do not write any record of our interview ! Nothing, except some transient assertion elsewhere that “ we had no disadvantage in the thing.”* So that now, from the opposite point of the compass, the old London Newspaper must come in ; curiously confirmatory :

“ SIR,—We came hither” to Glasgow “ on Saturday last, April 19th. The Ministers and Townsmen generally stayed at home, and did not quit their habitations as formerly. The Ministers here have mostly deserted from the proceedings beyond the Water,” at Perth,—are in fact given to Remonstrant ways, though Mr. Baillie denies it: “ yet they are equally dissatisfied with us. But though they preach against us in the pulpit to our faces, yet we permit them without disturbance, as willing to gain them by love.

“ My Lord General sent to them to give us a friendly Christian meeting. To discourse of those things which they rail against us for ; that so, if possible, all misunderstandings between us might be taken away. Which accordingly they gave us, on Wednesday last. There was no bitterness nor passion vented on either side ; all was with moderation and tenderness. My Lord General and Major-General Lambert, for the most part, maintained the discourse ; and, on their part, Mr. James Guthry and Mr. Patrick Gillespie.† We know not what satisfaction they have received. Sure I am, there was no such weight in their arguments as might in the least discourage us from what we have undertaken ; the chief thing on which they insisted being our Invasion into Scotland.”‡

The Army quitted Glasgow after some ten days ; rather hastily, on Wednesday, 30th April ; pressing news, some false alarm of movements about Stirling, having arrived by express from the East. They marched again for Edinburgh ;—quenched some foolish Town Riot, which had broken out among the Glasgow Baillies themselves, on some quarrel of their own ; and was now

* Baillie, iii., 168.

† ‘Gelaspy’ the Sectarian spells ; in all particulars of facts he coincides with Baillie. Guthry and Gillespie, noted men in that time, published a ‘ Sum’ of this Interview (Baillie, iii., 168), but nobody now knows it.

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 102).

tugging and wriggling, in a most unseemly manner, on the open streets, and likely to enlist the population generally, had not Cromwell's soldiers charitably scattered it asunder before they went.* In three days they were in Edinburgh again.

When a luminous body, such as Oliver Cromwell, happens to be crossing a dark Country, a dark Century, who knows what he will not disclose to us! For example: On the Western edge of Lanarkshire, in the desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts, there dwelt at that time a worshipful Family of Scotch Lairds, of the name of Stewart, at a House called Allertoun,—a lean turreted angry-looking old Stone House, I take it; standing in some green place, in the alluvial hollows of the Auchter Burn or its tributaries: most obscure; standing lean and grim, like a thousand such; entirely unnoticeable by History,—had not Oliver chanced to pass in that direction, and make a call there! Here is an account of that event: unfortunately very vague, not written till the second generation after: indeed, palpably incorrect in some of its details; but indubitable as to the main fact; and too curious to be omitted here. The date, not given or hinted at in the original, seems to fix itself as Thursday, 1st May, 1651. On that day Auchter Burn rushing idly on as usual, the grim old turreted Stone House, and rigorous Presbyterian inmates, and desolate uplands of the Kirk of Shotts in general, saw Cromwell's face, and have become memorable to us. Here is the record given as we find it.†

'There was a fifth Son' of Sir Walter Stewart, Laird of Allertoun: 'James; who in his younger years was called "the Captain of Allertoun,"—from this incident: Oliver Cromwell, Captain-General of the English Sectarian Army, after taking Edinburgh Castle, was making a Progress through the West of Scotland; and came down towards the River Clyde near Lanark, and was on his march back, against King Charles the Second's Army, then with the King at Stirling. Being informed of a near way through Auchtermuir, he came with some General

* Ane Information concerning the late Tumult in Glasgow, Wednesday April 30, at the very time of Cromwell's Removal (in Baillie, iii., 161).

† Coltness Collections, Published by the Maitland Club (Glasgow, 1842), p. 9.

Officers to reconnoitre; and had a Guide along. Sir Walter, being a Royalist and Covenanter, had absconded. As he' Cromwell 'passed, he called-in at Allertoun for a further Guide; but no men were to be found, save one valetudinary Gentleman, Sir Walter's Son,'—properly a poor valetudinary Boy, as appears, who of course could do nothing for him.

'He found the road not practicable for carriages; and upon his return he called-in at Sir Walter's House. There was none to entertain him but the Lady and Sir Walter's sickly Son. The good Woman was as much for the King and Royal Family as her Husband: but she offered the General the civilities of her House; and a glass of canary was presented. The General observed the forams of these times (I have it from good authority), and he asked a blessing in a long pathetic grace before the cup went round;—he drank his good wishes* for the family, and asked for Sir Walter; and was pleased to say, His Mother was a Stewart's Daughter, and he had a relation to the name. All passed easy; and our James, being a lad of ten years, came so near as to handle the hilt of one of the swords: upon which Oliver stroked his head, saying, "You are my little Captain;" and this was all the Commission our Captain of Allertoun ever had.

'The General called for some of his own wines for himself and other Officers.† and would have the Lady try his wine; and was so humane, when he saw the young Gentleman so *maigre* and indisposed, he said, Changing the Climate might do good, and the South of France, Montpellier, was the place.

'Amidst all this humanity and politeness he omitted not, in person, to return thanks to God in a pointed grace after his repast; and after this hasted on his return to join the Army. The Lady had been a strenuous Royalist, and her Son a Captain in command at Dunbar; yet upon this interview with the General she abated much of her zeal. She said she was sure Cromwell was one who feared God, and had that fear in him, and the true interest of Religion at heart. A story of this kind is no idle digression; it has some small connexion with the Family

* Certainly incorrect.

† Imaginary.

concerns, and shows some little of the genius of these distracted times.'—And so we leave it; vague, but indubitable; standing on such basis as it has.

LETTER CXVI.

'For my beloved Wife, Elizabeth Cromwell, at the Cockpit: These.'

Edinburgh, 3d May, 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 favors to thee more and more. The great 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. 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.*

Written the day after his return to Edinburgh. 'Thy Son and Daughter,' are, to all appearance, Richard and his Wife, who prolong their visit at the Cockpit. The good old 'Mother' is still spared with us, to have 'my duty' presented to her. A pale venerable Figure; who has lived to see strange things in this world;—can piously, in her good old tremulous heart, rejoice in such a Son.

Precisely in these days, a small ship driven by stress of weather into Ayr Harbor, and seized and searched by Cromwell's Garrison there, discloses a matter highly interesting to the Commonwealth. A Plot, namely, on the part of the English Presbyterian-Royalists, English Royalists Proper, and all manner of Malignant Interests in England, to unite with the Scots and their

* Harris, p. 517.

King: in which certain of the London Presbyterian Clergy, Christopher Love among others, are deeply involved. The little ship was bound for the Isle of Man, with tidings to the Earl of Derby concerning the affair; and now we have caught her within the Bars of Ayr; and the whole matter is made manifest!* Reverend Christopher Love is laid hold of, 7th May; he and others: and the Council of State is busy. It is the same Christopher who preached at Uxbridge Treaty long since, That ‘Heaven might as well think of uniting with Hell.’ Were a new High Court of Justice once constituted, it will go hard with Christopher.

As for the Lord General, this march to Glasgow has thrown him into a new relapse, which his Doctor counts as the third since March last. The disease is now ague; comes and goes, till, in the end of this month, the Parliament requests him to return to England for milder air;† and then, this kind offer being declined, despatches two London Doctors to him; whom the Lord Fairfax is kind enough to ‘send in his own coach;’ who arrive in Edinburgh on the 30th of May, ‘and are affectionately entertained by my Lord.’‡ The two Doctors are Bates and Wright. Bates, in his loose-tongued *History of the Troubles*, redacted in after times, observes strict silence as to this Visit. The Lord General’s case seems somewhat grave; hopeless for this summer. ‘My Lord is not sensible that he is grown an old man.’ The Officers are to proceed without him; directed by him from the distance. However, on the 5th of June he is seen abroad in his coach again; shakes his ailments and infirmities of age away, and takes the field in person once more. The Campaign is now vigorously begun; though as yet no great result follows from it.

On the 25th of June, the Army from all quarters reassembled ‘in its old Camp on the Pentland Hills;’ marched westward; left Linlithgow, July 2d, ever westward, with a view to force the Enemy from his strong ground about Stirling. Much pickeering, vapping, and transient skirmishing ensues; but the Enemy,

* Bates: *History of the late Troubles in England* (Translation of the *Elenchus Motuum*; London, 1655), Part ii., 115.

† Whitlocke, p. 476

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 103).

strongly entrenched at Torwood, secured by bogs and brooks, cannot be forced out. We take Calendar House, and do other insults, before their eyes; they will not come out. Cannonadings there are, ‘from opposite Hills;’ but not till it please the Enemy can there be any battle. David Lesley, second in rank, but real leader of the operations, is at his old trade again. The Problem is becoming difficult. We decide to get across into Fife; to take them in flank, and at least cut off an important part of their supplies.

Here is the Lord General’s Letter on the result of that enterprise. Farther details of the Battle which is briefly spoken of here,—still remembered in those parts as the *Battle of Inverkeithing*,—may be found in Lambert’s own Letter concerning it.* ‘Sir John Brown, their Major-Général,’ was once a zealous Parliamenteer; ‘Governor of Abingdon,’ and much else; but the King gained him, grows Ludlow, ‘by the gift of a pair of silk stockings,’—poor wretch! Besides Brown, there are Massey, and various Englishmen of mark with this Malignant Army. Massey’s Brother, a subaltern person in London, is one of the conspirators with Christopher Love.—The Lord General has in the interim made his Third Visit to Glasgow; concerning which there are no details worth giving here.† Christopher Love, on the 5th of this month, was condemned to die.‡

LETTER CXVII.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Linthgow, 21st July, 1651.

SIR,

After our waiting upon the Lord, and not knowing what course to take, for indeed we know nothing but what God pleaseth to

* North Ferry, 22 July, 1651 (Whitlocke, p. 472): the Battle was on Sunday, the 20th. See also Balfour, iv., 313.

† Whitlocke, p. 471; Milton State-Papers, p. 84 (11 July, 1651).

‡ Wood, iii., 278, &c.

teach us of His great mercy,—we were directed to send a Party to get us a landing ‘on the Fife coast’ by our boats, whilst we marched towards Glasgow.

On Thursday morning last, Colonel Overton, with about one-thousand four-hundred foot and some horse and dragoons, landed at the North Ferry in Fife; we with the Army lying near the Enemy (a small river parted us and them), and having consultations to attempt the Enemy within his fortifications: but the Lord was not pleased to give way to that counsel, proposing a better way for us. The Major-General ‘Lambert’ marched, on Thursday night, with two regiments of horse and two regiments of foot, for better securing the place; and to attempt upon the Enemy, as occasion should serve. He getting over, and finding a considerable body of the Enemy there (who would probably have beaten our men from the place if he had not come), drew out and fought them: he being about two regiments of horse, with about four-hundred of horse and dragoons more, and three regiments of foot; the Enemy five regiments of foot, and about four or five of horse. They came to a close charge, and in the end totally routed the Enemy: having taken about forty or fifty colors, killed near two-thousand, some say more; have taken Sir John Brown, their Major-General, who commanded in chief,—and other Colonels and considerable Officers killed and taken, and about five or six hundred prisoners. The Enemy is removed from their ground with their whole Army: but whither we do not certainly know.

This is an unspeakable mercy. I trust the Lord will follow it until He hath perfected peace and truth. We can truly say, we were gone as far as we could in our counsel and action; and we did say one to another, we know not what to do. Wherefore it’s sealed upon our hearts, that this, as all the rest, is from the Lord’s goodness, and not from man. I hope it becometh me to pray, That we may walk humbly and self-denyingly before the Lord, and believingly also. That you whom we serve, as the Authority over us, may do the work committed to you, with uprightness and faithfulness,—and thoroughly, as to the Lord. That you may not suffer anything to remain that offends the eyes of His jealousy. That common weal may more and more be sought, and justice done impartially. For the eyes of the Lord run to and fro; and as He finds out His enemies here, to be avenged on them, so will He not spare them for whom he doth good, if by his lovingkindness they become not good. I shall take the humble boldness to represent this Engagement of David’s, in the Hundred-and-nineteenth Psalm, verse Hundred-and-thirty-fourth, *Deliver me from the oppression of man, so will I keep Thy precepts.*

I take leave, and rest,

Sir, your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

P.S. The carriage of the Major-General, as in all other things so in this, is worthy of your taking notice of; as also the Colonels Okey, Overton, Daniel, West, Lydcot, Syler. and the rest of the Officers.*

Matters now speedily take another turn. At the Castle of 'Dundas' we are still on the South side of the Frith; in front of the Scotch lines, though distant: but Inchgarvie, often tried with gunboats, now surrenders; Burntisland, by force of gunboats and dispiritments, surrenders: the Lord General himself goes across into Fife. The following Letters speak for themselves.

LETTER CXVIII.

*'To the Right Honorable the Lord President of the Council of State :
These.'*

Dundas, 24th July, 1651.

MY LORD,

It hath pleased God to put your affairs here in some hopeful way, since the last Defeat given to the Enemy.

I marched with the Army very near to Stirling, hoping thereby to get the Pass; and went myself with General Dean, and some others, up to Bannockburn; hearing that the Enemy were marched on the other side towards our forces in Fife. Indeed they went four or five miles on towards them; but hearing of my advance, in all haste they retreated back, and possessed the Park, and their other works. Which we viewed; and finding them not advisable to attempt, resolved to march to Queensferry, and there to ship over so much of the Army as might hopefully be master of the field in Fife. Which accordingly we have almost perfected; and have left, on this side, somewhat better than four regiments of horse, and as many of foot.

I hear now the Enemy's great expectation is to supply themselves in the West with recruits of men, and what victual they can get: for they may expect none out of the North, when once our Army shall interpose between them and St. Johnston. To prevent their prevalency in the West, and making incursions into the Borders of England, † * *

OLIVER CROMWELL. †

* Newspapers (in Parl. Hist., xix., 494; and Cromwelliana, p. 105).

† Sir Harry Vane, who reads the Letter in Parliament, judges it prudent to stop here (Comino's Journals, vi., 614).

‡ Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

LETTER CXIX.

*'To the Right Honorable the Lord President of the Council of State:
These.'*

Linlithgow, 26th July, 1651.

MY LORD,

We are, with ten regiments of foot, and ten of horse, in Fife, and eight cannon, ready for the field. We have discovered the Enemy, which we found to be their whole Army. We thought they would have fought us; but they retreated.

Our Party is made so strong on the other side the Water, that they are fit to fight the Enemy, if they* can be brought to engage. They are sufficient to check any attempt of theirs from breaking into England.

Inchgarvie, a Castle upon a rock between Queensferry and the neck of the land, is surrendered; with sixteen pieces of ordnance, and all the ammunition in it,—except the soldiers' swords, with which and their baggage they marched away. 'I rest,

'Your most humble servant,'

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

LETTER CXX.

*'To my very loving Brother, Richard Mayor, Esquire, at Hursley:
These.'*

'Burntisland,' 28th July, 1651.

DEAR BROTHER,

I was glad to receive a Letter from you; for indeed anything that comes from you is very welcome to me. I believe your expectation of my Son's coming is deferred. I wish he may see a happy delivery of his Wife first,‡ for whom I frequently pray.

I hear my Son hath exceeded his allowance, and is in debt. Truly I cannot commend him therein; wisdom requiring his living within compass, and calling for it at his hands. And in my judgment, the reputation arising from thence would have been more real honor than what is

* The Enemy.

† Newspapers (in Parliamentary History, xix., 495).

‡ Noble's registers are very defective! These Letters, too, were before the poor man's eyes.

attained the other way. I believe vain men will speak well of him that does ill.

I desire to be understood that I grudge him not laudable recreations, nor an honorable carriage of himself in them; nor is any matter of charge, like to fall to my share, a stick* with me. Truly I can find in my heart to allow him not only a sufficiency but more, for his good. But if pleasure and self-satisfaction be made the business of a man's life, 'and' so much cost laid out upon it, so much time spent in it, as rather answers appetite than the will of God, or is comely before His Saints,—I scruple to feed this humor; and God forbid that his being my Son should be his allowance to live not pleasingly to our heavenly Father, who hath raised me out of the dust to be what I am!

I desire your faithfulness (he being also your concernment as well as mine) to advise him to approve himself to the Lord in his course of life; and to search His statutes for a rule to conscience, and to seek grace from Christ to enable him to walk therein. This hath life in it, and will come to somewhat: what is a poor creature without this? This will not abridge of lawful pleasures; but teach such a use of them as will have the peace of a good conscience going along with it. Sir, I write what is in my heart: I pray you communicate my mind herein to my Son, and be his remembrancer in these things. Truly I love him, he is dear to me; so is his Wife; and for their sakes do I thus write. They shall not want comfort nor encouragement from me, so far as I may afford it. But indeed I cannot think I do well to feed a voluptuous humor in my Son, if he should make pleasures the business of his life,—in a time when some precious Saints are bleeding, and breathing out their last, for the safety of the rest. Memorable is the speech of Uriah to David (Second Samuel, xi. 11).*

Sir, I beseech you believe I here say not this to save my purse; for I shall willingly do what is convenient to satisfy his occasions, as I have opportunity. But as I pray he may not walk in a course not pleasing to the Lord, so 'I' think it lieth upon me to give him, in love, the best counsel I may; and know not how better to convey it to him than by so good a hand as yours. Sir, I pray you acquaint him with these thoughts of mine. And remember my love to my Daughter; for whose sake I

* Stop.

† 'And Uriah said unto David, The Ark, and Israel, and Judah abide in tents; and my lord Joab, and the servants of my lord, are encamped in the open fields: shall I then go into mine house, to eat and to drink, and to lie with my wife? As thou livest, and as thy soul liveth, I will not do this thing.'

shall be induced to do any reasonable thing. I pray for her happy deliverance, frequently and earnestly.

I am sorry to hear that my Bailiif* in Hantshire should do to my Son as is intimated by your Letter. I assure you I shall not allow any such thing. If there be any suspicion of his abuse of the Wood, I desire it may be looked after, and inquired into; that so, if things appear true, he may be removed,—although indeed I must needs say he had the repute of a godly man, by divers that knew him when I placed him there.

Sir, I desire my hearty affection may be presented to my Sister; to my Cousin Ann, and her husband though unknown.—I praise the Lord I have obtained much mercy in respect of my health; the Lord give me a truly thankful heart. I desire your prayers; and rest,

Your very affectionate brother and servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

My Cousin Anne, then, is wedded! Her Husband, though unknown, is John Dunch; who, on his Father's decease, became John Dunch of Pusey; to whom we owe this Letter, among the others.

LETTER CXXI.

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Burntisland, 29th July, 1651.

SIR,

The greatest part of the Army is in Fife; waiting what way God will farther lead us. It hath pleased God to give us in Burntisland;‡ which is indeed very conducing to the carrying-on of our affairs. The Town is well seated; pretty strong; but marvellous capable of further improvement in that respect, without great charge. The Harbor, at a high spring, is near a fathom deeper than at Leith; and doth not lie commanded by any ground without the Town. We took three or four small men-of-war in it, and I believe thirty or forty guns.

Commissary-General Whalley marched along the seaside in Fife, having some ships to go along the coast; and hath taken great store of

* 'Baylye.'

† Harris, p. 513.

‡ 'Burnt Island' *in orig.*

great artillery, and divers ships. The Enemy's affairs are in some discomposure, as we hear. Surely the Lord will blow upon them.

'I rest,'

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

LETTER CXXII.

IN effect the crisis is now arrived. The Scotch King and Army finding their supplies cut off, and their defences rendered unavailing, by this flank-movement,—break up suddenly from Stirling; † march direct towards England,—for a stroke at the heart of the Commonwealth itself. Their game now is, All or nothing. A desperate kind of play. Royalists, Presbyterian-Royalists and the large miscellany of Discontented Interests, may perhaps join them there;—perhaps also not! They march by Biggar; enter England by Carlisle, ‡ on Wednesday, 6th of August, 1651. 'At Girthead, in the Parish of Wamphray, in Annandale,' human Tradition, very faintly indeed, indicates some Roman Stones or Mile-stones, by the wayside, as the place where his Sacred Majesty passed the Tuesday night;—which are not quite so venerable now as formerly. §

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Leith, 4th August, 1651.

SIR,

In pursuance of the Providence of God, and that blessing lately given to your forces in Fife; and finding that the Enemy, being masters of the Pass at Stirling, could not be gotten out there except by hindering his provisions at St. Johnston,—we, by general advice, thought fit to attempt St. Johnston; knowing that that would necessitate him to quit his Pass. Wherefore, leaving with Major-General Harrison about three-thousand horse and dragoons, besides those which are with Colonel

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 107).

† 'Last day of July' (Bates, ii., 120).

‡ Whitlocke, p. 474.

§ Nicholas Carlisle's Topographical Dict. of Scotland, § Wamphray.

Rich, Colonel Saunders, and Colonel Barton, upon the Borders, we marched to St. Johnston;* and lying one day before it, we had it surrendered to us.

During which time we had some intelligence of the Enemy's marching southward; though with some contradictions, as if it had not been so. But doubting it might be true, we (leaving a Garrison in St. Johnston, and sending Lieutenant-General Monk with about Five or Six thousand to Stirling to reduce that place, and by it to put your affairs into a good posture in Scotland), marched, with all possible expedition, back again; and have passed our foot and many of our horse over the Frith this day; resolving to make what speed we can up to the Enemy,—who, in his desperation and fear, and out of inevitable necessity, is run to try what he can do this way.

I do apprehend that if he goes to England, being some few days march before us, it will trouble some men's thoughts; and may occasion some inconveniences;—which I hope we are as deeply sensible of, and have been, and I trust shall be, as diligent to prevent, as any. And indeed this is our comfort, That in simplicity of heart as towards God, we have done to the best of our judgments; knowing that if some issue were not put to this Business, it would occasion another Winter's war: to the ruin of your soldiery, for whom the Scots are too hard in respect of enduring the Winter difficulties of this Country; and to the endless expense of the treasure of England in prosecuting this War. It may be supposed we might have kept the Enemy from this, by interposing between him and England. Which truly I believe we might: but how to remove him out of this place, without doing what we have done, unless we had a commanding Army on both sides of the River of Forth, is not clear to us; or how to answer the inconveniences aforementioned, we understand not.

We pray therefore that (seeing there is a possibility for the Enemy to put you to some trouble) you would, with the same courage, grounded upon a confidence in God, wherein you have been supported to the great things God hath used you in hitherto,—improve, the best you can, such forces as you have in readiness, or 'as' may on the sudden be gathered together, To give the Enemy some check, until we shall be able to reach up to him; which we trust in the Lord we shall do our utmost endeavor in. And indeed we have this comfortable experience from the Lord, That this Enemy is heart-smitten by God; and whenever the Lord shall bring us up to them, we believe the Lord will make the desperation of this counsel of theirs to appear, and the folly of it also.

* 2 August, 1651 (Balfour, iv., 313).

When England was much more unsteady than now; and when a much more considerable Army of theirs, unfoiled, invaded you; and we had but a weak force to make resistance at Preston,—upon deliberate advice, we chose rather to put ourselves between their Army and Scotland: and how God succeeded that, is not well to be forgotten! This ‘present movement’ is not out of choice on our part, but by some kind of necessity; and, it is to be hoped, will have the like issue. Together with a hopeful end of your work;—in which it’s good to wait upon the Lord, upon the earnest of former experiences, and hope of His presence, which only is the life of your Cause.

Major-General Harrison, with the horse and dragoons under him, and Colonel Rich and the rest in those parts, shall attend the motion of the Enemy; and endeavor the keeping of them together, as also to impede his march. And will be ready to be in conjunction with what forces shall gather together for this service:—to whom orders have been speeded to that purpose; as this enclosed to Major-General Harrison will show. Major-General Lambert, this day, marched with a very considerable body of horse, up towards the Enemy’s rear. With the rest of the horse, and nine regiments of foot, most of them of your old foot and horse, I am hasting up; and shall, by the Lord’s help, use utmost diligence. I hope I have left a commanding force under Lieutenant-General Monk in Scotland.

This account I thought my duty to speed to you; and rest,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

The Scots found no Presbyterian Royalists, no Royalists Proper to speak of, nor any Discontented Interest in England disposed to join them in present circumstances. They marched, under rigorous discipline, weary and uncheered, south through Lancashire; had to dispute their old friend the Bridge of Warrington with Lambert and Harrison, who attended them with horse-troops on the left; Cromwell with the main Army steadily advancing behind. They carried the Bridge at Warrington; they summoned various Towns, but none yielded; proclaimed their King with all force of lungs and Heraldry, but none cried, God bless him. Summoning Shrewsbury, with the usual negative response, they quitted the London road; bent southward towards Worcester, a City of slight Garrison and loyal Mayor; there to entrench

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, pp. 107, 8).

themselves and repose a little.—Poor Earl Derby, a distinguished Royalist Proper, had hastened over from the Isle of Man, to kiss his Majesty's hand in passing. He then raised some force in Lancashire, and was in hopes to kindle that country again, and go to Worcester in triumph :—but Lilburn, Colonel Robert, whom we have known, fell upon him at Wigan ; cut his force in pieces. the poor Earl had to go to Worcester in a wounded and wrecked condition. To Worcester,—and alas, to the scaffold by and by, for that business. The Scots at Worcester have a loyal Mayor, some very few adventurous loyal Gentry in the neighborhood ; and excitable Wales, perhaps again excitable, lying in the rear : but for the present, except in their own poor Fourteen-thousand right-hands, no outlook. And Cromwell is advancing steadily ; by York, by Nottingham, by Coventry and Stratford ; ' raising all the County Militias,' who muster with singular alacrity ;—flowing towards Worcester like the Ocean-tide ; begirdling it with ' upwards of Thirty-thousand men.' His Majesty's royal summons to the Corporation of London is burnt there by the hands of the common hangman ; Speaker Lenthall and the Mayor have a copy of it burnt by that functionary at the head of every regiment, at a review of the Trainbands in Moorfields.* London, England generally, seems to have made up its mind.

At London, on the 22d of August, a rigorous thing was done : Rev. Christopher Love, eloquent zealous Minister of St. Lawrence in the Jewry, was, after repeated respites and negotiations, beheaded on Tower Hill. To the unspeakable emotion of men. Nay, the very Heavens seemed to testify a feeling of it,—by a thunderclap, by two thunderclaps. When the Parliament passed their votes, on the 4th of July, That he should die, according to the sentence of the Court, there was then a terrible thunderclap, and darkening of daylight. And now when he actually dies, ' directly after his beheading,' arises thunderstorm that threatens the dissolution of Nature ! Nature, as we see, survived it.

The old Newspaper says. It was on the 22d August, 1642, that Charles late King erected his Standard at Nottingham ; and now on this same day, 22d August, 1651, Charles Pretender erects

* Bates, ii., 122 ; Whitlocke, p. 492.

his at Worcester,—and the Rev. Christopher dies. Men may make their reflections.—There goes a story, due to Carrion Heath or some such party, That Cromwell being earnestly solicited for mercy to this poor Christopher, did, while yet in Scotland, send a Letter to the Parliament, recommending it; which Letter, however, was seized by some roving outriders of the Scotch Worcester Army; who reading it, and remembering Uxbridge Sermon, tore it, saying, “No, let the villain die!”—after the manner of Heath. Which could be proved, if time and paper were of no value, to be, like a hundred other very wooden *myths* of the same Period, without truth. *Guarda e passa.* Glance at it here for the last time, and never repeat it mere!—

Charles’s Standard, it would seem then, was erected at Worcester on the 22d: on the 28th, came Cromwell’s also, furled or floating, to that neighborhood; from the Evesham side; with upwards of Thirty-thousand men now near it; and some say, upwards of Eighty-thousand rising in the distance to join it if need were.

LETTERS CXXIII., CXXIV.

BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

THE Battle of Worcester was fought on the evening of Wednesday, 3d September, 1641; anniversary of that at Dunbar last year. It could well have but one issue: defeat for the Scots and their Cause;—either swift and complete; or else incomplete, ending in slow sieges, partial revolts, and much new misery and blood. The swift issue was the one appointed; and complete enough; severing the neck of the Controversy now at last, as with one effectual stroke, no need to strike a second time.

The Battle was fought on both sides of the Severn: part of Cromwell's forces having crossed to the Western bank, by Upton Bridge, some miles below Worcester, the night before. About a week ago, Massey understood himself to have ruined this Bridge, at Upton; but Lambert's men 'straddled across by the parapet,'—a dangerous kind of *saddle* for such riding, I think!—and hastily repaired it; hastily got hold of Upton Church, and maintained themselves there; driving Massey back, with a bad wound in the hand. This was on Thursday night last, the very night of the Lord General's arrival in those parts; and they have held this post ever since. Fleetwood crosses here with a good part of Cromwell's Army, on the evening of Tuesday, September 2d; shall, on the morrow, attack the Scotch posts on the Southwest, about the Suburb of St. John's, across the River; while Cromwell, in person, on this side, plies them from the Southeast. St. John's Suburb lies at some distance from Worcester; west, or southwest as we say, on the Hertfordshire Road; and connects itself with the City by Severn Bridge. Southeast of the City, again, near the then and present London Road, is 'Fort Royal,' an entrenchment of the Scots: on this side Cromwell is to attempt the Enemy, and second Fleetwood, as occasion may serve. Worcester City itself is on Cromwell's side of the River; stands high,

surmounted by its high Cathedral ; close on the left or eastern margin of the Severn ; surrounded by fruitful fields, and hedges unfit for cavalry-fighting. This is the posture of affairs on the eve of Wednesday, 3d September, 1651.

But now, for Wednesday itself, we are to remark that between Fleetwood at Upton, and the Enemy's outposts at St. John's on the west side of Severn, there runs still a River Teme ; a western tributary of the Severn, into which it falls about a mile below the City. This River Teme Fleetwood hopes to cross, if not by the Bridge at Powick which the Enemy possesses, then by a Bridge of Boats which he is himself to prepare lower down, close by the mouth of Teme. At this point also, or 'within pistol-shot of it,' there is to be a Bridge of Boats laid across the Severn itself, that so both ends of the Army may communicate. Boats, boatmen, carpenters, aquatic and terrestrial artificers and implements, in great abundance, contributed by the neighboring Towns, lie ready on the River, about Upton, for this service. Does the reader now understand the ground a little ?

Fleetwood, at Upton, was astir with the dawn, September 3d. But it was towards 'three in the afternoon' before the boatmen were got up ; must have been towards five before those Bridges were got built, and Fleetwood set fairly across the Teme to begin business. The King of Scots and his Council of War, 'on the top of the Cathedral,' have been anxiously viewing him all afternoon ; have seen him build his Bridges of Boats ; see him now in great force got across Teme River, attacking the Scotch on the South, fighting them from hedge to hedge towards the Suburb of St. John's. In great force : for new regiments, horse and foot, now stream across the Severn by Bridge of Boats to assist Fleetwood : nay, if the Scots knew it, my Lord General himself is come across, 'did lead the van in person, and was the first that set foot on the Enemy's ground.'—The Scots, obstinately struggling, are gradually beaten there ; driven from hedge to hedge. But the King of Scots and his War-Council decide that most part of Cromwell's Army must now be over in that quarter, on the West side of the River, engaged among the hedges ;—decide that they, for their part, will storm out, and offer him battle on their own East side, now while he is weak there. The Council of War

comes down from the top of the Cathedral ; their trumpets sound : Cromwell also is soon back, across the Severn Bridge of Boats again ; and the deadliest tug of war begins.

Fort Royal is still known at Worcester, and Sudbury Gate at the southeast end of the City is known, and those other localities here specified ; after much study of which and of the old dead Pamphlets, this Battle will at last become conceivable. Besides Cromwell's Two Letters there are plentiful details, questionable and unquestionable, in *Bates* and elsewhere, as indicated below.* The fighting of the Scots was fierce and desperate. ' My Lord General did exceedingly hazard himself, riding up and down in the midst of the fire ; riding, himself in person, to the Enemy's foot to offer them quarter, whereto they returned no answer but shot.' The small Scotch Army, begirdled with overpowering force, and cut off from help or reasonable hope, storms forth in fiery pulses, horse and foot ; charges now on this side of the River, now on that ;—can on no side prevail. Cromwell recoils a little ; but only to rally, and return irresistible. The small Scotch Army is, on every side, driven in again. Its fiery pulsings are but the struggles of death : agonies as of a lion coiled in the folds of a boa !

' As stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen.' But it avails not. Through Sudbury Gate, on Cromwell's side, through St. John's Suburb, and over Severn Bridge on Fleetwood's, the Scots are driven in again to Worcester Streets ; desperately struggling and recoiling, are driven through Worcester Streets, to the North end of the City,—and terminate there. A distracted mass of ruin : the foot all killed or taken ; the horse all scattered on flight, and their place of refuge very far ! His sacred Majesty escaped, by royal oaks and other miraculous appliances well known to mankind : but Fourteen-thousand other men, sacred too after a sort though not majesties, did not escape. One could weep at such a death for brave men in such a Cause ! But let us now read Cromwell's Letters.

* *Bates*, Part ii., 124-7. King's Pamphlets ; small 4to., no. 507, §12 (given mostly in *Cromwelliana*, pp. 114, 15) ; large 4to., no. 54, §§15, 18. Letter from Stapylton the Chaplain, in *Cromwelliana*, p. 112

LETTER CXXIII.

To the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Near Worcester, 3d September, 1651,
(10 at night).

SIR,

Being so weary, and scarce able to write, yet I thought it my duty to let you know thus much. That upon this day, being the 3d of September (remarkable for a mercy vouchsafed to your Forces on this day twelvemonth in Scotland), we built a Bridge of Boats over Severn, between it and Teme, about half a mile from Worcester; and another over Teme, within pistol-shot of the other Bridge. Lieutenant-General Fleetwood and Major-General Dean marched from Upton on the southwest side of Severn up to Powick, a Town which was a Pass the Enemy kept. We, 'from our side of Severn,' passed over some horse and foot, and were in conjunction with the Lieutenant-General's Forces. We beat the Enemy from hedge to hedge till we beat them into Worcester.

The Enemy then drew all his Forces on the other side the Town, all but what he had lost; and made a very considerable fight with us, for three hours space: but in the end we beat them totally, and pursued him to his Royal Fort, which we took,—and indeed have beaten his whole Army. When we took this Fort, we turned his own guns upon him. The Enemy hath had a great loss; and certainly is scattered, and run several ways. We are in pursuit of him, and have laid forces in several places, that we hope will gather him up.

Indeed this hath been a very glorious mercy;—and as stiff a contest, for four or five hours, as ever I have seen. Both your old Forces and those new-raised have behaved with very great courage; and He that made them come out, made them willing to fight for you. The Lord God Almighty frame our hearts to real thankfulness for this, which is alone His doing. I hope I shall within a day or two give you a more perfect account.

In the meantime I hope you will pardon,
Sir,

Your most humble servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

Industrious dull Bulstrode, coming home from the Council of

* Newspapers (in Cromwelliana, p. 113).

State towards Chelsea on Thursday afternoon, is accosted on the streets by a dusty individual, who declares himself bearer of this Letter from my Lord General; and imparts a rapid outline of the probable contents to Bulstrode's mind which naturally kindles with a certain slow solid satisfaction on receipt thereof.*

On Saturday the 6th comes a farther Letter from my Lord General; 'the effect whereof speaketh thus:'

LETTER CXXIV.

For the Honorable William Lenthall, Speaker of the Parliament of England: These.

Worcester, 4th September, 1651.

SIR,

I am not able yet to give you an exact account of the great things the Lord hath wrought for this Commonwealth and for His People: and yet I am unwilling to be silent; but, according to my duty, shall represent it to you as it comes to hand.

This Battle was fought with various success for some hours, but still hopeful on your part; and in the end became an absolute Victory,—and so full an one as proved a total defeat and ruin of the Enemy's Army; and a possession of the Town, our men entering at the Enemy's heels, and fighting with them in the streets with very great courage. We took all their baggage and artillery. What the slain are, I can give you no account, because we have not taken an exact view; but they are very many:—and must needs be so; because the dispute was long and very near at hand; and often at push of pike, and from one defence to another. There are about Six or Seven thousand prisoners taken here; and many Officers and Noblemen of quality: Duke Hamilton, the Earl of Rothes, and divers other Noblemen,—I hear, the Earl of Lauderdale; many Officers of great quality; and some that will be fit subjects for your justice.

We have sent very considerable parties after the flying Enemy; I hear they have taken considerable numbers of prisoners, and are very close in the pursuit. Indeed, I hear the country riseth upon them everywhere; and I believe the forces that lay, through Providence, at Bewdley, and in Shropshire and Staffordshire, and those with Colonel Lilburne, were in a condition, as if this had been foreseen, to intercept what should return.

A more particular account than this will be prepared for you as we

* Whitlocke (2d edition), *in die*.

are able. I heard they had not many more than a Thousand horse in their body that fled; I believe we have near Four-thousand forces following, and interposing between them and home. Their Army was about Sixteen-thousand strong; and fought ours on Worcester side of Severn almost with their whole, whilst we had engaged half our Army on the other side but with parties of theirs. Indeed it was a stiff business; yet I do not think we have lost Two-hundred men. Your new-raised forces did perform singular good service; for which they deserve a very high estimation and acknowledgment; as also for their willingness thereunto, —forasmuch as the same hath added so much to the reputation of your affairs. They are all despatched home again; which I hope will be much for the ease and satisfaction of the country; which is a great fruit of these successes.

The dimensions of this mercy are above my thoughts. It is, for aught I know, a crowning mercy. Surely, if it be not, such a one we shall have, if this provoke those that are concerned in it to thankfulness; and the Parliament to do the will of Him who hath done His will for it, and for the Nation;—whose good pleasure is to establish the Nation and the Change of the Government, by making the People so willing to the defence thereof, and so signally blessing the endeavors of your servants in this late great work. I am bold humbly to beg, That all thoughts may tend to the promoting of His honor who hath wrought so great salvation; and that the fatness of these continued mercies may not occasion pride and wantonness, as formerly the like hath done to a chosen Nation;* but that the fear of the Lord, even for His mercies, may keep an Authority and a People so prospered, and blessed, and witnessed unto, humble and faithful; and that justice and righteousness, mercy and truth may flow from you, as a thankful return to our gracious God. This shall be the prayer of,

Sir,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.†

‘On Lord’s day next, by order of Parliament,’ these Letters are read from all London Pulpits, amid the general thanksgiving of men. At Worcester, the while, thousands of Prisoners are getting ranked, ‘penned up in the Cathedral,’ with sad outlooks:

* ‘But Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked:—(and thou art waxen fat, thou art grown thick, thou art covered with fatness): then he forsook God which made him, and lightly esteemed the rock of his salvation’ (*Deuteronomy xxxii.*, 15).

† Newspapers (in *Cromwelliana*, pp 113, 14).

carcasses of horses, corpses of men, frightful to sense and mind, encumber the streets of Worcester; 'we are plucking Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen from their lurking-holes,' into the unwelcome light. Lords very numerous; a Peerage sore slashed. The Duke of Hamilton has got his thigh broken; dies on the fourth day. The Earl of Derby, also wounded, is caught, and tried for Treason against the State; lays down his head at Bolton, where he had once carried it too high. Lauderdale and others are put in the Tower; have to lie there, in heavy dormancy, for long years. The Earls of Cleveland and Lauderdale came to Town together, about a fortnight hence. 'As they passed along Cornhill in their coaches with a guard of horse, the Earl of Lauderdale's coach made a stand near the Conduit: where a Carman gave his Lordship a visit saying, "Oh, my Lord, you are welcome to London! I protest, off goes your head, as round as a hoop!" But his Lordship passed off the fatal compliment only with a laughter, and so fared along to the Tower.* His Lordship's big red head has yet other work to do in this world. Having, at the ever-blessed Restoration, managed, not without difficulty, 'to get a new suit of clothes,'† he knelt before his now triumphant Sacred Majesty on that glorious Thirtieth of May; learned from his Majesty, that "Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman;" gave it up, not without pangs; and resolutely set himself to introduce the exploded Tulchan Apparatus into Scotland again, by thumbikins, by bootikins, by any and every method, since it was the will of his Sacred Majesty;—failed in the Tulchan Apparatus, as is well known: earned for himself new plentiful clothes-suits, Dukedoms and promotions, from the Sacred Majesty; and from the Scotch People deep-toned universal sound of curses, not yet become inaudible; and shall, in this place, and we hope elsewhere, concern us no more.

On Friday, the 12th of September, the Lord General arrived in Town. Four dignified Members, of whom Bulstrode was one, specially missioned by vote of Parliament,‡ had met him the day

* King's Pamphlets, small 4to., no. 507, § 18.

† Roger Coke's Detection of the Court and State of England.

‡ Commons Journals, vii., 13 (9 Sept., 1651).

before with congratulations, on the other side Aylesbury; 'whom he received with all kindness and respect; and after ceremonies and salutations passed, he rode with them across the fields;—where Mr. Winwood the Member for Windsor's hawks met them; and the Lord General, with the other Gentlemen, went a little out of the way a-hawking. They came that night to Aylesbury; where they had much discourse; especially my Lord Chief Justice St. John,' the dark Shipmoney Lawyer, 'as they supped together.' To me Bulstrode, and to each of the others, he gave a horse and two Scotch prisoners: the horse I kept for carrying me; the two Scots, unlucky gentlemen of that country, I handsomely sent home again without any ransom whatever.* And so on Friday we arrive in Town, in very great solemnity and triumph; Speaker and Parliament, Lord President and Council of State, Sheriffs, Mayors, and an innumerable multitude, of quality and not of quality, eagerly attending us; once more splitting the welkin with their human shoutings and volleys of great shot and small: in the midst of which my Lord General 'carried himself with much affability; and now and afterwards, in all his discourses about Worcester, would seldom mention anything of himself; mentioned others only; and gave, as was due, the glory of the Action unto God.'†—Hugh Peters, however, being of loose-spoken, somewhat sibylline turn of mind, discerns a certain inward exultation and irrepressible irradiation in my Lord General, and whispers to himself, "This man will be King of England, yet." Which, unless Kings are entirely superfluous in England, I should think very possible, O Peters! To wooden Ludlow Mr. Peters confessed so much, long afterwards; and the wooden head drew its inferences therefrom.‡

This, then, is the last of my Lord General's Battles and Victories, technically so called. Of course his Life, to the very end of it, continues, as from the beginning it had always been, a *battle*, and a dangerous and strenuous one, with due modicum of victory assigned now and then; but it will be with other than the steel weapons henceforth. He here sheathes his war-sword;

* Whitlocke, p. 484; see also 2d edit. *in die*.

† Whitlocke, p. 485.

‡ Ludlow

with that, it is not his Order from the Great Captain that he fight any more.

The distracted Scheme of the Scotch Governors to accomplish their Covenant by this Charles-Stuart method has here ended. By and by they shall have their Charles-Stuart back, as a general Nell-Gwynn Defender of the Faith to us all ;—and shall see how they will like him ! But as a Covenanted King he is off upon his travels, and will never return more. Worcester Battle has cut the heart of that affair in two : and Monk, an assiduous Lieutenant to the Lord General in his Scotch affairs, is busy suppressing the details.

On Monday, the 1st of September, two days before the Battle of Worcester, Lieutenant-General Monk had stormed Dundee, the last stronghold of Scotland ; where much wealth, as in a place of safety, had been laid up. Governor Lumsden would not yield on Summons : Lieutenant-General Monk stormed him ; the Town took fire in the business ; there was once more a grim scene, of flame and blood, and rage and despair, transacted in this Earth ; and taciturn General Monk, his choler all up, was become surly as the Russian Bear ; nothing but negatory growls to be got out of him : nay, to one clerical dignitary of the place he not only gave his “ No ! ” but audibly threatened a slap with the fist to back it,—‘ ordered him, Not to speak one word, or he would scobe his mouth for him ! ’*

Ten days before, some Shadow of a new Committee of Estates attempting to sit at Alyth on the border of Angus, with intent to concert some measures for the relief of the same Dundee, had been, by a swift Colonel of Monk’s, laid hold of ; and the members were now all shipped to the Tower. It was a snuffing-out of the Government-light in Scotland. Except some triumph come from Worcester to rekindle it :—and, alas, no triumph came from Worcester, as we see ; nothing but ruin and defeat from Worcester ! The Government-light of Scotland remains snuffed out.—Active Colonel Alured, a swift devout man, somewhat given to Anabaptist notions, of whom we shall hear again, was he that did this feat at Alyth ; a kind of feather in his cap. Among the

* Balfour, iv., 316.

Captured in that poor Committee or Shadow of Committee was poor old General Leven, time-honored Lesley, who went to the Tower with the others; his last appearance in Public History. He got out again, on intercession from Queen Christina of Sweden; retired to his native fields of Fife; and slept soon and still sleeps in Balgony Kirk under his stone of honor,—the excellent ‘crooked little Feldtmarshal’ that he was. Excellent, though unfortunate. He bearded the grim Wallenstein at Stralsund once, and rolled him back from the bulwarks there, after long tough wrestle;—and in fact did a thing or two in his time. Farewell to him.*

But with the light of Government snuffed out in Scotland, and no rekindling of it from the Worcester side, resistance in Scotland has ended. Lambert, next summer, marched through the Highlands, pacificating them.† There rose afterwards rebellion in the Highlands, rebellion of Glencairn, of Middleton, with much mosstroopery and horsestealing; but Monk, who had now again the command there, by energy and vigilance, by patience, punctuality, and slow methodic strength, put it down, and kept it down. A taciturn man; speaks little; thinks more or less;—does whatever is doable here and elsewhere.

Scotland therefore, like Ireland, has fallen to Cromwell to be administered. He had to do it under great difficulties; the Governing Classes, especially the Clergy or Teaching Class, continuing for most part obstinately indisposed to him, so baleful to their formulas had he been. With Monk for an assiduous Lieutenant in secular matters, he kept the country in peace;—it appears on all sides, he did otherwise what was possible for him. He sent new Judges to Scotland; ‘a pack of kinless loons,’ who minded no claim but that of fair play. He favored, as was natural, the *Remonstrant* Ker-and-Strahan Party in the Church;—favored, above all things, the Christian-Gospel Party, who had some good message in them for the soul of man. Within wide limits he tolerated the *Resolutioner* Party; and beyond these limits would not tolerate them;—would not suffer their General

* Granger (Biographic History of England) has some nonsense about Leven,—in his usual neat style.

† Whitlocke, p. 514. •

Assembly to sit ; marched the Assembly out bodily to Bruntisfield Links, and sent it home again, when it tried such a thing.* He united Scotland to England by act of Parliament ; tried in all ways to unite it by still deeper methods. He kept peace and order in the country ; was a little heavy with taxes :—on the whole, did what he could ; and proved, as there is good evidence, a highly beneficial though unwelcome phenomenon there.

Alas, may we not say, In circuitous ways he proved the Doer of what this poor Scotch Nation really wished and willed, could it have known so much at sight of him ! The true Governor of this poor Scotch Nation ; accomplishing their Covenant *without* the Charles Stuart, since *with* the Charles Stuart it was a flat impossibility. But they knew him not ; and with their stiff-necked ways obstructed him as they could. How seldom can a Nation, can even an individual man, understand what at heart his own real will is : such masses of superficial bewilderment, of respectable hearsay, of fantasy and pedantry, and old and new cobwebbery, overlies our poor will ; much hiding *it* from us, for most part ! So that if we can once get eye on *it*, and walk resolutely towards fulfilment of it, the battle is as good as gained !—

For example, who, of all Scotch or other men, is he that verily understands the ‘ real ends of the Covenant,’ and discriminates them well from the superficial forms thereof ; and with pious valor does them,—and continually struggles to see them done ? I should say, this Cromwell, whom we call Sectary and Blasphemer ! The Scotch Clergy, persisting in their own most hide-bound formula of a Covenanted Charles Stuart, bear clear testimony that, at no time, did Christ’s Gospel so flourish in Scotland as now under Cromwell the Usurper. ‘ These bitter waters,’ say they, ‘ were sweetened by the Lord’s remarkably blessing the labors of His faithful servants. A great door and an effectual was opened to many.’ † Not otherwise in matters civil. ‘ Scotland,’ thus testifies a competent eye-witness, ‘ was kept in great order. Some Castles in the Highlands had Garrisons put into

* Whitlocke, 25 July, 1653. Life of Robert Blair (Edinburgh, 1751), pp. 118, 19. Blencowe’s Sydney Papers, pp. 153–5.

† Life of Robert Blair, p. 120 ; Livingston’s Life of Himself (Glasgow, 1754), pp. 54, 5, &c., &c.

them, which were so careful of their discipline, and so exact to their rules,' the wild Highlanders were wonderfully tamed thereby. Cromwell built three Citadels, Leith, Ayr, and Inverness, besides many little Forts, over Scotland. Seven or Eight thousand men, well paid, and paying well; of the strictest habits, military, spiritual and moral: these it was everywhere a kind of Practical Sermon to take note of! 'There was good justice done; and vice was suppressed and punished. So that we always reckon those Eight years of Usurpation a time of great peace and prosperity,'*—though we needed to be twice beaten, and to have our foolish Governors flung into the Tower, before we would accept the same. We, and mankind generally, are an extremely wise set of creatures.

* Bishop Burnet's History of his own Time, Book i.

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X.

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