

LIFE OF
Oliver Cromwell.
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Whom it may concern.
LIFE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

OLIVER CROMWELL, the subject of these pages, was born in the parish of St John's Huntingdon, on the 25th April, 1599. He was descended of an ancient family of Welsh extraction, whose name was originally Williams, but afterwards changed to Cromwell, in consequence of a matrimonial alliance formed between one of his ancestors, and Thomas Cromwell the celebrated but hapless favourite of Henry VIII., who was raised by that monarch from a humble situation to be Earl of Essex, Vicar-General, and Knight of the Garter. From an original genealogical table of the family of Cromwell, drawn up in the year 1602, by the order of Sir Henry Cromwell, grandfather to Oliver, and still in the possession of his descendants, it appears sufficiently evident that the latter extraordinary personage made no unfounded boast when he asserted, in the course of a speech which he delivered in Parliament, that he "was by birth a gentleman, neither living in any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity." It is certain that his family was both ancient and respectable, and many of his ancestors were men of rank and fortune.

The early years of the future Lord Protector of England, like those of every great personage, were marked, if we believe credulous biographers, and the gossip of tradition, by numerous omens and strange occurrences presaging his future greatness. Two anecdotes of his earlier years we shall give.

While yet an infant, a monkey, which his grandfather kept, stole him from the cradle, and ran with him to the roof of the house. On discovering the dangerous predicament in which young Oliver was placed, the family, in the utmost alarm lest the animal should drop his precious burden, hurried out beds on which to catch him. This was unnecessary; his careful, though somewhat equivocal nurse, brought down the child wholly uninjured, though not without exhibiting the startling fact, that the fate of England had been in the paws, if not in the hands of a monkey!

King Charles I. when a boy, travelling from Scotland to London, called at Hinchinbrook, the seat of Sir Oliver Cromwell;—that Knight to divert the young prince, sent for his nephew, Oliver, that, with his own sons, he might join in sport with his royal highness. They had not, however, been long together before Charles and Oliver disagreed, and as the former was then as weakly as the latter was strong, the royal visitor had soon the worst of it. Oliver at this early age, with the same disregard for hereditary dignity which marked his future life, and probably with somewhat of an instinctive hostility to royalty, boxed his opponent so severely that the blood flowed from the prince's nose. When the civil war commenced, this circumstance was not forgotten, but looked upon as an unfavourable omen for that monarch.

We shall proceed to take up this extraordinary character at that period when it had attained sufficient maturity to display, in some degree, the impress of the future man. Cromwell was put, at a very early age, to the free grammar school of Huntingdon, where he made but little progress in his education; and was much more remarkable for a stubborn and obstinate temper, than for any at-

tainments in literature. He was removed from Huntingdon to Sydney Sussex College in Cambridge, where he led a disorderly and dissolute life: spending much of his time in the athletic amusements, of cricket, foot-ball, cudgelling, and wrestling, in which he excelled. His disposition and manners at this period, were rough and blustering, and, consequently, but ill adapted to the acquisition of learning, or to calm and solitary study. The result was that he still made but little proficiency. After his father's death, which took place when in his eighteenth year, he was removed from Cambridge, and sent to study law in London, where he paid as little attention as he had bestowed on the classics at Cambridge. Being in the receipt of a considerable income, bequeathed him by his father, he abandoned himself to every species of dissipation, drinking, gaming, and certain yet more immoral pursuits. When about twenty years of age, Cromwell returned a finished rake to the place of his nativity, where he for some time continued the irregular habits which he had acquired in the capital. He bullied and fought with his companions on the slightest provocation, — played many thousand mischievous pranks, — was quarrelsome and turbulent, — and the terror of all the inn-keepers in the neighbourhood, whose windows he made it a rule to break, when any of them had the audacity to crave him for payment of the sums which he had run up; in short, Cromwell, at this period of his life, was, in every particular, a downright blackguard.

The scene, however, was soon to change. The sound judgment and strong mind of Oliver, aided by the admonitions of a fond mother, early exhibited to him the folly of his conduct. He began

suddenly to feel a compunction for the many follies and absurdities of which he had been guilty. He corrected his manners, abandoned the society of his former companions, and displayed throughout his whole bearing a complete and solid reformation. The consequence of this change was, that he quickly regained the good opinion of the world, and in particular of the orthodox clergy, who looked upon this sudden transition from vice to virtue as a remarkable occurrence. By the influence of one of his relations, Cromwell, who had now completed his twenty-first year, was introduced to, and married a lady of the name of Bourchier, who, in lieu of personal charms, of which she possessed but little, brought him the more solid advantages of fortune and good sense. This acquisition of wealth was immediately followed by its natural consequence; that of investing Cromwell with some weight in the borough of Huntingdon; and, accordingly, we find him returned as one of its members to Parliament in 1625.

After various vicissitudes in his private fortune, we find Cromwell now an enthusiastic, bigoted, canting, and somewhat visionary Nonconformist, in close league with this austere sect, and a marked favourite of their preachers, to whom his rigid course of life, and religious deportment, strongly recommended him. His house became the retreat of the persecuted teachers of that persuasion; he erected a chapel in which they performed their religious rites, where he himself frequently entertained them with edifying sermons, and at length came to be looked upon as the head of that party in the county. In the year 1638, he attracted still more attention by the strenuous and successful opposition which he made to a scheme of draining the fens of Lincolnshire extensive tracts of

marshy land with which a large portion of that county is covered. This feat, which was extremely popular, procured for him amongst the country people the title of the Lord of the Fens. Two years after, he obtained a seat in Parliament as member for the city of Cambridge; an honour to which the circumstance above alluded to considerably helped him.

That period was now fast approaching whose extraordinary events opened wide the path of ambition to the daring and aspiring soul of Cromwell. In the year 1642, those unhappy differences first arose between the ill-advised and ill-fated Charles I. and his Parliament, which led him who is the subject of these pages to a throne, and the king of England to a scaffold. The limits of this little memoir will not admit of our entering at any length into the various causes of this fatal disagreement; they were, however attended with too important results to be passed over altogether in silence.

About the period of the accession of Charles I. to the throne, a violent spirit of republicanism began to evince itself throughout England, together with a strong propensity to abridge the prerogatives of the crown, which had been pushed, in several instances, to an illegal length by Charles's father, James I. This disposition with which the very first Parliament which Charles summoned was deeply imbued, acquired strength during that unhappy monarch's reign, by the rise of zealous and bigoted religious sectaries, of whose principles the most prominent was a violent aversion to a monarchical form of government, which they thought inimical to the natural rights of mankind. Among the early causes of complaint against Charles, was the undue influence which he permit-

ted the ambitious, fickle, and unprincipled Duke of Buckingham to exercise in the affairs of the state. This nobleman, whose name was Villiers, and who had been suddenly raised from the estate of a private gentleman at once to peerage, and the first offices in the kingdom, by James I., was the early companion and favourite of Charles, as he had also been of his weak father, whose attachment to him solely arose from that singular affection which he always evinced for those of his own sex who were eminently handsome—a qualification which this unworthy favourite possessed in no ordinary degree.

To the unreasonable power, as we have said, which Buckingham exercised, is principally to be attributed the first appearance of that hostility to the crown, on the part of the Commons House of Parliament, which finally ended in its overthrow. Of course, it must be always kept in view, that the new ideas of civil liberty, which were fast gaining ground, formed, as it were, the basis of this inimical feeling between the King and his Parliament, and that the immediate and ostensible causes of quarrel were mere superstructures erected on the growing spirit of republicanism. As the breach widened between the Sovereign and the Commons, the latter began to refuse supplies, unless concessions in favour of civil liberty were made them in return. To this species of bargaining Charles would not by any means consent. That monarch, though one of the mildest men, unfortunately possessed notions, in some measure no doubt inherited from that great assertor of royal prerogative, his father, on the subject of the divine right of kings, which were altogether incompatible with the genius of the British Constitution. Charles, finding that he could not hope for relief from his pe-

cundry embarrassments from the Commons had recourse to various illegal ways of raising money, the most obnoxious of which was an attempt to procure supplies by a mode which the court party called by the tender name of a "General Loan," but which was, in fact, an arbitrary tax, imposed without the concurrence of Parliament. The next was the dispensing with the penal laws enacted against Catholics; one of the most fatal measures of Charles's reign, immediately giving rise to those fanatical sectaries, who, affecting to think the church in danger by the encouragement thus given to Popery, blended religion with sedition, and made the cause of republicanism the cause of God. The popular discontents gained ground with time,—the kingdom became filled with political and religious cabals, till at length a state of anarchy and confusion arose which could be terminated only by the violent ascendancy either of republican or monarchic authority.

The unhappy monarch, as the troubles of his reign increased, made the most unbounded concessions to Parliament, in the vain hope of allaying the distractions in the kingdom, to which their complaints and republican spirit had given rise.—He patiently submitted to the most humiliating indignities,—he reiterated, in the most solemn manner, the assurance that he would maintain inviolable the Protestant religion; and maintain the law of the land. The more, however, he yielded, the more he was oppressed; the more concessions he made, the greater were the demands upon him: Until, at length, the Parliament sent him conditions on which alone, they said, they could submit to a reconciliation, amounting to a total abolition of monarchial authority. With this step ended all attempts at an amicable adjustment of those differ-

ences between the King and his Parliament, which both sides now found could alone be decided by the sword. Accordingly, each actively proceeded to bring the quarrel to an issue. The king, collecting some forces, erected his royal standard at Nottingham; and, by this act, announced to the world the commencement of anarchy and civil war in his dominions.

Soon after this open rupture had taken place between the King and Parliament, Cromwell obtained a commission from the latter to raise a troop of horse, which he speedily accomplished in his own county of Huntingdon, where he was extremely popular. He first served under Sir Philip Stapleton, and was in the battle of Edge-hill, fought between the royalists and the forces of the Parliament. During this short period of service, Cromwell, though before wholly unacquainted with arms, displayed an intrepidity, coolness, and natural military genius, which procured him instant and rapid promotion. In 1643, he obtained a colonel's commission, and immediately after was appointed lieutenant-general to the Earl of Manchester, under whom he was present at the battle of Marston Moor, where he was wounded.

As this battle was one of the most obstinate and sanguinary which occurred during the civil war, a short account of it will not be uninteresting. The Parliamentary generals having raised the siege of York, with which they had been for some time occupied, drew up their forces on Marston Moor, to give battle to the royalists under prince Rupert, the king's nephew. This prince, perceiving the intention of the enemy, immediately issued orders for battle, and led out his army to the field. The numbers on each side were nearly equal, amounting in all to 50,000 men. The Prince com-

manded the right wing of the royalists, and was opposed to Cromwell. After a short but bloody contest the cavalry of the royalists gave way, and such of the infantry as stood next them were likewise borne down by the impetuosity of the charging squadrons under Cromwell, and were all either instantly slaughtered or put to flight. The Marquis of Newcastle's Regiment alone, on the side of the royalists, determined either to conquer or perish, obstinately maintained their ground, and nearly all fell where they were first placed, in the same order in which they had been drawn up. In the other wing, Sir Thomas Fairfax and Colonel Lambert, with a body of soldiers, broke the royalists, and, transported with the ardour of pursuit, soon reached their victorious friends engaged also in pursuit of the enemy. General Lucas, however, one of the royalist officers, having restored order in the wing which he commanded, made a furious attack on the Parliamentary cavalry, threw them into disorder, pushed them upon their own infantry, and put that whole wing to rout. At this particular juncture, Cromwell again appeared at the head of his zealous and enthusiastic dragoons, and again the battle was renewed with redoubled vigour. Both sides fought obstinately, and the carnage was proportionally great. At length, victory decided wholly in favour of the Parliament. The Prince's train of artillery was taken, and his whole army pushed off the field of battle with the loss of 7000 men.

This great and important victory was chiefly ascribed to the soldier-like conduct of Cromwell, who exhibited an intrepidity and military tack that excited the admiration and astonishment of all.

After a series of splendid successes, terminating in the decisive battle of Naseby, which effectually

ruined the cause of the unhappy king, we find Cromwell at the head of the military and political influence of the kingdom, a power of which the first use he made was to bring his unfortunate sovereign to the block. This he accomplished with the aid of Harrison, the son of a butcher, Ireton, Bradshaw, and several other men of mean extraction, ringleaders of the faction of which Cromwell himself was the chief. The king, who was now a prisoner in the hands of the Parliament, was brought to a public trial, and charged, "in the name of the people of England," with the crimes of misgovernment, breach of trust, and a wicked design to erect an unlimited and tyrannical government. During the trial, the unhappy monarch evinced the utmost calmness and intrepidity, never for a moment forgetting the dignity of royalty, or forfeiting his claim to respect, by any ebullition of passion, or indication of fear. Mild and majestic, but subdued by misfortune, the sovereign of England stood a striking contrast to the mean, furious, and bigoted wretches by whom he was surrounded, and by whom his life was sought. Never, even when encompassed with all the splendours of royalty, and seated on the throne of his ancestors, did Charles appear half so dignified as when—with his "grey discrowned head uncovered," as he himself affectingly termed it—he looked round, from the place of his humiliation, on the blood-hounds who had run him down, and who, yelling on all sides, longed to spring upon their prey and imbue their fangs in his heart's blood.

The soldiers who guarded the court were instigated to add insult to the humiliation of the king as he passed them. Some of these carried their brutality so far as to spit in the face of the miserable and degraded monarch, whose amiable and

patient disposition was no further roused, by this unparalleled audacity, than to excite him to express a sentiment of pity or compassion. After a trial, without precedent and without justice, Charles was condemned to die. Three days were allowed him between his sentence and execution. Every night during this melancholy interval the king slept as sound as usual, though the noise of the workmen employed in erecting the scaffold, on which he was to suffer, continually resounded in his ears. On the morning of the fatal day, he rose early, and calling Herbert, one of his attendants, bade him employ more than usual care in dressing and preparing him for the awful approaching event. When on the scaffold, and preparing himself for the block, Bishop Juxon, a mild, virtuous man, and steady adherent of the unhappy monarch, who attended him on this last solemn occasion, called to him, "There is, sir, but one stage more, which though turbulent and troublesome is yet a very short one." "I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." Having said this, he calmly laid his head upon the block, and at one blow it was severed from his body. This dreadful office was performed by a man in a vizard; another, in a similar disguise, held up the streaming head to the spectators, and exclaimed, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Perhaps no event in the course of Cromwell's extraordinary career elicited, in a more striking manner, the gross hypocrisy which formed a prominent part of his character, or places that hypocrisy in a more abominable point of view, than the circumstances connected with this tragical occurrence. During the last scenes of the king's life, he talked jestingly, behaved throughout with the

most unfeeling levity, professing all the time he was acting under the special guidance of Providence, and affecting to deplore the approaching fate of the man whom he had doomed to a violent death. He laughed and smiled during the trial; and, immediately before he signed the warrant for the execution of Charles, he humorously marked the face of Harry Martin, another of the regicides, with the pen with which he was about to seal the fate of his master. Martin, in a similar vein of levity, returned the compliment. Before and after the execution he audaciously addressed his God with hypocritical prayers, and shed tears for his unhappy sovereign's situation and death. When the tragedy was completed, he went to feast his eyes on the body of the murdered king; and put his finger to the neck, and viewing the inside of the body, observed how sound it was, and how well adapted for longevity.

Soon after this tragical occurrence, Fairfax having resigned the command of the army, Cromwell was appointed to succeed him, and immediately thereafter went into Scotland, at the head of 16,000 men, to oppose General Lesley, who commanded an army in that country collected by the adherents of Charles II, whither this prince had been invited by the commissioners for the kingdom. The hostile armies took their ground betwixt Spott and Dunbar; the Scottish forces occupying the Doon Hill, a remarkable eminence, and the English army a plain beneath, in front of the town. In this situation into which he had been driven by Lesley, Cromwell was precariously placed; the sea prevented his farther retreat, and the Scottish army so advantageously posted, effectually hindered his advancing; indeed, so complete was his dilemma, that Cromwell thought his good fortune at an end.

In this predicament, he called his officers "to a day of *seeking the Lord*," when he felt, as he afterwards declared, such an enlargement of heart in prayer, that he confidently bade all about him take courage, for God had certainly heard them; and would show them some remarkable sign of his power. Shortly after this "*seeking of the Lord*," and whilst walking with some of his officers in the Earl of Roxburgh's garden, which lay under the hill occupied by the Scottish army, he discovered, on looking through a spy-glass, that the enemy were in motion, and descending from the vantage-ground which they possessed. Overjoyed by this circumstance, he exultingly exclaimed, "God is delivering them into our hands, see they are coming down to us!" He was not mistaken; the Scottish army were absurdly leaving their stronghold, by their keeping possession of which but a little longer, Cromwell would inevitably have been starved into a surrender. The whole night was employed by the Scottish army in descending the hill, an operation in which the enemy took care not to disturb them. Early in the morning, however, when the whole had gained the level ground, but before they had time to form, Cromwell attacked them with such fury that an immediate and sanguinary rout ensued; during which, were we to credit the victorious general's account, 1000 Scotsmen fell. It is certain, however, that two entire regiments, which had offered a braver resistance than some of the others, were wholly destroyed. On obtaining this victory, Cromwell immediately pushed forward to Edinburgh, of which city, together with Leith, he immediately took possession. In the latter place his dragoons converted the churches into stables for their horses.

After this defeat, Charles II. put himself at the head of the remains of his army; and observing that the way was open to England, he directed his march towards that country, expecting to be reinforced by the royalists in that part of the kingdom. In this he was deceived.—When at Worcester, word was brought him that Cromwell was marching from Scotland with an army of 40,000 men. This news was scarcely arrived, when Cromwell was there. He fell upon the town on all sides: the whole Scots army were either killed or taken prisoners; and the king himself, having given many proofs of personal valour, was obliged to fly. This battle Cromwell in his letter to parliament styled the “crowning victory.”—Soon after this Cromwell returned to London, where these splendid successes procured him a cordial reception, and invested him with a yet greater degree of political influence.

From this time he assumed more loftiness of manner, and betrayed less equivocal symptoms than usual of his designs and hopes. Before, however, he could expect to succeed, it was necessary to subvert the Parliament; but they becoming alarmed, and put on their guard, framed a bill to continue their sittings till the 5th Nov. 1654. Cromwell, on being informed of this, started up in the council with an appearance of fury, cried out that he was compelled to do a thing that made the very hairs of his head stand on end. Then hastening to the house with 300 soldiers, and with marks of violent indignation on his countenance, he entered, took his place, and attended to the debates for some time. When the question was ready to be put, he started up, and began to load the parliament with reproaches for their robbery and oppression of the public. Then stamping with his foot, he gave the signal for the soldiers to enter; and addressing

hit himself to the members, "For shame!" said he, "get you gone; give place to honest men. I tell you, you are no longer a parliament; the Lord has done with you." Sir Harry Vane exclaiming against this conduct, "Sir Harry Vane!" cried Cromwell with a loud voice, "O Sir Harry Vane! the Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" Taking hold of one of the members by his cloak, "thou art a whoremaster," cried he; to another, "thou art an adulterer;" to a third, "thou art a drunkard and glutton;" and "thou an extortioner," to a fourth. "It is you," continued he, to the members, "who have forced me to this." Then pointing to the mace, he exclaimed, "take away that bauble!" after which, turning out all the members, he ordered the doors to be locked, and returned to Whitehall with the keys in his pocket.

Being willing, however, to amuse the people with the form of a commonwealth, he proposed to give his subjects a parliament. For this purpose it was decreed, that the sovereign power should be vested in 144 persons under the name of a parliament; and he undertook to make the choice himself. This Parliament, composed of the dregs of fanaticism and ignorance, was denominated *Barebones Parliament*, from the name of one of its members; a leather seller, whose assumed name, by a ridiculous usage of the age, was *Praise God Barebones*. They chose eight of their members to seek the Lord, while the rest deliberated on substituting the law of Moses instead of the established code.

Cromwell did not find even this miserable assembly entirely flexible to his will, and as the nation despised them, he had no motive for retaining them. A party, devoted to his interests, met by consent earlier than the rest, and observing this parliament had sat long enough, hastened to Crom-

well, with the speaker, and resigned their authority. Cromwell accepted their resignation with pleasure; but being told that some of their number were refractory, he sent Colonel White to clear the house of them. They had placed one Moyer in the chair by the time that the Colonel arrived, and he being asked by him what they did there? replied, "Seeking the Lord."—"Then you may go elsewhere," cried White, "for, to my knowledge, the Lord has not been here these many years."

The path being now cleared by the death of the king, and opened wide by his late victories, no obstacle remained in the way of Cromwell's ambition. On the 12th December, 1653, he was elected Lord Protector of England, a situation which it must be acknowledged, usurper and hypocrite as he was, he filled much to the advantage of the country at large, where his own personal interest was not involved. He was impartial and vigilant in the administration of justice.—He encouraged learning and commerce; was moderate, temperate, and humane, when his safety or ambition required no sacrifice. There is little doubt, however, that Cromwell's ambition did not terminate with this attainment, but that he secretly looked forward to the possession of the crown, and the captivating title of *King*. Such was his hypocrisy, that he often declared to his intimates, with tears in his eyes, he would rather have taken a shepherd's staff than the Protectorship, since nothing was more contrary to his genius and disposition than the burden and show of greatness. But it was necessary, he said, that he should assume the office which he held, in order to hinder his country from falling a prey to the common enemy. He only slept in, as he phrased it, till God should direct them to the best mode of settling

the distractions of the kingdom; when he assured his friends, he would surrender the heavy load of greatness with a joy equal to the sorrow with which he bore the dignity thus thrust upon him by necessity. With such discourse as this, Cromwell entertained his republican friends who waited on him, and who, fancying that they perceived a strong resemblance in every thing but the name, between a Protector and a King, were disposed to look upon Cromwell with a jealous eye; and to entertain suspicion, that their willy colleague had employed them merely as ladders in his ascent. These suspicions Cromwell endeavoured to allay by the language we have given, and by affecting a vast deal of affability and condescension. Shutting the door, he would kindly insist on these doughty but outwitted champions of republicanism sitting down covered beside him, to show how little he valued the ceremonies of etiquette, and how humbly he bore the honours of his office. The whole farce generally concluded with a long unintelligible prayer.

There was no feature more remarkable in the political practice of the Protector, than the variety, extent, and certainty of his intelligence on all circumstances and occurrences connected with his own personal interests or those of the state. To procure this intelligence he spared no cost; and the consequence was, that he possessed an extent and minuteness of information on the events of the day, that frequently both astonished his friends and confounded his enemies. Of this the following instances are no bad specimens:—

One day whilst Cromwell and the Earl of Orrery were walking together, in one of the galleries of Whitehall, a man, almost in rags, suddenly presented himself before them. Cromwell, on perceiving him, immediately dismissed the astonished Earl,

and conducted the man into his closet, who brought him intelligence, that the Spaniards, with whom England was then at war, were to send in a Dutch ship, a large sum of money to pay their army in Flanders. He also described certain concealments in the ship, where the money was deposited. Cromwell immediately dispatched an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who lay in the downs, informing him, that, in a day or two, a Dutch ship would pass the Channel, which he must board and search, that he would find concealed, several large sums of money, which he was to carry away. Accordingly the ship appeared, Smith boarded her, found the money, and immediately dispatched it to London. Jerrey White, chaplain to the Protector, carried his ambition so far as to pay his addresses to Lady Frances, Cromwell's youngest daughter. Jerrey, who was rather a handsome fellow, and, notwithstanding his profession, of a gay and amorous disposition, succeeded in making a favourable impression on her ladyship. Such a transaction could not long escape the vigilance of her father; and he was soon in possession of full information on the subject. Oliver ordered his informer to observe and watch them narrowly, and promised that, upon substantial proof of the truth, he should be as amply rewarded as the audacious chaplain should be severely punished. Soon after, the informer waited on his highness, and told him that Jerrey was at that moment with his daughter. Oliver instantly rushed into the lady's apartment, where he found the unfortunate chaplain upon his knees, and in the act of kissing her ladyship's hand. "What is the meaning of this posture before my daughter?" exclaimed Oliver furiously. With admirable presence of mind the astounded chaplain coolly replied, "May it please your highness, I have a long

some courted that young gentlewoman there, my
 lady's woman, and cannot prevail. I was there-
 fore humbly praying her ladyship to intercede for
 me. Oliver affecting to believe every word he
 said, turned to the waiting-maid, and angrily said,
 'What is the meaning of this, hussey? He is my
 friend, and I expect you will treat him as such.'
 The damsel, thinking this a fair windfall, and Jer-
 réy by no means a man to be sneered at, replied,
 with a low heartsey, 'If Mr. White, sir, intends
 me that honour, I shall not deny him.' 'Well,
 well, call Goodwin,' said Oliver, 'this business
 shall be done presently, and before I leave this
 room.' Jerrey could not retreat. Goodwin ap-
 peared, and they were instantly joined in the bands
 of holy wedlock: the bride, at the same time, re-
 ceiving £500 from the Protector. I
 do not give this brief account of this singular man, we
 shall know much a sketch of his personal appearance,
 and the domestic economy of his establishment, when
 Protector of England. Cromwell was of middling stature, but rather
 tall than otherwise; of a stout athletic form. His
 features were irregular, but boldly defined; his
 countenance coarse, but strongly marked and sin-
 gularly expressive of that great energy of charac-
 ter for which he was so remarkable. His nose,
 which was particularly prominent, and which had,
 during the latter years of his life, become extreme-
 ly arbuticund, was made the subject of many wit-
 ticisms, both in prose and verse, by the royalists
 and cavaliers of the period. Walker says, at the
 time Cromwell ordered the soldiers to fire in the
 insurrection of the London apprentices, 'his nose
 looked as prodigiously upon you as a comet.'
 Speaking of the government's making treason no
 treason, he adds, 'What should the Parliament

vote, that Oliver's nose is a ruby, they would expect you to swear it, and fight for it! We shall conclude our account of this celebrated feature, with a specimen of the poetry which it in part elicited at the time it blazed upon the world:

Oliver, Oliver, take up thy crown,
For now thou hast made three kingdoms thine own.
Call thee a conclave, of thy own creation,
To ride us to ruin! Who dare thee oppose
While we, thy good people, are at thy discretion
To fall down and worship thy terrible nose.

And again,

First, *red nosed Noll*, he swallowed all,
His colour shewed he loved it, &c. &c.

Of the domestic establishment of Cromwell, after attaining the Protectorate, we find some curious particulars, in a pamphlet entitled the "Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, commonly called Joan Cromwell, wife of the late usurper." Though got up with a very different object, it discovers to us, what we know from other sources to be true, that both Cromwell and his wife, even in the zenith of their splendour, continued to live in the plainest and most unassuming manner. Temperance, moderation, and the strictest economy, pervaded every department of the Protector's establishment: His wife devoted much of her time, to walking, — making long excursions on foot into the country, with no other society than that of her daughters. On these occasions they carried with them some slight provision, and were enabled to spend whole days in this simple and inoffensive recreation. She entertained no public retinue; and when she went abroad to visit in the city, was attended only by one of the household boys, whom she selected indifferently, regardless whether

they were in livery or not. In her dress she was equally unaffected; having nothing but the plainest and simplest attire, without a jewel or ornament of any kind.—The usual dinner hour of the household, was about noon, when “a man might hear a huge clattering of dishes, and noise of servitors, in rank and file marching to his table, though neither sumptuously or extraordinary furnished.” No delicacies appeared upon this frugal board. The Lady kept a strict and regular account of even the most trifling disbursement, and this document was, at stated periods, exhibited to Cromwell to be checked and doqueted by his own hand.

Amongst a thousand other scurrilities recorded, we find, that Scots collops of veal was the standing dish of the Lady Protectress, and that she usually had marrow puddings to her breakfast, while her daughter, madam Frances, preferred a sausage made of hog's liver.

In Cromwell's character there was nothing more extraordinary than the singular inconsistencies which it exhibited. This partly arose from hypocrisy, and partly from the natural constitution of his mind. One moment he might be found directing some great and masterly movement in his army, and the next playing off some silly piece of buffoonery with one of the meanest of his soldiers. In austere and religious bigotry he could not, to appearance, be outdone by the most zealous of the sect to which he had attached himself. He canted and prayed with some, and broke the most irreverent jests with others. It is told us, that, one day sitting at table, he had a bottle of wine brought him, of a kind which he valued so highly that he would open the bottle himself; but, in attempting to do this, the cork screw dropt from his hand. Immediately his

courtiers and generals flung themselves on the floor to recover it. Cromwell burst out a-laughing. "Should any fool," said he, "put in his head at the door, he would fancy, from your posture, that you were seeking the Lord, and you are only seeking a cork screw!" This singular levity of disposition was the cause of other coarse scenes which frequently happened at his table.

This singular man, whose latter years were rendered miserable by domestic misfortunes, and a constant dread of assassination—which induced him to wear armour under his clothes—died on the 3d September, 1658, a day which he always thought favourable to him. He was interred in the sepulchre of England's monarchs with more than regal pomp. As the ceremonies before his interment were singularly magnificent, an account of them will not be found without interest:—

The corpse of Cromwell having been embalmed and wrapped up in a sheet of lead, was removed from Whitehall to Somerset House. The room, where the spectators entered, was completely hung with black; a second and a third room, were decorated in a similar manner. These three apartments were completely furnished with splendid scutcheons of his arms surmounted by the imperial crown; and at the head of each cloth of state was fixed a large majestic scutcheon, painted and gilt upon taffety. The room, where the body lay, was hung with black velvet, the roof was ceiled with the same material, and a canopy was placed over an effigy of the deceased in wax. This figure was in a rich suit of uncut velvet, laced with rich gold and furred ermines; upon the kirtle was a royal robe of purple velvet, laced with rich strings and tassels of gold. In the right hand was the golden sceptre, representing government; in the left hand

the globe, denoting principality; upon the head
 purple velvet cap, furred with ermines, signifying
 royalty; behind the head there was a rich chair
 of state of tissued gold; and upon the cushion
 which lay thereon, was placed an imperial crown
 set with precious stones. The body lay upon
 a bed of state covered with a large pall of black vel-
 vet, under which there was spread a fine Hollan-
 d sheet upon six stools of tissued cloth of gold. On
 the sides of the bed of state was placed a rich suit
 of complete armour, representing Cromwell's com-
 mand as general; at the feet stood his crest, ac-
 cording to the custom of ancient monuments.
 The expence of this gorgeous funeral, of which
 by the way, but a small portion was ever paid
 amounted to £25,000. In the year 1660, the bodies of Cromwell, Brad-
 shaw (president of the court which condemned
 Charles), and Ireton were, by a vote of the House
 of Commons, torn from the grave, and drawn in
 two several carts from Westminster to the Re-
 lish in Holland, where they remained a
 night. Bradshaw's body was purposely left till
 the morning following, which was the anniversary
 of the king's execution. The three bodies were
 then conveyed upon sledges to the gallows, take
 out of their coffins, hanged upon the three sever-
 al angles of the gibbet till sunset, then beheaded, and
 their trunks thrown into a hole at the foot of the
 gallows. The heads were afterwards set upon
 poles upon the top of Westminster Hall, where
 Oliver's remained for upwards of twenty years.
 after which they were laid in a rich suit of ancient velvet
 and furred ermines; upon the kilt was a royal
 coat of purple velvet lined with rich silks and
 gold. In the right hand was the golden
 sceptre representing government; in the left hand